The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance, otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO. 47 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1894. WHOLE NO. 2232.

—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

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LaRue M. Hicks. Geo. R. Scull,
James L. Pugh, W. H. Miller,
John R. Scott, R. S. Scull,
Fred W. Biesecker.

Edward Scull, : : : : : President
Valentine Hay, : : Vice President
Harvey M. Berkley, : : : Cashier.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

Somerset County National Bank

Of Somerset, Pa.

—:0:—

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

—0.—

CAPITAL, $50.000.

—:0:—

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.

Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.

Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

—:0:—

DIRECTORS:

Sam'l Snyder, Wm Endsley,
Josiah Specht, Jonas M. Cook,
John H. Snyder John Stuff,
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stuff, Noah S. Miller,
Sam. B. Harrison.

Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.

Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.

Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.

Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar5-4m

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST CO.

121 & 123 Fourth Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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.

JOHN B. JACKSON, - President.
JAMES J. DONNELL, Vice President.
FRANKLIN BROWN, Secretary.
JAS. C. CHAPLIN, Treasurer.

MEN WANTED To take orders. No delivering or collecting. Experience not necessary. Steady employment, best terms. Write at once and secure choice of territory.
ALLEN NURSERY CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

We are now ready with our new and large invoice of fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, fancy goods of all styles, and everything else pertaining to a first class house to fill orders promptly, and to supply resident families to any extent. Goods always fresh, and always offered at lowest figures. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

270—272 Main Street,

Johnstown, Pa.

DREXEL'S

IMPROVED EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN

COD LIVER OIL

WITH CHEMICALLY PURE

HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

—FOR—

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASES, NERVOUS DISEASES, DISEASES OF CHILDREN, WHOOPING COUGH, ANAEMIA, CATARRH, GENERAL DEBILITY, ETC., ETC.

This valuable preparation cures by its nutritive and alterative power. It is a true emulsion,—not a lime soap, is easily digested, quickly assimilated, and shows its wonderful action on blood, tissue and nerve by a most marked improvement from the first dose.

Drexel's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is especially serviceable for anæmia, nervousness, for scrofula and scrofulous swellings, glandular enlargements, and the wasting diseases of childhood. For dyspeptic and nervous conditions, loss of flesh, disturbed sleep and night sweats, it is a perfect cure.

Drexel's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the very best remedy to be had for coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, laryngitis, sore and bleeding throat, hoarseness, tickling in throat, soreness of chest and all other irritated, inflamed and diseased conditions of the throat, lungs and chest.

Large bottles, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists generally, or sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co.

BALTIMORE, MD. U. S. A

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburgh Department, Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils

Naphtha and Gasoline,

That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM

If you wish the most uniformly

Satisfactory Oils

—IN THE—

American Market,

Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BEERITS AND FREASE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY.

HARRY M. BENSHOFF,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER

—AND—

BLANK BOOK MAKER.

HANNAH BLOCK,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wm. Johnson
Normanville, Pa.

Injured While Coasting

Impure Blood Asserts Itself

But Hood's Sarsparilla Cures the Disease and Restores Health.

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

"During the winter of 1887, I was injured on one limb while coasting. It did not trouble me much at first, but soon became more painful, my strength began to decline and I could not rest at night. I was attended by several different doctors but all failed to check the trouble and I grew rapidly worse. Early in 1890 I had to use crutches and my health was very poor, having lost my appetite and being reduced in flesh. In the fall of 1891 I had to take to my bed and it was thought

I Would Not Live

until spring. During all this time I had tried many different medicines but did get relief. In the meantime to give me relief, the several bunches around my knee were lanced and later every effort made to heal the running sores but all in vain. Then it was, while confined to my bed last spring, that my father, having read much about the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla,

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

decided to have me give it a trial. I have taken it regularly, using nearly ten bottles. All the sores but two are healed and these are nearly well. I have thrown away my crutches as I can walk, go to school and do some work. I have a good appetite and real good health and have increased in weight very much. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a blessing to me." WILLIAM JOHNSON, Normanville, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box 25 cents.

SAILED THE SEAS 38 YEARS.

One of His Experiences.

For thirty-eight years Capt. Loud followed the sea, most of that time as master of a vessel, and upon retiring from the water was appointed by the Secretary of the United States Treasury to superintend the seal fisheries in Alaska, which position he held five years. He relates one experience as follows:

"For several years I had been troubled with general nervousness and pain in the region of my heart. My greatest affliction was despite a sense it was almost impossible at any time to obtain rest and sleep. Having seen Dr. Miles' remedies advertised I began using them. After taking a small quantity the benefit received was so great that I was positively alarmed, thinking the remedy contained opiates which would finally be injurious to me; but on being assured by the druggist that it was perfectly harmless, I continued it together with the Heart Cure. Today I can conscientiously say that Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure did more for me than anything I had ever taken. I had been treated by eminent physicians in New York and San Francisco without benefit. I owe my present good health to the judicious use of these most valuable remedies, and heartily recommend them to all afflicted as I was."—Capt. A. P. Loud, Hampden, Me.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Cure are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, express prepaid. They are free from all opiates and 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,

igured Plush,

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

Waban Netting,

6 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 AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. H. HUSTON.

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE

and everything pertaining to funerals turn shed

Somerset, 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.

MAY.

When I was but a toddling boy, the months
were all the same;
In blissful ignorance I played, and cared
not when they came.
July the Fourth, or April First, or Christmas Day to me
Were points upon my line of of life. The months? What might they be?
But now, above all other months there is
one month, I say,
I always greet with terror; 'tis the merry
month of May.

I wake up in the morning with the first
rays of the sun;
I know that I'll be moving out before the
day is done.
I know the carpets will come up, the pictures will come down,
I know I'll step a dozen times upon my
wife's best gown.
Of all the months in all the year, deliver me,
I pray,
From this most trying month of all, the
merry month of May.

In tennis trousers and dress coat, to pack the
chattels, while
The maid of all work superintends, with
patronizing smile;
To dicker with the driver of the gandy moving van.
To eat one's dinner on the floor, drink coffee
from a can.
O dismal season of the year! how gay, how
very gay,
I'll feel when it is past and gone, this merry
month of May.

When I go up aloft, I think in May I'd like
to go;
For May's the month Fate has ordained that
we should move in, so
I've pictured to myself a slab—I want no
granite pile—
With just a plain inscription and a paucity
of style.
In good plain type upon that stone, I'd like
to have you say:
"Deceased has finished moving in the merry month of May."

TOM MASON.

THE PEDDLER'S PERIL.

The sun sank behind the western mountain peaks, and the short twilight of Southern latitudes came on apace. After a time the man of the house came in. He was tall and thin. Two ferret like eyes gleamed sharply upon the peddler from amid a shaggy tangle of white hair and beard.

He placed his long rifle in a rack over the door, unslung his shot pouch and then seated himself and gazed gloomily into the fire, without touchsafing either a greeting to the stranger or a word to his own family. Nan, passing by, whispered to the peddler:

"Don't ye mind uncle; he's got one of his bad spells on now, but if he ain't bothered it'll pass off by and by."

The peddler nodded and began a tale concerning one of his adventures in Texas. He was soon interrupted by Aunt Viney.

"Sit up, stranger," said she. "We ain't got much to eat, but such as it is you're welcome."

The old man ate his supper in silence after which he took his hat and abruptly left the cabin. Aunt Viney saw fit to explain.

"Moses, my old man, hain't been exactly like himself since the revenoo men carried his son off five year ago last April.

"'Stillin', s'pose?"

"Yes; nd top of that he shot one of 'em while they was tryin' to take him, an' they put him in the pen'tensh'ry at Nashville for 10 years."

The peddler remained silent for a moment or two. But when the dishes were washed and put away he again entertained the two women by relating sundry reminiscences of his career, and also describing the wonders of certain great cities he had visited.

After awhile Moses again stalked silently in and took a seat in a far corner. While the peddler talked he continued to eye him closely, as if suspicious that the stranger was not just what he should be.

"Speakin' of the telephone," continued the peddler, "some folks in these mountains don't believe that people can talk to each other, 'nd them a hundred or more miles apart, but I tell ye it's a fact. I've seed it done myself."

"I've known of men hollerin' across from one mountain to another," said Aunt Viney dubiously. "Mebbe they could make themselves heard a matter of two miles. But a hundred—" She shook her head disapprovingly.

"It's so all the same, though. I've sot 'nd heard 'em talkin' jus' as we be now."

"That's as big a lie as ever was told," exclaimed old Moses, rising and making for the door.

He seized his rifle as he passed, threw a menacing glance at the peddler and once more left the cabin.

"Old man's a little touched in the head, ain't he?" asked the peddler, who seemed to take no offense whatever at the old man's rude behavior.

"Ever since John was took off he's had queer spells that come over him every now and then. I must say he's more'n apt to be 'spiehus of strangers when they come around. He's always thinkin of revenoo spies. I desay that's what makes him act so toward you. But you mustn't mind him. I never knowd him to succeed in hurtin' anyone yet."

It was Nan who replied, for Aunt Viney was making preparations to retire for the night. When the girl and the peddler were left alone the latter seemed somewhat curious about his son John, who for many years had been under the ban of the law.

"John was always good to Uncle Moses and that's why he takes it all so hard now.

"I s'pose, bein' as you're kin to 'em, you must a felt powerful bad when they took him off?"

He eyed Nan closely as he spoke, and the girl blushed slightly.

"I ain't no real kin to 'em," said she. "My folks is all dead, 'nd they raised me from a little gal; but John 'nd me was always good friends.

"Nothin' more?"

The girl looked at him reprovingly.

"It's about bedtime," said she coldly. "Shan't I show you where you're to sleep?"

The peddler rose, took up his pack and followed her into the little shed room. There was an open window by the bed, through which the full moon was shining.

"You won't need no light, I reckon,' she remarked. Then, bidding him good night, she returned to the main cabin and went to bed herself.

But for some reason she failed to sleep. The bright moonlight, the rasping cry of katydids from the trees without, and the discomforting nature of her thoughts kept her awake. She felt vaguely uneasy about Uncle Mose. Where was he? Very likely at the little moonshine still, up Bear Hollow, half a mile away. He often spent the night there, engaged in his illicit toil. She remembered his unfriendly treatment of the sleeping peddler, whose heavy breathing could now be heard through the thin partition wall. He had once lain in wait, rifle in hand, for a passing drover, whom he had set down for a spy. Only Aunt Viney's prompt appearance had prevented a probable murder. Uncle Mose, though a good man enough when in his right mind, was a dangerous, uncertain personage when stirred by the memory of his son into a spirit of half insane hostility against the world.

So uneasy did Nan become that at last she rose, slipped on her dress and stole out into the moonlight. An impulse she could not control impelled her to peep in at the peddler's open window. She was prompted by an indefinable fear. What she saw there caused her to start back, clasp her hands and gasp for breath. Then, trembling in every limb, she looked again.

"My God!" she faltered. "Am I dreamin'? Sure it can't be—'nd yet I must believe my own eyes."

Acting under a new impulse she turned and fled along the trail leading to the still. Arrived there she found the place silent and deserted. There was no fire in the furnace, and nothing to be heard but the cries of the whippoorwills upon the mountain side.

Full of painful forebodings she retraced her steps and once more crouched beneath the peddler's window. There she waited until her limbs became cramped and the night air chilled her to the bone.

"I might as well lie down again," she thought. "I reckon uncle's gone down the valley, for he 'lowed to-day as he'd have to go after coffee right away. I could wake the man up, but somehow I dassn't. He might think I was forward.'

But the second trial of the bed was no better than the first. The peddler's heavy breathing was ever in her ears, and her thoughts reverted constantly to the sense of peril that vaguely yet persistently kept her upon the tenderhooks of anxiety.

"I wish mornin' would come," she said for the hundredth time. "Lord! what a meetin' there'll be then!"

The sound of a stealthy footfall upon the gravel without brought her to a sitting posture at once. Her heart beat loudly as she listened breathlessly. Yes; it was moving around the house. Now she heard it no more. Could she have imagined it all? No; there it was again—in the back porch.

Then—then—she heard a gentle cracking sound. Ah! The shed room door! She sprang out of bed, and a hasty bound brought her to the door leading into the back porch. She wrenched it open just in time to catch a glimpse of a tall shadow that disappeared within the shed room.

"Good Lord, help me!" she faintly ejaculated, as she sprang forward, nerved to desperation by this dreadful fulfillment of her fears.

She entered the room. There lay the peddler, slumbering heavily in the white glow of the moonlight. His face was strangely altered, for the heavy beard had fallen off, leaving exposed a clean-shaven youthful face. But the white bearded old man, bending over the prostrate form with uplifted knife, saw nothing distinctly. To his morbid imaginings only the form of a hated spy lay helpless before him. A spy in the service of the detested "revenoos," who had robbed him of his only and well-beloved son.

"Uncle!" screamed Nan, dragging him back. "Uncle! You shall not. Don't you see? It's John—our John—your John!"

The peddler woke and stared upward in a bewildered way. The knife fell to the floor as Mose, his eyes almost starting from his head, stared at his son's white face. Suddenly he comprehended and the effect descended upon him like a thunderbolt.

Uttering a low, quivering cry he sank to his knees by the bedside and his head fell forward. Nan's and John's eyes met in a mutually recognizing glance; then they turned their attention to the old man. As they laid him upon the bed, Aunt Viney, awakened by the noise, came in. She fell back as though confronted by a ghost.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Yet it can't shorely be!"

"Yes, it is mother. I didn't know how you'd all take my bein' so long in the pen; so when the Governor pardoned me out I 'lowed I'd come home as a peddler 'nd in disguise till I found out if you all cared for me any more."

While John was speaking Mose opened his eyes and tears blinded them as he gazed.

"My son, my son!,' he murmured brokenly. "And I might have killed him! My mind's made up. There'll no more 'stillin' done in Bear Holler after this."

"Do you reckon Nan cares for me any more, father?" asked John, while his eyes sought those of Nan.

"Of course she do. Hasn't she been grievin' herself away ever since you was took. She never looked at another man."

Nan's confusion seemed to sanction this.

"There is only one thing to be done," interposed Aunt Viney, decisively. "They've just got to go over to the circuit rider's next Sunday 'nd git married. After that's over ane dond with Moses, I do hope you'll behave yourself in futur'."

"Hain't I said I wern't a-goin' to still any more?" said Mose. "Stillin's been at the bottom of all our troubles."

While the old folks talked, John took Nan's hand in his and they stealthily kissed each other.

For the Blood and Stomache.

S. E. Lancaster, of Somerville, Pa., writes:—"My mother has been using Hood's Sarsaparilla and can recommend it as a good medicine for the blood and stomach. Our druggist says he sells a great deal of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

HOW TO COOK THEM.

Methods of Preparing the Fishman's Favorite Game.

By trout alone we actually mean the delightful small trout—the familiar speckled inhabitant of the clear, cold mountain brooks. Though trout are now cultivated in special ponds and scientifically fed, no fish is quite equal in flavor to the wild brook trout. Indeed, it is said that those raised in "preserves" and fed on liver acquire a very flat, insipid flavor, quite different from the fish fed on minnows larvae and small insects, such as the mountain trout feed upon. The immense size of the fish raised in trout ponds does not recommend it to the epicure who prefers that a brook trout should weigh from a quarter of a pound to a half pound. When a brook trout reaches a behemoth size among his fellows his flesh is not likely to be as fine in flavor, but coarse, like a common lake trout or the huge Mackinaw trout of the great northern lakes. The brook trout is seldom in perfection in the city. No fish deteriorates so rapidly after it is out of the water. There is little satisfaction in eating trout in the city. To be eaten in perfection they must be served in some house not far from their native brook, with the daintiest of homemade rolls the freshest of eggs and fragrant coffee and cream. Until one has eaten them in this way one can not appreciate the rhapsodies in which disciples of Sir Isaak Walton indulge over this fish. Nor otherwise can one understand the madness that overtakes so many gentle anglers in the month of June, when the skies are blue and the fields abloom, and drives them forth to the mountains in search of brook trout. The ideal way of cooking trout is the simplest. Choose fish weighing about a quarter of a pound. After cleaning them wipe them well and lay them upon a plate with a tablespoonful of melted butter and a little pepper.

After rolling the fish well, broil them for about five minutes on the flesh side and two on the other side and serve them without delay. Prepare trout in exactly the same way and wrap them in writing paper that has been thoroughly soaked in melted butter, after first laying a very thin strip of larding pork under the fish. The paper should be tied loose over the fish so that there is only one thickness between it and the heat. Then lay the fish on their envelopes in a baking pan, and bake them in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve them in their envelopes, removing the strings alone to insure their being hot and in perfection. Still another way of cooking this most dainty of game fish is to boil it in court bouillon. To make this court bouillon take three slices of carrot, half a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, half a teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a wine glass of vinegar and a pint of cold water. Lay half a dozen small fish which have been well cleaned and wiped in the cold court bouillon and let them come slowly to the boiling point and simmer for six minutes; then drain them and lay them on a folded napkin on a hot platter garnished with a little green. Serve them with a cream sauce in a separate bowl or a nice Hollandaise The court bouillon should be put away in a stone pot to be used again to boil fish in.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Trees in The Town.

A love of the beautiful is inborn in man. Trees are a source of never failing enjoyment to dwellers in the town, and no town can be beautiful without them. How refreshing their shade in summer, and the dreariness of winter is rendered less desolate by their presence. Sentiment aside, trees have a direct value. A tree shaded avenue is a much more desirable place of residence than one which lacks their adornment. Property is more valuable on this street, and landlords demand and receive a higher rate of rent. The houses are more pretentious, the laws are green and smoothly shaven, and beds of flowers and bunches of shrubbery bear witness to the friendly rivalry among the dwellers to excel in the beautiful. A comparatively small outlay would do much to beautify our town. Once planted and properly guarded from destruction, trees require little care and in a few years will amply recompense us for trouble and money expended.

The lighting of streets at night is a subject of great importance to the people of a community. The benefits are many and far outweigh any question of cost or economy. How many accidents that have caused loss of life and limb are due to insufficiently lighted or wholly dark streets! How many crimes have been committed under cover of darkness that would never have been perpetrated had there been light to reveal the robber or assassin to his intended victim! The development of electricity has made it possible to light our streets at night at a small expense. No costly plant is required, and the outlay for labor to put up the wires is nominal.

The lighting of the business section is not enough. It is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far. The personal safety and convenience of every citizen demand that our street shall be so illuminated that he may leave his home after dark without danger of breaking his limbs or having his head smashed by some enterprising footpad.

Missing Links.

The word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer.

American pumps are known in China and Japan as well as in parts of Europe.

The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal to that of a robin.

Greek sculptors often used eyes of glass or crystal in the faces of their statues.

Rothschild requires of his cook a different kind of soup for every day in the year.

Moscow is said to have 1,706 "big bells," the smallest of which weighs 5,000 pounds, and the largest 443,772.

An English woman has employed thirty-five poor Irish women since 1885 in making a copy of an old piece of Bayeux tapestry.

You traverse the world in pursuit of happiness, which is within the reach of every man,—a contented mind confers it upon all.

The School Bank.

No other way can the habits of thrift and economy be so well instilled in the youthful mind as by means of the banking system as it is practiced in many of the most progressive public schools. Ordinarily deposits of from a cent up are received by the teacher upon the morning of a certain day each week, and pupils may draw money upon that day by giving previous notice. Every child is furnished with a bankbook, in which are printed regulations. Checks, receipts and deposit slips are also given by the board of education, and every scholar above the infant grade is required to fill out all blanks necessary in the transaction of business. This is done not only for the practical ideas it gives the pupil, but as a protection to the system. The money received each week is placed in a local national bank, which, for the honor of being the custodian of the children's funds, is always ready so pay legal interest and allow it to be computed semi-annually.

Thus each succeeding six months the bankbooks are written up and the earnings added. Exuberant expectation is shown in the proceedings from the tot with a dollar to her credit to the youthful Croesus who has ten. Girls as well as boys vie with each other as to their holdings, and ample appreciation is evinced of the earning power of money as the interest rapidly compounds itself to the respectable proportions of the principal.

But an hour of the school week is given to the business of the banking department, and when are taken into consideration the benefits derived to the child in after life by thus early inculcating the principles of saving and of the value of the currency of the land it must be allowed that no other hour is likely to be more profitable in results. A child taught that of its earnings or gratuities at least one-half must be saved will never want for the necessities of life and perchance may be able to indulge in some some of its luxuries.

The Swift Swallow.

It seems quite possible that the swallow will prove a successful rival to the carrier pigeon in its line of service. I know a man who has been experimenting with these birds for years, and who managed to tame them and make them love their cage, so that they will invariably return to it after a few hours liberty. The speed of these messengers can be judged from a single experiment. The man of whom I speak once caught an untrained swallow which had its nest on his farm. He put the bird in a basket and gave it to a friend who was going to a city 150 miles distant, telling him to turn the bird loose on his arrival there and telegraph him as soon as the bird was set free. This was done and the bird reached home in hour and a half. Their great speed and diminutive forms would especially recommend swallows for use in war, as it would not be an easy matter to shoot such carriers on the wing.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

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.

Not the Best.

The adage concerning the folly of disputing about questions of personal taste is well supported by an anecdote related by Colonel T. A. Dodge. He says:

Many years ago, in Richmond, while I was standing with a friend at his doorway while he gave some instructions to an old colored servant, there happened to pass one of the beauties of the city. We both took off our hats, courtesy in our attitdes, admiration in our hearts.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said I.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he echoed. "Just isn't she' Uncle Jed?" he added, turning to the old servant.

"Miss Ellen's a mighty fine laddy," responded Uncle Jed in a deferential but somewhat hesitating tone.

"Why, what do you mean, Uncle Jed?" insisted my friend, rather nettled and curious withal at the old darky's manner.

"Well, Mars' Tom," said the old man, "to tell de hones' truf, we neggers dcan' t'ink de white laddies is so handsome as de brack ones."—*Youth's Companion.*

It Shoud 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.

Well Prepared.

The organizer of an arctic expedition was approached by a delicate looking fellow who wanted to join the party.

"You don't look as if you could stand it," ventured the organizer.

"You'll find me a kind of a singed cat fellow," he replied confidently.

"Have you ever been in the arctic regions?"

"No, not exactly."

"Have you had any experience in that line at all?"

The applicant got a brace on himself.

"Well," he responded, "I should say I had. I was engaged for two years to a Boston girl." And the organizer accepted that as a recommendation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Grumble's Cure.

Henry Grumble deserved his name. He grumbled at the way his wife managed the household; he growled over the service of his meals and snarled about the way his wife attended to his clothing and always complained that the baby cried incessantly.

Mrs. Grumble's brother Tom decided that it was time to stop this state of affairs, and one night Mr. Grumble came home and encountered an old man whom his wife introduced as Uncle Tompkins. Now, this hitherto unheard of uncle proved himself extremely peevish and irascible from the start.

Mr. Grumble silently devoured his supper, secretly wondering how long Uncle Tompkins meant to stay.

No sooner was the table cleared than the irascible old gentleman began again.

"Grumble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair. My nerves are so weak; and if you could keep your children upstairs their racket wouldn't disturb me so much. I really don't know how I am going to stand that baby's noise."

"I do not think it is a very noisy baby," said Mr. Grumble meekly. "Its teeth are very painful just at present."

Mrs. Grumble, who was poking the fire, in accordance with her uncle's petulent request, said nothing, but smiled quietly to hear her husband extenuate the baby's sins.

"Well," remarked Uncle Tompkins, "all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door. And I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Halloa! You haven't any top button on your coat! I hope my niece isn't a careless wife!"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Grumble, nervously, "but the care of the children and housekeeping duties absorb a great deal of her time. The instant she finds leisure she will look to my clothes."

"I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed Uncle Tompkins incredulously.

About 10 o'clock the old gentleman was ushered in to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine vials, a tub of hot water, woolen dressing robes and heated blankets for his feet, and his absence occasioned very general relief.

"What an insufferable old duffer that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throwing himself, with a sigh of satisfaction, into his favorite seat once more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his fault finding?"

"I am accustomed to that, Henry. It is a lesson that most married women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband pricked up his ears a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it?" What did she mean?

It was not possible—it could not be possible—that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins. And yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way. Somehow it made him feel very uncomfortable.

Three days pased away, Uncle Tompkins growing more intolerable all the time, while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of looking glass of that worthy old gentleman.

"Upon—my—word," he said to himself, "I must have made a perfect nuisance of myself all these years. Why didn't somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel robe, medicine bottle and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he aid gayly to Mr. Grumble.

"Yes," said the latter, with a slight grimace.

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

Mr. Grumble was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a feature of his face. He was always enveloped, like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, something like that one you have in your hand.

"The most intolerable fault finder I ever met with, absolutely the most disagreeable man that ever cumbered the earth. I don't see how it is possible to growl at everything as he did."

"That's not an uncommon thing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely smiling.

"Very likely," said his orother-in-law emphatically, "but his visit has been productive of at least one effect—it has completely cured me of any tendency I might have had that way. I, for one, mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, Nephew Grumble," exclaimed a cracked voice.

The victimized man started up in dismay, hardly believing the testimony of his senses as Tom twisted the silk handkerchief skillfully round his head and bent himself nearly double, with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a grunt.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins?" exclaimed Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom, smiling, "but I saw that you had unconsciously become a habitual grumbler, and I judged that the best antidote was a faithful representation of your own feelings. Was I right?"

His brother-in-law was half inclined to be angry, but thought better of it.

"Shake hands, Tom," said he. "You are an irreverent young scamp, but I forgive you. At all events the cure is complete."

And so Bessie found it.

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason, because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements, which in the financial world, would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla, all from reliable, grateful people.

They tell the story. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

A STARTLING FACT.

Sixteen Per Cent. of Life Insurance Applicants Rejected on Account of Diseased Kidneys.

Dr. Lambert the general medical director of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, New York said.

"We reject sixteen per cent of the applications made to us for insurance, and I have saved the entire expense of this medical department, by the rejection alone of applicants who had diseased kidneys and who died within two years after I rejected them."

This appalling statement should have the attention of our citizens. There is no reason to day, why people should allow kidney disease to get such a hold on on them.

Nature sends her warning in the slight pain in the back, poor circulation of the blood, sediment in the urine. When any of these symptoms appear. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy should be taken in small doses at once, and thuse drive the poison out of the blood and restore the kidneys to healthy action. To our knowledge this is the only medicine that surely cures this almost universal complaint.

We note the recovery of Mr. Oscar Lambert, of Jerico, Mo., whose case has been talked of in the papers the world over.

Quoting from his letter to the Press, Mr. Lambert says:

"I neglected the first symtoms until I found myself in bed with a complicated disease of the kidneys. No mortal ever suffered more and lived. My physicians failed to help me. I then used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It relieved my kidkneys almost immediately, and in a few weeks I was clear of all pain and entirely cured."

Mrs. A. J. F. Manchester, of Providence, R. I., writes:

"I began using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for kidney disease, when Doctors failed to relieve me. It drove a bad humor out of my blood, and cured my kidney trouble."

Favorite Remedy has had more free advertising in the columns of the daily papers, than anything we know of, from the fact that it does as it promised—Cures disease.

Too Much of an Invitation.

Mrs. S. was extremely busy one morning when her little boy appeared in the kitchen and asked for something to eat.

He seemed content with her "Yes, in a minute," and went back to his play.

About 10 minutes later she hurriedly hunted up one of his favorite cold cakes, and calling him said:

"Here, take this and go to Mrs. B.'s and tell her I would like to have her take tea with us at 9 o'clock this evening."

The child trotted off obediently, and though it was some distance up the street he soon came back, and gravely returning the cold griddle cake to his horrified mother, said:

"She didn't want this, but she says she'll come."

The Modern Jack Horner.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I!'"

But little Jack Horner became a deep mourner
When older he grew and a glutton.
For his liver, I'll state, was like a dead weight,
As he drank wine and ate too much mutton

Poor Jack's time of grief, however, was brief,
And of sickness he ceased to be fearful:
For a boon friend said "Well let's try Pierce's Pellets,"
And with good livers both are now cheerful.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, absolutely effective in cases of sick headache, constipation, indigestion, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. Satisfaction *guaranteed.*

$500 reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts; by druggists.

Dispelled the Fear.

He had given her the engagement ring and was telling her fairy stories about the trouble he had experienced in securing a pure white, flawless stone, when he saw a sad look creep into the eyes but now fired with joyous mirth and gladness.

"What is it, my own?" he whispered in her left auricular appendage.

"Oh, Harold, suppose—"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Suppose we should get married!"

"We will, dearest," he exclaimed with a ten-dollar-a-week nerve.

"And I shoul l lose this ring in the fluff of our velvet carpets?"

For a moment he was dazed. Then a decorative possibility rushed athwart his prophetic soul and he said firmly:

"We will have hardwood floors."

Incorrigible.

"Yes," said the young man with the plaid trousers and a big watch chain, "I must confess that I am deficient in musical taste."

"Perhaps the modern music bores you," said the pleasant young woman. "It does many people, you know."

"Yes. I don't care for modern music. There is one thing about the old songs that I like very much."

"What is that?"

"The fact that nobody sings them."

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.

A Deserved Fate.

"Why did General Washington cross the Delaware on a dark, stormy night?" asked the funny man.

"Give