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ABLISHED 1827.

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

Tin-type or Cabinet photograph,

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Gallery up stairs, next to Vought's

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 19. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2101.

Oils! Oils!

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Naphtha and Casoline,

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

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Satisfactory Oils

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EXECUTOR'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

The undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Jacob Custer, late of Stoystown Borough, deceased, will expose to sale by public outcry on the premises in Stoystown Borough, Somerset County, Pa., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late the property of said deceased, viz:

A certain lot of ground situate in said Stoystown Borough, bounded on the North by Main street, on the east by lot of Wm. A. McVicker, on the south by an alley and on the west by an alley, fronting 35 feet on Main street and being 160 feet in depth, having thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, a good stable, and other outbuildings.

TERMS: Ten per cent. of purchase money when the property is knocked down, one-half of balance on delivery of deed, and the remainder one year from the premises, and to bear 6 per cent. interest from date of judgment.
C. W. PUGH, Executor.
octt.

Scrofula

Is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of fœtal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a potent remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and color of health. Get Hood's.

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"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and suffered a long time with scrofula sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." MRS. E. C. CLIPPER, 6 Kidder St., Cleveland, O.

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Sold by all druggists. $1: six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

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— OF —
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Which is uniform in its results, besides in every other particular. Attested to by everyone who has given it a thorough trial, and their name is legion. The pure 8-year old

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A. H. NORCROSS, D. D.,
july8-6m.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town;
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenderdes!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotten pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear—
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,
Thirteen children they were in all—
All drifted into the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife "My darling will hear my call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide,"
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a seabird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each, and the sky and shore;
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of the water and creak of oar,
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold, gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
For the signal they know will bring relief;
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a shipman's foolish tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty, troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

TOMMY'S TOMBSTONE.

BY R. N. STEVENS.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old, and the skin of his attenuated face was to shrunk and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and cheek bones it had the color of faded brick.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rearward on a windy day.

His knees bent very comically when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the savings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a house and lot constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rearward.

The innocent old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having remained unmarried, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of these, Jerry Hurley, was a childless widower; a very estimable and highly respected man, who owned two farms, and the other, like himself, a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs Sparks said, "Jerry Hurley, all suddent like, just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley insured him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had once been his wife's, in Rearward cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm, and time went on—slowly, as usual, at Rearward.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave, and wondered when his heirs intended erecting a monument to his memory.

It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and willows wher only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend Jerry, remained unmarked. Jerry's friends had postponed the duty so long that they had grown callous to public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to avoid reproach; they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy, the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is!" Billy would reply, for the hundredth time.

It was in their eyes an omission almost equal to that of baptism or the funeral service.

One day as Tommy was aiding himself along the Main street of Rearward by means of a hickory stick, a frightful thought came to him. He turned cold and pale.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his grave?

"I'll hurry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking-foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent more than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking, there came the fear that even this money might be misapplied; even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's delay and indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would care whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place was designated or not? And once let the worms begin operations on this antique morsel, what would it matter to Rearward folks where the banquet was taking place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came off victorious, a gleeful smile momentarily lifting the dimness from his excessively lachrymal eyes.

"I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll go to-day to Ricketts, the marble-cutter, and order my own tombstone."

Three months thereafter Ricketts, the marble-cutter, untied the knot in the stocking that had been Tommy's and deposited the contents in the local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument, very lofty and elaborate; around it was an iron fence, within the enclosure there was no grave as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deep-cut letters but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rearwood, November 11, 1820; died ——. Gone whither the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was framed in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. His liking for this was mainly on account of its tune.

He had left the date of his death to be inserted by the marble-cutter after its occurrence.

Rearward folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a taciturn old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone on mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron enclosure, lock the gate ater him, and sit upon the ground that was intended some day to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this thin old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly pondering over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

One afternoon as he was thus engaged, he was suddenly assailed by a new apprehension.

Suppose Ricketts, the marble-cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death upon the space he had left vacant for it?

There was almost as likelihood of such an omission, but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound, and shuddered.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such time as to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

"Three score years and ten, says the Bible," he muttered to himself, as he walked homeward. "The scriptural lifetime'll do for me."

A week thereafter old Tommy gazed proudly upon the finished inscription.

"Died November 11, 1890," was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But its two years and more till November 11, 1890," said a voice at his side.

Tommy merely cast an indifferent look upon the speaker, and walked off without a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone.

No one had been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have communicated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks thither to the pleasant day. He went in weather the most perilous to so old and frail a man.

One of his long prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise him to take more and better care of his health.

"I can easily keep alive until the time comes," returned the antiquo. "There's only a year left."

Rapidly his hold upon life relaxed. A week before November 11, 1890, he went to bed and stayed there. People began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say, his decree—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness death threatened to come before the time set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man, "it's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days more. The tombstone must not lie.'

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie, nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of November 11th. Moreover, he had been in his senses when last awake, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock whenever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning, that's very sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after 11 o'clock?" said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching dissolution of his friend.

"Quite probably," replied the doctor.

"Good heavens! Tommy won't rest easy in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh, that won't matter!" said the niece.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's sacred wish to miscarry thus?

"Yes, 'twill matter," he said, in a loud whisper. "And if time won't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll have to make it. When did he last see the clock?"

"At half-past nine" said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to ten," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy said never a word, but plunged into his overcoat, threw on his hat and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I skin up them ladders in time?"

* * * * * *

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as was the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eye sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock began to clang.

He counted the strokes—eleven—and then he smiled and tried to speak again.

"Almost—live out—birthday—seventy—tombstone—all right."

He closed his eyes, and inasmuch as the town clock furnishes the official time for Rearward, the published report of Tommy McGuffy's going records that he passed away at twenty-five minutes after 11 p. m., November 11, 1899.

Very few people knew that the time was turned back one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rearward time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—*Phila. Press.*

Turn about is fair play, but who ever heard of inclement weather postponing itself for a pleasure party?"

Strictly Veracious.

A contemporary gives the following entertaining story of Mr. Labouchere, M. P.:

He was appointed secretary to the embassy at Constantinople, and received instructions from Lord Hammond, the permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs, to proceed at once to his new post. This, however, did not meet the views of Mr. Labouchere, and ten days later Lord Hammond was disagreeably surprised to see him coolly strolling down Piccadilly toward the park. The wrath of the imperious under secretary was boundless, and a few hours afterward Mr. Labouchere, whist at dinner at the St. James Club, received from the foreign office an angry looking letter bearing Lord Hammond's familiar signature in the left hand corner of the envelope.

Mr. Labouchere gazed at it for a moment, and then placed it unopened in his breast pocket. Two minutes later a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he ostentatiously transferred the missive from his breast pocket to his coat tail pocket. On the following morning he left London, but instead of traveling direct to Constantinople, he made his way to Baden Baden, where he remained a fortnight.

One evening, after having exhausted all his spare cash at the gaming tables, he was strolling through the gardens, when he suddenly bethought himself of Hammond's letter. On opening it he found that it contained, as he had expected, a furious scolding for having dared to remain in London in defiance of the instructions which he had received to join his post with all speed, and peremptory orders to proceed to the Bosphorus without further delay.

"There," remarked Mr. Labouchere to a friend who had accompanied him from England—"there you see the advantage of my having transferred old Hammond's letter from my breast pocket to my coat tail pocket; for I can now, without any departure from the truth, date my note acknowledging its receipt from Baden, and commence it in this way—'My Lord, your letter of the 20th instant has followed me on here.'"

Had no Confidence in It.

"No, I don't use it any more," he said, as he nodded in the direction of a phonograph in the corner of his office. "I used to dictate my letters into it, but I have given it up.

"Of course, before beginning my dictation I used to start it up to see that it was working all right and that the cylinder was not an old one. That's what I did a day or two ago, and the machine started out, 'Dear father.' George! but it startled me. It was the voice of my boy who was away it college; his very tones—I oouldn't be mistaken. Then it went on:

"'I am flat broke.'

"His old familiar words. I had heard them so often that I knew what was coming next and tried to shut the machine off, but it was too quick for me. It rattled out:

"'Please leave fifty dollars for me—Louis.'

"'I knew then that my boy was in town, and had been in the office while I was at lunch. I told the cashier to give him fifty dollars when he came back, and then put the case on the phonograph, locked it up and threw the key away. I can't do business with anything I haven't confidence in, and after my exerience with this machine I wouldn't be surprised if it ordered a bill of goods and then stood me off for the money. The blamed thing's to smooth."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Advice to Young Men.

Young men, in your youth either split rails or work on a canal boat. Then when you grow older the presidential chair may be yours. Do not dream of organizing a youthful band of faithful followers to go west and slaughter Indians, for the red men, with the assistance of bad whisky and government ammunition, are killing themselves as rapidly as possible.

Always speak kindly to your sick uncle. He may make a will some day, and perchance he might leave you one of the family spoons; or, even better, you might become the envied possessor of his antique oak boot-jack.

When your parents disagree on some slight subject preserve a discreet silence, and, if possible, leave the room; for when your father comes out second best, as he invariably will, he may take his revenge on your youthful hide.

Do not cry when you have to sit indoors and play with the little girls. As you grow older you will find that a little girl is a great comfort, even though she consents to be only a sister to you.

In sharing candy with your younger brother, always bear in mind that too much would make the little fellow sick. Remembering this, you will always be justified in taking the largest share for yourself.—*Money's Weekly.*

Heads of Two Noted Men.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas Moore was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!'" She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap! probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it, and preserved it with care in a leaden casket till the time of her death, and it is now enclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head in a red bag was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed, and kept it with her all her life, permitting favored friends, like Bishop Goodman, to see and even to kiss it. His son, Carew Raleigh, afterward preserved it with similar piety. It is supposed now to rest in the church of West Horsley, Surrey.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Cocoanut Tree.

The native proverb says, "A cocoanut tree is a bride's dowry," and really the many uses to which the palm and its products are put is wonderful. They provide a family with food, shelter, fuel, utensils, and, if need be, clothes.

It takes a long time for the cocoanut tree to attain its full condition of bearing—seven years—but when this time has passed it is a mine of wealth, and happy he who can call a plantation of a hundred acres his own.

The nuts when ripe fall to the ground, and where necessary are plucked by men who climb up. It sometimes makes one's blood run cold to see them run up the trees like monkeys. Two ways are practiced for mounting the trunk. In the case of a small tree the man walks up the trunk, keeping his feet flat against it, and throwing his weight back from it as much as possible, retaining his position at the same time by the tension of his arms. The other and safer plan is to pass a loop of cord around the feet, which are thus kept close together, and grasp the trunk of the tree, the arms in the meantime assisting the climber, who moves upward in a series of jumps.

The busy season on a cocoanut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager. Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an axe—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches itself from the shell. This is now what is called "copra," and is shipped to the nearest point of lading in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or made into oil, the refuse, oil cake or "poonak" being sold locally for food for cattle.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

Telepathy.

A young married lady related to me the following remarkable experience of this kind:

Shortly after her marriage she had accompanied her husband to India. It was toward the end of the mutiny, and she was separated from him—he being about forty miles away, and, as she believed, in great personal danger. For the first time in her young life she was left alone. One night on retiring to rest, feeling far from well, depressed, too, by the sense of lonliness and by anxiety on her husband's account, she "could not help crying," and fell, as she thought, into a troubled sleep, in which she dreamed or fancied that an elderly gentleman who had shown them much kindness on their first arrival in India, but who was then residing at a considerable distance, entered her room, and approaching her bed, said: "My dear child, I know well what you are suffering, and, believe me, I feel deeply for you," and that he stooped and kissed her. Though quite aware, she said, that it was merely a vision, she felt greatly consoled.

The mutiny ended, she was with her husband in Calcutta at an evening party, at which she met their friend. He expressed his pleasure at seeing her again after a long interval. "It is not so long," she replied, "since I saw you," and she described the vision. With expressions of the utmost astonishment, he declared that he himself had had a similar vision, or rather dream. "I dreamed that I saw you crying, and tried to console you and kissed you."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Too Clever.

The report that the Tilden will case was at an end was premature. It is a good deal nearer the front end than the latter end. Once there was a lawyer who closed up an estate case, but he died many years ago. He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office and his father finally retired and gave the business to him. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said:

"Father, you know that old Gilpin estate case that you have been trying for years and years to settle?"

"Yes," answered the father, with a suggestion of a smile.

"Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got at it."

"What!" shouted the old lawyer. "You have settled the Gilpin estate?"

"Yes; and it was as easy as rolling off a log."

"Well, you idiot, you! Why, that estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations, and might have paid them for four more if I hadn't left the business to a ninny."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mortifying for the Girl.

The late Emperor William objected to the banker Bleichroeder, and it was only by dint of the pressure exercised upon his venerable majesty by Bismarck that Bleichroeder and his daughter were very reluctantly invited to court balls. Once his guests, the old monarch determined that the banker and Miss Bleichroeder should be hospitably treated, and finding that the young lady lacked partners and was left to sit out all the dance, he himself in person ordered every young officer whom he met in the ballroom to invite her to dance.

Much to their annoyance, the gilded youths of the guard were forced to obey. They did so after their own fashion, however, and marching up to the lady one after another they exclaimed in far from engaging or affable tones, "Most gracious fraulein, by the commands of his imperial and royal majesty I invite you to dance with me." The poor girl's mortification may be more easily imagined than described.

"Did you see papa," said Ethel, playfully.

"Yes, I did, and he grossly insulted me."

"Why, how?"

He said: "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

A New York woman of 45 years of age has been married to her fifteenth husband. All of her husbands but the last are dead.

Strictly Business.

The big man was half drunk, and when he leered at the young woman she tried to pass him on the extreme outer edge of the sidewalk. He stepped in front of her, and she tried to pass to the other side of him. He was in front of her again and exclaimed:

"Don't hurry, my pretty."

She was about to turn and run, when another man emerged from the shadow of a building.

"Hold on there," he said. "What's the matter?"

"None of your business," retorted the first man.

"Well, we'll see," said the second. "You've been annoying this lady."

"Mebbe she's your wife," sneered the first.

"Well, she ain't."

"Or your sister."

"No."

"Or your sweetheart."

"Never saw her before."

"Oh, you're trying to make a mash, too, are you?"

Puglists would have called the blow a "beautiful one," but the kick that followed it would certainly have been declared a "foul."

"Oh, sir!" cried the young woman, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, "I—"

"Go on home," exclaimed her champion.

"But, sir, you have—"

"Go on home, I tell you, and don't be chasing around nights again," he interrupted.

"But your noble action," she began again.

"Noble nothing!" he interrupted again. "I've been watching for that man for six weeks, and It's the first time I've found him so drunk that I could smash him without getting the worst of it. Go on home. This was business, not romance. He beat me out of $1.50."

He lit a cigar and sauntered down the street with the air of a man who had settled an outstanding account.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Providing Water for Wayfarers.

The providing of water for thirsty travelers has long been held a religious duty in the East. By the doors of the little-domed houses, covering the tombs of Mohammedan saints, are often to be found large jars of water, with a vessel to lift the cooling liquid to the lips of the passer by. Many travelers must have seen the curiously figured earthen jar beside the door of the little well at Magdala. The villagers keep it constantly replenished with fresh water from the lake, such service to wayfarers being esteemed very well pleasing to the saint, whose last resting place is thus honored. There are certain fanatical religious sects in Syria who may never drink from a vessel which has once touched the lips of a stranger; yet seldom will they refuse a drink of cold water to the traveler, although they must immediately destroy the vessel from which he has drunk.

Pumpkins for Fattening Swine.

The farmer who is so fortunate as to have a good supply of pumpkins has a valuable food in them as a part ration for his fattening hogs. It is claimed by some, says *National Stockman*, that hogs will fatten on them as their only food. A writer in *The Farmers' Review*, commenting on the forgoing, says: "We would not care to risk the statement so far as to undertake to fit a lot of hogs far market with them. We would feed as many each day as the hogs would eat up clean and then give them all the corn they would consume besides. Young hogs with a ration of pumpkins each day will stand a much longer feeding on corn than they would if fed corn alone. There can be no doubt that the mixed ration will be much better assimilated than the corn when fed alone. It is a wasteful way of feeding to throw out enough corn or pumpkins, or both at one time, to last the hogs two or three days. Their food should be given to them sweet and clean at least twice a day."

Another plan of feeding pumpkins to hogs that has been found to produce excellent results is to begin early in the fall. While the fattening hogs are in the pasture lots given them all they will eat as long as the supply lasts, then begin with the corn. Pumpkins alone will fatten hogs quite rapidly, but the pork from such feeding is soft and undesirable, and needs a finishing with corn to make it first class. Pumpkins are cheaper than corn, besides being a specially health giving food; hence the fat and flesh added in the beginning is more economically produced and the profits proportionately increased.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and colds, will try Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases that cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes troubles.

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

The working classes of Italy are very poorly fed. The consumption of meat is very scant, except on feast days, and but little wine is drunk. Living is exclusively confined to cereals, wheat, maize and rice, with vegetables and other green herbs, cooked with bacon.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with La-Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it.

Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large size 50c and $1.

Brevet Widows.

Last week I went to see my friend the Colonel, a Virginian, who was a distinguished officer on the side of the South.

Since the war his duties as consulting engineer have taken him all over the country, and being a close observer, his opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. As we sat smoking on the wide piazza and watching the growing moonlight gradually discovering the grounds of the adjoining mansion, I saw a number of ladies looking eastward and heard them commenting in low, melodious voices on the glories of the night.

"Four maiden sisters," whispered the Colonel, "and they are the owners and, with the servants, the sole occupants of that fine old mansion."

"It is evident that your wife has unbounded faith in you," I laughed, "or she would not leave