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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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IRON CITY ELECTRICAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 59 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William S. Morgan, late of Jenner Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary having been issued to the undersigned by the proper authority in the above estate, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and all parties having claims against said estate to present them to the Administrator duly authenticated for settlement at the store of wooden factory of deceased, at Quemahoning P. O., Jenner Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., without delay.

B. S. FLECK, Executor.
oct6-6t.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Wednesday, December 11, 1889:

First and final account of E. G. Coughenour, Adm'r. of Samuel Boyer, dec'd.
First and final account of Benj. G. Bittner, Adm'r of Eve Bittner, dec'd.
Second account of E. P. King, Adm'r of Sam'l Pletcher, dec'd.
First account of Silas A. Wagner, Admr. c. t. a. of Joseph Bively, dec'd.
First account of Chas. J. Harrison, Guardian of Hugo Lorentz.
First and final account of Solomon J. Baker and Wm. E. Baker, Adm'rs of Abraham J. Baker, dec.
First account of John Henry Schmidt, Guardian of the minor children of Catharine Miller, dec.
The account of Aaron Will, Admr. of Jacob Sipe, dec'd.
Second and final account of Hiram Musselman, Executor and Trustee of Jacob Blough, dec'd.
Fifth and final account of John M. Olinger, Trustee of Peter Meyers, dec'd.
The first account of Aaron Miller, Admr. of Benjamin Miller, dec'd.

Register's Office, Nov. 13, 1889. J. D. SWANK, Register.

Lumbago
TRADE MARK
For 18 Months.
Litchfield, Kans., Nov. 27, 1888.
I suffered 18 months with pains in the small of the back; pronounced incurable by physicians; confined to house most of the time. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. No return of pain in 4 years.
LEVI P. MANSFIELD.
Several Years.
Elmira, Ind., Aug. 2, 1888.
I suffered several years with pain in the back; was cured by one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil; have had no return. JOHN LUCAS.
Stitch in Back.
Aberdeen, D. T. Sept., 26, 1888.
Suffered several years with chronic stitch in the back; was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me.
HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.
LUMBACO IS PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY Cured by St. Jacobs Oil
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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.
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The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money.
Do not forget that we make a specialty of
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We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
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Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Henry H. Witt, and other freeholders, to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Somerset Co., Pa., on Monday, the 16th day of December, 1889, for the incorporation as a Borough of the village of Casselman, in Upper Turkeyfoot Township, in said County, agreeably to the Act of Assembly, approved the 3rd day of April, 1851, and its supplements.

SCOTT & OGLE, Solicitors for Applicants.
nov13.

A TRAGIC TALE.

This sad, sad tale of woe which I
Am called upon to sing,
Is one that stirs up many a sigh,
And cuts like everything.

It tells in language short and terse
A very tragic story;
A direful, doleful yarn in verse—
Weird, horrible and gory.

The autumn leaves lay everywhere,
The country roads were glutted,
When up the slope with gallant air,
A turkey gobbler strutted.

He proudly bore his head erect
And hurriedly stalked by
Some brother cocks that idly pecked
With necks turned all awry.

November's days were nearly passed,
The one for which he sighed
Had almost come to him at last
And brought his bonnie bride.

What marvel that he loved her when
Her form was full of grace;
The tenderest, meatiest, plumpest hen
That pecked around the place.

The weary months of waiting done,
His heart was light and gay;
The morning sun would see them one—
A glad Thanksgiving Day!

Already he might laugh at fate,
A farewell kiss, and then
The gallant turkey gob would mate
The peerless turkey hen!

He reached the yard. What hideous sight
Is this which greets his eyes?
Upon a block in bloodiest plight
His chosen sweetheart lies!

A butcher's cleaver lay beside,
All streaked with ruddy stains;
And she who was to be his bride
Was minus head and brains!

The neighboring turkeys stood around
Protesting at the slaughter;
While with their tears her parents drown'd
The body of their daughter.

Before his eyes they cruelly took
His matchless fiancee,
And gave her to the ruthless cook
To roast—Thanksgiving Day.

* * * * *

Then on that cleaver down he fell
And with its edge collided,
And in less time than I can tell
That gobbler suicided.

At early morn they found him there
And counted it a blessing,
To make of him Thanksgiving fare
Served up with oyster dressing.

THE WHITE GOBBLER.

THE PART IT PLAYED IN A ROMANCE AND A DINNER.

Major Beasley Carter was a well known citizen of Northern Alabama. He was something of a character, proud of his lineage, though he could not trace it further back than a few hundred yards. His forefathers, he avowed, were cavaliers, and he often spoke of the great civil war in England. Indeed, one not acquainted with the history of that conflict and its "long agonies," would suppose that the Major had heard the belching of Oliver's cannons. He cared nothing for recent political factions, regarding with contempt the Republicans and Democrats, but looked with extreme hatred upon the Roundheads. To him our civil war was a conflict between the Tory gentlemen and the Barebones. Sometimes, upon taking up a daily paper (which he knew was much inferior to the old-time newsletter sent out from Will's coffee house), he would say to his wife that he wanted to see if they were still burning witches in New England.

Zilda Carter, the Major's daughter, was declared the handsomest girl in the Limestone neighborhood. She had been liberally educated, and of course could not share her father's absurd views. She did not, however, attempt to argue with him for she knew that the only unpleasantness that had ever come up between her parents was caused by a slighting remark which her mother had made with regard to Charles I.

Just about a year ago Zilda was permitted to visit a friend who lived in New York, and, before returning home, she went down into Connecticut. While in that State she and her friend (a young lady well known to the family) ate their Thanksgiving dinner at a farmhouse.

When Zilda told her father that she had gone into New England, he frowned; but when, suddenly moved by a bold impulse, she told him that she had eaten her Thanksgiving dinner at a Connecticut farm-house, the old fellow raved.

"You are not a true daughter!" he declared. "You know that our family has ever turned a cold countenance upon every patriarchal institution. The cold-blooded fanatic tried to destroy our Christmas, and yet you, a member of the high-minded class that holds Christmas in endearment, make confession, as it were, of a flagitious error, by giving countenance to a Thanksgiving Day. I am ashamed of you, and never again can I repose full confidence in you."

"Why, Major!" said Mrs. Carter, a weak but sometimes assertive little woman, "the President of our common country sets aside the day, and instead of frowning upon an observance of it I think that it is our duty not only to the Lord, but as good citizens to the President, to—"

"To do what?" the Major struck in.

"To observe the day."

"You think so?" said the Major, placing both hands on a table as though he had his wrath down and was determined to hold it, "you think we ought to burn old women, don't you?"

"No, I don't think that."

"Oh, yes, Sarah, come out now and acknowledge that you do think it. Stand right up now and declare your principles. Admit that you would like to see old Sue Blackney tied out there to the horse-block, and burned up. If you want to ke up a contribution to raise monty tenough to hire somebody to tie the old woman, I'll throw in. I will not have it said that I have ever stood as an obstruction to any enterprise gotten up by my wife. Zilda, get the clothes-line ready. Yonder comes a man down the road. Maybe we can hire him. We can assure him that the old woman is not very strong, as she has suffered with rheumatism for a number of years. What, you don't want to burn her? Then your first lesson hasn't wholly converted you. Humph! I think you'd better take another."

The Major hastened out into the garden, slamming the gate after him; and Mrs. Carter, turning to Zilda, remarked: "It is said that every person is insane on some subjects. Your father is surely insane on his hobby. Ordinarily he is, as you well know, the gentlest of men; and not only that, he is, aside from his hobby, a liberal-minded man."

"I don't know, and moreover don't care anything about the cavaliers," Zilda answered. "I am a thorough American and like everything that is American. I have never enjoyed myself more than I did at that Thanksgiving dinner, and next Thanksgiving Day, which will be only two weeks from now, I am going to have a Thanksgiving dinner here at home."

"Your father will not hear to it, my child."

"But he must hear to it. If he is so avowed an Englishman why does he vote in this country? Why did he run for the Legislature year before last? He ought to know that his foolishness beat him at the polls; and by this time I should think that he ought to know that the people are not in sympathy with his silly romanticism. I don't like to speak thus of my father, but I can't help it. Why, Thanksgiving Day is quite as popular here now as it is in the East. Nearly all our neighbors observe it."

"What has caused you to change so, Zilly? Was it your visit to the East? Hitherto you have been indifferent with regard to the day."

"My Eastern trip, of course, has had something to do with it, but how much and in what manner I shall not say. I've got my eye on that big gobbler out there, and unless his death warrant be signed by the master of this household, I shall resort to mob violence."

"Well, these is no use in speaking to your father about it."

"I'm going to speak to him, at any rate."

"He will be angry."

"I can't help it; but can we not convince him of his foolishness?"

"No, I fear not."

"Is there not some way by which we may prove to him that he is insane?"

"No; he is stubborn."

"Well, but are we to be slaves to his stubborness? I love my father, understand, but he should not expect me to embrace so silly a prejudice. I think that you have been altogether too weak. You ought to have cured him of his foolishness long ago."

Zilda said nothing more with regard to the subject. Two days before Thanksgiving, while Zilda and her mother were sitting in the "big room," as the negroes termed it, the Major entered. He had been hunting, and placing his gun in a corner, he took up one of Scott's novels and was soon following the nodding plumes of the "Black Knight," Zilda took up the gun and went to the window. She was acquainted with the use of fire-arms. She placed the gun upon the window-sill, and sat looking out into the yard,

"Don't cock that gun," said the Major. "It might go off."

Again he was following the nodding plumes of the "Black Knight." He had begun to smack his lips, as though he were eating a venison pasty with Friar Tuck, when *Bang!* went the gun. Mrs. Carter sprang to her feet and exclaimed:

"Gracious alive, child, you have killed the white gobbler!"

The Major threw down the book. "I told you not to cock that gun," said he. "Now look what you have done—killed the finest turkey in the State. I could have gotten five dollars for him, at any time."

"Major, you know that accidents have a habit of happening," Mrs. Carter answered. "Well, we'll have so eat him."

The next day at dinner the Major said: "Thought you were going to eat that turkey?"

"We are," Zilda answered; "but turkeys are not good, you know, until they have been dressed a day or two."

"Well, then, when may we expect the feast?"

"Let me see, mother, do you think that to-morrow will be time enough?"

"I think so."

"Well, we will have him to-morrow."

The next morning the Major went to the village, a short distance away, and when he returned he was "snorting mad."

"This is a fine trick you have played me," he exclaimed.

"Why, what is the matter?" Zilda asked, with pretended innocence.

"You know what the matter is. You and your mother, too, know well enough. You are trying to trap me into this Thanksgiving foolishness, that's what you are trying to do, but it won't work, I can tell you that."

"But, Major," said his wife, "the white gobbler is done now."

"Makes no difference; I will not eat a bite of it. I won't come to the table. I won't have anything to do with it. Won't give it countenance. I'll take a piece of bread and a piece of hog meat and go off down into the woods. If you and Zilda want to make Roundheads of yourselves, all right."

He sat down with a thump, and began to mumble over "Ivanhoe." The ladies, paying no attention to him, proceeded with their preparations for dinner. As the weather was fine, the tabe was set on the long gallery. When everything was ready—when the great turkey had been placed on the table—the Major, putting his book aside, stretched himself, yawningly, and remarked:

"Sarah, have you got any bacon?"

"No, I didn't cook any."

"You've got some beef, haven't you?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, hang it! What sort of meat have you?"

"Turkey."

"But I told you I wouldn't eat any of it."

"Well, you needn't."

"But what am I going to take down into the woods with me?"

"There's some corn bread and cold biscuit in the boiler."

"Do you reckon I want to eat bread and nothing else?"

"There's some dried venison in the smoke-house."

"I hate dried venison."

"Well, I believe there is a small piece of sausage hanging up in the loft."

"I despise sausage. Cut me off a slice or two of that turkey and let me take it along."

"No; if you want any you must sit down to the table and eat it."

"Look here, Sarah, what do you mean by dictating to me this way?"

"I mean just what I say. You said that you were not going to have anything to do with this turkey and you shall not unless you surrender completely."

"I'll show you about that."

He sat down on the steps of the gallery. Zilda stood at the gate looking down the road.

"Who is she looking for?" the Major asked.

"I don't know exactly. Yonder comes some one."

A young man rode up and dismounted at the gate. He shook hands with Zilda, and then she, taking his arm, conducted him to the house. A mischievous light shone in his eyes.

"Mr. Howard," said the girl, "let me present you to my father and mother."

When they had shaken hands Mrs. Carter remarked:

"You are just in time, Mr. Howard, for dinner is ready. Major, please take a seat at the turkey end of the table. Mr. Howard, you sit over here."

The Major, after hesitating a moment, sat down and began to carve the white gobbler.

"You have quite a pretty place here," said the young man.

"Yes," the Major answered. "You are a stranger here, I presume; and, by the way, I do not wish to be impertinent, but will you please tell me where you got acquainted with my daughter?"

"I am a stranger, having never been in this neighborhood until to-day, but for some time I have owned the blast furnace and rolling mills over at Bolton and—"

"What!" the Major exclaimed, dropping his knife and fork, "you are not Howard, the millionaire?"

"Well, I am sometimes referred to in that way. I met your daughter at a Thanksgiving dinner in Connecticut last year and since that time we have been corresponding with each other."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the Major.

"And," said Zilda, "we had agreed to eat Thanksgiving dinner together this year."

"I may add," said Mr. Howard, "that your daughter and I are engaged to be married."

That afternoon the Major, after a long silence during which he seemed to be struggling with some deep conviction, looked up and said:

"It's all right, I reckon. The romance of the affair takes away its fanaticism. We'll have another white gobbler this time next year."

OPIE P. READ.

Jefferson Davis' Petticoats.

Precisely how much fact and how much fictitious embellishment there were in the story that Mr. Davis was captured dressed in the the garb of woman, probably we will never know—nor do we care much. It was popularly believed at the time, and there was no end to cartoons, large and small, representing the scene, with the illustrious prisoner wearing a hoop-skirt and a full outfit of feminine garments. No doubt these were much exaggerated, but they were sufficient to bring Mr. Davis into supreme ridicule. I have before me two articles on the capture written many years ago—one by General J. H. Wilson, the famous cavalry leader, and the other by the Hon. John H. Reagan, who was a member of Davis' "Cabinet," and was captured with him—now a U. S. Senator from Texas.

I have read several other accounts of the affair and there seems to be no doubt that while Mr. Davis had on neither crinoline or petticoats, he was enveloped in a lady's waterproof with a shawl over his shoulders and some sort of female gear over his head. The officer with the squad which made the arrest had his attention attracted to "three persons dressed in female attire" trying to get away, one of whom proved to be Mr. Davis." He had "a black mantle wrapped about his head." Another authority says he had on over a full suit of Confederate gray "a lady's waterproof gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over his head and he carried a tin pail." Mr. Regan denies with furious indignation that his chief was "dressed in woman's clothes."

He admits, however, that he "understood that his wife threw a waterproof cloak around his shoulders" to protect him from the damp air. Pollard, in his Lost Cause," says Mrs. Davis "besought her husband to escape, and urging him to an opening in the tent, threw over his shoulders a shawl which he had been accustomed to wear." Some Southern writers vehemently deny that he wore anything besides his own proper clothes, but the weight of the testimony is overwhelmingly against them. It's of trifling consequence. The question never can rise to the dignity of a national issue.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Salt Country of Central Asia.

Everything in the country of the River Chai, in Central Asia, is described by Gabriel Bouvalot as covered with salt. It is seen in the walls of the houses and on the banks of the rivers, and the water one drinks is very salt. Traveling saltpetre makers go in summer from place to place, wherever they can find material to work upon. Their mode of operation is a rough-and-ready one. Holes in the earth serve as vats and boilers, and below these are placed ovens. Abundance of brushwood supplies materials for the fires. One workman makes about fifty pounds a day, worth a penny a pound.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Boston is doing well with her project to erect statues to three great war heroes. Designs and models for bronze statues of heroic size of General Grant, General Sheridan and Admiral Farragut have been handed in by the sub-committee on statues, and the time for presenting designs closed. The committee will shortly meet and award the contract.

Popular Superstitions.

Popular superstitions, if not indestructible, are at least very hard to kill. We know full well that the miracle-working pagans of antiquity were scientific jugglers, who imposed upon an ignorant laity, and that the supernaturalisms of the middle ages were tricks that any accomplished mountebank, with the aid of a smattering of natural philosophy, can now exhibit to admiring audiences without the slightest assistance from the other world. And yet, even in this era of general education, half the people one knows have their pet superstitions.

Set a ladder up on any public thoroughfare, and mark how many of the wayfarers will step into the mud to avoid passing under it. Thousands who would be ashamed, perhaps, to own it, would much rather see the new moon over the right shoulder than the left. The howling of his dog, or the accidental stopping of a funeral before his door, gives many a brave man an unquiet feeling, and journeys and serious enterprises are often "held over" for a day, in order that their commencement may not fall on a Friday.

The fracture of a looking-glass, the upsetting of a salt-cellar, and fifty other incidents as inconsequent and trivial, are looked upon as "ill omens" by multitudes of civilized and Christian folk, and the horse shoes nailed over the doors of barns and byres, in various parts of the country, prove that the dread of witchcraft did not die out with the witch persecutions in New England.

Some of the common superstitions of the day are, in their origin, as old as history itself, and most of the modern "spiritual phenomena" by which the credulous are astonished and bewildered, are really only revivals of the humbugs of antiquity.

Superstition is, as we have hinted, a hard-lived monster. A tendency to believe in what is *physically* impossible seems to pervade most of the human species; nor can education exterminate, though it may modify and control, this tendency. The simplest and most logical explanation of our proneness to credulity is this: there are so many things *physically* impossible which *must* be true—there is so much in the origin of man, his fall, his preservation on the earth, his redemption, his eternal destiny which he knows and feels to be independent of all the principles of cause and effect of which mere *reason* can take cognizance, that he is apt to forget his duties have been fixed, his course laid down, his life-lesson so written that he who runs may read, and all the consequences of his departure from the "straight path" to happiness here and hereafter, so clearly expressed and defined, as to render the interposition of signs and wonders in his behalf or for his guidance unnecessary and useless. Let him rest assured that the Master of the supernatural world never employs its mighty powers for unnecessary or useless purposes.

Twenty-eight in a Family.

A Marshall (N. C.) special to the *Globe Democrat* says: In the western part of North Carolina and about seven miles west of the Hot Springs there lives a family by the name of Brooks. It is a very interesting one, and many a visitor to the quiet little town of Hot Springs has had his curiosity so aroused by stories, of this family that they have hired teams and driven seven miles to the Brooks residence. This consisted of a little, low log cabin in an unsettled district, and is occupied by father, mother and twenty exceptionally handsome children.

Every one is a blonde with golden yellow hair and peach complexion, and all as ignorant, wild and untutored as they are beautiful. In addition to the above family proper the two oldest girls are married: one is a widow with two children and the other has three children and a husband. Both these little families are living with the old folks at home making in all a family of twenty-eight, when none are missing. The home or log cabin consists of but one room, and that a very small one.

On two sides of this are built seven berths, one above another, against the wall, and they are evidently built with the cabin. In these "boxes" the parents, children and grandchildren lay themselves away when night comes on. Three times a day this interesting family may be seen at meals. The oldest members seat themselves about on the ground in front of the house, "Indian fashion," and are favored with tin plates and iron spoons, while the younger ones stand around a rough home-made table inside the cabin, eating beans with a relish that is good to look upon. This is the principal diet; now and then they have a change, but it is of the same plain, cheap order. They are all healthy and robust.

Where to Wear the Ring.

"I had supposed," said the jeweler, "by this time, with the daily press to enlighten them, that everybody knew which is the proper finger on which to wear the engagement ring, or the finger on which to place the ring at the time of the wedding, or the finger on which to wear the ring after marriage. But we are asked this question every day. Sometimes the query is made in person and sometimes it comes by mail. There was a time when the engagement ring was worn on the first finger of the left hand and on the third finger of the same hand after marriage by women. But now one finger is the custom. It is proper for either the man or the woman to wear the engagement ring on the third finger of the left hand. When the man weds he places the ring on the third finger of the left hand of the bride, and she wears it there after her marriage. If the groom wears a ring it is on the third finger of the left hand. I don't know that there is anything in the books to this effect, but it is the custom."

The two lives of Harriet Beecher Stowe, over which there has been some controversy, are ready for the public. One is by her near neighbor and friend, Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray; the other, called "The Life of Harriett Beecher Stowe," and nominally an autobiography, is produced under the direction of her son, Charles E. Stowe. The first is a sketch of Mrs. Stowe's literary career; the second has the additional value of containing many valuable letters and unpublished documents.

The Farmer's Sunday.

J. P. Roe, from whose article in the N. Y. *Evangelist* the following extract is taken, evidently speaks from personal experience of the advantages and disadvantages of the farmer's life in regard to the proper observance of the Sabbath:

The farmer is right in the midst of his possessions. The sources of his income, his means of living, are open to his gaze and all around him. Hence it is difficult for him to sever his thoughts from them. It is difficult for him to look with equanimity upon the effect of a late frost on his early crops, or a shower upon his exposed clover, left out despite his best calculations and efforts. If a market gardener, he is sorely tempted to watch for the armies of predatory insects that suddenly swoop down upon his possessions—the striped bug, the black flea, the colored beetle, and other multitudinous foes—whose "destruction wasteth at noonday," and no day exempt. If a beekeeper, the bees would seem to argue "the better the day, the better the deed," in swarming. Of all this we are personally familiar, and "speak feelingly" in writing.

Now we affirm that if the church-going farmer runs the gauntlet of all these liabilities, and gets to church in time for even the benediction, it should be pronounced upon him; and if earlier, it would seem as if a blessing should be called upon him—as is doubtlessly done by the appreciative country pastor. And if an apostle's preaching was not proof against the fatal effects of drowsiness in a city congregation, due consideration should be had for the country preacher in harvest time.

But despite all we have written, there is much in the Sabbath's coming to cheer and hearten, uplift and strengthen the weary worker of the week. Going to church is good for him, though the distance be long; he of all men needs to be taken from the scene of toil and care, that the spiritual can come into, leaven, uplift and transfigure the physical and material, lest he become a mere clod—Bunyan's "Man with the muck rake." Constant toil, the pressure of material interests, have weighed heavy on body and spirit, and while the weary limbs are resting, his higher nature calls for exercise, a certain mental and spiritual hunger; even if such appetite be lacking, the more the need it be created, quicken and fed.

And now (drawing on our own experience) we would urge that the extra physical rest so imperatively demanded, especially in season of exhaustive labor, that the whole be not taken from the Sabbath morn, but that the tired man seek his bed at an early hour on Saturday night. Furthermore, that a little extra forethought, preparation and precaution be true of Saturday. In some things, at least in our experience, "prevention is better than cure." We will allow it is hard to get into a spiritual frame if the spirit and temper be ruffled by some annoying incident, such as the discovery of the cows in the corn over night. Thus securing needed and well earned rest, wakening in good season from sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—refreshed by a morning bath, the Apostolic injunction "our bodies washed in pure water," is excellent both for sanitary and spiritual reasons, if we would go with a clear head and clean conscience to the house of God.

We pity the man who snores through the morning hours of Sabbath, takes no morning bath, slouches around in his work day clothes (with scarce a higher thought than the dumb brutes) on his premises. There is a brutalizing process going on here, which unless arrested will unfit the individual for usefulness and happiness in both worlds. To the farmer standing in the front ranks of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, the Sabbath is full of privilege and blessing, to the full enjoyment of which he should give himself as both his duty and his right. It comes to him as his best earthly friend. It finds him sitting down at the lowest seat of the good things which God has provided in nature for his natural wants, it takes him by the hand and says "Friend, come up higher," to the knowledge and enjoyment of the best gifts God has in store for his earthly children.

Success.

Dr. Talmage says these encouraging words to young men:

"Just start out with the idea of success. You are going to succeed. What does that mean, a large number of dollars? Not necessarily. I have seen a house with thirty rooms in it, a vestibule of perdition; and a house with two rooms in it, a vestibule of heaven. You cannot tell by the size of a man's house the size of his happiness. I say to these young men in all earnestness, and among other requisites for success in life, when the time comes, marry a good, honest woman; one who will stand by you in the contests of life. I have seen them over and over again; I have seen the success of people that I could not understand on the start. They did not seem to have any special elements of success, but there were reasons at home why they succeeded. There never has been a time since the creation of the world when there were as many good, honest women as now, and the man is a fool that don't get one of them."

The last legislature of this State abolished the oldfence law of 1703 so that at present, in this State, it is the duty of every man to care for his own stock and not to fence against his neighbor. This is a step in advance, for the cost of fencing is very great. Already is is possible to observe persons taking atvantage of the new laws.

One of the largest buttonwood trees in the State of New Jersey stands in front of Charles Littlefield's cottage, in Eatontown. It was measured recently by officers of the New Jersey Geological Corps. It is fourteen feet three inches in circumference eight feet from the ground and eighty-two feet high.

Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Of the twelve grand prizes granted at the Paris exhibition of 1889, four were awarded to citizens of the United States.

The Arizona Kicker.

We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

A DOUBLE HIT—Last week certain fol'ks who want to see us downed were chuckling because we were not invited to the grand autumn soiree given by Mrs. Judge Gildersleeve