The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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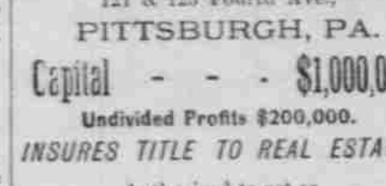

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Worst Case of Scrofula

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WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands!
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often, they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or, if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along that way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love. We see them but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults, then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light:
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

A STRANGE STORY.

Poor Mary! As I watched her sitting by the window day after day careful never to go where a gleam from the water could catch her eye, as I saw her pale face bend over her work and heard her subdued tones to the children, I knew that the past was ever with her, and that she was hourly living over her dreadful sorrow.

A few friends of us had found a little nook on the lake shore that exactly suited us. Far from the gay, maddening crowds which wander up and down the country and are fast spoiling the natural beauties of our land, this lovely spot seemed to have waited for our coming.

We soon built a number of cosy cottages and came down from the city to take possession, installing our household divinities, the babies, the nurses and children of all sorts and sizes, and before long were as much at home as the birds and squirrels whose quiet we invaded.

Mary and Frank Hunter were the young married couple of our party. Not exactly bride and bridegroom, however, for they brought with them a rollicking baby boy. Never were there two gayer, livelier mortals, and so devoted to each other; so well satisfied with life were they, that it was like enjoying perpetual sunshine merely to have them with us. Full of fun, and with as many projects as a pair of school boys, it was not long until the two were at the head and front of all our arrangements.

Oh, what gay times we used to have! Especially when our small fleet of canoes were scattered over the lake, and flitting like white-winged birds over the smooth and shining surface.

But one night the placid waters turned into a mighty cauldron, full of seething foam that bubbled and tossed as from the fathomless depths of Inferno. Out on the shore we huddled together, all our little fair weather community, eagerly watching if, perchance, we might catch some glimpse of the laggard boats. One by one they slowly came to port, and all the time the wind moaned, and the waves dashed up against the murky sky.

Hurrying up and down the shore poor Mary flew, wringing her hands in agony her clothes drenched with spray, her pale face and gleaming eyes turned to the darkening water. In vain she cried and called her husband by name. All the other boats had by this time reached the shore, but no tidings came from Frank. All night we waited, the men and the fisher people working hard to find some clew to his whereabouts. At last, just when the cold light of early morning lifted a portion of the night's black pall, a broken boat came floating up and was thrown upon the shore, right at her feet, as the poor wife stood waiting. She had ceased her wailing and stood silent as one in a dream.

When daylight came we gathered round her and tried to draw her from the scene, but she gazed at us as one who hears not a single word. Tearless now, and overcome with grief, she seemed a pale image of despair. We tried to cheer her with the hope that overtaken with the storm, her husband had found refuge in some neighboring port; but as the next day passed, and no tidings came in response to all her inquiries, even that belief no longer remained to us.

All through the second day and the long, night poor Mary waited, while pitying neighbors searched in vain for the missing one. Her self control was wonderful as the hours passed by. Only her compressed lips and the wild agony in her lovely eyes revealed the depths of her despair. Days passed and still the search went on, until at length all hope perished save in the bosom of the stricken wife. She could—she would not—give him up, although the boatmen who spent their lives on the lake assured her it was useless to fancy any man could have escaped alive from the fury of such a dreadful storm.

Weeks went by, and no tidings came to cheer her or settle the question of his fate.

In the early autumn our party was scattered, and the cottages on the lake shore were left deserted. Oh, how hard poor Mary begged that she might be left there to await her husband's coming! Poor young creature, of course we could not leave her alone in that wild spot. It was the brightest, gayest, place in the summer time, but unspeakably dreary when the gloom of winter settled down upon it.

We urged her to come with us, but she was as immovable as a rock, until, at last, my husband laid on her his command as her pastor, and the guardian of her boy. He urged her, for the sake of the poor child now left to her alone, to come with us to our home, and there wait in patience the will of God, and after long persuasion she yielded. Very sadly our little party turned back to our home, and poor Mary moved as in a walking dream.

As time passed by she faded into a mere shadow of her once bright, cheerful self. Patient and subdued, she seemed almost to forgot her own identity, and to live only in her sorrow and her child. We could not allow her—she did not seem to think of doing so—to go back to that home now so sadly desolate. So for nearly two years she lived with us, a loving sister to the elders, a tender teacher to the little ones.

Accustomed as I was to her calm demeanor, I was surprised one morning to see her enter the breakfast room with a hot flush on her cheek, and in her eyes a restless glitter that told of a troubled mind and a wakeful night. I asked no question, however, but waited until the children left the room, when suddenly she came hurrying toward me, threw herself upon my foot stool, and buried her tears in the folds of my dress.

"Mary, darling Mary, what is it?" said I, tenderly smoothing her hair.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, do not think me wild,' she cried, "do not reprove me for my folly—but I know that Frank is still alive. All night I heard his voice, calling, 'Wife, wife!' He is not dead! I have never believed that he could die and leave me. What will become of me if I do not find my poor Frank, who needs me so much, and calling for me with so much longing?"

She seemed so excited, and so unlike her usual quiet self, that I was half afraid to dispute her, although I pitied her for the sad delusion.

"My dear little sister," said I, soothingly, "you are broken down with care and grief, and dreams have troubled your poor tired brain. Strange fancies come to us all when we are out of sorts you know. Will you not rest to-day, and try to overcome this restless fancy?"

She raised her face toward mine and wearily sighed.

"It was no fancy, dear friend, I cannot prove it, but I know it is true, Frank is alive and called for me last night."

Then, with a look of patient grief, she rose and left me. All day she seemed to be thinking deeply, and to avoid the presence of the family, even of her baby boy.

Next morning I was shocked to see the drawn lines about her mouth, and the haggered eyes that told of another sleepless night. She came down to breakfast with that strange air of excitement about her, and all through the day she moved about as one who hears a far off voice unheard by other ears.

At sunset we sat together, after the little ones had gone to sleep, when suddenly the peal of the door-bell rang through the silent house.

Mary sprang to her feet, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her face set and intense in the rays of the fading sun; indeed, she seemed to me as the embodiment of an expectant hearer. It was but a moment before the door of our room was opened and a rough but kindly voice spoke to us:

"Does Mrs. Frank Hunter live here? Can I speak to her?"

She sprang past me with a cry, to meet the man who stood there, all travel-stained and dusty.

"Oh, sir, do you come from my husband? Oh, have you come to take me to him?"

"Well upon my word, that is the truth," said the man, drawing a long breath of surprise.

No doubt he had come expecting to be met with disbelief, or at least that he would have to prove his words. With a look of great relief he said,—

"Yes, I have come from a man who calls himself Frank Hunter. He is in our camp, up in the Pineries, very sick with brain fever. He hired out with us nigh two years ago. When he came to our place he was a lonesome looking sort of a chap; the boys used to pity him, for he never talked like he had any kin above ground, or any friends, either. All along he has been kind of dull and slow in his ways, and two weeks ago he suddenly took sick with a fever. He lay in his bunk, moaning sorter stupid like, not speaking a word for several days. But two nights ago, as I was sitting by him a watching to see if he wanted a drink or any such thing, all of a sudden he raised up in bed and called out,—

"'Wife, wife!' two or three times as natural as you please.

"Who are you calling, Frank?' said I.

"'Why, I'm calling Mary, my wife, of course; isn't Mary here?' and he looked around and called again several times.

"I hardly knew what to do or say for fear of making him restless, so I said,—

"'Never mind, she'll come before long.'

"He lay there and looked at me, and then clapped his hands to his head, and was still for a very long time. Presently he glanced up, and his eyes seemed more quiet and natural than I had ever seen them. He said,—

"'Joe, I am too weak to tell you about it, but I have a wife. She must be at Greenfield. Won't you go and bring her to me?'

"Now I didn't know what to think or do, for I thought that surely a man who had given his wife the bounce for nigh unto two years must be a queer sort of a feller, or else she must be a queer sort of a wife, so I tried to put him off, but bless you, it was no use. The more I begged off the more excited he was, and I was afraid he would go into fits, and maybe die, and then I'd be to blame. Finally I says,—

"'I don't believe your wife will come with such a looking codger as me; maybe she won't believe a word I say.'

"He kinder smiled at that, and said:

"'You only go and offer to bring her to her husband. Tell her that Frank is sick and wants her, and you'll see whether she won't come.'

"Well, of course I couldn't stand that, so at break of day I started. I rode fifty miles to the nearest railroad station, and here I am, ready to start right back with Frank's wife."

Mary neither wept nor fainted, but sank right down on her knees and poured out her thanks to the man who had come with such good news. Strange to say, she never doubted the story for one moment, and when some member of the family gently hinted that it would be well to make some inquiries before trusting herself with the stranger, she turned on us like an angry lioness deprived of her young. We had no heart nor courage to protest against any of her plans and could only give her all possible aid in preparing for her journey, and promised to keep the little boy until she returned.

The strange man needed rest and refreshment, and these she urged upon him, waiting upon him herself, and trying to show her gratitude in every possible way.

Very early the next morning she started on her long journey to an unknown place, and in the care of an unknown individual. But she was like a new being; all her languor, all her wearied, haggard looks had vanished, and she seemed endowed with wonderful strength. All traces of sadness had left her face and in her voice was a thrill of victory.

It was several days before we received any message from her, and then there were but a few lines to tell us of her safety, of her husband's rapid convalescence and that we might expect them in a short time, when she would explain all.

The story of Frank Hunter's discovery and his expected return was rapidly circulated about town, and all of his old neighbors and friends assembled at the depot to bid him welcome home. And to see him clasp his baby boy and wife once more together in his arms, was something never to be forgotten by any of us.

In the quiet of his home he told us the story of his life while absent, and it adds one more to the already long list of truths that are stranger than fiction.

"I shall never forget," said he "how happy and light-hearted I felt when I started out fishing that morning. You know that I did not often have a holiday, so I thought I would get all the good there was to be had. I remembered how I used to enjoy paddling about alone in a row boat when I was a little boy on the Illinois river, so that was why I wouldn't let the little colored boy go with me. I fastened my lines to the boat and made for the deep water in the lake, and there I had some good luck fishing, and then I concluded to go ashore on the side where the woods were thick. I drew the boat up, but just when my foot slipped on the wet sand, the boat slid back into the water and I fell down striking my forehead on a large, sharp pointed boulder. Now you will be surprised when I tell you that I remember nothing more until I found myself in the Pineries, in the lumber camp. Yet the men say that I came to them in the middle of August, so that I must have wandered through the woods for several weeks, unconscious. I must have had the outward appearance of sanity, for I was somehow clothed and fed as the days went by. When I started out fishing I had a considerable sum of money in my pocket, and when I reached the camp it was nearly gone. Then follows a period in which my mental condition must have been very peculiar. The men say that I gave my name in the usual manner, and seemed like other people, except that I did not like to talk; but I remember nothing of my feelings, and each day passed without my notice. At last my torpor was broken up by a simple occurrence. One day the mail was distributed, and I sat watching men read their letters and papers. It is strange that it never occurred to me to wonder why I received no letters. Presently I saw a man hide his face in his hands and sob bitterly.

"'What can the matter be?' I asked.

"'My child—my boy is dead,' said the poor fellow, groaning and sobbing worse than before. And then he went on to tell me how smart his little boy was, how beautiful, how he loved him, how he was trying to save money just for the sake of the boy, and so on, as men will talk when the very fountains of grief are broken up within them. I listened awhile, and suddenly my brain seemed to be on fire. For the first time since my fall on the stone, I began to have a conscious identity. I looked at my hands, my clothing, and tried to recall memories of the past, but in vain. My mental struggles were frightful, and terminated in brain fever. Then all at once the past came back to me; the rest you know."

Mary looked at me with shining eyes.

"He called me, and I heard," she said softly. "You believe it, now?"

I pressed her hand in silence; I could not speak; surely this was a love which passed human understanding!

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.

Grant Crushes a Colonel.

"When I was in the army of the Potomac," said the veteran, and the members of the Old Soldiers' club pulled up a little closer, "I frequently stood guard near Gen. Grant's tent, and I knew him quite well. There was always a lot of people around then, and among them for a while was a militia colonel who knowed more about war than the entire army. He wore as much uniform as he could hang onto himself, and he bragged from morning to night. The General kind of let him go ahead, for business just then was dull, anything went that made matters lively. One day, though, when there was some prospect ahead for fighting, I seen the General with a half-dozen officers and the colonel in front of his tent talking. I was close enough to hear, for it wasn't a secret council, and I noticed the colonel was getting in his best licks and splutterin' around like a hen with her head cut off, and the General was getting nervous. At last he turned to colonel.

"'Well colonel,' he said, 'what do you propose to do?'

"The colonel was tickled to death and swelled up like a turkey gobbler.

"'Well, sir,' he said, "I propose to capture General Lee.'

"I never saw Gen. Grant look so serious in my life as when he heard that, and he laid his hand on the colonel's shoulder.

"'Don't do it, colonel,' he said in his quiet way. 'Don't do it. The confederacy can't get along without him.'

"I don't know why it was," concluded the veteran with a sly smile, "but I never heard much of the colonel after that."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Practical Hints.

The mending of kid gloves shows far less if done with cotton thread than it does if done with silk.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing lay it where bright sun will fall directly on it. It will take it entirely out.

Pans and kettles will last much longer if they are placed before the fire a few minutes to get dry inside. If put away in a damp condition they soon become rusty, and in a short time are quite unfit for use.

Fever blisters, when they are allowed to develop, are very painful and most disfiguring; and yet they can easily be cured in the beginning by keeping a ball of saltpetre on hand, and at their first appearance moistening the ball with water and rubbing it on the spot.

Those annoying little sores or tumors, popularly called gumboils generally arise from heat of the mouth and disordered stomach. When mature they should be ruptured by gentle pressure with the finger, or opened with a lancet. To prevent their recurrence the diet should be regulated, and a dose of apperient medicine taken occasionally.

Some dyspeptics can scarcely take any kind of food at the morning meal without its disagreeing; such will sometimes find it of advantage, when it can be done to have a small cup of hot coffee, or some warm fluid, brought to them just before rising; with others, a very slight supper just before going to bed, a biscuit or a piece of toast, will relieve the weakness in the morning.

On rising, rub the chest vigorously for a minute or two, on the front, sides and back, till the body is in a little glow. Then standing perfectly erect, with the shoulders thrown back as far as they will go without effort, inflate the lungs to their fullest capacity by taking a long, deep breath, letting the air search out and fill the remote cells, filling and expanding the chest. Let the valve close, retaining the air for a few seconds, then let it pass out gradually, rest for a moment, and repeat the experiment several times.

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.

Deaths From Joy, Fright, Grief, Etc.

We read in Livy that when Hannibal had vanquished the Romans in the battle of Cannæ, two women, seeing their sons whom they had supposed dead return in good health, died immediately from excessive joy.

A Frenchman, who had by chance passed over a narrow plank lying across a deep gorge in the dark, on viewing the spot the next day fell down dead while contemplating the dangers of the previous night.

Montague relates the case of a German nobleman who died of excessive grief on discovering that his son had been killed in battle. "He stood," says Montague, "like a stock, with his eyes fixed on the corpse till the vehemence of his sorrow having overwhelmed his vital spirits, he sank stone-dead to the ground. —*St. Louis Republic.*

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."

Filling a Basket with Water.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged both them for certain fixed wages and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying that he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two buckets one of the men said, "What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in one side it runs out the other."

The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other, and throwing down his bucket he went away.

The other man continued his work, till about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water in the basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test the capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and as he bid the man keep the ring he said, "Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."

Two Valued Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Ole Makes a Good Citizen

There is no nation in Europe that is more adverse to violence and has less sympathy with Utopian aspirations than the people of Norway and Sweden, says a writer in the *North American Review.* They have been trained to industry, frugality and manly self-reliance by the free institutions and the scant resources of their native lands, and the moderation and self-restraint inherent in the cold blood of the north make them constitutionally inclined to trust in slow and orderly methods rather than swift and violent ones. They come here with no millennial experience, doomed to disappointment, but with the hope of gaining, by hard and unremitting toil, a modest competency. They demand less of life than continental immigrants of the corresponding class, and they usually, for this very reason, attain more. The instinct to save is strong in the majority of them, and save they do, when their neighbors of less frugal habits are running behind. It is therefore a fact, which all students of the social problem arising from immigration have remarked, that the Scandinavians adapt themselves with great ease to American institutions. There is no other class of immigrants which is so readily assimilated and assumes so naturally American customs and modes of thought. And this is not because their own nationality is devoid of strong characteristics but because, on account of their ancient kinship and subsequent development they have certain fundamental traits in common with us, are therefore less in need of adaptation. The institutions of Norway are the most democratic in Europe, and those of Sweden, though less liberal, are developing in the same direction. Both Norsemen and Swedes are accustomed to participate in management of their communal affairs, and to vote for their representative in the national parliament; and although the power given them here is nominally greater than that they enjoyed at home, it is virtually less. The sense of public responsibility, the habit of interest in public affairs, and a critical attitude toward the acts of government are nowhere so general among rich and poor alike as in Norway and Sweden, notwithstanding the fact that the suffrage is not universal.

A Woman Editor for a "Funny" Paper.

A Miss Murphy edits the Melbourne Punch, one of the funniest and most flourishing of colonial comic papers. She joined the staff some years ago in a subordinate capacity, and has attained to her present position solely by her ability. She is a great advocate of woman's rights, and is exceedingly handsome.

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.

Are Winters Colder?

It is often asked, regarding the seasons, whether they alter from year to year, whether there is a positive change in climate from century to century.

The general opinion seems to be that springs and summers are cooler than they once were, and that the winters are less cold.

The records of thermometrical observation show that the temperature of the month of May is diminishing, but that the temperature of the year, taken together, rather tends to increase.

Taking into consideration a period of fifty or sixty or more years, there has been observed an actual diminution of the mean temperature in the climate of France. But observing a longer period—comparing, for example, the earliest centuries of French history with the present time—no sensible difference of the seasons can be established.

For example, the Roman Emperor Julian was very fond of living at Paris, and about A. D. 360 he made several long sojourns in that city. In his Misopogon he relates that he was greatly surprised one fine morning to see the Seine stopped in its course and its waters changed into blocks of marble.

So we see that there were at that time, as well as to-day, winters severe enough to freeze the rivers, and that the climate has not changed much if any.

Perhaps the men of the present time have a more sensitive epidermis than had their hardy ancestors.

Be Yourself.

A few years ago a party of tourists through the mountains in North Corolina stopped at the picturesque village of Waynesburg for a few days.

While they were climbing one of the mountains near the town, they met a young girl driving some cows to pasture. She had a beautiful head and noble figure, which her dress a short blue flannel gown and a white handkerchief a knotted at her throat, set off. Her hair was twisted in a smooth coil at the nape of her neck.

The artist of the party exclaimed with delight. "Come to-morrow, just as you are," he begged, "and I will make a picture of you."

The girl promised well pleased, but lingered to inspect the strangers from a little distance.

The next day she appeared, but the artist found to his horror that she wore a towdry print gown, looped and bedizened with bows, in an attempt at imitation of the dresses worn by the ladies of the party. Her hair was cut in a bang puffed and frizzed. Upon her hands were a pair of soiled gloves. She attempted to mince as she walked. All the grace of her free carriage learned in climbing the mountain passes, was gone. She was a ridiculous burlesque of a fine lady of the town.

Just in proportion as we forsake our own natural part in life to copy others whose duty and place are different from ours, we fail, as did the mountaineer.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your Stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look, and if your Kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic, acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store, 50 cents per bottle.

"Sit" and "Set."

Some one who believes in teaching by example has concocted a lesson in the use of two little words which have been a source of mortification and trouble to many a well meaning person: A man or woman can set a hen although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might set on them by the hour if they would permit it. A man cannot set on the wash bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on the dog's tail if the dog was willing. He might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl, metaphorically, at least. And yet the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and be assailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no medicine has had greater success in curing coughs, colds, hoarseness and consumption than Pan-Tina. This celebrated remedy stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs and induces a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and life-saving virtues of this great remedy. Pan-Tina costs only 25 and 50 cents.

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

Sizing Them Up.

Head waiter. "Didn't you know any better then to put that tall, slim party, with his hair combed straight back, smooth face and white cravat at the same table with that man that has the bristling pompadour and the diamond shirt stud?"

New Waiter. "No. They both look like gentlemen. What's the difference?"

Head Waiter. "What's the difference? Don't you know how to size a man up? They'll be having a wrangle about opening the world's fair on Sunday before they have been sitting there five—there they're at it already, blame you."—*From the Chicago Tribune.*

Night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Just like a Cough or Cold does after you use Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. 25 and 50 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Coffee For Horses.

The german naturalist Martin relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for $15. The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that he could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee giving infusions of roasted coffee beans and also coffee beansground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered $250 for it. He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same treatment many horses which have been overworked or lost their strength and appetite.—*Boston Globe.*

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman."

Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store. Large size, 50c. and $1.

And it Snowed Before Rooster Died.

We tell this story on a Jefferson county Republican, who has a fine lot of poultry. A morning or two after the election he went to the barn to look after his stock. Just as he reached the barnyard one of his finest rooster flew on the fence, flapped his wings and crew lustily. Recalling doubtless the pictures of the many he had seen in the Democratic newspapers, he looked at the handsome fowl a moment, then stooped down and picked up a stone and threw it at the rooster with all his force, exclaiming as he did so: "And you're a Democrat, too are you?" His aim was accurate, and the proud bird fell off the fence dead.

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.

Three Things.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Frankness, free dom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit,

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—Life death and eternity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

As a preventive of the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favor. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me.—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.