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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 2106.

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Eternal Vigilance, Hood's Sarsaparilla, 100 Doses One Dollar, THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Somerset, Penn'a., CAPITAL \$50,000, SURPLUS \$6,000, DEPOSIT RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS PAYABLE ON DEMAND, ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED, DISCOUNTS DAILY, BOARD OF DIRECTORS: LAURENCE M. HOOKER, W. H. MILLER, JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER, JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL, FRED W. ENDLEY, EDWARD SCULL, : : : : PRESIDENT, VALENTINE HAY, : : : : VICE PRESIDENT, ANDREW PARKER, : : : : CASHIER, JOHN H. KUNTZ, : : : : TREASURER, JOHN O. KIMMEL, : : : : ATTORNEY, JOHN E. UHL, : : : : ATTORNEY, JAMES L. PUGH, : : : : ATTORNEY, JOSEPH M. DAVIS, : : : : ATTORNEY, JOSEPH M. MILLER, : : : : ATTORNEY, Wm. Endley, : : : : ATTORNEY, J. J. COLEMAN, : : : : ATTORNEY, S. V. OGLE, : : : : ATTORNEY, F. J. KOOSER, : : : : ATTORNEY, H. A. ENDLEY, : : : : ATTORNEY, H. J. BAER, : : : : ATTORNEY, W. H. BISHOP, : : : : ATTORNEY, JOHNSTOWN SUPPLY HOUSE, JOHN H. WATERS & BRO., PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, A. H. HUSTON, Boggs & Buhl, Undertaker and Embalmer, Collins, Caskets and Robes, A Good Hearse, Salemen Wanted, A. H. Huston, Boggs & Buhl, Undertaker and Embalmer, Collins, Caskets and Robes, A Good Hearse, Salemen Wanted, A. H. Huston, Boggs & Buhl, Undertaker and Embalmer...

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AT FIRST, On the little boys, for when their mothers say to keep them home from play, all they have to do is to take off one of their legs and look it up, and then the lad has to stay at home for else go on one-legged. She said that wives found this was a good way to keep drinking husbands at home rights. When a person had a disease in one member, all he had to do was to just shed it for a time and leave it with the doctor and go about his business with the rest of his constituency, as usual. "For instance," she said, "you can have an incision made in your scalp, and have your brains touched and cleaned just as well as your watch, and quite as cheaply. Then you can go to work the same day as usual and never miss them." That was a rather equivocal remark, but I hoped she didn't mean anything by it, and I simply told her that I didn't think it worth while; I never met mine enough to make it pay. On the way I took a drink at the wonderful spring, which was inclosed in an elegant building of stone and connected by pipes with all the surrounding villages. I postulated a trial of the marvelous effects of the water. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid to "let myself loose."

To Bathe or Not to Bathe? "No practice, however long established," says the London Lancet, "has ever been allowed a permanent right to respect." Probably this remark is a little too sweeping. One can think of several practices that are of universal observance which have obtained since the flood. These practices grow out of human necessities, and are, perhaps, the exceptions which prove the rule. At any rate the saying of the Lancet is smart enough and true enough to be striking. It grew out of a criticism of the utility of daily bathing. It is the general opinion that it is a good thing to bathe often. This belief, however, is more a matter of opinion than of practice. The large majority of men and women, we are satisfied, do not thoroughly wash themselves from top to toe once a month. From childhood to old age some people dread the application of soap and water with a sort of feline delicacy which is incomprehensible to persons disposed to cleanliness. A noted medical practitioner once told the writer that there was no need of bathing. "You might as well grease yourself all over," said he. "Look at the noble Comanche. Where will you find a more lithe and lustrous specimen of agile muscular manhood? He never bathes. He lathers the water with soap as seen an antipathy as does a mad dog. Take my advice, young man. Initiate the Comanche. What he knows he knows by experience, just as a bear knows that his place is on dry land, and as a heaver knows he can live in the sea." Against the good doctor and his little Indians we can set up a more ancient and authentic system of hygiene. Since the time when it was commanded to Moses, "Thou shalt be clean," and his sons onto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation and wash them with water," the authority for ablution has been indisputable and the sanitary value of it admitted. But there is too much of a good thing. Hot baths bring out the dirt and scurf; and if too frequently indulged in they lead to exhaustion. A person with a cardiac ailment, or troubled with nervous headache, should have a care in taking hot baths. Cold bathing is also unadvised to enfeeble bodies or persons with chronic visceral ailments. But there is wonderful virtue in the cold bath for robust men and women. A cold plunge, with vigorous rubbing afterward, is a better nerve tonic than can be bought of the apothecary. There is a healthy temperature for a bath. It is not too hot, which can scarcely hurt any one. This settles the question of utility. It is such a heavenly thing to be clean that it is sinful to be unclean. Whoever it was that said "cleanliness is next to godliness," gave utterance to a hygienic fact and an intellectual truth which deserves a place in the bill of rights as a fundamental condition of good living in our modern age. Dr. Robert Collyer said: "I think the American people, take them all in, are the best dressed of any people in the world." Charles A. Dana has just passed seventy-two years old. When he was asked some time ago how he preserved his youthful vigor so marvelously as he has done, he replied: "I live well and take rational exercise. I have no hobbies about plain and simple food, but eat everything I can get that is good and that pleases my appetite. I am very fond of tea. Theoretically, of course, I am an abstemious man. Experience has taught every sensible man's selection of his food." Mr. Dana is right. "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Salvation in Africa. Col. Thomas McKie, of the London Headquarters staff of the Salvation Army, arrived on the Alameda last Thursday. The Colonel is on a tour around the world and has passed several months in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. "I consider South Africa offers more advantages to settlers at the present time than any of the Australian or New Zealand colonies," said Col. McKie yesterday. "There is a mistaken impression about the Kaffirs. They are the most moral and friendly people in the world. Foragers who have observed their habits of life for many years told me that they are a remarkably virtuous people, and drunkenness is unknown among them. Their social laws admit of no extenuating circumstances in offenses against morals, and every offense is punishable with death. "They all practice polygamy and their knaves are inhabited by the husband, wives, children, fowls and calves, all in glorious confusion. They drink a light kind of beer they make themselves, but they would not take night and day for a month before they would become intoxicated. "The diamond mines about Kimberley play an important part in the ambition of nearly every Kaffir youth. As soon as he is able to work he appropriates himself for a period of six years to a mining company and receives no pay till the expiration of that period. Then he takes his wages and purchases as many head of cattle as he can, and with these proceeds the delight of his heart and the consummation of his ambition—a plenty of cows. "The price of a wife varies from six head of cattle in fully, according to looks and social standing. A king's daughter fetches the highest price, naturally. "After marriage a native does literally nothing but dance, smoke, keep a lookout for a new wife as often as his stock will permit him to indulge in such luxuries, and when required to go on the war path."—San Francisco Examiner.

How to Live. Regular living with properly cooked food are the best medicines for averting much of the dyspepsia and other troubles to which humanity is subject. Speaking of good cooking, Robert B. Roosevelt, ex-Minister to the Hague, says: "It is at the foundation of all happiness, for there can be no health without it, and it should be taught in our public schools before even the three R's." Jay Gould says: "I do not myself believe that any man can stand the strain of a large business unless he lives on the simplest food he can get." Dr. Richard A. McCurdy declares emphatically in favor of French cooking. E. B. Harper, president of the Mutual Beneficial Fund Association, says: "The gospel of good living is one of the most important of all things earthly." Dr. Talma says: "No man can be a Christian if his stomach is out of order." Henry Ward Beecher, before he had dyspepsia himself, spoke in a similar strain, denouncing sickness as a criminal. Dr. Robert Collyer said: "I think the American people, take them all in, are the best dressed of any people in the world." Charles A. Dana has just passed seventy-two years old. When he was asked some time ago how he preserved his youthful vigor so marvelously as he has done, he replied: "I live well and take rational exercise. I have no hobbies about plain and simple food, but eat everything I can get that is good and that pleases my appetite. I am very fond of tea. Theoretically, of course, I am an abstemious man. Experience has taught every sensible man's selection of his food." Mr. Dana is right. "One man's meat is another man's poison."

A Well-Deserved Rebuke. The man who disregards the rights of others will certainly come to grief. We have met the young man of whom the one mentioned below is a type. We would not wish him ill, but we feel confident that if he lives long enough he will see himself as they see him. One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat and clean-washed hair, dressed in a western city and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car. When he reached the station, the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant. "Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here 'gimme one," and he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart everyone of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's greasy coat and overcoat. "Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire. "Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car. That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the state, armed with recommendations and endorsement, an applicant for a position under the state government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any thought. Glancing over his papers, the governor said: "Hi—no, yes; you want me to appoint you to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time." "Why—why so?" stammered the young fellow. "Because I saw you pay for a street-car ticket this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled the platform. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine, too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?" I have been troubled with ostia for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for ostia and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M. Quonochontung, R. I.

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