The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office in Knepper's Block upstairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

CURTIS K. GROVE, SOMERSET, PA, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice.

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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 Seives for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.

CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET PA

WANTED:— WHITE OAK LUMBER, CUT TO ORDER. Address W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., No. 20 Baltimore St., Cumberland, Md.

Benn's National Liniment — CURES — Rheumatism, ru Sprains and Swellings. FOR MAN OR BEAST. For sale by all Druggists.—Prices 25c., 50c., and $1. per bottle. W. B. BENN, Mf'g., Allegheny, Pa.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES OF JOHN N. SNYDER, SUCCESSOR TO BIESECKER & SNYDER.

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,
JOHN N. SNYDER.

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

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., we will expose to public sale on the premises in Somerset Township, three-fourths of a mile west of Lavansville, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1890,

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described and valuable real estate:

A certain farm, the real estate of Jacob B. Countryman, dec'd., situate in Somerset and Jefferson Townships, Somerset County, Pa., only a small part in Jefferson township, being two contiguous tracts of land, adjoining lands of Joseph A. Miller, George Dickey, John Hay, John Yowler, H. Kring, Alex. Countryman, D. Lavan's estate, John Countryman, H. H. Flick and others, in all containing 149 acres more or less, about 130 acres cleared, balance well timbered, with a

SUGAR CAMP

that will set about 325 keelers; two dwelling houses, one a large brick house—a very large barn and other outbuildings, about five miles west of Somerset, near to church, schools and stores. This is a good and beautiful farm, in the highest state of cultivation, and produces good crops of grass and grain; also, fine fruit trees on the farm, with good running water, also limestone. The grain sowed out on the farm is reserved. Possession given April 1, 1891. The purchaser has the right to plow and use the farm preparatory for the next summer's crops.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third to remain a lien on the farm, after the expenses are deducted, the interest to be paid annually and regularly to the widow of the dec'd during her life, and at her death the principal to the heirs of the dec'd. One-fourth of the balance cash, after deducting the dower, on confirmation of sale, when lien on dower shall begin, and 20 per cent of hand money cash on day of sale. The balance in three equal annual payments, without interest; payments and dower to be secured by judgment.

Persons desiring further information about the farm can call on the Administrators on the farm, or their attorney, John H. Uhl, Esq., at Somerset.

W. F. COUNTRYMAN,
E. L. COUNTRYMAN,
H. L. COUNTRYMAN,
Administrators and Trustees.

sept24.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of Levi Brubaker, dec'd., late of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary 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 or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday, Oct 31 1890, at the office of J. O. Kimmell, in Somerset Bor.

NANCY BRUBAKER,
Executrix.

sept24.

Peruvian Tonic Liver Regularto.

The only sure and radical cure for CONSTIPATION. BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, and all disorders of the Liver, has cured hundreds of people, and is the only remedy for those diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair County, Pennsylvania. Is manufactured by D. T. KETRING, WILLIAMSBURG, PA., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle. None genuine unless the label shows the Indian Arrow-head Trade Mark. 4-30-'90-1yr.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Att'y-at-Law and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents, Box 251, Washington, D. C. Clerk to Senate Pension Committee for last 7 years. If you like promptness, write me. Glad to give advice. 8-20-3m.

New Fall Stock — OF — Boots and Shoes Are received and open for your inspection at "THE FAMOUS," 52 Sixth Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THOSE IN NEED of the finer and lighter grades of foot wear will find a good and well selected stock at our store, but we wish to call your special attention to our

Heavy Kip and Calf Boots, Calf Button and Lace Shoes, FOR THE LADIES, AND Good, Solid School Shoes for the children. We will guarantee you a great saving (in money) by buying from us, and guaranteeing satisfaction to all. We invite you to give us an early call.

Rubber Boots and Shoes in Abundance.

Come in and see us while you are here at the Exposition. Make yourself at home by leaving your bundles and packages. They will be taken care of free of expense.

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to me directed, I will offer at public sale on the premises, in Paint Township, one-fourth of a mile east of Scalp Level, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1890,

At 2 o'clock p. m., the following described and valuable real estate, viz:

A certain farm, the real estate of Andrew Kunkel, deceased, situate in Paint Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., and Richland Twp. Cambria Co., adjoining lands of David J. Shaffer, J. F. Deitz, Christian Banilty, George Conrad Jeremiah Ream, John E. Seese, James F. Ream and others, containing 150 acres more or less, about 140 acres cleared and balance well timbered, with a good sugar camp that will set about 800 keelers, two

Dwelling Houses,

a large bank barn and other outbuildings, being near the village of Scalp Level, and about two and one-fourth miles from Paint Creek Station, on the S. & C. R. R., near to church, schools and stores. This is a good and beautiful farm, in the highest state of cultivation, and produces good crops of grass and grain; also several good orchards of fruit trees, and a number of never failing springs are on this farm. Nearly the whole farm is underlaid with several veins of excellent coal and limestone, (a four-foot vein of coal, and a six-foot vein of limestone being open.)

This farm will be offered in two divisions, or as a whole. Persons desiring information about the farm can call on the Executor, in Stonycreek Tp. Cambria County, or J. E. Gastiger, Somerset, Pa.

TERMS:

One-third at confirmation of sale; one-third in one year, balance in two years. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgments to be made liens. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down.

ANDREW KUNKEL,
Executor.

oct1.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In re. Estate of Sally Coleman, dec'd. } In the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa. 24 Sept. '90 Extr's Acct. confirmed ni si.

29 Sept. '90 Extr's Acct. confirmed absolutely.

And now, 4th Oct. '90, on motion of Valentine Hay, Esq., Attorney for the Executors, the Court appoint J. O. Kimmell, Esq., Auditor to ascertain amount of collateral indebtedness tax to be paid, and distribute the balance in their hands among those legally entitled to the same.

[SEAL] Somerset County, ss.

Extract from the record, certified 4th of October, 1890.

JACOB D. SWANK, Clerk.

The Auditor will attend at his office in Somerset Borough, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1890, which all persons interested will take notice, or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of the fund hereafter.

J. O. KIMMELL,
Auditor.

oct8.

PUBLIC SALE — OF — VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

The undersigned, Guardian of Austin J. Brant's children, of Brothersvalley Township, will sell at public sale on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890,

at E. L. Cook's store in Berlin, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the undivided one-half of a tract of land situate in Brothersvalley Twp., adjoining lands of Alexander Coleman, J. M. Shaver, Henry Hauger, and others, containing 83 acres, more or less, on which are erected a Dwelling House and Stable. The land is well timbered. The owner of the other half will also sell his half at the same time.

TERMS REASONABLE, and will be made known on the day of sale

H. H. YODER, Guardian.

FAST BLACK ONYX HOSIERY,

Fall Importation now ready. Largest variety, all weights and qualities, for LADIES, MISSES, MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

Ladies' Fine Gauge, extra good, 25 cents a pair.

Ladies' medium weight, high-spliced heels and toes, 25c. a pair.

A better grade Fine Gauge, 35c. a pair, or three pair for $1.

Ladies light weight at 40 cents per pair.

Ladies' fall weight, high-spliced hels, 40c. a pair.

Ladies' light and heavy weight at 50c. a pair, the best ever sold at the price.

Ladies' Ingrain Cotton, medium weight, high spliced heels and toes, 60c. a pair.

Best values in the finer grade ever offered, at 65c., 70c., 90c. and $1 a pair.

All grades Onyx Hose for children.

Boys' extra heavy Onyx Hose, as well as our fall importations of IRON-CLAD HOSE FOR BOYS.

Visit our Hosiery Department.

HORNE & WARD, FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALEX. F. HAY, CATERER, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms, 614 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Weddings, Parties, Luncheons &c. supplied with every requisite, to any available point by rail or other conveyance. Special and prompt attention given orders by mail or telephone. 8-20-3m

ST. JACOBS OIL Sure Cure. CURES PERMANENTLY SPRAINS. Suffered Years in Pain. 14 Sumner St., Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 11, 1888. In 1881 I sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; suffered years in pain and could not lift my arm. It was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JACOB ETZENSPERGER. Testimonials Cheerfully Renewed. Chronic Cases the Best Cures.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures STIFFNESS. Stiff Neck, Soreness PROMPTLY & PERFECTLY; also SORE THROAT WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS Surely and Permanently Sold by DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER Co. BALTO. MD.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alterative,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Nebr.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

—THE— FIRST NATIONAL BANK — OF — Somerset, Penn'a.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

— DI COUN DAILY. —

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LARUE M. HICKS, W. H. MILLER, JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER, JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL, FRED W. 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.

Somerset County National Bank OF SOMERSET, PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890

CAPITAL $50,000.

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't
Wm. B. Frease, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Wm. H. Koontz, Josiah Specht, John H. Snyder, Joseph B. Davis, Jerome Stufft, Sam'l Snyder, Jonas M. Cook, John Stufft, Harrison Snyder, Noah S. Miller, Wm. Endsley.

Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.

Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.

Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.

Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar5-6m

Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils Naphtha and Gasoline,

That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.

If you wish the most uniformly

Satisfactory Oils — IN THE — American Market,

Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BEERITS AND FREASE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA.

sept26-'90-1yr.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Hanna, late of Milford township, 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, Oct. 25, 1890, at the late residence of dec'd, in Milford township.

JOHN W. HANNA,
Administrator.

A REMINISCENCE OF '64.

Well, yes, I was a soldier;
I served till the war was done.
Our company mustered out but ten
That 'listed in '61.

'Tis little you young folks know of war,
And I pray you may never know.
It's a terrible, terrible thing at best,
Every vet here can tell you so.
And I hold the time is coming
When right will be understood,
And no means used that breaks a law,
For all God's laws are good.

It was my turn on picket
One night in early June;
The air was full of music,
My heart had caught it's tune.
While pacing in the moonlight
My mind ran to and fro,
To mother, and the dear old home,
To father and brother Joe.

Our parents died, we were ten years old—
Twin brothers, Joe and me.
A Down East farmer took me home,
Joe went to Tennessee.
Ten years had passed—we had never met,
But somehow that summer night,
With its shining moon, brought his face again
So plainly to my sight.

I heard a step. "Halt! who goes there?"
The moon shone bright as day,
And through the bushes I saw a man,
And he wore a suit of gray.
I saw his bayonet glisten,
And quicker than I can tell—
A flash—a shot—and by the brook
The wounded rebel fell.

I was by him in a moment,
To stop the red blood's flow,
When—my God!—the revelation!
That reb was brother Joe!
"Traitor," you say, "to his country":
Well, friend, that may be so,
But whether in blue, or whether in gray,
He was still my brother Joe.

—*Ellen Lamb Margan in Boston Globe.*

WHICH?

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"It has always seemed strange to me that a young man of your social nature did not marry. There are not so many nowadays that have a cage to put their bird in when it is caught; but that handsome house of yours should have a a mistress."

"My mother is the best housekeeper, and the dearest old lady in the world, Mrs. Broughton."

"I know that very well, and I do not wish to cut the foundations from under the feet of my good old friend. I was merely thinking that the young should have youthful companionship. You'll be getting gray, soon, Mr. Maylie, and then no one will have you."

Ralph Maylie smiled. He was used to this sort of advice from Mrs. Broughton. She was a bright, pleasant little woman, happily married herself, and desirous that all whom she considered worthy of the high state of matrimony should enter into it.

Ralph and her husband were college chums, and the intimacy had continued since his friend's marriage. It was very pleasant to find a seat awaiting him in the Broughtons' cosy sitting-room, and a week rarely passed without finding him there.

He was a handsome man, well calculated to win a girl's heart. For intellect sat enthroned upon his massive forehead and looked out of his wide, dark eyes, while mingled sweetness and strength characterized the full, firm lips and massive chin.

A pause succeeded Mrs. Broughton's last remark. After a time Ralph said, suddenly:

"The truth is, Mrs. Broughton, I am afraid to marry. I love my mother so well that I know if I brought a wife home, and she did not agree with mother and treat her kindly, there would be war between us. If either left it would be the new-comer, no matter how passionately loved by me."

His voice had unconsciously grown very clear and emphatic as he finished. Mrs. Broughton raised both hands in astonishment.

What a horrible suggestion. I did not think such thoughts could enter a man's head, much less yours; shame on you, Mr. Maylie, to think any one could be deserving of such a fate. But there; it is only a talk, and I will not get angry at you. Why, it's a libel on womanhood."

But a new actor appeared upon the scene, roused from her abstraction in a favorite book by Ralph's raised voice. It was a niece of Mrs. Broughton's, who had come to spend the winter with her aunt.

A rosy, round-faced little thing, whose great blue eyes were as yet unshadowed by the mysteries of this wonderful human life, so full of joy, yet oftentimes so fraught with pain.

She came to her aunt's side, and, stealing a soft little hand into one of hers, looked at Ralph curiously and wistfully.

"How lovely it was in him to love his old mother so dearly," she thought.

And, to her aunt's great surprise, the shy girl found, for once, her voice in the presence of a gentleman.

"No, auntie: it isn't anything of the kind. If any one loved very dearly, there might be a feeling of jealousy of the other love, and that would make them unhappy."

"Go back to your book, Christie. What does a little puss like you know about love?"

But Christie did not mind her aunt. She only nestled closer to her side, and burying her other hand in the mass of silken curls which clustered around her temples, and resting an elbow on Mrs. Broughton's knee, she leaned forward in the glow of the grate fire and gave her undivided attention to the conversation.

The subject was immediately changed. Mrs. Broughton did not care to have the child's mind filled with ideas of the life realities which would come to her all too soon in the future, upon whose confines her feet were even now treading.

From this time it grew to be a favorite fashion with Christie to study Ralph's face from her perch by her aunt whenever he called.

At first he paid, but little attention to her; but after a time he grew to seek the expression of the innocent blue eyes, whether it were of approval or no. Sometimes he would say things he did not really mean, just to call forth the doubtful, wistful look which would cloud them; and, at last, no matter what their story, they came to be to him the index of a soul altogether pure and lovely. His heart had been tangled in the meshe of her silken hair. He loved the child with all the strength of his strong, passionate nature.

One morning he came to seek an interview with Mrs. Broughton for the purpose of asking her permission to pay his addresses to Christie.

"I am going to follow your advice and marry—that is, if the girl I love will have me," he said. "Will you use your influence to cause your niece to think of me with favor?"

Mrs. Broughton's face was a study in its mingled surprise and deep perplexity.

"You do not mean little Christie? She's no more idea of marrying than my own Fanny. Why she only stopped playing with dolls last year. Have any idea of her age?—sixteen?"

"My mother was engaged at that age, and married at seventeen," answered Ralph. "I do not expect to win the child at once. If years of the most patient waiting will do it, I shall be satisfied."

The young man's face was so eager in its earnestness of expression, and his manner was so agitated that his friend wavered from her intended discouragement of his suit, and proved truly that "one who hesitates is lost."

Her answer was a favorable one. So from that time Christie entered into an enchanted region where love reigned supreme, not in her own heart, but in that of her lover.

Invitations came to lectures and concerts, drives and excursions. She was chaperoned by her aunt, who had the English idea of the impropriety of a young girl going into public places unattended by a matron.

At the end of a year Ralph told her of his love. Surprised and flattered at the preference of so elegant a gentleman —one, also, who had numbered so many more years than herself—Christie accepted him, feeling only a girlish liking for him, and knowing nothing of the passion of love. Ralph was too eager a lover to consent to delay, so after a quiet wedding at Christie's country home, they were soon settled down in cozy happiness in Ralph's own house.

His mother was a beautiful old lady, whose dignified demeanor was softened by eyes whose brilliance had not been marred by age—coming, as it did, from a heart whose cheery kindness and cheerfulness time and trouble had not been able to destroy.

She met Christie with a mother's welcome, and for a time all was pleasant and happy within the pretty home. But old Mrs. Maylie's superior qualities of mind and person proved the rock upon which Christie's future foundered.

After a time she grew to love Ralph with a worshipping fondness equal to his love for her, and with the passion of love came also the twin-sister—jealousy. The words she had heard Ralph speak so vehemently on the evening our story begins kept running through her mind. She tried to banish them, but still they returned with singular persistence—"if either left it would be the new-comer."

Alas! she herself was the new-comer. It went on for some time, until Ralph noticed that she was unhappy. Once he came home unexpectedly, and found her crying in her room. With some difficulty he drew from her the cause of her trouble.

"Did he love her as well as he did his mother?"

Sudden as was the pain that shot through his heart at discovering that flaw in his girl wife, whom he had fondly thought superior to the faults of womankind, he could not but draw the golden head to his breast and kiss the tears from her heavy eyes. He had taken her for "better or for worse," and no matter how deep his own disappointment and suffering might be, she should be happy.

"My darling," he said at last, "if you are not satisfied, things shall be changed. My mother has too much fondness for me to be willing to make my little wife unhappy. Only do not let her know that you do not love her. It would be such a bitter disappointment. We will shut up the house for the season, and you can board in some pleasant summer retreat, where I can come to you once a week. Mother has often expressed a wish to make her brother, whose home is in Ohio, a visit. Maybe it will prove so pleasant that she will wish to remain there."

Christie looked up at him through her tears.

"But you will hate me for driving your mother away. Oh, Ralph, I feel so small and insignificant beside her. If she were common, and homely, and stupid, I should not feel so."

Ralph smiled sadly.

"Even to please my Christie, I could not wish my mother anything different from what she is.

The proposed plan was carried out at once. Old Mrs. Maylie spent her summer at her brother's home, and Christie went to the Catskills.

Not once through the summer did Ralph mention his mother's name to his wife. Just before it was time to again kindle the fire upon their own household altar, Ralph received a letter from his uncle, pleading that Mrs. Maylie's visit might be prolonged through another year.

Ralph read it with a sigh of relief. He need not wound that tender heart which had, from babyhood, cherished him as an idol, for still another interval.

When Christie returned home, she found herself the sole mistress. No mention being made of her mother's return, and months passing without seeing her, she concluded that Ralph had made arrangements for her permanent absence.

"How he must love me," she thought. "If I had been asked to give up my dear old mother, I could not have done it. Poor Ralph, and poor mother!"

Remember that this little, inconsistent Christie was but a child, with all the dignities of woman's most holy estate pressing upon her girlish brow, and judge her accordingly, gentle reader.

Secure in Ralph's love, she began to miss the kindly, helpful ways of his banished mother, and after a time she stole to her husband's side in the gloom of twilight before the lamps were lit. Her cheeks burned with blushes, which were hidden by the friendly dusk, as she whispered a precious secret in his ear.

"And, Ralph," she continued, "our happiness needs but one thing more to make it complete, and that is, the presence of your dear old mother in our home once more. If she were mine instead of yours I could not want her more.

As Ralph gathered his little wife in his arms, and kissed her fondly, a silent prayer of thanksgiving arose from his joyful heart to the Giver of All Good. He had not only regained his mother, but he could feel again that his girl-wife was no longer under the cloud which, struggle against it as he might, had dimmed the entireness of his love and admiration for her for the past few months.

He comforted Christie's remorse at her treatment of her mother-in-law by telling her that no one was really injured, as he alone knew of her strange change of feeling toward her.

"It must have been a species of insanity, Ralph, for I could not help it any more than I could help breathing. But it's all right now. We'll be the happiest family in Christendom from this time forth."

Young wife, let me whisper a secret to you: A good, affectionate son can be relied upon to make a loving, unselfish husband. Do not begrudge a mother's share out of the infinite ocean of love which fills your lover's heart for you. Encourage his kindly attentions to her, so that when the crowing boy upon your knee grows to manhood you may feel that you have rightly earned the same need of loving thought from him.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Nothing But Rheumatics.

We hadn't been out of the bay ten minutes, and had just got fairly to bowing and bobbing on the ground swell, when I was seized with a suspicion. The captain of the fish boat had assured me by all that I wouldn't be sea sick—couldn't possibly be if I tried my hardest. It now occurred to me that he had made a sad mistake. My stomach began to roll, my head to swim, and as I hastened to stretch out at full length on my back he queried:

"Chill coming on?"

"Chill! I'm seasick—sick from head to heel!"

"Can't be—can't possibly be," he calmly replied. "I noticed you had a billious look when you came down this morning. Ought to look for your liver."

"But I tell you I'm in an awful way! I can't wait another minute! Here I go * * *!"

"Haven't the first symptoms of seasickness," he said, as he bit off an inch of plug tobacco. "Why, you ought to have seen the man I han——"

"Say! How much will you take to go ashore?"

"Now, hear him! This shows what imagination can do."

"Would a thousand dollars be an object to you?"

"Now, then, get out those fishlines, and open a few clams for bait. We'll be among 'em in less than five minutes."

"Great Jupiter, man! but my head whirls like a top!"

"Can't possibly whirl—couldn't do it for money. There isn't sea enough on here to spill a glass of water."

"And my stomach! Lands * * *!"

"Get out those clams!"

"Clams! Clams! I wouldn't look at a clam for ten thousand dollars! Take me home! Take me into a swamp—up a tree—under water—anywhere to get out of this! Shall I make it fifteen hundred—two thousand?"

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter? I'm dying!"

"Can't be—can't possibly be. Not the slightest symptom of even being sick. A little billious, and the glare of the sun does the rest. I'd try a pint of salt water."

"Heavens! but do you want to see my boots go overboard. Say, I'll give you * * *!"

"Oh, well, if your head aches you might lie down for a while, but don't get any foolish ideas into your brain. Ocean a perfect mill-pond—not the slightest heave—boat seems to be spiked to a rock. Try a sandwich? No? Have a chew? No? Like a raw clam to sort o' settle things? No? Well, lay down and keep quiet. I take out babies occasionally, but this time I forgot my nursing bottle. Did you bring a rattle box?"

"Say, Captain."

"Yes."

"I—I feel better."

"Certainly."

"And I"—I'll get up."

"Of course. Now, then, over with that line; your eyes on the water half a mile away, pucker your lips into a whistle, and that rheumatiz will go off. That's what it is. Can't possibly be anything else. I'll give you some shark ile to rub your j'ints when we get ashore. There you are—you've got a whopper—pull—Whoopse!"

A Celestial Compliment.

One of the secretaries of the Chinese Embassy in Washington has shown himself apt in the art of compliment.

He was introduced to a lady, who, among other questions, asked him "what virtue do you most highly prize in your women?"

"The virtue of domesticity," was the reply.

"Then you do not like your women to move in society much?" she questioned.

"Not at all. Our law even recognizes cause for divorce when a woman—pardon me, madame—is inquisitive and talkative."

"Then I should be in danger of being divorced if I lived in China?" smilingly asked the lady.

"The very day that my country would have the luck to possess a womanly being like you," replied the gallant son of the heavenly realm, "every cause of divorce would be removed from the world."—*Washington Post.*

A Farm Without a Whip.

There is a beautiful farm just back of Ocean Springs, Miss., owned by Mr. Parker Earle, who, very wisely, allows no man on the place to use a whip on any of the stock. It is said that there is but one old whip on the farm, probably a relic of some other owner, but the old whip is not used, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will and never feel the lash. Kindness can run anything, even a farm.

Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medical merit. Sold by all druggists.

He Cleaned up the Office.

Dave Pitchard used to edit a weekly newspaper in a little town not a hundred miles from Cleveland. It did not require all Dave's time to write the editorials, so he hunted up the local news, helped stick type and on press days took his turn at the hand-press, just for exercise. One day Dave was looking over the exchanges and ever and anon cutting out squares and parallelograms, when in came a strapping big fellow whose scowling countenance and careless manner of shutting the door would have convinced the uninitiated that he was after satisfaction. Dave laid down his paper, stuck the scissors in his pocket and smilingly said, "Good morning, sir."

"That ain't got a d—d bit of bearin' on the object of my visit; I'm in here to clean out this office."

"Good boy! you're just the man I'm looking for; you'll find a broom and a sprinkler behind the door. Don't make any more dust than you can help."

"Old luny, you think I'm joking, do you? Well, it won't be more'n a small numerator with a big denominator fraction of a second till you'll know that I'm as serious as a death sentence. The kind of renovatin' that I'm about to do for you is to shake out your forms, stir up your galleys and paint a nimbus cloud over them lynx eyes of yours. That's what's going to engage my attention for the next half hour," and the big fellow kicked the paper-cutter over and distributed a galley of dead "ads" over the floor.

"You will find a broom behind the door, my accomodating friend," said Dave, raising a heavy six-shooter, "and you may take said broom and clean out this office according to your first proposition, and the better you do the work the lighter I'll pull on this trigger. See?"

"Drop that mortar, I was only jokin'," said the big fellow, trying to avoid the range of the gun.

"Freeze onto that broom."

"I made a mistake; this ain't the dentist's office, is it?"

"Work that sweeping machine."

"I've been drinking."

"Operations must begin in half a second."

"My little girl's sick and she's cryin' for her father."

"In a quarter of a second the devil will have a form to carry out."

"Pity my crippled wife."

"And this paper will get the first scoop of the accident."

"Hold on! hold on! I'll sweep her up!" And the fellow seized the broom and made the dirt fly like a street cleaner. When he had finished Dave escorted him to the street, and after making him promise to call again, bade him good-bye.—*Toledo Blade.*

Breaking the Colt to the Cars.

One morning last spring a traveler approaching a country railway station, noticed a man holding a young horse some twenty rods distant from the track, upon which a train was then standing. The man's left hand grasped a strong leather halter at the point where it is fastened to the leading line, while his right hand held firm hold of a heavy strap buckled loosely around the horse's throat. The man, who was speaking to the horse in a low tone, presently began moving with him over the open space toward the locomotive, which thus far had been perfectly silent. The horse's open nostrils and erect ears showed him to be somewhat excited by the strange apparition, but he evidently felt assurance in his keeper, by whose side he had moved with short and nervous steps over perhaps half the distance between himself and the train, when the locomotive suddenly let off steam.

The terrified creature turned like a flash, and in so doing for an instant swung the man's feet clear off the ground. But before the horse made the first spring in the opposite direction the man's feet were again on solid earth and he lost hold with neither hand, although the horse dragged him beyond the place of starting before he could be stopped. Casting his eyes around at the still hissing locomotive, the horse again sprung forward, but could no more free himself from the man's hold than a rat could escape from the teeth of a terrier. After a few more futile attempts the horse again turned around, and this time found himself able to endure the sight of the locomotive. Thus he stood for perhaps two minutes with staring eyes and quivering muscles. After a little the steam was shut off, when the man loosed his hand from the strap around the horse's throat, and began stroking his neck, still speaking to him in the same low-toned voice.

Soon the horse became quite composed, whereupon the man, again grasping the throat strap with his right hand, urged him toward the train as before. With many stops and snorts of inquiry the horse permitted himself to be again led toward the locomotive, which, when he was about the same distance from it as the other time, burst forth into a second hissing, quite as loud as the first. Again was repeated the scene already described, but the horse did not drag the man so far as before, nor did he require so long a time in which to be quieted. The steam soon shut of again and the man and horse once more approached the train, which now moved away from the station. The last glimpse of them showed the horse watching the now accustomed terror and the man by his side still grasping the head of the leading line and stroking the horse's neck—a beautiful and expressive illustration of the power over an intelligent animal of man's courage, kindness and patience.—*American Agriculturist*

Ex Gov. Pattison should return the $100,000 of State funds from the bank of which he is president, or else decline to press a similar issue against Delamater. Both are in the same boat, morally and legally.

The statement of the Phila. *Times* that Pattison would be elected if the vote were taken now, while not true of this year, is yet true of most years a month prior to the election. But in the last month the Republican party always rallies, and knocks into smithereens the predictions of the *Times*. It seems to delight in this kind of work.

The Fall Pigs.

One of the best paying animals on the farm is the pig. He can digest almost every kind of refuse produced from the farm; he works up leaves, weeds and sods into fine manure, and, when the animal is slaughtered, every particle of it can be made use of. They are profitable, but they are so only when rightly fed and managed. Our usual plan is to allow them the run of the woods during the summer and fall months, as an immense amount of nutriment can always be found by these industrious animals, such as roots, grasses of various kinds, and the nuts from many varieties of trees. They are fed, in addition, good swill-feed slop, night and morning. This slop is made by placing half a bushel of good feed into a barrel of water, and when slightly fermented, fed as wanted. Nothing in all our experience will so scour, young pigs especially, and stunt older ones, too, as old rancid slop, and the hog cholera is brought on by just such feed and by feeding in filthy pens and yards. The man that cares not to feed his stock on decent food, don,t deserve to have any; and he rarely succeeds in getting a profit out of them, as some mysterious disease usually makes its appearance and sweeps his stock of hogs or pigs, as he calls it his luck, when most of the time it can be traced to bad food and worse surroundings.

Whilst hogs and half-grown pigs may run together in the woods and thrive by such treatment, the sows should be brought home some time before they pig and put into separate and comfortable pens and a variety of good, wholesome food, and made tame by daily going into their pens and rubbing them with straw. Charcoal or old burnt wood should be occasionally given them; it corrects the rancidity of their stomachs, and is a great help to them in other ways. We feed, in addition to what slop they may need, and only as much as can be eat up clean, some sweet cornstalks, and all cut from the ground. The stalk has a goodly amount of sugar in it, and is as much relished as the ears of corn. When the sow is near pigging, care should be taken to have some fine-cut straw thrown into the pen, and only a little, so that the little fellows may not be lost in the straw and smothered or laid upon. Only a moderate quantity of food should be given the sow before and after pigging, and she should be watched to see that she cares for her young. Some, if they have not been fed properly, will eat their young, and if the pens are not built tight, and the little pigs get out among the other pigs, they will be eaten by them. An old German gave me a cure for sows eating their pigs, and it is to give them meat some days before they pig, though I find that it is much the best to fatten and slaughter all such wild ones.

After the pigs are a few days old they should be allowed a little milk with oats ground fine and made into a thin slop. This is one of the best kind of foods, as it contains all the materials that go to make up the pig, and we find that it is equally good for all animals, young and old, on the farm. In addition to this food we give a little oats whole, in a clean place on the floor, as it is a change, and, following the example of the mother, they will soon learn to eat them greedily.

Small potatoes, pumpkins, sugar beets, and mangels, and turnips, are boiled up in a large boiler, and, after they are thoroughly cooked, these vegetables are mixed with several bushels of a mixture of equal parts of ground oats, corn and mill feed. This is a very good food and fattens rapidly. This boiler is situated in the market house, and we use it for a variety of purposes—for boiling feed and water, for scalding hogs, and for keeping the room warm when we are preparing vegetables for market. It consists of a large iron pot, holding some forty gallons into which water can be pumped right from the well. It is bricked up, so that the hot air can circulate entirely around it before going out of the chimney, and by so doing the entire heat is pretty well used up before it escapes. There are many better methods than this, but they are much more expensive; though, if I were going to buy, I would get one of the improved kind. For all practical purposes this suits and several of these big iron pots can be picked up at the second-hand stores, and, with a little ingenuity and some work, can be made to answer just as one costing $50 or more.

In the feeding of pigs, not so much depends upon fine buildings and appliances as in having plain, practical pens, and in the owner either attending to the feeding himself or seeing that it is done with regularity, three times a day, and the food given of the required kind and just enough and no more, and the pens kept clean. Thirty or forty pigs, well fed and kept abundantly supplied with litter, will make an immense amount of manure, and of the best kind suitable for all crops. They should be allowed the run of the barnyard, and at feed time, if educated rightly, will go into their own pens without trouble.—*Baltimore American.*

"Just as Good."

Say some dealers, who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist on having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

"You haven't been quarrelling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?"

"Why, no, pa; why do you ask me such a question?"

"Oh, I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week so far."

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c. and $1

Jack Steighlate—"I would go to the very centre of the earth to please you."

Miss Borel—"You needn't go so far as that. Just go home."

Carnegie has advanced the wages of his iron workers 5 per cent. since the passage of the McKinley bill. Next!

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call at their druggist's for a *free* trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache, and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a *free* sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large-size package, 50 cents.