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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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CONSTIPATION.

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medicine 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 and 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

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"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for three or four years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a tablespoonful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per 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."—Geo. W. Sims, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

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And do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

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SUCCESSORS TO C. S. BOYD.

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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

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

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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 us.

Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

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In the above list are included the very finest instruments made in the United States, and having the highest and most extensive reputation, thus rendering them the easiest and most satisfactory for any agent to deal in. We invite correspondence from any active, industrious and reliable person wishing to engage in this business, or from those who are already in it. Please state abilities and give references.

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BABY'S ON A STRIKE.

Oh, insurrection, anarchy,
Revolt are in the air;
Our blessed baby's up in arms,
And nurse is in despair.

He heels it with a hand that's high
And mighty, though a mite;
He howls and howls and drives his ma
To desperation quite.

He sits enthroned, a little god,
Tied into his high chair,
His awful nod says, plain as words,
"I won't be good: so there!"

By sisters, cousins, aunts and all,
Cajoled, caressed and kissed,
He will not budge an inch, this bold
Young budding anarchist.

Who shall subdue this pestilent
But previous little tyke?
What's to be said, what's to be done
When baby's on a strike?"

BROTHER VS. BROTHER.

It is a terrible thing when brothers fall in love with the same woman. I have reason to know the horrors of such a situation. My brother and I worked in the same warehouse—he was the master and I was the head clerk—and until his eyes fell on Olive Stoughton we got along very well together.

I cannot blame him that he fell in love with her, but it was a sad day for me. He was a man of strong passion, and I knew he would do anything to win her as his wife, but I did not believe he would fix a crime on me, as he did, to get me out of the way.

It was a trumped-up charge of forgery he arranged easily in the warehouse, and there was no escaping him. He offered to let me go if I would leave the country, but I refused to acknowledge a crime I had not committed by fleeing.

"I will go to prison first," I said, boldly, "and bide my time until I find out who has injured me." He was surprised at my answer. He had probably expected me to flee without a word; yet I knew the police were even then in the warehouse examining my papers.

I heard them in the next room, and throwing open the door, exclaimed: "My brother wishes me to go away, but I am innocent, and will bide by the result."

"How is this, Mr. Bernard?" asked one of them. "Did you seek to deprive the law of its just prey? You who were so eager just now?"

Robert wiped his eyes. I do believe the men gave him credit for brotherly affection and sympathy. But he had shown it too late. I was taken away immediately and put in confinement.

And Olive would hear of my trouble from strangers! And how—oh! how would she bear it? So near our great happiness—and now!

There was no hope. It was useless to record my trial. Even Robert, repentant as he must have been, could not save me now. The bill was too faithful a transcript of my writing. No other clerk wrote in imitation of Robert's hand; and my counsel's suggestions that Mr. Bernard might have written it himself was considered too monstrous to have a moment's sway with the court.

"My poor Olive! Alas! She had no one but myself to care for. But there was a deeper grief even than this. The blow struck by the hand of my own brother.

I was in prison five years. Three of these years Olive visited me often. The fourth she was wearing away to another land, and before its close she died. What cared I then to live? I would not have raised my hand for release from prison. Another year went on. I never heard from Robert, not even when my Olive died. It would injure his respectability to show any sympathy for a forger.

Well, the day of release came. I was indifferent to its approach. I even lingered after I was told that I was free to go. At length I walked out once more into a world which had taught me such bitter lessons. I hurried out of town and sought my old home—the home which had been shrined in my heart as a picture for five, long, dreary years. I threw myself on Olive's grave. I knew where to find it, for she had selected the spot years before.

Even this scene did not melt my heart. I was hard and cold still. Olive's sweet life had been sacrificed; and mine—oh, what a bitter, bitter offering had been made of mine to him who had made it so dark!

With this thought came one of deep, fierce revenge. What right had he, were he my brother, to throw his shadow and darkness over me? Had my mother known how he would repay my devotion to her wishes would she have counseled me to keep back his dark deeds and sacrifice myself and family to him?

I do not know how I reached the suburban town where Robert had always resided since he left my mother's roof.

I found myself in the dusk of evening opposite his house. A dim light burned in one room where the window was slightly raised. I determined to go in and charge him with the forgery, and I had some unformed idea about denouncing him to the authorities and condemning him to the life he had cursed me with so long, or—worse still—the dreadful thought of killing him on the spot.

Let me here acknowledge all my guilt. I did think of this. How madly I strode across the street and entered the house. I went directly to his room. On a couch, pale, haggard, and emaciated, lay the wreck of my brother, once a noble-looking, handsome man. He was praying when I pushed open the door, but his voice was weak and low; still I caught enough to know that he was asking forgiveness for the injury he had done to me.

Over his couch hung my mother's picture. A sad, sweet look such as had haunted me five years in prison pervaded the face; and Robert's had softened down from its proud, hard expression into a resemblance of hers. That look arrested my uplifted hand, which I had raised to strike him, so wild and terrible were the feelings I held toward one who had thus poisoned my whole life. But when I saw that look, so like my dying mother's, I felt sure he was dying, too. It softened, disarmed me.

A moment after he discovered me. I cannot describe his cry; it was like nothing earthly. As he reached out his thin, emaciated arms toward me, all my anger melted. I saw, not the villain who had thus wrought the evil of my life, but the wretch who was wearing out his own in sorrow for the past. All my mother's teachings occurred to me as if spoken by her living lips.

All that he had done had been for the hope of winning Olive Stoughton's love. He did not give up the hope until he heard of her death, and knew that she died of grief for me. Oh, the shame, the agony, which his confession embodied! Sickness had shown all his guilt in its true light, and for many weeks his great and only desire had been to see me and to be forgiven. It had wrought upon his feeble nerves to that extent that he had that very day decided to give himself up to justice, weak and dying as he was: but the deadly langnor that crept over him made it impossible. He had written his confession and begged me to have it published. He died that night. Could it wipe out those dreary prison years? Could it restore my Olive? Alas! no; better that our name should pass away from the memory of those who knew its stain.

And so, with a miniature taken from my mother's portrait, I came away under an assumed name. I entered into active, stirring, out-door life in my new abode. Robert's property was now mine; but I preferred to work, since labor alone could drive away the phantom's that troubled my life. One phantom, however, dear and beloved, has never left me. It is that of the risen angel that would have so blessed my lot—who still blessed it, although unseen by mortal eyes.

She Surprised the Snobs.

A few days ago a lady from San Francisco who had a very solid bank account went to Lake Tahoe on a pleasure trip with her daughter. She concluded that she would have a good time, and accordingly took some plain, serviceable clothes and no jewelry. When she struck one of the fashionable resorts she found herself in the midst of a lot of people making a vulgar display of clothes and diamonds, and every time she turned around she was the subject of the most unmerciful snubbing. She was put off in an obscure corner to eat, and not one of the fashionable guests condescended to show her the slightest civility. The lady bit her lips for a few days; took in the situation, and, with true feminine instinct, decided on revenge. She dropped a line below, and presently there were deposited at the hotel twelve Saratoga trunks way-billed to her address. She and her daughter retired to their rooms, and that evening came down to the dining room in a blaze of lace and diamonds that took everybody's breath away. No such gorgeous or tasty toilets had ever bewildered the guests at that hotel before. It blinded the eye to look at the pair as they quietly entered the room. The steward, after recovering his poise, rushed forward and pulled out two chairs from the most fashionable table in the hotel. She shook her head and replied: "The old table will do," and went to the obscure corner where she had eaten all the time.

The utmost consternation spread about the dining room, and the low hum of voices rose to a fashionable buzz as they warmly discussed the situation. Wasn't it awful? They had been snubbing a woman and her daughter all the week who could outdress them all. In the evening they attempted to hedge, but couldn't to any considerable extent. The dudes tried to shine up to the girl, but she wouldn't have it, and those who tried to scrape an acquaintance with the mother found it like trying to run a tunnel into an iceberg. For a while she flashed like a comet through that hotel into a constant change of ravishing toilets, each more costly and bewildering than the others, until, like the kings who pedestrianized in "Macbeth," they threatened to stretch out till the crack of doom.

At the end of the week it was learned from the chambermaid that she had only gone through half of her immense Saratogas. There were several women there who had displayed at least a dozen different toilets, and they felt that they would just die if she beat thier record. But she kept right on, and when she was three ahead of their score they packed up and left. One by one she vanquished the leaders and the rank and file capitulated, displaying the rarest generalship imaginable. If Mrs. —— appeared in any special color to make a spread in the morning, she adopted that color at once, only in a dress that eclipsed the others as the sun outshone the dog star.

She was the absolute John L. Sullivan of the toilet ring, and knocked out all who had the temerity to stand before her. The last of her opponents was a red faced vulgarly dressed woman from San Francisco, whose flashy toilets had attracted general attention and admiration from persons ignorant of harmony and color. Whatever dress this woman donned in the morning the fashionable Nemesis was on her trail with a color that literally killed the other. The heretofore cock of the walk was unable to stand her defeat, and packing her trunks, started for home.

The army of snobs was routed, and one by one dropped out of sight. They just settled up and quit. Then the quiet little lady resumed her plain clothes, put on an old straw hat with her daughter and went fishing. As the last gang left, she absolutely had the coolness to be down at the wharf fishing in an old calico dress, cotton gloves and straw hat.

The landlord considered that she literally cleaned his place out, and she thinks she had an awful lot of fun.

Only in Fun.

"Have you seen papa's new dog, Carlo?" she asked, as they sat together in the parlor.

"Yes," he replied, somewhat uneasily, "I had the pleasure of meeting the said dog."

"Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate.

"I noticed that he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair.

"He is a very playful animal, too. I never saw one more playful in all my life."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"Why?"

"Because I was a little bit afraid that when he bit the piece out of my leg tonight, he was in earnest—but if he was only in play, of course it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody."

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremeties.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading romances. Going to theaters, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing until in a complete perspiration and then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by nine bed rooms without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventilated bed room.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors, and mental and physical excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cake. When they are sick by giving them mercury, tartar-emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nicotics when the stomach says no, and by forcing food when nature does not demand and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears.

Stay East, Young Man.

Ex-Assemblyman Walter S. Smith, of Tompkins county, is in California. He tells the Ithaca *Journal* all about the frosts, the ice and the $20 a ton coal. Hear him:

"If you are making a living in the state of New York curb your nomadic impulses and stay there. It is God's own country. You do not appreciate that fact as well as I do, sitting among the sand hills and disputing a right to them with the fleas; sitting here amid frost and rain and cold and heat, and looking forward to eight months of drought. It may seem little enough to you, but as for us, we want the grand procession of eastern seasons—the snow banks of winter, the brightening bloom of spring, the rich garniture of summer, the scarlet and gold of autumn. We want to see a stream of fresh water and a well of the same. We want to see silk hats and short hair. We want something good to eat, and we want to be where we can find a decent home to live in for less than $80 a month."

There are, of course, some temperaments calculated to profit by the acceptance of Mr. Greeley's famous advice, "Young man, go west," but there are a good many more young men who can do quite as well in the east if they will only make up their minds to do it. The difference between the west and the east is very well described by the old farmer's saw about the comparative merits of farms: "There's more in the man than in the land." A young man with brains and grit will get rich in the east as well as in the west, and will thank Mr. Smith for the hint.

There are thousands of acres of unimproved land here in the eastern states, in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, convenient to large city markets, where the young man who is not afraid of work can make a royal living after a few years of plucky activity. As a rule, such land can be bought and cleared for less per acre than would be required to set one's self up as a farmer on some remote western tract of land, and then there will be the additional advantages of a climate to which one is accustomed and convenience to markets. The last named is very important, and is too often ignored.

Stay east, young man. The east can get along without you, but both you and it can get along very well together if you will. If you will do in the east half the real, live wide-awake hustling that you would have to do if you went west, you will be well off in a few years. The capabilities of the eastern states are not half developed yet. Read, think, keep your eyes open for suggestions, and above all, work, and you will be all right even if you don't go west.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Too Good for this Earth.

"Now that you are going to marry my daughter, I would like to know something of your habits."

"Very well, sir."

"Do you smoke or chew?"

"Never did either in my life."

"Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I don't drink or gamble, or patronize horse races, or swear, or read trashy literature. And now, after the wedding, where would you advise me to live?"

"In heaven, my son."

Some Virginia Yarns.

In the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, after the war, story-telling was the one feast of reason and intellectual pastime. The mountaineers were never an educated race. During the period of the rebellion they were cut off entirely from all newspapers, books and periodicals. They knew absolutely nothing of what was going on in the world. They lived in a little circle by themselves. When they got together the man who could tell the best story was the acknowledged leader. Wit was cultivated by personal encounter in the country store, in the tavern bar-room, and before the great fire-places in the cabins. One of the characters of the decade after the war, about whom West Virginians occasionally talk, was a certain Capt. Mosier. His fund of stories never ran out. A friend said to him:

"Captain, if you were educated you would be a big man."

Said the captain: "Yes, and if I had lived in deep water, I would have been a whale."

The story is told of Capt. Mosier that on one occasion he had been imbibing at the country tavern to an extent that gave unsteadiness to his locomotion. It was a stormy night, and a terrible thunder shower was in progress as he started for home. His pathway lay up the mountain and across a deep gorge, over a slender bridge, beneath which ran a turbulent mountain stream, swollen by the falling rain. The captain had struggled along to this point with difficulty. When he reached the bridge he threw himself down on all fours and began to creep across the narrow structure. The flashes of lightning gave him occasional views of the path across, and he waited for these flashes before making any advances. His crossing was thus made by stages. Just after a blinding flash of lightning he lost his hold and fell into the stream. It was a terrible plunge, and the chances for his life were extremely doubtful. Some of his companions who had followed him from the tavern heard his cry as he struck the water. They plunged into the gorge in spite of the danger, and found him clinging to a rock below the bridge. As they pulled him out of the water, battered, drenched, and badly scared, he gasped out a protest against the thunder storm in these words: "Wall, if I'd a undertaken to fight a gentleman home I'd a done the job much better."

About this same captain another story is told which does not indicate that he was as valient as he was humorous. He had enlisted in the confederate army and his regiment was drawn up in battle array before the advancing hosts of the union army. The colonel of the regiment thought it was time to make a speech, and proceeded to attempt to fire the hearts of the rank and file by addressing them something after this manner:

"Fellow-soldiers of the confederate army: The enemy are before you. The sacred homes of Virginia and the homes of your ancestors are behind you. Around your hearthstones the women and children of Virginia are praying you to be steadfast and repel the invaders. The demon horde of northern mudsills are bearing down upon Virginia. Unless checked by your devoted and chivalrous efforts they will ravage your plantations, rob your granaries, burn your barns and pillage your houses."

When the colonel had reached this point in his address the brave Captain Mosier called out as he suited his action to his words, and started to run to the rear:

"If all these things are threatening my plantation I am going right home to see about it." And he went.—*New York Tribune.*

Brave Sergeant Jasper.

In the history of the State of Georgia one of the most historic figures is that of Sergeant Jasper, who served in the war of the Revolution in the Second South Carolina Regiment, under Major General Moultrie.

Jasper was a freckled, red-haired, uneducated country lad, of singularly quiet but firm bearing. In the attack made on Sullivan's Island by the British a flagstaff, cut by a ball, fell outside of the works; Sasper sprang forward, and under a shower of bullets, nailed his own colors to the parapet.

For this act of gallantry he was offered promotion, but he declined it, saying:

"I have not the education nor manners befitting an officer."

Gen. Moultrie then granted him a roving commission and placed six men under him, who were known as "Jasper's command." Scarcely a week passed that this troop did not bring in prisoners captured by the most reckless daring.

On one occasion Jasper, with one comrade, Newton, entered the British lines in disguise. In Savannah he overheard a woman, an American, with a child in her arms, bitterly lament the condition of her husband, who was held a prisoner in irons for desertion of the royal cause. He was deeply touched with her distress and with his comrade resolved to free her husband.

They lay in wait near a spring, about two miles from the town, which the guard who had the prisoners in charge must pass. The guard, consisting of two officers and eight privates, arrived about noon, with five prisoners in irons. The day being hot, they left the prisoners, as Jasper had expected they would, and hurried to the spring for water, having previously stacked their guns by the roadside.

Jasper and Newton crept out from the thicket, seized their arms, knocked the irons from the prisoners and brought the guard into the American camp.

A few months after this feat, during the attack on Savannah, the country lad fell, mortally wounded, while trying to place his colors on the redoubt.

For one of his many bold exploits a sword had been presented to Jasper by Gov. Rutledge. He now unbuckled this sword, and presented it to Newton, saying:

"Take it to my father and tell him I have not dishonored it."

A county in Georgia is named for this hero.

Now for the floods. With the recent heavy rains, the rivers and creeks must speedily be tasked to their utermost.

The Political Power of the Pope.

The Vatican is now one of the diplomatic centres in Europe, where the most important political business is transacted. The Pope interferes, either openly or by secret agencies, in the internal political movement of all civilized countries. The reason for this is evident. The majorities of the inhabitants of nearly all the Roman Catholic countries, and very powerful minorities in Protestant lands, such as Germany and England, or in schismatic nations like Russia, obey the orders of their priests, who, in their turn, receive instructions from the bishops and the Pope. It is certain that in countries where as in Belgium, the Roman Catholic faith has its ground, the pope possesses incomparably more authority than the king. The electors who decide the majority in Parliament obey his orders, and the choice of the ministers is thus influenced.

The most important recent victory of the papacy is the one over the greatest politician of our day, the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck. He should not have forgotten that two sovereigns had already not only signally failed, but lost their crowns, in a similar enterprise. Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, wished to enforce a regulation that aspirants to the priesthood in Belgium should follow the course of studies at the University of Louvain. The clergy resisted this measure, and the revolution of 1788 followed. The King of the Netherlands, William I., attempted to enforce a similar measure, and the revolution of 1830 ensued. Bismarck, finding himself incapable of resisting the clergy in the Catholic provinces of Prussia, and perceiving his mistake, turned completely and suddenly round. Another recent triumph of the papacy has been achieved in England. In order to induce the Irish to cease their opposition to the English Government, Lord Salisbury dispatched the Duke of Norfolk as an envoy to Rome, where he represents the interests of the Irish landlords. Even Queen Victoria almost prostrated herself at the feet of the pope, if we may belive the official gazette of the Vatican, which reports that her gracious majesty expressed the wish "that the Catholic religion be permitted to prosper more and more throughout the vast British Empire." If Leo XIII would consent to command the Irish priesthood to cease from supporting home rule, there is nothing that would be refused him. He might have a Catholic university, money for seminaries, and even an embassador at the Vatican. Only it is doubtful whether the Pope will allow himself be purchased, even at this price. It is, however, perfectly certain that Leo XIII. is an arbitrator in the Irish question, and that the future of England largely depends upon his resolves. If he consented to act as desired, he would become an ally of the conservative party. At all events, his authority is admitted and recognized, and his influence unquestionable. In many countries, such as Tyrol, the Rhenish provinces, Belgium and Lower Canada, the real sovereign is not the reigning monarch, but the Pope, who rules through the medium of his bishops and priests. The Pope will be obeyed in preference to the laws of the land, unless these are in accordance with, and accepted by, ecclesiastical authority.—*Focus for April.*

A Land of Fair Women.

Paraguay is almost a fairy land of romance, so beautiful are its manifold attractions. Approached from Buenos Ayres by the River Parana—the only avenue of its communication with the outside world—it opens up before one in a constant succession of graceful surprises and revelations of what God has in some places done to prepare the earth for the dwelling-place of man. Its rich and lovely valleys are watered by numerous broad, smoothly flowing streams. Lofty hills form a natural barrier upon its boundaries, and lakes, clear as crystal, scattered here and there, reflect the deep azure of the sky. The thick, luxuriant growth of the semi-tropical forest that makes, in some places, a great wild garden; in other, gives place to extensive rolling plains or thinner groves of waving palms or fragrant orange trees. All the fruits of the tropical and temperate zones grow in abundance, and there is almost no vegetable or garden product that cannot be raised with but very little toil in this new Eden.

The women are as beautiful and fair to look upon as can be found in any one part of the world. Though they belong to the Indian race they are not of the swarthy, coarse, and beastly Indian type. Some of them are very dark but many are as light and fair as the purest Anglo-Saxon, with clear complexions, flowing dark hair, large deep, lustrous eyes and delicate features of a very voluptuous cast. They are of a medium height, rather slight and lithe, with finely moulded limbs, small, pretty hands and feet and figure of matchless grace and beauty that would serve for models of the sculptor's art. Their carriage is so easy and natural as to be almost the poetry of motion, for the freedom from high-heeled boots and tight clothing has left their step light, supple and strong. Their dress is of the simplest form; a short tunic or robe, not unlike a skirt, falling to below the knee and a shoulder covering not unlike a shawl, both of pure white and adorned with pretty native lace. They are as gracefully worn as were the flowing Greek robes of old and as bewitchingly serve to half-reveal and half-conceal the form beneath. The language spoken among themselves is the native Guarani, a soft, liquid, gentle tongue that falls more musically upon the ear than even the boasted Spanish and seems so fitting for nothing else as for words and tales of love.

A Shrewd Farm Hand.

The New York *Tribune* tells of a laborer who agreed to dig a farmer's potatoes for one potato a hill. The contract did not confine the laborer to a selection from each hill, so he took the largest wherever found. These averaged about half a pound in weight, and as there was 4,000 hills to the acre, his share was just one ton, or 33⅓ bushels. At sixty cents a bushel they amounted to $20. He dug at the rate of one fourth of an acre per day, making his daily wages $5. It took one-fourth of the crop to pay him.

Girls know only one quarter as much about courting as boys, because they only have one year in four in which they are allowed to practice.

Pennsylvania Has the Right Man.

Among the names of prominent Republican statesmen mentioned in connection with the next Presidency none shine with a steadier, clearer, light or excite deeper respect than that of Senator J. D. Cameron. Senator Cameron is not a brilliant orator; he is something more and greater, a profound thinker; a man thoroughly acquainted with the business interests of the country, and possessed of the highest type of executive ability. The industries of the nation could be committed to no wiser or safer keeping. We sincerely hope that he will be the choice of the Republican National Convention, not because he is a Republican, but because he is a statesman who is eminently qualified in every respect to administer the affairs of Government with honor to himself and peace and prosperity to the people. His record is one that Pennsylvanians may well feel proud of, and the Keystone delegation can do the citizens of the Commonwealth no greater service than to present his name for the Presidential nomination.

Popular Misinformation.

One occasionally comes upon rare cases of popular misinformation about things that one could suppose were matters familiar to the people if to anybody. A friend of the listener's tells him that, having occasion recently to go to a place where, by the way, the listener has not been for many years—to wit, East Boston—he waited a few minutes in the ferry house. Near him sat two semi-elderly women, talking gayly, just to hear themselves talk. Suddenly, in the next room, a young man who was visible through the door began to whistle "White Wings" with great energy. As he went over several bars of that jaugid melody the younger of the two women put on a perfectly seraphic expression.

"There," said she, finally, "I like to see some signs of patriotism nowadays. Just listen to how beautifully he whistles the 'Star Spangled Banner!'"

The amusement experienced by the man who overheard this remark will not be appreciated except by those who know how "White Wings" goes and how inexpressibly unlike the "Star Spangled Banner" it is.

This incident reminded the Listener of a trifling scene of which he was an eye and ear witness not long ago, in a much patronized news depot down town. In the most prominent place in this establishment there hangs a large and rather flattering and juvenile picture of the late Gen. W. S. Hancock. At the counter on this occasion engaged in pawing over a pile of fashion papers, were two sprucely dressed women—an oldish one and a youngish one. The younger one, happening to glance up from her agreeable occupation at the counter, fixed her gaze upon the picture of the dashing soldierly Hancock.

"H'm," said she, "pretty good picture of Cleveland up there."

"Is that Cleveland?" said the older one, rather dubiously, scrutinizing the picture.

"Course it is."

"Well, I mus' say he's chan ged a good deal, then."

"Changed? No, he hain't. I seen him twice when he was here a year ago, and I seen him three or four times when he was visitin' 'Lige's folks 't Albany. I guess I know Cleveland well enough and that's the very image of him."

"Wal, wal! He's a better lookin' man 'an I thought."—*Boston Transcript.*

Savory Herbs.

Garden herbs give such a savory flavor to soups and meats that every country housekeeper should determine to have some of these useful plants set in a convenient corner of the garden, and now is the time to look over a seed catalogue and to prepare to carry out this wise intention. Parsley, sage and thyme can be grown from seed, or in less time by planting out young roots. If already growing, the sage and thyme can be grown either from seed, or in less time by planting out young roots. If already growing, the sage and thyme should be well cut back in early spring to induce strong new shoots. Parsley can be rendered perennial by preventing its seeding. It takes weeks for its seed to germinate. Sage runs into varieties differing in flavor, and choice strains are propagated in European gardens by planting cuttings deeply and firmly in early spring, leaving very little of the top above the surface. The leek—the national plant of the Welsh—gives a delicate flavor to sauces or soups of certain kinds. Sow the seed early in ground made very rich the year before. Tarragon is a perennial of pleasing odor and flavor used in confectionary, and with vinegar on salads, etc. Horse radish, a beautiful condiment, is always on hand after any piece of root