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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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My Wound Broke Open
afresh. Dr. Pease amputated an inch of the bone, and it healed. Four years later it once more opened, and for eight years how I suffered! I do not believe it possible for a human being to suffer worse agony. During this time I had to go on crutches, being unable to wear a wooden leg. Whenever possible I relieved my sufferings by taking opiate, but when I was obliged to go without it, I suffered fearfully and thought I should go crazy. I tried every thing I could get with my limited means. Physicians said I would never be any better. Finally my
Blood Became Poisoned
and it broke out all over my face and on some parts of my body so that my face is all covered with scars now. One day I read of what Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. The first dollar I got I sent and bought a bottle and began taking it. A week or two later, my wife in dressing my leg, said it seemed to be improving, and after taking
Hood's Sarsaparilla
a few months, thank God (and I say it reverently), the sores all over my body had healed, and now, four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearing." GEORGE M. HAMMOND, 219 Magnolia Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
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Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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THY WILL BE DONE.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Under the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's ax may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lips to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust,
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

—*John Hay in Harper's.*

THE CHILIAN OATH.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for Republican Government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiso" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and as Ned was a man to be trusted the "old man" gave him a free run on shore.

Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally.

One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city, he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villian, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man, said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get youself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then and there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed, "I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you."

Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned gallantly; "but I do not know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into a forest path after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go.

An hour's ride brought them to an opening, and on the slope of the toblado before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by buildings and corral for cattle.

This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I do not want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform, but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez, I remember you, senor. I danced with you at the fandango in Valparaiso last week."

They entered the house and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now you must make a stay with me, if your business will willow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty on shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorroy when the time drew near for him to leave.

The last day of his stay the two rode out among the fo thills, and it was plain to see that they were deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola"—

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the bandits. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was gaining rapidly and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now, ten thousand curses on the girl!" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast, so that he cannot fa'l down.

The men obeyed and Godena dismounted with a pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face.

Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to dist ess the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced.

Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully he stepped close to the prisoner and again and again touched him with the muzzles of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with his heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger, when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said softly. "You te mo!" (I love you.)

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.

An Eccentric Judgment.

Captain King, at one time Governor in an Australian Colony, was noted for his eccentricities. One day he was waited on by two prisoners suing for pardon. The petition of the one was signed by all the leading men in Sydney; that of the other bore but one name.

"How comes it," asked the Governor, "that you have only one name on your petition, while this man has so many?"

"I have lived with only one master all my time, sir," said the man. "I don't know anybody else."

The Governor immediately gave him his pardon, but dismissed the other applicant with the remark:

"You know so many rich people that you don't need anything more."—*Convict King.*

Ten Truthtful Thoughts.

When we feel the narrowness of these lives of ours, each in its own small circle, we are consoled by knowing that every star must move within its limits, though space be around it.

The rich are only enviable in one attribute—their power being to help the poor.

It is only in looking on death that we comprehend immortality, and only utter weariness gives promise of perfectness.

The friend who becomes a lover continues still to be a friend; but the lover who becomes a friend ceases forever to be a lover.

When it is said of a man that he treats men and women just alike, you may be sure he treats them all as if they were men.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; but sufficient unto a lifetime is often the evil of a single day.

Children are taught more than they ever learn and learn more than they are ever taught.

Our bodies live in houses, because our souls live in bodies.

Wisdom, like many other human attributes, is only for the time. We are wise to-day that to-morrow we may look back and say, "How foolish we were."

The desire to teach is stronger than the desire to learn. We only study that we may be enabled to impart again.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

It is said that a man in Chicago owns an ape who steals his master's shoes and blacks them with ink. We've heard of monkey-shines before, but this beats all.

A Sad Story.

A little boy having heard a beautiful story about another little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy wouldn't tell a lie, he in time got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it happened that on the last day of March he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow would cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—fall, straight and fair—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet—strong, sharp and shining—just the thing for a favorite cherry-tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and, before long, a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now? Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry-tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eye and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. The cherry-tree is——"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to——"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father," he whispered, "*April fool!* I haven't touched the cherry-tree; but I most chopped the old apple stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you haven't chopped my cherry tree? April-fool your old father, will you? take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, the little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "It is the first of April. Go thy way.

A Drink of Water.

"It was after the fight at Pittsburgh Landing," remarked an old soldier, "and I was going over the field picking up the wounded. We passed a lot of dead men in a clump, and over beyond them, a hundred yards or so, I heard a faint cry and started to see what it was. I found it pretty soon. A man shot through the breast was lying in a little thicket groaning in great pain.

"'Water,' he moaned. 'For God's sake give me water.'

"I put my canteen to his mouth, and as I knelt beside him I noticed he wore the gray and belonged to some Georgia regiment. He almost emptied the canteen before he took it from his lips, and as he looked up at me gratefully the tears rolled down his cheeks and he stretched his hands feebly toward the canteen, which I was about to sling over my shoulder again.

"'It's pretty good, ain't it?' I asked, when he had given it another pull.

"'Good,' he repeated feebly, between gasps, 'good, pardner? I should say it is. I've been cryin' for it for six hours, an' I never thought I'd be cryin' for water; anyhow not to drink. But, pardner, this blamed war has upset things so that there ain't no tellin' what a man will do.'

"He didn't say it as smooth as I do, boys, for every word hurt, but he got it out at last, and then he laid back in a dead faint. We took him in and he get well enough in three months to drink something stronger than water, but I'll bet a horse he never got a drink that did him as much good as them two swigs of water I let him have out of my canteen, when that holler track was like a string of fire clean through him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Did She Know?

The wife of a well known man in town was living at Washington Heights. A wild snowstorm was in progress. Without previous warning of any sort she said to her family: "I must go to town. I feel that George is dying and that he wants to see me." George was an old of years, but one whom she had not seen or heard of in months. In vain her family dissuaded her; the carriage was ordered—it was before the days of the elevated railroad—and she made a four hour's journey to town. Arriving at her friend's house, she was taken directly to his room. A clergyman was with him.

"How I have wanted to see you!" he said. "How I prayed I might not die until I saw you! There is something I must say to you, and alone." The clergyman left the room. The dying man took her hand, told her what he had desired to tell and died with her hand in his.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Ghanged the Subject.

He (gently)—Are you not afraid one may marry you for your money?

She (sweetly)—Oh, dear, no. Such an idea never entered my head.

He (tenderly)—Ah, in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are.

She (quietly)—Perhaps not.

He (with suppressed emotion)—I—I would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone.

She—He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has money, not I. You've got us mixed. I haven't a cent.

He—Er—very pleasant weather we're having.

Doesn't Work at Night.

A traveler reports that there is a spring in Tammany parish, La., which fourth clear, cold water all day long, but at sunset becomes suddenly dry, discharging no water until the sun rises again.

How Men Propose.

The I. S. O. S. club was talking the matter over a few evenings ago and one woman held the floor.

"Of course, Charlie's case has brought the matter forcibly before me just now," she said mournfully, "but I always have contended that men don't know when and how to propose. I've refused at least three whom I'd have married if they had asked me at the right time."

A woman in a brown ulster, who sat off in one corner, suggested that it might have been bad policy to marry all of them, but the speaker treated this remark with the contempt it deserved.

"Charlie, you know," she went on, "poured the story of his passion into my ear at the theater, during the performance of the "Last of the Hognns," and while the Knights of the Mystic Shrine were singing their touching lay. He said it reminded him that he had been worshiping at a certain shrine, etc. I refused him on the spot.

"A man whom I'll call Georgie selected a particularly cold evening when the mercury was burrowing in the ground and made his little speech on my front steps. My teeth were chattering, my nose was red, I had a cold in the head and it was getting worse every minute. My refusal of George was kind, but prompt."

"My experience was worse than that," said another member. "The youth proposed to me at supper, after the theater, and his remarks were varied by bites of bread and butter, and by delicate attentions in the way of urging food upon me. I actually became so confused before he got through that I didn't know whether he was offering me himself or the cold chicken. Anyhow I declined them both. I want a man who can stop eating long enough to ask a woman to be his wife."

"The most interesting proposal of my experience," remarked a third, "was that of an absentminded young man who used notes. I was giving a little reception, and of course my time was much occupied. The young man realized that this would be the case, and to facilitate matters he brought with him a memorandum. I afterward found it on the floor, where he had dropped it in his agitation.

"Mention raise in salary.

"Mention loneliness.

"Mention pleasure in her society.

"Mention prospects from Uncle Jim.

"Never loved before.

"Propose.

"I'm being a sister to him now."

"You're all very critical," said the president, "but what do you think a man ought to do?"

"He should exercise tact," said one.

"He should wait until the two are alone with no chance of interruption," said another.

"He should be sure that the surroundings are in harmony with the situation."

"He should give his undivided attention to the women."

"Above all this rose the quiet voice of a little woman who had not spoken before.

"The man who doesn't propose at the right time is exasperating," she said softly; "but what of the man who doesn't propose at all?"

There was a sudden calm, and over the face of every member settled a look of patient suffering.—*New York World.*

Why They Smiled.

A lady of this city went out calling one afternoon, leaving her three little children in her handsome parlors, in the charge of a servant, who was accustomed to take care of them. There was a table set for 5 o'clock tea, and everything was in readiness for the return of the hostess with her calling company.

She came attended by her guests, and found the children ominously quiet, and the girl "just stepped out," as she afterward explained. The little ones were all smiling, too; not loud smiles, but deep.

The secret was soon out. Of all the cake, bonbons, chocolate ane cream, not a vestige remained.

"Dimple," asked the mother gravely of the eldest of the three, "what have you been doing?"

"We gave a 5 o'clock tea, mamma, and oh, it was fun! You don't care, do you?"

The woman looked at the three happy, smiling faces, and like a wise woman, smiled with them, and regarded the whole thing as an excellent joke.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Feathers are good fertilizers.

Keep the poultry quarters dry.

The seed of cannas ought to be planted early.

Arrange to have the nests dark, especially for sitting hens.

Geese, turkeys, ducks and guineas thrive best with a good range.

Keep the goose feathers separate from the duck and chicken feathers.

Pekin ducks can readily be kept on farms where there are no ponds.

To make young ducks profitable their growth must be pushed from the start.

When the young chickens are afflicted with leg weakness, feed them bonemeal.

The secret of success in the poultry yard is not in the hatching but in the feeding.

Generally it is not a good plan to attempt to keep more than fifty fowls in one house.

The Spring.

Of all seasons it the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities throughout the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.

What's the difference between a baby and a coat? The coat is what you wear, and the baby is what you were.

Deceitful Appearances.

They sat in the corridor of the Union station waiting for the delayed limited express. She was attired in a neat fitting gray trailing suit, with a heavy cloak thrown over her shoulders, and was one of the sweetest looking creatures that have passed through the station for many a day. He was a fair, slender youth, rather good looking, and was dressed in black and muffled, in a heavy chinchilla.

"Don't say dear," she exclaimed rather fretfully. "Do call me Miss Raymond till we get out of this horrid station. Can't you see everybody is looking at us. They will all know we have been just married."

"Well, Miss Raymond, I sincerely trust you will enjoy your trip to New York," said her companion, assuming as brusque an attitude as he could for such a commonplace remark.

"Why, George, aren't you going with me?"

"Certainly."

"From the manner you spoke I thought you were angry."

"Not at all, Miss Raymond. I would do anything to please you."

"Oh, George, dear, don't talk that way any more. You have given me a fright already."

"Well, what will I do?"

Call me all the pet names you want, but talk in whispers."

That settled it, but there was some loud whispering in the station for some time afterward, and when the fond couple walked out to their train arm in arm the pass turned to watch them, and heard a muffled whisper:

"There, George, I don't believe a single soul in that station knows we are a newly married couple."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Conscientious Druggist.

Small Boy—"Gimme some plaster."

Conscientious Druggist—"Yes, my little man; but we have so many kinds of plasters, intended for many different kinds of diseases. Whom is it for?"

"Me mother."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Nawthin'."

"Then what does she want a plaster for?

"She wants it fer pop."

"Oh! What is the matter with your father?"

"Nawthin'."

"Then what does he want a plaster for?'

"Fer one o' the hired men wot works with him."

"Oh, I see. What is the matter with the man?"

"Nawthin'."

"Humph! What does he wanta plaster for?"

"He was at our house las' night, an' he broke the top of our kitchen lamp, an' he's goin' to mend it for us."

"Eh! Then you want plaster of Paris."

"We don't keer where its from, an' if you don't gimme the plaster an' stop kiddin me wid fool questions, my dad will come 'round an' knock de stuffin out o'yer. See?"

Excuses.

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church relates his experience thus:

"The first man I want to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors.

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who come in a pair of expensive cuff buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for board, was badly in debt and did not see how he could give anything.

"That afternoon as I went by the baseball grounds I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the ground stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed.

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars."—Youth's Companion.

Entitled to Confidence.

Mr. G. W. Benford, druggist, should have the confidence of this community. His calling is one of responsibility; very often precious lives are entrusted to his care; taking the agency for selling the celebrated Red Flag Oil should be a guarantee, it will do all that is claimed for it for the quick cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

The Pet Parrot of the Chicago.

The Chicago, the flagship of the white squadron, has a