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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.
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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Biesecker & Snyder's Drug Store.

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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.

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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
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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 one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $900 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

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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
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Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

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FOR NEURALGIA.
The venerable BILLA FLINT, Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada, suffered for a long time with neuralgic faceache, caused by a defective tooth, and writes over his autograph herewith as follows:
"I found St. Jacobs Oil to act like a charm." Billa Flint
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Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.,
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WARM WEATHER
Must Come a Change from Heavy to
Medium and Light-Weight
UNDERWEAR
OUR STOCK CONTAINS EVERY REQUISITE TO MEET THE WANTS OF ALL IN
LOW PRICED MEDIUM
—AND—
FNIEST QUALITIES
For Babies, Small Children, Boys, Gentlemen and Ladies in Spring Merino Gossimer, Gauze, Balbrigans, Swiss Ribbed Lisle Thread and Silk.
VERY BEST VALUES GUARANTEED.
Give our Underwear Departments a Call.
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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 us.
Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

EDUCATION AT SMALL COST
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.
CENTRAL
State Normal School,
Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa.
Winter term of 12 weeks opens Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888.
Spring term of 14 weeks opens Tuesday, March 27, 1888.
Beginning with the Winter Term, Jan. 23, 1888.
Heat, furnished room, and good board, for only $2.50 a week.
Tuition, $1.25 a week.
To those who intend to teach, the State gives 50 cents a week as aid. This can be subtracted from the cost of tuition.
Besides the weekly aid, the State gives $50 at graduation.
The net cost for heat, furnished room, board and tuition for the winter term of 12 weeks is only $29, and for the spring term of 14 weeks only $46.50.
Those who pass their Junior Examination next Spring, and enter the Senior Class, can attend a whole year of 42 weeks at the net cost of only $86.50 provided they graduate and receive the weekly aid of 50 cents a week and the 50 dollars additional.
This is an opportunity that should be improved by every one who looks forward to teaching as a profession.
The faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments.
Four of the instructors are honored graduates of Colleges. The School possesses rare cabinets and valuable apparatus for illustrating the sciences.
The Model School is conducted after the manner of the best training schools.
At the last session of the Legislature the Central State Normal School received two appropriations aggregating $25,000. This money has been used in putting the building in excellent condition.
Hydrants, water closets and bath rooms may be found on the different floors. All rooms are completely furnished. The student should bring his own towels and napkins. Washing may be obtained in the building at a small cost.
Students may enter at any time. Lock Haven is accessible by rail from all directions.
For the beauty and healthfulness of its location the Central State Normal School is admired and praised.
We will be glad to correspond with any who are interested.
Choice rooms reserved on application. STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE. Address,
JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal,
Central State Normal School,
jul27-'87-tf. LOCK HAVEN, PA.

## BIDDY'S PHILOSOPHY.

What would I do if you was dead?
And when do you think of dying?
I'd stand by your bed, and hold your head,
And cry, or pretend to be crying!
There's many a worse man nor you—
If one knew where to find him—
And mebbe many a better, too,
With money to leave behind him!
But you, if I was dying to-day,
(I saw you now when you kissed her!)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

You'd make an illigant corpse, indade,
Sleeping so sound and stiddy;
If you could see yourself as you laid,
You'd want to come back to Biddy!
You would be dressed in your Sunday best,
And tidy as I could make you,
With a sprig of something on your breast,
And the boys would come to wake you.
But you, if I were dead in your stead,
(Do you think I never missed her?)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

When you was under the sod, I'd sigh,
And—if I could do without you—
Mebbe I've a strapping lad in my eye
Would come and talk about you.
A little courtin' would be divertin',
A kind voice whispering "Biddy!"
A kiss on the sly, for what's the hurt in
A man consoling a widdy?
But you, before I was dead at all,
(Now don't deny that you kissed her!)
I tell you Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister.

## A DOMESTIC TYRANT.

"Things is happening quite providential this year," said Mr. Proul, piously, as he closed his bank book, put it into his table drawer and turned the key on it. "Apples have gone up a quarter of a dollar a barrel, and I've kept my hay long enough to bring the very best market prices."

Chloe looked earnestly up from the stockings she was darning, on the other side of the tallow candle.

It seemed to her as if circumstances were suspicious for a demand which had long been in her mind.

"Don't you think, Uncle Peter," she hazarded, "that I might have a new dress?"

Mr. Proul put on his glasses and viewed his niece with a stern and solemn gaze.

"A new—dress?" he repeated. "A new dress? Didn't you have one in the spring?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter; but that was six months ago. And it was nothing but a calico!"

"There's the dress I bought at Widow Salisbury's auction and gave you. What's come of that?" questioned Mr. Proul, without varying his glasses one-sixteenth part of an inch, until poor Chloe felt as if she were being scorched by a pair of baleful suns.

"Girls don't wear black bombazine, Uncle Peter!" timidly pleaded his niece. "And besides, it was so tender that it was all dropping to pieces. A calico now—"

"Hold your tongue, Chloe!" gruffly spoke up the old man. "Your dress is good enough. It's a deal better than anything *I* wear. But you've inherited every drop of your mother's extravagant blood, that's plain to see!"

Chloe winced visibly. A slur on her mother's memory was to her a keener insult than any reproach addressed to herself.

"I wouldn't so much mind it, Uncle Peter," she said, "if we were here by ourselves; but I am ashamed to sit at the table when Mr. Cresson comes in, my clothes are so faded and patched."

"You needn't worry!" satirically spoke up Uncle Peter. "It ain't no ways likely that Mr. Cresson takes much notice of you, or what you have got on. He's got something of more importance to think of."

Once more Chloe crimsoned, but she made no further response, and went on with her work, while her uncle took up the poker and pulled the hickory logs forward, so that they should not burn away too fast.

Mr. Cresson was late that evening. He was the agent at the little railway station in the woods, and there was always extra freight on Wednesday nights to attend to. But when at last he did come in, he had a new magazine and a little roll of story papers for Chloe.

"The train boy had something new to-night," said he to Chloe. "I thought perhaps you would like to have some reading."

"Oh, thank you!" murmured Chloe, wondering if Mr. Cresson would observe that the rent in her sleeve was mended with calico of quite a different color, as she took the parcels.

Uncle Peter scowled under his shaggy brows.

"The Bible and the cookery book is enough reading for women folks," said he, "according to my ideas."

And he went up stairs, with a candle in his hand, to rummage the garrett for some mouldy old coat, which might serve to eke out his wardrobe until the spring. As for buying anything new, that was quite out of the question.

The next day when Chloe had finished her churning, got the dishes washed and the floor scrubbed, and the chicken stewing in the pot for dinner, she looked around for her magazine and newspapers. They were gone.

She ran out into the barn, where Mr. Proul was putting up new manger boards.

"Uncle Peter," said she, "where is my magazine—the one Mr. Cresson brought me?"

"Your magazine?" slowly repeated Mr. Proul, turning his foot rule this way and that, "Oh, yes! I sold it to Mary Ann Burtis this morning for ten cents when she came for a quart o' vinegar. Mary Ann she sort o' took a notion to it, and I gave her the papers; they're sort o' newspapers for fire-lightin' at Burtis. Now you needn't say a word, Chloe; I ain't goin' to have you foolin' away your time over story books, when there's all them carpet rags to be sewed, and the housework to do, and me needin' a new set o' work shirts. There!"

Chloe obeyed. She did not say a word. Sho turned away, and went slowly back into the house.

"There is no slave in all this world worse treated than I am!" she cried to herself. "I will bear it no longer! For all that I do in this house I receive neither credit nor wages."

When Mr. Proul came into dinner the chickens were still stewing away, emitting flavory odors from under the pot lid; but the table was not spread, and Chloe was not there.

Chloe had packed her little bag, and left the house.

The station agent arrived, as usual, on the stroke of twelve, and to him Uncle Peter Proul confided his sorrows.

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Cresson. "I only wonder that she had not run away long ago."

"I've been a father to her," whined Uncle Peter.

"A slave driver, if you please," said Cresson, shrugging his shoulders. "A tyrant who ruled her with a rod of iron—a ruthless overseer, who allowed her neither rest nor recreation. If this be paternal treatment—why, then you are correct."

"Eh?" gasped Uncle Peter, as he slow-ladled out the chicken stew. "So you and she've cooked it up together, have you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the station agent, with freezing politeness. "You are entirely mistaken. I did not know that Chloe thought of leaving home, nor do I know where she is. And if you are going to make any more such conjectures I shall go elsewhere to board."

"Don't do that!" gasped Uncle Peter, overwhelmed at the prospect of losing a paying boarder—"don't think o' no such thing, Mr. Cresson. I don't mean no harm. I won't do it ag'in. The fowl's very nice, and I ain't no bad hand at cookin' myself. We'll get along somehow until Chloe comes back. 'Twon't be long, I guess."

But the days passed on, and chloe did not return.

Uncle Peter Proul's face grew longer with every setting sun. He began at last to realize what he had lost in the willing, handy young drudge who had been at his beck and call for so many long years.

The coarse-handed maids whom he hired only made matters worse, and he wrung his hands over the lack of economy and piteous mismanagement of affairs.

But the worst of all was yet to come. He crept down stairs, one day, with an ashen face.

"My money!" he gasped—"my money! I put it, for safe keeping, in the pocket of that old bombazine gown o' Widow Salisbury's, that I gave Chloe, from the auction. And it's gone! She took it off with her things; and I dunno where she's gone!"

"Was it much?" asked the station agent.

"A hundred dollars!" said Mr. Proul. "In one clean, new bill. A hundred dollars!"

And he uttered a groan that might have rent a heart of stone.

"Don't fret yourself," said Mr. Cresson. "I heard yesterday that Chloe was helping Mrs. Mason with the bakery that she has opened in Unionville, two stations further up the line. I can easily get word to her to-morrow."

But instead of sending word by the express agent on the train, Mr. Creson left his duties in charge of the freight-master, and went to Unionville himself.

"That old dress!" cried Chloe. "Why, I gave it to Grandmother Mason, yesterday, to make into a wadded chair cushion. It was fit for nothing else."

"Pocket and all?" said Mr. Cresson.

"Yes, pocket and all," nodded Chloe. "But I'll go and get it at once."

Grandmother Mason, fortunately, had not as yet put scissors in her new inheritance, and the crisp bill was folded safely away in the pocket of the dilapidated bombazine gown, just where Mr. Proul had stored it.

"Is Uncle Peter very lonesome?" said Chloe, wistfully.

"No more than he deserves to be," said the station agent. "Betsey Brook has burned a hole through the bottom of the new wash boiler, and Edna Jones flung out a silver spoon to the pigs, yesterday."

"You ought not to laugh," appealed Chloe.

"No, I know I oughtn't to," said Mr. Cresson, "but I can't help it. Did I tell you that he wants you to come back?"

"I don't know but that it is my duty to do so," said Chloe, twining and intertwining her fingers together.

"My dear little Chloe, that's all nonsense!" said Mr. Cresson. "Hasn't he ground you deeply enough into the earth already?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now listen to me," said Mr. Cresson; "I boarded at the old farm house with you and your uncle for three months. All the while I was in love."

"Yes, I thought you were," faltered Chloe. "I was sure of it. I often wanted to ask you who she was, but I hadn't the courage. And now you're going to be married, I suppose? Is—is she pretty?" she questioned, with averted eyes.

"Very pretty!"

"And quite accomplished, I suppose?"

"She was a capital little housekeeper," said the station agent, with enthusiasm. "She was full of all bright and womanly ways, and she had the sweetest temper of any girl I ever saw!"

"I should like to know her," said Chloe.

"Would you," said Cresson, his grave eyes sparkling with mischief. That is easily accomplished. For the little maid who has stolen her way into my heart is no other than yourself, Chloe! Kiss me, darling! Tell me that you will be my wife!"

So Uncle Peter got back the hundred-dollar bill which, like an elderly magpie he had hidden away in the Widow Salisbury's bombazine pocket, and Stanford Cresson got Chloe herself, the most precious treasure of all. And Uncle Peter is yet in the slough of despond as regards the "hired help" question.

Perhaps he deserves it. At least that is the opinion of Mr. Cresson, who keeps house in a pretty little cottage close to the station.

## A Good Legacy

To bequeath to your children, is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth, because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weakness, bringing their systems into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

There is not a druggist in all the land
But always keeps a stock on hand.

A living, lovable Christian is the best reply to infidelity—the most powerful argument for the gospel.

## A Colonial Romance.

Reins' Landing, on St. Joseph's Island, opposite the sailors' encampment, in the Soo River, is always pointed out in a trip up the stream; but time and new generations seem to have obliterated the romantic episode that makes it the most interesting spot along the beautiful shore. It is now more than a hundred years since young Lieutenant Reins in the service of his majesty, the King of England, fell head over heels in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a country squire in one of the shires near London. The attachment seemed to be reciprocated and the young officer trusted his betrothed with a confidence worthy a better woman, for the young lady, having many admirers and being somewhat of a coquette, at length fell a victim to a designing and worthless scamp, who managed one day by submitting false proofs of her lover's disloyalty to induce her to elope with him.

The shock killed the father, and seemed to quite break the young man's heart. He rallied, however, and soon obtained leave to join the British forces in America, who were engaged in war with the French and Indians. It was in this service that, half reckless of his life, he exhibited daring and bravery which gained him the rank of Major. It was also in this service that he discovered the grandeur and beauty of the great lakes and the bordering scenery, and it was here that he resolved when his commission should expire to live the remainder of his days away from the world. Some years afterward, when he had secured his release from the service and was about to put his resolution into effect, having been allotted a pension, he received one day from Montreal a letter bearing the postmark of his old English home. The letter proved to have been dictated and was to the effect that his former love, betrayed and deserted by her husband, was on her death bed, but could not die without again seeking his forgiveness, and ended by committing to his care her two children, both daughters, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, and imploring him to watch over them for her sake. He hesitated, but the old flame still burned in his heart, as it does ever in a man's heart for a wayward love, and the next day found him on his way to old England, which he had determined never to see again. He had imagined the children destitute, and that consideration had also had its weight in his conclusion to protect them. Imagine his surprise to learn after a short greeting that the estate of their mother's father, willed away at the time of the mad marriage, now came back to them through the death of the relative to whom they were left, and the inheritage amounted to £6,000.

It was only one day after receiving his official appointment as guardian of the girls that a strange thought came to him. He would take his wards to America. So calling the two beautiful girls to him, the oldest a tall blonde just budding into womanhood, he unfolded a glowing plan to which the girls made no objections, and within two weeks the party sailed for Montreal, whence the three journeyed to St. Joseph's Island, in the St. Mary's river, and settled for life. Whether the sequel was foreseen in Major Reins's mind when the idea came to him that day in England is to be guessed at. Certainly a like course with their mother years before would have made his life different. He was the only white man in the region and the events which followed showed that the girls had no longing for other society. Within two years the Major, by some sort of ceremony, married both of his blooming wards, and in the years that followed over forty children were born of the polygamous union, many of whom still live in the vicinity. And at the home of one of the renowned Major's descendants the writer only recently dined.

The Major and his wives have long been dead, and the blockhouse, and other substantial buildings erected by his pension and the girls fortune have decayed and disappeared, while some speculative creature of the present generation has erected near the landing a gable-end structure, over the door of which is inscribed: "Meals, twenty-five cents—Hotel."

## Economy of Good Roads.

It is gratifying to find so earnest a thinker as Professor Ely of John Hopkins University, urging the economical advantages of better highways. In a recent article in the Baltimore *Sun* he quotes the statement of a distinguished American who has traveled extensively, to the effect that the public roads of the United States are the poorest which exist in any civilized country, so far as he has observed. An estimate made some years ago placed the saving to the owners of horses in Berlin which would be realized from improved pavements at over $25 for each horse. Now, if a change to good roads throughout the United States would save $10 per horse, the total savings would be over $100,000,000, which is the interest on $2,000,000,000. Professor Ely considers this a low estimate, for he believes there would be easily a saving of $25 per horse for the city streets and $15 per horse for the country roads. Besides this must be taken into consideration the saving to vehicles and horse-flesh and the fact that good roads would frequently permit the use of one horse in cases in which two are now required, and would always permit the use of two where three are now necessary. He therefore regards a saving of $20 a horse not an extravagant estimate. He says that the first improvement which the great French reformer Turgot undertook in the province of which he was Governor, was the repair of the roads, and that one important step, without doubt, in raising Limoges, as one of the wealthiest provinces in France, was the construction by Turgot of the excellent highways.

After using Ely's Cream Balm for two months I was surprised and delighted to find that the right nostril which was closed up entirely for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St., Brooklyn.

A Brooklyn tailor warranted a coat not to wear shiny. It began to shine like a new tin pan after a few weeks' wear, and the owner went back and broke the tailor's jaw, and had to pay $200 damages.

## Luck of a Miner.

James Bailey, of Shamokin, Pa., has fallen heir to $1,6000,000 left to him by the death of his uncle, William Constein Munsen, of Newport, England. Bailey has a wife and seven children to take care of. For the past four months he has missed many a meal to appease the hunger of the little ones. He went on a strke with the rest of the Philadelphia and Reading miners in January, and, through a misunderstanding, did not secure his place when the strike was declared off. Failing to obtain work at the colliers, he was compelled to seek aid from the poor district. Last Saturday he received a letter from an attorney in England informing him of his lucky windfall.

Bailey resided in England twenty years ago and was the deceased uncle's private secretary. Falling in love with a comely sewing-girl he was married to her despite his uncle's earnest protest and threats of disinheritance. After the marriage he and his bride bade adieu to England and sailed for the United States. Arriving in this country and failing to secure work in the cities, Bailey came to the coal regions where he has since resided. When Bailey was apprised of his uncle's legacy he simply remarked: "Well, this morning we had bread and water for breakfast, and we'll eat chicken, for the first time in many months, for dinner." Next week the ex-coal digger will sail for England to take possession of his riches. He is an intelligent man, aged 38 years, and enjoys good health.

## How Convicts Communicate.

The convicts have no privilege of writing or speaking to each other, but so perfect is their system of communicating with each other that in forming plans to escape they can agree on time, leaders, methods and signals. But there is always some convict who, though not in the plot, learns all about it and tells the details to the officers. Investigation always brings to light enough incidents to convince us that their plans are being formed constantly. After Warden Patton took charge, their plans of uniting were discovered and thwarted in one day. Warden Patton not long ago had occasion to order the punishment of a convict for infraction of the rules. The convict without the knowledge of his fellows, was taken to a distant part of the prison where there was not a sign of any one being near enough to learn what took place. But three minutes afterward every convict of the many hundred there knew not only the punishment, and the kind, but why, and by whom, and at whose orders it was inflicted. An ex-prison official said recently: "Not long ago I took a convict to Michigan City. I reached the prison about 8 o'clock in the evening, after all the convicts had been locked in their cells. No one knew of my being there but the officer in charge at that time of night. I did not stay longer than five minutes, but turning over my prisoner I went to the hotel and to bed. When I came down to breakfast the next morning there was a messenger from the prison stating that such and such a prisoner wanted to see me. A half dozen in all wished me to come out to them. How they knew I was there nobody knows. Prison official are constantly seeing the effects of communication among the convicts, but cannot detect the system."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## She Everlastingly had him.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?"

The lovely girl who asked this question of Mr. Hankinson sat behind the centre table with her hands in her lap and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene!" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chronic dyspepsia, "the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you will trust your future in my hands, my life shall be devoted to the task of making you happy. It will be my sole aim to shield you from the rude blasts of adversity, to smooth your pathway through the world and to interpose my right arm between you and every danger that threatens to disturb your peace, and——"

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson,', interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes with some timidity and confusion to the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping and without——"

"Practical duties of housekeeping?" broke in the enthusiastic youth; "you will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar——"

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson. I am afraid you would find me thoughtless and extravagant in a great many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you would be willing to spend all your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I never would want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a club or becoming a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene! I promise never to do either."

"Let me see," said the young lady, meditatively; "I think that is all—O! you will agree to have the word 'obey' left out of my part of the marriage service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey! Ha, ha? Why, my own, certainly. I am even willing to promise to obey you."

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full-grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in a drawer of the secretary that stood against the wall, turned up the gas, and beamed in a sweet, yet business-like manner upon the terror-stricken young man, "I am yours."

## A Puzzler.

Little girl (looking at a one-legged man)—"Oh, mamma! Where was he made?"

Mother—"Made in Heaven, my dear."

Little girl—"Why don't he go back and get finished?"

Lamp wick burns better and does not smoke if soaked in vinegar and dried before using.

## Care of Milk in the Dairies.

The management of the milk is of the greatest importance, and this is the point in the conduct of the business where most of the losses and failures are made. Every attention should be given to insure the most perfect cleanliness, to the comfort of the cows in hot weather, and to cooling the milk as soon as it has been drawn from the cow. When milk is cooled to a low temperature and then warmed, it sours very quickly. This souring can go on in sealed bottles, when it is supposed to be quite safe from change and the dairyman is much disappointed to find his agent compiaining of the milk souring when he felt sure it was beyond all danger; the very security he depended upon being the source from which the unexpected mischief arises. The cooling of the milk then becomes a matter of paramount importance. Ice water is too cold, and produces the very mischief it is intended to prevent. Fifty-five degress is low enough, and sixty will do very well if the milk is not exposed to unusual risks in the transporation. There are various methods of cooling milk. The most usual one is to put the cans, as soon as milk has been strained into them, into a tank or pool of cool water, or into a well from which water is drawn for use and is so kept fresh and cool. An iron frame, in which cans are placed, is lowered into the well by an ordinary windlass, and the cans are kept there from early morning when the cows are milked until night, when the milk is shipped. The evenings's milk is treated in the same way, but is not mixed with the morning's milk. Milk is always shipped in the evening, so as to be ready for the early morning's delivery. As the cans often remain on the platform of the railroad depot for a considerable time before they are put on the cars, it is advisable to have a dry, clean blanket, conspicuously marked with the shipper's name, thrown over his cans, by making a suitable arrangement with the conductor of the milk train, the cans may also be protected in the same way in the car, and thus arrive at their destination several degress cooler than if they had been unprotected. The great point to observe is not cool the milk too low, and to cool it as soon as possible after it is strained airing it well by pouring it through the strainer raised above the pail. The deep setting milk pails, eight or eight and a half inches in diameter, are convenient for cooling the milk in, and if the temperature is not lower than fifty-five degrees there will not be much cream rise during the day. To prevent the cream rising the milk should be stired gently two or three times during the day. A tank of water cooled to the right point by ice is very suitable and convenient; but a thermometer should be used, to be sure that the cooling is not carried below the safe point.—*American Agriculturist.*

## What Pearls Are.

Costly and lovely though they be pearls are merely a calcareous production—a sort of morbid concretion found in many species of the class mollusco—not necessarily in the oyster therefore. The translucent pearl is only the outcome of a very simple law—namely that in these animals the hard part shall accommodate themselves to the soft. The oyster loves to be easy, and renders its bed soft and cosy, albeit its sheets, figuratively speaking are wet ones. By its wonderful mucus it provides against inequality or irritation. Let some matter cause internal worry, or a grain of sand external annoyance, and straightway it commences to cover over the evil with this calcareous ex uvium, and lo and behold! we get our pearls. This is even better than "out of the eater came forth meat," for, as Sir Edward Home says: "The richest jewel in a woman's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man, either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveolped in its own nacre." This term is the scientific name for the exuvium just spoken of, and if a pearl be examined by a good light through a strong glass the concentric layers, like those of an onion, may be seen arranged around a very minute hole wherein the ovum grain of sand, &c., was first deposited.—*Keels (England) Mercury.*

## A Bright Pupil.

"Hello, Blank," said a Boston man to one of his friends the other day, "I hear you are attending this memory school. What do you think of it, anyhow?"

"Greatest discovery of the age!" says Blank, enthusiastically. "I tell you it's a big thing, sir; a mighty big thing! Why, two months ago I could'nt remember anything a day. Could'nt remember names and dates half a day, even, and now, since I've taken up this Loisette system, I can't forget anything. No, sir, I actually can't."

"That so? I must look into the thing myself. What's the teacher's name?"

"Oh, his name's—um—um—let me see. What is his name? I know it as well as I know my own. I've heard it forty times. Old sort of a name, but common enough, too. It's—it's—I had it right at my tongue's end a second ago. It's something like—like—hanged if I remember what it is. I never could remember names, anyhow"!

## Correction and Retraction.

Last week we had a brief item to the effect that Major Harnback, our efficient register of deeds, had got staving drunk, destroyed a bushel or two of valuable papers, had two fights, and then gone home to smash his cook stove and lick his wife. Next day Major Hornback called at this office and not only subscribed for the *Kicker* for himself, but sent two copies to friends in the East, paying us $6 in cash. We therefore desire to correct the item of last week. The Major was not drunk. It was simply an attack of vertigo to which he is subject. He was never drunk in his life, and a more efficient public official or a kinder husband and father can not be found on the face of this globe. We shall make further corrections from time to time as the victims come in and subscribe.—*Aurora Kicker.*

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

That tired feeling and loss of appetite are entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine. Try it and see.

## A Talk With Sherman.

This is from a recent issue of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*: "General Sherman," asked Captain Mattox, "do you think if there was another war that as good material would offer itself as in the last war—material like Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others."

"Why, certainly," replied the General; "there are as many good men in the army now as there were when the war broke out, and they'll make as good generals, too. What they want is the opportunity. That is what makes men great. Why, in '61 out of the two thousand officers of the army there wasn't one who would put his hand on Grant's shoulder and say, 'Here's the greatest General of the war.' They didn't know then. It takes the opportunity to bring men out. There is the making of as great generals now in the army as there was then. There always will be men who will come to the front in times of great emergency, and there always was."

"The next war," said General Sherman later, in answer to a questou from Capt. W. G. Smith, "will be a terrible slaughter. Men won't be able to come together and fight. These machine guns are terrible things, and with them war will be as bloody as a big slaughter house. War won't be fought ever again as it was in '61—'65, and in '70 across the water Those were hand-to-hand engagements almost. Men fought close to one another, and physical strength and prowess counted for a good deal, but in the next war all that will be changed. Then it will be a slaughter with these terrible machines that fire thousands of bullets in a minute or so."

"General," asked an inquisitive young man, "do you think that the strong, robust young fellows from the country made better soldiers than the young men from the city?"

"The late war," replied the General, "demonstrated the fact that the boys from the city could stand more fatigue and hardship and marching than the country boys. The boys from the country were stronger always, but they were used to a regular life, and when they got into the army the irregularity of the life, its hardship and exposure, weakened and finally killed many a strong young farmer boy, while the boys from the big cities, being used to irregular hours, irregular living and unmethodical ways of life, could, stand any amount of hardship without going under. This was proved by the war. I saw it proved in many cases myself. Young city chaps were tougher in every way. They weren't so strong physically as the country boys, but then they could stand the irregularity of army life better.

"If there's ever a war in this country again I think the greatest army will be made up of the railway men. In the first place, they are strong physically. In the second place, they have learned obedience, and have learned to obey all orders without questioning them. This wasn't so in the late war, then men had to be taught obedience, and their lesson was a bitter one sometimes. But as I was saying, the railway men will make a grand army. They, above all others, are inured to a life of irregularity. They are used to fatigue and the hardships of long hours of work without rest. This irregularity of life, which all railroad men know is a fact, more than anything else will make them the best soldiers in the world but I hope they will never be called upon to shoulder a gun."

## Red Tape Floored Him.

A prank was played upon one of the new members of Congress the other day by a couple of young ladies that broke him all up. He has lodgings in one of the long row of fac-simile houses on East Capitol street, and, fearing that he would forget his number, he tied a piece of red tape on the gate as he wended his way to his $5,000 seat. A pair of pretty, mischievous maidens witnessed the proceeding from an adjacent window, and wickedly resolved to have fun. They tripped out a few minutes later, and, taking the red string with them, tied it on a gate two or three numbers above, and returned to their elegant eyrie.

About five o'clock the member came sauntering down the sidewalk in search of his string. It caught his eye, and his expression brightened and his step grew elastic at the thought of his easy chamber. He walked to the front door, and, finding it unlocked, walked upstairs to his room as he thought, and made himself at home. He pulled his shoes off and was warming his toes, when in walked a lady, and seeing the shaggy stranger she demanded the whys and wherefores. The gallant member thought she was "guying" him and undertook to joke her.

She would not have it, however, and had to threaten to call a "cop" before she could speed the parting guest. The whole household had gathered in the meantime, and the member put on his number nines in confusion worse confounded, and "cussed" the day he was sent to Congress. He hires a boy to take him home now. Another case of red tape!

## The Remarkable Cures

Which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Mrs. Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abcesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mas., who had hip disease and scrofula so bad that the physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

"How d'do, Greenbag? I see you won your case in that suit of Ketchum vs. Grabbum. Perfect success, wasn't it?" "Yes, I won the case; but I don't consider it a perfect success, by any means." "Why, did Grabbum appeal?" "No; but I find that Ketchum has $200 cash left. If I had known it I would have postponed the case a couple of months longer."—*Springfield Union.*

Leaves of parsley, eaten with vinegars, remove the odor of onions from the breath.

## The Merits of the Vestibule Car.

Speaking of the injunction in favor of the Pullman Company, restraining the Wagner people from the use of the vestibule attachment, a prominent railroad man said the other day: "The vestibule attachment is one of the most important improvements of the age toward the perfection of absolute comfort in passenger car construction. Several years ago, when the dining car was introduced and the practice of preparing and serving meals on railway trains inaugurated, it was found that timid people, especially ladies and invalids, experienced great difficulty in passing from their seats in the sleeper to the dining car when the train was running at a high rate of speed. The open platforms between the cars formed a gulf over which they feared to attempt passage in fine weather and which in wind or storm, or both, was impassable to people with delicate constitutions. If the dining car system was to be a success, this objection must be overcome, and the Pullman people set themselves the task of bridging the chasm. In order to accomplish this end they evolved and developed the idea of the vestibule, and in bringing it into successful usage the railway companies, as well as their patrons, find that the original difficulty has not only been completely overcome, but that a great many other marked advantages have been secured in the introduction of the vestibule. One striking feature is the additional strength created and distributed over the entire train by the close fitting of the coaches to one another and the consequently increased power to withstand the shock of a collision. Telescoping is hardly possible in a well-equipped vestibule train, from the simple fact that the steel frames arrest the force which would drive one car into another. The steadier motion with which the closely united factors of the train are endowed will be readily recognized as a most beneficial result. This steadiness is noticeable at once, but particularly perceptible to the occupants of upper berths or those who having tried to read or write in the ordinary car, undertake to do so in a vestibule train. The vestibules, beside protecting the passengers in passing from end to end of the train, serve the purpose of storm doors to a residence, and prevent the sudden drafts which the opening of an ordinary car door always creates. Another feature, which is prominent from a social standpoint, is the deadening of the noise made by the rapid revolution of the wheels over the rails, so that conversation may be carried on without in any way straining the voice.

"The constructors of these cars 'builded wiser than they knew,' and succeeded in abolishing many of the petty annoyances that beset the railway traveler, even on the best equipped roads."

"These cars," he continued, "are as far superior to the ordinary coach as the Pullman is to the old-fashioned passenger car. They enhance in a great degree the pleasure and comfort of travel, and as the learned judge remarked in the decision above referred to, they must have proved a startling and successful innovation or a competing company would not have been so prompt in imitating them. The Pennsylvania's New York and Chicago Limited Express was the pioneer of vestibule trains, and the enormous popularity it has won is the best evidence of public appreciation of its merits."—*New York Times.*

## The One He Forgot.

"John, I would like to invite my friend Mrs. Smalley, this evening; will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear; I must attend a meeting of the Knights of Honor to-night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know——"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh! the Odd Fellows meet that night; and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Chosen Friends to attend; on Friday, the Royal Templars; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christain Fellowship."

"Why, I have forgotten; am I a member of that—let me see——"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's!"

## A Dakota Man's Scheme.

"That brindle dog of yours has killed three more of my chickens this morning," said the wife of a Dakota settler to her husband, "and if you don't shoot him I'm going to give him a dose of strychnine."

"Hold on now, Sary, hold on, I've got a plan."

"Oh, bother yer plan—you can't never break him of the trick, and the best thing you can do is to kill him."

"No 'taint, Sary, nowhere near the best we can do. Just wait till you hear my plan."

"Well, what is yer remark'ble plan?"

"Why, I'll tie him up now and sell him fer a bird dog to the first Chicago hunter that comes along. I'll get $50 fer that dog yet, if you'll just lemme be."

An old Crow basked in the wintry sunshine on the bough of a leafless tree just outside the barnyard fence. With blinking eyes he watched the farmer's dog at his dinner of bones, and waited for a chance to steal some of the remains. The dog raised his eyes. "Be off!" he cried. "What do you want in the neighborhood of good and respectable birds? You are a vagrant and good for nothing." "I may not be very good," calmly replied the crow, "but I have managed to reach a prosperous old age, which is more than can be said for the unfortunate and worthy bones you have devoured. The truly good die young. A little worldly wisdom doesn't hurt us in the race of life." And hastily snatching up a bone he vanished in the frosty air. This fable is not for the young.—*Life.*

An Eastern Senator tells this story about his little girl. He says that when the family had gathered for dinner little Elsie was too busy with her playthings to suspend, and her mother called to her to come.

"Yes, in a minute," was the response.

"But we are all waiting," said my wife "and your papa is waiting to ask the blessing."

She came in, climbed into her chair, folded her little hands demurely, bowed her head and said in a low voice; "Let her go, gallaher!"

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Honerable industry travels the same roade with duty and Providence has closely linked both with happiness.

In families well ordered there is always one firm, sweet temper which controls without seeming to dictate.

Catterpillars, which proved such a pest to fruit growers in Bucks county last season, are reported to have again made their appearance.