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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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"Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and
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in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe
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THE MAGICAL DOOR.

There's a door in the wall of ages—
A door that no man sees,
For the angel who writes in the book of Time
Is the keeper of the keys.
Once in the year it opens,
At the solemn midnight hour,
When the children sleep and the old clocks keep
Awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind the silence hide.
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mythical place
Where the old years rest that were once possessed
By the wonderful human race.

The shadowy door swings open,
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve months' struggle
In the world of strife and sin.
Waft him a farewell greeting;
He will pass no more this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of Yesterday.

The door still swingeth open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the beat of friendly drums;
His hands are full of beauty—
The cluster, the sotg, the sheaf,
The snow flake's wing and the bubbling spring,
And the foam on the crested reef.

This is the New Year, darlings,
Oh, haste to give him cheer.
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darlings;
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of night and day.
—*M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

A TRUE STORY OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was New Year's Eve on Jack Ralston's ranch, and the family and guests were all gathered about the huge open fireplace in the living-room, drinking their coffee after a late dinner. The lights were not lit and the party sat in the flickering light of a big fire of crackling pine logs, which threw out quaint shadows in every direction. This party was the usual one that yearly gathered at Jack Ralston's to spend the Christmas holidays with him and his family. As they sat in the cheerful warmth and glow of the fire they listened to the fearful storm that roared outside. A blizzard had been raging for the past three days; the wind howled and shrieked through the mountain peaks, driving the fast-falling snow before it and piling it up in immense drifts against every obstruction. It was a bitter, biting, cold wind, too, as it tore through the valley like a demon seeking whom it might destroy, doing its utmost to completely bury the house from view in the snow; but, sheltered as it was by two giant rocks, one on each side, with the mountain-side at its back, the house was safe, in its snug little spot, even from the storm's greatest fury. The inclement weather had kept the men indoors, and they were grumbling over their enforced idleness, and bragged about the amount of game they would have bagged had they only been able to get out.

"Say, Jack, its time time yet before midnight. Can't you spin us a yarn?" finally said Bobby Cruthers, after a long pause in the conversation.

"Well, I was just thinking," said Jack, "of just such a night as this fifteen years ago, when, if it had not been for the pluck of that little woman yonder, I would not be here to-night to see the New Year come in," and he gazed fondly at his wife, who still looked like a young woman as she sat in the flickering light, although on one side sat her son, a fair young giant, and on the other her daughter, a beautiful girl just blossoming into womanhood.

"Let's have it," came in a chorus from the party.

"Well, fill your pipes, and I'll tell you my story. You see, fifteen years ago, I wasn't as prosperous as I am now. I was just starting out ranching, had only been here some three years, then, and where this house now stands we only had a small log cabin. Young Jack over there was only six years old at the time, and Miss Ruth was trotting round, a young three-year old. The winter had opened badly; snow had come very early, and with it bitter cold weather. We had plenty of fuel, so we managed to keep warm enough. The cabin was in the same spot as this house now is, so the two big rocks helped to keep off the fierceness of the wind; but we were completely buried under the snow, so that we had to dig a tunnel from the front door out into the open air. Myself and all the boys were kept mighty busy taking forage out to spots where the cattle could get to it, and so not starve to death. Well, one morning, about two weeks before Christmas, after a heavy snow-fall, I started out with all hands on one of these trips, intending to gather all the cattle together as much as possible, and to build some large hay stacks, so that they would have plenty of food for some time; also, as our grub was getting pretty low, we were going to push through to Dolores, to provision up for the rest of the winter in case we couldn't get through again for some time. I also wanted to get the Christmas presents for the kids; so I told the little wife not to be anxious if I didn't show up for several days.

"Well, we all started, only leaving one of the boys behind, who had been sick and wasn't quite well yet. We had the decco's own joy fixing up the cattle and getting through to Dolores. It took us over a week, and several of the boys were badly frost-bitten. We were ready in a few days to push back again, but another heavy snow-fall came, and another and another, until really it seemed to be snowing all the time. The days slipped by, one by one, until Christmas came, and there I was snow-bound in Dolores, getting more and more anxious about the folks at home. I knew their grub must be getting low; and besides, here was Christmas day, and nothing for the kids. I was nearly wild, I can tell you. Well, two days before New Year's there was a let-up, and I made up my mind to push through at any cost. I could only induce one of my men to come with me; the others flatly refused. They said it would be sure death; that another storm was coming up—this time a regular blizzard. At any rate, we started on our fifty-mile ride. The trails were simply one succession of immense drifts, so we made mighty slow progress, as we had to lead a pack-horse. After one day's riding we had only gone twenty-five miles, and a new storm was coming up; and it proved a regular snorter too. We dug a hole in the snow and lay down for a few hour's sleep, for we were dead beat; but it was so cold that we were only able to get forty winks, and started again, so as not to freeze to death.

"The storm increased, getting worse and worse as we went on; the snow driven by the fierce wind, cut our face like so many needles, while the bitter cold seemed to numb every faculty and to be slowly freezing out our very lives. My horse then gave out—couldn't move another step, so I let him go and mounted the pack horse. Night then came on, and our whisky, that had given us some strength and warmth, gave out. We didn't know were we were, but thought we couldn't be many miles from home if only we were on the right trail. My man's horse next gave out, as I was stronger than he, I made him get on my horse, and, holding on to the saddle, walked along by his side; but only a mile or so further and our last horse dropped down exhausted. What were we to do? I don't know where I got the strength, but I shouldered the pack myself and we both plunged on. I would not give in—the thought that they might be starving at home forced me on, I don't know how far we walked; I hardly knew in what direction we were going; my one thought was to keep moving. The poor fellow near me was completely gone, and lay down to sleep. I begged him to get up, to try to move. I beat him; I dragged him along; but he only begged to be left alone. I grabbed him by the collar and just pulled him along, stopping to rest ever few minutes. I couldn't see; I couldn't feel; I myself longed to lie down in the soft snow and go to sleep. Then I thought of the dear ones at home; I would never see them again. This gave me renewed energy, and, dragging my half-lifeless comrade, stumbling under the weight of the pack, I plunged on. Finally I was completely done; I couldn't go another step; I felt that death couldn't be far off. Oh, the utter misery of despair of that moment! I sank down and cried in utter helplessness. I don't know what made me, but I struggled to my feet once more and called again and again, but the storm only mocked me, and I sank down once more. I was so sleepy and tired, and it was so nice and soft lying in the snow. The next thing I remember I was feeling some whisky being poured down my throat, and then that I was being dragged through the snow and that I was home and safe. Well, boys, do you know who did it? Wy it was that little woman sitting so quiet by the fire there. It appears that she somehow had a presentiment that I was out in the storm and she kept going to the mouth of the tunnel every little while, as she had been doing nearly every night. When I gave up to die I was nearer home than I thought, and she heard my call. She got some whisky, and, making the man hold a torch so that she could find her way back, she plowed through all that snow and storm until she found me, and then by main force she dragged me back to the house. Not only that, but she went back again and brought in the other poor fellow. What do you think of that for pluck? It was weeks before I got over the effects of that night; but I tell you what, boys, that was the happiest New Year I ever had. It's nearly twelve o'clock; so fill up, all, and make ready to drink the New Year in when the clock strikes, and one toast that I know you'll join with me in drinking will be: 'The Heroine of New Years's Eve—My Little Wife.'"—V. D. Charlier, in *Once a Week.*

A Nonchalant Bride.

It was at the hotel table, and they looked suspiciously like a bridal couple, but their conversation seemed to disprove the theory. He had explained in rather loud tones that he had sewed the loop on his overcoat with white thread, and she had told him that if he'd had any ingenuity he could have made it black by drawing it through the ink bottle. So that every one could see they were "old married people," for a bride would have reproachfully asked him why he hadn't let her do it.

Then they began to order their dinner.

"Will you have a redhead duck or a mallard?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," she returned airly. "I don't know the difference between a red-head duck and a blue-eyed pheasant."

This flippancy disconcerted him for a moment, but he seemed to remember something and went on:

"Well, how do some broiled quails strike you?"

"Broiled or stewed, it's immaterial to me," she answered, nonchalantly.

Then he became cross and delivered himself of an opinion.

"See here, Alice, you've got to decide. I don't want to go and order something for our first dinner—"

And then he suddenly paused as Alice moaned.

"Oh, hush! I knew you'd forget. You've given it away after all my attempts to seem so old married! Oh, Ralph!"

And the hearers thought again of the stupidity of man and how it ruthlessly destroys all that the finess of woman accomplishments. And they also wondered again why the victims of a wedding journey should regard themselves as criminals.—*Chicago Times.*

Will Give it a Trial.

Rivers. "If you are suffering from rheumatism, Banks, why don't you try carrying a cedar knot in your pocket? They say it has been known to cure it."

Banks. "That's too utterly preposterous and idiotic for any sensible man to believe."

"I don't know anything about it myself, but a friend of mine says he has heard it sometimes recommended. While carrying the knot in the pocket the person with the rheumatism must at the same time drink a gill of apple brandy twice a day."

"Rivers, I'll try it! There may be something in it. A cedar knot, did you say?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some men dress shabbily because it is artistic; others because it is the badge of wealth; and still others because they can't help it.

Make the New Year a Happy One.

Every one of our actions finds its reflection in the life of some one else. No matter how humble may be our surroundings we have an influence on some other life. Individual good cheer means general happiness. If we are bright we brighten our neighbors; the neighbor is an emissary to the community, and the community, in turn, to the great world at large.

Thus in the year before us we have it pretty much in our own hands. National advantages are ours; we need only supply the individual elements. The past is valuable only for the lessons it can teach; the present for its opportunities; the future for its possibilities. Whatever the past year may have meant to you make it dead history. But let the new year be a living issue. With a big fresh sponge dripping with the clear water of forgiveness wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for everyone. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. An ill-natured thought often makes us unhappier then the person to whom it is directed. A happy mind is an elixir, and as are the spirits of the wife in the house, so will be those of the husband, who in turn will carry them into the outer world. Domestic happiness often colors commercial prosperity. The hearthstone is the corner of the counting room. An unhapppy wife makes a blue merchant. As we men live at home, so we work in the outer world.

Therefore, to the thousands, yes, I may say the million and more of women to whom I speak with these words, let me say: Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Few Resolutions.

Resolve: That you will lead an upright and noble life.

As you will promptly break this resolution it will ease any qualms of conscience you may have at breaking any others.

Resolve: That you will speak nothing but good of your friends.

In this way you will be able to learn very shortly how very few friends you have.

Resolve: That you will never drink again.

Then for a couple of weeks you can tell your friends that you break your good resolution merely to drink with them, and they will feel very, very happy.

Resolve: Not to marry.

If married already, point to this resolution at the end of the year with pride. If a female (which is to be hoped you are not), tell all the men about it.

Resolve. That you will be prudent and economical during the entire year.

If you are not all will be well, for you will probably have to be economical next year to make up for it.

Resolve: Not to tell your girl of your New Year's resolutions.

She is probably a trusting young thing and it will rend her heart to learn that, after all, you are not actually divine as she had supposed.—*Life.*

Why She Thought He Was Failing.

"I am afraid you are not so strong as you used to be, John," said a fond wife to her husband. "I think it is about time you were getting some insurance on your life."

"Insurance on my life! What are you talking about? I am as healthy as ever I was. Insurance, indeed!"

"Well, dear, I only mentioned it, you know, out of respect to yourself. I thought you were failing."

"And what in the world put it into your head that I am failing? I failing? Why, I am as strong as a horse, and can run up three flights of stairs without taking a breath."

"Well, that may be so, but I am afraid you are deceiving yourself."

"Deceiving myself! Goodness gracious woman, what do you mean?"

"Don't be so impatient. What makes me think you are failing is this: When you were courting me you could hold me on your knee for three hours; now you cannot hold the baby on your lap three minutes."—*London Tid Bits.*

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who had just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

In Toto.

The attorney had a very ignorant witness on the stand, and as is usual with that class he insisted on telling his story over and over again. At last the attorney grew tired.

"If you please," he said, with some feeling, "you will not repeat that story again. I have heard it in toto several times."

"Huh?" asked the witness in surprise.

"I say I have heard that story in toto, and I don't want to hear it again."

"I guess not," said the witness. "I never staid in Toto in my life, and I don't even know where it is"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A New Year's Resolve.

Squire Muffleton walked leisurely down the street puffing a fragrant Havana. The squire was a devout lover of the weed—one of those who pride themselves that smoking with them is a luxury rather than a habit and can be stopped at any moment. New Year's day had dawned auspiciously for the squire; the old year had proved an exceedingly profitable one and the new one bid fair to be, so the jovial justice was in an amiable frame of mind as he went along nodding and chatting to the passers by, with a good word for everyone. Presently he met Dr. Phiddlegrease.

"A happy New Year, doctor," bawled the squire, "and many fat cases for you!"

"The same to you," responded the medical man, "and many new suits on your docket!"

The squire laughed heartily. "Well, this is a glorious New Year's morning," said he.

"Yes," assented the doctor, "splendid—a first rate morning for resolutions."

The squire shrugged his shoulders. "I never took much stock in New Year's resolutions—they don't amount to a row of pins."

"Well, I don't know; look at Charley Paddlepool—see what resolutions did for him!"

"How's that?"

"Why, three years ago he chewed tobacco incessantly, drank like a fish and smoked all the time. Now he is a total abstainer."

"Just so," interposed the squire, smilingly.

"You see he began by resolving to stop chewing on New Year's day. He went a year without chewing. Then he resolved not to drink, and went a year without liquor. Last year he concluded to quit smoking, and now he's completely cured of the injurious habit. I tell you there's nothing like beginning the New Year with resolves.

"Just so," repeated the squire, cynically; "but anyone can do what Paddlepool did on New Year's or any other day.

Now look at me. I smoke from eight to ten cigars a day, not because I am addicted to it, but because I like to, and can stop at any time. Why, bless your heart, it's no trick to stop smoking."

The doctor looked wise and grinned. "You think not?"

"Certainly," said the squire, with confidence; "no trick at all!"

The doctor's smile broadened. "Well, squire, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wager you a suit of clothes that you can't keep for one week a New Year's resolve to stop smoking."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the squire, extending his hand, and, throwing away his half smoked cigar, he went down the street whistling.

In the evening while the doctor was seated in his comfortable library the squire was ushered in. It was his custom to drop over occasionally to visit his friend and discuss social and business affairs. Upon this occasion the squire was in his usual good spirits, and came in vigorously chewing a toothpick. He took a seat opposite the doctor. Presently the latter lit a cigar, which the squire eyed jealously, but said nothing, and soon the two were engaged in conversation. After awhile the squire arose to go and as he did so, still talking, he took a long, tempting looking cigar from his pocket. He smelled of it approvingly and then as if recollecting himself put it back. The squire continued talking attentively. Pretty soon out came the cigar again. This time he bit the end off, rolled it between his fingers and placed it in his mouth. He felt in his pocket for a match while the doctor with difficulty refrained from laughing outright. As the squire finished speaking he struck a light and had taken but two puffs when the situation dawned upon him. The cigar dropped from his lips. The doctor was in a paroxysm of mirth. "Doctor," said the squire soberly, as he closed the door behind him with a bang, "you had better step around in the morning and get measured for that suit."

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been telling 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.

Keeping Up Style.

Mr. Minks. "That girl was decent enough to black the stoves before going, I see."

Mrs. Minks. "No, I blacked them myself, and it's lucky I did."

"Lucky?"

"Yes, indeed. Mrs. De Fashion and Mrs. De Style called right in the midst of it, and so I just put a little more blacking on my face and went to the door and told them I wasn't in. They said they'd call again. *From The New York Weekly.*

It is a Good Thing.

I say this for Pan-Tina: I have been in the drug business many years, and this is one of the most successful Cough remedies I have sold. A case in point, a neighbor, Mr. Lewis Nicodemus, had a chronic Cough of six years' standing, which no medicine would relieve. I recommended Pan-Tina, and its effect was magical. It is a good thing.

J. ROSS MATHER, Altoona, Pa.

Pan-Tina is sold at 25 and 50 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

His Final Cast.

Dobbins. "I hear your son intends to make his debut as an actor next week?"

Jobbins. "So I hear."

Dobbins. "What will he be most apt to appear in?"

Jabbins. "Well if he depends on his talent for a living, I think he will eventually appear in the poor house."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The True Spirit.

The New Year has overtaken us and carries us on with it. Those who stop to question ask: "Where?" and "How?"

The first question no one can answer, but the other is for us to reply to by our acceptance of what the year brings us. Our feelings are particularly keen just now. Love seems to burn up brighter on the hearth, no matter how brightly it burned before. Selfishness has for a time been conquered. Our hearts are warm. What has warmed them?

Tell us, grandma, was it the warm shawl which you received at Christmas, or the bright and unusually kind smiles, that warmed your heart most? Could it have been the card case from the thoughtless granddaughter who knew you never made calls, or was it the sweet thought that she had not forgotten you, which made you happy?

Grandma does not answer, but we will see what mother will say. Was it the pretty potted plants from that kind friend, or the duchess lace handkerchief sent by the boy who thinks nothing good enough for mother? Did these presents lift all that pressure from your heart? Mother shakes her head and we know what she is thinking of. Now let us ask one of the boys about it. I heard one of them saying that the bronze ewer his aunt gave him was just what he wanted and had been waiting for, for eighteen years. Now we think he looked over the little piece of bronze—beyond that and discovered something else which made him happy.

The grand contagion of self-forgetfulness which rages at the Christmastide warms all hearts and lightens all burdens. How long will it last? Ah, that is what we must decide, and I want to ask all to join me and take this motto for the New Year: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." This will insure us our Christmas feelings for all the year round, and a sweet peace will settle down upon us besides. How about "joy" and "happiness," you say. Well, we cannot be sure about them, but peace is better—best of all, really—quiet, restful happiness, joy under control, activity without friction—peace. "To minister"—this resolve will unlock any door which opens upon peace.

Have I felt slighted? Here is the antidote, I am not to be ministered unto. I am to minister unto others. I must be idle to be lonely. Have I felt unworthy of the blessings life has brought me? Let my worth or want be forgotten—lost sight of in service. Have my burdens become heavy and discouraging? Let me take hold with another more heavily burdened than I am, and walking together, the inspiration of companionship will lift many pounds of pressure. Am I intoxicated with joy? Let me mete it out to others that it may endure. Nothing must be allowed to stop with us. We must pass it on, for we ourselves stagnate when our feelings and experiences do. Let us not confound peace and rest with stagnation. They are sweet and beautiful; it is sometimes to be avoided, even if not foul.

An old Italian proverb says: "He is richly endowed who is cheaply diverted." If we take a view of American life, we shall recognize how much need there is of this rich endowment. People cannot be "cheaply diverted." The fault lies largely in our education. We must learn to divert ourselves more by ministering unto others. Let us turn more often and more lovingly unto nature. She is a never-failing source of delight and instruction to those who are able to receive what she can give. Then let us revive the sweet and real friendships that used to be in the "good old times" when the world moved slower and the people had more time. Now the idea of friendship is degraded to mean an acquaintance of variously modified degrees. We all need friends that are true, deep sources of joy and strength. But these, too, must come through ministration. If we would gain the greatest friendship we must be the greatest friend.

I cannot turn my thoughts to other things without taking you with me where I have been since I made the resolve above. We have read the kind wishes of many friends for a "Happy New Year," and thoughts grouped themselves about us which, push them back as we might, persisted in being recognized. Yes, sorrowful thoughts I mean. How do you treat them? We must not scorn them or shudder before them. Familiarity, remember, blunts the keenest edge. So it is best to consider calmly the possibilities of the greatest grief and suffering. A heart-broken mother told me once she had never thought it possible her child could die, and then I understood her grief better. She was not prepared for it in any way; not even the poorest preparation had been made. Do not, by any means, be morbid, but let us give resigned recognition to all possibilities. We shall be happier and more thankful if we see the sternest forms of sorrow turned away from us and standing in the background. But we must be acquainted with them, or else we shall not be able to discern their distance even. We must be hopeful and cheery, filling up our lives with works of love, and then whatever comes we shall be prepared to meet it—prepared by a charmed life, the secret of which is "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—*Country Gentleman.*

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.

Upward of 100,000 pounds of snails are eaten every day by the residents of the gay French capital, the snail market being the busiest industrial mart in Paris.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Startled the Train.

"A funny thing happened the other night down on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad," said one of a party of drummers who make their headquarters at a down-town hotel. "A young married couple came on board at one of those little West Virginia towns—the typical silk-hat and pearl-gray-ulstered bride and groom of a country town—and were given a berth in the sleeper over mine.

"I went to bed early—getting ready for New York, you know—and was awakened about 11 o'clock by a rustling and scrambling against my curtain, a lot of little screams and a glimpse of new shoe soles, and so forth, which informed me that the new couple were ascending to their apartment.

"I dozed off pretty promptly, the last thing I remembered hearing being the bride's voice, as she cooed; 'Oh, isn't everything nice and convenient, Jimmy? A place to hang your clothes and everything.'

"The next thing I was conscious of was the train standing at a dead still and the conductor and two or three brakemen storming through the car, wanting to know who rang that bell. I'm blowed if those jays hadn't hung their combined wardrobes on the bell rope. Of course the weight had pulled the cord, rung the bell and stopped the car.

"Explanations and apologies were duly made, and the last thing I heard after law and order were restored was the bride's voice, in a ponting, self-justifying tone, saying: 'I don't see what they stretch their old clothesline up for if they don't expect people to hang their clothes on it, do you, Jimmy?'"—*New York Recorder.*

The Plain Truth.

Is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need of embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never realized its benefits a single bottle will convince you that it is a good medicine.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's