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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

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CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, ETC.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"By attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful, and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, after directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEORGE W. SIDS, Asst. Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co. Ga.

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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.

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THROUGH PASSENGERS.

"Where are you going, Dick?"

"Back to chat with my through passengers."

And Dick Davis, the conductor, left the mail car, and entered the through coach attached to the train.

Closing the door, he walked straight to an old man seated in the centre of the car. His head and beard were as white as snow, but there were no crows' feet on his forehead nor wrinkles on his cheeks. His eyes flashed with lusty manhood, though his hair would indicate that he had crossed the boundaries of three-score years.

He smiled when the pleasant-faced conductor dropped into the seat before him, and, leaning forward, made a remark in a low tone of voice. This remark caused Davis to raise his head and gaze at the beautiful face of a girl who slept behind the white-bearded passenger.

"She always sleeps that way," responded the passenger, with a smile; "and when she wakes she is as fresh as a rose."

"Your daughter has company I see," observed Davis, glancing at the remainder of the car, who appeared to be sleeping soundly.

"Yes; are they going through?"

"Oh, yes; none but through passengers are admitted to this coach. They are not communicative fellow-travelers, I should say."

"They are not," replied the old man. "Mr. Davis, I do not like my traveling companions," and the speaker's voice was lowered.

The conductor looked surprised.

"Will you please explain?" Mr. Radcliffe?"

A short time previous to the present conversation the conductor and his passenger had exchanged names, and were thus enabled to call each other properly.

"I can scarcely explain," was the passenger's reply. "There is a man in the fourth seat from the stove whom, unaccountably, I do not like. He boarded the train at Romney, and I have caught him looking askance at myself and Mabel. Then the fellow who appears to be asleep three seats behind him on the opposite side of the aisle has been guilty of the same thing, and I believe there is a connection between the parties. I don't want you to think that I fear them. Never in my life, and I have passed through the wild tribes of the Amazonian Valley, have I feared a man. Over there lies the only jewel to which I cling," and he nodded toward the sleeping girl. "She is the sole creature through whose veins runs my blood, and you must know that she is dear to me."

"Certainly, Mr. Radcliffe," replied Davis. "Your entire solicitude if for her."

"Exactly."

"Do you know either of these two fellows?"

"I do not; never saw them before in my life."

Conductor Davis thought for a moment.

"Yourself and daughter can avoid them by taking up quarters in the forward car. I assure you that you will not be regarded as intruders, and that the accommodations will not lack for comfort."

But the passenger gently declined the conductor's offer, and said that he would finish his journey in the coach he had been placed in for that purpose.

After a few more words Davis left the coach and passed into the express car, where he soon appeared to forget his passengers, in a conversation with the messenger.

The door had scarcely closed on the conductor's form when the man nearest the stove showed signs of animation. He turned his head and looked up in the dimly lighted aisle, not forgetting to let his eyes rest on the old man and his daughter. He was a handsome man of about thirty-five years of age, and above his luxuriant crop of silk, auburn whiskers shone a pair of bright milk-blue eyes.

No man in a hundred would have chosen him for a rascal.

He was well, almost flashily dressed; there was a handsome diamond pin on his bosom, and a crested ring on his hand.

Allowing his gaze to return down the aisle, he fixed it upon another man who appeared to be sleeping, a short distance from him. This man was quite young; his eyes were heavy, and the only hirsute appendage on his face was a long haired moustache that drooped over his mouth.

The two men exchanged looks which told that they were not travelers thrown together, but men well acquainted with each other.

Again the first mentioned one looked at the old passenger, whose chin had dropped on his breast, and who appeared to be dropping into a slumber.

Seeing this the man motioned to the other, who straightened up, and the next moment the twain occupied the same seat.

"Is he really asleep?" asked the youngest.

"You can't tell anything about the old codger," was the reply. "He looks as though he was sleeping like Morpheus himself, when he may be watching us from one corner of his eye. We can't afford to wait much longer, else the game will be up. The girl is sleeping very soundly."

"Yes; you could jerk her from the seat and not disturb her slumbers. Isn't she a beauty?"

"A perfect houri!"

"Of course she doesn't know that you are on the train?"

"Certainly not. Don't you recollect that she was asleep when we boarded the car at Romney?"

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten."

"If she knew that I was here she'd keep her eyes wide open and post the old gentleman, who yet remains, I believe, in blissful ignorance of the fact that I have made love to his child. If he knew me as you do, Burdock, he would play the role of Virginius before I should wed his Mabel."

"He would indeed!" answered the young man called Burdock. "But, I say, let us to work. I have the bottle—shall I use it now?"

"We are not there yet," said the other looking out of the window upon the star lit earth.

"We must be very near. The road where Mosely is waiting is one mile this side of the town! There! look! there's the clump of trees he told us about. The road is three miles from this point. We must work now!"

"What if the old fellow should be shamming?"

"Then I'll use the handkerchief effectively."

"All right."

The younger of the party now arose and walked up the aisle to the farther end of the coach.

He cast a quick but scrutinizing look at the white haired man who, despite his suspicions, had fallen asleep. For three successive days he and his daughter had been on the train, and during that time the father had slept but little. His child's objections to the sleeping coaches had been listened to, and the twain had not quitted the through car.

They were traveling to one of the largest cities of the East, where they hoped to dwell until death should tear them apart and call each from the world.

Cyrus Radcliffe—for such was the father's name—was a banker of eminence in a city far West, of the "open sesame" into the highest society of the land, but he was not puffed with the pride that is generally found with riches. Having no relatives, save his daughter, he fixed the great love of his heart upon her, and it was a love vaster than his wealth, deeper than the sea.

But let us return to the scene in the through car, moving at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

The man at the end of the car glided toward his victim, the old gentleman. His movements were watched by the associate whom he had left in the seat.

When he paused beside his victim he drew a handkerchief from his bosom.

Then the faint odor of chloroform became prevalent, and the handkerchief was held under Cyrus Radcliffe's nostrils

While this was being done the blue-eyed man left his seat and came up the aisle till he passed his confederate and stood beside the sleeping girl.

"Shall I dose the others?" asked the young man in a whisper, as he glanced at the three remaining passengers who were asleep in their respective seats.

"No! they'll not awaken," was the reply. "Now, give Mabel a bit—not too much!"

The chloroformed handkerchief, withdrawn from Mr. Radcliffe, was applied to his daughter, who unconsciously inhaled the powerful anæsthetic.

A moment later the agent of villainy was returned to his bosom, and with a look up and down the car the eldst man lifted Mabel from the seat.

"We must be near the road. Ring the engineer down to slower time Quick!"

These words were spoken to the young man, who caught the bell-rope and tugged at it manfully.

"Curse it!" he exclaimed. "It seems to have caught somewhere. The train is increasing its speed."

The face of the man who held Mabel in his arms suddenly grew pale.

"Jerk it with all your might!" he cried to his confederate.

The man obeyed, and the rope snapped in twain.

"The jig is up, I'm afraid. There! we have passed the road. It seems to me that we are going at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"Yes, fifty of them!" said his companion between his teeth.

At that moment the door before them swung open, and Conductor Davis stepped into the coach.

The blue-eyed man hastened to place Mabel in the sort from which he had lifted her without being seen by the conductor. But in this he failed.

"Gentlemen," said Davis calmly, and at the same time displaying a revolver, "you will oblige me by returning to the seat you have lately occupied. Your little scheme of abduction failed, and I would inform you that you will be under guard the remainder of the run. Any attempt to escape might be attended with serious results. I witnessed your villainy from the platform."

The rascals did not reply, but with dogged sullenness dropped into the seat, and two brakemen, armed with revolvers, were placed over them.

A physician, who was a passenger on the train, attended to Mr. Radcliffe and his daughter, and in due time they recovered from the effects of the chloroform.

When Mabel looked upon the blue-eyed man, she recognized Jared Abbott, a rejected lover. His confederate, Burdock, she did not know. The man who was waiting near the station for the abducting party never fell into the clutches of the law; but it is certain that the principal and his eager assistant saw the inside of a penitentiary. It was Dick Davis's hand that held the bell-rope while Burdock tugged at it, and his signal that increased the speed of the train, thus effectively preventing the villains' escape.

Cyrus Radcliffe proffered Conductor Dick a handsome check for his services; but it was refused, and the reward that he finally accepted was the hand of the through passenger.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

The Japanese have a legend that fish are the embodiment of the souls of naval officers, and the African negroes believe that magicians assume the shape of fish and come to their nets to work evil.

A Revised Edition of the Tariff.

The Democrats want a revised edition of the tariff. Of course they do. They promised their foreign allies they would secure this, and they are urged to keep their pledges. When they came into power the first thing they did was to revise the tariff, which consisted of placing a host of articles on the free list. They reported to the House of Representatives the most objectionable bill ever offered to that body. Thanks to the Republicans, the bill was killed. Then Mr. Morrison, as the mouthpiece of the administration, got up a bill that cut and slashed everything. Aided by a few Democrats the Republicans struck out the enacting clause and it was lost. At the next session Mr. Morrison presented another bill, which had previously received the assent of the administration and party leaders, and the party whip was used to pass it. This time iron and coal were placed on the free list as a punishment of Pennsylvania for its Republicanism, but the Republican party fought it to the end, and with the aid of a few tariff Democrats defeated it. So much for their revised tariff. They have shown what they would do if they had the power. Whether they shall be entrusted with that power, and thus commissioned to bring rot and ruin, depends on the voters. It is for them to decide.

Senator Edmunds in an address at the Burlington State Fair made the following presentation, showing that all our industries are mutually interested in a tariff to regulate importations in such a way as not to interfere with home industries. He said:

"Among the problems of the farmer, the manufacturer, the artisan, and the wage worker (and perhaps the most important of any) is that of diversifying productions, manufactures, and industrial employments, so that the natural resource of the country shall be drawn upon, and the accumulated stock of property of every kind utilized; and all its working force employed at renumerative prices. It is perfectly clear, that the farmer is necessary to the manufacturer and the miner to the laborer, and in equal degree they each and all are necessary to him, and that the co-ordination and co-operation of all for the welfare of all by the utmost diversity of production and employment, and by observing the just relations of prices among all are indispensible to the progress and and prosperity of the community. To attain these beneficent ends as nearly as possible, human experience has shown, I think that in a country of varied and abundant natural resources—fertile lands, wide variations of latitude and climate, mines of all metals, coal, forests, water power, a country free from legal monopolies, and bound by its National and State Constitutions to be equal to taxation and the security of equal personal rights—home markets and home consumption are the sure and only reliance. These evident, and indeed almost self evident, considerations point, as you can readily see, to the one conclusion—one that is not, and I have and believe will not be thought, political in any sense—that the policy of American legislation and American lawmakers—who are really the people—ought to be directed to the utmost development of every variety of American production, and as to the improvement of the condition of the American laborer and the American employer of labor of every kind, by giving that labor full employment and adequate reward, and to the employed ready and steady market. The constantly employed well paid laborer will become himself a man of accumulating capital—the force of labor transposed into things. He will become a land holder his wife and children—of the first whom he ought to have one, and of the second many—will abide in his own house."

The Charities of the G. A. R.

Well, words are facts, when they announce great principles. But the Order has something else to show. It is doing a grand and noble work in charity to the families of deceased and dependent soldiers. For this year the actual reported outlay exceed $253,000; but if we reckon the amounts paid for the same purpose and never reported it is fair to say that not less than half a million dollars have been thus expended. During the sixteen years from 1871 to 1886, the sum of $1,173,688.60 has been disbursed in charities; and as it is well known that one-half is not reported, there can be no exaggeration in saying that twice that amount has thus been well spent.

It may, indeed, be doubted whether this Order does not give a greater percentage of its receipts, if not a larger total amount in charity, than any other organization, religious or secular. There are no distributing agents in the Order. All the money disbursed in charity is given directly to the needy recipients; the families of deceased soldiers, or those depending on soldiers who, because of disease or wounds, are unable to provide for their families; and, in some instances, to the soldiers themselves.—*Gen. Lucius Fairchild, in The American Magazine for November.*

Coaling in Nagasaki Harbor.

An English officer, who watched the coaling of a steamer in Nagasaki harbor says that the coal junks are cleaner than English yachts, and that the prosaic operation was made poetical by the style in which the Japanese performed it.

"Queer, undersized manninkins briskly fill rows of baskets, each about as big as a small flower basket, and holding a small shovelful. These are snatched up by old hags, and passed along a double row of bright young girls, who hand them rapidly up the gangway ladder, and empty their tiny baskets into the ship's bunkers.

"Liliputian urchins collect the empty baskets, and redistribute them throughout the junks.

"A more lively scene, coupled with energetic work, it would be difficult to imagine. The entire operation is accompanied with never ceasing merriment and cracking of childish jokes."

"A piece of coal is too big for the baskets—it is tossed up bodily amidst screams of laughter. A girl topples over into the sea. She swims like a cork on the surface of the warm, clear, blue water, and is dragged out, a dripping little Venus."—*Youth's Companion.*

A French steamer that reached New York last week brought $3,000,000 in gold.

An Expert Stenographer.

"How long have you lived here?"

The lawyer was taking the deposition of a witness in his office in the Mills building. The pencil of the stenographer was moving rapidly over his paper, leaving behind it a string of pothooks and other absurd symbols of speech.

"You say you have known the defendant for the past ten years. Now, I want to ask you whether at any time during that period you ever noticed any symptom of insanity in his behavior?" continued the lawyer.

At the instant the lawyer began this query the stenographer turned to the reporter, who was seated by his side at the table, and without stopping his writing for a second whispered: "Wait a moment and I'll be through. This won't last much longer."

The reporter looked anxiously at the notes, expecting the pencil to stop its travel, or at least at the end of the questions, retrace its steps to revise some phrases incorrectly transcribed. But it made no such break. When the lawyer ended his inquiry the pencil stopped.

"Now, sir," continued the lawyer, "you may tell wether you were well enough acquainted with the defendant to know whether he showed any weakness of mind or not?"

Before the stenographer had completed the second line of his report he again whispered to the reporter not to be in a hurry, and as before, concluded his work without a particle of apparent interruption. This was the last question, and after the papers were gathered together and the witness had left the office, the reporter asked the stenographer whether he had written correctly all that was said verbatim, or had only epitomized what had been spoken.

"I wrote exactly what was said. Why do you ask?"

"Can you read it without difficulty?"

"Of course I can, otherwise I should not be here; but why do you ask?"

"I didn't see how you could write down what was being spoken and speak to me upon another subject at the same time."

"That is easy enough to do," responded the stenographer with a laugh, "when you only know how and practice long enough. Shorthand writing is very much like playing the piano or repeating something from memory. It is mechanical. I found years ago when I was reporting in a western court, that it was extremely useful to be able to hear and think of other things transpiring in the court room than the evidence itself. I then began practicing so that I could train myself to do two separate things at the same time. I would mentally make note of everything occurring around me and keep on with my writing. At first I would make a mistake or two, but I gradually got so that I could hear everything that was said and understand it also, notwithstanding the fact that my pencil was moving at the time."

"I should think that when you began to speak it would have thrown you off your track?"

"It did at first. I learned that by committing to memory some poem and repeating it while I was reporting, until at last I could carry on a conversation on almost any subject and write from dictation upon one entirely different. It's a very useful accomplishment, but I would not advise you to learn it unless you intend to become a professional stenographer, and I wouldn't advise that unless you have nothing better to do than to break stones in the streets."

Putting It Plainly.

In the pending campaign in this State says the *Miners' Journal*, a crisis appears to have been reached which will render the liquor question and its adjuncts the dominant issue henceforward. The organized conspiracy between the Democratic party and the liquor power to defeat the Republican party and then overthrow all the barriers erected by that party against the demoralization of the liquor traffic has forced that issue. With its characteristics fearlessness and fortitude the Republican party, accepts the issue and boldly marches out to give battle upon it. The address just issued by the Republican State Committee sounds a ringing defiance to the unholy alliance and fearlessly avows the responsibility for all the legislation that has inspired the liquor power to organize and conspire against the Republican party. Says this stiring address.

"It (the Republican party) is charged with preserving the Sunday laws which forbid the sale of liquor upon that day. In answer it accepts the responsibility. It is charged with having passed the High License law. It just as freely accepts that responsibility. * * * The Republican party is charged with having in state convention and Legislative caucus ordered the submission to a vote of the people the amendment to prohibit the sale of liquor and with affirming a like determination this year. The charge is true—so flatly true that no Republican will evade it."

There is no equivocation about this—no disguise, no cowardly dodging. Now will the Democratic State Committee have the honesty and courage to issue an address as plainly declaring that the overthrow of these safeguards to morality and of this recognition of the right of the people to mould their State Constitution is the object of the alliance of the Democratic party with the liquor power?

It will not do so, but instead the Democratic managers will plot in secret with the liquor leagues whose chiefs boast that they can command a quarter of a million of money to debauch the people and defeat the Republican party, to the ultimate end of enthroning free rum and a European Sunday upon the ruins of the salutary restrictive system established and maintained through Republican influence This is the battle that now opens before the people of Pennsylvania, and the Republican party is ready for it.

At least 10,000 preserved humming birds are now embraced in the collection in the British museum.

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.

Kansas is ahead in railroad building this year, with 1184 miles of new track.

A REPUBLICAN RALLY.

An Eloquent Address by Hon. Marriot Brosius at Norristown.

NORRISTOWN, PA., Oct. 25.—At a large and enthusiastic Republican meeting here to-night Hon. Marriot Brosius delivered an eloquent speech on the three great issues of the campaign—protected ballots, protected industrious and protected homes. He said:—

A domestic ambulatory encyclopedia speculator sits to-day in the seat of a Lincoln, a Grant and a Garfield, because the Democracy of the South slaughtered in cold blood the right of colored Republicans to a free ballot and a fair count. If any man says that this is dead issue I do not argue with him. I cannot reason with those who renounce reason. As well as give medicine to the dead. It is a question throbbing with life, vigorous, robust and sinewy. It is propounded this hour by the sphinx of our National destiny under the inexorable condition of death if not correctly answered.

* * * * * With a total vote of less than 28,000, ten members of Congress were chosen from the state of Georgia, who wield as much power in molding National legislature as any ten Congressmen from Pennsylvania chosen in a total vote of 300,000. The atrocity of this outrage upon the ballot will appear in a still more vivid light when you remember that the enfranchisement of the colored race brought to the Electoral College from the South an acquisition of thirty-eight votes, and the Democracy by means of a despotism unmatched in heartless cruelty, appropriated them all to their own use, and left the colored Republicans of the South unrepresented. By reason of this usurpation of political power the Democracy enjoys temporary supremacy. This wrong must go unrighted until Republican supremacy is restored, for reasons plain enough to glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PROTECTED INDUSTRIES.

To provide for our own house and those who are of it, is the first duty of a Nation, as well as of an individual. Obedient to this principle the Republican party has from the day of its birth insisted that the commercial and industrial policies of the Republic should be fashioned. It says to the citizen, "Invest your capital, build your mills, factories and forges, put in your machinery, employ your labor, set your furnaces glowing, your spindles whirling and your wheels humming—and the majesty of the law will protect you from the competition of the underpaid laborer of Europe, and enable you to pay living wages to men of brains as well as muscle, and still leave a residuum of advantage in the market for your goods.

The prosperity of American labor lies in a protective tariff, which like a faithful sentinel stands guard over the forge, the factory and the field, and secures to the American workingman the enjoyment of his rightful heritage. It helps him to a home for his family, respect for his wife, and education for his children. It increases his intelligence—his independence, his productive power, his self respect. It gives him an incentive to industry, a desire for improvement and makes him a man instead of a machine. He who would destroy these beneficent results by the cutting of the dykes which Republican wisdom has built to protect the labor and homes of our toiling millions, and let in the bitter waters of free trade to cover the land with desolation, is scarcely less deserving of reprobation than the wretch who pierced the wall that saved the smiling home of Holland from the desolating sea.

PROTECTED HOMES.

It is a stupendous misconception, only possible to Democratic lack of foresight, and in which many of those engaged in the liquor traffic are too wise and prudent to share, that supposes the Democratic unlicensed liberty and a continental Sundaycan hold an equal encounter with the Republican party, regulated liberty, and Christian Sabbath. When the conscience of Pennsylvania is marshaled in this arena, the church and the school house, the forces of the new alliance, unholy and unpatriotic, will make no moral impression upon the resistless tread of its march, than a sparrow's feather on the sweep of a hurricane.

The power of the saloon is one which the social security requires to be subjected to restraint, and if the intelligence, patriotism and moral sense of the community cannot maintain its ascendency; if the elevating and restraining forces of society cannot keep the saddle and hold the sword of command, it is easily seen that the longer we live, the less capable we will become for the management of our social machinery, and the more helpless are we in the grasp of those titanic forces which seek to defy the control and overthrow the dominion of law. Those who complain of the restraint imposed in wise and necessary laws upon the sale of alcoholic liquor, must not forget that society owes its existence to restraints upon individual freedom. Government promotes our well-being in two ways positively by protecting and negatively by restraining our liberty.

It seems clear enough for a purblind eye to find it out, that the Liquor Leagues of our cities cannot sit regnant in the seat in the Commonwealth. The people are not ready to abdicate the throne of their sovereignty—to voluntarily relinquish their right to rule, nor will they suffer it to be wrested from them by violence and the strong hand. And those whose temerity prompts them to so unequal a task will discover how hot and scorching is the wrath of an incensed and indignant people, and how easily a roused and infuriated lion can shake the crawling reptiles from his mane. The exigency is upon us. The encounter invites us. Like the lion-hearted Richard—let us make our battlefield wherever we find a foe. The blast of war is blowing in our ears. It is time to imitate the action of the tiger—" Stiffen the sinews. Summon up the blood. Set hard the teeth and bend up every spirit to its full height," and forward upon the enemy until your standards float over a vanquished foe, and victory perches upon your helmets, for Protected Ballots, Protected Industries and Protected Homes.

My daughter and myself, great sufferers from catarrh, were cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell is restored.—C. M. Stanley, Shoe Dealer, Ithaca, N. Y.

From Turtles' Backs.

"The fashion for tortoise shell combs is returning," said a large uptown retailer to a reporter. Some five years ago combs were considered out of fashion, and nobody used them except ladies of the old school, and the combs were very small. But the style has been growing in favor, and I should not be surprised to see in a few years the enormous comb of our grandmothers worn again."

"Does the style of the comb originate here, or is it imported from Paris, with the rest of a woman's headgear?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no: I buy my goods from a manufacturer in the city who has been in the trade for a number of years. The French combs do not take here, and at the same time the designs are so elebonate that they cost, with the duties, too much for the average purchaser."

On the second floor of an old fashioned building the reporter found the largest tortoise shell comb manufacturer in the city. He said: "Tortoise shell comes chiefly from Central America and the West India islands. The natives trade the shell for provisions and clothing, and down there it is as good as silver."

"Are the shells brought here whole?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no. When the natives catch the tortoise they kill him and expose the shell to the fire, which loosens the plates, and then they are easily pulled apart. There are thirteen plates on the back of the tortoise and thirteen on the stomach. The stomach plates are what we call amber shell, and are worth more than the rest, for when they are polished they are almost as light as genuine amber."

Near the door sat a white haired old Frenchman scraping and cutting some shells which a lad took up and bound together with a thread. A comb has to be several shells thick. After the shells are cut out in the general shape of the design wanted they are wrapped in several thicknesses of wet cotton cloth and placed between two heavy heated irons in a press, which is screwed down. Left there for half an hour, the steam welds them together nicely, and when taken out they go to the designer, who pastes a paper patern on the shell, so that all the delicate filigree work can be cut out with what looks like an ordinary scroll saw. They are then sent to an other room, where the rough edges are cut off with circular saws about as large as the end of a lead pencil.

After going through several processes the comb arrives at the last stage, the polishing room. There are a number of wheels of different sizes, some thicker than others, revolving at a rapid rate. The proprietor explained: "These wheels are composed of many layers of muslin cloth, and the heat generated through friction removes all roughness and puts on a beautiful polish, which lasts as long as the comb."

"Do you make any of those very large combs, like that specimen in the case?" The manufacturer picked up the comb, which measured fifteen inches wide and eight inches high, beautifully carved, and replied: "That comb was sent here from Brazil by a lady of Don Pedro's court. I mended it, but it has never been called for, and I am not sorry, for it is a curiosity in this country. We do not make any like it. I have some pretty large ones, however, for the ladies of Havana still cling to the antique style. Tortoise shell is used for various purposes. Here, for instance, are a lot of cap fore pieces for the officers of the Spanish navy. Each peak weighs just one-half an ounce."—*New York Evening Sun.*

The "Still Hunt" Abandoned.

Now that the unrighteous alliance between the Personal Liberty Leagues and the Democratic leaders has been fully ventilated, the "still hunt" says the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, for votes has necessarily been abandoned. The Democratic press all over the State have tried to ridicule the exposer and cast discredit upon its statements, but the facts are all against them and they must make the best of the situation.

Does any one doubt the aims and purposes of the Liberty League that have pooled their issue with the Democratic leaders and who are willing to spend a quarter of a million dollars to defeat the Republican party? If there are any such let them read the speech just delivered by Karl Kuhl, President of the Liberty League of Philadelphia. He not only speaks for himself, but for all those who have leagued together for the overthrow of the Sunday laws and the aboragation of the Christian sabbath. Among his "demands" are these:—"We demand that the seventh day of the week shall be given free to the people." "We demand the repeal of these [Sunday] laws, but we do not demand the repeal with dynamite bombs or with fixed bayonets, but *we draw our dynamite bombs out of our pockets at the polls in the shape of ballots.*" This ought to be plain enough for any voter who values the institutions which are threatened, and if he does not resolve to use his ballot to rebuke these conspirators against law and order and the sanctity of the Sabbath, he is not imbued with true American instinct. The issue is now squarely made and we have not the shadow of a doubt that it will be met in the proper spirit and decided in the interest of morality and good government.

"I'm coming, my darling, through the tall, waving corn," says a new love song. Been stealing her old man's pumpkins, most likely.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The big snake seems to be rather late making his appearance this year—or the snake liar has become conscience stricken.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

THE BIG MEAT BILLS

Of Senator Evarts, Pierre Lorillard and James Gordon Bennett, Jr.

I met a fat, jolly looking Irishman in the office of a friend of mine the other day, who impressed me strongly with his heartiness. After he had gone out I asked my friend who he was.

"You will probably be surprised," returned my friend, "but that man is well known to some of the most pr