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THE SOMERSET HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

DRS. BILLS & COOPER, DENTISTS. Office over Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa.

J. W. CARUTHERS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main street, next door to Phillips Store.

DR. P. F. SHAFER, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main street, next door to Phillips Store.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main street, next door to Phillips Store.

DR. J. M. LUTHER, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main street, next door to Phillips Store.

DR. J. S. MILLER, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main street, next door to Phillips Store.

DR. W. M. COLLINS, Dentist. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of dental work.

HENRY F. SCHILL, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

VALENTINE HAY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

JOHN H. UHL, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

J. A. BERKEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

A. C. HOLBERT, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

W. M. H. KOONTZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

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W. H. RUPPEL, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of legal business.

NEW HOTEL AT CUMBERLAND. The American House, 117-119 Main St., Cumberland, Md.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. In the Orphan's Court held at Somerset, Pa., on the 20th day of June, 1901, the undersigned Auditor...

WELLEY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. My patrons are informed that I am still in the city.

STILL IN BUSINESS! My patrons are informed that I am still in the city.

VOL. XL NO. 2. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2084.

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 tamper with our customers.

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.

FITTING TRUSSES. We guarantee satisfaction, and if you have had trouble in this direction, give to 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.

JOHN N. SNYDER. The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Oils! Oils! 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

AMERICAN MARKET. Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BEHRETS AND FRESH & CO. SOMERSET, PA. SPRING DRESS GOODS. MOST COMPLETE

John Stenger, 227 Main St., Johnstown, Pa. FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA. FERTILIZERS. Manufactured by the well-known

Susquehanna Fertilizer Co., Canton, Baltimore, Md. I have spent 5 years among you, while those goods have been used in

SOMERSET COUNTY. For 5 years, having been introduced by Hon. O. P. Shaver, owing to the large number of my patrons...

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Eternal Vigilance. Is the price of good health. But with all the prevention we may take there are enemies always lurking about our systems...

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it cures disorders of the blood...

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Somerset, Penn'a. CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$4,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: LAURENCE M. HOOKS, W. H. MILLER, JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER, JOHN E. SCOTT, GEO. R. STELL, 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 fireproof vault. 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. PRITS, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Wm. H. Koonz, Sam'l Snyder, Jos. H. Speer, Jos. H. Cook, John H. Snyder, John H. Miller, Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Miller, Joseph Smith, Wm. Embury.

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 stored by one of our Depositors are safe in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Deposits and Receipts Solicited.

I have leased the large warehouse of Peter Fink, at the E. & D. Depot, in Somerset, Pa., 2 1/2 years. Also, warehouses at Berks and Coatsburg. Terms, for delivery and re-shipment to all points every grade of

FERTILIZERS. I have spent 5 years among you, while those goods have been used in Somerset County. For 5 years, having been introduced by Hon. O. P. Shaver...

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MAMMA'S HELP. Yes, Bridget has gone to the city. And papa is sick, as you see. And mamma has no one to help her. But two-year-old Laurence and me.

And the steps that I walked dear mamma! You'd be proud, Dr. Brown, if you knew! She says it was for Deasie. She couldn't resist the day through!

It's Deasie, bring papa some water! And 'D is, dear, run to the door! And 'Deasie, look up the playthings! The baby has dropped on the floor.

I've seen, Dr. I'm suddenly tired! I've been on my feet all the day! Good-bye, my dear, I'll help you! When your old Bridget goes off to stay!

"MY WIFE." "She's a very nice woman, my dear Mickleberry, a very nice woman, indeed," said Mr. Partanbridge, sagely; "but you allow her to dictate to me! For instance, my wife never tells me not to smoke in the parlor on account of the curtains!"

"It does often turn them yellow," observed Mr. Mickleberry, thoughtfully. "Granted—but what becomes of your conjugal superiority? And then you didn't say that corner lot because she advised you not to? What is a woman's judgment worth in a matter of business like that, Mickleberry?"

"Mary knows more than half the men going," parenthetically asserted Mickleberry. "Excuse me, Mickleberry, but you don't keep her in her place. Don't let the Scriptures expressly say that woman is the weaker vessel? I should like to see Mrs. Partanbridge venturing to oppose me."

"I don't care for my feet," commanded Mrs. Partanbridge. "Look sharp about it, too! Well, I borrowed fifty dollars from Deacon Underhill, and I've come on my own hook. I'm tired of being poked away in the backwoods while you are playing the fine city gent and I'll not stand it any longer; besides, I wanted to attend the Woman's Suffrage Association, and I'm a member of the Sedgwick branch of Female Rights Advocates. You've got a nice house here, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Mickleberry.

"I might have had a house of my own if Job Partanbridge had used common sense in his business affairs and listened to my advice a little." "Orsally, my dear," interposed Mr. Partanbridge, but his wife darted an angry glance at him.

"Job Partanbridge, will you hold your tongue, and speak when you're spoken to!" she demanded, tartly. "Most certainly, my dear, most certainly." "Then let me have a specimen of it. As I was saying—Job, go down stairs and look in the big handled basket on top of the trunk in the hall and get me my handkerchiefs and the amber bottle with the little wicker case round it—as I was saying, that sort of thing is just about played out, so far as I am concerned. Job hasn't no more wit than a yellow dog when he's left to himself—you know you haven't, Job, so you may just as well leave off opening and shutting your mouth like a newly landed fish—and I mean to be bossy myself, Job—you hear?"

"Yes, dear." "Bring me the rocking chair—no more the screen, so the fire won't shine in my eyes. And get a hack early to-morrow morning and see that I am furnished money. I want to do a little shopping. Cut her down—draw the parsings like a little tighter." Mr. Mickleberry looked uncomfortable.

"I—I should hardly like to do that," Partanbridge. "You'll never be master in your own house until you do." Mr. Moses Mickleberry went home and told his wife all about what Partanbridge had said. Mary laughed, then colored, but she was a little angry withal.

"I wish Mr. Partanbridge would mind his own business," said she. "I'm tired of hearing about 'my wife.' She must be a poor, spiritless creature." "Partanbridge is a man of great ability," said Moses gravely. "Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Mickleberry. "A regular hen hussy—a thorough-going Miss Nancy!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about him, my dear," said Moses; "for he doesn't like the place where he is boarding now and I told him he might occupy our spare room for a few days." "Oh, I've no objections to that," said Mrs. Mickleberry, composedly. "I'm always glad to entertain your friends, my dear, even if they are not the most agreeable people in the world, and I dare say I can get along with Mr. Partanbridge for a few days."

"You're a little jewel, my dear," said Moses, and he forgot all Partanbridge's insinuations at once. Mr. Partanbridge came, bag and baggage, and took possession of the "spare room" in the Mickleberry mansion as importantly as if he had been the Grand Turk. And therefor "my wife" began, figuratively speaking, to trample Mary Mickleberry into dust.

"My wife" spent no money; "my wife" went where "my wife" would sooner out of her hand than go to a woman's rights convention; "my wife" was not. Hierarchy, but spent her days doing housework and her evenings mending stockings. She held her husband in salutary awe, never spoke when she wasn't spoken to, and in short, she knew her place.

"And how did you manage it, Partanbridge?" asked Mr. Mickleberry once again, in the admiration of his son. Mr. Partanbridge waved his hand loftily.

"Mickleberry" said he, "there are some things that can't be expressed in words." "Fortunately" put in Mrs. Mickleberry who was sitting away as vigorous as if every stick were an unuttered protest.

"And," went on Mr. Partanbridge, "if he had not heard the interruption, 'it is a woman's duty to listen—to submit—to keep silence.'" "There goes the door bell," observed Mrs. Mickleberry; "will you go, Moses?"

"My wife," commenced Mr. Partanbridge, "would never have asked me to perform any such menial an office as—"

"A Mistake. Some of James Bennett's friends advised very strongly against his marrying before he had professional income 'distilled' into it. But he had been engaged to Mary Moore two years, and she was a capable woman, versed in ways of household thrift and economy, and he reasoned, as did she, that 'what was enough for one was enough for two,' and that they would venture in matrimony without further delay. Just at this juncture Jane Seymour, a very dear friend of Mary's, wrote to Mary asking the privilege of helping the young couple in furnishing their modest home and boarding with them by way of remuneration for her investment. It seemed to the young people a providential opening, and she accepted the offer with gratitude and alacrity. As Mary had never been married before, and Jane was single, neither was aware how utterly two young people newly wedded are absorbed in each other, and how any third party becomes not only a superfluous, but a source of continual trouble. As Jane contributed so much to the furnishing of the house and of the table, of course, she must be consulted in all matters pertaining to taste, household management, and every thing connected with the conduct of affairs. She was given the best room in the house, of course; she was a perpetual guest with the rights of an owner.

Did James and Mary wish to take a walk? Jane could not be left behind. Did they wish to call upon some friend? Jane must go along too. And so it came to pass that the adjustment of this third party to the dual unit caused more perplexity and doubt and questioning and misunderstanding than did their efforts at adjustment to each other of a great deal. Of course, Jane had her views, as most single women do, very young have, of how men should treat their wives, and she was not slow to hint at any discovery of delinquencies on James' part, and to encourage Mary to insist on her reserved rights. This didn't help the young couple in growing nearer to each other. Their sense of pecuniary obligation compelled submission to all these inconveniences, or they thought it did, until at last they became quite unbearable, and circumstances occurred which called Jane elsewhere, where they were relieved from further embarrassment in the matter. At once they went into narrow quarters, retrenchment of expenses, consulted nobody but the two selves, and were happy and solvent. It would be hard to make either James or Mary believe that any circumstances would induce them to take another husband, as James always called Jane into their family, the "third something" will make trouble, willingly or unwillingly, in the life of a newly-wedded pair and those who try the experiment will never be convinced that such is the fact. Leave young married people to themselves.—Christian Advocate.

His Garrulous Wife. "Samantha," grumbled Mr. Chugwater, frowning in one of the besom drawers, "I'd like to know where, in the name of common sense, you keep my socks." "What pair do you want, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater. "Any pair, if they are only mates. Here's an odd gray sock and an odd black one, and down here in the corner is an old pair of last summer's socks, with holes in the toes. I don't see why my things can't be kept in order the same as other men's."

"If you had only told me—" "Told you? I have got to run to you, Mr. Chugwater, for every little thing I want? Is that your idea about the way to carry on the household business? If you'd just take trouble enough to pile things in here so I can find them when I want them it would save me lots of bother."

"Josiah, if you will let me—" "Now, there's no use of your getting excited about this thing. If you know where I can get a pair of half-way decent socks just say so, and I'll hunt them up; and if you don't know, and will have the kindness to put the facts in plain English, I'll go out and buy a pair. That's all."

"If you hadn't tumbled these things all out of shape, Josiah—" "Tumbled them out of shape, have I? What's a bureau drawer for, anyway? Is it to hide things in, madam? If I don't find what I want on top, haven't I got to look down under? I'd like to know any woman that will pack and draw a bureau drawer so full of things and arrange them so you've got to dig and claw through the whole business to get what you are after and then to get it hasn't got the right idea about arranging a man's haberdashery. If you know where my socks are, Mrs. Chugwater, why don't you say so, instead of standing around like a stouthead bottle and doing nothing?"

"I could have found them for you in a minute and saved you all this trouble if you had given me a chance," said Mrs. Chugwater, as she straightened out the tangle in the drawer and brought to view from one of the bottom corners five pairs of clean socks.

"When you want anything of this kind hereafter, Josiah, if you will only let me know, I'll get them for you in a minute. The trouble with you, Samantha, as he jerked a growl from the top of the pile and went off to one corner to put them on, "is that you talk too much."

Should a Girl Hesitate? A young girl, attractive though not pretty, bright and witty, well read and well bred, whom I love dearly, asked me the other day what I thought was woman's sweetest hour.

I have since then discovered her reason for asking the question. She anticipated my answer with the profane that she thought it was when having brought the man of her choice to the point of proposing, she keeps him waiting a few moments for her answer, regarding the nature of which she has given no inkling so strong as to make it certain that it will be "Yes."

I am also a young girl, three years her senior. I have not yet experienced that "sweet hour"—not, at least, from a well-known source. Still I can well understand that to see and feel the anxiety of one's lover, and to know that it is all caused by love for you, should constitute unbounded happiness.

Some of my friends strike me as being somewhat insouciant and a trifle cruel. Were I ever called upon to answer the question of a question of my life, prompted by the man of my heart, I would find keener joy in unobtrusively saying "yes" than to feign a doubtfulness that did not fell.

A little beating about the bush at the outset is perhaps proper enough, but when you have assured yourself that you are dealing with an honest man that loves you, I think that a girl's diplomacy had better be supplanted by frankness and sincerity. I think the honorable wooer entitled to as much information as he has imparted to his sweetheart.—N. Y. Herald.

Wonderful Changes. In one of the New England states there is a quiet little country town where the railroad has not penetrated, in which no new house has been built for nearly a quarter of a century, while the place has fewer inhabitants than it had fifty years ago.

The oldest inhabitant is a man ninety years of age, whose whole life has been passed in this, the town of his birth. He still lives in the house where he was born.

A stranger from a distant city was in conversation with this aged citizen one day, when the old gentleman said: "Yes, sir; I've lived here in this village ninety years. I've seen wonderful changes in that time, sir—wonderful changes. I tell you, the place is going right ahead."

"In what way?" asked the stranger, looking up and down the deserted road for some indication of this wonderful progress.

"In what way?" repeated the old gentleman. "Why, in different ways. I can remember the time we didn't have but one store here, and now we've got two and a meat shop, and there's talk of a millinery woman coming in here. Yes, sir! And we've got ten steel traps and a four hundred dollar organ in the church, and a good half mile of sidewalks, all within my recollection. Wonderful changes going on all the time. I tell you, this is the age of progress!"

Let Snow. At the head of Holy Cross creek, near Lewisville, Colo., and in the almost inaccessible defiles of Mount Shasta, Cal., there is being merely thin, blades of metal inserted in grooves of thicker stuff. The agent warrants their edge to stand three months, when the razors must be sent to him, dismounted and sharpened, having to be removed from the grooved back to do so. Gleantry, the sculptor, made a razor of hard bronze, with a keen and effective edge, and there are relics of Pompeii manufactured in that alloy.—N. Y. Ledger.

Jay Gould's Story. Jay Gould always has something witty or humorous to say. "A rich and exacting man had colored servant by employed named Jim. This Jim was expected to be on hand all the time. One fine morning Jim was absent and his employer went to his old father's house and asked for the boy. The father said: "I can't have Jim any more." "Why, what is the matter?" I will have him." "Oh, no, boss, you can't have Jim." "Well, why can't I?" "Kase's dead."

Makes his Home on the Train. There is a man who lives on the Georgia train. He goes every night to the sleeper, pays his \$1.00, and gets in the berth and sleeps through to Augusta. Next night he goes back to Atlanta. He has plenty of money, and never has anything to say to the conductor or anybody else.

That tired feeling, now so often heard of, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives mental and bodily strength. Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs and many of the wild animals eat apples with avidity. The elephant and deer are fond of them, while others because accustomed to them after a trial or two. All the domestic fowls and many of the wild birds are fond of apples.

A deaf old lady riding in an electric car became much alarmed because of a blockade, and asked a young woman next to her what had happened. "There is no danger, replied the young woman. "Remember that a kind heart never made one deaf."

The old lady turned to her companion and inquired in a vexed tone, "Mary Ellen, what's that young woman saying to me about men's ovaries?" "Oh, no, boss, you can't have Jim." "Well, why can't I?" "Kase's dead."

True to General Jackson. "There used to be an old fellow up in my county," said Judge Upton Young, "who was famous in the early days as a militia colonel. As a drill master he was perfect and in discipline very severe. Just before the war he had a good militia company, and he closed every drill with these words: "Company, attention! All who favor General Jackson for President of the United States, three paces to the front! Forward, march!"

"The entire command always voted. But one day one of the soldiers got it into his head that General Jackson was dead, and so at the next drill when the Colonel had given the necessary order, this one stood stock still. This insubordination created a momentary panic, but the Colonel recovered himself, and with his face purple with rage, shouted to the company: "Attention, attention! You vote for General Jackson, or I'll have you court-martialed and shot, sir! Three paces to the front, John Thompson. Forward, march!"

"And you bet John Thompson marched—white and scared as any pet rabbit you ever saw. After which the Colonel said: "I have the honor of announcing to this company that General Jackson has again been elected President of the United States unanimously!"

His Duck's Scam Mischief. "I've been hearing something bad about some from your place, George, and I'm afraid I need ask you to come visiting me." "What does he say about me?" "He says that you are not a saint, by any means." "Isn't a man known by the company he keeps?" "I suppose so."

Wild Geese and Electric Lights. The night was still and dark, and as the birds flew over the city some of the geese would get bewildered by the bright light of the electric lamps and circle round and round the light, squawking as if lost. The ducks do not seem to care for the excitement of city life and go quietly by, but a great flock of geese, apparently curious that he can hardly pass an electric light without flying round and examining it.

About two years ago there was a terrific thunder storm, during which a flock of geese, numbering probably 300, entered the city and soon became bewildered by the storm. Some of them, it said, even lit on the roofs of houses, but certain it is that at half-past 4 o'clock in the morning there was a great flock of geese sitting in the light of the gas lamps, on the corner of Main and First streets, in the center of the town. This, of course, is an exceptional case, and would probably never have happened if it had not been for the storm, but they should be so irresistibly attracted toward a light as to lose all fear of man's habitation, and to light in the middle of the street.

I have seen a weaver to me.—Forest and Stream. I have seen specimens of Norwegian cunly, but not until a few days ago did I know that the inventive Norwegian had marched before us in razors. A friend who has been traveling hard for two whole years came to stay with me, and he exhibited the most beautiful pair of these toilet tools I ever saw, of very highly polished Bessemer-steel, simple and scientific, being merely thin blades of metal inserted in grooves of thicker stuff. The agent warrants their edge to stand three months, when the razors must be sent to him, dismounted and sharpened, having to be removed from the grooved back to do so. Gleantry, the sculptor, made a razor of hard bronze, with a keen and effective edge, and there are relics of Pompeii manufactured in that alloy.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Light-House. Loren Tresscott and wife are keepers of the Government Light-house at Sand Beach, N. Y., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last winter she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into fever. Doctors at home and from the city treated her, but in vain; she grew worse rapidly, and she was a mere handful of bones. Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work, and my voice is fully restored.—E. F. Leisner, A. B., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Polish Emigration. The great event of the year 1880 in Poland was the emigration fever, which commenced in the spring, and assumed alarming proportions in July, August and September. It was stimulated by agents representing Brazilian emigration society according to the British Consul (General of Warsaw) taking advantage of the ignorance, credulity and superstition of the Polish peasantry and lower class generally; they worked among them with a success which seems almost incredible, and inveigled thousands of these unfortunate beings out of the country to what are described as unhealthful workings.

The Consul General cannot state the number of emigrants, even approximately, but there is no doubt that it was very considerable, and that in many parts of Poland whole villages and a very large proportion of farm laborers placed themselves in the hands of the emigration agents and left the country, and did also a number of factory hands. At first it was attributed entirely to the temptations held out by the agents, but it has since transpired that want of work and extremely low wages facilitated their task among that part of the agricultural population which does not possess lands of its own, and lives on the land owned by the nobles.

All the reports that have reached Poland relative to the fate of the emigrants show that they are exposed to great hardships, both on the journey out and on landing in the country. Those that have managed to return tell the most doleful tales, and the public have become so interested in the fate of their unfortunate countrymen that a subscription has been got up for the purpose of helping them to repatriate, and a gentleman of high standing and independent means has been appointed to go out to Brazil to assist them in doing so with the funds subscribed. Notwithstanding all this, the emigration continued again about the middle of March last in certain districts.

It is estimated that one-third of the population of the Kozno district has already gone, and more are on the move. But it is now stated authoritatively that the Government of Brazil has issued orders that no more Polish emigrants are to be allowed to land there, and this will no doubt, put a stop to the exodus more effectively than any coercive measures which could have been applied in Poland itself.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Light-House. Loren Tresscott and wife are keepers of the Government Light-house at Sand Beach, N. Y., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last winter she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into fever. Doctors at home and from the city treated her, but in vain; she grew worse rapidly, and she was a mere handful of bones. Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work, and my voice is fully restored.—E. F. Leisner, A. B., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Polish Emigration. The great event of the year 1880 in Poland was the emigration fever, which commenced in the spring, and assumed alarming proportions in July, August and September. It was stimulated by agents representing Brazilian emigration society according to the British Consul (General of Warsaw) taking advantage of the ignorance, credulity and superstition of the Polish peasantry and lower class generally; they worked among them with a success which seems almost incredible, and inveigled thousands of these unfortunate beings out of the country to what are described as unhealthful workings.

The Consul General cannot state the number of emigrants, even approximately, but there is no doubt that it was very considerable, and that in many parts of Poland whole villages and a very large proportion of farm laborers placed themselves in the hands of the emigration agents and left the country, and did also a number of factory hands. At first it was attributed entirely to the temptations held out by the agents, but it has since transpired that want of work and extremely low wages facilitated their task among that part of the agricultural population which does not possess lands of its own, and lives on the land owned by the nobles.