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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO. 8 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893. WHOLE NO. 2193.

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A STRANGE CASE.
How an Enemy was Foiled.
The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable sinking feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal consolation, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 190 to 127. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been satisfactory in their cases in nine." —James Kane, La Rue, O.
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A Mixed Blessing.

"Blest be the bountious rain,"
Said the farmer to the plough;
"For the crops are fired
And the hands are tired
And it relieves a respite now;
But alas! for I fear the rain
Will ruin the crops again!
For it looks as if it would fall all day,
And the rain is reckless to set that way!"

"Blest be the bountiouls rain!"
Said the merchant in his den;
"For the cooling drops
Will be life to the crops
That are grown by the mortgaged man!
But alas! for I fear the rain
Will flood the valley and plain,
And I'll lose the money I loaned on hay,
And the rain is reckless to act that way!"

"Blest be the bountiouls rain!"
And the colonel winked his eye;
"For water's good
When it's understood
And mixed with a little rye!
But, alas! though the rain be fine,
There is too much water in wine;
And the rye is ruined, as sure as day,
And the rain is reckless to act that way!"

Atlanta Constitution.

A FANCY BALL.

When old Mr. Johnson came back to England and died, after 15 years' money-making in South America, he bequeathed to his son Saul not only a comfortable competency, but a handsome advertisement, which at once rescued the young man from the obscurity in which he had previously languished. Among the treasures which Mr. Johnson brought home was a magnificent collection of unmounted Brazillian dimonds. It was the shock caused by an audacious attempt to steal these stones which immediately brought about the old gentleman's death. The news of this sensational event going the rounds of the papers, young Saul, as the new possessor of the gems, awoke literally one morning to find himself famous. He was interviewed, and paragraphed, puffed for a full nine days, and by the end of that time had arrived at the conclusion that he was a prominent personage in society. In this idea, needless to say, he found many to encourage him.

Among those whose acquaintance he made at this time, and who assisted most cordially in landing him upon the world, was one Herbert Tritton, a well-preserved man of middle age, whose chief occupation in life seemed to consist in gathering items of spicy gossip destined ultimately to appear in the column of the *Sparkler*, under the heading of "Piquant Paragraphs."

"My wife really knocks the pars. into shape," said Mr. Tritton one day lounging carelessly in the easiest chair in the club smoking-room. "Latterly she has become fascinated with the cross for journalism, and declares she is never so happy as when counting up the money earned by her own pen. By the way, Johnson, she is very anxious to make your acquaintance. You must come and dine with us some night at Prince's mansion."

"Delighted," said Saul, flattered at the interest manifested in his society.

The introduction duly came off. A month later, the young man, to his unbounded surprise, found himself not merely on the footing of l'ami in time in the household of No. 27 Princes' mansions, but absolutely acting as collaborator in a novel.

"The motif originated from your brain," remarked his fair colleague, seated one afternoon in the room which acted both as a library and smoking-room. "I shall never forget your narration of that story at Mrs. Mordaunt's. The idea was sublime; I saw immediately that with our combined efforts a magnificent novel could be produced."

Her companion looked up from the pile of MS. which under Mrs. Tritton's facile pen, had already swelled to respectable dimensions. His narrow, greenish, hard eyes surveyed the piquant face of his collaborator with manifest admiration.

"You're so awfully clever," he said, fervently, dropping the MS. upon the floor, and edging slightly near the Chippendale writing chair. "I hadn't the ghost of a notion how to set about a decent sentence—let alone a novel. But you——" he laid his hand upon the slim fingers still holding the pen, and his vehement pressure filled up the pause with greater significance than any mere phrase could have done.

At this compliment Mrs. Tritton's hazel eyes sparkled brightly; but she shook her curly chestnut head in laughing denial.

One day, anxious to bestow a birthday gift upon his colleague, Saul induced Mrs Tritton to accompany him to the jeweler's into whose safe keeping the precious stones, now set in a necklace, had been entrusted, under the pretense that her aid was needed to select a present for some fictitious feminine cousin.

After much discussion the lady finally selected a good bracelet, whereon the word "Amor" sparkled in diamonds. This business disposed of, Saul Johnson, affecting a nonchalant tone, asked Mrs. Tritton if she would care to see his celebrated stones.

"Certainly," replied the lady journalist looking up from her note book with a pleased smiled. "And if you would allow me, I might make a little paragraph ament your necklace."

"With pleasure," said the young man, flattered at the prospective mention of his diamonds in the columns of the *Sparkler*. "At what do you estimate the value of this necklace?" he asked in a would be careless tone, turning to the jeweller. "Five thousand pounds?"

"Nearer ten thousand," replied the man displaying the glittering necklace in the afternoon sunlight. "These stones are of the finest luster, and are quite worth that money."

Not without some difficulty upon the return to Prince's mansion could Saul Johnson induce his colleague to accept the bracelet as a birthday offering.

"Please take it as a remembrance of our collaboration," urged the young man vehemently, fastening the bracelet upon Mrs. Tritton's wrist. "You must guess that the inscription exactly describes my——"

"Hush," interrupted his colleague quickly, with a demure look at the glittering "Amor." "I am not your cousin, and though I accept this lovely bracelet from my collaborator with deepest gratitude, I only consent to wear it as a token of his—er—intellectual admiration for my unworthy person."

Some days after this episode Mr. Tritton (from whose knowledge Mrs. Tritton, in a faltering tone, had begged her collaborator to keep secret the gift of the bracelet) was ordered away for a month's complete rest to the Riviera, in order to recover from the depressing effects of insomnia. To Saul Johnson's delight, Mrs. Tritton, prevented by her literary engagements, declared herself unable to accompany her husband.

"By the time I return the novel will probably be finished," remarked Mr Tritton, the day of his departure. "Au revoir, Johnson! Take care that my wife doesn't overwork herself in my absence."

It was probably the anxiety to assure himself of Mrs. Tritton's health that during the next month necessitated the frequent visits of her collaborator. Doubtless, also, it was the same consideration which led him to purchase tickets for the forthcoming fancy dress ball at Covent Garden, in which his collaborator had expressed much interest. At first Mrs. Tritton was horrified at the idea of going to the ball with only Saul's escort, but by degrees her objections relaxed under his vehement entreaties.

"You ought to go as Mephistopheles, the tempter," she said, when she at last gave a reluctant consent. "And shall I pose as Marguerite?" accompanying her question with an arch look at the young men.

"No," replied the prospective Mephisto; Marguerite's dress is far too simple. I like you better in a more gorgeous costume."

At this Mrs. Tritton professed herself deeply wounded. Simplicity of attire she supposed in her collaborator's opinion, accorded only with those women whose own beauty needed no extraneous adornment. His inference was cruel and——

"Lillian, Mrs. Tritton," interrupted the young man, in any agony of despair at the sight of tears in the hazel eyes, "you misunderstand me completely. You known I think you lovely enough to dispense with any adventitious aid. But in our novel you wrote such a splendid description of the heroine's fancy dress that I wanted you to appear in the same impersonation."

Somewhat appeased by this reference to her literary powers, Mrs. Tritton at length allowed herself to be comforted; and, after some further debate, acceded to her colleague's wish that she should impersonate the glittering Spirit of Golconda.

One adornment only was necessary to complete the impersonation, and what more natural than that Saul should supply it? On the night of the ball, as he hurried into the drawing-room at Prince's mansions, he found Mrs. Tritton in a gown of cream satin, veiled in tulle, sprinkled with glittering crystal, pacing the apartment in feverish expectation of his arrival.

"How do I look?" demanded his collaborator, anxiously surveying herself in the ebony-framed mirror, "I seem to be a mass of glitter. Does my tout ensemble satisfy your fastidious taste?"

With a half nervous laugh Mephisto moved across the room, and suddenly holding out before the eyes of the astonished Spirit of Golconda a magnificent diamond necklace, said in a deprecating tone:

"One thing alone is lacking to satisfy my taste. Will you do me the honor to wore my necklace to-night?"

As he spoke he slipped the ornament round Mrs. Tritton's white throat, and, snapping the catch firmly, bent down softly to bestow a furtive kiss on the tiny curls at the nape of her neck.

"No, no," said Mrs. Tritton, turning hastily round, "do not ask me. I cannot—I will not wear the necklace! My husband would never forgive me."

As though to unfasten the ornament, she stretched out one hand in a vain endeavor to find the catch of the necklace. But with a hasty movement Saul Johnson imprisoned her fingers within his own.

"For my sake," he said in an impassioned tone, looking straight into her eyes. "Lillian, grant me this favor, I implore you!"

Beneath his ardent glance Mrs. Tritton's hazel eyes sank beneath an embarrassed look to the ground.

"There, the matter is decided," exclaimed Mephisto, seizing Mrs. Tritton's cloak and throwing it around her shoulders. "Come, Lillian, it is time we started."

In vain Mrs. Tritton protested. With an air of authority, Mephisto silenced the fair spirit, and conducted her to the carriage.

As the brougham drove off—"My husband must never, never know," whispered Mrs. Tritton, in a trembling tone.

"Never," replied Saul passionately, pressing the gloved hand to his lips.

Four hours later Mrs. Tritton, flushed with excitement and leaning on her collaborator's arm, emerged from the brilliantly-lighted building, which, at 3 a. m., still resounded with the strains of music. The line of carriages extended down the street, a crowd of loafers anxious to earn an odd copper, blocked the path and criticised the dresses of the masqueraders with an unlicensed freedom of speech.

"As with some difficulty, Mrs. Tritton, her cloak left carelessly unfastened at the neck, made her way through the throng, the glitter of the necklace in the lamplight aroused murmurs of admiring comment. In their eagerness to obtain a better view, the crowd jostled against the Spirit of Golconda in a manner that annoyed and alarmed her escort, and it was with a feeling of relief that both masqueraders gained the brougham, which drove rapidly off to Prince's mansions.

The close proximity of his companion, whose fair face looked more than usually lovely in its setting of white fur, fired Saul Johnson's blood to a fever heat of passion. Words of ardent love trembled on his lips; he bent toward Mrs. Tritton, who at that moment complaining of the stifling heat of the carriage, was striving to throw open her cloak.

"My darling," he began, with a fervent look, and stooping down to kiss the soft, white throat so temptingly exposed to his view. "You know I love"—— An expression of dismay astonishment interrupted his ardent declaration. "The necklace!" he stammered excitedly, as Mrs. Tritton looked up with a frightened glance, "where has it disappeared to?"

"The necklace!" gasped Mrs. Tritton, in a terrified tone, "surely it is round my neck." With a frenzied gesture she threw off the cloak, clutched frantically at her throat, and, finding no ornament, stared her companion wildly in the face "The diamonds—gone"—— fell from her lips in choked accents, as, with a distracted air, she grasped Saul Johnson's arm and burst into a flood of tears.

Alarmed by the sight of her uncontrolled agitation, her quivering lips, her eyes dilated with terror, her sobs of distress, as in a feverish search she shook again and again at the folds of her gown and cloak, Saul Johnson, after his first expressions of dismay, endeavored to soothe Mrs. Tritton into a more tranquil state of mind.

"Never mind, dearest," he said clasping the trembling hands, "the necklace has probably dropped in the carriage. It is certain to be found when we alight."

But Mrs. Tritton, with tears streaming down her cheeks, refused to be pacified. In broken tones she explained that as she had passed through the crowd she had distinctly felt a hand on her cloak, though in the hurry of the moment had thought nothing of the action. The necklace was gone forever. Her husband would learn everything, and "she was ruined—she was ruined."

"No, no, cried Saul passionately "you shall never be reproached. Before your husbands returns you must come with me. You know how devotedly I love you. To-morrow we will leave England together. Say you will consent, dearest?"

Caressingly he passed his arm round the weeping woman, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, Mrs. Tritton gradually allowed herself to be comforted. Before the brougham had reached Prince's mansions Saul Johnson had contrived to win over his companion's consent to an elopement. A terrible dread of her husband's wrath evidently reigned supreme in Mrs. Tritton's mind.

The carriage stopped. Followed by Saul, Mrs. Tritton alighted and made her way into the dark hall.

"Come in for a few moments," she said turning a tear-stained face to her companion. "I told Parker to lay supper," opening the dining-room door. "How stupid of her to turn out the lights."

Groping his way through the pitch darkness, Mephistopheles fumbled vainly for a light.

"You will find the matches on the mantel-piece," said Mrs. Tritton, sinking into the first arm-chair. "Oh, Saul, dearest," sighing deeply, "I feel that my love alone can never atone for everything."

"My darling," said Saul, striking a match, and applying the light to a candle which ornamented the supper table, "your love will compensate a man for any loss. To-morrow, dearest," glancing fondly across the table, "we shall leave England, and your fool of a husband will never learn the true history of this night"——

"You infernal scoundrel!" roared a voice in his ear, while a tremendous blow on his shoulder caused the young man to reel backward under the unexpected shock. "You cur! So this is the way you take advantage of my absence. And you also, madam," thundered Mr. Tritton, evidently being disturbed by the untoward entry of the late comers, "so you and your precious collaborator were to elope before I returned? Unfortunately, my sudden arrival has spoiled this little arrangement."

His face purple with wrath, Mr. Tritton, paused momentarily for breath. At the first sound of her husband's voice Mrs. Tritten had uttered a terrified cry, and, in a half fainting condition, had dropped forward, burying her head on the table. The shock of surprise over, Mephistopheles, though inwardly trembling, endeavored to confront his injured host with a bold front.

"Not a word, sir!" shouted the latter, as the young man was about to force some reply to his lips. "Were it not for the presence of this woman, I would horsewhip you on the spot. Your dastardly conduct is a nice return for all my hospitality."

With something of the feeling of the whipped hound, Saul Johnson sullenly grasped his cloak and hat, and, edging his way past Mr. Tritton, made for the door.

* * * * * * * * *

A week later Mrs. Tritton, absorbed in thought, sat at the window of a private sitting-room in the Hotel Hollande, Amsterdam. Across her mind, among various images, flitted most frequently the figure of her quondam collaborator.

"Por fellow!" ran her thoughts. "He was really very much in love. And how heroic of him never to mention the loss of the necklace. I scarcely credited him with such generosity of feeling."

At this point her meditations were interrupted by the violent opening of the door. Holding a morocco case in his hand, Mr. Tritton entered, his again expressive of intense rage.

"Fool!" he said, furiously, throwing the case into his wife's lap. "With all your boasted cleverness, to be duped by that young scoundrel!"

With a dismayed look Mrs. Tritton had risen to her feet, and now stood, glancing first at her husband and then at a glittering necklace which reposed on its velvet bed in the morocco case.

"Won't Van Vit give your price?" she asked, falteringly.

"My price!" he reiterated, in accents of scathing contempt. "The necklace you so artistically stole, madame, signified your exact value in the eyes of your love-sick collaborator. The scoundrel"—with a tremendous expletive—"had the audacity to lend you a substitute of worthless paste!"

Figuring It Out.

The earnest-looking man was figuring on scraps of paper at a very busy rate when a reporter who had dropped in wanted to know what he was at.

"Making out bills of fare for the time I shall be at the Chicago show," answered the earnest-looking man.

"Bills of fare?"

"Yes. I'm going to have a regular assortment of truck for each day, and I'm going to find out the price of the layout outside the grounds, and whenever the difference is more than fifty cents in favor of the man on the outside I'll go out and get my feed, give up half a dollar for a second admission and come back in again. They don't skin me out of a cent more than I can help, I bet you."

And the financier leaned back and admired himself to a great degree.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Told in Court.

In a case before the Magistrates in which a man was charged with threatening his wife with a carving knife, the defendant, to the amusement of the Court, said "he ought to have taken the advice given by old Weller, 'to beware of the vidders.' That was all he had to say in his defense." He was reminded by the Bench that his recollection of that advice would not avail him much if he broke the law by threatening his wife, and he was bound over to keep the peace.

Intoxication is often pleaded by prisoners in their defense, coupled at times with very odd excuses. An Irishman not long since was summoned before a bench of county Magistrates for being drunk and disorderly.

"Do you know what brought you here?" was the question put to him.

"Faix, yer Honor, two policemen," replied the prisoner.

"Had not drink something to do with bringing you here?" said the Magistrate, frowning.

"Sortinly," answered Paddy, unabashed. "They were both drunk."

The inebriate, who on being reproached for not leading a regular life denied the charge by saying "he returned home every night intoxicated," was scarcely so ingenious in his defense as the Scotchman in the following:

"Hullo, James, tipsy as usual. What in the world has set you on the spree now?"

"Ah ye mannna be harsh, governor—did ye no hear my grand whistling canary was dead?"

"Stupid fellow, leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird. Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles?"

"So I do, governor, so I do, man; but if ye wanted a spree yersel', ye wad be glad of my ony handle to turn the crane wi'."

Legal annals could furnish many instances of quite as queer excuses pleaded by the accused as the following: The widow of a French chemist, famous for his research in toxicology, was on trial for poisoning her husband. It was proved that arsenic was the medium employed.

"Why did you use that poison?" asked the presiding Magistrate.

"Because," sobbed the culprit, "it was the one he liked best."

A man accused of appropriating a pair of boots explained that "his intentions were far from stealing them. The reason he continued wearing them was that he had not enough money to buy another pair, and when he had drawn his next wages he would most certainly have bought a new pair and taken them back." The defense was not considered satisfactory and he was committed for trial.

There is a Yankee smack about the following: The clerk of the court bade the witness give his name and hold up his hand to be sworn. He took the oath with such dignified composure that every one felt there stood before them a calm, self collected, truthful man, whose evidence would go far to convince the minds of the jurors in this sensational case. There was a distinct murmur as people settled themselves to listen to his testimony.

"Now, sir," said the Judge, "tell the jury what you know about the matter."

"I don't know anything about it," replied the witness blandly.

Then may I ask why you had yourself summoned as a witness?"

"So as to get a good sight of the prisoner and the court. Tickets weren't to be had for love or money."

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 30 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful—R. H. Cressengham, 274 18th St. Brooklyn.

Room in Texas.

Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader these figures may seem very little. They show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than fifty-four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg State, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return to Connecticut there should be as many persons in the State as there was before the train left with its cargo, and if each person were placed upon an acre of ground upon his arrival in Texas, the train would be obliged to make 224 trips, or to depopulate Connecticut 224 times before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 703,808 empty acres.

If the entire State of Texas were planted with corn and the hills were two feet apart and the rows were three feet apart and if every man, woman and child in the State of Connecticut were set to work in the field to hoe the corn, and each person were able to and did hoe two hills in five minutes, it would take this army of laborers seven years, 280 days and 7 hours to hoe every hill of corn in the State, laboring continuously day and night, 365 days each year.

The man who fears that he could not elbow his way around in the crowded west without chafing the nap of his coat sleeves may gather some solace from the statement that the entire population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain 50,000,000 vacant family lots.

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.

Cause of Tornadoes.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole and from the lakes to the Rocky Mountains is a vast extent of country crossed by no mountain chains to intercept or retard the velocity of air currents. The extent of this country is equaled by none on earth. Cold air being heavier to the square inch than warm air, the cold air, when coming in contact with a warm current from the south, always predominates, forcing the warm air into the upper currents.

The cause of cyclones is the meeting of a headwind from the north with a headwind from the south. They meet like two vast armies of men. The pressure at the point of meeting is so great that the air, by compression, becomes heavier to the square inch than wood or the human body, hence either one will float in the same manner that wood will float in water—it floats because it is lighter to the square inch than water. Place water in an ordinary wash bowl and remove the plug and it will be observed that in passing out the water forms a circular reaction. Air being a liquid does the same in passing either upwards or downwards; hence the funnelshaped spout of the cyclone centre. When two immense bodies of air coming from opposite directions meet, the only egress is upwards and sideways, and in passing upwards it forms the funnel the same as water passing out of a washbowl downwards. The theory that a cyclone forms a vacuum is absurd. Withdraw air from a glass jar with an air pump, and a feather within the vacuum formed will drop with the same velocity as lead, or, on the other hand, you can compress air until it is heavier to the square inch than wood, in which case wood will float in the air. The lifting power of a cyclone is caused (1) by the compression or density of the air, and (2) by its velocity. Combining the power of density with that of velocity, which occurs at the centre or funnel, no power can resist it. The feeling of suffocation or difficulty in breathing when near the track of a cyclone is caused from the compression of air.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

One dollar for a three months' treatment and an absolute guarantee for a cure is what the Mayers Drug Co., of Oakland, Md., offers sufferers of catarrh, hay fever, etc. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. It has never failed, and will cure you.

For sale by G. W. Benford and Dr. J. M. Louther, Somerset, Pa., and David Gildner, Rockwood, Pa.

A Rattlesnake Story.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who live near Blairsville, had a thrilling experience with a rattlesnake recently.

They were walking in an old field, and Mr. Hill was in front, chatting with his wife. Suddenly the attention of the latter was directed to a furious rattlesnake striking in the most dreadful manner at her husband.

He seemed unconscious of the snake's presence. His wife attempted to speak to him and warn him of his danger, but fright had deprived her of speech.

It was an awful moment.

Suddenly she darted forward, seized him by the arm and after leading him back some distance told him what was the matter.

He rushed back to the spot where she had seen the snake, and there it lay making a pile larger than a half bushel. He struck it several times with rocks, but did not succeed in killing it, so he sent to the house after a gun and shot the monster.

This snake was in a dim trail near a very heavy stubble and is the fourth one that has been killed near that spot.

Hundreds of people write "It is impossible to describe the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me." It will be of equal help to you.

Soot as a Disinfectant.

In view of the possible advent of cholera in this country, many cheap and simple disinfectants have been proposed for the use of the people. Of these, one of the most effective is common soot. Soot is composed of pure carbon, and is forced by the hot vapor of the hydrocarbon coming from burning fuel striking the cold walls of the chimney or stovepipe and condensing thereon. It is a very light, porous and impalpable powder, and, like charcoal, which is the same element in a different form, possesses the property of absorbing and retaining a wonderfully large amount of gas.

The great danger of disease about sewers, drains and other places is almost entirely due to gas given off by decomposing matter. If soot be sprinkled about these places it will absorb the foul gas. When cholera was expected in Baltimore, some sixteen years ago, Dr. Piggot, a celebrated chemist of the time, announced that the only disinfectant with which cholera could be at all effectively combatted was coperas or sulphate of iron, and he made a composition of charcoal and coperas which was