The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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—OF—
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Silk Department,

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New 20 inch Faille Francaise, 75c.
New 21 inch Faille Francaise, $1.00.
Both in assortment of about 50 choicest colors.

New 21 inch Crystal Bengalines, all colors, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard.
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Shall we send Samples or a Catalogue?

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It is to Your Interest
TO BUY OUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
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You can depend on having your

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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.

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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.

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Some Great Bargains in

IRISH POINT LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS.

Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored Bedford Cord Table Covers, stamped ready for working. Singed Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Singed Plush Cushion Covers, Bargarran Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs; Hem-stitched Hot Biscuit and Roll Napkins. A new and large line of hem-stitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 60cts up.

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46 inches wide, 50 cents per yard, in Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow. THE NEW THING for Draping Mantles and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Head-rests, from 25c up.

Visit our Table Linen, Towel, Napkins, Muslin, Sheeting and Linen Department, by all means.

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AMERICAN HOTEL.
Owned and Operated by
S. P. SWEITZER, Cumberland, Md.

This hotel is first-class in all its appointments, remodeled and refurnished, and the finest location in the city, at the head of Baltimore street. Street cars pass its doors every few moments. First-class porters attend all trains. Luggage to the Hotel free of charge. Directly back of the Hotel is a first-class

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Persons anticipating matrimony can have their troubles and cares reduced to nothing by stopping at this Hotel, where license can be procured without extra charge. Don't be taken in by colored hackmen, but come direct to the Hotel.

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Two Year old at $2.25 per gallon.
Three " " " $2.50 " "
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S. P. SWEITZER, Proprietor.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next door west of Lutheran Church.
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Having opened up a shop in this place, I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

YOU WE Want Workers

Salary or Commission to good men. Fast selling imported Specialties; also full line GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK. Stock failing to live replaced FREE. R. D. Lusthford & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

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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.

A SOLDIER'S PHOTOGRAPH.

'Twas taken thirty years ago—
My photo o'er the mantel yonder;
'Twas said the resemblance then
Was very lifelike—e'en a wonder;
My hair was curly, dark and long,
My face was round, unseamed and fair,
My figure, of athletic mold,
Showed health and vigor everywhere.

To-day my glass reflects to me
Gray hair and features thin and wan;
The roundness from my supple form,
And health and vigor all are gone;
The soldier of those times is dead,
And in his place a shadow stands;
The past is but a memory,
The present useless on his hands.

Above my photo hangs the sword
I carried through my army life,
And over all the old canteen,
That never failed me in the strife;
They have not changed with going years,
And but for a shade browner grown,
They look as fresh as when we left
The field at close of duty done.

Ah, well! 'twas destined so to be,
And to the edict all must bow.
I've lived the past, and memory
Is all that time has left me now;
But what a legacy to mine!
My story of a martial life!
Wealth could not buy the knowledge ground,
Oftentied field and mortal strife!

'Tis mine, and though I am to-day
Naught but a wreck upon the shore,
I'm rich in what the past hath wrought,
A millionaire forever more!
And daily I live o'er again
A hundred recollections past
Of camp, field, hospital and march,
All hope to live them to the last.

Farm and Home.

AN ODD LIFE ROMANCE.

Was Alec a Lunatic, or is There a State of Pre-Existence?

We had brought our chairs out on the lawn, for the night was hot and sultry. A low hanging harvest moon spread its full radiance over field and meadow, and the heavy feeling of oppression rested on us all. We were but a small party, but entirely congenial. From boyhood up we had ever been close companions, and the only break had come when Alec had been sent on business for his house to a far away Southern town, there to negotiate the transfer of a coffee plantation. At the time of his departure he was engaged to be married and expected soon to return to claim his bride, but on arriving at his destination he found that certain business and legal formalities would detain him much longer than he anticipated. Writing home to his fiance of his disappointment, she determined to go out to him, and by the the next steamer she was on her way. That was years ago, and to-night was the first time we four chums had been together in all that time. We had heard, but in meagre details, the death of Miss Marvin soon after her arrival.

Alec had come back, only to hasten off to some other place with an equally unpronounceable name, and we had supposed that by this time his sorrow had become a thing of the past, and that he had somewhere in his travels found a wife to take Miss Marvin's place. On meeting him at the door it was evident to me that time in this case had proved but a sorry healer. The light-hearted, jolly boy was gone, and in his place stood a man stern and aged before his time with a questioning wonder in the gloomy eyes that seemed forever seeking something or some one as they glanced cautiously about. He was sitting now puffing away at his cigar in moody silence, Tom, Dick and I were trying our voices on some old melody that seemed appropriate to the night, yet we did not let ourselves out, but sang rather in a subdued and sort of hushed way, as though we were afraid of waking some one. Just when we were about to start in on the third verse, Alec started up, and, in accents sharp with pain, said:

"For God's sake fellows, shut up. Can't you see that music is driving me crazy? I hate minor music and I hate the moon." Noting our surprise, he continued: "Yes, I know I act like a lunatic, but when I tell you something I have been trying for years to solve you will know why it is I cannot bear that song or appreciate this moonlight."

He sat up straight and something in his manner led us to believe that what he had to say was connected with that period of his existence of which we knew so little. Turning from one to the other, with a gleam of the old time companion in his manner he said.

"Boys, what I tell you to-night I have never breathed to a living soul outside the tropics. Help me, if you can to solve a mystery that is driving me mad."

In hushed expectancy we wait for him to begin. It was not long, though at first it seemed as though he had forgotten our very presence.

"When I was sent out to Mendoza five years ago, as you know, I was to return soon. The trip was delightful, my prospects bright and the expectation that on my return I was to be married to Miss Marvin whom you may remember, gave to my thoughts a singularly happy turn and every thing was couleur de rose.

"The first night at dinner I noticed a girl sitting near me, who, from the very peculiarity of her appearance, attracted my attention from the first. She was unusally slender, with long, slim, beautifully manicured hands. Her eyes were black, small and restless. Her hair of the most extraordinary tint of red that I have ever seen. You smile; she was not beautiful, but if you could have seen as I have done, the slow, sweet cruel smile; the rosy lips and small sharp teeth, and the lighting movements of the slim hands an l graceful head, you would not wonder I was charmed, aye charmed that was the word. Away from her I loathed the very thought of her, but once let her come toward me, with that graceful, undulating walk that was all her own, with the slim white hand extended her eyes fixed on mine, while that perfect smile hovered over the little, cruel mouth, I was her slave.

"I hated myself for it; I read long lessons to my wavering affections on their disloyalty to Bessie, and in the midnight hours swore that I would not meet her again while we remained on board. But all in vain. The charm of her presence was too much for me, and the morrow found me by her side. Things of that kind progress so much faster on shipboard than in society. There is nothing else to do, and before I knew what I was about I had drifted further than I dared think of. She, on her part, seemed not so much to love me as to enjoy the torture she inflicted. Vanity was her ruling passion though why I was chosen the victim to be sacrified on its altar. God only knows. On night, it was just such another as this, we sat together in the shadow of a lifeboat looking out over the sparkling sea. On the morrow the trip would be ended, and I, away from her baleful presence, could burst the chains that bound me and be once more a man. As if reading my thoughts she slipped one white hand into mine and in a sort of dreamy whisper, she began:

"Alec, do you believe in a pre-existence? I do, and somehow to-night I feel as though I could look back into that state and see myself. Many times I've been in the same place, before, always a jungle, deep, dark, impenetrable. I see great dead white and scarlet blossoms whose odor makes the very air heavy with a languorous perfume. I feel that I am there yet see no one until a man with white drawn face approaches near my hiding place. Then all at once I feel a tremor steal throughout my being, fierce fire beats down upon my head. I clasp my body round that human form, and then I see the man enfolded in the coils of a writhing, venomous cobra that springs from the branch above his head. Alec, am I that cobra?

"Involuntarily I shudder; her picture was so vivid. With a soft laugh she went on.

"You need not shudder. I find something most enchanting in that picture; it is the way to kill, crush in a fierce embrace—and life is soon extinct. It is as I should do as if you were false."

"Her eyes glittered as she fastened them on mine, and the slim fingers twisted convulsively."

"It is as I should do," she murmured, "but not the man, oh, no, that punishment would be, too small. A death like that, crushed in my lingering embrace, would be but heaven to the man, but through the woman he should suffer."

"My thoughts fly to Bessie and I saw then—oh, so clearly—what a fool I have been to allow myself to be dragged into the net of such a woman, but on the morrow we would part and then it would be so much easier to break the news of my engagement by letter, and as I was soon to return to North America what harm could come of it. It was only an episode in the life on shipboard. We parted for the night, she more loving and tender than her wont, yet with a peculiar stealthy watchfulness of my actions that made me nervous. In the morning all was bustle and activity, and in the confusion we exchanged but a few hurried words and parted—I with a promise of many letters lingering on my lips and she with an odd little metallic laugh that rings through my dreams to this day. I put off telling her of my engagement, even by letter, until I had word that Miss Marvin was about to join me, owing to my stay being prolonged. Then I knew that I must no longer conceal the fact and sat down and wrote to my steamer companion a full explanation of my affairs and arose from my desk with a huge weight off my mind and my conscience.

"The moments seemed weighted, so slowly did they pass until the word reached us that the Mariposa was lying at anchor in the lower harbor. Besides my future wife, my bride to be, was only an hour away. No lover was ever more ardent, and it was a not long before I was rushing like a madman down to the wharf to greet my darling. There I stood with the burning southern sun beating down on my unprotected head unheeded for a fiercer and more ardent flame was consuming my heart as I thought of the happiness in store for me. With the breaking off of my relations with my southern steamer acquaintance a new life seemed to bound through my veins and an eagerness I could not conceal caused me to pace up and down in restless impatience on that scorching wharf.

"You can imagine when I tell you all this what my feelings must have been when just as the majestic vessel was within sight a voice at my elbow startled me with its well-known intonation, and turning I discovered that my hope to escape from the awful enchantment of the steamer was a fleeting and evanescent fancy. Before me, with her eyes darting fire, the lips moving in the slow, cruel smile, stood the woman I had thought so far away.

"Your white northern dove is coming, I see? Does it not seem a fitting climax that I, the cast-off plaging of an idle hour should be on hand to witness the warm greeting and the loving kiss, the burning words of welcome, and knowing all. To realize what I have lost. Your letter was so kind, so just, how could I do otherwise than be on hand to share your joy and witness her triumph. You writhe, you turn your eyes about, ah, now, my friend, again I see the jungle, again I see the wan white tortured face, and now I know it—it is yours—yours, and I am there, but where, but where?"

"With a swift sudden movement as the steamer drew up to the pier she was gone—gone like a phanton as silently and curiously as she appeared and with a cold perspiration starting from every pore I strove to be at ease and greet my bride.

"That night—ah, shall I ever forget it? Bessie and I had clasped in hand, sat on the moon-lit verandah dreaming those dreams that lovers love to dream until at last a silence sweet and tender had fallen upon us. At the end of the narrow pebbled walk a dark clump of tropical plants stood out in weird relief against the dazaling whiteness of that sultry night. One nightingale burst into song, and a mandolin player in a near-by cafe strummed a sweet minor air.

"At last our revery was broken by the approach of my servant, who in a whisper begged pardon for the intrusion, but said a lady waited for me in the little room I had turned into part library, part den and set apart for my especial use. With a lingering kiss on the sweet lips upturned to mine, I left her and went into the house.

"My God! that night. Finding no one in my room, I hastened out to seek an explanation of such unpardonable stupidity, when on the night air rang out one awful frightened cry that was smothered at its birth. Out into the moonlight I rushed, my brain on fire, my nerves in a tension of despair for though I knew not what calamity had befallen one I loved so well, yet cold and and icy hands were grasping at my heart, and a hundred mocking, smirking devils cried: "She is ours! She is ours!"

"Lying like one asleep, the startled servant and myself found all that remained to me of my bonnie girl; her golden hair unloosened by her fall, caught the moonbeams in its glorious caress, and over the pale face the cold calm light, fell in heavenly benediction.

"No marks were there to mar the beauty of the calm, young face. Hurriedly we looked about for the unknown assassin, who coward that he was, had wrested from me the prize when I was not by to defend it with my life. No trace could there be found but a servant later on informed me that down the shining gravel walk a cobra had been seen to glide away.

"Now you know why I hate a night like this, and now you know why, like a branded man, I wander o'er the surface of the globe with the mark of Cain upon my brow."

We sat a long time in silence after he had gone into the house. At last in a voice he tried hard to steady, Tom said:

"Poor old chap, I never knew he was such a hard drinker—his trouble must have driven him to it."

This explanation we tried to accept but in our hearts we knew it was not drink, but a mystery we could not solve.

—*Edith Townsend Everett.*

Honors Came by Accident.

"I was acting as major in a certain battle," related the officer, "when the brigade was ordered to carry by storm a position in which the enemy was strongly fortified. The regiment went forward, but when it came under fire the center wavered, while the wings made a dash to reach a stone wall in front, bending the regiment like a rainbow. I was in the rear of the center urging the men to push forward, when my horse, which was new in the business, took the bit in his teeth and dashed at the gallop ahead of the men and up to the stone wall. I made the best of an awkward situation, rose in my stirrups, waved my sword, and called upon the men to push forward. Believing that I had gone willingly into danger, they dashed forward to my rescue, and after a furious fight we drove the enemy from their position, went over the wall and were soon in full possession of the ground we had been directed to occupy. I was credited, of course, with extreme bravery. There was a great deal of talk about the gallant manner in which I rode up to the very bayonets of the enemy.

"In the end I was promoted to colonel at one jump, and ever after that I endeavored to maintain the standard of bravery fixed by that stubborn old horse. I was no more responsible for that daring ride than if I had been carried there by a hurricane.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Queer Sight in a Big City.

It was at an hour one day last week when the intersection of Clark and Randolph streets was a jam of people, street cars, busses, carriages and wagons. Suddenly a blockade occurred. People swarmed to the center of the intersection to see what it was to which a big policeman seemed paying particular attention. The officer wore a merry smile which the people easily read as meaning that he had something on hand worth their while to squeeze forward and see. There at his feet lay a huge black bear. A big bullet hole square between the eyes showed how the fine looking animal had met his fate. Men, women, newsboys gazed at the strange, striking sight with mouths wide open.

"I didn't hear no shootin," said one urchin to his little pal.

"Nuther did I," came the ditto from half a dozen others.

"Wonder if he's really all dead yet?" said a woman.

"W-e-l-l," drawled a rural-looking old chap, "'pon my honor? That I bet is the fust bar ever tumbled at the corner of the Chicago City Hall!"

The big policeman only laughed a stanza of guffaws and assumed a heroic poise. While the spectators were firing rapid volleys of questions at him there passed in upon the scene a strapping market-man clad in the apron-frock of his trade. He swung the carcass upon his shoulder, and as he made away with it remarked; "I've lost chickens, ducks and hogs out of my delivery wagon in my time, but this is the first dead bear that ever got away from me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Peep at a Child Wife in India.

A Portland lady, who is now on her way home from India, writes to a friend that she had a good opportunity to witness one of the ceremonies peculiar to that far land—a marriage of a girl child to a middle age man. In this instance the bride, who was of high social rank, was regarded by her people as really old, having reached her twelfth year. Etiquette requires that the bride shall not be seen to smile or take notice of any person for a period of three days. But the Portland lady was determined that she would see how the downcast face looked, and finally got down on her knees upon the same mat upon which the richly attired bride sat and took a good look up into her face.—Bangor (Me.) *Commercial.*

An Awful Thing to Remember.

When a bachelor getting out of bed on a cold morning decides to keep on his night robe till the room gets warmer and then thoughtlessly hurries away to breakfast, where people smile slyly and significantly, it does not add to his joy to remember that he did not make the change in the apparel he contemplated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder.

He—Another piece of sugar? I do not think I would like to be the sweetest girl in the world.

She—Why not?

He—I prefer being next to the sweetest.

The surest way to prvent a contest over your will is to die poor.

A String of Pearls.

Here is a very curious jewel story which we are told is authentic. On the night of her first ball little Miss B. wore a lovely string of pearls, belonging to her mother, which quite came in for their share of the general admiration accorded to the pretty debutante and her toilet. "Yes, they are very beautiful," said Mrs. B. in reply to the enthusiastic comments of a friend, "and they have, moreover, a very interesting history, which, as I have lived so long in seclusion abroad, you have probably never heard.

"At one time, you know, before my husband's death, I went out a great deal in London, and as my pearls, which are really remarkable for their size and color, are immensely valuable, I had a duplicate string made of Roman pearls which I wore on all ordinary occasions, leaving my own precious stones in the safe at home. About that time a cousin of mine, who was an extremely pretty girl, but rather badly off in the way of wordly gear, came over from America to stay with me, and on the occasion of her first dance I took great pleasure in seeing that her undoubted beauty was advanced by a becoming toilet.

"As she had no jewels I clasped the string of Roman pearls around her neck, saying, 'I will give you these as they are so becoming, and I can easily have another string made if I should want them.' The child was a great success, and at the end of the season was married to the Count von S——, of the Austrian legation, who fell in love with her pretty face, and wooed and wedded her despite the want of a dower.

"Just before the wedding my French maid, who had been with us for years, and in whom I had always had the greatest confidence, disappeared, and with her my pearls. My loss was the talk of the town at the time. Enormous rewards were offered, and both English and French detectives were busy over the affair for months without, however, the slightest result. The disappearance of such valuable jewels puzzled every one, and the mystery was only explained a few years ago, when my eldest daughter came out in Paris.

"Count von S—— was there with his family, having attained to the rank of first secretary of the legation, and on the night of my Bertha's first ball my cousin, Mme. von S——, came over to our apartment with the identical string of Roman pearls I had given her several years before. 'I have always kept them, she said, 'put away carefully, and now I want Bertha to have them as they brought me such good luck.'

"The clasp, however, appeared to be imperfect, and Mme. von S—— offered to leave it at the jeweler's on her way home. 'It is the affair of half an hour,' she said, 'and they can easily be sent back in time for the ball.' An hour later the card of a well-known jeweler was brought to me, and wondering what he wanted, I gave orders to have him admitted. An elderly gentleman presented himself. 'I have brought back the pearls myself, madame,' he said, bowing respectfully. 'On account of their great value I preferred to deliver them personally into your own hands.

"Amused to see one of the trade so easily deceived, I answered, 'And what should you say was their value?' 'Not less than £7,000 at their lowest valuation,' he responded promptly. 'I have examined them carefully; they are without flaw, and are remarkably perfect.' My dear, I nearly fainted, for a wild idea suddenly occurred to me, 'What if these were the real pearls after all, and my clever maid had only taken the duplicates?' Well, the long and the short of it was that that was exactly what had happened. Bertha wore the bona fide jewels to the embassy ball, and again they seemed to bring good fortune, for she was happily married to Lord A——, whom she met that evening; and now it is little Mary's turn, and I have been wondering all the evening what will be her fate."—*New York Tribune.*

Tent Caterpillars.

Professor Comstock says: "These are many species of caterpillars that feed upon the foliage of the apple, pear and quince. The more conspicuous of there are the tent caterpillars, which are so called because they live in colonies in large silken tents. These may be readily destroyed by removing the tents with the tent caterpillars. As this tent serves merely as a residence, the caterpillars leaving them and spreading over the trees to get their food, care should be taken to remove the nests early in the morning or on a rainy day, at which time the insects are in the nest."

A New Collar-Button.

"Collar-buttons, five a dozen." It was the voice of Pouliski, the peddler, as he pushed his head through the swinging doors of a Ninth street saloon. "Hey, Whiskers," called Billy Gayboy, as he held his glass, "have yer got any o' them 'leetric light collar buttons that shine in the dark when yer lose 'em under the bureau?"

"No, sir,' said the peddler.

"Nor any of them with the whistling attachment so's you can always locate them when you lose 'em?" asked another.

"No, sir," said the peddler.

"Well, then, get along," said Gayboy. "You haven,t got anything that we want."

"Vel, I tell you vot I haf got," said Pouliski. "I haf got some of dem talking collar buttons."

"That beats us. What are they?" asked one of the crowd,

"Dem, sir, are de kind vot do dere own swearin' ven you lose dem under de bureau."

The Grammar Confuted

"Two negatives make an affirmative, you believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't take any stock in such nonsense."

"Why not?"

"Why not? I'll tell you. On Monday night I proposed to Mary Jones, and she said no; on Tuesday night I proposed to Jane Smith and she said no. There are two negatives for you. If you can make an affirmative out of them you are a better grammarian than I am."—*N. Y. Press.*

There is nothing a man enjoys more than complaining about his great responsibilities.

Denouncing Union Pensions.

"I do say that the enormous sum paid in the way of pensions is a double hardship on the people of the South. It is a hardship because it is drawn not from the wealth or property of the country, but from its consumers. And it is a hardship because that part paid by them is transferred from the South to the homes of these soldiers, thereby depleting from year to year the money in circulation. From all these causes it results that there is a dearth of money south of the Ohio River,"—*Speech of Patterson of Tennessee, in the House, March 2.*

SYMPATHY FOR CONFEDERATES, JEALOUSY AND ANGER TOWARD UNION PENSIONERS.

"The saddest thing in life to me is to see a poor Confederate veteran as he drags himself from his cabin to the field to labor, to earn bread for his wife and children, and to realize that one-twelfth of all he makes must be taken from him to pension some camp follower or bounty jumper."—*Bankhead of Alabama in the House, March 23.*

WHY THE SOUTH OPPOSES PENSIONS.

"This Congress has passed a bill appropriating $140,000,000 for the payment of pensions. This large amount must first be collected from the people. It is a cash transaction, not credit, not checks or drafts, but cash. The amount is more than $2 per capita, or more than $3,000,000 for the State of Alabama, or nearly twice the amount collected for State and county taxes in that State; or, to put it more plainly, each family of five are taxed more than $10 for pensions. This money, the representative of one month's labor for the head of the family on the farm, or one-twelfth the year's return for labor, goes into the pocket of some pensioner, many of whom are rich men and women. A very small per cent. goes back to Alabama, for we have but few pensioners, and those we do have are not as a rule entitled to the money they receive."—*Bankhead of Alabama, March 23.*

THE NORTH WARNED TO BEWARE OF THE WRATH OF "THE PEOPLE" OF THE SOUTH—DISUNION AGAIN THREATENED.

"When the people can no longer stand the oppression, when they can no longer remain silent, when the time comes, as I believe it will if they are not given relief, that the masses in this country rise up and demand justice at the hands of the law makers, I trust that I may be found on the side of the people and fighting with them for what I believe to be just.

"The essence of my Democracy is my sublime confidence in the people [of the South]. They will do right when the right is understood by them. This is their Goverment and they will control its destiny. When it becomes oppressive they will try to reform it. When it becomes unbearble they will destroy it and build upon the ruins another, fashioned with their own hands. I warn you, gentleman, not to tempt them too far. I remind you that it is unwise to treat the sufferings of the people lightly."—*Bankhead of Alabama, March 23.*

DENOUNCING THE APPROPRIATION FOR THE GRAND ARMY REUNION.

"The United States Senate voting money for the relief of the charitable institutions in and about the National Capitol is a violation of the Constitution that should receive a severe censure; but on top of this that august body went so far last Friday as to vote $100,000 to the carousal fund of that national Republican organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, which gathers in Washington during the coming autumn."—*Birmingham, Ala., Age-Herald.*

THE SOUTHERN ALLIANCE ALSO OPPOSES UNION PENSIONS.

The president of the Georgia Farmers' Alliance said, not long ago: Had our South