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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

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A Running Abscess Discharges Pieces of Bone.

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Afflicted With Typhoid Fever,

and an abscess formed on my right side above the fourth rib. The strange part about this was the fact that it did not open for six months after it appeared, although it pained me continually. After it broke it became a running sore and I was compelled to wear a bandage all the time. The doctors told me that the only way it could be cured was to have an operation performed

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

and have the rib taken out, claiming that I had bone disease, inasmuch as four pieces of bone had been discharged from the sore. Before giving myself up to the doctors I decided to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, although I had but little faith that it would do me any good. I used it strictly according to directions, and before I had used three bottles I

Began to Feel a Change,

and by the time I had used the fourth bottle the sore on my side had healed. It is now nearly three months since the eruption closed and I have not the least fear of it ever bothering me again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is certainly a gem among medicines. It has cured me and it will cure others." W. H. HEFFNER, Alvira, Pa.

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A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost petrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 589 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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THREE AND THREE.

BY THE LATE JUDGE GAYLORD J. CLARKE.

Three on the tide of the hurrying years,
Feeling the touch of the hand of Time,
Gladdened by hopes and saddened by fears,
And hearing, while eyelids grow heavy with tears,
The bells of memory chime.

Three of us conning the lessons of life,
Learning the wisdom their maxims teach,
Viewing earth's pleasure and struggle and strife,
An earnest man and a loving wife,
And a child with questioning speech.

Three in the shade of the blossoming trees,
Watching the gladsome spring as she sets
The robe of May with anemones,
And delicate harebells, swayed by the breeze
That kisses the violets.

Three where the souls of the weary find calm,
Lulled by the sound of some Heavenly hymn,
Where harp notes wind thro' the groves of palm
And angel voices blend in the psalm
From the choir Seraphim.

Three in that land where the shadows of night
Chill not the flowers, nor darken the trees,
And where, far below to their widening sight,
The stars are spread out like islands of light
That slumber on tranquil seas.

Three where the roses and hyacinth bells
Bend over streams that immortal flow;
Where the lily its love in fragrance tells,
And the amaranth bows with the asphodels
When celestial breezes blow.

Three where no grief the blest spirit annoys,
Three on whose cheeks are traces of tears;
Who mourn midst their mirth, and lament midst their joys,
For the silken tressed girl and the beautiful boys
Who left them in tender years.

Three in earth's varying gladness and gloom,
Three in the bliss of the peaceful skies,
Three planting flowers on on a desolate tomb,
And three in the bowers of unfading bloom
In the valleys of Paradise.

Three midst the scenes of man's passion and strife,
Three with the source of all light and love,
Three fondly hoping through Him who died—
The Lowly, the Guileless, the Crucified—
That there may be six above.

A VITAL CLEW.

"My life hangs on that scrap of paper! If it cannot be found, Edith, it is impossible to prove my innocence. The facts are dead against me."

"Gilbert, I am so confident that you are innocent and that all you have said is true that I will not rest until the paper is found."

He took her in his arms and impressed a passionate kiss on her brow.

Gilbert Stanton was under arrest on suspicion of having caused the death of Raymond Wild. The facts of the case were, as he said, "dead against him."

Stanton lived in chambers in White's inn and was reading for the bar. Wild, who justified his name, was an old college acquaintance, who had attempted several things in life and failed in all. Gilbert had not seen him for several years, when Wild suddenly turned up at his chambers and announced that he was "stone broke."

The man had no claim whatever on Gilbert Stanton, who told him so, and also gave him the benefit of some candid opinions as to his past career. Raymond Wild was hot blooded, and high words resulted.

The quarrel was at its height when Mrs. Morton, Gilbert's old laundress, who had been completing her morning duties in another room, closed the door of the chambers and passed out.

Shortly afterward the tempers of the two men coold. Wild apologized for some offensive remarks he had made, and they shook hands.

Gilbert now promised to do his best to help his old acquaintance and invited Wild to remain for an hour, while he went out to keep an appointment.

When Gilbert Stanton returned, he mounted the stairs to the door of his chambers, but he did not immediately enter. He stood for a few moments on the landing, considering what course he should adopt with regard to the man inside. Should he give him money? Or might not that be doing such a person a positive injury.

As he leaned against the door smoking a cigarette he was startled by a loud explosion inside.

What could it be?

He hastily unlocked the door and went in. The place was full of gunpowder smoke, and he rushed into the sitting room.

It was empty.

There was a door communicating with the bedroom, and he opened it.

A horrible sight was before him. Stretched upon the floor was Raymond Wild—dead.

Stanton immediately found that a bullet had passed through the man's brain, and that his own revolver, which he always kept loaded in the room, was lying on the floor besides the body.

The evidence at the inquest was simply this: The police, when called in, had found the dead body of a man, identified as Raymond Wild, with a bullet wound in his head. A revolver was also discovered, which Gilbert Stanton had admitted was his, and the contents of one chamber had been discharged. Mr. Stanton had said: "The man committed suicide. I was not inside the chambers at the time."

William Carey, a solicitor's clerk, deposed that he was looking out of the office window on the ground floor, when he saw Mr. Gilbert Stanton enter the building and heard him run up the stairs. About five minutes afterward—certainly when enough time had elapsed for Mr. Stanton to enter his chambers—he heard the explosion.

The result was that Gilbert was arrested, brought up before the magistrate and committed for trial.

His defence was that Wild had found the revolver during his absence; that he was standing outside the door of his chambers, as we have described, when the shot was fired; that although they had quarreled, they were on pacific terms when he went out, and that the deceased had left a written confession of his own guilt and Gilbert's innocence.

But where was this written confession? Gilbert Stanton declared that he found it on the bedroom mantelpiece, but during the excitement of the hour had mysteriously lost or mislaid it. He had searched everywhere for it, but without avail.

He distinctly remembered that, after examining the body and finding it was lifeless, he went into the sitting room with the confession in his hand to consider what he should do.

He placed the paper on a small table in front of him, and glancing out of the window saw a policeman in the quadrangle. He at once decided to call the constable and ran down stairs to do so, leaving his door ajar.

On his return the paper had disappeared, and he had never seen it afterward. The most diligent search had failed to discover it.

"Now, Mrs. Morton," said Edith, as they stood alone in the chambers, "this is a matter of life and death. That piece of paper must be found."

"Yes, miss," was the commonplace reply:

"First of all, you must please answer very carefully some questions I shall put to you. Did you on that day destroy any paper?"

"No miss."

"Have you destroyed or removed any since?"

"Not a scrap miss. You see there ain't no fires this time o' the year, and the little cooking I does is all done on the gas stove."

"What do you do with your waste paper and rubbish?"

"What little there is I takes down in a pail once a week, or more often if I finds it necessary."

"And has the pail been down since that day?"

"No, miss."

"Then the paper must be here somewhere, unless it was deliberately stolen, which I cannot believe. We will begin our search, and take the sitting room first."

Everything was being turned upside down and inside out, when Edith suddenly stopped.

"Do you remember whether the windows were open on that day?" asked Edith.

"Yes, miss; Mr. Stanton always used to 'ave 'is winders open."

"Well, just open them as they would be if he were here."

The woman did as she was bid.

Edith then placed a piece of paper on the table where Gilbert said he had laid the confession, the door leading into the bed room and the entrance door having first been opened. There was a considerable draft, and the paper trembled on the table.

"Perhaps there was more air on that day," said Edith. "I will substitute a lighter piece of paper."

This she did, and almost immediately it was caught by a current, and floated across the room.

As it fell on the floor they were both startled to see a little kitten spring from the open doorway and pounce upon the paper, rolling over and over with it in her teeth.

"That explains it all! exclaimed Edith catching up the little animal in her arms. "Oh, Kitty! Oh, Kity! How little you know the terrible mischief you have done!"

Her eyes were full of tears, and she was pale and trembling with apprehension. The kitten must have carried off the confession in this way to play with, and its recovery was hopeless.

"Lor miss," suddenly broke in Mrs. Morton, "now I remember! When the gent shot 'isself, I was working in the 'ouse opposite, and came back to see what was the matter. That little kitten belongs to the party in the next set, and when I came up to the landing she was a playing just like that with a bit 'o paper, which she runs away and leaves on the stairs."

"Yes," said Edith, in breathless eagerness.

"Well, paper about the stairs looks so untidy, miss, so I picked it up and—"

"What did you do with it?"

"I threw it in the pail with the other rubbish."

For the second time the contents of the pail were emptied by the laundress and carefully examined. It was absolutely certain that the paper was not there.

"Are you positive that you put the paper in the pail?" asked Edith.

"I'd take my 'davy on it, miss. And it was just such a scrap of writing as you say."

Edith sent the laundress home, shut herself in the solitary chambers and began the hunt afresh.

It was late in the evening when she ceased her fruitless search.

Next morning she returned to her hopeless task.

She had relieved Mrs. Morton from further attendance, and was walking up and down the chambers deep in thought when there came a knock at the door. It was the laundress herself.

"I know where that bit o' paper is, miss! I remembers that, when the police was here that morning, I steps into the bedroom to hear what they has to say. One of 'em says to me, impudently, 'Well, what do you want, old lady?' and I said I wanted the bedroom candlestick."

"Yes," interrupted Edith, "but where is the paper?"

"I'm just coming to that, miss. I stays a bit in the kitchen—just to see if I might be of any use you understand—and while I was waiting, I put a new candle in the candlestick. Them 'nines' is rather small for the candlestick, so I takes a bit o' paper out o' the pail to make it fit. Come into the bedroom, miss—why, its gone!"

"Good heavens!" cried Edith. "Do you mean to say that the paper round that candle was the missing document?"

"That's my belief, miss. Where is it gone?"

"I was here late last night, and I burned the candle very low—and the paper took fire!"

"And you burned it miss!"

"Only slightly, I remember. I blew it out, threw the paper away, and put in a new candle that I removed from the piano. What did I do with the paper? Oh, I remember, I threw it under the grate. You will find it there. Thank heaven, we have found it at last! Gilbert is saved!"

"There is nothing here, miss," said the woman on her knees. "The grate is quite empty!"

It was true, and the shock was a terrible one to Edith. She fainted in the old laundress's arms. Mrs. Morton, however, soon restored her to consciousness.

"You can take my word for it," she said, "that paper is bewitched."

"I don't care whether it is bewitched or not," said Edith. "I mean to find it. Bring the magnifying glass from the table."

Edith removed the fender and carefully examined the dust that Mrs. Morton's not overscrupulous cleanliness had allowed to accumulate.

"I thought as much," she said. "Mice! They have been attracted by the candle grease and have dragged the paper to their hole. Every moment now is valuable, or it will be all destroyed."

They searched round about everywhere, but no mousehole could be found. Edith then directed the woman to mix a quantity of whiting which she placed in a large flat dish on the floor in the middle of the room. In the dish was laid a small saucer, and in that a piece of toasted cheese.

They then left the chamber for several hours.

When they returned, there was a track of little white footprints across the room that led to a little hole above the narrow skirting board, hidden by a loose piece of the wall paper.

A man was called in, and after breaking down some of the plaster and taking up a corner of the flooring the coveted scrap of paper was at last secured.

The confession was of course in part destroyed and required very delicate handling, but when the precious relic had been carefully mounted on another piece of paper it was found to read as follows, the words in brackets being supplied by supposition:

[I am] sick of my [life and [resolved] to put an end [to it]. In case susp[icion falls on Gilb]ert Stanton, [he is] innocent. I die [by my] own hand.

RAYMOND WILD.

Gilbert and Edith are now married and Stanton insists that he owes his life to the persistent and intelligent manner in which his wife followed up that vital and mysterious clew.—*London Tit Bits.*

Thrifty Carelessness.

A very amusing story is told by a famous story teller about a harness maker who lived many years ago in London. He had a handsome saddle in his shop occupying a conspicuous place therein. On his return from luncheon one day he observed that saddle was gone. Calling to his foreman, he said:

"John, who has bought the saddle?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said the foreman, scratching his head as if he were trying to think. "I cannot tell, and the worst part of it is it hasn't been paid for. While I was at work in the back part of the shop a gentleman came in, priced it, decided to take it, told me to charge it, and throwing it into his wagon, drove off before I could think to ask his name."

"That was very stupid of you," said the harness maker, disposed to be angry at the man's carelessness. "Very likely we have been robbed."

"I don't think that, sir," said the foreman, "for I'm very sure that the gentleman has traded here before."

"Well, I can't afford to lose the money," said the harness maker. "We'll have to find out who took it and send him the bill. Ah!" he added with a smile, after a moment's reflection. "I have it! We'll charge it up to the account of every one of our customers who keep accounts here. Those who didn't get it will refuse to pay, so we shall be all right."

The bookkeeper was instructed to do this, and the bills in due course of time went out. Some weeks later the harness maker asked the bookkeeper if he had succeeded in discovering who the customer was.

"No, sir," he replied, "and we never shall, I fear, sir, for about fourty persons have paid for it without saying a word."

—*Toronto Mail.*

History Repeats Itself.

In speaking of a recent public incident the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recalls an episode in American history whereby to point a modern moral. We take the liberty of appropriating it, as follows:

The Governor of Alabama has warned Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, that he must not interfere with the "order-loving" society of that State. History repeats itself. Senator Hoar's father had a similar warning from South Carolina fifty years ago. The Legislature of South Carolina had enacted a law in 1835 providing for the imprisonment of any free colored persons arriving at any port of that State. If they remained they were to be sold into slavery. There were many free colored people in Massachusetts, and the legislature of that State directed the Governor to bring a test case in the United States courts to determine the law's constitutionality. Samuel Hoar, the father of the Senator, was appointed to visit South Carolina and bring the test case in the United States courts there.

Mr. Hoar arrived in Charleston November 28th, 1844, and the same day the Legislature passed a resolution asserting its right to exclude from the State seditious persons and requesting the Governor to deport Mr. Hoar, "the emissary from Massachusetts," who had come to interfere with the "order-loving" society there existing. The Legislature also passed an act authorizing such removals, and fixing a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment for seven years as the penalty for such "seditious persons" if they persisted in their purpose. This did not frighten the lawyer representing the State of Massachusetts, who was in Charleston simply to try a case in the United States court, and he remained.

The sheriff waited on him with a warning that he would be lynched. The prominent lawyers and business men of the city next warned him that his life was in danger from the "order-loving people" of South Carolina. He refused to be frightened from his purpose, and finally, on December 5th, when the boat was about to leave Charleston for the north, the "best citizens" of South Carolina called at the hotel in a body, placed Samuel Hoar and his daughter in a carriage, escorted them to the boat and placed them on board. He was forcibly ejected but he was not frightened.

Senator Hoar is a chip off the old block. The frothings of the Governor of Alabama and the Southern editors do not disturb him in the least. A man in Massachusetts has a right to demand fair Congressional elections in every part of the Union, and do what he can to make them so. But as like as the Senator is to his father, so is also the Governor of Alabama to-day to the Governor of South Carolina fifty years ago. The sun moves, but some of the men in the South stand just where their grandfathers stood before the war.

A Woman's Woman.

What are the chief characteristics of the woman's woman?—a woman who is beloved by her own sex, who finds her greatest enjoyment in their company, who is what the Italians call simpatico—reaching out her gentle hand alike to the grandmother in her easy chair, to the girl just balancing on the threshold of life, to the young mother with her little ones about her, and to the cook in the kitchen among her pots and cans?

Certainly the woman's woman is not purely domestic, for the merely domestic woman is inevitably narrow. Her bread may be excellent, her house free from dust, her table to the mark; but her range is limited, and many doors of her heart are shut to all except her own family.

The woman's woman cannot narrow herself thus. She must care for a great many people and a great many things and touch life at a hundred points. Whether she is married or single makes little difference. She is alive to whatever interests her sex, but she is not slightly insane on the subject of her sex, nor does she spell "woman" invariably with a capital "W." She feels herself a human being, not a blending of spirit and angel.

A woman's woman can penetrate under the surface. With a certain witch-hazel wand she can discover people with heartaches, who are carrying burdens too great for them, who cannot sleep at night for cares and troubles, and somehow her touch of the hand, her smile and her gentle word bring them ease and relief.

The woman's woman makes allowances. She sees that life is hard for some people, or that they have not had a chance—she is willing to help them. She enjoys herself quite as well, perhaps, better, with a crowd of gils who are chattering gayly, or in a company of mature women who are talking over their affairs, as she does in mixed society.

She does not always appear at her best in the drawing room, nor can she talk, as a usual thing, very well to a throng. At a dinner table she may be rather silent, except to her neighbor; but if you get her in a corner where she has a congenial companion, you will hear the ripple of low voices and sometimes a bright little breaking laugh, and you will know that the woman's woman is enjoying herself and giving pleasure.

She is always the most delightful of guests, for she has a faculty of amusing herself, and she does not require the presence of men, either singly or in numbers, to show her at her best. In the country, at a summer hotel, she is invaluable. She can entertain the children, talk pleasantly to the old lady who is rather deaf, and therefore left out of much that is going on, listen patiently to the complaints of the rheumatic, or the recitals of those whose tales are often told, never showing by a look or the quiver of a muscle that she had heard the bright story many times before. All her life the woman's woman is apt to live for others. Her greatest charm is perhaps her unselfishness. She is altruistic not on principle, but simply because she cannot help herself—she is born so.

The woman's woman is old-fashioned in many of her notions, and opens wide eyes of horror at flirtations carried on by those who should have left such frivolities behind them when the streak of silver came into their dark hair. As fair and sweet, as true and restful, as dear and lovable as our mothers and their mothers before them, the woman's woman holds our hearts in her hand, and men, albeit this is an apparent contradiction, like her well, and accord her deference and respectful homage.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sound Political Reaction.

The Republican victories which are sweeping over the country make a sound reaction from one of the most dangerous political movements this country has ever known.

The three great political dangers to which this country is exposed are the city rings backed by a foreign vote, the lawless ignorance of the South and the inflationists of the West. The three are always strong enough united to put the country in great peril. Add any share of the sound, conservative, enlightened vote of the New England, Middle and Central States, and the country is put in grave peril.

Such a combination existed in November, 1892. The city rings from New York to San Francisco were Democratic. The South acted with them, as it has always done. William C. Whitney and the rest of the Cleveland campaign managers bartered and bargained with Western Populists and inflationists, and secured their votes by running coalition electoral tickets in the far Western State. Lastly, the free trade propaganda won many votes from sound sober and conservative men of all classes in the great property-holding States of the Union.

This combination brought the tidal wave of 1892. Its results have been disastrous. In a single year it brought prostrating panic, a discredited currency, wide-spread distrust, paralyzed industries, idle men, idle capital and communities in which no one was busy but the Sheriff. The lesson has done its work. For two months past local elections from Maine to Illinois have told the same story. In the great industrial communities which lie between these two States which hold one half the population, or in 1890, 31,000,000 out of 62,000,000, and considerably over two thirds of the wealth of the country, election after election has shown that the voters in this region have awakened to their danger and are breaking away from the combination in which they were trapped.

Every one of the States west of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac would be Republican if an election were held today. In all these States, local elections this spring have emphasized the result reached last fall. The city rings, the South and the inflation West are not united strong enough alone to ruin this country. They came dangerously near it in 1892; but it is now plain that next fall will find this combination of the worst dangers which threaten the Republicans in a minority in the House and two years more will show them in a minority in the Senate and the Electoral College.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Too Much Nourishment.

"My most remarkable professional experience?" repeated the physician thoughtfully, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar, and addressing a reporter. "That is a hard question to answer off hand, but I can tell you of an extremely odd occurrence in connection with my practice recently.

"It was a case of pneumonia. A young lad was sick with the complaint out in Tenleytown. The father, a poor man and a carpenter by trade, was an old acquaintance of mine, having done odd jobs for me occasionally. He insisted on employing my services, though I recommended a practitioner near at hand, because I could not possibly get out there to visit the patient more than once a day.

"The disease had already reached a critical stage when I was first summoned. After writing a couple of prescriptions and giving directions as to other matters, I called the father and requested his attention to certain instructions respecting food. Said I to him:

"'Take this quart whisky bottle and put into it one pound of finely chopped lean beef, cork it tightly, place it in a pot of water, and let it boil four hours. That will make the strongest kind of extract—a highly concentrated form of nourishment. Give to the boy one tablespoonful of it every hour.'

"I went away satisfied that everything was provided for. The next day I returned to find my patient in a state of collapse. In haste I called for brandy and milk, and managed to revive him. For the life of me I could not account for the situation of affairs. I summoned the father, who was nearly distracted with anxiety, and questioned him.

"'Have you given him the beef extract I ordered?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied.

"'Every hour?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You put a pound of chopped raw beef into the bottle and boiled it?'

"'Yes, sir. Corked it up and boiled it four hours in a pot of water. He's had a tablespoonful of the stuff every hour since you were here last.'

"'It beat me,' I said. 'Why, I could have supposed that the boy was exanimate from sheer inanition. Bring me some of the beef extract and let me see it.'

"Presently half a tumblerful of the preparation was brought and submitted to me for examination. I could hardly believe my senses. It looked like water; it tasted like water it was water, and nothing else.'

"'What does this mean?' I demanded angrily.

"'That's the stuff you ordered, sir,' replied the father, confidently. 'I made it myself, according to your own directions—boiled the bottle of beef just as you said. But I must confess that I thought it was a pretty weak kind of broth for a sick boy.'

"I stared at him for a minute or two in wonder. Then a light began to dawn on me. I gasped and said:

"'Bring me the bottle.'

"He did so. Its contents had evidently not been disturbed. I poured from it a tablespoonful of thick and nourishing fluid and administered it to the patient.

"The father looked on as if awe struck.

"'Why,' said he, 'you never told me that! You said to cork up the bottle, but you did not tell me to uncork it; so I thought that you meant I should give him the water it was boiled in!'

"So that was what my patient had been fed on for 24 hours—boiled water and nothing more. No wonder that I found him in a state of collapse. He recovered, but it was a narrow squeeze, I assure you."—*Washington Star.*

Queer Superstitions.

The whooping cough epidemic that is careering through this region, says the Allentown *Leader*, brings with it other evils besides its baleful whoops. It carries a cartload of superstition in its train. And the credulity of the sufferers, and their readiness to trust in all sorts of potions and charms, is rather more pathetic to the intelligent observer than the frogs in their throats.

Round about Bath they essay to cure their whooping children by cutting a lock of hair from the head of an individual who has never seen his or her father, and hanging it by a string about the neck of the whoopers. This is thought to be a sure cure.

The Bucks county remedy is to have medicine—it matters little of what sort—administered by a married woman who never changed her maiden name. The patient is sure to recover if this custom is observed.

In Lowhill they say that a goose's egg, laid on the first Friday of the new moon and eaten raw, will drive off the dread cough in terror.

It is absurd that people should cling to such stuff, but they do it and most tenaciously, too. The best physician in the State couldn't dissuade them from their faith. The weird hexa's charm has more weight with them than the wisest word from a modern Æsculapius.

This dense ignorance may be laughed at, but it should be still more pitied. There is actually a pathos in these stupid superstitions that dulls one's foreign missionary enthusiasm and makes him eager to enlighten the eyes of his foolish neighbors. The barbarism of the Hottentot and Kaffir seems insignificant beside the heathenish creed of such believers as these. And yet they are not the only heathen.

Superstition permeates every station of society. The silly school girl who won't sit with a dozen others at the tea table and the business man who won't start upon a journey on a Friday are but samples. By clinging to their ridiculous notions they encourage simpler folk to go much farther. The untutored can scarcely be blamed for their whooping cough theories so long as the wise cherish pet foibles about seventh sons, spilled salt, broken mirrors.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives, containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys. It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded.

Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by J. N. Snyder, Druggist.

Phycisians Say So.

The only way to cure salt rheum, eczema, pimples, boils, blotches and ulcers is by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. "I used numbers of so-called blood purifiers, writes Mrs. Belinda Hodsdon, of Haverhill, N. H., without benefit, until I began to take Favorite Remedy. Although suffering from an ulcerated sore leg, a few bottles entirely cured me."

The number of railroad employes killed in Pennsylvania alone amounts to nearly two each day. In 1893, in this State, 650 railroad employes were killed, and 8,842 injured. It thus appears that no less than 24 are injured each day. It is a fact to be noted that 1,000 persons not passengers or employes were killed on the railroads of the State during the year, the number being in excess of the employes killed. Of passengers, only 79 were killed and 779 injured. The grand totals are; 1,828 killed and 11,122 injured. These totals may seem startling, but are not so when we consider the many railways, the enormous freight and passenger traffic, and the thousands of trains running day and night.

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.

Everybody Worth $1000.

According to a census bulletin just issued, the wealth of the United States is sufficient to give each man, woman and child over $1000. The true valuation of all property in the United States—exclusive of Alaska—in 1890 is classified as follows: Real estate and improvements, $39,544,544,333 live stock on farms and ranches, farm implements and machinery, $2,703,015,040; mines and quarries, $1,291,297,579; gold and silver coin and bullion, $1,158,774,948, machinery of mills and product on hand, $3,058,593,441, railroad and equipments, including street railroads, $8,685,407,323; telegraphs, telephones, shipping and canals, $701,755,712; miscellaneous, $7,893,708,821. Total, $65,037,091,197.

New York ranks first, with wealth placed at $8,576,701,091; Pennsylvania, second, at $6,190,746,550; Illinois third, at $5,066,751,719, and then Ohio, $3,951,282,384.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or any long, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at J. N. Snyder's drug store; large size 50c. and $1.

Action of great import to the women of Iowa was taken in the Legislature on Thursday. The Senate passed the House bill conferring on women the right to vote for town, city and school officers and on all questions of issuing bonds. This is the first time women have been given this right in Iowa. The vote was 27 to 20, with three absentees.

He Wasn't Tried.

A curious illustration of what may be called illogicallogic is reported by a gentleman who had to wait a long time at a railroad ticket office for the clerk of the window to get ready to wait on him.

"Come, come!" said the would-be passenger, growing impatient at last, "I've been here at this window five minutes!"

"That's nothing," said the clerk, "I've been here eight years and I never found fault about it yet."—*Youth's Companion.*

Agnes—I want a husband who is easily pleased.

Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."

How sad to our hearts are some scenes of our childhood,
As our recollections presents them to view;
The use of the switch that was brought from the wildwood,
And various punishment most of us knew.
But saddest of all is the thought of the pill pox,
That mother brought out when she thought we were ill,
O! the griping, the aching, the twisting and torment
Wrapped up in the horrible old fashioned pill.

But that's all done away with. To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. You'll experience no pain, no discomfort, no bad results. Children take them as readily as peppermint drops.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents; by druggists.

The physicians of the United States now number 118,453; New York leads with 11,171; Pennsylvania has 9310, and Illinois ranks third with 8002.

"We found Hood's Sarsaparilla very good for keeping off the grip and purifying the blood." Myrtle Peters, Markleton, Pa.

Memory of a Good Mother.

A distinguished man said to me only a short time ago: "In all your work, Mrs Bottome, let your efforts to make good mothers be your chief business." He said his mother died when he was young and he remembered one thing she taught him from the Bible, but that had changed his life toward people. She had brought before his mind the picture of Christ writing on the sand and saying, without looking at the poor woman who had sinned, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her." It had saved him from casting stones, had made him a man of charity. Dear mothers, if you should be taken from your children, what would they have to remember? Would your little ones grow up with the memory of a warm loving kiss from their mother before they closed their eyes in sleep? Would they have a picture of themselves kneeling beside the one they called mamma and saying, "Our Father who art in Heaven?" If I could speak to every mother in our land, or any other land, I would say give your children the memory of a holy mother. I heard a society woman say once, "I haven't a single memory of my mother that would be helpful to a Christian life," and that was not a solitary instance by any means. The truth is not always told, neither is it best it should be. But there are many worldly mothers, and their children see it in every word and act of their lives. To rob a child of the memory of a mother that loved God, that cared more for principle than for pleasure, is to rob the child of the greatest wealth. We need a revival of good old fashioned mothers.

Young Clever, who is now being urged by his family to choose his occupation in life, says that he thinks he "should like to study to be a railroad receiver."