The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.
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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 29. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2111.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
Somerset, Penn'a.
—o—
CAPITAL $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $7,000.
—o—
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,
Josiah Specht, Jonas M. Cook,
John H. Snyder, John Snyff,
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Snyff, Noah S. Miller.
Wm. Endsley.
Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.
Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.
Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes with most approved time lock.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.
Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar5-6m

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY.
121 & 123 4th Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Capital, $500,000 full paid.)
(Insures titles to Real Estate.)
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, Assignee, Receiver, &c.
DEALERS IN RELIABLE
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
Rents boxes in its Superior Vaults from $5 per annum upwards. Receives deposits and loans only on mortgages and approved collaterals.
JOHN B. JACKSON, President.
JAMES J. DONNELL, V. Pres't.
C. B. McVAY, Sec. and Treas.

BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE.
THE NEW ROOM IN THE
DIBERT BUILDING,
Corner Main and Franklin Sts.,
Is where Mens, Womens', And Children' Footwear, Of Best Quality, and at LOWEST PRICES can be found, in styles of all makes. I am prepared to compete with one and all dealers in the State. All I ask is a trial.
SCOTT DIBERT.

NO. 88 FRANKLIN STREET.
JOHNSTOWN SUPPLY HOUSE.
JOHN H. WATERS & BRO.
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.
We are now established in our new building, which, we can safely say, is the best-arranged for our business in Western Pennsylvania.
Everything pertaining to the Plumbing, Steam and Gas business is carried in stock.
We will, as formerly, give careful attention to the STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING business. Our former efforts in this line embrace some of the largest buildings in the county, with entire success.
In the SUPPLY DEPARTMENT we carry a full line of Rubber and Leather Belting, Steam and Water Hose, Valves, Injectors, Lubricators, Steam Gauges, Iron Pipe Fitting, Etc. Prices quoted on application.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING
A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
MANUFACTURING STATIONER
— AND —
BLANK BOOK MAKER.
HANNAH BLOCK,
JOHNSTOWN PA

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Somerset, for the election of Directors for the year A. D., 1892, will be held in the banking rooms in the First National Bank building, Somerset, Pa., on Tuesday, January 12, 1892, between the hours of one and three o'Clock, P. M.

ANDREW PARKER,
Cashier.

Eternal Vigilance
Is the price of good health. But with all the precaution we may take there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Scrofula and other impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations, and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease. It builds up in a perfectly natural way all the wearied parts, vitalizes, enriches and
Purifies the Blood
And assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver. If you need a good medicine you should certainly take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE
"Bee-Hive"
STORE!
Read This and Be Enlightened.
This year we have made a special effort to place before the people the Choicest Goods that the best manufacturers produce, which we think will please the trade.
CLOTHING.
Mens', Youths', Boy's and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats. Our stock is very large, consisting of an immense line of New Novelties, as well as all of the leading Standard Grades.
Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods.
We have the Finest and the most Complete Assortment of new and popular styles you ever laid your eyes on.
CARPETINGS.
We keep in stock a line of Carpets that will justify any one to examine. Also, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Carpet Lining, Druggets, Rugs, Hassocks, Cocoa Mats, etc.
TRUNKS AND SACHELS.
We pay special attention to Trunks and Sachels, and always strive to keep just what the people want in this Line, at the lowest possible prices. We have lately enlarged our
Dress Goods Department.
A stock of Fall and Winter Dress Goods that will be sure to please. We have carefully selected goods that accord with modern taste. Come in and learn what pleasure, satisfaction and economy there is in trading with the "BEE-HIVE" STORE.
"For ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done."
Laying principles aside, it would be unwise for us to encourage unreliable methods, for we would soon lose the confidence of all. With the foregoing sentiment in mind we are,
Yours to Command,
Knepper & Ferner,
One Door North of Post Office.

Jacob D. Swank,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next door west of Lutheran Church.
Somerset, Pa.
Having opened up a shop in this place, I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your holiday purchases.

NEW GOODS!
GO TO THE
Somerset Clothing House
For Bargains in Mens', Boys', and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats. Also, for your Carpets in all kinds and styles, from 20 cents to $1,60.
J. M. HOLDERBAUM.

A BACHELOR'S REGRETS.

Stealing through the halls of memory
Comes the sound of tripping feet,
Comes a troop of laughing maidens
To my bachelor retreat;
Eyes of midnight, eyes of azure,
Golden hair and ebon curls;
Surely ne'er were bound together
Such a bunch of merry girls!

Do I rise and bid them welcome?
No: I fain would bar the door,
For I know they come to taunt me
With the long gone days of yore.
They are only fancy's creatures,
Blooms of early summer, lost
On the sward of waning autumn,
Yet I dread these chances lost!

There is Sibyl, like a fairy
Upshe steals behind my chair:
On my eyelids rest her fingers;
I must guess what maid is there.
I am sure you liked me, Sibyl;
Had I dared my love avow,
You I guess—confound my slowness!
What's the use of guessing now?

Dorothy, you little Quaker,
How I loved your looks demure!
Your best weapons were your blushes,
For their wounds time cannot cure.
Well I knew your heart was sunshine,
That restraint you could discard;
I was thinking of proposing
When I got your wedding card!

Netta, charming, stately Netta—
Netta with the cheek of snow,
You and I were nearly lovers
In the golden long ago.
You've a sta who always made me
Very welcome at the house;
You've a friend who, had he courage,
Would to-day have been your spouse.

Laura, I shall ere remember
That sweet evening at the beach;
Scores of times before my mirror
I'd rehearsed a certain speech.
What a splendid chance I had, dear,
Buttoning that tiny glove!
But I prattled—that's the word, dear—
Prattled everything but love!

Pretty shadows ere you leave me,
My confession pray you hear,
I extol this blank existence
To the world's astonished ear:
But when lonely, in my chamber,
Oft I reckon up the cost,
And I think in deepest sorrow
Of the chances I have lost!
—*N. Y. Herald.*

NAN'S CONQUEST.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Mr. Edward Carpenter was described by the gossips of Snowville as a "crusty old bachelor, too hateful to live," having refused for some 25 or 30 years to yield to the inclinations of maid or widow. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house, occupying the lower floor only, and his domestic duties were performed by Jonathan Stubbs, who was older and crustier than his master, but who cooked and cleaned to his entire satisfaction.

Unprejudiced eyes would have seen that Mr. Carpenter was yet on the bright side of fifty, that his features were fine, his eyes large and expressive, and the form that he clothed in mean, shabby garments, was erect and vigorous. That he was wealthy, all Snowville knew, as well as that there was but a small part of his large income spent upon his personal wants.

But he was stern, harsh to the boys, savage to the intruders upon his privacy, and had frequently been heard to declare that—

"He hated a widow or a brat. If anything was more detestable than a widow, it was a brat; and if anything could possibly be worse than a brat, it was a widow."

Therefore, May Carroll, being a widow, though not yet twenty four, and mother of Nan, who was out four, bestowed upon Mr. Carpenter her most scornful glances and withering frowns.

Nan was a tiny creature—blue-eyed, fair-haired; and to see her draw up her childish stature to its full height and flash contempt from her baby face, was really something wonderful.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old Snap-'em-up," from the short cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proved. But everybody in Snowville knew the name.

Still it was rather startling to the proprietor of the title, when sauntering through the woods just at dusk one summer evening, to feel a wee, cold hand slipped into his own, and to hear a pitiful voice say:

"Please old Snap-'em-up, take Nan home; Nan's lost!"

He looked down. A baby face, red with weeping, purple with berry stains, but beautiful with its large brown eyes and rosy lips, looked up at him. No hat, and the golden curls all tangled; one shoe quite gone; an apron, berry-stained and torn; her hands grimy and dress to match. That was Nan!

"Nan's so tired," she pleaded, "and the little chicky is runned far away."

Was that Mr. Carpenter who lifted the child and put her on a fallen tree as tenderly as her mother could have done? Was that old Snap-'em-up who said, "The naughty chick!" and then dipped his handkerchief in a little run of water, and gently washed Nan's face and grimy hands?

"Yes, it was," said Nan, "and it runned so far that Nan lost her shoe and hurted her foot, and she's so tired. Please take me home!"

And she was lifted into strong arms and cradled so comfortably that she was fast asleep when Mr. Carpenter met Mrs. Carroll in distracted search of her darling, and did not hear him say in his gruffest tones:

"Yes, I found her. Here she is, and I wish people would look after their own brats, and not let them run wild all over the town."

How could the mother's thanks be gracious after such a speech as that?

But she did not fail to give her timid acknowledgment of his kindness, her great blue eyes misty with tears, and her little white hands trembling as they stretched out to receive her one treasure.

"You know I am teaching all day," she said, in apology, "and I must leave Nan with Jane, or I cannot earn sufficient to feed her."

A grunt was the answer to this, and Mr Carpenter strode homeward, frowning heavily, like the woman-hater he was known to be. How could Mrs. Carroll know that just such baby blue eyes as her's had desolated his life, just such a wee rosy mouth spoken false vows and broken faith.

But Nan remembered the gentle touch, the sympathetic voice, long after that naughty chicky was entirely lost. She was a thorough gypsy, always wandering away in spite of Jane's vigilance, and was as independent as a boy, perfectly fearless and full of resources.

Snowville's Main street was the magnet that was most powerful; and when Jane, at the hours when Mrs. Carroll might be expected, went in search of Nan, she was usually found lost in admiration at the window of the fine shops that comprised the mercantile enterprise of snowville,

It was three weeks after he met her in the woods, that Mr. Carpenter, walking up Main street, felt again a little hand in his, and looked down upon Nan's yellow curls and big, brown eyes.

"Good morning, sir," said Nan, politely.

No answer, but a scowl, yet the little hand still nestled closely. Presently, still walking beside her friend by election of one, she said:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," as if in reproachful reminder that her greeting had not been answered. The tone said:

"If you are too rude to inquire how I am, I am surely polite enough to tell you."

Still no answer, and the heavy beard concealed the quivering lips, and then the little hand gave a strong pull, and the baby voice said, imperiously:

"Candy!"

"Candy?" said the bewildered bachelor, stopping, obedient to the pull.

"Candy! Nan wants some!"

And the wee finger was extended to a tempting row of molasses-candy pans in the window of the only cake and candy store in Snowville.

A silver piece was put in the rosy palm by Mr. Carpenter, amazed at himself and hoping that nobody was looking. But Nan was still holding fast to his hand.

"You come, too!"

"No, no," he said hastily; "get your candy and run home!" And gently disengaging himself, he hurried off.

But a silver piece bought more candy than Nan had ever before possessed, a great, sticky parcel her baby hands could scarcely grasp. Eager to show her prize, and to share it, she ran quickly down the lane leading to Mr. Carpenter's house and reaching it, thumped on the door with all the strength of her baby fists. Jonathan Stubbs was out, and nobody came. Nan pounded till she was tired, and then her restless eyes spied a little round window, wide open.

It was such a small window that burglars could find no entrance there; but it was over a water-butt, and under the butt was a bench. How she scaled the water-butt and wriggled in the window, without losing the precious paper of candy, must ever remain a mystery. But she dropped through, on the floor of a wide hallway, and looked about her.

Door after door yielded to her sticky grasp; and at last Mr. Carpenter was startled to see, right before him, Nan's little figure and tiny hand holding a big parcel of sticky sweetness.

"See!" cried the baby voice, in glad triumph; "I got all that. I brought you some."

Would anybody in Snowville have believed it if he had seen her perched on the bachelor's knee, forcing bits of candy between his lips, prattling happily, and receiving such gentle caresses as won her baby heart forever. Nobody saw them, the strong man and the little child, as they exchanged kisses. Nobody heard them as they talked freely of nursery experience, and gave each other views of the merits of "stupid dollies that can't talk, and nice, dear little chickies and kitties that play,"

Day after day Nan wriggled through the little window, missed only by Jane, and coming home before the weary little mother completed her daily round of teaching.

Snowville began to wonder "what had come to Mr. Carpenter." The rough, shaggy beard gave way to a pair of silky whiskers that didn't scratch Nan's face when he kissed her. The shabby clothes were replaced by a suit of cheviot, because she turned up her dainty nose at the fringe on the trousers and the grease on the coat. White linen took the place of gray flannel, at her request, to "look like the picture," after discovering a photograph taken years before.

Nobody guessed how the baby fingers were tearing away the crust a woman's treachery had spread over a tender, generous heart, and letting in the sunshine of protecting love. Jonathan guessed, but Jonathan was mute.

It was winter weather, when one morning Mrs. Carroll, who was giving a music lesson, was startled by a boy, who rushed into her pupil's room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-'em-up is a killin' o' your Nan! you can hear a-screamin' way down the road!"

The mother flew to the rescue. Already there was a crowd around the house, and everybody talked at once. Doors and windows were barred and bolted; but from its fastness came wailing cries:

"Oh come to Nan! Oh, mamma, come!"

And then wordless screams of childish fear and agony. No mother could long endure them, and in answer to her frenzied appeals two men forced the door. The first object that greeted them was old Jonathan, gagged, and bound fast to one of the hall chairs. Hurrying on, guided by the child's cries, they opened the door of the room where Mr. Carpenter spent most of his life. The master of the house lay on the floor, senseless, and bleeding; and kneeling beside him was the child, screaming with terror.

Gentle hands lifted him; a doctor was hastily summoned, and life came back, very faint and fluttering. But there was a smile for the child as the injured man's eyes rested upon her. She had clung to him so desperately that no one had the heart to force her away, and it was Mrs. Carroll who deftly assisted the doctor, as he bandaged and patched up the sorely wounded man.

Investigation proved that Mr. Carpenter had been robbed of a large sum of money, drawn from the bank the day before, and it was in a vain endeavor to fight three men at once that he was stabbed, and felled by a blow upon the head.

For many long weeks he lay upon his bed, and the child was invariably perched beside him. Mrs. Carroll had to take her away to her meals and bed, and when she came for her how could she come empty-handed? Jonathan never made such jellies and broths as the widow brought, and with which the child fed the invalid. And if another little hand steadied the grasp of the spoon, there was no word of objection spoken. If little feminine comforts crept in to take the place of Jonathan's well-meant but clumsy devices, who could blame the womanly pity that suggested them?

The doctor said the injuries were fatal, and no one in Snowville was inclined to blame Mrs. Carroll's ministrations to a dying man. But for once medical judgment was at fault. June roses were in bloom when the calls were reversed, and Mr. Carpenter began to visit Mrs. Carroll, though Nan still crept through the round window.

There was a wedding in October, eyes being true eyes this time, and love vows made in heartfelt sincerity. But Mrs. Carpenter laughingly declares her husband was Nan's conquest, and only married her that he might give Nan a father's love and care.

A Useful Machine.

"Got any good butter?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm. How's that strike you, mum?" answered the market man.

The woman took a bite out of the sliver that the man extended to her on the point of his big knife, rolled what she had bitten off back and forth on her tongue and swallowed it.

"Tastes pretty good," she said.

"Yes'm; it's very fine butter. Shall I do you up some, mum?"

Before answering this somewhat leading question the woman put her eyeglasses astride her nose and peeped anxiously into the firkin. Then, shutting her lips tightly together, she said: "No, I don't like the color. "It's too white. I want yeller butter."

"Well, how's this?" demanded the dealer, uncovering another lot. "That's almost golden. Do you like that butter, mum?"

She did. She bought ten pounds of it, put in her basket and walked proudly away.

"Same identical butter," remarked the dealer in a stage whisper after the woman had gone, "only there's just a mite more color in the last lot. None of it is worth anything. It's all worked-over stuff."

"What's 'worked-over stuff?'" asked a *Times* reporter, who had heard all the talk between the dealer and his customer.

"Why, don't you know what working over is? I suppose I'll have to tell you. Well, imagine that I'm a storekeeper way out west, running a general store in a prairie town. The farmers buy my goods and I buy theirs. Of course I must buy their butter, all of it—everything called butter that is offered. Some of it's in balls, some in cubes, some in rolls, some in tubs and some in chunks. It's pretty near all colors of the rainbow, too.

"Now, what can I do with the stuff? Ship it east? No, that won't do. Nobody east wants to buy a variety show in butter. What can I do with it? Just you tell me."

"That's more than I know," answered the reporter.

"Why, it's easy as can be. I will work the butter over in my butter-worker down in the cellar. It's a box with a great big roller in it. I chuck all the butter into that worker. Then I set the roller a-going. In five minutes I have a mixture, but it isn't fit to pack. It's streaky and spotted, a dab of yellow and a patch of white, a line of mud and a shade of pink. What next? Can you suggest anything?"

"Nothing," answered the reporter.

"Well I'll tell you. I take a little bottle off the shelf and shake a few drops out of it into my butter-worker, and then roll some more. Pretty soon the spots and the stripes disappear, and in a little while I've a mass of butter all of one color, and I can make it light yellow, or dark yellow as I like, to suit my customer.

"Then I take the stuff out and pack it in firkins, and mark each firkin 'choice creamery butter,' and send it east, and fools like that woman who was just in here buy it and eat it."—*N. Y. Times.*

A Western Hustler.

The most unique managing editor in the wide world registered at a Clark street hotel last evening. He is E. T. Wilson, of Tacoma, Wash., and for a few weeks made things hum around the Ledger office in that city. The paper is one of the richest and oldest in the State of Washington. It is owned by a real estate speculator who has not time, nor inclination, nor talent to devote to the property. One day Wilson landed in Tacoma and began to write letters to himself and talk of his powers as a newspaper man. His action, says the Chicago *Herald*, pleased the owner of the Ledger, and in a few weeks he was installed as managing editor plenipotentiary. One of the writers on the paper was Clinton A. Snowden, formerly managing editor of the *Times* of this city.

Wilson said that he was working too hard and told him to go out into the day. After employing a new staff in the office Editor Wilson began to strengthen the paper outside of Washington. He sent special correspondents to Cincinnatti, Buffalo, New Jersey and Texas, with orders to keep the wires hot. In a short while more matter came into the little office than could be used in four papers. The State Legislature was in session at Olympia, and Wilson sent a man there with orders to engage eight or ten rooms in the best hotel and keep a carriage. He gave a reporter $100 one day to get intoxicated and write up his experience. The reporter went to work with a grim determination, and after drinking a few glasses began to gamble.

He won over $1200 with the office money playing faro, bought a town lot and turned in about two lines, stating that he didn't remember what happened during the seance. At the time of the November elections Wilson sent twenty men to various places in Oregon to send in the returns from that state. The Oregon election was held in October, and the reporters who went down there sent up a copy of an old Oregon paper containing the returns. And so it went. One day Mr. Radebaugh, the proprietor of the *Ledger*, learned that his paper was some $50,000 behind. Then the spectacular methods of his managing editor came to light, and they haven't seen him since.—*New York Recorder.*

Begins at the foot of the ladder—the hod carrier.

1892—Leap Year.

Has it occurred to you, ladies, that 1892 is leap year?

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky and tell each despairing maid that her hour approaches. Not for long will she be forced to pine in solitude, blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the desert air. Her day is coming—the hour in which she can corner the young man of her choice and tell him that life without him will be a void, a howling wilderness. She can soothe his agitation, quiet his fluttering heart, press his manly form in her arms and kiss him smack on the mouth even if he should resist.

Ring out, wild bells, and tell the coquettish widow to lay in an extra stock of war paint and tomahawks, for her hour is, too, at hand. Never backward about manifesting by gentle look, smile or sigh her preferenes, she will be at her perihelion during 1892. And vain will be the attempt of man to escape from the sunshine of her affection. He who trusts himself in the society of some man's relict in leap year is lost.

Ring out, wild bells, and tell those who have lost even the semblance of hope—those ancient virgins who have looked through many a weary year for the man to come and have ever been disappointed—that hope is not dead even for them; that the door of opportunity will soon be ajar and they alone will be to blame if they enter not, aye, and shut and barricade it behind them.

Woman goes through life in a one-half, one third, one quarter sort of fashion. Even in the most important steps of her career she is condemned to wait. She must stand back with her finger in her mouth and watch the man she would prefer drift from her without making a sign of distress.

But some philanthropist, to whom women should be eternally grateful, ordained that once in four years they should have a whack at proposing. Leap year is deservedly popular with the ladies.

And the men—what of their feelings in the matter? Do they, timid, shy, frightened lambs, wish to be pursued? Small difference to the resolute woman who proposes to do matrimonial business. She cares not for timidity or coyness. Her time for skirmishing is short—it must be fierce.

Rouse maids and widows! the battlefield is open for the conflict.—*Edith Sessions Tupper.*

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon.

Tax on Bachelors.

The new state of Wyoming, besides rejoicing in female suffrage, has just passed a law placing a tax of $2 a year on all bachelors. Is this tax a sequel to women voting? Kate Field, speaking of them says:

"Whether the fact that women vote there has anything to do with this new departure I don't know. Why isn't it a just tax? Society says to a woman: 'It is your business to be married as soon after you have made your debut as possible. Otherwise you will be called an old maid, than which there can be no epithet more odious. But you can't choose a husband. That would be most unwomanly. You must wait to be asked.' * * * * Just so long as women are taunted for living in single blessedness, just so long ought unmarried men to be taxed. This tax should begin at the age of thirty and be doubled every five years."

The trouble is that in Wyoming there is a large excess of male population. The importation of women would seem to be a necessity to give the boys a chance. If that was attempted on a large scale, protection might enter into the question with a tax on female immigration to secure to the Wyoming women the most enlarged choice of husbands. Clearly the rights of men are in danger.

And Horace was Cold.

Mr. Greeley was in the habit on Sundays after church, of going down to the *Tribune* office to examine his exchanges. It was a cold day in winter, and the janitor looking in, found him hudled up close to the radiator, poring over his papers, evidently enjoying the warmth. A very visible smile was on the janitor's face when he exclaimed to the distinguished editor:

"Didn't you know that there was no heat in the building on Sunday?"

"No," thundered Greely; "I shall be cold the rest of the afternoon now." And he went on with his exchanges.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Benefiting the Farmer.

A Minnesota genius is at work upon a device that will operate a plow by electric force. If it shall prove to be a success he claims that the farmer may set his plow in the field, turn on the current and then lie down in the shade while the plow spins around the lot turning the furrow with perfect depth and evenness. Taken together with all the other labor-saving farm machinery, the farmer will soon be able to sit on his front porch through the heat of the day and watch his machines plough, drag, sow and cover the seeds. Then the rainmakers will sprinkle his front yard and garden, and the crops will flourish. When the harvest time comes he can "press the button" or "drop a nickle in the slot" and the ripened grain will fall before the electric reaper and binder, be picked up by electric forks, thrown onto electric wagons and conveyed over electric tracks to the barns and thrashed by electric flails or separators. Yes, indeed, the farmer cries hard times, and yet modern invention is making his life a "soft snap."

Character is like the grand old cathedral bell. Reputation is the brass tintinnabium of the loud-mouthed auctioneer.

Love never has to go to school to learn how to speak.

How a Wife Should Be Treated.

I should at all times extend to her the attention and politeness due a queen. I should indulge her petty needs and cravings, and the larger ones to the full extent of my exchequer and if she were given to extravagant ideas I would reason with her calmly, not swear or curse at her, but show her the limit of my resources, make a confidant and companion of her. She should have all the luxuries of life that I enjoyed, for a woman hates a selfish man.

She should have her own opinion, for surely her views are as dear to her as my own are to me. Worried by the cares of business, she should not be annoyed by them, for I would endeavor to leave my troubles on the doorstep.

I should bid her adieu in the morning with a kiss, and if I could not bring home a smiling face in the evening I should remain away until I could. I should not expect too much of her, but ever remember that, being a woman, she has the worst of life from the cradle to the grave. I should be careful as to her tiring of me, and should not exclude her from all society, caging her like a bird, but would freely allow her the freedom she desired, relying on her honor. If she were ill I should nurse her; were she in sorrow I should sympathize with and comfort her. I should have her pathway strewn with roses and her journey down the stream of life only a pleasant dream, and when the final hour came for her departure into the great beyond my hand should be the last to smooth her pillow, and as I feel this night 'twould be my wish to be her partner still.—*Boston Courier.*

The Archbishop's Retort.

"Archbishop Ryan was dining with George W. Child's the other day," remarked a Philadelphia gentleman "and the usual Philadelphia dinner party was present—Wayne MacVeagh sat next to the archbishop. During the evening the subject of railway passes was brought up, very naturally, when the archbishop said he never traveled on a railroad pass in all his life and had never been offered one. Of course this singular statement attracted the attention of Colonel McClure Clayton MaMichael, Wayne MacVeagh and the rest, and caused a general smile of wonderment.

"'Why, my dear archbishop,' said MacVeagh, you have missed one of the real pleasures of life, as she is known in Philadelphia.'

"'The sensation of traveling on a pass would certainly be new to me,' said his grace.

"'I'll have to see Mr. George W. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road, about this,' said MacVeagh, 'and use my influence toward having this oversight corrected.'

"'Really,' replied the archbishop.—

"'Oh, that's all right,' interrupted MacVeagh. 'You can use your influence to get me a pass over the road you are supposed to control in a measure.'

"'Ah, dear sir,' retorted his reverence with a mock lugubrious look, 'I have no control over or influence with the managers of any road you are likely to travel!'"—*New York Herald.*

Hated Noises.

Leech's morbid horror of noise is well known. His nervous affection was more exasperated in him that even in Carlyle.

One evening a convivial party of the Ancient Order of Foresters, returning from, perhaps, the Crystal Palace, where high festival had been held, roused poor Leech almost to madness by a yelling uproar opposite his door. He left his work and rushed bareheaded among them.

"What are you making this horrible row for?"

And then seeing the extraordinary Robin Hood kind of costume affected by those people, he said:

"What's it all about—who are you?"

"We are Foresters, that's what we are," was the reply.

"Then why on earth don't you go into a forest and make your infernal row there instead of disturbing a whole street with your noise?" said Leech.—*From the Life of John Leech.*

Breaking it Gently.

In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story:

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day, when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a very sad errand, pastor," replied Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, pastor, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow."—*London Tid-Bits.*

Seasonable Reflection.

What to do in honor of Christmas day? Reflect a little and answer. To enforce just self discipline and eliminate mean selfishness and ignoble passion from the heart is to do one's duty as the historic associations of the day should suggest; to forgive is always noble; to give with wise discrimination is both philosophical and philanthropic; to be kind and cheerful is to enjoy happiness and reflect its serene influence upon others; to plant here and there in life's great field some seed that shall germinate and bring forth flowers of beauty, redolent of sweetest odor, is the manifestation of refreshing love that may appropriately find expression in Merry Christmas.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is very lucky for the man with a large family that he has fifty-two weeks to catch up before the next one arrives.

We listen to whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us; we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterward, lest we should be thought at any time to have erred.—*Anon.*

Told of a Prairie Schooner.

White and whirling the first snow of the year was falling on the bluffs of Northern Kansas. Occasionally the storm lifted. Then became visible fences outlining winding roads, and here and there amethystine spirals of smoke. David Glennon's substantial house, flanked by outbuildings, bade defiance to the elements. Glennon, seated by the kitchen stove, while his wife moved briskly around preparing supper, was the embodiment of solid satisfaction.

A knock at the door. The woman opened it. Blackly against the snowy twilight loomed up a long, lean, gaunt form.

"Our wagon's broke down yonder, an' my partner's sick. Kin we stay here till sun-up?"

The woman glanced appealingly at her husband. He rose angrily. "We ain't got nothin' fur tramps."

He slammed the door in the stranger's face. That night when he was sleeping the sleep of the selfish, his wife called her own son. Together they plodded through the storm to where ribs of the prairie schooner gleamed ghostly as the pallid skeleton of the mastodon.

A man pushed back the canvass in the rear of the wagon. He took her gifts of warm food. He got out and stood talking to the boy. In the dimly-lighted interior a man lay stretched on a pallet. Suddenly she drew herself up and leaned towards him. Their eyes met; his dazzled with the supreme splendor of unexpected joy; hers shrinking in the bewilderment of half-terrified recognition by him.

"Mary!" he murmured.

She gasped, and then gave a frightened glance toward the two talking without.

"I meant to come back soon. But I was jailed all these years for a crime I never done. I couldn't get word of you. I was on my way east to find you. How is—the—little lad?"

The words came brokenly. She wiped the sweat from his forehead. She groaned aloud.

"Mother," cried a boyish voice. With furtive passion she pressed her lips to the white lips below. One word of love; she was gone.

"You were a long time talkin' to that sick camper," grumbled her husband, as they entered the kitchen.

"What are you cryin' for?"

"Nothin'."

Thanksgiving day day dawns divinely. David Glennon, coming home from church, stamps the snow from his feet.

"One o' them wuthless campers died las' night," he announces, cheerily. "Dinner mos' ready, Mary?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Didn't Get the Better of Pat.

Some time ago I was trading in a village store, writes a correspondent, when one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who chanced to be waiting on me, and said: "Won't you please step to the desk a moment? Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and insists on having a receipt."

The merchant was evidently annoyed. "Why what does he want of a receipt?" he said, "we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a "good morning, said: "You wish to settle your bill, did you?" to which Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book," and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. That is as good as a receipt."

"And do ye mane that settles it?" asked Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And y're shure ye'll never be afther asking me fur it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant, decidedly.

"Faith, then," said Pat, "and I'll be afther kaping me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

The merchant's face flushed angrily, as he replied. "Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and I thought that same," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat obtained his receipt.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug store.

"Busted," Not Broken.

Doubtless our unlettered friends have fine distinctions in the use of words, for which we do not give them sufficient credit. A new pupil in a colored school took a shattered lamp chimney to show her teacher.

"Ah!" said he, "your chimney is broken, is it?"

"No, sir," she answered, "it's busted."

In her distinction of terms lay all the difference between a confession of guilt and an assertion of innocence. The word "broken" she understood to mean that the mishap had occurred by her own fault; and in correcting to "busted" she meant to imply that some unknown agency, a current of cold air, perhaps had caused the break.

Here is a distinction as clear and real as we make in more scholarly terms.—*Youth's Companion.*

Real Merit

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus Peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

Where hard work kills one man worry kills a dozen.

No wound can be [illegible]