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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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PRICES

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Horse Blanket

to protect his beast from the cruel storms of winter. The best blanket in the market is the

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They have never been known to gall a horse. Try them. The finest line of Harness, Saddles, Bridles and horseman's supplies always on hand.

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Three	"	" "	2.25	"	"
Four	"	" "	2.50	"	"
Six	"	" "	3.50	"	"
Ten	"	" "	4.50	"	"
Fifteen	"	" "	5.50	"	"
Twenty-one	"	" "	7.50	"	"

All from the best known distillers. California 2 year-old pure wines, all kinds at $1.50 per gallon. Rhine, Mosel, Claret, Hungarian, Sherry and Port Wines, direct importations in glass. Pure imported Brandies, Gins, at the lowest figures. Call or send for Special Price List. Mail orders promptly attended to. No extra charge for boxing and packing.

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In Its Worst Form

After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents:

"To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the

Worst Form of Eczema

for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in entirely curing them or even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a month both children were perfectly cured. We recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." MR. AND MRS. M. M. SOLLER, 1412 2nd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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TOYS! TOYS!!

We're not a toy house, but we have more toys than toy houses in town. Not only more but handsomer, nicer, newer and prettier toys than can be found elsewhere, and what's still better, *toys for about half regular toy store prices.* This 'll be as merry a Christmas for poor people's children as rich people's children if beautiful toys will produce that effect.

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DOLLS.

It's the greatest Doll Assortment ever shown in this city; it's a right you should not miss. Our entire first floor is given up to toys and dolls. Come to see us and bring the little ones.

NATHAN'S,

Wrecker of High Prices.

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IRISH POINT LUNCH

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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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24 and 33 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.

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

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FIRST.—The great Holiday No. enlarged to 256 pages of that brightest of quarterly publications,

"TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS,"

Out December first, all news and book stands and railway trains, price 50 cents, will be sent

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☞Take one or the other offer at once and remit in postal notes, orders or New York Exchange to

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THE TWELVE BIRTH STORIES.

A superstition attaches to every precious stone. Twelve of these have been selected as birth stones and applied to the twelve calendar months of the year. They are very prettily described in the following verses:

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born,
No gem save garnet should be worn.
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who, on this world of ours, their eyes
In March first open, shall be wise
In days of peril, firm and brave
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an emerald all her life
Shall be a lov'd and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing *ruby* should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a *sardonyx* or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born, without this stone
To said must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A *sapphire* on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an *opal* on her breast,
And hope will hill those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the *topaz's* amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth
Place on your hand a *turquoise blue*
Success will bless whate'er you do.

MIDGET AND MISER.

HOW A LITTLE SPIRITE FOUND SIMEON PINCH'S HEART.

Another day was done. It was mutely proclaimed by the steady tide of stalwart pedestrians who hurried along to their homes, anxious to lay aside business cares for a steaming supper and the evening's relaxations. It was pathetically told by groups of beggar children, who, on their lagging course toward cold firesides and empty larders, drifted from one brilliantly-lighted shop window to another, pointing with lean fingers (like the hungry Barmecide in the Arabian tale) to one good thing and another, and crying shrilly:

"That's mine! Oh, and that! And I will have this, too!"

A fine snow was beginning to sift down and a keen wintry wind springing up, scattered the half clad beggar children with a single blast of its icy breath. It lashed them onward with whips made of their own tattered garments; it drove the shivering, frozen snowflakes sharply against shutter and window pane it scuttled down the street in a whirl of snow that blinded every living thing within its path; and now, all at once, it was gone! But take heed! It is in hiding round the corner of yonder substantial mansion, to pounce out and fairly cut down the unwary passer-by. Within the mansion, Simeon Pinch, lord and owner, rose from his easy-chair and peered out into the gathering darkness before drawing the heavy curtains. He stopped to scowl at a picture that shone forth from a house across the way. Rosy, laughing children that greeted their father's arrival with showers of kisses and shouts of welcome, dragged the helpless victim into their merry game and ransacked his pockets for forfeits. Simeon Pinch gazed, and as he gazed his scowl grew deeper and blacker.

"Fools!" he muttered. "Bah! I'm glad I've no relations; no, not one! Cousin nor wife, nor chick nor child, to worry my life and rob me of my hard-earned gains!"

He dropped the hangings with a grim satisfaction, and returning to his chair, he stirred up the open fire vigorously.

Just then the ponderous door swung slowly open—only far enough to admit a very small body indeed—and Simeon Pinch's angel entered. She had very wide open blue eyes, a fleecy white hood tied down over her golden curls, and her white coat was buttoned down to her ankles.

Simeon Pinch rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, the fairy, the vision—whatever it was—had not melted away. She stood there regarding him in the most serious manner, and finally asked in a sweet, clear voice:

"Are you Mr. Pinch?"

Mr. Pinch managed to nod his head in assent, but as yet he was speechless.

"Then I am very glad to see you, Mr. Pinch," went on the sprite, "and I've come to live with you."

"Who are you?" croaked Simeon Pinch, at last,

"I'm Midget—Midget Brown. But I suppose now my name will be Midget Pinch. Pinch—Pinch—Midget Pinch! It doesn't sound real good, but I'll get used to it, I guess."

She nodded gayly at the beetle-browed old man sitting bolt upright in his chair, and went on, in the most amiable manner:

"Yes, I've come to live with you because you are all alone, and because you have lots of money and I haven't very much, and I'm always needing so many things. My mamma says you're dreadful rich, and it's a shame—you won't help anybody in need, and you can't take it with you when you die. And papa says your name is Pinch a-purpose because you pinch everyone. But I thought you couldn't know how much I needed some things, so I thought I'd come and stay with you if you would buy them for me."

Simeon Pinch was beginning to wake up. His face had not looked so ruddy before in a long time, and his eyes gleamed alertly beneath their deep, shaggy brows.

"So your pa says I'm a pincher, does he, and your ma says I'm a miser, much obliged, I'm sure."

There was a long pause, during which this incongruous couple sat and curiously regarded each other. Then the small, conscienceless tormentor went on, in the friendliest manner:

"You see, Mr. Pinch, my papa hasn't very much money. He needs a new overcoat this winter, and mamma needs a new sacque, but they can't have them just because there are so many of us always wanting things. There's Ted. He's at college, and that costs a terrible lot. And there's Nannie. She's going to get married as soon as she gets dresses enough, but they keep wearing out, and she can't get any saved. I guess you know my sister Nannie, don't you? She's the pretty one, with black eyes and dark curls. She calls you "Old Moneybags!"

Was it the firelight which cast a glow on Simeon Pinch's withered cheek? Perhaps so, for he acquiesced quietly, and the small voice went on:

"And then there's me, and Ben, and Rob. We wear out an awful lot of shoes."

(Here a diminutive pair were thrust disconsolately out in corroboration.)

"It made me feel awful bad about my papa's overcoat, and the lots of other things, too, and I thought: "I'll go and live with Mr. Pinch. He's rich and can buy me shoes and things without missing it. And I'm sure he'd like to have me."

Mr. Pinch swung one lean leg off the other and leaned back in his chair. His hands relaxed their hold on the arms. His shaggy brows lifted a little and the wrinkles about the eyes grew deeper and deeper. His mouth twitched once, twice, and then this grim old man burst out into the longest, loudest, heartiest peal of laughter that ever startled the echoes in the dull old room. Again and again, as he glanced at this funny apparition, he laughed long and loud, as he had not laughed since he was a boy. Medicine had not done him so much good in ten years. And still the angel sat perched high in her chair, gazing at him with the same calm, unruffled look.

At last Simeon Pinch brought himself to order. He drew a small book and pencil from his pocket and resumed the subject.

"So you've come to live with me on condition I buy you some things. Well, but what things are they first? Let's hear."

"A new overcoat and a pipe with a picture of a lady on it," ejaculated the angel, promptly.

"What!" said Mr. Pinch. "You don't smoke?"

"Of course not!" said Miss Midget, with some asperity. "That's for papa, you know."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pinch, "I didn't know."

The fierce eyebrows elevated themselves slightly, but the items were jotted down without further comment.

"And—"

"A sacqua for my mamma. A sealskin would be about the best for her, I think."

Again the pencil gravely glided over the paper.

"And Nannie, a blue silk dress and a watch."

"For Ted, a lot of books. He likes books. And Ben would like a bicycle, and Bobby—he wants a new express wagon."

"You haven't said what you wanted for yourself," he reminded her, quietly.

"Oh, haven't I?" with much unconcern. "Well, I don't believe I just know. I'll think about it and tell you to-morrow. I think I must be going home now Mr. Pinch. I forgot to tell mamma about it, and she'll be worried. I'll come to-morrow to stay."

There was a moisture in the blue eyes and a homesick tremble in the pretty baby lips that warned Mr. Pinch to make no remonstrance. So he simply touched his bell and instructed his man James (the rotundity of whose eyes expressed at once surprise, alarm, incredulity, suspicion and humor) to take Miss Midget to her own home—

"J. T. Brown, on the next corner, James, I think," met with a stoical and discreet—

"Yes, sir."

Long after Simeon Pinch had tied the furry hood down over the curls and experienced the curious sensation of a good night kiss, he sat before the embers of his fire with shadowed face, and pondered. Then he rose, drew on his great coat and went out—and on such a night, too!

He face l the cutting blast with an exhilarated glow on his sallow cheek and a new warmth in his heart. He bought bags and bags of flour for city poor; turkeys, roasts and oysters for each of the twenty-four families who had known him heretofore but to tremble at his footstep on rent day. Then James needed a new overcoat—his was looking shabby; and while he was about it he would buy Nancy a new gown, by way of encouragement. She had been faithful these many years.

To be sure, when he chose it, he termed it red, and the wily shop-keeper lifted it down and pronounced it the very latest shade, and so it was—of blue. But what difference? It was a high-priced fabric, and "a rose under any other name would smell as sweet."

Yet, among all these purchases (the lavish recklessness of which mede the merchant stare, for they had long known him as "Old Pinch") there was not one of the specific wants jotted down in a certain little book that nestled, even now, against his heart, and had helped to crack the hard old shell that had so long enveloped that organ. It looked as if Miss Midget was to be forgotten. But when he reached home he said to James—who sat in the hall awaiting his return, in a decidedly speculative turn of mind:

"I think it is not too late to take a note to Mr. Mr. Brown. Wait one moment."

He went into the big, lonesome room, sat down at a table and filled out a check to the order of Miss Midget Brown for one thousand dollars. Then he pulled a sheet of paper toward him and penned the following:

To Mr. and Mrs. Brown:

Your youngest daughter has both amused and instructed me this evening, and in recognition of her valuable services, as well as her many needs, I enclose a check to her order. Hoping you will not take it amiss in a crusty old bachelor like me,

I am, very respectfully,
SIMEON PINCH.

Midget is a frequent visitor at the mansion now. Her smiles and laughter keep the big rooms and the master's heart filled with sunshine. "Sister Nannie" is married. "Old Moneybags" was present at the ceremony and gave her a beautiful piano. There are no more lonely evenings; no more selfish musings; but the poor continue to bless his generosity, and it is whispered that Miss Midget will be remembered in his will.—*Banner of Gold.*

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. N. SNYDER's drug store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

Causes of Suicide.

On returning from an early stroll one morning I noticed that one of the pert and pretty chambermaids was, as usual, turning things topsy-turvy with a long-handled duster, and she asked if I was from Kansas City. Being told yes she became a bit confidential, and, pointing to the adjoining apartments, which were the scene of the affair, proceeded to narrate the New York end of a thrillingly tragic tale in which Kansas City was closely interwoven, but no names shall be mentioned.

Several years ago the noodle headed son of a then popular preacher of Kansas City (now in New York) was attending Columbia College in New York City, and was affianced to the beautiful adopted daughter of one of the richest, most respected and prominent families in Kansas City. He, however, became hopelessly infatuated with a New York woman, and so tangled did he become in her toils that he was apparently unable to break through the wicked web in which he was enmeshed, and so he married her a week before the date set for the Kansas City wedding. His father soon learned of his disgraceful duplicity and sharply reprimanded him by letter. A terrible exposure awaited him as the fatal day drew nearer apace and he took liberally to poisonous absinthe and vile cigarettes, which were virtually his sole sustenance for several days.

At last the appointed day arrived when he should be in Kansas City to fulfill his nuptial promise. He received some lively communications about it meanwhile, but stayed in New York and vouchsafed no reply. And so, on the day, and even at the very hour, set for the Kansas City wedding in high life, crazed by remorse, he cut the wicked knot of fate which had hopelessly tied him up by shooting his courtesan wife dead and then sent a bullet crashing through his alleged brains. It created a great sensation at the time, but the worst of it was that the blood spoiled a nice new carpet laid down only the day before, and the damage was $13 and no salvage. All that was found in his pockets were a package of cigarettes, pictures of his present and prospective wives and a few trinkets.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wisconsin, was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, Ohio, had five large Fever sores on his leg; doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by

J. N. SNYDER, Druggist.

The Way Of Womankind.

A Feminine contributor fo the *Chicago News Record* has something to say on the subject of girls and marriage, apropos of the theory recently advanced by Susan B. Anthony that we are upon the eve of an era of unmarried women. The contributor says: "I have a dear little friend to whom I love to dilate on the subject of single blessedness. She takes the defensive and our debates always terminate in one way. It is by clasping her hands firmly and putting such an I-know-what-I-am-talking about expression on her face that I realized at once that the end is near. Then she says, My dear girl, I have heard folks talk before. I have real sensible girls tell me of the wonderful hoped of times that they anticipated in mounting the pedestal of fame and fortune. They solemnly declared they would never marry, because wifehood and its attendant duties would not allow the time for perfecting their work. Every one of those ambitious creatures has asked my opinion regarding the most becoming color for a wedding dress. You can't stop Cupid. No indeed my dear; he's had his job too long. When a girl falls in love cast ambition to the winds and say, with a most delightful little pout, "Who cares? I love John, and that settles it.'"

Allow me to add my tribute to the efficiency of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

Patriotism of Tad Lincoln.

One of the prettiest incidents in the closing days of our civil war occurred when the troops "marched home again," passing in grand form, if with well-worn uniforms and tattered bunting, before the White House. Naturally an immense crowd had assembled on the streets, the lawns, porches, balconies and windows, even those of the executive mansion itself being crowded to excess.

A central figure was that of the President, Abraham Lincoln, who, with bared head, unfurled and waved our nation's flag in the midst of lusty cheers. But suddenly there was an unexpected sight. A small boy leaned forward and sent streaming to the air the banner of the boys in gray. It was an old flag which had been captured from the Confederates, and which the urchin, the President's second son, Tad, had obtained possession of, and considered it an additional token of triumph to unfurl on this all-important day. Vainly did the servant who had followed him to the window plead with him to desist. No. Master Tad, the pet of the White House, was not to be prevented from adding to the loyal demonstration of the hour.

To his surprise, however, the crowd viewed it differently. Had it floated from any other window in the capital that day no doubt it would have been the target of contempt and abuse; but when the President, understanding what had happened, turned, with a smile on his grand plain face, and showed his approval by gesture and expression, cheer after cheer rent the air. It was, surely enough, the expression of peace and good will, which, of all our commanders, none was better pleased to promote than the commander-in-chief.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast with the President's tall lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity, for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly and noble his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident, which he himself related to the writer, occurred a day or two after his entering, temporarily a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered:

"A wood-chopper."

'Oh, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high-born lad turned the cold shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when, very soon, the American lad's prestige being known to all the school, he found that he had made himself ridiculous. Tad, however, was too much of a little gentleman not to accept the friendship, however tardily offered.—*Harper's Young People.*

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

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

Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Surrendered Six Times.

"I surrendered six times in one day during the war," says Dr. Thos. H. Hawlay. "It was at Holly Springs, Miss. I was with the Union troops, and was making my headquarters with a resident physician. The family was a very hospitable one, but there was one daughter, about 19 years old, red haired and a regular little spitfire and a rebel through and through. When the Confederates made their raid on the town they took us by surprise. I was in bed, and was awakened by a discharge of guns. I got up and dressed and in the early morning light saw our boys coming into town from the outposts. I noticed one poor fellow, badly wounded, hobbling along the road, and took him. I carried him up stairs, put him in my bed and gave the best attention I could to his wounds. While I was engaged in this work my host called down stairs, saying: 'You are wanted.' I knew not what was meant. I went down and met a Confederate officer, who demanded that I surrender. I did so, and explained that I had a wounded man in the house who commanded my attention. The officer very courteously paroled me on the spot. It seems, however, that the red haired little rebel was provoked because I had brought the wounded Yankee into the house, and she was determined to make trouble for me. She told some other Confederate officer that I was there, and he very promptly took me prisoner. He came at me with drawn sword and said: 'Surrender, sir!' 'I have surrendered,' said I. I again explained and was paroled and returned to my patient. This surrender business was repeated until six different Confederates had taken me prisoner. My sixth captor was a private, a boy about eighteen years old, and he rushed into the house with his musket leveled, and seemed determined to shoot. I have always had a suspicion that the girl put him up to it. I tried to explain that I had already been paroled five times, but it was hard work to get him to listen to anything. He kept yelling at me to surrender, and made me stand with my hands high in the air while I made my explanation. I believe he would have shot me but for the interference of my host and some confederate officers who happened to come along."—*St. Louis Republic.*

How a Mother Saved Her Boy.

Little Robert Frey lives at Silver Lake. His mother and father love him with parental devotion; he is a bright little fellow. Bobby, as he is called, took a severe cold, which would not yield to everything they tried. A neighbor persuaded the use of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of a 25 cent bottle made a cure. You can imagine the mother's joy. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa, desire to inform the public that they are manufacturers of the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its merits and one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 25 cent, 50 cent and $1 bottles.

John Chinaman's Children.

As a father, John idolizes his children, but feels keenly the disgrace brought by the advent of a daughter. He does not consider her worthy of a name but calls her No. 1, 2 or 3, as the case may be. He ignores her entirely in telling the number of his children, counting only the boys.

He considers her as without mind or soul and denies her the advantages of education which her brother receives. As she grows up she is a slave in her father's and her husband's house; and not till she is old does she receive love and reverence.

If a child is taken sick, both John and his wife think the soul has wandered away, and steps are taken to recall it. The mother calls at the open door, "Soul come home!" The father goes out to seek it, usually searching about the nearest bridge.

At his cry of "Coming, coming!" the mother looks carefully about the floor and secures the first thing she sees. This may be a flee or beetle or some other insect, but is supposed to have within it the missing spirit. It is wrapped up and joyfully placed under the pillow of the sick, who is now expected to recover forthwith.

If death comes instead, the child is buried summarily and with scant ceremony. John considers his own coffin one of the most valued and most necessary pieces of furniture for his best room, and his highest ambition is to have an elaborate funeral.

He and the elder members of his household have this ambition gratified in proportion to their wealth and the number of their descendants.

Real Merit

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus Peculiar to Itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

Household Hints.

A loin of veal is an economical piece of meat for even a small family to try, for the left-overs are good and convertible into some savory dish as long as there is a scrap left. Cold sliced veal, salad, croquettes and a delicious stew are but a few of the ways known to the economical housekeeper.

Soups and dressings are much improved in flavor by sprinkling with the chopped roots and tops of celery which have been dried.

Twelve Golden Rules For Girls and Boys.

1. Shut every door behind you and without slamming it.
2 Never shout in the house.
3 Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go to them.
4 Always be kind and polite to servants if you would have them the same to you.
9 When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never object but obey cheerfully.
6 You may tell of your faults and misdoings, but not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7 Carefully clean your shoes before entering the house.
8 Be prompt at every meal hour, especially so in the morning, and thus cultivate the habit of early rising.
9 Never sit down to the table or in the parlor with soiled hands or disheveled hair.
10 Never interrupt any conversation but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11 Never reserve your good manners for company, be equally polite at home and abroad.
12 Let your first, last and best friend be your mother.

Rev. Sylvanus Lane

Of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the Peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The Remedy cannot be recommended too highly." Let any one troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial and they will be of the same opinion.

Oil of peppermint in water diluted even to one part in one million will kill cockroaches in an hour, they dying of convulsions. One drop of the oil placed under a bell jar covering a cultivation of cholera bacilli will kill both bacilli and spores in forty-eight hours.

Travelers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Cone, a prominent attorney of Parker, Dakota, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy with me, and on many occasions have run with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail."

Teachers' Institute.

Following is the program for the Teachers' Institute to be held in Garman's h