The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

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

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

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office with John H. Uhl.

FRED. W. BIENECKES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Berkey Block, up stairs.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

M. J. PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Somerset County Bank.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

A. C. CULBERSON. W. H. RUPPEL. CULBERSON & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, next door to J. S. Snyder & Co's. Store.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made; estates settled, title examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN. COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties, surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

DR. F. A. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Berkey Block, Second Floor.

DR. J. E. BIESECKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Post Office Building, East of Diamond.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main Street, in rear of Drug Store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Beer Block, up-stairs.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office up-stairs in Cook & Berkey Block.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

DR. J. K. MILLER Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Kreitzler's store.

Somerset County Bank. (ESTABLISHED 1877.) C. J. HARRISON, PRESIDENT. M. J. PRITTS, CASHIER. Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by use of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE. SOMERSET, PA. BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice.

Painting Done on Short Time. My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the best Iron and Steel. Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.

Employ Only First Class Workmen. Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and All Work Warranted.

Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices before Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.

CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET PA

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR. (Above Heffley's Store.) Latest Styles, And Lowest Prices. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 14. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1887.

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.
H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga.

SOMETHING NEW AND CHEAP!

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED."
Is a motto you can verify by calling at the new

Boot and Shoe Store OF JOHN G. SANNER, NO. 8 MAMMOTH BLOCK.

I have in Stock a Full and Complete Line of Seasonable Goods at Attractive Prices, consisting in part of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, LEATHER, FINDINGS, &C., &C.

I have the Celebrated WAUKENPHAST SHOE, the Best and Cheapest Gents' Shoe made. In

Ladies' Shoes

I have the Finest Line ever brought to Somerset, at Astonishingly Low Prices. A special invitation is extended to call and see these Goods. My stock of goods, and the prices at which they are sold, cannot be surpassed. Custom-made work and repairing a specialty. Call and see my stock, and you will certainly find just what you want. Respectfully,
JOHN G. SANNER,
No. 8, Mammoth Block, Somerset.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

Visitors to Pittsburgh ARE INVITED TO CALL AT OUR NEW AND ENLARGED STORE NO. 41 FIFTH AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Penn'a, (Just 6 Doors Above Our Old Stand.)

We have about four times the room we had at our former place of business, better light, the best ventilation, and a much more comfortable place in every way to transact our large and growing business. Specialties in the following Lines of Goods:

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS, LACES, WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, DRESS & CLOAK TRIMMIGS, YARNS, ZEPHYRS, ART EMBROIDDRY MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS, ETC., ETC.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.

HORNE & WARD, 41 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES OF BIESECKER & SNYDER.

SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of

FITTING TRUSSES.

We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see me.

Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed. You are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from the start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay; costs you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise, you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. dec30.1yr.

BE OF COOD CHEER.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We chafe at the world's hard drilling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet say we all,
If a sparrow fall,
The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and falter;
But the measure to each of weal and woe
God only can give or alter.
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in strength of weakness,
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage, yet with meekness,
A sunny face
Hath Holy grace,
To woo the sun forever.

For ever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are winged from the first for flying.
Our way we plough
In the furrow "now!"
But after tilling and growing, the sheaf;
Soil for the root, but sun for the leaf
And God keepeth watch forever.

MR. MERRILL'S COMPANION.

Old Mr. Merrill was lying wearily back on his couch when Rose, his pretty grand daughter, fluttered in, all lace and ribbons, and dainty apparel; and dancing up to his side dropped him a fantastic little courtesy, saying, as she held out an embroidered purse:

"See, grandpa, dear, my poor purse is empty; and there is such a lovely costume at Madame Blanc's. I must have it. You'll give me the money, won't you?" and she looked down at him with a winsome, beseeching smile that had never yet failed of accomplishing its purpose.

"Surely, dear," said Mr. Merrill, stroking the soft little hand held out to him, for he was fond of the merry girl who came like a ray of sunshine into the dullness of his sick room—"surely you shall have the money. And now will you read to me awhile? I am so lonely here, now that my old and trusted servant is gone."

"O, I cannot, grandpa!" exclaimed Rose, with a little cry of dismay. "It is so horrid, reading those tiresome old papers."

"Well, then, sing for me; do, dear," he entreated.

"Don't tease, grandpa," pouted Rose. "You know I must keep my voice fresh for to-night. I've promised to sing at Mrs. Gay's musicale."

"Where is your mother?" Mr. Merrill asked, with a patient sigh.

"Mamma has gone to the meeting of the Æsthetic Culture Society. You know that takes all her time. Why don't you get a companion, grandpa? Mamma and I have so many society duties, you surely cannot expect us to spend our time in a room."

And Rose gracefully pocketed the money he gave her, and kissing her hand to him with an airy, charming laugh, turned away—to meet young Dr. Lysle, who was just coming in to make his daily visit to her grandfather.

"O, Horace, forgive me!" she exclaimed, and darting back to her grandfather, she begged his forgiveness, too. Dr. Lysle was glad to believe that she had not meant her heartless words, and to give her the kiss her pouting, tempting lips begged so irresistibly, not fearing Mr. Merrill's kindly eyes.

But one result of Rose's suggestion was that in the next morning's papers appeared an advertisement for a "Companion to an invalid," which advertisement led to a second and far more important result.

Mr. Merrill was just about deciding that no one wanted the position, when the servant ushered in a young girl, in a soft, gray dress—a girl with bright, dark eyes, and sweet, peaceful face—a very angel of the sick-room she looked to the weary invalid.

"I fear I have made some mistake," she said, advancing hesitatingly into the room; "but I came in response to an advertisement in this morning's —— for a companion to an invalid."

"Quite right. I am the invalid," smiled Mr. Merrill. "You came on behalf of your brother—or father, perhaps?" And he looked up at her inquiringly.

"No; I came on my own behalf," the girl replied, blushing deeply. "I thought it was a lady who advertised."

"H'm! I see!" mused the old gentleman, taking up a paper which lay near him. "I see! You looked in the wrong column."

Without a word the girl turned away, but not before Mr. Merrill had marked the hopeless look which came over her face, and the tears which dimmed the lustre of the dark, bright eyes.

"Stay," he said. "What do you know regarding sick people and their wants?"

"My mother was an invalid for years, and I was her only nurse," she answered, a new hope springing to her face.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Merrill, pityingly, "what is your name.

"Grace Merrill Ross," the girl answered.

"Grace Merrill!" he almost shried. "Child, child! your mother—"

"Yes, it was my mother's name. She said that some day, perhaps, my grandfather might find me by that name, and love me and forgive her for my sake, and if that day ever came, she said I should tell him, with her dying breath, that she repented her disobedience, and begged his forgiveness."

"Grace, look at me!" the old man cried in tremulous tones. "I am your grandfather. Can you forgive me?"

It was indeed true. That Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door; and her mother's soul shining through her eyes, led her straight into his heart and love forever.

Rose and her mother, coming home from a drive, were met by the astounding news, and hastened to Mr. Merrill's room to learn the truth of the matter. They found him lying on his lounge with a happy look on his wrinkled old face that quite transfigured it, while beside him sat Grace, calm, sweet, and peaceful, the dark, bright eyes shining like twin stars.

"This is my dear grand-daughter, Grace," he said. "She has come to share our home and love. Are you not glad?"

"Glad!"

Already they looked on her as an interloper and determined, if possible, to drive her back to the poverty from which she had been rescued (the servants had been quick to tell of the humble home from which the new comer's few possessions had been brought.) But with feigned kindliness they welcomed her, fearing lest perhaps the wealth and ease they so much prized should be taken from them instead.

Grace did not tell her grandfather of the slights and provocations, and the little refinements of cruelty which some women can practice with such smiling faces, which were her portion as the days went by. But there was one who needed no telling, who had sharper eyes than the invalid. Love did not blind Dr. Lysle so but that he could see much of what Grace had to bear, and his ear was quick to detect the taunting ring in Rose's voice, when she addressed her cousin.

The old song says:

"It is good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Perhaps occause only the outer citadel of his heart had been captured, it was easy for a newer, sweeter, deeper love to steal into his life. And how he fought against that love! (for he was an honorble man) till one day, no matter how, fate showed him Grace's heart, and his image hidden there. She loved him. What should he do? What should he do?

After all, it was Rose who solved the question. He had been away for a few days and on his return Grace met him with a pitying look on her sweet face an angel might have worn. Laying her hand on his arm, she said:

"Are you brave enough to bear sad news?"

He took her hand and her fingers, warm and firm, clasped his. The touch thrilled him, as no other touch had ever done.

"I am brave now," he said, smiling down into her upturned face. "Tell me all."

"Rose is married," she said, softly, and bowed her head; for she could not bear to see the pain that must come to his face. It hurt her to tell him, and yet she loved him so she would not let another deal the death blow to his hopes. He was silent so long that she looked up startled, and fearing she knew not what.

Was this pain in his eyes—this glorious light she saw there? No for he opened his arms and took her to his heart.

"Love!" he said. That was all; but Grace knew.

By and by she told him how, one morning, Rose's adsence was discovered, and Mrs. Merrill had come to her in great distress, with a letter from the willful girl saying she was tired of her humdrum life, and was going to marry a young French gentleman, Monsieur Allaire, who had promised to take her to share the delights of his Parisian home; how she knew that she had never really loved Dr. Lysle; and how she hoped he would find some one to console him for her loss.

Her conduct had bitterly grieved her grandfather and her mother, but they found she was really married, and could do nothing.

When Grace whispered her happy confession to her grandfather he exclaimed, piteously:

"Do not leave me, dear! I cannot give up my companion!"

"Nor need you," said Dr. Lysle, laughing. "Only say 'yes,' and you shall keep your companion, and have a resident physician as well."

So one day there was a quiet wedding at the invalid's bedside. Mrs. Merrill had gone to join Rose in her new home, so there were no guests. But Grace did not miss them; she had all that her heart longed for.

Mr. Merrills children, as he loves to call them, makes his life very happy. Dr. Lysle says that his wife's loving care is curing his patient; but Grace says, proudly, it is her husband's skill. It is both, I think, with God's blessing.

Hasty Words.

Half the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would remember that silence is golden when they are irritated vexed or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle, when the nerves are exhausted, is perhaps natural to us in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annoyance into the shape of a speech, which once uttered is remembered, which may burn like a blistering wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much to say more than your cooler judgement will approve, and to speak in a way you will regret. Be silent until the "Sweet by and by," when you shall be calm, rested and self controlled. Above all, never write a letter when you are in a mood of irritation. There is an anger which is justifiable, there are resentments which are righteous. It is sometimes a duty to express indignaiion. But if you consider the matter, the occasions for putting such feeling on record are comparatively few. They come once in a life time, perhaps, and to many fortunate beings they never come at all. Upon the whole, people—our friends and neighbors, and the community of which we form a part—are trying to do the best they can; and in hours of good temper and health life wears a bright and sunny aspect.

Many a girl who is anxious to get into print has been contented with getting into a calico wrapper.

WHY will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price, 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A book agent was knocked down by a street car the other day and two wheels passed over his cheek. The car is laid up pending repairs.

Wood Preservation.

For many years there were many complaints and dissatisfaction with modern ships in the navy because of their early decay, resulting from a law of nature which has never been entirely overcome. Many unsuccessful efforts have been made to do this, but thus far practical tests have not demonstrated the thorough efficiency of any of them. The process of preservation as applied at the Charlestown Navy Yard, adopted in 1877 gives the most satisfactory results, greatly increasing the durability of the wood. The creosote process was applied to several ships and, although meeting all the requirements of a preservative, it emitted a strong odor which tainted all the food on board ship, rendering it so distasteful that it could not be eaten. For this reason it was found necessary to abandon this process. The chemicals used in the present method of preserving do not smell bad, and after exposure to air or water for a few weeks there is none whatever. It is admitted that this process is superior to all others, and as it may be of interest to many of our readers, here appended is given the method of timber preservation by impregnation at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Timber of all dimensions is loaded on cars, which are run into a copper cylinder six feet in diameter and eighty feet in length. A pipe leads from the bottom of the copper boiler to a steam boiler; this pipe is pierced with numerous small holes to permit the free escape of the steam. Steam is then admitted, which will thoroughly saturate the timber, pressing out the sap, with the exception of some of its albumen parts, which, together with the condensed water, will run off at the bottom of the copper cylinder. The steam answers the double purpose of driving out the sap, and at the same time rendering the timber, which, as found in the market, cannot be expected always to be evenly seasoned, uniformly prepared to receive the impregnation. The gate at the end of the boiler being hermetically sealed makes the huge cylinder perfectly air tight. Now a powerful air pump, connected with the cylinder, is set in operation, for the double purpose of extracting the condensed steam contained in the timber and of extracting the air to form a vacuum. When the vacuum is established the copper cylinder is fitled with a solution of sulphate of copper, and by means of a force pump a pressure of from 100 to 120 pounds to the square inch is applied. After the timber is saturated with sulphate of copper the residuum is let off and a vacuum is formed again and a solution of chloride of barium is admitted. This forms in a short time a chemical combination with the sulphate of copper, forming insoluable salt of sulphate of barytes, and the timber is then ready for use.

The destruction of all wooden structures in salt water by the ship worm is only a question of time when the wood has not been impregnated. When the temperature of the ocean is high this ship worm will destroy wooden structures so thoroughly in two years that they become thereby unfit and unsafe for use, and have to be renewed. All efforts to stop the action of these microbes failed until this process was introduced. Many failed partly because the nature of some application was either such that they would not enter into the green, sappy wood, or that they washed out easily by the action of the water, and partly because such applications were confined to an outside coating, which, when removed from any one given point, afforded no protection, for worm after worm then entered, and the whole stick was quickly destroyed. Even to case a whole pile with sheet copper is only a temporary, though costly remedy, for only so long as the whole armor remains intact and incloses the stick in a watertight manner is it protected.

The nature of the process here described is such that sticks of any length, even when cut the same day, can easily be impregnated thoroughly from one end to the other, and the crystals precipitated along the inside of the pores of the wood, as the result of the combination of the two chemicals, form a coating inside these pores, which neither can be removed by mechanical action nor the action of water, as sulphate of barytes is insoluble in water or acids. Soft wood, such as pine, whitewood, beech, etc., which, when unprepared, only last from two to three years, has been found when prepared by this process to be in good condition after sixteen years' service. Railroad ties which have been impregnated have been found free from decay after exposure for fifteen years, which testifies to the efficiency of impregnation. —*Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.*

Value of Spirits of Turpentine.

This is one of the most enviable articles in a family, and when it has once obtained a foothold in a house, it is really a necessity, and could ill be dispensed with. Its medicinal qualities are very numerous for burns it is a quick application and gives immediate relief; for blisters on the hand it is of value, searing down the skin preventing soreness; for corns on the toes it is useful; and good for rheumatism and sore throats, and it is the quickest remedy for convulsions or fits.

Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the bottom of drawers, chests and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and storerooms by putting a few drops in the corners, and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bed bugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts, if thoroughly applied to the joints of the bedstead in the spring cleaning time, and injures neither furniture nor clothing; its pungent odor is retained for a long time and no family ought to be entirely out of a supply at any time of the year.

ARE you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

"If you wish to have a shoe of durable material," exclaimed a facetious teetotaler, "you should make the upper leather of the the mouth of a drinker, for that never lets in water."

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

Hell's Kitchen.

The following is from a New York letter in the Chicago *Mail*:

The particular resort known as "Hell's Kitchen" is a group of tenement-houses on the west side of New York, in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth street. The policemen in the night patrol in the middle of the street. Otherwise they would be killed by bricks and rocks that are cast at them from the housetops. Something like 900 arrests were made in "Hell's Kitchen" last year, and ordinary fights, scuffles, wife-beatings and inhuman treatment of children are obliged to pass unnoticed. About 1000 squalid, wretched, ill-dressed, dirty and repulsive men, women and children are crowded into a few tenements there, and their only ambition apparently is to kill a policeman on the beat and take an occasional drubbing out of each other. Young thieves are trained in a most artistic manner, and if a petty criminal can only get away from the police and secrete himself somewhere in the "Kitchen" it is the labor of a lifetime to find him. There are a lot of queer old rookeries in some of the yards of the tenements, and some of these are furnished with all sorts of underground passages, and queer dives and ferret-holes.

Sebastapol is a block or two off from "Hell's Kitchen." I went there once with a police sergeant and some friends from Cincinnati. They went to see what the squalor of New York life really was. After they had seen it they seemed perfectly satisfied with Cincinnati. My purpose originally was to visit the place late at night, but the police would not hear of that, so we went around between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. The door of the first tenement we came to was black with people. Half-naked children lay sprawling on the sidewalk, slatternly and repulsive-looking women leaned out of the windows, and men who were only partially dressed lounged about in the hallways and on the steps. Droves of dissolute and dirty-looking girls and women were gossiping in the halls, and three brawny Irishmen who had just come in from the gas works diffused the odor of that useful illuminating fluid throughout the place. The variety of odors was something appalling and the intensity sickening. The inmates stared at us first, and then began to groan, yell and howl like so many maniacs. One policeman had been killed and three badly wounded on that beat during the month.

Many of the tenements in New York are inhabited by people who, though just as poor as the inmates of "Hell's Kitchen," Sebastapol and Battle Row, are nevertheless cleanly and decent in the matter of attire and personal surroundings. But in these cesspools of vice and wickedness there is not a single feature that elevates the inmates above the level of the brute creation.

Sitting Down with a Preacher.

In a western town dwells Elder R., a clergyman very well known throughout his State for ability and shrewdness. It is pretty generally believed, on account of his evident knowledge of the ways of the world that he was rather "rapid" in his youth. Among his skeptical neighbors is a hotel-keeper of jovial disposition and liberal heart. Whenever the elder has a specially convincing and sweeping discourse prepared, it is his wont to give special invitations to his doubting friends to be present, and these are sometimes accepted with the provision that the dominie and his lady shall meet the party at the hotel at dinner on an appointed day during the week, so they may have an opportunity to defend themselves. On these occasions dinner often lasts the whole afternoon, and the elder is obliged to parry the combined blows of the opposition.

On one occasion mine host found his match in the clergyman in a worldly way and it was this circumstance that I set out to relate. The landlord returned on a certain Sunday evening from a trip to the far west, and next morning found him, with his wife, seated in a front pew. When the plate was passed he felt in all his pockets, but could find only a comb, jack-knife, and a circular piece of ivory marked "b," which is supposed by poker players to represent value. This latter was dropped in the plate under the vigilant eye of the pastor, but unnoticed by the sexton, whose eyes had been dimmed by age. On receiving the collection the pastor missed the "chip" and asked the sexton for it. The latter had thrown it away, supposing it to be a mark of disrespect from some scoffer. Elder R. knew his man, and caused the representative of value to be recovered. Next morning, as the landlord was dilating upon his trip to a crowd of friends in his office, Elder R. appeared, and advancing to the counter, placed the chip down with a click so familiar to connoisseurs, and asked: "Can you redeem that this morning, Brother S.?"

Of course S. could not do less than hand out a five-dollar bill, and the elder departed, after expressing the hope that he might always be as lucky. Mine host says he shall not "sit down" with a preacher again.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Deleware man rolled off the veranda to the ground, a distance of twenty inches to make fun for the baby, and the third time he tried it he broke his neck and left the baby fatherless.

Is many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the whole neighborhood is taking it," etc. Particularly is this true of Lowell, Mass., where it is made, and where more of Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold than of any other Sarsaparilla or blood purifier. It is the great remedy for debility, scrofula, dyspepsia, biliousness, or any disease caused by impure state or low condition of the blood. Give it a trial.

RESTFULNESS OF FARM LIFE.

A PHYSICIAN'S COUNSEL AND WHAT CAME OF IT IN PRACTICE.

"No," said the pale young man, sadly, "I'm not working on a farm for my health now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I have come away, and the farm which knew me would perhaps know me yet if it could get a sight of me but it can't.

"I went out, you know, by the advice of a physician. Said he: 'You need outdoor exercise, and above all, sleep, such long quiet nights, sleep as you can only find in the country away from the noise and heat of the city, with the great open windows and the cool and velvety breeze floating through your room all night long, with an occasional night with the pattering rain upon the roof to lull you to sleep.' That's what the doctor said.

"So I hired out to a farmer to work all summer. He said I was so white and pale that he couldn't give me anything but my board for my services, but if I wanted to work for that I might climb in behind the seat and ride out.

"So I did. He had one mule and one horse, and the mule balked every time he went up hill and the horse every time he went down hill, and they both tried to run away on the level. He drove them with a trace chain tied on a white ash axe helve.

"But we got out there at last. I don't want to tell you anything about the work to-day—I haven't time—but I feel as if I must say something about those long nights' sleep.

"The first night we got home late, but still the sun was only nicely down. The sun sets about two hours later out there than anywhere else in the known world.

FIRST MILKING.

"After supper the farmer spent one hour and a half telling me about the flax crop on the back forty and then he reckoned we better milk. There were twelve cows and he said he would take six. He gave me the kickers, and it took me two hours, and it had been dark a long time when I finished. Then he had me pump up water for the next day. And it took forty minutes. Then I filled the wood box and split the kindling wood.. And as it was a big box it took me thirty minutes. Then he told me about the oat crop, which took an hour. And when I went to bed it was growing light in the East.

The window in the room was a pane of glass nailed over an irregular hole in the boards and could not be opened, I felt around in the dim light and finally got into bed. I had just fallen asleep and had begun to dream I was laying across the ridge-pole of a double-humped camel, when the farmer pounded on the ladder with an old broom stick and said breakfast was ready. I couldn't see that it was any lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the East was a little redder.

"I will pass over the day, as it is painful to recall. Or rather the day and the last end of one night and the first end of another, for we were in the hayfield sixteen hours.

"And that evening after supper he said I might throw some dirt out of the new cellar while I rested.

"Then we milked, and he gave me eight cows instead of six—all kickers. And one of them was a hooker too, and slammed me through the corn crib.

"I got to bed an hour sooner than the night before, because he said he was thinking some of getting up early the next morning.

"And that night it rained, and I heard the pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that the old fraud of a doctor spoke about. But it didn't lull me to sleep because it leaked down on me and got the bed clothes all wet and I caught cold.

"And when the farmer pounded on the ladder I got up and looked at my watch, and I had just been abed an hour and forty minutes. And my clothes were wet and there was water in my shoes.

A GOOD DAY.

"But it was a good day and we worked at the hay again. We mowed down what the farmer called a 'slather' of it. And that night after I had rested awhile on the cellar and milked the twelve cows—twelve kickers—and one of them thought I was trying to kidnap her calf and chased me out of the yard—the farmer said it looked like rain again, and he reckoned we'd better go out and cock up the hay before bedtime.

"And before we got to the field I saw the morning star, and when I had got up twelve bunches of hay, and the old hypocrite of a farmer four, I heard a lark. Then when I had up twenty-four bunches and the farmer six, it began to grow quite light.

"When the farmer saw it he laid down on the hay and laughed for ten minutes. He said we had worked right through the night without knowing it.

But I had known more about it than he thought I had.

"We worked an hour longer and then we went to the house, and I milked. Breakfast wasn't quite ready, and I threw a couple of cubic yards of sand out of the bottom of the cellar.

"And while we were eating the farmer told me to hurry because he would like to get in a full day's work during haying. I said I would, too, and that I would stop and go out and harness the horses. And he said that was business, and I went out and ran down the road and walked into town.

"And now I am looking for that old liar of a physician and surgeon who told me about the long nights' sleep I would get on a farm."—*Dakota Bell.*

I HAVE been for several years a sufferer from hay fever, and severe head colds, and have tried other remedies in hope of getting relief but have found none that can compare with Ely's Cream Balm. I would not be without it for any consideration. It is simply wonderful in its effect upon the nasal organs.—S. A. Burtt, Wilmington, N. C.

A NASAL injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A merchant asked his Sabbath school class the other Sundy. "What is solitude?" and was answered by a boy that reads papers: "The store that don't advertise."

SHILOH'S Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Cut Feed for Stock.

I have cut feed for twenty years, first by hand, and for the last fifteen years with power, except three years that I topped my corn. I cut last winter for sixteen head of cattle, three horses and ninety-five sheep. I will give my experience in cutting and feeding cut feed:

1. "Will it pay to cut good hay of any kind?" It will not, unless you wish to mix with cut stalks, because you add nothing to its value by cutting, and stock will eat it well enough without.

2. "Will it pay to cut corn stalks?" Yes, most decidedly. You can make them feed one-third more stock, especially cattle; but remember, you must feed a little more grain, fine middlings, or something that will stick to the stalk. Dampen what is left in mangers in the morning, and mix the grain with it. You can not save as much on horses and sheep as on cattle, but enough to pay for cutting.

3. Convenience in feeding is no small item.

4. The manure is worth enough more to twice pay for cutting. In feeding sheep in racks with tight bottom, clean out at night what is left, using it for bedding (I feed hay and grain at night.) It will keep the manure from packing down so hard and save the liquids. I cut in lengths from three-eighths to three-fourths of an inch; use water enough to make stalks damp; if they sweat some, all the better for cattle; horses and sheep wont eat as well if they heat. Use what salt you wish your stock to have, in the water you dampen with. In warm weather you should not dampen more than three days before feeding; will heat if you do. In cold weather I dampen as I cut. As for powers to cut with, I have used several, have used from two to twelve-horse powers with same box; have used post power last winter and like it. It is overhead out of the way; no tumpling rod in the way; in the barn, and can cut stormy days as well as any; can take post down in three minutes and have floor to use; least gearing and most power for number of horses used; two hands enough to run it; always ready for use. Objections: Can not be used for as many purposes, it being stationary; horses occupy from twelve to fourteen feet of floor while cutting.

A work about machines that split the stalk. I never used one, but have a neighbor who has cut for ten or twelve years He tried one last winter and said it did not pay for the power it took to run it, and took the splitter attachment off. He used a ten-horse power steamer.—*H. H. Eddy, in Ohio Farmer.*

Sacerdotal Functions.

In the early days of California, when whisky fetched fabulous prices a drink, there was a bold commodore who ornamented the navy and commanded the Pacific Squadron. While at Washington receiving his sailing orders the commodore was requested by the Secretary of the Navy to proceed to Honolulu and investigate the troubles of certain missionaries, who had not been heard of in several years. A gang of weeping wives and children were on hand to substantiate the grievance pointed out by the Secretary. The commodore was equal to the occasion. He swore that the honor and prestige of the nation should not suffer in his keeping.

"Damme," cried the choleric officer, "I'll bring back to you your brothers and husbands; I'll show 'em that America's eagle bird spreads his pinions over the persecuted missionary as well as the wayup oleocrat!"

The commodore in due course anchored off Diamond Head, and ordered his first lieutenant to go ashore in the first cutter and fetch the king aboard. Meanwhile the guns were double-shotted and brought to bear on the town. Just as the boat's crew was piped away the watch reported a shore boat coming off. The commodore suspended his sanguinary intention and decided to await events. The boat came alongside and disembarked a brace of missionaries. The first man aboard gives their names and their calling. Then said the truculent commodore:

"My poor friends, you have been badly treated; your wives and sisters at home in Boston and New York call for vengeance and, damme, they shall get it! Tell me your outrages! What have you to complain of?"

"Mr. Commodore," remarked the boss missionary, meekly, "we have met with great contumely. The government has even cut off our sacerdotal functions, and it is high time our country interferes."

"High time!" blasted the officer, "high time! I should say so! No wonder your wives never heard from you! Cut off your sac—— Mr. Lieutenant, red-hot shot! Cut off your——"

"But excuse me, Mr. Commodore," interpolated the missionary spokesman. "I guess you mistook my meaning. What I wanted to say, in speaking of cutting off our sacerdotal functions, was that they refused to allow us to preach the Savior and Him crucified!"

"That's what you meant, was it? Well, get right square off my ship, you psalm-singing land-lubbers, before I kick daylight through your fundamental principles. Make sail, Mr. Lieutenant!"

The good lieutenant was a failure as a theologian, but he meant well. I believe his name was Sloat. The boys were going to give him a monument, but the last Legislature needed all the money for mileage.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

A Triangular Parlor Chair.

A pretty and novel arrangement for a parlor is to get a carpenter to make a triangular seat, the height