The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

DRS. BILLS & COOPER,
DENTISTS.
Office over Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa.)
All operations pertaining to Dentistry skillfully performed. Special attention given to filling and treating the natural teeth. Artificial dentures inserted. Also, teeth inserted without plates. Gold and porcelain crowns attached to the natural roots. aprils'91-1yr.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office on Union street, next door to Printing House Row. Night calls at office.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to Commercial Hotel.

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Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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All business entrusted to their care will be carefully and promptly attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

NEW HOTEL AT CUMBERLAND

P. Sweitzer, late of Sand Patch, has purchased "THE AMERICAN HOUSE," at Cumberland, Md., and has refitted and refurnished the said house throughout, and made it a first-class Hotel to accommodate the traveling public with good table, and choice liquors at the bar.

He also has in connection with the Hotel a large quantity of Sweitzer's Pure Old Rye Whisky for sale by the barrel or gallon at the following prices:

Two Year old at $2 00 per gallon.
Three " " " $2 50 " "
Four " " " $3 00 " "

The price of the jug is 15 cents for each gallon. The price of the Whiskey and Jug must always accompany the order, which will insure prompt attention and shipment. Address all orders to

S. P. SWEITZER,
apr2'90-6m. CUMBERLAND, MD.

STILL IN BUSINESS!

Weifley's Photograph Galler Y

My patrons are informed that I am still in the

PICTURE BUSINESS,

And am at all times prepared to take all kinds of pictures, from a

Tin-type or Cabinet Photograph,

To a Life-size Crayon. Instantaneous Process used, and all work guaranteed to be satisfactory.

Gallery up stairs, next to Vought's store.

WM. H. WELFLEY.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 3. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2085.

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.

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,
sept28-'89-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

SPRING
DRESS GOODS,
MOST COMPLETE

In Western Pennsylvania. Henriettas in all the latest shades in light and dark colorings at 25, 36, 50, 65 cents, and $1 per yard.

Serges in all the new shades in plain, stripe and plaid from 25 to 75 cents per yard. A large line of black and white plaid, Shepherd's plaid from 12½ cents to 75 cents. Black and Colored Silk Warp Henriettas, Black Serges, Black Lustres, and Black Brunettes. Black Cashmeres from 12½ cents to $1.50 per yard. A great Bargain in 36-inch Colored Cashmeres at 15c. per yard. A complete line of wash Dress Goods, consisting of all the Latest Novelties. A full line of Hamburg Embroideries and Flouncings, Spring Wraps and Jackets now in.

John Stenger,
227 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

EWING & GWYNNE.
WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
General Produce and Fruits, Vegetables and Game.
Consignments solicited—Best Prices and Prompt Returns Guaranteed. Correspondence invited.
29 OHIO ST., ALLEGHENY, PA.
(Telephone 861b)

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In re Estate of Wm. S. Morgan, deceased. } In the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa. 27 May, '91 Exts. to-day presented to Court for confirmation and confirmed.

And now 3d June on petition of Mary Belle Morgan, an heir and legatee, by her Attorney, H. S. Endsley, Esq., the Court appoint J. O. Kimmel, Esq., Auditor, to ascertain advancements, &c and determine the widow's dower, and make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Executor to and among those legally entitled thereto.

SOMERSET COUNTY, SS.
SEAL. } Extret from the Records, certified 12 June, 1891.
A. J. HILEMAN, Clerk.

NOTICE.—In pursuance of the above appointment I will attend to the duties, at my office in Somerset Borough, on Thursday, the 23rd day of July, 1891, of which all persons interested will please take notice.

J. O. KIMMEL,
June17. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset on the 6th day of June, 1891, the undersigned Auditor was duly appointed to distribute the funds in the hands of Peter F. Shaulis, Administrator of John W. Hay, deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Somerset Borough on Thursday, the 16th day of July, '91, when and where those interested can attend if they think proper.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
June 17. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, Pa., on the 3rd day of June, 1891, the undersigned Auditor was duly appointed to make and report a distribution of the funds in the hands of A. J. Cover and Israel Brant, Administrators of Jeremiah Brant, deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of the above appointment on Thursday, the 16th day of July, 1891, when and where parties interested can attend if they think proper.

J. R. SCOTT,
Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Henry Barkman, late of Milford Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.

Letters of Administration having been granted by the proper authority, to the undersigned, on the estate of Henry Barkman, late of Milford township, Somerset county, Pa., deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement and allowance to the undersigned on Saturday, July 31, 1891, at the late residence of deceased.

CHARLOTTE BARKMAN,
june24. Administrator.

My Nerves Are All Right

And I have gained 10 pounds in 6 months, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, says Mr. B. H. Rose of the firm of Rose & Eddy, Rochester, N. Y. "I had almost

Chronic Dyspepsia

My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from overwork so that I could not sleep nights. But my stomach is now in perfect condition, and for all the above benefit my gratitude is due Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Water-Brash

And dyspepsia troubled me for 10 years, and after trying various things I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The effect is marvelous as I seem to be almost entirely cured." J. M. JOHNSON, 427 10th Street, Toledo, Ohio. If you suffer from

Indigestion

Or dyspeptic troubles try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gently tones and stimulates the stomach, assists digestion and creates an appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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

CAPITAL - - - - $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $6,000.

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

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LaRue M. Hicks. W. H. Miller,
James L. Pugh, Chas. H. Fisher,
John R. Scott, Geo. R. Scull,
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, Sam'l Snyder,
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John H. Snyder, John Stutt,
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Jerome Stutt, 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. mar3-6m

FARMERS,
TAKE NOTICE.

I have leased the large warehouse of Peter Fink, at the B. & O. Depot, in Somerset, for 5 years. Also, warerooms at Berlin and Colemanns. There I will keep on hand during the seasons, for delivery and re-shipment to all points every grade of

FERTILIZERS

manufactured by the well-known

Susquehanna Fertilizer Co.,

of Canton, Baltimore, Md. I have spent 5 years among you, while these goods have been used in

SOMERSET COUNTY

for 8 years, having been introduced by Hon. O. P. Shaver. Owing to the large number of my patrons, whom I thank heartily, my agents and myself may be unable to call to see you all personally, so I take advantage of your excellent paper to call attention to the merits of our Fertilizers, and beg leave to say S. B. Yoder, of Pugh, Somerset County, Pa., and myself, have solicited orders for the fall crop of '90—150 tons, notwithstanding the strong competition.

Peter Fink, of Somerset, who resides near the depot, is acting as delivery agent for me. By addressing or calling on him, you can learn our prices. We can re-ship to any local point, on

SHORT NOTICE,

but would prefer at all times to have your orders as far in advance of immediate wants as practical, as it enables us to get our goods to you in better mechanical condition. In behalf of the Susquehanna Fertilizer Company, I am,

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

A. J. KOSER.

St. Charles
HOTEL.
CHAS GILL, Prop'r

Table unsurpassed, Remodeled, with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light all rooms. New steam laundry attached to the house. Rates, $2 to $3 per day.

Cor. Wood St. and Third Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa

BEYOND THE GATES.

Sometimes in dreams I see it,
This city fair and grand:
Its doors of jasper brightness
Stand forth on either hand.
'Twas here the pilgrim tarried,
And here good cheer awaits
The weary one who enters
At the opening of the gates.

Each window is an opal,
With hues born of the noon,
Through which rich perfumes wander,
Caught from the air of June.
And here are sandals waiting,
In which the weary feet,
New-shod in royal splendor,
May roam the shining street.

Oh, City of the Beautiful,
Could waking hearts forget
The garden where the lilies
Like crystal flakes were set?
Where heaven's doves in sunshine
Like rainbows went and came?
Where the sun woke swathed in azure,
And died on fields of flame?

Here, too, are fountains playing
To cheer this heart of thine,
And meadows filled with violets,
And winds as rich as wine:
While each thing and beautiful
The loving soul awaits
When once the veil is rended
And we stand within the gates.

Dear city of the holy,
For the walks of pain I long,
For the love that maketh lovely,
For the faith that maketh strong.
For thy green and growing cedars,
Thy lakes of silvery calm
For thy peace past comprehension
That floods thine isles of balm.

Take Thou my hand, my Saviour,
The way is dark and wild.
Far off a star, the city, shines,
It beckons on thy child.
Joy! joy! then, come, the beautiful!
A myriad host awaits,
And heaven effulgent fills my soul
At the opening of the gates.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHICH TOOK HIM?

BY ARTHUR M'EWEN.

Mrs. Vincent, widowed and wealthy, looked haughty and fierce.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun took the liberty to intrude into the window and the library, furnished in purple leather and walled with books, which had had a pretty complete rest for the ten years that the late Vincent had been in his grave.

Mrs. Vincent sat and glared.

Her dark, prominent, and wrathfully astonished eyes had for their target a young man, in whose bearing appeared a singular mixture of deference and defiance.

He, on his part, saw before him a lady under fifty, but not far. The lips were yet full and red, and her figure, though ample, still retained agreeable lines. If her hair was white, the black eyebrows held thoir color and emphasized the air of command to which the Roman contour of the nose most contributed.

"Well, I never!" she cried, petulantly, slapping down a pack of cards on the table.

The man smiled slightly.

A young man, with curly brown hair, cheerful blue eyes, uptwisted mustache, and a firm chin—a fresh, alert, compact, healthy young man, whose loose elegant costume proved that he understood how to achieve that careless grace which so charms women. An intelligent, bright young man, with cynical confidence in his smile.

He stood unfrightened, just the sort of young man who should not be what he was—secretary of a mature California street widow of spotless reputation and large means.

"Well, I never!" the lady exclaimed.

The young man spoke calmly and resolutely:

"No, Mrs. Vincent; I shall pay piquet with you no more. Piquet is a good enough game, and I am not averse to it, in reason! but I object to piquet in the forenoon, in the afternoon and in the evening, six days in the week. I confess I'm tired of piquet."

"In that case, and because of your insolence," said Mrs. Vincent, with cold deliberation, "you may consider yourself discharged, Mr. Middles."

"Very well, ma'am," and he turned toward the door.

"Mr. Middles!"

He halted, his hand on the portiere, and faced about.

She placed her glasses on her modified Roman nose, viewed him steadily, and, toying with the cards, inquired:

"Would an increase in salary be any inducement, sir?

"No."

Then go!"

He bowed and disappeared.

Her hand sought the bell. Jeames, in livery, both imported from London, responded.

"Hoggins, Mr. Middles is in the hall. Say to him that I wish to see him at once.

The secretary returned, overcoat on arm, hat in hand.

Mrs. Vincent threw herself back in her chair and, clasping her plump, white hands above her head, said, in the conciliatory tone of the negotiator:

"Mr Middles, let us not act hastily. I acknowledge that I cannot well spare you. Next to myself you are the best piquet player this side of New York."

"I know it, Mrs. Vincent. Indeed, I play better than you."

"You do not"

"I do!"

His frozen calmness cowed her.

There was feeling in her words that followed:

"You dearly loved my husband, did you not?"

"I did. He was a father to me, and I owe my education to him, and—"

"All that you are."

"Which is not much, is it, Mrs. Vincent?"

"He was your benefactor and you loved him, yet you refuse so little a thing as to play piquet with your benefactor's widow?"

"I do. Gratitude has its limits."

"Evidently. You will not humor an old woman's weakness and lighten the burden of her loneliness?"

"I will not. Besides, it is not a weakness but a disease, this insanity for piquet. Moreover, you are not old: on the contrary, Mrs. Vincent, you are still a charming woman, and by withdrawing yourself from the world and giving yourself over to cards you wrong yourself. Worse than that, you fail in your duty to your daughter, who has the life of a nun."

"That is nothing to you, sir!"

"True."

Again he moved toward he door.

"Will nothing," asked the lady in alarm, "induce you to sit down to a game with me—just one?"

"Nothing that you would give, Mrs. Vincent."

"Pooh! You know very well that I'll give you anything you ask. I cannot——cannot do without you. What is it you want?"

"Yourself!"

"Eh? You mean—"

"That neither as secretary, protege nor friend, shall I play piquet with you again. As your husband I will."

"God bless my soul!"

To no woman unburied can an offer be either long surprising or disagreeable. It was with warmed cheeks and softened eyes that the widow said:

"Do I understand that—that you—love me, Ernest?"

Mr. Middles bowed, but averted his glance.

She sighed, and murmered:

"Ah, I am rich."

"Precisely, Mrs. Vincent. You are rich, you love to play piquet, and I am the best player on the Pacific coast. If you will marry me, I will play if not, not."

"Well?"

"Under the circumstances, I do not see that more can rationally be said."

"Cut the cards."

* * * * *

Eighteen, golden-haired, slim, supple, adorable Adele Vincent flashed her scornful eyes on the visage of Mr. Middles, who, undisturbed, sat at ease in the conservatory.

Mrs. Vincent played solitaire in the adjoining library, awaiting her affianced and piquet.

"Why, mamma is old enough to be your mother, Ernest Middles."

"I know it."

"Your motive in making this monstrous engagement must be purely mercenary."

"Strictly."

"And you feel no shame in making the admission?"

"None."

"Faugh!"

"Thanks."

"For what?"

"For so well expressing my feelings."

She sank upon a lounge, her pretty feet crossed, covered her face with her little hands, and her lovely young body was shaken with sobs.

"Don't cry," said Mr. Middles.

"I can't help it. Oh, it is infamous!"

"Yes. Still I congratulate myself."

"Congratulate youself!"

"Enthusiastically. I have neither the brains nor energy to conquer a fortune, therefore I marry one."

"You can descend to that?"

"I rejoice to find that I can. I am not the fool that I might be. Many men quarrel with their luck. I discover that I am too wise for such folly. Compose yourself, my dear Adele. I'll be a father to you."

"A father! You are but eight years older than I. Oh, Earnest, consider. You have been a son to mamma and a brother to me. We have grown from childhood together. Papa loved you. Don't, I beg of you, don't make us all ridiculous!"

"My word is given, Adele. As a gentleman, I must keep it."

"A gentleman, indeed! I thought you a man, with a man's courage, a man's honor."

"Oh!"

"Calm yourself!"

"Calm yonrself! You put me to humiliation and sell yourself and your talents for—"

"The prizes that talent gives years of conflict to win. I get the prizes without the conflict."

"The brave young man who was to face the world and achieve!"

"I have outgrown the illusions of my youth, Adele."

"And you will marry a woman in whose crazed sight your chief merit is your skill at piquet?"

"You have said it."

At least you have the decency not to pretend that you love mamma?"

"Love is a luxury; and luxury is not for the poor; no, I do not love your mother; I love you!"

"Me?"

'I have for years."

You—you—never—"

"Never told you. Why should I? Would you share poverty with me, Adele? Would I, loving you, permit you? You speak of my talents. I have tried very hard to use them. They do not exist."

"And you—"

"Yes, with my whole heart and soul! Love you? God! It is not in me to express how much!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Vincent, suddenly opening the library door.

"Mamma!"

"One word, Earnest Middles. Would you, as Adele's husband and provided for, play piquet with me?"

"With pleasure!"

"You'd better marry him, Adele, my child."

"Oh, mamma! after what has happened!"

"Come, Mr. Middles, the cards are waiting."

"But I'm neither your husband nor your son-in-law, Mrs. Vincent."

So, Adele, make up your mind; yes, or no? Evidently it must be one or the other of us. Now, Mr. Middles, piquet, if you please."

"Not until after the ceremony is over, madam."

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even generations and suddenly break forth undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequaled and unapproachable remedy. It is king of them all, for it conquers disease.

A London letter says: Although an Englishman invented the postage stamp, it was an American who devised the best plan of printing the contemplated stamps His device was selected by the British government in 1839 from 2,600 competing designs.

Bitten by a Venomous Cobra.

The African cobra is known as the "spitting snake," on account of its power to throw its venom quite a distance into the eyes of its enemy. It is a lazy reptile, save when stirred to anger, when it cannot be equaled for swiftness and accuracy in spitting or biting its poor victim.

The spitting is accomplished by expelling the breath sharply through the mouth, so that the soapy venom flies straight as a pea thrown from a pipe into the victim's eyes.

This cobra attains the length of six feet, and is large and powerful. It is doubly formidable from the fact that it can swim in the rivers very swiftly, with its snout and beady eyes just above the water's surface.

"When I was stationed with my regiment in Ceylon, I had experiences with the Indian breed of cobra that were very exciting," says Lieutenant Jephson.

"My servants rushed into the bungalo one morning, begging me to save the life of a man who had been bitten by a cobra. I hastened out on to the veranda to find a crowd of men and women bringing in a man in a state of semi-unconsciousness. They showed me two deep-red spots in his instep, where the serpent's fangs had been.

"I felt of his legs, and found that they were already 'stone' cold, although the man had been bitten but ten minutes before.

"Drawing my knife from my pocket I opened the sharpest blade and proceeded at once to cut deeply into the man's instep around the bitten part and cut the flesh away. Meanwhile I had sent in for a redhot poker.

"When the iron came I pressed its glowing end forcibly against the wound, searing the flesh about the instep. Then I poured a quart of whisky down the poor wretch's throat as rapidly as possible.

"He was so paralyzed from the effect of the swift poison that he suffered no pain from the searing of the flesh, but murmered only:

"'Burn, Dory, burn.'

"I watched him anxiously for half an hour, when he was able to open his eyes. Then I gave him more whisky, and found that his pulse was much better. Another hour found him able to rise, after which I had the servants exercise him as much as possible in order to counteract the deadly coma which constantly came on.

"The next morning the man was quite well, save for the deep wound in his instep. I am sorry to say that he was always lame afterwards, for it seems that I had severed a cord in his instep in my surgical attempt. But he became a sort of a pensioner in my bungalow, following me around as a grateful dog would do.

"I used to point to him with pride when my guests were present and say, 'I cured that man of a cobra's bite.'

"There is a vine which grows in India called the aristolochia indica which has cured many persons bitten by cobras, I am informed. They say that they crush a young leaf and apply it to the wound as soon as possible after the bite is inflicted."

A Question that Startled Mr. Clews.

Coming out of the court room one day two lawyers were conversing.

"That was a very bright reply, indeed, said one; "and did it ever occur to you that often such things lead to success in business, as much so as some subtle maneuvre in trade, Apropos, quick repartee is a wonderful weapon. Many a man who imagined he was soaring to the very heights of eloquence has been cut down by a word. I remember of hearing that on one occasion at a dinner Henry Clews was making a speech, in the course of which he referred to himself as a self-made man.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a self-made man."

Shaking his head vigorously, which is as innocent of hair as the outside of an egg, he repeated, "I'm a self-made man."

He paused a moment, when William B. Travers, who was present, said to him with that well known stutter that gave point to his utterances:

"W-w-well, Clews, w-w-when y-you made yourself, w-w-why didn't you make some hair?"—*N. Y. Press.*

A Snow Storm Indoors.

On a very cold, clear night an evening party was given in a saloon in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm in the course of the evening that several ladies complained of feeling ill.

An attempt was made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place and it was impossible to move them.

In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in, and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room.

The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snow fall indoors.—*La Nature.*

Woman Philosophy.

A woman will give up anything for love except the man she loves.

You can make a martyr of the meanest man on earth by killing him.

Wet his whistle often enough, and you will make a musician of any man.

The only way to win a victory is to go to war, and run the risk of being whipped.

Something more than gray hairs is required in old age in order that it copy with sarcasm.

Humanity is a good deal like the cat that is never so affectionate as when it is hungry.

For every man in love, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine men who think they are.

The smaller the town you live in, the more people are interested when you get your hair cut.

If there is anything harder than being polite when you don't feel like it, we don't know what it is.

Good Taste.

Only a little cottage it was, but such a bower. Virginia creepers had been transplanted from the woods and turned over the front windows. The old-fashioned shrubs and flowers grew in the door-yard lilacs and snowdrop snowball and roses. A sweet honey suckle climbed over the little porch at the front door. Morning glories and cypress vines made the kitchen windows a haunt for fairies. Inside every thing was scrupulously orderly and clear and neat. The arrangement of the furniture was not haphazard, but suggestive in one corner of industry, in another of leisure, in another of study and reading. The prints on the wall were the fine selections from some illustrated magazine, with frames of gilt paper or black paper pasted around the margins of the pictures. Here and there was fastened to the wall a bird's nest, or a fantastic bough, or some bit of curious bark, evidently gathered in woodland rambles.

When dinner was served, the china, though plain to the eye, had an exquisite feeling for the discriminating hand. The napery was spotless, carefully ironed and exactly spread upon the table. Each fork and spoon and dish knew its place, and all was arranged in harmonious lines, not thrown cu and left by chance to arrange themselves. Each dish upon being used was restored to its place and not left to wander at will anywhere.

The food was simple and inexpensive, but perfectly prepared. A potato baked just right is as dainty in a hut as in a palace. A loaf of bread wisely compounded and baked is as palatable on the table of a peasant as on that of a king. Cows yield their choicest milk as freely to one as to another. The meat was not one of the most expensive, but it was so exquisitely cooked and flavored that no healthy palate but would have rejoiced in it.

The sleeping rooms were like everything else, plain in their appointments, but fresh and clean and orderly. The coloring was quiet and restful. Expense had been bestowed in the quality of the mattresses and blankets rather than in lace and embroidery for display in the bed-covering.

Over this habitation presided a lady who was content with little, but who insists upon having that little in good taste and substantial comfort.

The Workshops of Nazareth.

The shops of Nazareth are primitive. Unfortunately, the carpenters have introduced the modern novelty of a work bench, and no longer sit on the floor beside the board at which they work, as some related crafts still do elsewhere. But their tools are very simple, and it is interesting to notice them doing a great deal at the door sill, in the light, which with us can only be done at the bench, They sit on the ground to drill holes in wood or to use the adze; but at best their work seems very rude. Blacksmiths, with tiny bellows and furnace and small anvil, find abundant employment in sharpening the simple ploughs and mattocks of the peasantry, and making folding knives for them, the quality of which may be judged from their price, which is only twopence or threepence. Shoemakers also do a good trade, sitting, like all other workmen who can do so, at the door or in the street, but their skill is confined to slight, short boots of bright colored leather, or to slippers, without heels, which are all that one sees, as a rule, even on the roughest roads.

Helping the Maids.

During the War of the Revolution, while the American and British armies were contending in Pennsylvania, General Washington was in the neighborhood of Marietta, Lancaster county. General Lee, with two or three aides-de-camp, rode in advance, and stopping at a wayside inn informed the landlord that General Washington and his staff officers would quarter at his house for the night.

This news, of course, caused great confusion among the inmates of the establishment. They wanted to do honor to the beloved commander, and bustled about to have all things in readiness upon his arrival.

"Here, you," said the genius who presided in the kitchen to General Lee, ignorant of his rank in the army, "just go out to that woodpile and split an armful for me. I must hurry up, or I cannot get a good supper for General Washington."

The officer, injoying the joke, obediently took up the axe, and soon the chips were flying in alll directions. He was busily working away when General Washington and his staff rode up to the tavern.

"Why, General Lee," said the Commander-in-chief, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Lee, lifting his head, "I am helping the maids in the kitchen. General Washington and his officers are coming here for supper to-night."

Both generals burst into a hearty laugh, in which their companions joined; and even the landlady, who had set the general to work, enjoyed the joke after she had recovered somewhat from her mortification.

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. The greatest of all mistakes is to allow a simple cough or cold to take its course, which always ends in death; check it in time and save life by use of Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents.

Trial bottles free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Golden Bricks.

Till God stops to quarrel over creeds, we should not.

It is unsafe to trust a person who is afraid of death.

The liar is wicked, and all who believe liars are weak.

The world is learning that book education is the least of all.

There is a vast difference between a gold standard and an honest one.

An honorable person never started a lie, nor retailed one started by some one else.

How few are they to whom the world is indebted for progress and great results.

An Essay on Flies.

The fly has some advantage over a man. For instance, he has a pair of double compound eyes, and with them he can see in any direction or in all directions at once without for an instant turning his head.

These eyes have 4000 distinct faces, and all of them have direct communication with the brain, so if a man comes along on one side of him and a lump of sugar on the other, he will be able to watch both of them and stay for the sugar so long as it is safe on account of the man.

When he sees he can get the one and dodge the other, that is exactly what he does, and he does not have to twist his neck in two trying to keep track of the opposite object.

The fly is particular about the air he breathes. He hasn't a very big mouth, and his lungs are small in proportion to his body, but he is particular what he puts into them.

Good green tea, such as the best of the grocers sell for a dollar steeped pretty strong and well sweetened, will kill as many flies as drink it. And they will drink of it. It is estimated that a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar will rid a room of flies in ten days—that is, a small room.

Flies are voracious eaters. They do not care so much what they eat as when they eat it. They are particular about regular meals. They do not eat long at a time nor much at a time, but they eat often.

Careful observers have stated that a common house fly will eat 42,200 square meals in twelve hours. One female fly will produce 20,000 young ones in a single day, and they will develop so rapidly as to increase two hundred-fold in weight in twenty-four hours.

Scientists have never been able to tell how a fly walks on the ceiling; or rather they have never been able to agree about it. All of them have told, but no two are alike in their explanation. Some say the fly has an air pump in each of his numerous feet, and that he walks up there by creating a vacuum in his instep and allowing the pressure of the air to sustain him.

Others think he carries a minute bottle of mucilage around with him and lubricates his hoofs with it, so that he can stay as long as he wants to on any surface, no matter what the attraction of gravity may have to say about it. Between these two schools of thought you may take your choice.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Western Duel.

"A fight! a fight!"

The interior of a gambling hell in a small mining town in Montana, five years ago. In the foreground of the picture stand two men who have just risen from their chairs and are facing each other, their pistols half drawn and an insane glare darting from their eyes. A pack of cards is scattered over the floor where an angry blow has thrown them. At the cry of fight all the occupants of the place gather around the combatants—all but the faro dealer, who sits like a stone and never moves, save to toy aimlessly with the silver box before him.

"Fair play!" cries a hoarse voice. "If you're goin' to fight, fellers, do it on the square."

"He says I discarded the ace o' diminus and showed 'er up arter the draw."

"You did."

"It's a lie!"

The strong arms twitch nervously, and a silence falls upon the crowd.

"Here, Jerry, if you fellers mean business, go at this think in a business-like way," speaks the hoars voice again. "Git over to that end of the room, Ike. Jerry, you stand there. That's right. Now, fire w'en I give the word. I'll shoot the feller that fires 'fore I say to—understand?"

The two men face each other with pistols aimed, and murder in their eyes. Such a scene is no novelty in that town, but every time a duel like that occurs an awesome stillness comes over all beholders. Every face is drawn with anxiety—every face except that of the faro dealer's—whose lips wear their habitual snake-like smile.

"One!"

A perceptible movement of the muscles as the combatants nerve themselves for the ordeal.

"Two!"

Fingers creep slowly along the trigger guards and rest firmly on the triggers.

"Three!"

A simultaneous movement of the index fingers, a short, sharp report, two harsh groans that rise as one, and the two duellists fall upon the rickety floor with a united weight that shakes the flimsy building from foundation to roof.

Both are dead, and everybody, for a moment, is awed with the tragedy, save the faro dealer. He smiles as before and taps his silver box:

"Game, gentlemen!"

The Great Benefit

Which people in a run-down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

A Puzzle.

The following proposition is left for the reader to think about:

If there are more people in the world than any one person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs.

This same proposition may be applied to the faces of human beings in the world. If the number of perceptible differences between two faces be not greater than the total number of the human race, then there must exist at least two persons who are to all appearances exactly alike. When it is considered that there are about 1,500,000,000 persons in the world, and that the human countenance does not vary, except within comparatively narrow limits, the truth of the proposition becomes obvious, without applying the logical reasoning of it. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

"All Wool and a Yard Wide."

When a great business house, of world-wide reputation for honesty, fair dealing and financial responsibility, feels warranted in attaching its certificate of guarantee to its goods, such action furnishes the best possible evidence that the products are believed to be just what they are represented to be. Such confidence on the part of manufacturers and venders naturally begets confidence in purchasers, and hence it is that there has grown to be, all over this great country, such an unprecedented demand for, and such implicit confidence in, that most popular liver, blood and lung remedy known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as no other medicine has ever before met with. It is sold by druggists,