The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2120.

—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.—

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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.

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Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

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CAPITAL $50,000.

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Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.
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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,
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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.

Pittsburgh Female College and Conservatory of Music, Pittsburg, Pa. To teachers. The surpassed advantages. Superior home comforts—all care. 28th year begins Sept. 16. Send for catalogue to the President. A. H. NORCROSS, D. D. july 8-6m.

Rev. William Hollinshed
Of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily says:

"To Whom it May Concern:

"Unasked I deem it my duty to a suffering humanity whose bodies and souls I would have healthy, to tell them of the value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. While living in Ohio one of my children was greatly

Afflicted With Boils

having 30 on her limbs, and being unable to walk. I had heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and bought a bottle, half of which cured entirely. Two years after, another child was afflicted as badly. I used the other half bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla with like results. About four years after, the child first afflicted was again tormented like Job, and I bought a bottle (on Sunday at that) and again a cure. I gave some of the medicine to a poor woman and two children; they were helped as were mine. Through a testimonial sent to C. I. Hood & Co., inquiries came from all the country, asking if it was a 'bona fide' testimonial, and of course I wrote all that it was, and have the knowledge of

Scores and Scores

Of persons helped or cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mild cases of rheumatism have yielded to it. Biliousness and bad liver have been corrected in my own family. This is the only patent medicine I have felt like praising. I speak not for C. I. Hood, but for the Jobs who are impatient and are tormented beyond endurance. Nothing I know of will cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver, or clean the stomach so perfectly as

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Any person wishing to know more, enclosing a stamp will be informed. Yours for the health, happiness and virtue of humanity." WILLIAM HOLLINSHED, pastor of Presbyterian church, Sparta, N. J.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

WORST CASES CURED TO STAY CURED IF UNCOMPLICATED BY ORGANIC DISEASE
ASTHMA
WE WANT NAME OF Court Asthmatic, Kingsbury, Pa by mail.
P. HAROLD HAYES M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

NEW GOODS
— AT —
Knepper & Ferner's.

It is our aim to present at every season a Line of Goods of the Newest Patterns and Latest Styles. We have labored hard in selecting a stock for the coming season, and are glad to say that we have succeeded in buying goods that are superb in style, and at prices that have the magnetic power to draw and retain trade.

CLOTHING!

Never before have we bought such fine styles in Mens' and Youths', Boys' and Childs' Clothing. These Goods are unapproachable in quality and price.

CARPETS.

This season we are offering a larger assortment, better styles and lower prices in all grades of Carpeting, Matting, and Oil Cloths and Rugs, than ever before.

DRESS GOODS.

We are daily gaining trade in this department, consequently have bought a large stock, adapted to fill the wants of everyone.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

A large and complete stock just received, and are now prepared to furnish all who want a specialty in this line. We introduce correct styles as soon as out. We also carry a full stock of

Window Shades,
Trunks and Sachels,
Rubber Clothing, &c.

We take genuine pleasure in having our friends inspect the above novelties.

KNEPPER & FERNER,
One Door North of Postoffice.

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

Right here at home, boys, in old Hoosierdom,
Where strangers allus joke us when they come,
And brag o' their old states and enterprize—
Yit settle here! and, 'fore they realize,
They're "hoosier" as the rest of us, and live
Right here at home, boys, with their past forgive!

Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess
For me and you and plain old happiness;
We hear the world's lots grander—likely so—
We'll take the world's word for it and not go—
We know its ways ain't our ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do
Man's plenty rich enough—and knows it, too,
And's got a' extry dollar any time
To boost a fellow up 'at wants to climb
And's got the git-up in him to go in
And git there, like he purt's nigh allus kin!

Right here at home, boys, is the place for us!—
Where folks' hearts' bigger'n their money-pu's;
And where a common feller's jes as good
As any other in the neighborhood,
The world at large won't worry you an me
Right here at home, boys, where we out to be.

Right here at home, boys—jes right where we air!—
Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere;
Grass don't grow any greener 'n she grows
Across the pastur's where the old path goes—
All things in ear-shot's purty; er in sight,
Right here at home, boys of we kin git right.

Right here at home, boys, where the old homeplace
Is sacred to us as our mother's face,
Jes' as we rickollect her, last she smiled
And kissed us—dyin' so and rickonciled,
Seein' us all at home here—none astray—
Right here at home, boys, where she sleeps today.

James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INNOCENT IMPOSTER.

There had been a railway accident at Grove Hill. Upon the ground, upon rough boards hastily covered with shawls and wraps, upon car seats wrenched from the cars, in every attitude of death and suffering, lay the victims of the disaster, while those who had escaped injury, and the neighboring people from all sides, moved busily about ministering to their wants.

One group of three people were a little apart from the others. An old woman, with a terrible cut upon her face, hastily bound up with a coarse handkerchief, was bending over a girl of sixteen, who lay unconscious upon the ground, moaning feebly. She was a pretty, delicate girl, her face white and still, her eyes half closed, and her rich, brown hair falling in tangled, waving profusion upon the grass.

The doctors made a hasty examination and put her back gently upon the ground, exchanging one significant glance, and promised the old woman to come back again.

Evidently working-women and poor, were these two of the group. But the third one, standing beside the old woman was as evidently a lady, with a gentle, refined face, soft white hands, and the dress of rich material, and fashion suitable to a woman of wealth. A wide hat shaded her face, but she wore no gloves or wrap of any kind.

She did not speak as she stopped near the moaning girl, and the old woman sobbing over her, but she put a handkerchief, wet with strong perfume, in the old woman's hands, and stepped back to open a sachel she carried. Soon returning, she said:

"That's right; she may revive if she smells that. And now, let me see your face."

Hands cool and tender removed the coarse bandage, wiped the blood away, drew the cut together and dressed it with sticking plaster. A soft, fine handkerchief replaced the blood-soaked one, and then the lady asked:

"Have you any other hurt?"

"No, ma'am. Heaven bless you! But Mary! Oh, look at her, dear lady! Mary! Speak to your granny, darling! Oh, my dear child, she's dying! Oh, Mary, can the good Lord leave an old woman like me, and take you away? Oh, Mary, Mary!"

"I am afraid she is badly hurt," the lady said, "but I will have her carried where she can have proper care at once. If I call my men, who are here to help all they can, to carry her, can you walk as far as the white house you see on the hill there?"

"Oh, yes, dear lady."

"That is my house, and I am sending as many as I can there. In a few moments I will come back to have your daughter carried there."

"My grandchild, dear lady."

But the lady was already on her way to a group of men who were directing the removal of some of the injured passengers to the houses in the neighborhood already open to receive them. Two men and a cushioned car seat were at once sent to carry "Mary" to Mrs. Van Ritter's, and gradually the ground was cleared of the victims of the railroad accident.

For four weary weeks Mary Byrne lay in a state of terrible suffering from severe internal injuries, nursed by her grandmother, but every want was supplied and the most tender interest shown by the lady who had opened heart and purse as widely as her doors when she received six of the wounded women into her beautiful home; all poor women, unable to give her more than thanks and blessings, as one by one they recovered and resumed their journey.

Only Mary Byrne and her grandmother remained, for the injuries received by the girl were fatal, and there remained nothing to do for her but to make the little span of life remaining as easy as the kindest care could make it. The old woman's story was a very simple one She had been a nurse in a hospital in New York, and transferred to another hospital in a smaller town. Mary, her dead son's only child, had been given a place in the kitchen of the new hospital, and they were on the way to their labors, when the accident threw them upon Mrs. Van Ritter's care.

Common people, you see; very common people; and Mrs. Van Ritter was the widow of a millionaire, the niece of one of New York's merchant princes; yet, had the suffering girl been of her own family, the dainty little lady could scarcely have done more for her.

Every day she took her turn in watching her while her grandmother rested. Every direction of the doctor was carefully followed, medicines, nourishment, and whatever was needed, being of the best to be obtained; and when all was over the quiet but appropriate funeral was at Mrs. Van Ritter's expense, and her own white hands put flowers in the dead girl's coffin, and then gently drew the gray head of the weeping old woman to rest upon her own breast.

"Three little children and the kindest husband I have seen lying so," she whispered, "and I know what a heavy sorrow you are bearing."

And the gray hair was tenderly smoothed, while the old woman, comforted already, wept quietly.

When the funeral was over Mrs. Byrne, greatly to her surprise, was offered a place in Mrs. Van Ritter's household. She did not suspect that it had been made for her out of that lady's compassion for her age and loneliness; but it added one more item to the debt of gratitude that stirred her heart to the most passionate devotion towards her kind friend.

It is little to say that Margaret Byrne would have died for Mrs. Van Ritter. She worshipped her as something too pure and good for this world, and could see no fault to cloud what seemed to her perfection.

It was not the money that Mrs. Van Ritter had spent upon Mary that moved her most profoundly. It was the fact that Mrs. Van Ritter's own white hands had helped to nurse the girl; that Mary's aching head had been pillowed upon Mrs. Van Ritter's own breast while that lady stroked her hair, bathed her face and soothed her; while more than once her lips were pressed upon the pretty, wasting face, as she spoke tender words of pity.

Three years had Mary lain in her grave; three years had Margaret Byrne given Mrs. Van Ritter her service of love, when a slow wasting fever attacked the little lady, and for many days her life was in danger. All the passionate gratitude of Margaret's heart was poured out in her devoted nursing, her unwearied care during that illness, and when convalescent days followed there was a friendship between the ignorant old woman and the lady that was far closer and more confidential than it had ever been before. And this was how it happened that one day Mrs. Van Ritter said:

"You often wonder, Margaret, at my sympathy for the poor children at the almshouse or in the asylums. It is because I know how the poor little things, no matter how kindly they are treated, miss the love of their mothers and fathers, the precious family ties that nothing else can replace. I was twelve years in an orphan asylum, the "St. Mary's Home." My mother made a runaway match, and died a widow in great poverty, and I was taken by the woman in whose house she died to the 'Home,' with a letter she wrote, only a few lines, telling my name and her own."

Margaret's face was turned away—Margaret's voice had a strange, husky sound, as she said:

"What was your name?"

"My name was Agnes Waldron, and my mother's maiden name was Agnes Field. And this was how I came to be taken by my uncle out of the "Home." The matron let my grandfather know when I first went there but he would not forgive my mother, and never came near me. After he died, my uncle found the matron's letter and came to claim me. He was a widower without any children, and my life has been one of wealth and ease since he took me to his home. I have had many sorrows by death, and with all my money, I have few to love. So you understand now why my heart is so tender for the little ones who are left as I was left for twelve long years. Are you asleep, Margaret? Why, you are crying."

"And who would not cry?" asked the old woman. "To think of you, so good to everybody, having such sore griefs to bear yourself."

"You soft-hearted Margaret! You want to fan me, I know, and I am sleepy."

The fan moved to and fro, with the regularity of a machine, and presently the invalid slept quietly. Not until then did Margaret Byrne steal out of the room, walk slowly to her own, and bolting the door, sit down to think. Memory brought up one picture from the past, vivid as if it had been but yesterday since she saw it.

She was an under-nurse at "St. Mary's Home," and the matron brought in two babes to be fed, washed, undressed, and put to bed.

"Poor little girls," she had said, "nobody to look at them could see much difference between them, but this one is a street child, picked up on a bench in the park, a little nameless waif, while this one is the grandchild of old Joshua Field whose daughter ran away three years ago. I am going to write to him now, and maybe he will take her."

It was none of Margaret's business to make any further inquiry, and for three years the children were under her care. The street waif was called Sallie, the other child by her own name—Agnes. The street waif was a little beauty, and the nurse grew fond of her. The child of gentle birth was a peevish, sickly child, demanding constant care, but not a winning babe. On the third night Agnes Waldron, the true Agnes, died in convulsions. When the matron came to make her morning rounds Margaret was in the kitchen preparing food, and by some error the dead child had been moved to Sallie's bed, while Sally, the boany, crowing baby, lay in Agnes Waldron's crib and bore her name, and old Margaret kept the secret. The old nurse now rocked herself in her chair, whispering softly, so softly none could overhear.

"Oh, Mary, darling! are you not glad it was your old granny gave the dear lady all the money, all the good things? Oh, my dear? heaven be praised it was you. And nobody will ever know, nobody will ever guess, but old Margaret, that you're not Agnes Waldron at all, but Sallie Nobody!"

And she kept her secret. Nobody ever knew or suspected that Mrs. Van Ritter was Sally Nobody, and an impostor.

How a Mother Saved Her Boy.

Little Robert Frey lives at Silver Lake: his mother and father love him with parental devotion: he is a bright little fellow. Bobby, as he is called, took a severe cold, which would not yield to everything they tried. A neighbor persuaded the use of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of a 25 cent bottle made a cure. You can imagine the mother's joy.

Pan-Tina is sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

The Part Lincoln Played.

[Robert G. Ingersoll.]

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag. Had McClellan followed his advice he would have taken Richmond. Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions Chancellorsville would have been a victory for us.

Lincoln's political prophecies were all fulfilled. We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from the first to the last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

He lived to hear the shout of victory. He lived until the Confederacy died—until Lee had surrendered, until Davis had fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the republic was free.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The savior of the republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Ubon his brow fame placed the immortal wreath.

For the first time in the history of the world a nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all states beneath a nation's flag.

Strange mingling of mith and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionist believes in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that makes it sell, and wins the confidence of the people.

Potato Cake.—Add two tablespoonfuls of yeast to about a quart of mashed potato, and mix with flour to the consistency of dough, when light, bake in a moderate oven.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Making of Fish Hooks.

A queer collection of fish hooks excited a Washington *Star* writer's attention at the National Museum, 3,000 years ago being almost the latest period to which any of them dated back. For it would seem that the fish hook is a very old invention indeed. From a description which accompanied them it appears that many curious things were used as material for the hooks in early days. Some were even made of human bone, and this practice has been common up to within a century of the present time among the natives of the Society Islands, in the South Pacific.

Deer horns, flints, boar's tusks, and bone of all sorts were made to serve this purpose by anglers of the neolithic period. It is not difficult to figure to one's self a cave gentleman in that ancient epoch sitting upon a newly formed deposit of quaternary rock in the middle of a glacier stream, and watching for a small float of a tree bark to give the expected indication of a bite by disappearing under the water. Such floats were undoubtedly used in those times, and stone sinkers, too, plenty of the latter having been found in the strata of earth, stone, and shell deposit which embalms the remains of these vanished peoples.

The development of the barb was naturally a slow process, and nobody knows just when it was adopted. Certainly, however, it was

A FAMILIAR DEVICE

many centuries before the beginning of the bronze age, which period had its commencement about 3,000 years ago. This form of metal first came into use along the European coast of the Mediterranean—the alloy of which it was ordinarily composed being nine parts of copper to one of tin—and the mechanical improvements accompanying its introduction were in no point more surprising than as applied to fish hooks.

How far this is true may be judged from the fact that the fish hook of to-day, save only in the metal employed, which then was bronze and now is steel. The very curves of the "Limerick" and "Shaughnessy" hooks, so popular with anglers, are found in these antique specimens. The tops of the shanks, too, are bent over into little loops, as nowadays, to the lines by. Most surprising of all such relics found, perhaps, are strips of burnished copper shaped like fishes which were utilized by fishermen of the bronze age as artificial bait to attract the prey with its metallic sheen.

Until the age of bronze arrived, shells of various sorts furnished material for a large percentage of the hooks make, and hard wood, sharpened, was much employed. Thorns were also made to serve a like purpose, and until recently the Mohaves of Arizona have similarly used cactus spines, bent into proper shape and tempered by the application of alternate heat and moisture until strong. The early lake dwellers in this country wrapped their hooks with charms manufactured from various animal substances, the baits being put on outside. They imagined that the fish were attracted by these fetishes. The only gold fish hooks ever found were of the virgin metal, and were taken from a grave in New Grenada.

HOW MODERN FISH HOOKS ARE MADE.

The making of fish hooks is not merely a trade in itself: anglers consider that it is, properly speaking, an art. In England the best ones are made, because all manufacturers of steel excel in that country, where every product of that material, from razors down, is beyond compare. Hooks of the first quality are made from the very best cast-steel wire, which is turned out in coils at Sheffield and Birmingham.

The first process is to cut the wire into lengths suitable for the hooks to be made. Ordinary sizes are chopped off by the quantity with a machine, but the big ones for use in catching sharks and other big sea fishes are cut singly with a hammer and chisel. After the lengths of wire have been cut off another operator takes them and turns up the barbs by cutting into the yet soft metal with a knife upon an anvil. Next the straight pieces are taken in hand by a workman who files the points to keenness. Where the best hooks are concerned each one is manipulated separately, being held in pincers while the necessary sharpness is given by a few dexterous strokes. Common hooks are pointed with one file, but the finer sorts require the application of two or three different degrees of coarseness.

The points once made, another workman takes the bits of wire in hand, bending them round in a curved piece of steel, so that each one shall have the characteristic flexture which makes the type of hook desired. The process of forming the instrument is now completed, save for the shank, which may either be a loop at the end of the wire or a flattening at the extremity. The flattening is done by one sharp blow with a hammer upon an anvil.

The final process is the tempering of the hooks to harden them, and when all these operations have been completed they are scoured in revolving barrels driven by steam power and filled with water and soft soap. When the friction has worn them bright they are dried in another revolving barrel containing sawdust.

In olden times fishermen made their own hooks, using very much the same methods as are now practiced on a large scale in the factories. It is a very curious fact that during the bronze age, when metals had first come into use, fish hooks had the same form as now, even to the shanks and curves. The famous "Limerick" and "Shaughnessy" bends are absolute productions of those preferred in that early epoch.

A Little Girl's Experience in A Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." —Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. N. Snyder's Drug store.

Legs Tell A Story.

It is a well-known fact, that, in addition to physiognomy, character may be read by a study of individual chirography. Palmistry and phrenology have also been favorable known as interpreters of character. "But," says a fashionable Chestnut street tailor, "if you want to get to the very bottom of a man's character, to read his very thoughts, his aspirations and ambitions, there is no better way of going about it than merely studying his legs. From my long experience in the business I can read a man like a book the moment I get a good look at his legs. To this I attribute my whole success in business, simply from the fact that by sizing up a man's legs I know whether or not to give him credit."

First comes the man of the world. His well-cut trousers fit snugly over his well-cut legs. He walks with a springing step that denotes vitality and strength of purpose. He walks the street with head erect, and the very style of his gait shows that he has some definite purpose in reaching his destination, and means to succeed in that purpose when he gets there.

In direct contrast to the man of the world is the dreamer. He is not such a familiar figure on the street as his more energetic brother, but you all know him. He walks slowly, with hands clasped behind his back, head thrust forward, between a pair of stooping shoulders, and "thoughts far from the maddening crowd." His legs are a study in themselves. They are invariably illy clad, faltering in their movements, and usually carry their owner to some out-of-the-way-book-stall where they seem to take a certain delight in the congenial companionship of musty old volumes, as much out of sympathy with the world to-day as the legs themselves.

But the pompous legs! Ah, what a story they tell! Their very appearance commands attention and respect. "Look at me," they say. "Am I not a beautiful pair of legs? Do I not display the sterling worth of a man who has made his mark in the world? I am the legs (the English of the pompus leg is not always good) of a state senator—a man revered and respected by all who know him and honored by those who are not so fortunate as to have the extreme pleasure of his acquaintance." This is what the pompous legs say to the other legs as they stalk long Chestnut street.

The legs clad in plaid trousers are familiar to all They are Chollie's legs. You all know Chollie. His legs betoken the immaturity of an unformed mind, and his very walk is the essence of indecision of character. Chollie is not quite the fool the humorist loves to picture him, and some day his legs will undergo an entire revolution.

The legs clad in striped trousers, too, are eloquent of human nature. They belong to Chimmie, but unlike Chollie's legs, there is no indecision about them. The character of Chimmie is permanently formed. You have often seen him holding up the bar, discussing upon various sporting topics. His conversation, which is liberally interspersed with that indispensable interrogation, "see," is not interesting, and often not intelligible. But it takes all kind of people to make up a world, and it is presumed that Chimmie has his place.—*Phila. Press.*

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle.

Price 50c. at J. N. Snyder's Drug store.

The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose hat hat reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the same fellow who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackle of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his daughter through his life—before a later breakfast, when he misses the train when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper; the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt; when the furnace fire goes out in the night and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith. Somehow he puts faith into him.

He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice and the sight of his blessed daily life carry convictions that words have no power to give. The blues flee before him as the fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man. Why are there so few of them? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into shine and winter into summer all round the year until life is a perpetual season of joy?

Read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of poetry
The beauty of thy voice.

Which you cannot do if you suffer with a Cough or Cold. Rid yourself of the discomfort by buying a bottle of Pan-Tina, the best remedy for Hoarseness and Influenza.

Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Rice and Pears.—Boil one breakfast cup and a half of rice until tender in one pint of milk, then add a little cinnamon, sugar and nutmeg; take it up, let it get nearly cold, beat three eggs well and mix with the rice; butter a mold, put in the rice, tie it down tightly in a floured cloth and let it boil for an hour; turn it out, lay around it some baked pears; garnish it with slices of lemon stuck into the rice. —*Boston Herald.*

Aaron Burr's Eyes.

The late Miss Theodosia Burr Davis, of New York, was a dear friend of mine in the long, long ago days. The niece and ward of Matthew L. Davis, the intimate associate and biographer of Burr she had a store of anecdotes of men who figured prominently in national affairs seventy or eighty years since; but this one—which I shall repeat as nearly as possible in her own words—interested me most of all:

"I was a schoolgirl of fourteen, spending a short vacation at Uncle Matthew's house in the city, when one day I heard him calling to me from the hall below and went to the head of the stairs. "Come down," he said. "There is a gentleman here who wishes to see you." I hesitated, held back by some undefinable fear. Again he said, 'Come down,' and in such tones that I dared not disobey. He led me into the parlor, and there on the sofa sat an old man whom I had never before seen. Very old he looked, dressed in the costume of the last century, with his snow white hair drawn back and in a cue behind. But his eyes—they were not old. Large, dark and deep, they flashed with all the fire of youth. I never saw such eyes in man or woman. They fascinated while they frightened me.

"My uncle led me forward and said: "Colonel Burr, this is the child of whom I spoke. I need not tell you whose name she bears." The old man rose, took my hand in his and held me out at arms length and looked at me—looked at me with those eyes which seemed to see into my very soul. Only a moment, but the moment was an hour. Then he dropped my hands and exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion: "Take her away, Matthew, take her away! I cannot bear it!" I saw him only once afterward; it was on Broadway, and I tried to slip by him unperceived. But when I turned to look back he was at a standstill, following me with those wonderful eyes. They haunt me still, and will, I know, while memory lasts."

When Doctors All Agree.

It is a fact well established, that February and March are the most trying months to aged and enfeebled persons. Pneumonia, influenza and kindred chest afflictions, are most liable to get in their deadly work. There is but one thing to do; build up and fortify the system with a pure stimulant. Medical men all over this country agree that Klein's "Silver Age" at $1.50 per quart, and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per quart, stand without a peer. If you want fine six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt, or Bear Creek, you can have them at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. We are recognized headquarters for the choicest brands of Wine, Liquor, Cordials, etc. Goods expressed anywhere. Send for complete price list; mention this paper too.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Local Institutes.

The Joint Local Institute, District No. 12, comprising Middlecreek, Upper Turkeyfoot and Casselman has been postponed until Saturday, March 18th, 1892.

The program remains the same.

An arrangement has been made for a session on Saturday night. Following is the program.

7.30 P. M.

Music—Anthem.
Declamation—Hattie Moore.
Music.
Talks—M. W. Putman and Wm. Gerhard.
Music.
Topical Talks by all teachers.
(Teachers will be limited to 5 minutes.)
Music.
Essay—"Kings and Queens"—Maggie Miller.
Declamation—Lola Creed.
Essay—Minnie Snyder.
Music.
Essay—Susie Shultz.
Declamation—Julia Kimmel.
Address—Prof. J. M. Berkey.
Music.

Con.

Program for Local Institute, District No. 12, to be held at Rockwood, Saturday, March 12, 1892.

FORENOON.

Select Reading—Maud Boucher.
Recitation—H. A. Boose.
Essay—Minnie B. Kimmel.
Thoroughness—C. C. Heckle.
Has the Local Institute been a success? —M. G. Boucher.

AFTERNOON.

Recitation—Hattie B. Will.
Select Reading—Sadie Pile.
Essay—Ella Werner.
Primary Work—Blanche Evans.
The teacher's work in the school-room —J. W. Weighly.
Essay—Mina V. Will.
Topical Talk—H. G. Will.
Is an examination a fair test of a scholar's ability?—H. E. Miller.
Address—Prof. J. M. Berkey.

The above program will be interspersed with recitations, querries and music. The public is invited. Institute will open at 9:30 a. m.

Con.

I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me, what other so-called cures have failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical.—Clarence L. Huff, Bid-

Fireside Fragments.

Never let the whites of eggs stand during the beating process, even for a moment, as they return to a liquid state and can not be restored, thus making the cake heavy.

Vanilla Custard.—Heat one pint of cream with four ounces of sugar, and when it boils strain through muslin. Add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, and set the dish containing the mixture in a pan of hot water, if you do not use a double boiler. Flavor, when cool, with extract of vanilla.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Very pretty mauns may be made by any one who can paint. A charming design consists of a single rose beautifully tinted, with the stalk apparently drawn through a slit in the card. A bunch of violets held together with a ribbon bow is another pretty design, while a simple, but very attractive arrangement consists of daisies, primroses or violets, powdered over the surface of the card.—*N. Y. World.*

Biscuit Glace.—Put three-fourths of a pound of sugar with the juice and grated rind of four lemons; mix well with a quart of cream, and add six well-beaten eggs. Put in a water bath, and stir in some grated cake—sponge cake is the best—and stir till it is of the consistency of a thick batter. When it is quite cold, freeze it. It is delicious with fresh or canned fruits.—*Good Housekeeping.*

After trying many remedies for catarrh during past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends.—Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.