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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Wm. Rodgers, dec'd, late of Shade Twp., Somerset County, 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1889, at the late residence of dec'd in Shade Township. sept18. N. B. CRITCHFIELD, Administrator.

— THE — FIRST NATIONAL BANK — OF — Somerset, Penn'a. — 0 — DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED. — DISCOUNTS DAILY. — BOARD OF DIRECTORS: LaRUE M. HICKS, W. H. MILLER, JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER, JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL, JAMES E. BIESECKER. EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT. ANDREW PARKER, CASHIER. The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

National Bank Notice. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26, 1889. WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Somerset," in the Borough of Somerset, in the County of Somerset, and State of Pennsylvania, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking: NOW THEREFORE, I, Edward S. Lacy, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Somerset," in the Borough of Somerset, in the County of Somerset and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States. In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 26th day of August, 1889. (SEAL.) E. S. LACY, Comptroller of the Currency. [No. 4100.]

PILLSBURY'S BEST — XXXX — FLOUR — All Flour contained in packages where this Circular is found, is made from the Choicest Selected Hard Minnesota and Dakota Spring Wheat in the famous Pillsbury Mills at Minneapolis, Minn., and is branded PILLSBURY'S BEST XXXX MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. These mills are three in number, with a capacity of 10,500 BARRELS PER DAY, or OVER 3,000,000 BARRELS PER YEAR. To feed these mills requires 15,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. Our PILLSBURY "A" Mill has the largest capacity of any mill in the world, consuming over 37,000 bushels of wheat per day. It is supplied with the best machinery known to the milling trade: no expense has been spared to insure perfection in all details, and it is the most perfect and costly mill on the globe. We guarantee our "Pillsbury's Best" to be the Cheapest Flour made in the United States, taking all its qualities into account. It will yield from 40 to 50 pounds more bread to the barrel than flour made from Winter Wheat, it requires more moisture in mixing, and the bread will keep sweet and moist for several days. It is also the most nutritious and healthy, as it is absolutely pure, nothing but the choicest hard Spring Wheat being used in its manufacture, Minnesota and Dakota Wheat has the largest proportion of gluten and phosphates of any grown in this country, and by our improved new Roller Process we extract from the wheat all its nutritious qualities, instead of letting them go into the inferior grades of flour, as is the case under the old process of milling. At the same time this flour will make the whitest, lightest loaf of bread in the world, being at once the best, healthiest and cheapest flour that can be used. Sold only by JOSIAH KELLER, Somerset.

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.

CURTIS K. GROVE. SOMERSET, PA. BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice. Painting Done on Short Time. My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction. Employ Only First-Class Workmen. Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and All Work Warranted. Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in. CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET, PA.

CARPETS! THE FINEST AND LARGEST STOCK WEST OF NEW YORK. 6 Large Floors Packed with Fall Goods. 6 ALL ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS. Axminster, Wilton, Moquette, Velvet and Body Brussels Carpets. Tapestry Brussels Carpets from 50 cents per yard up. Ingrain Carpets, 25 cents a yard up. Rag, Cottage and Hemp Carpets. China Mattings from $4.00 per roll up—40 yards in a roll. Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Rugs and Art Squares. Lace Curtains, Chenille and Turcoman Curtains for Portieres. Cornice Poles from 25 cents up. Window Shades mounted on best Spring Rollers, at 50 cents each—anybody can hang them. Country dealers supplied at the same rates as in largest Eastern houses, thus making quite an item in saving of freight. Edward Groetzinger, 627 and 629 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURGH.

WE DO NOT PLEDGE Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you Pure, Absolutely Pure, and well Matured, Ripe Whiskies and Wines At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it: Overholt & Co's. Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1, or $10 per dozen. Still better: Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1, or $12 per dozen. Better still: Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12 per dozen. And one of the most saleable Whiskeys on our list is THE PURE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EXPORT GUCKENHEIMER. Full qts. $1. $10 a doz. There is no Whiskey that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it. There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle, Full quarts, or $5 per dozen. In making up your orders please enclose Postoffice Money Order or Draft, or Register your order. JOS. FLEMING & SON, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL — DRUGGISTS, — PITTSBURGH, PA. 412 Market St., Cor. of Diamond.

STATIONERY, ARTIST'S MATERIALS, Fancy Goods. THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE CITY. PRINTING OF ALL KINDS. Especial Attention given to Engraved Wedding Invitations and Cards. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. JOS. EICHBAUM & CO., 48 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH.

REAL ESTATE — AT — PRIVATE SALE. INTENDING TO GO WEST, I OFFER FOR SALE FIRST, MY DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT, On Main Street, Somerset, Pa., the house being a Two-story Brick House of eleven rooms, well built, and finished in good style. Good water, cellar, cisterns and outbuildings. SECOND, A Brick Store-house on Main Cross Street, the first floor being used for a grocery, the second story has three rooms, and the third is used by W. H. Weffley as a Photograph Gallery. There is also on the premises a good Brick Warehouse. THIRD, A desirable Building Lot on Main Cross Street and Catharine Street. This lot has on it about sixty fruit trees, in bearing. FOURTH, Twelve Building Lots situated in said Borough, on Race, East, and Sanner Streets. FIFTH, A two-story Frame House, and Lot, in Ursina Borough, containing seven rooms. House on a corner lot, formerly occupied by Dr. W. S. Kuhlman. SIXTH, A tract of land in Cook Township, Westmoreland County, containing 226 acres, more or less; 60 acres are cleared. Situate near Weaver's Mill. SEVENTH, I offer one pony, buggy and harness. The pony is kind and gentle. These properties will be sold for part cash, and on payments to suit purchasers. HENRY F. SCHELL, sep4-3m. SOMERSET, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Chambers Huston, dec'd, late of Somerset Borough, Somerset County, Pa. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1889, at the late residence of deceased. JOHN H. HUSTON, Administrator. sept11.

PENSION AGENCY. SOL. UHL, Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa. marb11.

St. Jacobs Oil THE VETERAN'S FRIEND. Cures Wounds, Bruises, Strains, Aches and Pains Rheumatic, Neuralgic & Sciatic, PROMPTLY And PERMANENTLY. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

High-Pressure Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as A Cure for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood." —Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio. "For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill. "I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

WM. HASLAGE & SON, SELECT FAMILY GROCERS. HOUSEKEEPERS' GUIDE, A monthly publication of interest to every housekeeper, mailed on application. When Visiting our Exposition, please drop in to see us; will try to make you feel at home. WM. HASLAGE & SON. 118 DIAMOND (Market Square,) PITTSBURGH, PA. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN SENDING FOR HOUSEKEEPERS GUIDE.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO GET THE MOST OF OF THIS WORLD'S GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY? WE HAVE THEM. Dishes. WHITE, YELLOW, GLASS, AND ROCKINGHAM WARE, IN GREAT VARIETY. BASKETS, LOOKING-GLASSES, HANGING LAMPS, STAND LAMPS Lamps of all Descriptions. Novelties and Oddities in China THE PLACE FOR FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES IS AT THE STORE OF ED. B. COFFROTH, SOMERSET, PA.

A New Hotel at Cumberland. The undersigned, and Jesse Baughman have purchased the AMERICAN HOUSE, At Cumberland, Md., and have refitted and refurnished the said House, and made it a first-class Hotel, to accommodate the traveling public with good table, and choice liquors at the bar. He also has in connection with the Hotel a large quantity of Baughman and Sweitzer Pure Old Rye Whiskey for sale, by the barrel or gallon, at the following prices: Two Year old at $2 00 per gallon. Three " " " $2 50 " " Four " " " $3 00 " " The price of the jug is 10 cents for each gallon. The price of the Whiskey and Jug must always accompany the order, which will insure prompt attention and shipment. Address all orders to jul24-6m. S. P. Sweitzer, Cumberland Md.

DON'T MARRY TO REFORM HIM.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true.
Don't link to his vices your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promises led:
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—
To repent it, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear
Than wed with a lover that's "fast."

Mankind's much the same the world over;
The exceptions you'll find are but few.
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.

To "honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill,
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you, then, never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man
And the world will be better when women
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the prize of your favor;
Place wrong doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man!

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Mrs. Denza was the prettiest woman in all Sydenham, and her villa was the best kept and most artistically decorated house in the town. Michael Danza was a wine merchant, in partnership with his elder brother, Joseph, and had a large connection in the city. The brothers Denza were good-looking men. Michael, especially so. They had Italian blood in their veins, and something of the Italian warmth of feeling in their natures. They were well off, too, without being wealthy.

Michael Denza was leaning back in his office chair one afternoon in November, picking his teeth with a quill—a look of perplexity upon his handsome features. Notwithstanding the time of year, a yellow rosebud bloomed in his buttonhole, and his dress was that of a man of fashion.

"I can't imagine," he said, as he regarded a newly received telegram on the table before him, "where the money goes to! Ella is so very simple in her tastes, She scarcely ever seems to spend any money on herself, and yet this is the second demand she has made for 30 pounds within a fortnight. I don't grudge it to her, Joseph, mind that; but I can't think what she does with it."

"Why don't you ask her?" observed the practical elder brother. Joseph Denza might have been as good-looking as Michael had he not been so fat, but he was ten years older—a man verging on forty, and he was of a harder and more suspicious nature than his younger brother. He had no love for women, either. He had been cruelly deceived by one of the sex in the days of his youth.

"Why don't you ask her?" he said. "She won't tell you the truth, of course, but it may prevent such exorbitant demands for the future."

Ella never told me a lie yet," cried Michael, firing up. "I am sure of it. She is as clear and open as the day.

"Clear and open!" sneered Joseph.

"My dear Michael, you are a fool!" A divorced woman, clear and open!"

"She is not a divorced woman," returned the other, hotly. "You know that, perfectly well. She divorced her first husband on account of this cruelty and infidelity to her."

"But where can the money go to?"

"Oh," I don't care," cried Michael, impatiently, as he pushed the paper away from him. "I wish I had never raised the question. I am not going to suspect my wife of using it for an unlawful purpose. She can do as she likes with it. It is all the same to me!"

"But that is rather a dangerous way of tampering with fortune. If Mrs. Michael does not spend it, she must give it away."

"But to whom could she give it? She has no relations dependent on her?"

"Can any one have a hold upon her, Michael?" demanded Joseph, suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"Can Ella have been so imprudent as to encourage some young fellow far enough—I am only alluding to a flirtation, you know—to embolden him to apply to her for money on pain of disclosure? We have heard of such things with married ladies before, you know, you and I."

Michael Denza's face flushed with passion as he started from his chair with a clutched hand.

"If you were not my brother, Joseph," he began, but broke off with a harsh laugh. "What folly I am talking, and you, too," he continued. "Ella flirt? Why, she is the quietest little woman in the world."

"Well, yes. She certainly has not got on very well in Sydenham. I suppose this divorce business has to answer for that?"

"I suppose so," said Michael, gloomily. "People will talk, if it is only to hear their own confounded tongues. I should have thought it would have died a natural death long ago."

"So should I. That is what makes me think there must be a fresh cause for scandal. Anyway, I should find out where the money goes to."

"I shall do no such thing!" exclaimed Michael, angrily; but at the same time he knew that he should.

He quitted the office earlier than usual that afternoon. He entered a smoking compartment of the train, as usual at London bridge, ane, laying his head back on the cushions, tried to compose himself to sleep. But the chatter of two young men in the same carriage arrested his attention. They were discussing some woman, after the manner of their kind.

"She's awfully jolly," said one of them. "Just my style, you know—tall and slim, with gray eyes and brown hair. Quiet little woman to look at, but knows a deal, my boy."

"Married, Dick, eh?"

"Married! I should think so. I don,t care a hang for them till they're married. No bread-and-butter misses for me," continued the creature, who had not a hair upon his face. I like a woman with some snap about her, and who knows a thing or two."

Michael Denza listened to the balderdash with a fast-beating pulse. It recalled so painfully the unpleasant conversation he held with his brother Joseph. He took a hatred to the speaker, although he had never looked at him before, and the instant his train reached the Sydenham station he leaped out and walked rapidly to his own house. His first inquiry was for the mistress of it. The servant replied that she was out.

"Out at this time?" he said, with a frown, as he consulted his watch. "Why, it is nearly dark. Are the children with her?"

"No, sir; they are in the nursery; My mistress wouldn't take them out to-day. She said it was too cold."

Michael Denza began to pace the room in a fury. He was naturally passionate and jealous, like the race he sprung from, but he had never had his feelings roused in a like manner before. The words he had exchanged with his brother Joseph, and those he had listened to in the train, all seemed to rush back to his mind like so many flashes of electric light to disperse the mist which had blinded him—perhaps to his own dishonor. In a moment the twin demons—doubt and suspicion—caught hold of him and worked him up into a state bordering on madness. Was it possible, he asked himself, that the words of that vain-glorious, blatant fool in the railway carriage pointed to his wife? He had always believed his wife to have been a most injured woman, but the devil of doubt had been raised in his breast, and he was ready to believe the very worst. And if, as he said to himself with clenched teeth, his brother's suspicions proved to be correct, and he found that Ella had deceived him, there would be murder in that house before the night was over. He had been pacing the floor of the dining room for perhaps a couple of hours before his wife's step sounded in the hall. She came in hurriedly and nervously; and, when she heard that her husband had returned home, it seemed that her voice indicated more than surprise.

"Already!" she exclaimed, falteringly; "surely it is not 7 yet! Where is he; in the dining-room?"

She opened the door then and stood on the threshold, a lovely picture by the firelight, in her velvet and furs.

"What has brought you home so soon, Michael?" she inquired.

"Have I arrived too early for your convenience, Mrs. Denza?" he answered, in a strange tone. "Have I cut your engagements short?"

"I don't understand you," she said, closing the door and advancing toward him, but he could hear that her voice trembled.

"Then I will explain myself. Where have you been? Who do you come from?"

Mrs. Denza flushed scarlet. She was a pale woman by nature, but now her eyes filled with tears under the pain of her burning complexion.

"Why should you speak to me like that?" she half whispered; "why do you want to know where I have been?"

Her evident timidity looked so like guilt that Michael Denza felt sure that his doubts would prove to be realities.

"Because I suspect your errand, Ella—more, I know it, and I am resolved to hear the truth."

"Oh, God!" she cried, involuntarily, and there stopped. Her husband stalked up to her and grasped her wrist.

"I married you because I thought you were a true woman, and would stick to me," he said, and till this day I never suspected you of double dealing. But I have found you out at last, and you shall suffer for it. Tell me the truth, or I will kill you. You have been with that man."

Her eyelids fell before his angry glance.

"Oh, Michael, for God's sake forgive me," she cried.

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed. "Yes: I will forgive you, madam; and I will tell you how. I will turn you out of the house you have dishonored this very hour; you shall never see me nor your children again, nor have another opportunity of deceiving me, as doubtless you did the unfortunate devil whose name you bore before mine;

"It is a lie," she cried, goaded into resentment. "I never deceived him. I was only too patient. He has said so himself.

"Then you reserved the honor for me: I am infinitely obliged to you. But it is for the last time. You shall not live to deceive me again."

He advanced upon her with such a threatening air that the woman really thought her last hour had come.

"Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked. "Oh, Michael! spare me, and I will tell you everything."

"Tell me the truth then, if you can. Have you come from meeting another man?"

"Yes! yes! I have.

"My God! and you can own it. What is his name?"

She hesitated, and he returned to the attack.

"Give me his name, or I will strike you to the ground."

But a sudden courage seemed to have come to Mrs. Denza's aid. She drew up her slight figure to its full height, and looked her husband straight in the eyes.

"Strike me if you will," she answered, "and you will learn nothing. But be patient, and I will take you to him. Then you can revenge yourself upon him as you will."

"You will take me to him?" he stammered.

"I will take you to him," she repeated. "But come at once, or it may be too late."

She ran swiftly from the house as she spoke, and Michael Denza, clapping his hat upon his head, followed her as in a dream. He could not believe it possible she would introduce him to the very presence of her lover. Mrs. Denza walked quickly down several streets, until she reached a poorer quarter of the town, formed of small houses. Knocking quietly at the door of one of these, she merely said to the landlady: "I wish to go up-stairs again." Then to her husband, "follow me," and in another minute they had ascended the narrow staircase together and entered a bed-chamber.

Mrs. Denza seemed strangely altered. Her step had grown majestic, and her manner almost defiant, as she advanced to the bedside, and, pulling down the sheet, disclosed the pallid face of an attenuated corpse.

"There," she exclaimed proudly, as she turned to Michael, "there is the man I came from."

"Dead!" he said, falling backward "you are fooling me, Ella. This is some trick of yours. What had you to do with this corpse?"

"I will tell you, Michael Denza," she replied. "That is the corpse of the man who beat and insulted me, until for my own safety I was compelled to separate from him. He has killed himself by drink and debauchery, but he was none the less the man whom once I swore to cherish. When his landlady appealed to me some weeks ago for money to buy him the actual necessaries of life I did not feel justified in refusing it. How could I have lived in luxury and content, knowing that this wretched creature was dying without one comfort to smooth his passage to the grave? Yesterday he passed away, and the money I asked you for this afternoon was to pay for his funeral expenses. I was wrong, perhaps, not to confide in you before, but I was afraid the subject might worry you and cause dissension between us. That has been all my fault. I leave you to judge whether I deserve the imputation you have put upon my absence."

She passed proudly down the stairs again as she spoke, but Micheal Denza had caught her before she opened the hall door,

"Ella, forgive me," he whispered. "I was mad. I don't know what possessed me, but evil thoughts had been put into my head, and the idea of losing your confidence and affection was unbearable."

"And was it all about money?" she said, "was it because I never accounted for how I had spent the last checks?"

"I am afraid it was," he answered with a shamed look.—*Florence Marryat.*

The Castle of the Douglases.

But now, as we turn our back on the Bass, another ruined castle, grander and far more massive and lofty than Dirleton, fills the eye. On a lofty, jagged cliff, that seems to run out into the sea, and is washed on three sides by its waters, stands the far-famed castle of Tantallon. Sir Walter's description of it in "Marmion," if not in the highest style of poetry, is a wonderfully correct word-picture.

The origin of Tantallon Castle, the renowned stronghold of the Douglases, is unknown. For centuries it was the great citadel of the family on the east of Scotland. Its situation was so remarkable, the structure so strong, and the means of defence so skilful, that it seemed to defy military attack. In 1849, the barony of North Berwick and the castle of Tantallon having been forfeited some time before by the Earl of Douglas, were given by James IV. to the Earl of Angus, the famous "Bell-the-Cat" of Scotish history, who figures in "Marmion" as the lord of the place. In the days of the next earl the castle stood a siege by King James V., but the king was unable to take it. In 1889, however, it was taken by the Covenanters; thereafter Cromwell's troop besieged it, and after a feeble defence it was taken again. About a hundred and fifty years ago the castle became the property of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, in whose family it still remains.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Malaria

Literally means bad air. Poisonous germs arising from low, marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, are breathed into the lungs, taken up by the blood, and unless the vital fluid is purified by the use of a good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the unfortunate victim is soon overpowered. Even in the more advanced cases, where the terrible fever prevails, this successful medicine has effected remarkable cures. Those who are exposed to malarial or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A middle-aged woman who had just slipped into a seat in a street car, made vacant for her by a gentleman, having neglected to thank him, was asked by her little daughter, who was with her, why she had not done so.

"My dear," whispered her mother, "people don't stand on ceremony in street cars."

"Oh! I see how it is," remarked the little one, quite audibly, "the gentlemen stand anyway, without the ceremony."

Short Work of a Troublesome Case.

One day I was taken with Paralysis of the Bowels. The stomach and other organs lost all power of action. Although opposed to proprietary medicines, I tried Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. To make a long story short, it saved my life. It is the best medicine in the world for difficulties of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—A. J. Gifford, Lowell, Mass.

An English explorer has discovered a river which opens a route for ordinary steamers into the Zambesi delta and the Lake Nyassa districts. The discovery is of great importance to the developement of trade in Central Africa. It is called the Chindee river and is forty-five miles south of the Quaqua river, on which Quillimane now stands.

I Had Stone in the Bladder

And my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been dissolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—E. D. W. Parsons, Rochester.

There is a stone elephant in Inyo County, California. The rock that has taken the form of an elephant is a dark gray granite that is almost the color of the skin of an elephant. The first travelers in California, it is said, on catching sight of it thought that they had found a petrified mastodon. A Piute Indian, on being asked if he had ever seen the "stone elephant," replied: "Yasth; me see him many year 'go. Long time Injun no sabe him; now see him all same in big show up in Virginny City."

Emma—"Your hat is perfectly charming, and it suits you so well." Marie—"Oh, yes, but if you only knew what a earful fainting fit it cost me!"

A Bear in a Fix.

July 9 Jared W. Bidgood, of Covington, Pa., caught a twenty pound snapping turtle at Lake Henry. It was a fine specimen, and Bidgood lugged it home and put it into a swill-barrel, intending to fatten it there for three or four weeks and then take it to Scranton and offer it for sale. The turtle thrived in the barrel of loppered milk and refuse from the table, and it seemed to be perfectly contented in its new home.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of July 20, Bidgood was aroused from a sound sleep by a great racket near his milk house, and he pulled on his trousers and boots and ran out to see what was up. The moon had arisen at about midnight, and as the sky was clear the moon's mellow light enabled Bidgood to take in the situation at a glance. What Bidgood saw both surprised and amused him, he said, for he had never witnessed anything at all like it in his life.

A 300-pound bear with the turtle clinging to his nose was prancing around the yard and snorting as though he was in great pain. The bear ran up to the fence and tried to climb over it the moment it saw Bidgood, but the turtle got between its forelegs, and the bear bellowed, turned its back toward the fence, sat up on its hind quarters, and tried to break the turtle's hold by pawing vigorously at the turtle's thick shell with both paws. But the turtle's sharp teeth were so firmly set in the bear's nose that getting them loose in that way was out of the question, and then the bear ran over to the other side of the yard and made an effort to mount the fence. The turtle's shell got between the boards and pulled the bear's head down and the enraged brute gave a yell and rolled over on the grass, throwing the turtle this way and that as it tumbled and bellowed. The grip of the turtle got tighter and tighter all the time, and the harder the bear worked to loosen his grip the more pain he had to endure.

By this time Bidgood had got his rifle and was ready to give the bear a bullet of 42-calibre in the head, but the rage of the brute manifested in its failure to release its wonderful nose was such an unique sort of entertainment that Bidgood concluded to let the bear work his tactics for a few minutes more.

The next thing the bear did was to turn its head as far toward its rear as it could and scratch at the turtle with its hind foot, but that didn't work any better, and then it stepped on the turtle and undertook to throw it over its head, bellowing loudly and butting against the fence when the turtle wouldn't let go. After that, Bidgood said, he rushed at the bear with his gun uplifted and yelled at the top of his voice, and the frightened beast made a furious dash at the fence and succeeded in climbing over, the turtle still clinging to its nose. Bidgood said that he thought the fun had gone far enough and he leaped the fence and fired a bullet into the bear's head at the butt of his left ear. The bear keeled over and died, and Bidgood cut a piece of the bear's snout off and let the turtle keep it as long as he wanted to. It kept the piece of snout between its jaws for twelve hours, when it got hungry and ejected it. Bidgood fattened the turtle and then took it to Scranton and sold it for six dollars.

Making a Hog Happy.

We were sitting in front of Taylor's grocery on a summer day, when a big black hog came nosing along the gutter and started a new train of thought. In the crowd of loungers was a man from St. Louis and, after watching the porker for awhile, he remarked:

"I wonder if that hog ever had a real good time in all his life."

"Hogs allus have a good time, I guess," remarked the village cooper, who had knocked off work and come over to hear some politics.

"I doubt it," said the other. "He must feel his degraded position in life, and so he cannot be happy. I wish I could do something to make him feel that life is worth the living."

"Fust man I ever saw who pitied a hog!" grunted the blacksmith, who ought to have been tacking a shoe on a waiting mule.

"Yes, I do pity him. I have been down myself and know how it is. Taylor have you got any cherry whisky?"

"Mighty little, if any. More cherries than whisky, I guess."

"If you have two quarts of cherries which have been in liquor, bring 'em out, and I'll give you half a dollar. I'm going to make that hog happy for two hours."

The grocer got the cherries, which had been lying in liquor for a couple of years, and the St. Louis man poured them out into the gutter for the hog. They were devoured with astonishing avidity, and the porker stood and looked at us and hungered for more. It was doubted by some if the liquor would affect him, but after a few minutes he began to frisk and play, and was evidently under the influence.

"That does me good," said the donor of the cherries. "He is becoming light-hearted, and life will now take on new charms to him. Hang a man who won't give a hog a show!"

Just then the animal uttered a hoarse "woof," and charged for the crowd. We scattered, and he entered the grocery, took two or three turns, and shot out and down the street. 'Squire Smith was coming up, and the hog charged and upset him. He then headed for a horse and buggy in front of Snider's, crashed against the horse's hind legs, and in another moment there was a runaway. The widow Watkins was sailing along with a can of kerosene in her hand, and the hog rolled her off the walk as if she had been struck by a locomotive. He then charged a double team and started them off, drove into Gaylor's dry good store and out, and the old man Sabin turned in from Elm street just in time to be lifted three feet high and rolled into a puddle.

Fifty men were out and after the porker by this time, but he started another runaway, upset a baby carriage, and knocked the register of deeds off his pins before we cornered him and got a rope around a hind leg. Then everybody was mad and wanted vengeance, but when they came to look for the St. Louis man he had skipped. He, however left a message for the public, saying to a boy who had shinned up an awning post to be out of danger:

"My son, if you haven't adopted a motto yet, let me throw out one for your digestion. It is this: 'Give everything a fair show.'"—*New York Sun.*

Essentials and Non-Essentials.

He who should run