The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.
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SOMERSET, PA.

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Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by use of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 time lock.

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Employ Only First Class Workmen. Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and All Work Warranted. Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices I do Wagon-work, and furnish Skives for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in. CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET, PA.

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The Best. The Arms Palace Horse and Stock Car Co., St. Clair Bldg., Toledo, O., June, '88. We cheerfully recommend St. Jacobs Oil as the best for general use on stock. H. ARMS & CO.

For 10 Months. Winsboro, Texas, June 30, '88. My horse was hurt on hind leg; suffered 10 months; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; has remained permanent. W. J. CLINE.

Lame-kneed Calf. New Haven, O., June 22, '88. Had a calf afflicted with weak knees; could not walk; experimented with St. Jacobs Oil. A few good rubbings cured it, it runs about well and strong. O. W. MYERS.

For Stable Use. Aberdeen, Dak., July 1, '88. I keep St. Jacobs Oil for use in my stables of many horses. I find it the best liniment for sprains, bruises, galls, &c. GEORGE NETTER.

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—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $9 a bottle.

OH! MY HEAD!

Sufferings of a New Jersey Senator.—Dyspepsia. Sick Headache.—Terrible Things.

"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart." The speaker was ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick and feared I had become fated to endure the severe attacks of dizziness and

Tortures of Dyspepsia

and affection of the kidneys. A relative said to me, 'Try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y.' I did so. I grew better, could eat, sleep, and work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin gave place to the healthy color announcing pure blood. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that "Favorite Remedy" has been to them a blessing in time of need." Mr. A. DeKeyve, Tarrytown, N. Y., says: "For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of dizziness and

Blind Sick Headache

due to impure blood. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I did so and I have been completely cured. It's the best thing I ever heard of for any disorder of that nature, and I have recommended it to many with like success." Mr. Daniel Pitts, Taunton, Mass., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for dyspepsia and sick headache. It cured me. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervousness, Debility, Rheumatism, and the ills peculiar to women, invariably yield to

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

PREPARED BY Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 per bottle. Six for $5. By all druggists.

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

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers. You can depend on having your PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of FITTING TRUSSES. We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call. SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully, BIESECKER & SNYDER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Isaac Elrick, dec. late of Shade Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, May 18, 1889, at the late residence of deceased, in Shade Township.

F. W. BIESECKER, Attorney. CHAS. ELRICK, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Emanuel Lichty, dec'd., late of Summit Township, Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1889, at the office of Wm. B. Cook, J. P., in Meyersdale Borough, Somerset County, Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, Administrator. apr10.

TWENTY-ONE.

I miss the patter of little feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
And the roguish little rat-a-tap
Falling upon the door,
And the eager shout of wild delight
As, opening it, I espied
A bright, mischievous, childish face,
Brown-checked and sunny-eyed,

I miss the hungry call for bread:
The "Mother, I want a string!"
The ball to cover, the kite to paste,
The bells on the sled to ring:
The garments torn in the daring climb,
The shouts of exultant glee,
And the headstrong, boyish willfulness
That sometimes frosted me.

I miss the noisy, boisterous laugh,
The merry whistled tune,
The song that seemed to my mother-ear
As sweet as a bird in June.
I miss a form that bent at my knee
As the bed-time hour drew near,
And a murmuring voice that softly said
Our Father's blessed prayer.

Later, I miss at evening time
A boy with his slate and book,
The pencil-click, and the thoughtful face
With its sober, earnest look;
The flash of triumph, as, fair and white,
The conquered problem stood,
And the boyish words of victory,
"I've got it, mother! Good!"

All that I miss I cannot tell,
For many, many a thing
Flashes between me and my work
On memory's fitting wing:
The roguish hands, the tattered clothes,
The thoughtful face, are gone,
"Dead," did you ask, sir; no, thank God!
But you see, he's twenty-one.

Twenty-one, sir, out in the world,
Out in the din and strife,
Doing his part with a sturdy will,
Of the earnest work of life;
He comes, a man with a firm, quick step,
And I kiss him at the door,
But my little make-believe-company boy,
Will come to me no more.

MARGARET'S LOVER.

BY MRS. MARY E. CURTIS.

"I will not be untrue," she said, and her dark eyes flashed. "I love you, but I shall not marry you."

"And your reasons?" he asked, in a voice that trembled, despite his strong efforts to control it.

She looked at him quietly, pityingly, and her answer rang through his very soul.

"Because you would make my life one long regret. Because, far in the years to come, I foresee such utter degradation for you as would make the life of any woman mad enough to give her happiness—her fate—to your keeping a life of such misery that the grave would be a welcome refuge."

"You love me, and you can say this to me?"

"I could not have loved you had I dreamed of this before. As I say, I will not be untrue. I believed in you wholly. I thought you the only one I had ever known who had touched my heart, who could awaken in me the love a woman gives but once in her life. I yielded myself gladly to the knowledge of this feeling, for I could not mistake your manner, your feelings to me. I saw my influence over you with none of the triumph of a coquette, you well know, but with the quiet happiness of a woman who loves truly, entirely herself. But for the late knowledge that the fatal cup, which has ruined thousands, and tens of thousands, is not strange to your lips, my heart would be wholly yours.

"But Margaret, your influence has such power over me; under it, what can I not conquer? Blessed with your love what might I not become?"

The beautiful lips lost their firmness of expression, and quivered with strongly expressed feeling.

"I have no faith in my power," she said, sadly. "God only knows how intensely I pity you, but I should go mad if I were forced to pity my husband. I must esteem, respect, as well as love the man to whom I give control of all my future."

"Is there no hope for me?" he passionately exclaimed. "Are you so cold, so hard, that you deny me all trial—that you refuse to believe for you I could conquer, would conquer, all that stood between me and my dearest hopes of earthly happiness? Margaret! Margaret! no human creature but yourself can save me. If you refuse to listen—to believe—I care not what gulf bears me to oblivion."

"I dare not listen to you;" and great tears rolled down her cheeks; "I dare not take upon myself such vows as bind our earthly fates, and feel in my heart how entirely we shall yet be separated in all true union. I must say to you I have no faith in the influence of any woman as opposed to the deadly infatuation of one who indulges in the appetite for strong drink."

"You condemn me, then to ruin?"

"I condemn you to ruin! God forbid! Harry Norton, it all remains with yourself. I cannot conceal from you that I think you have a hard battle before you in life. To conquer that appetite—to determine that you will not yield, and to abstain from all that tends to tempt—to awaken desires for stimulants, no matter how weary, how worn you are with the struggle—demands the strongest will—the greatest self-sacrifice—the prayerful spirit—the Christian life. Are you capable of all this? If you doubt yourself at all, in mercy never tempt a woman to share a drunkard's life—to behold herself the mother of children who never know the beauty, the holiness, the protection of home. You think I exaggerate your faults. You do not know all that is burned as with the stamp of fire upon my memory. The years roll back, and I see a young, trusting, credulous girl, who knew neither herself nor her needs in life, wedded to a man whose earthly prospects seemed fairer than those of most men. But this girl, so innocent, lovely, and trusting, learned soon—ah! too soon—that her whole life was sacrificed to one whose taste for the accursed stimulus of liquor far exceeded his love for the woman he professed to adore. Year after year passed on, adding to this fatal taste additional strength. No caresses of sweet-voiced, lovely little children—no delights of home were half so dear to this man as the one infatuation of his life. This girl, always mature in mind, and far his superior in nature, left no means untried to save him. She was very attractive in manner, conversation and person, and all her attractions were put in force to save him. She concealed his habit of intemperance for years. She kept his faults to herself. She never breathed aught against him. She upheld him, strengthened him, counseled him. Was unvaryingly kind and womanly to him. If woman's influence could have saved him, he would have been saved. I have seen her home taken from her. Her children and herself wandering from one place to another, as she could best earn their support; and this man, seemingly devoid of human feelings, leaving her to her own resources while wealthy relations cared for him. This woman was very near and dear to me, and nothing upon earth could induce me to put myself in subjection to the possibility of such a fate. You have my true friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, my sincere prayers that you may conquer in this fiery trial, but I dare not give you more. God only knows how hard this is for me to say to you. How willingly I would share your fate in poverty, in any ordinary trial of life; but I dare not, for mine own soul's sake, say I take your life, whatever it may be, for mine. And so, Harry, let us speak of this no more."

She held out her hand. He caught it. He drew her impulsively toward him. He held her for an instant closely.

"Margaret," he said, "let me kiss you once."

And before she could reply, his burning lips touched her pure, cool brow.

"Good bless you, Margaret, whatever becomes of me!"

In another instant he was gone.

She passed through the garden walk, onto the pleasant porch, and stood a moment before the open parlor window, where and old gentleman rested in an easy-chair.

"It is a lovely night, father," she said "But I will go to my room, I believe. I am very weary to-night. Good night."

"Good night, my daughter."

And Margaret went as usual with her stately step to her chamber door; but once within its solitude, and the proud, resolved spirit was bowed in bitter sorrow.

How she had loved this man! And her whole frame shook with the sobs she dared not vent loudly, and the tears rained down the proud, beautiful face. Must she thus condemn him, and was there no hope for him?

He was a student of medicine, studying of late with her father, and an eager, apt student. He had come into the quiet life of this girl as a bright sunbeam. His quick, active intellect aroused her from the ordinary routine of her usual life.

His tastes harmonized with her own, and she had given him her heart entirely.

Then, one day, she learned that the fatal habit of stimulating his energies when exhausted by study or fatigue had become a necessity to him, and the interview we have just related was the decision at which she had arrived. She was a girl of no ordinary character. Her clear, good sense, with the intimate knowledge of her friend's life, taught her to doubt the influence she could wield against the triumphal Juggernaut whose victims can never be numbered.

Harry Norton left the village for the distractions of a life in a great city. Now and then news came of him as a clever, successful practitioner, accompanied with doubtful surmises as to certain changes in his habits of life—vague speeches, meaning, perhaps, much or little. Margaret's life flowed quietly on; her father, yielding to the infirmities of old age, demanded her care and attention. Perhaps close observers might detect a shade of sadness, now and then, in those clear gray eyes, but she was not one of those who live solely for their own pleasure, and no one in all the village was more relied upon in sorrow or trouble as a kind sympathizer than she.

A young clergyman who settled in the parish was soon observant of this strong, self-reliant nature—this tender daughter and kind friend. Margaret was not doomed to live a solitary life. She found much to esteem in Mr. Elson, and at last much to love; and one bright spring morning she stood with him at the village altar as his bride.

As she entered the carriage a packet was given to her, and opening it, she found a wedding gift—a brooch formed of a large pure pearl, finely set, and a letter.

The letter was as follows:

Margaret: You are a pearl among all others in my memory, and I beg you to accept this symbol of yourself as a gift from an old friend. You were right, Margaret; no man, knowing himself a slave to intemperance, should ever tempt a woman to share its curse. What can I write you of my life? Only that there are times when I am mad—when no reason remains to me—and then I come out of this valley of the shadow of death and I see you, strong, pure, so far away from me, your words come back to me, and I know you were right when you choose to walk apart from one so unworthy. Do not believe that I do not struggle, but a power stronger than I controls me. I can rejoice in your happiness, and I know that I was once blessed with your love—that my true self was once dear to you. But purity, rectitude, were dearer to you than aught else, and he who failed of these could not hold possession of your heart. That one worthy to be your guide, your staff through life has won you, awakens no selfish feeling in my heart. I have said that I can—I *do*—rejoice in your happiness."

Happy bride though she was, tears filled her eyes. She pitied him very tenderly, and pitied him all the more because of her own happiness.

The years rolled quietly on with her; children were given to her love and care. In the pleasant village home where her childish days were passed she lived the contented life of a happy wife and mother.

It was towards the close of a bright summer day that Mr. Eldon came slowly up the garden-walk, and Margaret, hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwonted news.

"Margaret," he said, "I wish you would come with me to see a dying man who wishes to bid you farewell. You have never forgotten Harry Norton. It is he."

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. Her hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton, feeling his days were numbered, had come to bid her farewell—to die.

The setting sun was glorifying all things; the distant mountains and river were bathed in golden light. They entered the chamber of the dying man. The same golden atmosphere filled it; from the open window came the soft summer air, the glad notes of singing birds.

"You are good as ever, Margaret," Harry said, faintly, "to come, but I felt that if you wished me God speed, I might more safely cross the dark river. You cannot know—no one can know but its victims—the irresistible power of the disease which bears me to my grave. It is a disease—a madness with some—and I have been one of those fated ones. If I could say with supernatural power: Touch it not when first you feel that accursed thirst, or you are lost! But who will believe me? God alone knows."

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listened pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against what he believed firmly was a madness, and soothed and comforted by them he passed quietly, resignedly, nay, thankfully, into the other life, the "great beyond."

Railroad Pension and Insurance Funds.

There ought to be connected with every large railroad organization certain funds, contributed partly by the company and partly by the voluntary action of employees, which would provide for hospital service, retiring pensions, sick pensions, and insurance against accident and death. Every man whose name has once been enrolled in the permanent employ of the company should be entitled to the benefit of these funds; and he should be deprived of it only by his own voluntary act, or as the consequence of same misdemeanor proved before a tribunal. At present the railroad companies of this country are under no inducement to establish these mutual insurance societies, or to contribute to them. Their service, in principle at least, is a shifting service; and so long as it is shifting the elaborate organizations which are essential to the safe management of the funds referred to cannot be called into existence. A tie up, as it might be called, between the companies and their employees is a condition precedent. Were this once effected the rest would follow by steps, both natural and easy. For a company like the Union Pacific to contribute $100,000 a year to a hospital fund and retiring pension and insurance associations, would be a small matter, if the thing could be so arranged that the permanent employees themselves would contribute a like sum; and permanent employees only would contribute at all. Once let the growth of associations like these begin, and it proceeds with almost startling rapidity. At the end of ten years the accumulated capital on the basis of contribution suggested would probably amount to millions. Every man who was so fortunate as to become a permanent employee of the company would then be assured of provision in case of sickness or disability, and his family would be assured of it in case of his death.—*In Scribner's Magazine for April.*

Rat And Mocking Bird.

A Louisville special to the New York *Sun* says: "Dr. L. L. Butts, of the Wayt Dental company, of this city, has a white mocking bird, a species remarkable for its rarity. On Wednesday afternoon the Doctor had been feeding his pet and left the cage on the floor with the door open. The bird was in the cage pecking at some seeds when a large rat entered, evidently intending to make a supper of its occupant. The bird could have easily escaped through the open door, but it was evidently not averse to battle and flew straight at the rat.

"A spirited combat, witnessed by Dr. Wayt and a friend, ensued. The bird pounced upon the rat and pecked at its eyes. The rat bit at the bird, but the latter was so active that the rat succeeded only in nipping the ends of its feathers. The birds point of attack was always the eyes of the rat, and it soon had the rodent's face covered with blood. The rat finally endeavored to escape from the cage, but was so blinded that he ran against the wire work several times before he found the door. But having reached the outside, he was too much weakened to dash off, and was followed by the bird, which soon pecked both eyes out, and did not cease its warfare until the rat tumbled over dead."

Early Tomatoes.

Here is a point for tomato raisers. At the New York Agricultural Station experiments made in growing tomatoes without transplanting proved very successful. Plants grown entirely in the open ground matured fruit in twenty-five days' shorter time than those which were cared for in the hot bed the first two or three months of their existence. The result, according to the report, is certainly striking, and suggests that the check given to plants at the time of transplanting may have been nearly sufficient to overbalance all the time gained by forcing. Expert cultivators say that their earliest tomatoes come from self-grown plants where tomatoes were raised the previous year and some of the first rotted on the ground.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

Judge John Stewart, of Chambersburg says he is kept pretty busy on the bench but that the land cases which occupied the attention of the court in the olden time, when the late Judge Black presided, are things of the past. He says he never met with a suit on an original title to land in all his practice.

EIGHT hundred women voted at the municipal election at Wichita, Kansas, on Tuesday last.

The Cost of Ocean Steamships.

An order for a new ship of the class required to compete in the modern passenger service of the Atlantic is not by any means a matter to be determined on without grave consideration. Speed is costly, and as you increase it, it is generally necessary to also increase the tonnage. This forces upon your consideration tides, channels, harbor-bars, and dock accommodations, all of which impose limitations upon you. And then the cost of the ship herself is not a matter which even the wealthiest of corporations can provide for at a moment's notice; it is not one hundred thousand dollars, nor five hundred thousand dollars that the work calls for, but about five times the latter sum, for it is safe to say that a vessel superior to the City of New York or the Etruria could not be built for less than two million and a half of dollars.

Sometimes the ship-builders are willing to become part owners of the projected vessel; sometimes they take as part payment for the work some older vessels of the line, which they refit, re-engine, modernize, and sell again. The ability of the builders to make an arrangement of this kind, of course, influences the placing of the contract, in a measure, but they must also be able to give certain guarantees. They must enter into an engagement that the projected ship shall be able to carry so many passengers and so many tons of cargo, and to attain a specified speed on a given consumption of coal per day. Let us say, for instance, that the stipulations are these: Accommodations for 600 saloon passengers, 150 intermediate passengers, and 1,500 steerage passengers; registered tonnage, 6000; speed, 19 knots on a consumption of 200 tons per day. If the ship fails to fulfill these conditions the builders agree to forfeit a part of the amount they would otherwise receive for her, or they may be compelled to take her back altogether. This was the case with the City of Rome, which was built for the Inman line by the Barrow Ship-building Company.—*Scribner's for April.*

Women at Work.

In the general assumption of occupations by women now going on, although they become doctors and lawyers and shopkeepers and accountants, and occupy various trades, not much has been said of the possibility of their becoming upholsterers. But it strikes us that few better fields are open to the woman who works with her hands, and who has a little strength and a good deal of knack, than this affords. We do not intend by this the original manufacture of the furniture, although with the different parts of the articles completed by machinery as they are now we hardly know why women may not put them together as easily as men; but we mean the stuffing, covering, tufting and edging of chairs, sofas, lounges, tetes-a-tetes and the like. There is nothing surpassing the strength or possible skill and dexterity of women that is concerned in the fixing of the springs in their places, or in distributing the hair or moss which is to soften the springs, and to which they are to lend buoyancy; the long upholstery needles and twine can be used just as easily by a woman's fingers as a man's in the tufting and buttoning; while it wants only practice and deftness to dispose of the edges of the coverings and to hide the disposition according to the upholsterer's fashion, either under the overhanging puff, the cord, or the grip. If it is not very choice work, it is not to be classed either as dirty work; it is not in the least disagreeable as work goes; and if one must work, and is not beyond the handicrafts, it is one of the most rational and simple to undertake. It is not, moreover, necessary that this work should be done in shops and establishments, and unless one already has rooms and prefers it to be brought to them, it requires no outlay of rent or heat. For some time there have been women in the large cities who go about by the day to make the chintz or linen coverings for nice furniture, taking the measurements, fitting and cutting the stuff to the sofa or chair as a dressmaker fits and cuts, taking it off and finishing it, the whole thing done as deftly and looking as neat as if done at a fashionable establishment at several times the cost.

In the same way women could, if they would, go about from house to house, as desired, being paid by the day, and in some spare room of the house or one cleared for the purpose, or in warm weather on some back piazza or screened veranda, where dust will not injure the article to be renewed, restuffed, respringed or re-covered, take the article apart, attend to it, and put it together again, the whole performance requiring no other skill or knowledge than that requisite to the putting in of a few screws, the driving of a few tacks, and seldom any more strength than the woman undertaking the task would be likely to possess, than all of our housemaids accustomed to the moving of furniture on sweeping days, or to the taking down and putting up of bedsteads, are well known to possess. And meanwhile, on the score of economy to the employer and of income to the workingmen, the advantages are beyond dispute.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Rats and Lead Pipe.

I was talking to a well known plummer a few days ago and he surprised me by saying there was a fortune awaiting the inventive genius who would get up a poisonous preparation with which to coat lead pipe in residences.

"Fully one-half of the unexplained cases of burst or leaking pipes," he said, "are due to rats and not flaws in the material. You take a well cemented basement, as nearly vermin proof as is possible to make it, and the annoyance from rats will be greater than in one that is not vermin proof, for being unable to find water, they are driven frantic by the sound of it running through the pipes, and they proceed to eat their way thro, to it. A rat can make a hole in a soft lead pipe in a very little time. The only preventive that I know of would be to coat the pipe with a poison that would kill the rat as soon as began to eat his way through."—*Exchange.*

More than 60 per cent. of adult English women, married and unmarried, are working for daily substance, and the number multiplies every year.

Feeding Value of Buttermilk

While calves should never be given any sour feed, and should be fed only upon sweet skimmed-milk warmed to eighty degrees, the sour milk and butter milk will be very useful to the pigs. Many useful experiments have been made in feeding pigs upon these kinds of milk with cornmeal, which together make the most profitable feeding in every way for these animals, furnishing a meat well mixed with lean and having hard firm fat. It has been supposed that buttermilk is not so nutritious as is sweet milk, but experience and experiment do not confirm this belief. On the contrary buttermilk has made slightly cheaper pork than sweet skimmed milk. Certainly the pigs seem to favor the sour food rather than the sweet. It may be that the lactic acid of the milk is an aid to digestion. It forms part of the gastric fluid and may be reasonably supposed to help this process of nutrition; at all events, the acid affords nutriment, and is not a waste, as some persons seem to think. When fed with cornmeal, which was valued at the market price of one cent per pound, the buttermilk has been found worth one cent per gallon. Of course this depends upon the value of the pork which, in this case was five cents a pound, a very low price for dairy-fed pork. At seven and one-half cents the buttermilk would be worth one and one-half cents per gallon. In the use of this waste product, and skimmed-milk as well, it is an economy to feed it as soon as possible, mixing the corn meal or bran with it when it is fed. Over-sour food is not healthful, and this is in nearly every case the cause of that unhealthful condition of pigs which is marked by corroded or black teeth; and which is supposed to be a disease in in itself, instead of, more correctly, a product of disordered digestion.—*American Agriculturist.*

Two Splendid Nominations.

The New York *Mail and Express* says that the appointment of Joel B. Ehrhardt as Collector of this Port is one that could not fail to give universal satisfaction. As regards all the many qualifications that are most desirable and important, the appointment is as nearly an ideal one as any President ever made. As regards his character and official record, the last campaign for the Mayoralty showed that even partisan enmity had to yield a tribute of sincere and unqualified admiration for Col. Ehrhardt. The Collector of this port comes next in importance to the Secretary of the Treasury, and Col. Ehrhard will bring to the office fresh dignity and new importance.

It was natural and inevitable that any Republican successor to Postmaster Pearson would be exposed to the criticisms, if not the abuse, of the Mugwumps. But Postmaster Van Cott is a universal Republican favorite, and he has fairly earned his popularity. He has always enjoyed the confidence and the respect both of the party leaders and of the rank and file. His ability has been demonstrated, his record is honorable and unspotted. He will give to the Postoffice a more energetic and accommodating administration, while maintaining its best traditions for thoroughness, system and honesty.

A Mad Dog Panic.

FRANKLIN, PA., April 12.—Thursday afternoon a mad dog created terrible excitement in Cranberry township, and before it could be killed bit two men and a number of other animals. Just as the scholars at one of the public schools were enjoying their recess the dog made its appearance, followed by a number of men. A panic ensued. The scholars became frantic, and took refuge in the school house and nearby trees. The dog ran into the hall-way of the school house, where it was finally shot and killed. During the excitement several children were badly hurt and a number fainted. Mr. Graham, owner of the dog, denies that it had the rabies, but the men bitten preferred to take no chances, and had their wounds dressed by a physician.

Washington's Inauguration Centennial.

Many people want to know what are to be the features of the coming New York Centennial celebration. The official program has not yet been issued, but the following are the events that it will include:

From April 17th to May 11th the Art and Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Monday, April 29th, the Naval Parade, escorting President Harrison from Elizabethport, N. J. to the Battery, where he will be received by W. G. Hamilton, of the Committee; a reception at the Lawyers' Club will follow immediately, and in the evening will occur the Reception and Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, the services at St. Paul's Chapel; at ten o'clock, the Literary Exercises at the Sub-Treasury Building, to be followed by the Military Parade; in the evening, the Banquet at the Metropolitan.

On Wednesday the Industrial Parade, the final feature of the celebration.

The Literary exercises Tuesday morning will consist of a prayer by Dr. Richard S. Storrs, a poem by Whittier, an oration by Chauncey M. Depew, an address by President Harrison and a benediction by Archbishop Corrigan. The speakers for the banquet have not yet been announced. Altogether, the work of preparation is progressing most satisfactorily. The celebration will mark an era and be an epoch in the history of the country. It will attract hither, it is said, at least four hundred thousand visitors.

Marrying for love and missing it is very nearly as bad as marrying for money and getting it.

No philosopher ever philosophized more truly than he who said that poverty sharpens. Even a razor is sharpened when it is strapped.

He, pathetically—"All great men have smoked, my dear." She, with animation—"Oh, if you'll only swear off till you are great, I shall be content."

Dr. Sketchly, who planted an ostrich farm in California, clears about $40,000 a year from the plumes. The doctor may be said to have feathered his nest.

The peculiar purefying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

John Bright in Society.

In the society of London Mr. Bright was a unique figure. Needless to say he never was a man of fashion. There was a long period during which the world of fashion held aloof from him. It ended before he became a Cabinet Minister and Privy Councilor. The Tribune of the People, as some of his friends used to call him, had ceased to be thought dangerous by the classes. He was asked often to all sorts of houses and to all sorts of entertainments. While breakfasts were the fashion he went to breakfasts. I think your friend, Mr. Joseph Choate, of New York, will remember meeting him at breakfast and walking home with him across Hyde Park. Mr. Bright, I know, remembered Mr. Choate, and asked about him more than once afterward; he was charmed with the American's manner and talk, and quite forgave him for being a great lawyer. Lawyers, great or little, were not, as a rule, favorites with him. He was not often, I think, to be seen at parties, but dined out rather frequently. His curiosity about the great world came late in life, but it came. He had a curious exactitude, and when he was asked to dinner—as years ago was the custom—for quarter to eight, used to arrive at quarter to eight, while his hostess was putting the last touches to her toilet. His habit had this advantage, that he could hear the names of the guests as they were announced at the door of the drawing-room. If he did not hear, or if any one came in whom he did not know he used to interrogate the friend nearest him eagerly, "Who is that?" And if he failed to recognize the name, "Who is she? Tell me something about her." To mere conventionalities he paid but scant respect. It was his habit to wear a black velvet waistcoat long after other people had ceased to wear them. I cannot remember ever to have seen one in London except his. It did not matter what he wore. There was no truer gentleman in the company—a phrase which is detestable, but has a meaning not easy to express briefly otherwise. There was no courtlier personage than this Quaker, and none whose manners were more perfect.

REBUKING A PRINCESS.

He preserved his seriousness of thought in the most frivolous society. Nobody had more humor or lightness in hand, but if the subject was serious or interested him deeply he said his say seriously, or, as in the story I am going to tell you, bore his testimony unflinchingly. In the days of Mr. Gladstone's earlier unpopularity—for society had prejudices against him long before he took Home Rule in hand—Mr. Bright was once dining at the same table with a certain princess. Her Royal Highness made a remark disparaging to the Liberal leader. Mr. Bright turned to her gravely:

"May I ask you, ma'am, have you any children?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Let me beg you, ma'am, to take them at the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone. When they see him, say to them that he is the Englishman to whom God has permitted to do greater service to his country than almost any other in his time."—*G. W. Smalley in N. Y. Tribune.*

Take Care of the Eyes.

In families where there is much sewing to be done, says a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, it is a good plan to have the bulk of work on dark and colored goods done by daylight, reserving the white sewing for the evening in order to save