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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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She is not sweet, the woman that I love,
Nor is she fair,
Nor wise in any love that looks can tell,
And yet she knows the secret of a spell
From feet to hair.
Ah, no, not wise, the woman that I love.

She is not fair, the woman that I love.
Nor is she wise,
Nor sweet, and yet she speaks from feet to hair,
With turn of waist, or throat, and I am there,
Held in her eyes,
Ah, no, not fair, the woman that I love.
She is not wise, the woman that I love,
Nor is she sweet,
Nor fair. The spell she weaves,—is it of sense?
'Tis undefined and subtle, yet intense
Flame, without heat.
Ah, no, not sweet, the woman that I love.

Nor fair, nor sweet, nor wise is she I love,
Beyond a name,
Incarnate mystery of negatives.
Unsolved, unsolvable; a spell that lives!
Elusive flame,
That which she is, the woman that I love.

Old English Poem.

THE DEAD MAN'S RING.

The Story of Lieutenant Clyde's Strange Adventure in Arizona.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

Christmas Day in Arizona. Not the Arizona of to-day with its railroads, telegraphs and other modern conveniences, but the old Territory of twenty-five years ago, when the nearest railway station lay a thousand miles and more to the eastward, and when even "Price's wire" was a matter of the fancy. The Arizona whose copper-colored denizens turned the coach in which Loring, Harvard's former stroke rode, into his hearse; who burnt poor Cushing, brother of the naval hero, and his little escort, in one of Cochise's "hatchways" in the Dragoon mountain and who sent a volley into "Jake" Almy's noble breast upon the banks of San Carlos.

It is morning and down the narrow trail of the rough mountain that towers in its barrenness back of old Fort Reno coming in single file moving objects. The sage brush and mesquit hide from view those that have already gained the valley, but a moment later the bronzed bearded faces and worn blue garments not to mention the thimble belts and carbines, tell us that it is a scouting party of regular cavalry. It is a long serpentine line this command makes, and the foremost troopers are swinging themselves into their saddles in the valley, while as yet we see the rear and "packs" picking their way down the dangerous defile. And dangerous it is. Three vacancies had been made in one troop during the past hour by Indians hurling and rolling rocks and boulders from high precipices upon the defenseless men and beasts that wound along below.

They move out now across the broad valley, the white alkaline dust rising in clouds at each motion of the horse's feet, for the trail is an old one and not even cholla cactus, the brush and the mesquit, which appear to be the sole products of the valley, encroach upon the narrow passage which had been traversed by many a good fellow for the last time forever.

Though it is December, yet the temperature is anywhere from 100 to 110 degrees; but, with the exceptions of a very few, these troopers are accustomed to the climate and no murmur of complaint escapes them. On the contrary, occasional snatches of border songs break the monotony of the prod of the horses feet, and a good-natured joke, with its sequel, a hearty laugh, is by no means a rarity.

It is doubtful if there was in the entire command a man who had not at least once since breaking camp remembered the day and contrasted it with other Christmases in happier lands and amid fairer scenes, and there was one young subaltern among them who for the last hour had done little else. He was new to the service and it was his maiden scout; and Lieutenant Clyde, previous to entering upon the duties of the profession which he had chosen above all others, had been much of a dilettante and something of a sybarite; the roughness of the journey and the homeliness of his surroundings jarred upon him. It was hard luck that this scout chanced to be his first for it was an unusual and an unnecessarily severe trial of both men and animals. The commanding officer had a fair war record, but he had quite recently been transferred to this cavalry regiment; his in-experience in this new line provoked him and his ambition to make a "killing" caused him to disregard certain details, to lose sight of many things which should not have escaped his observation and attention. He had forbidden the making of any fires lest the Indians should see the smoke and learn the presence of the troops. Consequently three days had now elapsed since the men had tasted coffee or anything warm, save alkali water, and it was well understood they were not to bivouac until the mountain range confronting them was passed.

But late in the afternoon the ochre-colored foothills are reached. But no halt was made; on they push and at length we see the head of the column beginning the ascent of the mammoth natural parapet with its different colored sections, or strata, showing, as the scientists tell us, its age as unmistakably as do the rings on a cow's horn and the wrinkes under a horse's eye.

At this moment Lieutenant Clyde was suffering from an attack of Melancholia, together with that sense of nausea we all have known, consequent upon a long-delayed breakfast. As he reached the mountain's base he drew out of line, dismounted and led his horse to the mouth of a narrow canyon a short distance to the right. It looked rather cool and it had been his intention to avail himself of an unlicensed rest. But this resolved was abandoned upon the discovery of the dead body of a man lying in the very place he in fancy had reserved for himself.

Though clothed roughly, as everybody was in those days in Arizona, yet there was a refinement about the well cut handsome features, a certain delicacy about the small shapely hands and bootless feet of the dead man seldom met with in the large army of miners and prospectors familiar to all who have lived upon the border.

No trace of the previous presence of knife or bullet as Clyde drew his hand over the hunting shirt covering the body of the handsome sleeper; not a mark upon the face or head to show that he had been one of the many victims of the Apaches or the target of some whiskey selling Greaser. Not a handkerchief or a scrap of paper in his pocket to breathe his name or whisper whence he came. That his horse or mule was missing did not strike Clyde as peculiar, for the brute naturally would have wandered off in pursuit of water. But the utter absence of all weapons and also of his boots seemed to imply that the lieutenant was not the first visitor to the lonely sleeper, for in those days men put on their pistols to go to breakfast. But why was this peculiar ring left upon the hand thrown carelessly above head? Why this chain and mosaic locket left about his neck? To be sure, it did not show above the tightly-buttoned shirt collar, but would not the earlier discover do as Clyde had done—open the shirt for some evidence of identity or for some sign of the cause of death? He unclasped the chain—plainly a woman's—from the manly throat, slipped the ring off the cold, slender finger and transferred them to his pocket.

"You look like a gentleman and I should like to bury you," the young man muttered as he stood there looking down upon the dead. "But the fact is I have nothing to dig with, and if I had the coyotes can go down deeper in one night than I could in a week. It is queer that they have spared you this long, but there is no knowing how long you have been dead. There is not the slightest indication of decomposition, but in this beastly land we dry up like mummies. In fact the only rot we know here come to us from Washington via the Indian Bureau." Bang!

The report of an Apache's rifle ringing out from the opposite wall of the canon, causing a peculiar singing, whizzing sound in his ears, brought Clyde's soliloquy to a sudden termination. And, throwing himself into the saddle with far more activity and agility than he had displayed since he joined, the lieutenant galloped after his comrades.

"I shall not mention this little side scout," he muttered, as he caught up with the pack train, and, when the trail permitted pressed forward to his proper place in line. It should be remarked that for a youngster Clyde showed unusual discretion and wisdom in this resolution, for it was the first dead man he had seen during his brief service in Arizona, and besides he had been shot at. Fancy what might have been made out of this little adventure by some who for reasons inexplicable are allowed to wear the blue.

Quite late at night Pleasant Valley was reached. Here the Maricopa scouts that had been several miles in advance of the command were found waiting and rather dejected; they had discovered no sign. The ambitious, well-meaning commandant was more than a little disgusted, and feeling a large sized vacancy in his own interior department he gave orders that permitted the building of fires. With "slap-jacks" and hot coffee a change came over the spirits of the troopers and they decided that the name of the valley was an appropriate one for that night's bivouac.

The following morning the Indian scouts were sent out in different directions in hopes that a rancheria might be located or at the least a recent Apache trail discovered; the command was to remain inactive until their return. This gave Clyde the opportunity he desired and which previously had not been presented. He shouldered his rifle, the weapon carried by all officers in the field, and strolled carelessly along the bank of the Acequia.

Satisfying himself that he was beyond sight of his comrades, Clyde seated himself and proceeded to examine the trinkets he had come upon the day before. The ring was a large bloodstone in the shape of a shield and the band was made after the fashion of chain armor, gold and silver alternating. In the stone was cut a hand, with the forefinger pointing downward. Around the edge, in Greek, where the words: "I remember; you forget." On the inside woven into a monogram, were the capitals L. and H.. It looked antique, and it was an odd device, but intrinsically is value was slight. He replaced this in his pocket and turned his attention to the chain and locket. The former was one of these broad oval "snaky" gold circlets worn by the fashionable women of thirty years ago. The locket was quite large and octagonal in shape. It's face showed a castle in mosaic, with rocks and a little stream in the foreground; its three pendants were composed of diamonds and turquoise. The back was formed by a gold case, upon which was the word *Roma*. Opening this Clyde looked upon the face of a beautiful young woman painted on porcelain, evidently a portrait. After a long and critical study of the features Clyde came to the conclusion that but one thing was lacking, otherwise the face and head were perfect—his ideal, in fact. The coloring was superb and natural and the expression was faultless. At the same time there was something that left the face soulless and artificial. "It is like a Parisian bust that has been touched up with the brush. There is no soul in it; the artist has just missed it," mused Clyde, as he continued to gaze upon it. There was an aigrette of diamonds peeping from the coil of raven black hair and a little sparkling chain encircling the proud, beautifully arched throat. On the whole it was a rare and costly jewel to be found beneath the soiled hunting shirt of a dead Arizona wanderer. There could be little doubt that the poor fellow who wore it had blessed that glorious face many and many a time.

One year later by a rare stroke of fortune Clyde was ordered to New York on special duty. The ring which he had never worn while in the land of the cholla and mesquit now graced his finger. He was hastening to a restaurant to dine, and we find him there a moment later busily studying the men. The room was well filled, and at Clyde's small round table another man was sitting. As the young cavalryman wrote his order the eyes of his vis-a-vis fell upon the Arizona jewel and became riveted thereon. The man flushed and and paled; glanced from the ring to Clyde, and from Clyde back to the ring. But this passing pontomime was unobserved by the officer who did not however, fail to remark the man's agitation and nervousness.

The latter was a well-made, fashionably dressed man of about forty. His face was not a pleasant one. The small, keen gray eyes were rather too close together, and about the thin, colorless lips there lurked an expression so sinister as to suggest viciousness. At the same time his nose was of the shape that has influenced great commanders when choosing their general's. As he arose to leave the table he hesitated a moment as if about to address Clyde, then, apparently forced against his desire to do so, suddenly turned about and left the room.

"These New Yorkers lived to fast, he mused." "A little of our Arizona programme would steady their nerves amazingly." With this reflection the stranger passed out of mind and the young man's attention was given to his dinner.

The following day he chanced to pass his friend, Major Glitten, of the artillery, in company with the same man. The two officers made the conventional military recognition, but the eyes of the civilian were fixed steadily upon Clyde, who did not fail to observe the scrutiny.

"Who was that man I saw you with this morning?" asked Clyde of the major, as later in the day Glitten strolled into his office.

"He asked me the same question respecting yourself the moment you had passed," answered the elder officer pleasantly. "Is it a case of mutual love at sight? He is the great stockbroker, Holmes. You have some capital and he is just the fellow to help you—or ruin you."

"On the contrary, I did not like his face," responded Clyde. "He sat opposite me at dinner yesterday, and he eyed me in such a peculiar manner that I fancied he was either a little off or else that he thought me a suspicious character"

"I know little about him personally," replied the major, "beyond the fact that he is a power on the street and that he has a lovely wife. By the way, if you care for society let me introduce you to Swinton. He is a member of all the best clubs and an fait with everybody and everything."

A few days later Mr. Swinton, and Clyde were enjoying a tete-a tete dinner at one of the former's clubs in the city. The dinner was in every way agreeable and entertaining to the two men, who already by that indescribable intuition which one cannot readily define felt themselves friends. As they arose to go into an adjoining room for their coffee and cigars Clyde to his astonishment, saw Holmes in evening dress enter the dining room. Turning to his friend and making a slight motion in the direction of Holmes, Clyde said: "Pray tell me who that man is and what you know about him?"

"That's Holmes—Lawrence Holmes, the stockbroker. I do not fancy him myself, though his wealth and ability command almost universal admiration. I have always felt that he was in some underhand way implicated in poor Clayton's misfortune, which led to the latter's disappearance and probably to his death. However this may be, Clayton's whereabouts have been unknown to his friends ever since the beautiful Miss Thorpe, to whom it was understood he was engaged, gave him his conge."

"Do give me the particulars; or the specifications, as we say in the army," responded Clyde, showing much interest.

Swinton assumed a more easeful position and then turning to Clyde he said:

"You surely must have heard of the great belle of a few years ago. Augusta Thorpe?"

Clyde bowed his head and the other continued:

"She was possessed of every grace and charm and naturally had hosts of admirers and numberless suitors. Among the latter it is only necessary to speak of Clayton and Holmes. These two men, though the antitheses of one another, seemed to be her favorites from the first. Holmes in two things only was the superior of Clayton—wealth and sophistry. Clayton was by far the better man in every way, and, in time, though it had not been so announced, it was very generally understood that he and Miss Thorpe were engaged. Holmes did not discontinue his visits, however. On the contrary, he became even more attentive than formerly. Strange as it may appear the rivals continued to be friends.

"This was about the situation when one evening, as the story goes, Clayton and Holmes met at a late hour in this very room. I can give you the story, but as I was not present at the time you will be quite at liberty to take it with the proverbial grain of salt. They sat down over a bottle of wine and began chaffing each other pleasantly about his chances. Each felt confident of his success. It was a strange, an improper subject to discuss within these walls, but Holmes insists to this day that only himself and Clayton were present. If this be a fact, how did the story leak out?

"Well, to resume. The night merged into morning, still the discussion continued. More than one empty bottle had been borne away and at length each seemed to grow conscious of a feeling of jealousy of the other. The wine was doing its beautiful work. Holmes taunted Clayton unmercifully, and the latter, showing some temper, said: 'She has promised to marry me if I can obtain that ring from you,' pointing, as he spoke, at his rival's finger. This was a double shaft at Holmes, for it appeared that he wore some queer ring which Miss Thorpe had repeatedly asked to be allowed to wear, and which request he had repeatedly and consistently declined to grant, giving as a reason for so doing, if I remember rightly, that he was superstitious and that he had been warned never to remove that ring from his finger. Clayton's avowal greatly angered Holmes. He could not, in view of a very recent and an unusually warm parting with the lady, believe that she had made any such promise. But knowing her great desire to possess the ring, Clayton's allusion to the jewel showed that she had spoken to his rival on the subject, and this, perhaps, in some disdainful way. This flashed through Holmes' mind in a moment, then, jerking the jewel from his finger, he flung it upon the table, saying:

"'If she can be bought for a bauble, permit me to aid you in your purchase.' With this he left the club and the two men have never met since. In fact, none of his acquaintences have heard of Clayton since the morning of the day following the episode. One day later Miss Thorpe's engagement to Holmes was announced.'

"How very singular!" exclaimed Clyde. "How do you account for it?"

"Why attempt to account for that which from the first appeared inexplicable? I firmly believe that Clayton told the truth when he made his statement respecting the ring. I also believe that in a fit of temper Holmes threw him the jewel. From this it is natural to conclude that Clayton lost no time in bearing the trophy to the woman he loved—the very being who had offered him such a rare prize for its possession. Why she rejected him, how to account for his sudden disappearance, how to explain her acceptance of Holmes are things that I now have little hopes of learning until I reach that sphere where all is to be made plain."

"Do you know Mrs Holmes?" asked Clyde.

"As Miss Thorpe I knew her quite well, though I was never one of her slaves. Since this affair I have simply been civil to her. Clayton was one of my best friends. He was a capital fellow and his disappearance has occasioned me much uneasiness. It would be some satisfaction to obtain reliable information of his death, for dead I feel that he is, and I cannot help but believe that Holmes and his wife are in some treacherous way responsible."

"How long ago did this occur?" asked Clyde, whose generous, sympathetic nature re-echoed the sentiments of his friend.

"Let me see," answered the other. Then after a few moments of mental calculation: "Just one year and a half ago."

The two men sat and smoked in silence. Swinton was recalling Clayton as he last saw him, handsome, full of life, prosperous, popular and hopeful. Clyde was saying mentally. "That was just about the time I joined in Arizona." Then he spoke. "Let us take a good-night drink to the safe return of your friend."

"With all my heart," was the response. "And do not forget, I shall call for you to-morrow evening to take you to the Chutney's ball."

Scarcely had the two friends entered the ball room when Clyde grasped Swinton's arm and in a strange voice, and also in an intensely excited manner, said: "Tell me who that woman is there? That one! There cannot be two such throats and necks in the world!"

"Why, man!" exclaimed Swinton; "you look as if you had seen a ghost; or perhaps one of your Apaches unexpectedly."

"No, no," impatiently answered the other. "Not an Apache, but one that recalls the tribe vividly to me. Tell me quick."

"Of her many conquests in the past I can remember none quite so instantaneous," answered Swinton; then, catching the expression on his friend's face, he replied directly: "That is Mrs. Holmes."

"Mrs. Holmes! Not the wife of the broker? Not the woman of whom you told me last night?" exclaimed Clyde, exhibiting such increased excitability that for a moment even the worldly Swinton was a trifle alarmed.

"My dear fellow," the latter replied in low and soothing tones, "pray calm yourself. You shall know her in a moment if you wish to."

"Yes, yes; she above all others. Do present me at once."

"I beg of you not to ask me to officiate," responded Swinton in grave tones. "I fear that I have already lost one dear friend through that woman. Do not require me to be the agency by which I might lose another. But I will arrange it for you, and at once."

A moment later Clyde was looking into the face of the woman who had so strangely moved him.

"Yes, my lady of the locket," he said to himself as his thought went back to the lonely canon and the dead stranger. "The same superb throat and neck, the same divine coloring and even the little sparkling aigrette. Also the same absence of nature, the same lack of soul. Had the artist painted better than he knew?"

When Clyde left the Chutneys that evening it was with Mrs. Holmes' permission to call upon her the following day. Not one word did he say to Swinton of his suspicion that the latter's friend, Clayton, and the dead Arizona wenderer were one and the same person. But the circumstantantial evidence was too overwhelming to permit of the vestige of a doubt entering his own mind. The time of Clayton's disappearance and the finding of the body, the peculiar ring, with the initials L. and H. (Lawrence Holmes), and above all the locket with its artistic counterpart of Mrs. Holmes, might have convinced a far less credulous person than Clyde.

On going to his rooms the following day to dress for dinner Swinton was more than astonished to find there a brief note from Clyde informing him that the latter, at his own request, had received permission by wire from Washington to at once rejoin his regiment in Arizona.

Perplexing, inexplicable as this bit of news was to him, yet it was quite absorbed in the intelligence received later the same evening of the sudden death of Mrs. Holmes.

Weeks later there came to him a letter from Arizona, which gave him every particular.

With the confidence that Mrs. Holmes was the woman who had sent the friend of his friend into exile and oblivion, Clyde had called upon her the morning after the ball. He was not unmindful of her regal bearing, and her superb, matchless beauty. On the contrary, he was fascinated, charmed. At the same time he never for one moment forgot nor forgave that missing something; the absence of which made it impossible that she should awake in him that warmer feeling she had so easily aroused in others.

They chatted of the ball, of the books, the music and the flowers popular at that period; she most of the time thinking how different he was from other men whom she had known, and he engrossed with the idea that she was little better than a female Frankenstein, a modern Medusa. Then he artfully swerved the current of the conversation and made the human heart, its duties, requirements and possibilities the subject. Hereupon they failed to agree. Her views were too abnormal, too inhuman in fact to meet the approval of the severe, matter-of-fact young officer. He held her to be unsympathetic, unfeeling.

But Clyde's whole soul was in his subject; he argued his cause well, and sent shaft after shaft into the breast of the woman before him who little dreamed of the brief, or facts, in the possession of her opponent. But she gave no outward sign that she had been touched by the force of his logic. In fact, her every response confirmed him in his belief of her utter callousness. Her theory seemed to be that matters relative to the effections should not be regarded nor treated seriously. She even went further and gave it as her opinion, based upon experience and observation, that love was but a passing fancy, and she challenged Clyde to point to a single instance in real life where it had proved lasting after a brief absence or where it had been so sincere that the loss of it led to despair or death.

This was the opportunity he wished. Without mentioning their proper names he selected herself and the dead Clayton for his characters in the life drama which he pictured so faithfully that even his listener was conscious of a feeling not precisely similar to any she had heretofore experienced. Not one incident, not a point that strengthened his position was lost sight of; not a detail that was not well and thoroughly developed. The dead man under the mesquit tree in the lonely canyon might not have been more graphically presented had the scene been spread upon canvas before her.

As its conclusion she made a motion indicative of unrest. Was she endeavoring to shake off the emotion his story had provoked? This action, together with her repeated assertions that no living being ever died of a broken heart or of despir, impelled Clyde to act promptly. He drew the locket from his pocket and placing it in her lap said: "Permit me to convince you to the contrary. I found this on the neck of the dead man whose story you have just listened to."

She raised the jewel and there was a perceptible tremble of her hand as she opened it and gazed upon her own face. An instant later an expression denoting acute pain over-spread her countenance. The hand holding the locket tightened its clasp and with a spasmodic movement was pressed hard against her heart. Clyde watched her intently. A moment later he saw the beautiful eyes soften, he saw a heavenly expression steal into the ripe full lips and over the exquisite face.

"Ah, now she is perfect," he exclaimed mentally. "All that was lacking is now found. Oh, how beautiful! One may see now that she has a soul, a spirit."

But he erred. The moment that he spoke that spirit left her body.

Of course, to neither Clyde nor Swinton was the mystery ever fully explained. They could only guess that after Clayton had received the ring from Holmes, Miss Thorpe had scornfully upbraided him for seeking to win her by taking her words literally and had owned to him her love for his rival. Driven frantic by this reception Clayton probably hurried away to become a despairing wanderer, while Miss Thorpe, after marrying Holmes, discovered that the power he exercised over her was not real love. That Holmes did not reclaim his ring, which he must have recognized, from Clyde, was only to be accounted for on the theory that he was aware of the loss of his wife's affection, and feared to make any ease of the ring at all lest the memory of Clayton should in some way be aroused by it. Which happened, in spite of him.

Danger From Catarrh.
The most important feature about the very common complaint, catarrh in the head, is its tendency to develop into some other more serious and dangerous disease. The foul matter dropping from the head into the bronchial tubes or lungs is very liable to lead to bronchitis or consumption, that destroyer which causes more deaths in this country than any other disease. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do but little good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla. The powerful action of this medicine upon the blood expels every impurity, and by so doing cures catarrh and gives health to the entire organism.

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victims to live on in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Local Institute.

Following is the program for local institute to be held at the Beulah school house, Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 1, 1894:

1. Organization.
2. Opening remarks by the President.
3. Recitation—Cora Shaffer.
4. Topic—school room helps—H. H. Miller.
5. Recitation—Charles Berkey.
6. Topic—Advantages of a graded school—M. W. Speicher.
7. Select reading—Jury Ober.
8. Class drill in fractions—C. F. Darr.
9. Recitation—Mary Griffith.
10. Topic—morals and manners—J. J. Darr.

EVENING SESSION.

1. Select reading—Lizzie Berkey.
2. Topic—co-operation—E. F. Bittner.
3. Recitation—Lucy Shaffer.
4. Topic—physiology—C. R. Bittner.
5. Recitation—J. W. Howard.
6. Topic—patriotism—N. R. Miller.
7. Recitation—Nellie Berkey.
8. Topic—is teaching a profession?—J. W. Bell.
9. Impromptu class—conducted by C. R. Bittner.

Program will be interspersed with music and queries. Patrons and friends of education come out, take part in the discussion, and by your presence and help you will encourage us in our work which means better schools. Everybody invited.

TEACHERS.

Two Lives Saved.
Mrs. Phœbe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life.
Mr. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that proves the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

A Lesson in Matrimony.
A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.—*Tit-Bits.*

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 prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—entire satisfactian guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

"The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Schmidt, the famous accountant."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping book."

How a Mother Saved Her Boy.
Little Robert Frey lives at Silver Lake; his mother and father love him with parental devotion; he is a bright little fellow. Bobby, as he is called, took a severe cold, which would not yield to anything they tried. A neighbor persuaded the use of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of a 25 cent bottle made a cure. You can imagine the mother's joy. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

A nail or tooth brush should never be left in the holder with the bristles the uppermost. It stands to reason that water will soak into them in time with such treatment.