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The Somerset Herald.

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There Was No Hope

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A Waste of Money

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First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years

I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life. It is now four years since I recovered, and I have not had a day's sickness since, nor any hemorrhage. If ever a human being thanked the good Lord on bended knees it was I. I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, and that alone, unquestionably **Saved my Life.**"

Messrs. Sawyer & Jennings, the well known druggists of Cortland, say that Miss Huntley "is a highly respected lady; her statement of what

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Has done for her is worthy the highest confidence."

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

KNEPPER & FERNER,

One Door North of Postoffice.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

He leaped into the cutter
As she held the leaping horse,
And then leaped in beside him; then
They all leaped on their course.

The stars that shone above them
Seemed to leap and sing for joy,
And a tender love-light seemed to leap
To the sweet eyes of the boy.

With strong right arm she guided
The leaping horse full well;
Her left pressed in her leaping heart
Her love. Then silence fell—

Upon them; and the leaping bells
Made merry music ring,
And leaping headlong into love
Their leaping hearts did sing.

Then leaped a question from her lips;
From him there came a "Yes."
What more was said as leaping home
They came, let each one guess.

And when her mother asked her why
This leap-year act she'd done,
She said, "Such things have been good form
Since eighteen ninety-one."

—*Free Lance.*

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

When the stage "went light," they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers, the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Bute Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice, where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely the "lines"; that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore," was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; can't git no decent job now-a-days. Nothin' ter be had b prospectin' —tried thet time an' ag'in; if I git anything, it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over to Sand Gulch but it's a durned long way off, an' me'n Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue have ter git that rheumatix jes' now, when we's so hard up, an afore she weaned the baby? It's a —— shame. Why can't Bill git somethin' ter do?—great, big, lunkheaded cuss. Ef I hed a brother, poor'n a cow, d'ye think I'd go an' live on him, an' live on him, till thar warn't nothin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zac Springer, you'er a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gittin' his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Bin tryin' fur a month to git a job an' can't git in anywhere. He's willin ter work; he'd stand crotch-deep in the creek, all day long, washin' out tailen's ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks, and didn't git enough ter buy a pair of gum boots. Whoa, Buckskin! He'd jam right inter the station platform ef you didn't saw his teeth out."

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That 'somethin'' was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty-mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the express company, and why should that smooth-jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold that need to be preached to every time I come now with full box. The stoop-shoulred, desk-settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one o' 'em handlin' the ribbons with thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l-head. Can't tell but they wouldn't give in! The sweet-scented, calf-skin booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em!"

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been the feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called "left-handed" way, and he had had other outbursts of righteous indignation but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had *that* been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was; it was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like the people, to he thought, to come it so high-handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. And wouldn't serve them just right if——

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustang's hoofs in little puffs and sprays of it, powder fine, followed the turn of the wheels half way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Gautemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had duped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it afer a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the day time and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month; that would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see; would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that in one haul. In two months, then —perhaps two months; but it would have to be well hidden.

And he thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife; it meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush. It would be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down-grade. Zach put on the brake-handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice-cold water he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at a spot where the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to——

"God, kain't they trust you—you, Zach Springer. Kain't they trust Old Zach?" he burst out hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent minin' comp'ny does—turn their stuff into the bank at Frisco, arter it's minted? What do they want on it up thar?"

Well, after all, that was their business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together — quicky as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and had been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a moustache lately. Yes. Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than they did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage-brush—as safe as if——

"Git up, thar, ye! Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" And down came the long lash on the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the canon as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots planted firmly on the box.

"This 'ere is what I call goin' hellyty split!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed-fool notion that I orter a ben licked for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wol, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git the half-way house in a quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. That 'ere box is a durned heavy load on a man's mind. I s'pose the sup'rintendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sun-down.

"What's this? A hold-up, sure as shootin'!"

Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got the drop on me, stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In *Course* I will, ef you insist ubon it; But I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an' it's on ther down-grade. So yer needn't shoot ef they start up, fer it'll be yer own fault. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box. Throw it out? It's too blamed heavy fer that. Ye'll hev ter give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanged the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to have one o' them air long things p'inted at me. They shoot too durn straight. Now, here ye are."

With his foot he shoved the box along till it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yerself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin' far—over forty pound.

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the biz," thought Zach: "mebbe thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

"Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go?" he shouted. "Put that weapon down, you fool!"—for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't? Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Takes a purty keen un to git erway with ol' Zach, arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from ther stage comp'ny an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's about right arter this. Hooray for hooray! my stocks riz! It's 'way up ter a hundred an' fifty. Whoop-ee! Haw-haw-haw!"

He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! *It's Bill!*"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits.

J. N. Snyder, Druggist.

Wearing Out Shoe Leather.

"I have but one maxim for you," said a successful and wealthy merchant to a young man about to enter upon the study of a profession, "and that is, never to try to save your shoe leather, but always to be economical of the cloth that forms the seat of your trousers."

The young man pondered this bit of advice for a long time, but he thinks that he never fully understood it until he had been at work in his profession for several years.

He found indeed, that "worn out shoe leather" was a good investment. It meant, for one thing, keeping up with the time by gaining information at first hand. If he needed any facts bearing upon his profession, he said to himself: "I can buy them with a little shoe leather," and he want out and saw the men who had the facts to give him.

If he had waited for them to come to him probably they would never have come. He could not buy the information with pantaloon material.

The Man He Needed.

An eccentric man was Captain King, governor of an Australian colony. A settler once waited on Governor King to ask for the loan of a prisoner to help him in shingling his house.

"Come to me in six weeks, when harvest is over," said she governor, "and I will find a man for you."

"At the end of that period the settler, whose reputation for laziness was well established, again presented himself.

"Have you shingled your house?" asked the governor.

"Oh, dear, no! I've been waiting for help."

"Well, go into that room and you will see your man."

Presently the settler returned saying he could find no man, although he had looked all over the room, even under the table and behind the sofa.

"Not find him!" said the governor. "How can that be? Come along with me and I'll soon find him for you."

Governor King led the man up to the large mirror over the mantlepiece.

"There's the man to shingle your house," said he. "Take him with you, quick, and see that he does it!"

How Sleigh-Bells Are Made

"The making of sleigh-bells is quite an art," says the iron founder. "The little iron bell is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there? The little iron ball is called the "jinglet. When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. In making the bell the "jinglet" is put inside a little bell of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball with the jinglet" inside is placed in the mould of the outside, and the metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mould. When the mould is taken off you see a sleigh-bell but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal that the bell is made of dries the dirt so that it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes the little iron "jinglet" will still be in the bell and will ring. It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell."

A Trial Trip.

"What is that dreadful racket?" asked Mr. Potter Palmer as he sat in his castle by the sea and listened to a loud pounding in the next room, interspersed with broken ejactions.

"That," said his man-in-armor, "is Mrs. Palmer practicing."

"But what in the world is she doing?" inquired the anxious husband.

"She is learning to drive the last nail," was the answer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

When Mr. Bowser comes home and finds his wife lying down with her head tied up he is real sorry for her, of course—just as sorry as any husband could be. And, like any other husband, he stands and surveys her for a moment and then bluntly says:

"I expected it! Finally got flat down, eh?"

"It's nothing," she faintly replies.

"Oh! it isn't Nothing for a wife to be down and upset a whole house, I suppose? Well, I've been looking for it the last three months, and so I'm not much surprised. Mrs. Bowser, it's a wonder to me that you or any other woman in New York is out of your coffin!"

"It's only—a headache, dear."

"Yes, only a headache; but what do headaches lead to? If you are not a dead woman before Saturday night you may consider yourself lucky. Didn't I warn you not to sit in a draught—not to wear thin shoes—not to eat too much in warm weather? Little good it does to talk to a woman!"

"You can't help ailing occasionally," she replied, as she got up to wet the bandage around her head.

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!" he said as he struck an attitude and held one hand aloft. "When am I ever ailing? when do you ever hear me complain? Never! And why is it? Because Mrs. Bowser—because I don't cram my stomach with watermellon, buttermilk, gumdrops, custard pie, sweet cake, ginger ale, and all that! Because I don't go around with my feet sopping wet! Because I know enough to come in when it rains! Because I exercise a little common sense in taking care of myself!"

"Your dinner is ready."

"And I'm ready for dinner. A healthy happy person is always ready for his meals. You won't try to get up I suppose?"

"Not now."

"Well, you have only yourself to blame. You may learn in time, but I doubt it. I'd like to find one woman with about two ounces of horse sense in her head before I die, but I don't expect to do it. Well, it can't be helped, I suppose. The Lord made you that way and it's no use to argue."

Mr. Bowser eats his dinner, smokes his cigar, and sings and whistles as if the slightest noise didn't go through her aching head like a bullet. It never occurs to him to fan her, wet the bandage, or ask her if she can sip a cup of tea. It does occur to him, however, to say about bedtime:

"I'm sorry, of course, but then you must have more sense. I'll go to bed and you can come when you get ready. If you are going to kick around much you'd better sleep in the spare room.

Mr. Bowser comes home to lunch, dragging his legs after him and looking pale and scared.

"What's the matter?" asks Mrs. Bowser.

"Got a sore throat, and I feel feverish. I—I think I'm going to be sick!"

She doesn't call out that it's just as she expected and declare that no husband in New York has sense enough to look out for his health. She knows he was out in a draught in his shirt sleeves, but she doesn't even mention it. On the contrary, she remarks:

"Try and eat a little something and then lie down. You'd better gargle your throat and then tie it up."

"Do you—you think it's anything serious?" he whispers as he grows paler.

"I hope not, but it's best to be on the safe side. You are subject to quinsy, you know, and spinal meningitis begins just this way."

"I believe I'm going to die," gasps Mr. Bowser, and he grows so weak that she has to take off his coat and vest and get him on the lounge. Everything about the house is ordered to go on tiptoe, and even the cat is put out and the clock is stopped. After his throat had been tied up, his shoes taken off, and a quilt thrown over him, Mr. Bowser plaintively inquires:

"Don't you think you'd better send for a doctor?"

"Not just yet, dear. I don't think it very serious."

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe I'm already struck with death."

"Nonsense! You've just got a little inflammation of the tonsils."

"I've felt for some time as if a great calamity hung over the household. Hadn't we better have two doctors?"

"Just try and get to sleep, Mr. Bowser, and I'll warrant you'll feel better by night."

"Ah! how I suffer," he groans. "You may be a widow before the week is out. I hope you will always be kind to our child. I have tried to be a good husband, and—"

Mrs. Bowser lays her hand on his forehead, and the tears come to his eyes, and he suddenly becomes a great big booby.

She has to hold his hand to get him to sleep, and when he wakes up he wants tea and toast and jelly, and he is as petulant as a sick baby until finally put to bed.

He is a new man when he awakes in the morning, and when Mrs. Bowser asks after his throat he replies:

"Throat—humph! Mrs. Bowser, for about five hours yesterday I was hovering between life and death. Had it been you, you would have died ten times over, but grit pulled me through."

"Grit!"

"Yes. Grit—sand — pluck — Spartan courage and fortitude. I let none of you know how bad I actually was, but just shut my teeth and determined to live, and here is the result of it. Ah! Mrs. Bowser, if you only had a hundredth part of my courage and will power you would be a far different woman from what you are now—a far different woman!"—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

Girls and Neckties.

The girls are busy just now making neckties for their best young men. They first carefully study his complexion and then buy the silk which will be becoming to his peculiar style of beauty. The silk is crocheted into a "four-in-hand tie." It takes time and patience, but the maid and man are happy. The youth who has not yet been presented with one of the new ties is wearing a pained, hurt look. —*N. Y. World.*

The Red-Headed Man.

There were about thirty passengers of us—men, women and children—in a coach on a Missouri railroad, when the number was added to by one at a small station. The newcomer was a man of about thirty, and his bearing was reckless and his breath smelled of liquor. Everybody saw that he was in an ugly mood as he took a seat and glared around, and no one cared to take a second glance for fear of offending him. It wasn't ten minutes before he boiled over and began to bluff and bulldoze the little baldheaded man who was his seatmate. The latter had nothing to say, and by and by the other tired of the one-sided row and looked for a better man. He got up and passed down the aisle, sizing every man up, and presently he came to an individual who was not only red-headed but cross-eyed to boot. His hair was the reddest of reds, and his eyes were so badly out of gear as to attract general attention. He was eating popcorn out of a paper bag when the bulldozer stopped before him and growled:

"Drop that ar' co'n!"

"W-what for?" stammered the other.

"Cause I say so, and will let daylight through yer if yer don't."

He dropped the corn, and the bulldozer looked him over and continued:

"I've sometimes let a red-headed man git by me without shootin', but a cross-eyed one—never! You are both, and if I should let yer git out o' Missoury none o' my friends would ever speak to me agin!"

"You ain't—ain't goin' to hurt me, are you?" protested the unfortunate.

"Goin' to shoot yer plump through the head!" replied the bulldozer as he drew his revolver.

There was instant excitement, but no one dared interfere. No one cared to even risk leaving the coach in search of the conductor. The redheaded man turned pale and trembled and began to plead.

"No use a-talkin'!" growled the other. "It's a combinashun I can't let pass. Even if I did some of the boys down the road would pick ye up. I ain't in no great rush, though, and ye can have a couple of minutes in which to pray or talk. Whar d'ye belong?"

"New Jersey."

"Way up thar, eh? What's yer bizness?"

"Farmin'."

"Whar ye goin'?"

"Down to Sedalia to see if I can't hear suthin' about my son Bill."

"What's Bill bin doin'?" carelessly queried the bulldozer as he caressed the the barrel of his revolver.

"He ran away from home over a dozen years ago and came down here, and I'm a-tryin' to locate him."

"What's yer name?"

"Jonas Hill."

"What! Is that yer reg'lar name?"

"It is."

The bulldozer looked at him for half a minute and then said:

"It's powerful funny I'd forgotten about them eyes, though I thought the hair looked sorter familiar. Say, old man, I'm that son Bill, and yer my old dad!"

"Is it possible? And you're my own boy Bill, and I've found you at last!"

"That's the trick, but don't git excited over it. I was givin' ye two minnits, ye know!"

"But you are my own boy, you see."

"Yes, I reckon I be, but—but——"

He stopped and scratched his head and reflected half a minute, and then put up his gun and grudgingly said:

reckon I must let ye off, but I jest want to say to ye, old man, that ye've had one of the narrowest escapes of yer hull life, and ye'd better continue to be thankful fur the next fifteen years!"

Then having saved his dignity, as he thought, he sat down beside his father and the two were soon visiting away and having a real good time.—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

The Careless Creatures.

He came home last night a bit tired from a busy day's work and his wife waited until he had got off his overcoat and sat down.

"Did you get that piece of silk I asked you to bring up to-night?" she inquired, seeing that he had not laid it before her.

"Yes, dear, I left it out here in the hale."

"Did you get the pins?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the ribbon?"

"Yes."

"And Bobby's shoes?"

"Yes."

"And a wisp broom?"

"Yes."

"And a wick for the kitchen lamp?"

"Yes."

"And some matches?"

"Yes, they are with the other bundles."

"And did you see the man about the coal?"

"Yes; it will be up Monday."

"And the man to fix the grate in the dining room?"

"Yes; he is coming as soon as he can."

"Did you see Mrs. Smith about the sewing society meeting?"

"She said she would come."

"And—and—oh, yes, did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?"

"N—n—no," he hesitated, I forgot it."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What did you do that for! You know we needed that shovel, and I told you about it the very first thing when you went down town this morning. I do think you men are the most forgetful and the most careless creatures that ever lived. And she flopped out to see about supper.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Accounted For.

"Papa, do you know what Mr. Spatts's business is?"

"He is a wheelwright."

"Then that accounts for it."

"For what?"

"He tires me."—*Jester.*

No Record Kept.

Reporter (to John L.)—Can you give me the exact date of your fight with Kilrain, Mr. Sullivan?

John L.—Naw, I don't keep a scrap book.—*Jester.*

Telling the Truth.

A boy of 12 was the important witness in the City Court before Judge Daniels. One of the browbeating, bullying lawyers, after cross-questioning him reverently, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."—*Chicago Herald.*

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once. 50 cents.