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ESTABLISHED 1827
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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO. 35 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1894. WHOLE NO. 2220

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
—0—
CAPITAL . . . . $50.000.
SURPLUS . . . . $14.000.
—0—
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED
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Capital - - - $1,000,000.
Undivided Profits $250,000.
Acts as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.
Wills receipted for and held free of charge.
Business of residents and non-residents carefully attended to.
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B. & B.
EVERY WOMAN
WHO READS
This paper ought to know of the
Price Reductions
in these stores for this month of January, 1894's business. Every Department, up stairs and down, participates in this great
Clearance Sale,
which we have begun earlier than usual, and which will be pushed with so much energy, and the price reductions will be so positive, that it will be to your profit to know about, if you have any purchases at all in the Dry Goods line to make.
LOT AMERICAN DRESS GOODS,
39 inches wide, 7-8 wool,
15 Cents.
50 Pieces Columbian Plaids,
All-wool Cloth Plaids; they are 38 inches wide,
30 Cents;
Always sold heretofore at 50 cents.
Lot Fine Cloth Plaids,
Dollar goods for
50 Cents,
And these are 50 inches wide.
Lot Fine All-Wool Crepons,
in colors, 38 inches wide,
35 Cents,
Down from 75 cents.
Lot 50 inch
Imported Novelty Dress Goods,
$1.00 and $1.25 stuffs, they are at
50 Cents.
And all FURS and WINTER WRAPS
At Way Down Prices.
And if you cannot come, it'll pay you well to write our Mail Order Department about these and other values.
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STENGER'S
CLEARING SALE.
We wish to inform the readers of this paper that we want to interest their pocketbook. During the month of January we want to empty our shelves and counters. That means we will sell all
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
HEAVY WRAPS,
WOOLENS,
AND ALL OTHER
Winter Goods
Regardless of Cost.
It pays us to do it, as it gives us the money to pay spot cash for our spring purchase. We, then, can give the people extra values, and they will approve of it and be our future customers.
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Johnstown, - Pa.

The "Neverslip" Horse Shoe,
FOR WINTER USE.

ABSOLUTELY PREVENTS SLIPPING.
Is safety and comfort to horse and driver. CALKS are REMOVABLE steel-centred and SELF-SHARPENING, and remain sharp until entirely worn out. New Calks can be inserted in a few minutes without removing shoes from the horse's feet.
SAVES MONEY
and time lost waiting at Blacksmith shop. Avoids damage to horse's feet from frequently removing common shoes to be sharpened.
Send for SPECIAL OFFER of shoes for trial, all fitted with Calks in, ready to be nailed on, which are offered this winter only at very low prices. Circulars, prices, etc., mailed free.
J. E. SHIRES, Agt.,
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CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.
Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Disease, Known by a tired, languid feeling: inaction of the kidneys, weakens and poisons the blood, and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Diseases and Dropsy.—Mrs. J. L. C. Miller, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.
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Sold by all Reliable Druggists.

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Fifteen Dollars has a power to draw, if correctly invested, which beats a lottery. For Fifteen Dollars you can draw a nice Chamber Suite—no blank tickets. Every Fifteen Dollars deposited gets one Suite SURE. It's like getting dollar for dollar.
You have seen or heard of our $16 Suite. What you saw or heard of in that Suite you can find in this and more, you save a dollar too, which is an item to most of us.
One thing sure, if you buy one of these $15 Suites you get a reliable article from a reliable firm. The Suite will "stand by" you and we "stand by" the Suite.
HENDERSON FURNITURE CO.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Here's the Place to Get Your Money Back!
Notice is hereby given to the public that I am prepared to cry sales and auctions. Satisfaction guaranteed.
DR. E. DAYNE,
SOMERSET, PA.

WITHOUT THE
Nox-pull-out
BOW (RING)
it is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.
This idea stopped that little game:

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.
Sold by all watch dealers, without cost, on Jas. Boss Filled and other cases containing this trade mark—
A watch case opener sent free on request.
Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. C. M. Lauer
"Nerves Shattered
Generally broken down; at times I would fall over with a touch of the vertigo; was not able to go any distance from the house. I was a miserable man. The day I commenced on bottle No. 2 of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to feel better and I now feel like a new man.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
I am working again, and do not have any of my bad spells. I have a perfect cure."
CHAS. M. LAUER, 650 W. Market St., York, Pa.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.
AN INTERESTING SKETCH.
Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 89 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.
When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent me a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.
Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

FANCY WORK.
Some Great Bargains in
IRISHPOINT LUNCH
AND TRAY CLOTHS
Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored Bedford Cord Table Covers, stamped ready for working. Singed Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Singed Plush Cushion Covers, Bargarran Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs; Hem-stitched Hot Biscuit and Roll Napkins. A new and large line of hem-stitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 60cts up.
Stamped Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35cts up. Table Covers from 50 cts. up. A full line of Figured
INDIA SILKS,
All New Patterns and Colorings. Also,
Figured Plush,
24 and 33 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.
Waban Netting,
46 inches wide, 50 cents per yard, in Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow, THE NEW THING for Draping Mantles and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Head-rests, from 25c. up.
Visit our Table Linen, Towel, Napkins, Muslin, Sheeting and Linen Department, by all means.
HORNE & WARD.
41 FIFTH AVENU, Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. S. Bell & Co
431 Wood St., Pittsburg.
DEALER IN
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES,
New cameras, Detective Cameras, and the Famous Kodak, in seven styles. Send for Catalogue free.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING
A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
MANUFACTURING STATIONER
—AND—
BLANK BOOK MAKER.
HANNAM BLOCK,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WISHES.

BY L'MILE PICKHARDT.

I asked a little child one day,
A child intent on joyous play,
"My little one, pray tell to me
Your dearest wish; what may it be?
The little one thought for awhile,
Then answered with a wistful smile,
"The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair,
"What would you wish, pray tell me true,
That kindly fate should bring to you?"
With timid mien and downcast eyes
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,
Her answer came, "All else above,
I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

I asked a mother, tried and blest,
With babe asleep upon her breast,
"O mother fond, so proud and fair,
What is thy inmost secret prayer?"
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,
Madonnalike, up to the skies,
"My dearest wish is this," said she,
"That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman old,
To whom the world seemed hard and cold,
"Pray tell me, O thou blest in years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?"
With folded hands and head bent low
She answer made, in accents slow,
"For me remains but one request—
It is that God may give me rest."

SOPHIE'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

Manoah Putman stood in the broad porch of his father's ample farm-house and looked out over the winter landscape, so very much of which belonged to his own patrimony, and a proud man was he. Proud he always was, and of all that pertained to him, including his own feet and inches, and what he deemed his other personal attractions; but just at this moment he was prouder of his big horse and his new sleigh than of anything else. Truth to tell, they were both good of their kind, and Manoah knew it. He knew, too, that almost any girl in the valley would be glad to try the first snow in that sleigh and behind that horse; that is, with him, Manoah. There had been make-believe storms, mere whims, before, but no sleighing; and now the snow had been coming down all the previous night, and had not ceased yet, though there were signs of that, and it was beginning to drift.

"Twon't be first-rate till it's packed," he said, as he took the reins and sprang in, "but I'll see what Sophie Williams 'll say to it."

It was a brief and brisk little drive down the road, and then he pulled up in front of just such another farmhouse as the one he had left. Not precisely before the door, for that space was already occupied by a somewhat diminutive, if not antiquated-looking "cutter," with arching swawn-necks in front, and provided with only a black, restive-seeming 'Canada pony," that looked as if he would have been a little more than a good meal for Manoah's equine favorite.

The young man could only give a glance at the pony, however; for there on the porch stood Sophie Williams herself, almost invisible through her furs and wraps, but, for all that, undoubtedly the prettiest, sauciest and most independent little piece of coquetry in all Cherry Valley.

Brief enough was Manoah's greeting before he announced that he had come to take his fair neighbor out for a sleigh-ride, pointing, as he did so, the undeniable attractions of his new establishment. Sophie would have liked, it may be, something more of humility in Manoah's manner, but she looked at the horse and sleigh, and she was almost ready to forgive and accept.

In a moment more she would have done so and sent her pony back to the barn, but Manoah's evil genius made him open his mouth.

"Isn't it tiptop Sophie?" he said. "That little rig that old Squire Haddam give ye ain't a primin' to it."

Sophie felt that he mentally added: "No more'n Eph Haddam is to me," and she rejoined, a little too briskly:

"No comparisons, please, Mr. Putnam; my pony is good enough for me, and I'm going to take my sleigh-ride with him to-night. You can find somebody elee easy enough.

"What!" said Manoah. "You don't mean to say you won't go with me?"

"Yes, but I do," said Sophie. "And I won't keep you from hunting up other company. Come, pony."

Even as she spoke she had tripped down to the gate; and before the dismayed youth could collect his not too brilliant wits, she had actually driven off before his eyes, and all alone too. It was not the first time that Sophia Williams had treated Manoah Putnam badly, but it was a little the worst case yet; and without even going in to see the "old folks," Manoah whipped up his tall horse and drove disconsolately away, as if he, too, was very much disposed to enjoy his ride alone.

As for Sophie, she drove on merrily, with an occasionally little soliloquizing laugh that had a willful and almost a mocking ring to it.

"He's a pretty fellow," she murmured, "to laugh at old Squire Haddam's present! Neither he nor his father ever made a present to anybody. Eph's a thousand miles away, but I wish he was here to take a ride—yes, even if had Dora Putman with him. What would I care, so he had a good time, and enjoyed himself? Manoah Putnam, indeed!"

The snow had been pretty heavy, and the roads were as yet very imperfectly broken, but the Canada pony, like all his breed, was a tough and stout little fellow, and he trotted horse fully away with his light and merry burden.

Several miles had now been swept pretty rapidly behind her, and Sophie ought to have turned her pony's head towards home, for not only was the wind rising, and the snow once more to fall heavily, but it was also drifting badly, and she could only guess what obstacles would be presented on her return. She did not, however, but said aloud:

"This is the road to the Corners. May be I'll meet Sam or father. It's almost time for them, and I'll drive to the cut, anyhow."

Into the "cut," where the road went through the ridge of the hill, she was pretty sure the snow had drifted too heavily for the pony to get through. As for Sam and father, they had availed themselves of the sleighing to start for the Corners, early that morning, to deliver two heavy ox-sled-loads of grain at the railway station; and, if she had happened there at the very moment that she had given a "snub," to Manoah Putnam.

Sam Williams, the picture of his sister in everything but good looks, had been superintending the delivery of the grain, while the father was making purchases in the village, when the belated passenger train came pulling and blowing its way through the storm up to the platform of the station. It stopped only for a moment, and but to land a single passenger and his heavy leathern portmanteau. The latter was promptly dragged under shelter, but its owner—a tall broad shouldered bearded personage, in a heavy fur cap and other voluminous protection from the weather—strode forward and put his hand on the shoulders of Sophia's brother.

"How are you, Sam?"

"Jerusalem!" whistled Sam. "Is that you? Well if I ain't glad to see ye! I reckon nobody knows you're coming or we'd ha' known of it."

"Reckon not," said the stranger; but surprise won't hurt 'em."

Then followed a volley of questions and answers in the way of inquiries and information concerning the life and health of people in the valley.

"And now," said the stranger at last—"now I'm here, the puzzle is how I am ever to get over home."

"Oh," replied Sam, "that puzzle ain't worth a cent. The old man and I've both got our teams here, and you can go when we do. "Tain't half a mile from your house to our'n."

"That'll do. Thank you. But when are you going to start?"

"Can't tell 'xactly. Go when the old man gets ready. I know! I'll tell ye just what to do. You can drive oxen's well as I can. You put your trunk on my sleigh and go ahead, and I'll wait and come with him. How's that?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the stranger, and in a few moments more he was standing in the front end of Sam's long, heavy sleigh, flourishing the gad over the double yoke of oxen and shouting to them as if he had done nothing else all his life.

That was what had been happening at the Corners, and so it came to pass, as Sophie and her pony began to draw near the "cut" she heard the hoarse tone of a man's voice on the other side of the ridge encouraging his oxen to plunge forward and break their way through the deep drift.

"That must be Sam or father," said Sophia, "and I guess I'd better turn round. It's a mean place for that, though."

It was not, indeed, the best kind of a locality to wheel a cutter in, and Sophie saw that in order to do so she must drive out of the rapidly disappearing track into the drifts at the side. Pony was up to anything, however, and sprang boldly forward at the first touch of the whip.

Alas for him and for his mistress and that he was so small an animal! For the first half dozen yards revealed the fact that the road had been deeply ditched on the side, and the pony almost disappeared in the snow-covered hollow, dragging the cutter after him. Two or three plucky, persistent struggles he made to extricate himself, and then stood still in his fleecy bath, turning his frosted head back at Sophie with a look that seemed to say: "There, now, it isn't a bit of use. What shall we do about it?" Sophie sympathized strongly with her pony, but she laughed long and hearty over her funny predicament, shaking the snow from her dress and the buffalo-robes, but glad enough to feel sure that help was so near.

And now it was rapidly coming nearer for Sophie could see the horns of the oxen, and she stood up in the little sleigh and shouted:

"Sam! Father! Do hurry up and help me! Pony and I are caught in the drift."

No answer came to her summons, and as the oxen labored closer to her involuntary halting-place, she could discern nothing familiar in the form or the hoarse, deep, singular voice of their driver.

A tall, strong-looking fellow he was, with heavy beard and mustaches now thickly tangled with frost and the driving snow. This and the fur cap drawn over his brow and ears and his heavy wrapping of overcoat and shawl prevented almost entirely any such thing as a look at his face.

Sophie was woman enough, however, even then to note that from his boots to his cap everything was of a style and texture not to be found among the ordinary drivers of oxen in the valley.

Although the stranger was neither Sam nor her father, he evidently had pity on poor Sophie, for he halted his team and plunged into the drift to her assistance. Not a word he spoke, but, to Sophie's astonishment and indignation, he picked her up in his long, strong arms, waded back and put her down on some robes and blankets in his own sleigh. His next exploit was to loosen the pony, lead him out of the ditch, hitch him on behind the ox-sled, and then pick up the cutter bodily and put it in just behind Sophie. As if not content with that, he had no sooner fairly arranged and secured his new cargo than he agan picked up Sophie and put her back in her cutter, so that she was now riding on two sleighs instead of one, and then he started his oxen forward, without uttering a syllable.

The pony trotted on behind in a very contented frame of mind, but Sophie was dumbfounded. Never before, in her admired and petted existence, had she been treated so unceremoniously; and yet, as she looked first at herself in her queer perch and then at the tall form of her snowy driver in the front of the sleigh and back at the sober, contented face of her pony, she could hardly restrain a laugh, it was all so queer. On they went, however, the long ox-gad plying freely over the slow oxen, and the hoarse, deep voice of their driver every now and then urging or guiding until they were little over a mile from home.

Just here, however, a new excitement was added to the adventures of the day, for out of the blinding snow and the driving storm a horse and sleigh came dashing madly down the road. There was no time for the ox-team to turn out, if there had been room, and as the runaway tried to do so his sidelong spring threw both himself and the light frame work behind him so heavily against the larger sleigh that they both were rolled over and over in the drift, and not only the horse and cutter, but the man in the latter, who should have been guiding them. Sophie's driver sprang out, and in an instant more he had the panting runaway on his feet, while his master picked himself out of the drift, and revealed the undamaged but crestfallen features of Manoah Putman.

"Is that you, Sophie?" gasped he. "Have you been run away with?"

"No, I have not," returned Sophie; "and I am glad enough that I refused to go with you. I might have had my neck broke.

Manoah turned and looked ruefully at his establishment, and then set to work in silence to put it once more in shape.

"No use," hoarsely remarked the stranger; "the runner's broke, and so is the shaft. Pitch it out there on one side, hitch your horse on behind here and jump in. You can come back for it."

Manoah obeyed mechanically, although he hardly knew if he was glad or not to find himself and his gay bearskin robes transferred to the elevated seat where Sophie archly made room for him. After that the oxen had a very silent trio behind them; but they were soon halted in front of Sophie's own home.

Manoah refused to come in, although Sophie really urged him; and even while she was talking at the gate—for she had sprung out, without waiting to be lifted—the stranger had opened the great gate into the yard; and the first thing Sophie knew, he was guiding in the oxen, sleigh and all, followed by the pony.

"Sure as I'm alive," exclaimed Sophie, as she turned her eyes from the retreating form of the discomfited Manoah, "it's our sleigh, after all, and it's Sam's own oxen! If that ain't queer! Why didn't I think of it before?"

With more than a little wonder in her head, she made the best of her way into the house, and proceeded to take off her things. Never before had she been so slow about it, for between each two articles she stopped to consider the remarkable events of the morning.

"Sophie," said her mother, "what in all the world has come over you? Didn't you and Manoah have a pleasant ride?"

"I didn't go with Manoah."

"Oh, somehow I'd got it into my head that you did. Seems to me Sam's a long time putting up his oxen."

"It wasn't Sam," said Sophie.

"Not Sam!" exclaimed her mother. "Then who on earth was it?"

Just then the side-door opening into the sitting-room, where they were, was familiarly thrown open, and a voice by no means so deep or so hoarse as the one which had shouted at the oxen replied:

"Only me, Mrs. Williams. I reckon Sam and his father 'll get home before night."

"Eph Haddam?"

"Oh, Eph!"

Mother and daughter were alike astonished, for, now the fur cap was off, and the frost and snow cleared away, not even the beard and mustache could disguise the features of their old acquaintance.

"Well, now, if I aint't glad to see ye!" heartilly exclaimed the old lady.

"Oh, Eph, was it you all the time?" half ruefully queried Sophie, as she held out her hand.

"Yes, Sophie; and I was glad enough to find you driving the pony by yourself when you might have had better company than space. Won't you forgive me?"

Somehow or other Sophie was glad also, although she did not say it; and if filial duty did carry Eph Haddam over home for a few hours, he came back to spend the evening; and, on the whole, she ever afterward considered that the very best sleigh ride of that or any other winter.

Local Institute.

Program for a teachers' joint local institute, of Wellersburg and Southampton township, to be held at Comps school house, March 3, 1894. Beginning at 9 A. M. Two sessions.

Address—Mr. Henry Peiffer.
1. Paper—Mr. W. L. Tucker.
2. Discussion—School Management—Mr. E. F. Shaulis.
3. Recitation—Miss Emma Fike.
4. How to make the study of Pysiology interesting—Mr. H. H. Cupp.
5. Talk—Evils of Intemperance—Miss Lucille Fechtig.
6. Select Reading—Miss Ida Tauber.
7. Talk—Language—Mr. W. A. Hay.
8. Paper—Miss Lucilla Fechtig.
9. Talk—Patriotism—Emma Fike.
10. Primary Grammar—Miss Clara Fechtig.

All friends of education are cordially invited to attend.

COM.

A Boy's Experience.

"A few months ago my face and neck were covered with boils and carbuncles and I had a tired feeling. I tried different kinds of medicines but they had no effect until I got Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken the second bottle the boils began to heal and the tired feeling was gone." Lorenzo Grinnell, Columbia Cross Roads, Pa.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

A searching party Saturday night found the dead body of James Ruger, of Jackson township, Cambria county, whose long absence from home had alarmed his young wife and the neighbors. The body was found in the woods under a large log, which had evidently rolled upon him while he was attempting to load it on a sled.

Songs have the power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

If you are worn out by that hacking cough, and want a good night's rest, try Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption; 25 and 50 cents. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

The Free Trade Raid.

The Wilson Bill Passed the House by Thirty-Six Majority.

After the speechmaking on the Wilson bill had ended Thursday evening voting upon the amendments then began. August 2d was fixed as the date when the wool schedule shall go into effect, and December 2d for the woolen manufactures. The internal revenue amendment was adopted by a vote of yeas 182, nays 50. The amendments in committee having all been agreed to in the House, the question was upon the engrossing and third reading of the bill. Mr. Covert offered a resolution of recommittal, which was defeated by a vote of 103 yeas to 177 nays. The bill was then passed, yeas, 204; nays, 140. The announcement was greeted with cheering and applause in the galleries and on the floor, which continued until the House adjourned.

All of the Republicans voted against the bill and all of the Populists for it. The Democrats voted for it with the following exceptions. Abbot, Texas; Bartlett, New York; Cadmus, New Jersey; Campbell, New York; Covert, New York; Cummings, New York; Davey, Louisiana; Geary, California; Haines, New York; Meyer, Louisiana; Page, Rhode Island; Price, Louisiana; Robertson, Louisiana; Sibley, Pennsylvania; Schermerhorn, New York; Sickles, New York; Sperry, Connecticut.

The speech of ex Speaker Reed who closed the debate against free trade was a most masterly effort and stands out in bold relief against the political rot of Speaker Crisp and the school boy platitudes and pointless utterances of Chairman Wilson combined.

The galleries, packed to suffocation, seemed to rise as the Maine man stood up and cheers, hand-clapping and stamping of feet greeted the high-tariff champion. Mr. Reed held up his hand and endeavored to stop the tumult, but the cheering continued for fully five minutes.

The enormous crowd was so noisy at times Mr. Reed had to stop talking, and the speaker warned the galleries. The Maine man was in splendid form, and his cutting sentences called forth frequent and noisy demonstrations. Mr. Reed first called attention to the peculiar features of the bill, which clumsily attempted to give some protection and failed, and offered a temptation to the free traders and failed to suit them. Those who vote for it will do so with the reservation that they will begin a new crusade against whatever barriers are left and in the hope that it will open our markets to destructive competiton.

The claim that the bill should be passed at once to end the uncertainty was hypocritical, he said, because there is no hope that it will afford a rest for the interest involved, inasmuch as the tariff tinkers will never cease to tinker. The question, therefore, presented could only be one of free trade and protection. Mr. Reed expressed surprise that the question had continued to be agitated despite the awful examples of free trade. He pictured the prosperity of the country since the war under a protective tariff despite the fact that we were struggling with an enormous war debt and a disordered currency. In picturesque fashion Mr. Reed pictured the marvelous development of the country east, west, north and south, and pointed out that we have but sparcely touched our magnificent resources.

Mr. Reed quoted from noted English authorities, free traders, who marveled at our wounderful development and riches, all gathered under the "blighting influence of high tariff." He quoted from the Aldrich report to the senate, that never in the history of civilization have wages been so high as here. Mr. Reed traced the history of free trade in England. He admitted that the repeal of the corn laws there resulted in benefit, but under protection the English manufacturers had grown so strong that they no longer wanted protection. The fight against the corn laws meant everything, but the repeal of the tariffs that affected the manufacturer meant nothing, because they were in a position to beat the world at manufacturing.

Mr. Reed discussed the relation of wages to the tariff and cited statistics showing an increase of 80 per cent, in wages since the war. Mr. Reed declared that the law of supply and demand did not fix the rate of wages always. He ridiculed the claim that we can secure more of the world's trade and claimed England, France and Germany already had the field, and with their improved machinery and cheap labor would see to it that we were kept out. We now have all we can do to hold our own market even under high tariff. Break down the walls and we would neither have a home nor a foreign market.

Mr. Reed devoted some time to the charge that the consumer pays the tax, and cited the testimony of the Bermuda produce dealers, who urged the reduction of the tariff on potatoes because the high rate hurt them In that instance the foreigner paid the tax, as he generally does. When no protection existed we were at the foreigners' mercy and prices were always high. Mr. Reed would not claim that tariff made the lame walk, the blind see, or bring the dead to life, but it was a good, sound, sensible policy for this country which the people never meant to dispense with.

Mr. Reed closed by saying: "Though we fall here to-day we shall finally be more than conquerors, for this great nation, shaking off the influence of a lower civilization, will go on and fulfill its high destiny until over the south, as well as over the north, shall be spread the full measure of that amazing prosperity which is the wonder of the world."

Some Important Law.

The York Gazette says: The result of the trial of the case of Worley vs. the township of Dover, York county, in which the plaintiff recovered on Saturday a verdict of $1,000, should be an admonition to township supervisors to take precautions against like accidents in their districts. Mr. Worley a year or so ago was driving over a small bridge in Dover township, only three feet high, when a carriage from the rear collided with his own, which caused it to overturn and fall from the bridge, throwing Mr. Worley out and breaking his neck. If the bridge had a guard rail the carriage would not have fallen over it. It was the absence of a guard rail that made the township liable in damages in $1,000 to Mr. Worley's widow.

The law requires guard rails on bridges and guards or barriers on all precipices along public roads for the protection of the traveling publi; and where the erection of such barriers or guards requires more expense than it is reasonable the township should bear, the court on the representation of the supervisors, or no petition of any of the inhabitants of the township, orders a view in the manner now provided in case of roads, and if on the report of viewers, it shall appear to the court, the grand jurors and the commissioners of the county that such guards or barriers are necessary and would be too expensive for such township, the same shall be erected and maintained as county bridges are now erected.

John Wilson, of Wampum, Lawrence county, has a goose with a set of teeth. He will sell it to a museum.

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, 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. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

They say that a pupil in one of the Erie school houses squints so badly that he can study grammar with one eye and geography with the other.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well-known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and will prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts and $1 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug store.

Miss Kate Sanborn says of the programmes at womens clubs: "The papers are usually too long winded and too laborded. They are exhaustive, usually going back to the beginning of the world to explain the present subject.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good.

Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store; large bottles, 50c. and $1.

A scheme to prevent runaways is to have a small electric battery in the vehicle with wires running to the horse's nostrels. When the animal bolts a press of the button will stop him instantly. It is said to have never failed.

The Little Ones

Should be carefully considered, especially when they contract coughs and colds. Croup is the demon of childhood, as many a fond mother knows. Do not allow a cough or cold to run on. Whether young or old, it may be the forerunner of an untimely death. We can confidently recommend all readers to use Pan-Tina, the celebrated remedy for coughs, colds and consumption.

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

"You say that you did not go to Sunday school, but that you did the next thing to it—went in bathing," said Tommy's aunt. "Now, how do you make out that bathing is the next thing to going to Sunday-school?"

"Why," replied Tommy, "isn't cleanliness next to godliness?"

Bucklen's Arnica Save.

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.

What did you think of the play?

Oh, it was just lovely. The heroine appeared in six different costumes in one act.

A Sedentary Occupation,

plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and most natural remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "cold in the head" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer $500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Harrison For McKinley.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 4.—A special to the Tribune from Cleveland, Ohio, says: "The secret for the visit to Columbus of John C. Gowdy, chairman of the Indiana Republican state executive committee, is out. Chairman Gowdy was an accredited messenger from ex President Harrison and he carried with him assurances of good will and substantial aid in Governor McKinley's coming fight for the presidential nomination two years hence.

Harrison does not want the nomination and would not accept it, and as he has informed Governor McKinley. Since his great bereavement he has no ambition except to live a useful life, devoted to his profession and his studies, and furthermore he believes he could not survive the worry and work of another campaign and term as president.

Why Hood's Wins.

President Lincoln said, "You cannot fool the people a second time." They are too quick to recognize real merit or lack of it, and cling only to those things which they find to be what is claimed for them.

It is especially gratifying that the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla increases most rapidly in those sections where it is best known.

The inference is plain. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven that it possesses genuine merit. It maintains a high standard, which others cannot even approach. It is the people's favorite blood-purifying and building up medicine, and is more popular this year than ever before. All this because Hood's Cures.

It is Pronounced Hah-vah-e-e.

"How do you pronounce the name of the island kingdom which wants to be annexed to the United States?" was a frequent question recently. The most commonly accepted orthospy is "Hahwi e," the second syllable accented and the "i" long is in "pine." The question was once asked of a high caste Hawaiian lady, well educated in her own and the English language. She answered:

"The proper pronunciation is "Hah-vah-e-e. There is no 'a' in the alphabet, and no letter or combination of letters, which takes the sound of 'w' as in English."