The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827
Terms of Publication
[illegible] every Wednesday morning at $2 00 [illegible] subscribers do not take out their [illegible] will be held responsible for the subscrip-[illegible] removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as [illegible]
THE SOMERSET HERALD,
Somerset, Pa.

E. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible] Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] Odd Fellows' Building.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] with F. J. Kooser, Esq.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] with John H. Uhl.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. [illegible] ENTISLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] in Printing House Row opposite Court House.

J. G. OGLE.
SCOTT & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street [illegible] Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance [illegible] Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

[illegible] L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. 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.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

[illegible] W. H. RUPPEL.
[illegible]ROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be [illegible] and punctually attended to. Office on Main Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

DRS. BILLS & COOPER, DENTISTS. [illegible] Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa. [illegible] operations pertaining to Dentistry skillfully performed. Special attention given to filling [illegible] Artificial dentures [illegible] Also, teeth inserted without plates. [illegible] crowns attached to the natural [illegible] april8-'91-1yr.

W. CARUTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office [illegible] street, next door to Printing [illegible] Night calls at office.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to [illegible]

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. [illegible]

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Shanksville) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, [illegible]

DR. J. S. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the [illegible] Treadwell & Co.'s store, corner [illegible] and Patriot streets.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
Owned and Operated by
[illegible] P. SWEITZER, Cumberland, Md.
[illegible] in all its appointments, [illegible] and the finest location [illegible] the head of Baltimore street [illegible] few moments [illegible] all trains. Luggage to [illegible] free of charge. Directly back of the [illegible]

[illegible]ivery Establishment.
[illegible]

Imported Cigars.
[illegible] matrimony can have [illegible]

[illegible] has on hand a large stock of SOMERSET COUNTY WHISKY, Old Rye, [illegible] at Wholesale and in small [illegible] following prices:
[illegible] $2 25 per gallon
[illegible]
[illegible] Nos. 137, 139, and 141 Baltimore [illegible] Cumberland, Md.
E. P. SWEITZER, Proprietor.

A. H. HUSTON,
Undertaker and Embalmer.
[illegible] Caskets and Robes
OF ALL GRADES ON HAND.
GOOD HEARSE
[illegible] pertaining to funerals furnished [illegible] short notice.
[illegible] Turkeyfoot Street, Somerset, Penn'a.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 34. | SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1892. | WHOLE NO. 2116.

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
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, : : : 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.
—o—
Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.
—o—
CAPITAL $50,000
—o—
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't
Wm. B. Frease, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.
—o—
DIRECTORS.
Wm. H. Koontz, Sam'l Snyder
Josiah Specht, Jonas M. Cook
John H. Snyder, John Stufft,
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stufft, 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.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors, or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed Register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, Pa., on Wednesday, February 4, 1892:

First and final account of Cornelius Burkholder and Willis M. Duecker, administrators of Caroline Burkholder, dec'd.

Account of M. F. Brinham, administrator of Barney D. Wilmoth, dec'd.

First and final account of Emma S. Brant, administratrix of Edward E. Brant, dec'd.

Account of Henry H. Gardner, administrator of Mary Rhoads, dec'd.

First and final account of Joel M. Yutzy, administrator and trustee of Ananias Garlets, dec'd.

Second account of Joseph S. and Samuel S. Miller, executors of Samuel P. Miller, dec'd.

First and final account of M. F. Smith, administrator of Nancy Smith, dec'd.

First and final account of Michael Good and Wm. H. Brubaker, administrators of David Brubaker, dec'd.

First account of Jesse Hoover, administrator and trustee of Andrew Hoover, dec'd.

Register's Office, Jan'y 14, '92. A. J. HILEMAN, Register.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Hon. JACOB H. LONGENECKER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and GEORGE W. PILE and NOAH [illegible], Esqs., Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Somerset have issued their precepts, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer at Somerset, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, '92.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

ISAIAH GOOD, Sheriff.

Jan. 27.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In re estate of Samuel Smith and Sally Smith, dec'd.

The undersigned Auditor, duly appointed by the Orphans' Court in and for the County of Somerset, Pa., to pass upon disputed claims, fix the indebtedness between the estates of Samuel Smith and Sally Smith, dec'd, and make a distribution of the fund in the hands of the administrator to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment on Thursday, February 4th, 1892, at his office in Somerset Borough, when and where all persons interested may attend.

H. L. BAER, Auditor.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Emma E. Brubaker, intermarried with Norman E. Berkley, of Waterloo, Iowa:

You are hereby notified to be and appear at an Orphans' Court to be held in and for Somerset Co., Pa., on Monday, the 22nd day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of David Brubaker, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

ISAIAH GOOD, Sheriff's Office, Jan. 13, 1892. Sheriff.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
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.

B. & B.
—o—
WHY do we pay for our advertisement in this paper every week?
And why do we change the message in it so often unless we have something special in the way of
STYLES,
FABRICS,
PRICES,
to offer you?
Our efforts would be useless unless for this reason, and we could not expect any part of your patronage. While we are extending the scope of our
MAIL ORDER BUSINESS
every week, we keep in view the thought of making it to YOUR PROFIT to trade with us. If you are not now benefited by the
SPECIAL VALUES
offered by these stores, begin now to investigate the matter. Try us with one sample order and you'll be pleased with the result.
JANUARY
Is pre-eminently a
MONTH of BARGAINS
For many reasons.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES OF THESE:
100 pieces AMERICAN BOURETTE SUITINGS, in striped and plaid effects—36 inches wide—neat dark styles and good colorings, 15 cents a yard.
Large lot of 52 and 54-inch all-wool FRENCH DRESS SUITINGS, stylish stripes, plaids, checks and mixtures, 50c a yard; goods that sold earlier in the season freely at 75c, $1.00 and $1.25.
Special 46-inch, all-wool HENRIETTAS, all colors, 65c.
An offering of large lot 46-inch all-wool COLORED CASHMERES, in good range of colors, 50c; quality that generally retail to-day at 75c.
We have an early season sale of ANDERSON GINGHAMS 1892 paterns, but very choice and desirable at 30c, the regular 40c quality.
We will send samples of any line of Dry Goods upon request, with lowest prices on everything for best qualities.
Boggs & Buhl,
115, 117, 119 and 121 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

CURTIS K. GROVE,
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE.
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

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 purchases.

That
Tired Feeling
Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Possessing just those elements which the system needs and readily seizes, this medicine purifies the blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength which is comforting and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for that weakness which prevails at change of season, climate or life.
Makes the Weak Strong
"I have been convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I say this for the benefit of all other tired out, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not only excellent as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even if of long standing." MRS. M. A. SCARLETT, Northville P. O., Mich.
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

KNEPPER & FERNER
Are in the fight of the GREAT REDUCTION SALES. We are selling goods at reduced rates and as low as anyone. The "Bee Hive Store" is always to the front and will not be undersold. You will be convinced of this if you step into our store room, examine goods and compare prices. One door north of Postoffice.

PUBLIC SALE

The heirs of Joseph Chorpenning, dec'd., will expose to public Sale, at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1892,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate:

No. 1. Lot of ground in Somerset borough, bounded on south by Main street, east by Rosina street, north by Union street and west by lot of [illegible] Zufall, having a large two-story dwelling house, good barn and other outbuildings. Being the late residence of dec'd.

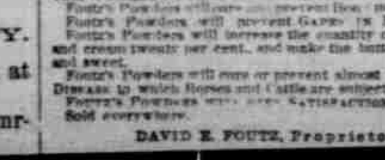
No. 2. A piece of land in Somerset township, adjoining lands of Rudolph Hoover, George Dumbauld and others, containing twelve acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, now in occupancy of Henry Deitz.

Possession given of house and lot in borough, April 1st., 1892.

TERMS.

One-third of the purchase money to remain in the land as dower to Catharine Chorpenning, widow of Joseph Chorpenning, dec'd., the interest payable to her annually during her life, and at her death the principal reserved to the heirs of Joseph Chorpenning, balance in three annual payments with interest. Ten per cent. down on day of sale.

For further information apply to F. J. KOOSER.

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS


No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hog Cholera.
Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
Foutz's Powders will give satisfaction.
Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,

SECRET THOUGHTS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought,
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law; remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

A LITTLE WHILE ASUNDER

Mrs. Serena Fry sat idly in the calico-cushioned chair in the kitchen. This fact, innocent at distant acquaintance, becomes startling to any one knowing well Mrs. Fry. A robust, industrious farmer's wife, her years, growing fast to be numerous, sat lightly upon her, and did not turn her for a moment, from her daily work, always cheerily and faithfully and unceasingly performed. So long, (ah only the old kitchen, with its yellow almanac hanging behind the stove, and its fading, dull yellow floor, knew how long) had she on every afternoon gone about the same round of duties, from the time when Joshua left the dinner table to the hour when he returned from the field, that it was much more easy to go on with them than it could have been to pause. Yet there she sat idly in the old rocker, the stove half polished and the brush on the hearth, while the sun was giving his last wink above the red barn on the hill. Besides, her usually cheerful face was clouded—not with anger or sorrow, but with deep perplexity.

"Serena," she said of a sudden, rising with her accustomed briskness, "you ought to be clean ashamed of yourself. If ever Satan got into anybody, it's you. The idea of your sittin' idle, with the work only half done, thinkin' about goin' to New York! It would be bad enough if everything was done up. Holidays ain't for lazy folks, that's certain."

And even as she spoke the old stove began to smile out in its usual polished manner.

When the last bit of work had been accomplished, and the old Bible, with Joshua's spectacles on it, was awaiting evening prayers from the lamp stand, Mrs. Fry sat down and said

"I received a letter yesterday, Joshua."

"You don't say!" said he, stopping in the act of putting on his spectacles. "From John?"

"No," said his wife; "from nephew Joshua, in New York."

"You don't say!" said Joshua, again. "Do you want to read it aloud to me, S'rena?"

"I would, but—I burnt it up. There wa'n't nothin' secret in it, and I knew right afterward what a thing it was to do before you'd seen it; but, some way, it didn't seem as if it was right to keep it any longer."

"Not right, S'rena? Has Joshua been doin' anything?"

"No, indeed," said his wife, hastily. "And 'twas a real nice letter. I noticed particular that he signed his name 'Joshua S. Fry,' as if to kind o' remind himself that he was named after you. It ain't worth speakin' of, but it was printed 'J. Sylvester' on the envelope."

"I ain't a mite surprised," said Joshua with a kindly smile. "It's a big sight handsomer name. But what had he to say?"

"He wanted me to come to New York," said Mrs. Fry. And for her life she could not have said a word more.

Her husband waited a few moments in deep silence, and then he spoke again:

"To stay, S'rena?"

"Joshua Fry, how you talk! He ain't quite a fool. To make a visit."

Serena let these short sentences shoot out from her lips as though they were loaded. "He said he an' Susie had been waitin' for me a long time, an' he thought I could be spared from the farm now as well as as any time, seein' he remembered the hayin' must be over, an' seein' I'd never been to New York, he did hope that I'd come. An' he sent a railroad pass."

"Did you burn that up, too?" asked Joshua; but, as he spoke, he noticed it, for the first time, lying by the Bible and he leaned forward to read it. Once and again did he examine the innocent document and still turned it over in his hand when his eyes were looking, as it were, far away.

For five and twenty years (I said only the old kitchen knew how long, but I bribed it to tell me) had Joshua and Serena Fry lived together and worked together without separation or holiday. Their wedded love was of the old-fashioned sort, and dwelt not in many words as it began not with a wedding tour, but thrived in faithful common toil. They were not only uncomplaining, but were happy.

As Joshua sat thinking these things, the sudden invitation of his brother's boy, who had before this shown his kindly remembrance of the old farmhouse where he used to come for summer frolics, brought no pang with its half-told tale of the difference between life in Green's Corners and life in the hurrying city. The meadow paths, with their winged or creeping citizens, were Farmer Fry's happy estate, and the yellow-floored kitchen his inner heart's home. It is for this reason that I most want his swift appreciation of his wife's feeling to be felt and praised. Had the coming of Nephew Joshua's letter been foretold to him, he would have expected Serena to read it carefully, and talk over with him the best way of sending their thanks for the invitation, and of telling how impossible it was for either of them to leave the farm. He knew now, from her half-excited manner, from the fact that she had burned the letter as though it had brought subtle temptation to wrong, perhaps from a stray sentence which he had once read about the hidden desires and wives, that the invitation had come to Serena like a window opened into another life, and that she had faithfully tried, and was still trying to close it.

There came with his thoughts no bitterness or indecision. Serena must go to New York. The farm and he could put up without her for a week or more, he thought, if she had borne with him for twenty-five years! So when he spoke again it was, though after a considerable pause, with the same widespread, kindly smile.

"I hope you'll go, S'rena; it'll do you good, an' you ain't no cause to throw away sech a chance."

Serena was astonished. She had expected her husband to do just what I said he would have expected her to do, had not love quickened his naturally leisure brain. She had said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and here was Joshua serenely inviting that dignitary forward again. The window was wide open again, and could not be closed.

But Mrs. Fry's mind and conscience did not quickly settle themselves. Not once or twice was the invitation almost fully rejected by them during the next few days, as their owner worked over the frying-pan or sewing machine, or talked with her many visitors. For when it became noised abroad in Green's Corners that Serena Fry was thinking of going to New York (to spend the winter, gossip sometimes had it, and, sometimes, to live), her sitting-room became the scene of great social activity, and Miss Lamson, the dressmaker, who had been sewing at Smithville came home of her own accord to fit out the traveler for her journey.

So circumstances held the window open—not Serena—and she let them and Joshua and the neighbors decide that she would go, rather than decide it herself. It was Joshua who wrote the letter to his nephew that she would come, and who, with his own old hands, did the greater part of her packing. For Serena, usually the readiest and most skillful for work, now seemed dazed and scarcely half happy at the prospect which had been opened before her.

In the pale gray and green light of the early morning they drove to the railroad crossing. Trains stopped at Green's Corners only when an antiquated man, who lived in a closet, came out and frantically waved a flag at them. He came out now, and leaned on the flag handle, while Serena tried to look back at the old farm house.

"Don't you be worried, Serena," said Joshua, cheerfully. "I'll prosper all right unless I get sick along of eatin' all them pies and fixin's. You must hev thought I'd hev a sight of company. Well, good-by; take good care of yourself!"—for the flagman was waving for all he was worth and Serena privately hoped that the diabolical-looking monster would refuse to stop; it stopped. In a moment more Joshua and the flagman and the farmhouse were as the cinders which were jerked past the car window by an unseen hand.

So long was it since the wide world of travel had shown a glimpse of itself to Mrs. Fry that the morning passed swiftly, on account of the rapidly-changing scenes through which the train sped along, and Serena was more like herself than she had been since the invitation came. But noon brought a dismal rain, which drizzled down the windows and put the country in drab mourning, and discouraged nearly every one, especially Serena. Not thinking that she had changed her place, she felt certain that it was raining thus dismally at the Corners and that Joshua would have to look after the cows in the chilly wetness, and return to an equally chilly kitchen and stove. Presently the indefatigable news agent, who had been all the morning firing alternate caramel packages and books at the passengers, threw a pamphlet into Serena's seat, and she idly picket it up and began to read the advertisements on the cover. As she did so, she let the book fall and and gave a little cry of despair.

It was only an advertisement of some patent rat destroyer which had met her eye, but it threw her poor heart into deep distress. Only the night before, when she had been arranging Joshua's provisions in the pantry, Mrs. Slemmens, the grocer's wife, had come to the door with a jar in her hand, the strings of her sunbonnet hanging dejectedly in front of her shoulders.

"Here's that rat pizen I promised you," she raid. I thought likely Mr. Fry might find it useful while you are away. The emptier a house is, the more the mice likes it. When my Susan died, she wa'n't really buried before they was gallivantin' around her room. I'll sit it right here, Mis' Fry, for I can't stop; it's comin' on dark. You'll find it 'll make 'em go right off an' die, every time.

Serena had noticed, dimly at the time, that Mrs. Slemmons had set her jar just in front of one of applebutter, which had been filled for Joshua and placed on the pantry shelf. Now, with the swift remembrance of this scene which the advertisement brought, came a dreadful thought.

She had not put the jar of rat poison away!

It must be standing there by the applebutter, and Joshua—it made her sick to think of it—might take the wrong jar for his dinner. He might have done it already; probably had, and must be quite dead. Serena put her head down on the back of the seat in front of her, and let her troubled thoughts run on as they would; she wondered dimly whether the poison affected human beings as Mrs. Slemmens had said it affected rats, and made them "go off alone and die." She wondered if it would do any good to ask the conductor to send word to Joshua not to eat any applebutter until she should return. She imagined a message awaiting her at her nephew's house bidding her come back to her husband's funeral. She thought of how she deserved all this punishment in return for going away and leaving him alone for the first time since their marriage. There came into her mind the words of the marriage ceremony, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and she said to herself, "We ain't never been assunder before, and wouldn't be now if 'twant for her wickedness."

And while she sat so, of a sudden it grew dark and then light again, and the eager train was resting in the New York station.

A young man in a brown overcoat was claiming:

"How do you do, Aunt Serena? So glad to see you!" as he caught sight of the figure in the prim black dress of Miss Lamson's fashioning.

But Serena, as she let him take both her trembling hands, only said:

"My dear boy, I've got to go back home."

"Home, Aunt Serena? Why, are you sick? You must come and let Susie take care of you."

"I ain't sick, said Serena, wearily, "an' I'd be gladdern' you think to stay with you, but I'm—I'm afraid somethin's happened to Joshua.

The room and the stove at Green's Corners were rather chilly, and whether the mice discovered it or not, Joshua found the house remarkably empty. He lingered long in the barn with the cattle, and when he came home ate only a bowl of bread and milk, and then drew out the calico cushioned chair and sat in it. There was not a sound anywhere except the voice of the old clock, saying, "Gone—gone! Gone—gone!" with dreadful haste and perseverance. Presently Joshua dozed; it was twilight when he slept and black night when he awoke, and he heard the far-away whistle of the New York night express. He felt his way to the door and went out. Why in the world he walked slowly toward the railroad crossing he did not know, unless the coming train seemed to him like a message from Serena, now safe in New York. He waited silently near the flagman's closet, while the red eye in the engine's forehead sent quivering ligt streams clear down the track. Before Joshua knew it, the train had stopped. The conductor was standing on the ground, his lantern under his arm, helping some one out. Joshua went forward and took her in his arms.

Serena could scarcely speak before they reached the gate. One by one the old familiar objects along the path broke upon her sight, though shrouded in the dark, with the sweet sense of awakened memory which comes to one returning home after long years of absence. At last she said:

"Joshua, the applebutter?"

"I ain't tasted it," said Joshua, putting a great arm around her; "but there ain't eny manner of doubt but what it's all right. Don't you worry about that S'rena. You're all tuckered out.—*Harper's Weekly.*

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Gaippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quikely relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble.

Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Facts About Our Railroads.

To gather the statistics from the great corporations which operate the American railways is not a simple work of a day or so, but takes time. It is only just now that we know, from the government reports, what the railway business amounted to for the year ending June 30, 1890, eighteen months ago. The mileage at that time was 163,597, an increase during the year of 5838 miles. This increase, it is of interest to note, was greatest in that group of States formed by Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, where were built during the year 1370 miles, or 23 per cent. of the whole increase. In the States of Georgia the increase was 438 miles, and this was more than in any other State in the Union.

These roads are owned and operated by 1797 companies, but about one-half of the mileage is operated by forty companies. The gross revenue of these roads for the year mentioned was $1,051,877,632, but 80 per cent. of this revenue was divided among seventy-five roads. Large roads must do cheaper work than smaller ones as these seventy-five roads carried 83 per cent. of the freight. To operate the railways required the services of 749,301 men. This was an increase of 44,558 men over the previous year, and added an average of 20 men to the operating force on every 100 miles of road in the country.

In arriving at the capitalization of these great properties accurate statisics have been obtained on only 156,404 miles. The capitalization for this mileage is $9,437,343,372, or $60,340 per mile. At the same rate the capitalization of all the mileage would bring the total up to about ten thousand millions. This is certainly a great amount of money; but dividends were not paid during the year on 63.76 per cent. of the capital stock. The surplus from operating these roads was $12,070,383, a decrease of $7,387,155 from that of the year before. The passengers carried were 492,430,865, an increase of 20,259,522, and the average journey of each passenger was 24.06 miles.

Cellars not Good for Apples.

Cellers, and especially those under the living rooms of houses, are generally kept much too warm to preserve apples in good condition. The growing tendency to heat houses from furnaces makes the cellar still hotter, so that it is impossible to keep apples from rotting rapidly. The plan of storing apples in out-of-door pits is better. They are preserved at a nearly uniform temperature, and if the thermometer goes a few hours below the freezing point no serious injury is likely to result. We should always cover the apples well with hay or straw, so as to keep them from contact with the earth. They will keep sound if covered only with soil, but acquire some of the taste which soil gives to what it touches.—*Boston Cultivator.*

It is advisable to keep at least one pig, in order to utilize much of the wastes on the farm. Vegetable tops, weeds, grass and other substances will keep a pig growing until the time arrives for feeding corn. It is claimed that there is but little profit in one or two pigs, but for a family supply of meat the pork produced at home should be superior to that

Funeral Reform.

The Protestant Episcopal clergymen of Baltimore and its vicinity have issued a very particular address to the members of their congregations, with reference to certain customs of funerals, which should commend itself everywhere for its common sense and thoughtfulness. There can be no doubt that fashion and tradition are often made to play conspicuous parts in an attempt to show respect for the dead, and that a funeral is frequently robbed of much of its solemnity by ostentatious display. The clergymen in question have in their address confined themselves strictly to matters which, as they rightly say, involve the health of both the clergy and the laity. While deprecating any action that might imply disrespect to the dead, they call attention to the habit of men removing their hats when a body is carried from the house, as well as when the friends are gathered at the grave. Such an act, as they well say, is not always necessary in order to show respect; and health has in many cases been seriously affected thereby. A violation of this custom might possibly shock the sensibilities of some persons, yet in winter or in inclement weather the practice might well be discontinued.

This is, however, a trifling matter compared with the dangers to health by standing in a cemetery during a long service, and then waiting while the grave is filled up. When a man who has been a member of several orders or societies is to be buried this custom is seriously aggravated.

Independent of the religious service, one society, at least, will be found to have a burial ritual which must be gone through with, while scores of men, women and children stand around shivering and contracting throat or lung diseases. And while mourners may have this experience only at rare intervals, clergymen may be called on to face such a danger two or three times a week.

What Am I To Do.

This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain. It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises.

Price 25 cents at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Patrick's High Standing.

Patrick O'Reily is one of those men who achieve greatness at an early period in life: at least so said his sister.

"Oh, brother Pat's doin well, announced she, as she scrubbed away over the tub and entertained her employer. "He's just doin illigant. Why, when he went up to Boston, he had just one shirt to his back, an me sewin till 12 o'clock to make him another for a change.

"Oh, but he's the bye for luck! And now from bein a newsbye he's just rollin in money, and he sends me a tidy bit besides. He writes to me, to, an tells me about his horses an what colors they be."

"Horses, Bridget? Does he keep horses?"

"Deed, thin, he does, ma'am, he's a driver on a car. They think a lot o' Pat up there, they do. Why, what did they do but put his pictur, foine as life, in the paper."

"I am surprised!"

"Surprised ye may be ma'am, but it's true. There it was, and over it Pat's letter, signed wid his own name, sayin how he' been cured of his cough by Bilkins' Balm."—*Youth's Companion.*

After the Grip.

And after typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired, and to expel all poison from the system. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

A Helpful Virginia Girl.

In the family of George Munday, living between Waterford and Wheatland the father, mother, a son and daughter were all down with the grip, leaving only the youngest, daughter, Florence, about 18 years of age, to aid the rest. She attended to the household duties and the sick, and for two or three days fed and curried six horses, fed and milked six cows and also walked through the snow about a quarter of mile carrying corn and when she reached them, feeding it with straw and fodder to 30 head of cattle. Having to go to a neighbor to send for a doctor for one of her sick their condition was discovered, and of course there was plenty of help afterward. *From the Richmond Dispatch.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Card or brush the cows? Why not both?

If you want a winter dairy next year breed your cows now.

If the hens' combs freeze in winter they quit laying until they get well.

While all kinds of feathers are marketable, they sell better if kept separate.

It is not good ceremony to feed the laying hens mouldy grain of any kind.

The cause of white specks is the milk being churned when it is either too warm or too cold.

Properly managed, there is more satisfaction in one good poultry breed than in a big variety.

A really first-class fowl is always marketable at good prices. It is the poor grades that get to be a drug.

Clover may be cut in small pieces and scalded can be made to take the place with poultry of vegetables in the winter.

Some dairymen give their cows two ounces each of sweet spirits of nitre immediately after calving and claim that this insures them immunity from milk fever.

Sennet extract never fails to cure or prevent scars on calves. When skim milk is fed calves a teaspoonful is suffi-

A Millionaire's Poultry.

In the first yard were a lot of Houdans, a French breed liked by Mr. Vanderbilt, although Mr. Heidtmann does not think so much of them. They are very handsome and graceful, have large black and white spots on their feathers, and big topknots, colored similarly. In the next yard were brown Leghorns, beyond those white Leghorns and in the fourth yard Plymouth Rocks. Adjoining the feed-room is the incubating room, the most interesting of all. This room contains double and two single incubators, having a united capacity of 1,800 eggs.

The incubators are of the last pattern, those formerly used by Mr. Heidtmann having been discarded. Every possible care is used to make the machines successful. Mr. Heidtmann has added a number of devices of his own to guard against possible failure. The safety valves are delicately poised to regulate the heat in the incubators, which must not be more than 103 degs, nor less than 101 degs. The same system of heating by hot water pipes is used in them, the heat for the boiler coming from a large, common lamp. In order to provide against unforseen occurrence an alarm bell is attached to the heating pipe. Delicate rods act on an electric bell, which rings in the building during the day and in Mr. Heidtmann's house at night.

The brooders are arranged so that the newly hatched chickens go into the one occupied by those described. As they grow older and stronger they are moved along until they are big enough to shift for themselves, when they fall victim to Mr. Vanderbilt's liking for tender broilers. The temperature in the first brooder is kept at about 88 degs., and it descends gradually in the others. The heat is supplied by hot water pipes, which run above the heads of the chickens. In some brooders the heat comes from below, but Mr. Heidtmann says that it weakens the chickens' legs and keeps them small.

"In order to give the flesh flavor and firmness," he said, "chickens must be brought up quickly. If they are not well fed and nourished they will grow slowly and become tough."

Back of each brooder is an exact copy of the sun parlor in use at winter resort hotels. The parlor is small, made of glass and iron, and the floor is strewn with coarser sand than that in the brooders. There are half as many parlors as brooders. Beyond these are still larger sun parlors of the same kind, with ordinary sand and pebbles on the floor. Still farther back are open yards seventy-five feet in depth. On warm days the strong young chickens are out either in the sun parlors or the open yards. Some of the bigger chicks in the last brooders were running about their parlors on the day of visitation. There are cooler brooders in the feedroom, but they are not in use now. The doors in the brooders leading to the sun parlors are controlled by cords. Every precaution is observed to avoid frightening the chickens.

Workmen are busy constructing a brick cottage, in which Mr. Heidtman will live. On the other side of this cottage dredgers are making a canal for the white ducks that Mr. Vanderbilt will raise. The dredgers have been at work for three years, for the canal is long, reaching to the bay. A circular duck pond has been built. Mr. Vanderbilt prefers the White Pekins, Mr. Heidtmann said, although he now has some Rouens.

"We now have about forty ducks," he said, "and about 700 chickens." By next season we will have from 1,200 to 1,500 chickens. Mr. Vanderbilt says he never ate as good broilers as those we raise here. Monte Carlo is famous for good eating, but he says even there the chickens don't have flavor like ours.—*New York Sun.*

About Watering Horses.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water, seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

An idea prevails among horsemen that a horse should never be watered oftener than three times a day, or in twenty-four hours. This is not only a mistaken idea, but a brutal practice. A horse's stomach is extremely sensitive, and will suffer under the least interference, causing a feverish condition.

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink until supper time—very unsatisfactory for the man.

If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them water them as often as they want to drink—once an hour, if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals, but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work; they will be healthier; they will look better, and will be less liable to coughs and colds and will live longer.

If you are a skeptic and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die with watering them too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment and figure out whether the animal would over-drunk and over-chilled its stomach if it had not been allowed to become over-thirsty. A horse is a great deal like a man.

Let him get overworked, overstarved or abused, and particularly for the want of sufficient drink in warm weather, and the consequences will always be injurious. Sensible hostlers in large cities are awakening to the advantages of frequent watering. Street car horses are watered every hour, and sometimes oftener, while they are at work. It is plenty of water that supplies evaporation or perspiration and keeps down the temperature.

What old fogy methods amount to may be seen by the change in medical practice to man. Twenty years ago a person having a fever of any kind or pneumonia was allowed but little water to drink, and then it had to be tepid. To-day practitioners prescribe all the iced water the patient can possibly drink; and in addition cold bandages are applied to reduce and control the temperature of the blood. What is applicable to man will never injure a horse. Use common sense and human feeling.

Don't think it is a horse, and capable of enduring any and all things. A driver who sits in his wagon and lashes his worn out, half curried, half fed and half watered team should never complain of any abuse he may receive from his master or employer, for he is lower in character, harder in sympathy and less noble than the brutes he is driving, and deserves, in the name of all that is human, the punishment of a criminal.—*Chicago Journal.*

There is no necessity for keeping the stable dark unless at times during the summer, as a protection against insects. Animals love the light and will seek it if they have the opportunity. Cows endure severe cold in the barnyard rather than remain in a gloomy stable. There