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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 31.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 2268.

First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$18,000.

DEPOSITORS 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. STELL, JAMES L. FUGLE, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL, FRED W. BISHOP.

EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT. HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely deposited in a collateral-trust company.

The Somerset County National Bank

OF SOMERSET PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

SURPLUS AND UN-DIVIDED PROFITS \$16,000.

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.

Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.

Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL S. DODD, WM. ENDERSLEY, JOSEPH H. BRYDGE, JOHN STUFFET, JOSEPH H. DAVIS, NATHAN R. MILLER, HARRISON S. HAY, JEROME STUFFET, SAM. B. HARRISON.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Particular attention is given to the collection of all accounts, and the safekeeping of all deposits.

MAIL ORDERS.

HORNE & WARD,

41 FIFTH AVENUE.

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Next Door West of Lutheran Church.

Somerset, - Pa.

I Am Now

preparing to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

J. D. SWANK.

Wild & Anderson,

Iron & Brass Founders, Engineers and Machinists and Engr. Builders.

Manufacturers of—

COAL CAR WHEELS AND AXLES.

New and second-hand Machinery, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys, Jugglers, Lift-lifters, etc., etc.

ERECTING OF MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.

Strictly First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Shop on Broad St., near R. & O. Depot.

Johnstown, - - Pa.

HERMAN BANTLY,

134 Clinton Street, JOHNSTOWN, - - PA.

DEALER IN—

Builders' and Other Hardware,

GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.

See Our Large Stock of—

SLEIGHS, BOB SLEDGES, SLEIGH BELLS, ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS, ETC.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

We are now ready with our new and large line of Fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, Fancy Goods of all styles, and everything 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 prices. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

270-272 Main Street, JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

Oils! Oils!

FOR 10c. we will send you any quantity of this purest and best kerosene.

FOR 25c. we will send you any quantity of this purest and best kerosene.

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

GOOD LIQUORS!

and Cheap Liquors

By calling at the Old Bellalee Liquor Store,

No. 509 Main St., and 105 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

all kinds of the choicest liquors in market can be had. To my old customers this is a well-known fact, and to all others convincing proof will be afforded. Don't forget that I keep on hand the greatest variety of liquors, the choicest brands and at the lowest prices.

P. S. FISHER.

A. H. HUSTON,

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A GOOD HEARSE,

and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

All That's Claimed

"I had a poor appetite, that tired feeling and a run down, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a great deal."

I feel a better appetite and do not feel tired. I can run around Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent spring or fall medicine to keep the blood in order. Myself and three children have taken over six bottles, and it has done us much good. We do not now have to call upon a doctor, as formerly, in the spring time, and I can say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all that is claimed for it. I most heartily recommend it, and shall always keep it in my house. ALBERT KINNEY, Auburn, Pa.



Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purgative, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

Star Make.

The best made, with Puff Plaited and SHIELD FRONT, turned down and standing collars, in materials such as

PERCALES, MADRAS, ZEPHYR AND OXFORD CLOTH.

All sizes, 32 up to 42.

Prompt attention will be given to

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MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

If I could go ballooning, and had the time to spare, I would try to discover My Castle in the air.

It stands, that sturdy building, Beyond the yellow mists, Where trifles of the hills can never come, Not even by balloon.

The watercolor collector, He eyes the day in vain, Because his colors run with No water, but champagne. His roof has been constructed So very high and steep, No low-down cats can climb their way, To frighten gentle sheep.

My neighbor's hen can never Fly the garden wall, Because there are no neighbors, Or house-crowns near at hand. So in the garden looting, In his possession grows, Tobacco roots and cauliflower, And roses all around.

Oh, could I reach my castle, I'd never need to think; I'd never need to worry, And e'er my dream in ink. So when I'm not so busy, I'll sail away with— I know where— Beyond the yellow mists.

—How and Country.

A BOOMERANG VENGEANCE.

This is the story of two men, each of whom revenged himself on the other; the first thoughtfully, the second openly as an avowed enemy of the first returning revenge for revenge. Yet in both cases the revenge had an effect exactly contrary to what the aggressor intended.

Every man living is what we call a genius if he but knew it. As the business world is against the right man ever meeting the right woman and marrying her, so, in a lesser degree, the chances are against the man finding exactly the occupation that is fitted for him. The round pegs are eternally getting into the square holes. When a square peg gets into a square hole and fits, we say in our own blindness that the peg is a genius.

Human poverty helps the mathematical chances to prevent the pegs getting into the right places. The successful tragedian invariably thinks that his forte is low comedy, and the renowned comedian imagines that if he but had the chance he could play Hamlet.

Frederick Trigg wanted to be a successful novelist, a vocation for which he was utterly unequal. Writing was his forte, but not the writing of novels. He had the critical faculty strongly developed, and had a style of his own which ultimately led him, as everybody knows, into the very front rank of English critics. But the circumstances, seemingly adverse at the time, and the result of the meanest treachery which gilded the square Trigg's footsteps toward the square hole are not so well known.

Alfred Denton, on the other hand was a born novelist, yet all his hopes were centered in becoming a great editor—a position for which he was completely unequal.

When young Trigg met young Denton by chance at a semi-literary club to which both belonged, Trigg congratulated himself. Denton at that time was the inefficient sub-editor of a well-known magazine, and Trigg, whose MSS. were invariably rejected, was convinced that the magazine editors of London formed a sort of close corporation, whose chief object in life was to keep his outsider eternally outside. Trigg felt certain that if one of his stories but got a chance it would be sure to succeed and he felt that his ripening friendship with Denton would, when the proper time came, give him his chance.

There is no doubt but that Denton intuitively disliked Trigg from the beginning. This, of course, he had perfect right to do, but it is questionable if he was justified in pretending a friendship he did not feel, and in leading the editor to consider him as a friend. He thought, perhaps the dislike arose from the unfortunate habit Trigg had of reading selection from his stories to anyone who would listen, and there is no doubt that in those days Denton got more than his share.

Any man had a right to resent this sort of thing, but he should resent it openly and loudly, and not revenge himself in a sneaky manner.

Denton praised the MSS. highly, took them to the magazine office readily, and kept them for a long time. Then they were returned to the unfortunate Trigg with a note saying that the editor, in spite of the warmest commendations on the part of Denton, had rejected them.

This was very disappointing as far as Trigg was concerned, and he conceived a violent hatred of the unknown editor who barred his way to publicity.

No man can live on rejected MSS. alone, and Trigg, embittered by lack of success, secured a subordinate position on the "Academian," a great weekly critical journal. His own trying experience had added just the requisite touch of virulence to his pen which the "Academian" delighted in, and Trigg speedily rose in the estimation of his superiors on the paper.

Trigg naturally hated successful men. One night at a large literary dinner he found himself next an old man who was introduced as the editor of the magazine of which his friend Denton was the sub. Trigg had by this time become known as a rising man in what may be termed the era of criticism, and the aged editor was very gracious to him.

"I wish," he said at last, "that you could find time to write an article on any subject that pleased you."

Trigg turned upon the benevolent old man.

"And I wish," he replied, "as did the scriptural character, that you would write a book."

The old man beamed upon him with surprise.

"The scriptural character," he said, "should have his enemy would like to be a book. I am certainly not any enemy of yours."

"Not now, perhaps," said Trigg brutally. "You are all the rest. You give a man encouragement when he doesn't need it. Now that I am get-

Buying Babies.

The old silversmith gave me a good idea of child marriage custom, and surprised me by saying that almost every little girl in the village was engaged, as we would express it. They had all been picked out and paid for, some of them not more than two or three years old, and from the time they were old enough to speak or think they knew who was to be their future husband, or "papa" as the Hindoo women call a husband. In many cases the child had been made in India, and the husbands were only waiting for the girls to grow large enough to marry, which meant usually about twelve years old. When the arrangement was made in India the future husband would not emigrate unless his little "sweetheart" and her parents emigrated also. There were several cases in the village, I was told, where both parents of one of these little engaged girls had died, and when the future husband took the child into his home, to be treated in every respect like his daughter until she was old enough to become his wife. How much a couple pays for a baby was one of the things I was not able to find out. It must be very little, for they have absolutely nothing when they reach Trinidad.

The marriage of an adult woman is said to be very rare; the male prefers to see his little bride grow up and to marry her before she has learned to read. It often happens that these baby wives go to school after they are married—denude and graceful little maidens, sitting with the other children, learning to read and write. They can always be distinguished from the other pupils by their superior clothes and the quantity of jewelry they wear. In my intercourse with the coolies I saw nothing to lead me to believe that they ever treat their young husbands unkindly; they seem to be very fond of them, and the young women, united with the little boys, even to the domestic animals. It is only in cases of unfaithfulness, which are rare, that the husband punishes his arguments with a stick.

"What do the little girls think of having old husbands selected for them without being consulted?" That is what any American will ask, and it is what no American can answer without knowing enough of their language to talk with them, for the young children do not speak English. Their feelings can be judged only by their actions, and they almost invariably accept the arrangement and make good wives. A coolie girl can marry a lover of her own selection if she chooses, under the British law of Trinidad; but she knows that the other fellow will eat her throat if she does, and the next minute will very likely stick a knife into himself. This pleasing custom of child marriage is not so common as it is in some parts of the world, but it is not so very blinding. —New York Sun.

Remedial Use of Apples.

"Chemically," says a writer in the North American Practitioner, "the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gelatin, starch, malic acid, citric acid, lime and water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—leucithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is a valuable food for this reason—though but rarely understood—that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body.

"Not only the phosphorus, but the acid of the apple, of singular use for persons of sedentary habits, whose fibers are apt to be too slow of action. These acids aid the liver in the work of eliminating from the body the noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or, in time, would cause rheumatism, jaundice, or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles.

"The malic acid of apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

"Ripe apples are probably the best fermentable of all fruits, except possibly the banana. For this reason ripeness is essential, and the fruit must be as perfect in ripeness as possible in order to be of any use. It is a mistake to suppose that the fruit must be as perfect in ripeness as possible in order to be of any use. It is a mistake to suppose that the fruit must be as perfect in ripeness as possible in order to be of any use.

Change of "Air."

The dwellers in "flats," or suites of apartments on the same floor in our cities have been wittily called "folding Bedouins," with reference both to nomadic habits and the compressible nature of their furniture.

A man who belonged to this unfortunate class, and who had moved two or three times to escape what he called musical noises, reported a friend that he had moved again.

"There were four pianos in the house," he said, "and they were going all the time."

"How many pianos are there in the house you have moved into?"

"Four."

"Then how are you any better off?"

"Oh, I get a change of air at any rate—new tunes on every one of those pianos." —Philadelphia Press.

Strong Flattery.

B. Brummed: "Whenever I see you, Miss Maud, I always find there are two missing?"

M. Maud: "How so?"

B. Brummed: "Because you can be but one of the—three Graces?"

Marking Them Down.

"I wish you would mark down that lot of ladies' shoes," said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," replied the experienced clerk. "In price or size?" —Washington Star.

Some Frank Criticisms.

From Harper's Bazar.

Among the various customs which were in vogue twenty years ago, that of making evening calls has entirely disappeared. The young man who is in business, and whose only leisure time is after six o'clock, is now, under this new social law, obliged to spend his evenings at his club or at the theatre. If his acquaintance is limited and his means small, he must have a dull time indeed. The pleasant home life to which he was formerly admitted it is no longer his privilege to share.

This new fashion has been adopted for various reasons, chiefly because, as I have often said, we carry our styles from our foreign neighbors. The Englishman never pays an evening visit; his hour for calling on his friends is five o'clock, when he drops in for a cup of tea. This rule of course applies to the Englishman of his own, the great middle class having its own customs, which we do not choose to copy. We who are mostly working-people prefer to have as our models the idlers and leaders in the social world, and so it follows that the great majority of our evening-houses or in their offices, rarely see young women except as guests at formal gatherings. The young women themselves do not have nearly so good a time as they used to have; they "come out" at tea which no one enjoys, they go to receptions and dinners and dances and the opera, and they never have a quiet evening at home with their friends. In fact, they have little opportunity to make friends. Everything is so formal and stiff. It is too bad, but it must be the inevitable result of life in a big city. When we are in trouble our friends find us out, but when everything is prosperous with us we are left alone to enjoy ourselves in our own way. Sociability as it was formerly known exists no longer, and we must content ourselves that this is so.

The fallacy holds among a certain class of persons that women in society have nothing to do, and that their time is spent idly in amusing themselves. This is by no means a true statement. Amusement is hard work, and there are no easier women than those whose occupation consists in attending to the numerous details of social life. First there is the house to manage. If the household is small and the means moderate, the housekeeper must devote at least an hour or two to the work of arranging the establishment. She goes to her kitchen every morning after breakfast, interviews her cook, looks over the stores, gauges carefully into the refrigerator, and, in fact, inspects that entire floor. This, and the orders given explicitly for the day, it is no easy matter to get to go to the kitchen again. If she does her own marketing it is better to do it in the morning.

Then there are notes which must be written. It is marvelous how many there are on one's desk which require an immediate answer. Bills to look over and to file, and so-called "letters" to write up. Then there is shopping to do, and possibly sewing, and the morning hours slip by. Almost every woman has her days filled out, every day bringing its appointed duty or engagements. There are the various classes which gather in the morning, for meetings of one kind or another, and so-called "socials." One woman of my acquaintance had seven classes a week in her own house. A sudden mania has seized upon women to improve their minds, and this sort of study appeals to those who really have not the time to devote to their work. Luncheon parties, followed by tea and calls, fill up the afternoon, and one reaches home just in time to dress for dinner; or if one has children one makes it a point to get home early enough to have an hour with them before they leave their tea. Nothing is done on the spur of the moment; it is all arranged in advance, and as in advance of the entertainment, however small it may be, and one's time is not one's own from the hour one returns to the town until the hour one closes one's house for the summer.

How to Make Chocolate.

For a healthful beverage, nothing is more delicious than chocolate prepared with eggs. This is rather an unusual form of serving it, but it is well worth all the care required in its preparation, as we have found since following a recipe that has been carefully preserved since testing it. One, two or three eggs may be used to each quart of chocolate, according to taste and the consistency desired, and three or four of the small cakes of sweet chocolate.

The quantity of chocolate also depends upon the taste, a fair proportion being one division, about an inch wide and three or four long for each half pint of water. Grate the chocolate or break it in small pieces, put it over the fire in a thick chocolate pan, and stir it until it softens; then stir in a quart of milk to four small cakes of chocolate. While the milk is heating separate the yolks of the eggs from the whites, beat the yolks to a smooth cream, and the whites to a stiff froth.

When the chocolate boils take the pot off the fire, or move it where it cannot boil. Dip half a cupful of chocolate into the beaten yolks, quickly mix it with them, and at once pour them into the rest of the chocolate, and mix them in with the chocolate stick or wire egg-beater. Next beat the whites thoroughly and serve the chocolate hot.

The success of the beverage depends upon the rapidity with which the beaten eggs are mixed with the chocolate after it once boils. If it were allowed to boil after the eggs are added they would become "curdled" or cooked, of course. As the chocolate retains the heat there is time enough to blend the beaten eggs with it before it becomes too cool, if the operation is deftly and rapidly accomplished.

About Egg Cookery.

There are four ways of boiling eggs, and it is, of course, most essential that the eggs should be perfectly fresh. 1st. Put the eggs in boiling water and let them simmer for three minutes if they are small, and half a minute longer if they are large.

2d. Put the eggs into a stepan of cold water, and place it on a brisk fire. As soon as the water boils, the eggs are sufficiently cooked.

3d. Place the eggs in a stepan of boiling water, and withdraw it from the fire; keep the vessel covered, and in six minutes the eggs will be done.

4th. Steam the eggs for four minutes in a potato steamer.

The second way is preferable to the others, as the white is rendered more creamy, and mixes better with the yolk when in contact with the egg spoon.

To poach eggs in balls, put three pints of boiling water into a stepan; set it on the stove or coals; stir the water with a stick until it runs rapidly around, then, having broken an egg into a cup, taking care not to break the yolk, drop it into the whirling water. Continue to stir it until the egg is cooked. Then take it into a dish with a skimmer and set it over a pot of boiling water. Boil one at a time, until you have enough. These will remain soft for a long time.

Russian mcollans are novel and tasty. Slice hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, with the white rings on circles of thin buttered toast, and fill up the centre of the rings with Russian caviare. —New York Recorder.

Summed Up in a Few Words.

Good roads in a rural country mean better schools, better churches, better markets, higher prices for land, and better times every way. When the good roads are secured, the long-distance travel on bicycles will become something very considerable, as it already is in great Britain. —Review of Reviews.

A Palace for His Dogs.

Baron Franchetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected in his palace at Venice, made through of marble. The building is decorated with a splendid mosaic entitled: "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course, the kennel is lighted by electricity.

Brainy Men in Demand.

A successful government of the people, and by the people, implies that there are brainy men who can build up the wheels of the state. Extravagant as it may seem, it is not, it will kill the good road's goose that would otherwise lay the golden egg.

LUSTY OLD LIES.

Some That Are Well Known and Yet Seem Imperishable.

There is that well fixed old legend about the injurious property of night air. What a lot of people are dying of consumption because they will not let air into the L. U. after dark. It is night air, you know, and that is well, it is night air, and somebody told your grandfather's second cousin's wife's sister-in-law that night air was not wholesome. So they shut all the windows and breathe all the breaths of an entire family, and the exhalations of closets and the gas of furnaces and stoves all night and get up with a head ache, but with exhalations that none of that dreadful air from the hills and the woods, and the fields has got into the house. Ask them how the cattle, that are out all night breathing night air, keep so healthy. Ask them what makes soldiers and sailors and prospectors and hunters so big-chested and hearty, living as they do in the air all night, as well as in the daytime. But you can't break up an old lie with a regiment of troops or a herd of cattle. Why then used to be a lie, and it was even in the magazines, to the effect that the moon made people crazy, and that if you slept out in the moonlight you would wake up in the morning a roaring lunatic. The man who called a crazy person a lunatic, borrowing the innocent moon to coin a word from, was perhaps responsible for that. He never thought to look at the effect of moonlight slumber on an army or a watchman.

Every now and then we read reports of a shower of frogs of ponds or snakes or lizards or young alligators. But these showers never occur near where anybody lives.

The wheat grows from seeds preserved for three thousand years or more in numerous cases covers square miles of—immigration and the frogs that have been imprisoned in a granite or coal, deep down in the hearts of mountains, for billions and billions of years—a couple of billion before frogs were created—would be marshalled into a respectable army. When he got into the granite the granite was presumably white hot, but the frog got himself crystallized in, just the same, and when the chunk is blasted he hops and starts for the nearest hole in the mountains, if he had only been locked up over night.

Once in a while he gets into the stomach of a citizen, this frog does, and sometimes his place in that stronghold is taken by a snake which, resisting gastric acid and leafless of the lack of air, plays around for months, now and then coming out to the throat of his host to suggest that it is dinner time. Ordinarily a snake eats only live food, but perhaps he accepts himself to oysters if his keeper will occasionally eat them.

The rustic occasionally looks at a cloudy sky pierced by rays of the sun that spread into a circle fan of light, and exclaims: "It's going to rain. The sun's drawn' water." And he really thinks it is water going up instead of light coming down. If it rains it is because the clouds are there and it is about time to rain, not because the sun is working as hard as usual for the evaporation of water on the surface of the earth.

One might fill some columns about the dividing rod that can find gold and silver and hasn't brought any out of the countless millions of the late unmineralized Kild to light, and about honor among thieves, and about evils that the Madison and some other ghosts, and about raising umbrellas on the stage, and about thirteen people at the table and a whole lot of other things, but it wouldn't do any good. —Brooklyn Eagle.

His Sam.

Kate Sanborn tells in "Abandoning An Adopted Farm," a story of a big boy in a country school, who was clever enough in some studies, but hopelessly deficient in mathematics. The teacher, a man who had little mercy for a stupid pupil, one day lost patience with him entirely.

"The boy had failed to do a simple sum in subtraction," said the teacher, "and he added the figures on his slate, put down six eighths, and six more under them. He drew a line, handed the slate back to the dullard and said gravely: "There is if you can subtract that."

"The poor boy gazed stupidly at the new sum. He looked queer and hard. He looked it about, making hideous guesses as he progressed.

"Nawthin from nawthin' leaves—nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves—nawthin'. Nawthin' from nawthin' leaves—nawthin'."

There he paused, confused; but, rallying all his brain power, he exclaimed: "If I'm ever going to carry, I've got to carry now! Nawthin'—from—nawthin' leaves one!"

Home-Made Curtains.

Something unique in a home-made window-curtain is a cream-white muslin-cloth of the best quality with a border of pink, making a morning-glories out from ectone and pasted to the foundation. Some of the roses and other flowers seen in handsome chintzes also make charming decorations for inexpensive bedroom curtains. When hung against the light, they have the effect of being painted. Pretty white and gold curtains for a cottage drawing-room were made by stitching narrow gold braid to the best white chintz cloth in a large all-over curving pattern, the stitching being quickly done by the stitching-machine. —N. Y. Post.

Forgetful.

She—it is not right for you to be flirting with young ladies, particularly when you were married only last week.

He—By Jove, that's so. I had forgotten all about it. Please excuse me for my absent-mindedness. —Texas Siftings.

Fan From the German.

"Miss Elsie, I am in love with you way over my ears!"

"But my cousin George told me the same thing!"

"That may be, but I have the largest ears!"

A Plain Hint.

Elderly wife (dressed girlishly and admiring herself in the looking glass)—"It's too bad when a woman once finds out that she is getting old!"

Husband—"Yes; but it's worse when a woman doesn't find it out, but gets old all the same!"

In many parts of the West Indies, shark oil is used in the lamps.

THE FARM ICEHOUSE.

To Build One Does Not Call for Very Much Expenditure.

No particular architectural ability is needed in putting up an icehouse, suggests the *American Collector*. All that is needed is to put up a frame, including it both inside and out, in a locality where there is good drainage, so that water from melting ice can be carried away without letting a current of air come up through the ice. The filling in of the air spaces between the double wall is commonly done with sawdust. This is cheap, and in localities where there are lumber mills, it is often so plentiful that it is given away to anyone who will take it. It is necessary, however, even then, to get the sawdust early, for as the time for filling icehouses approaches, there is always a demand for it. A new material known as mineral wool has lately been introduced. It is mineral, and of course, is not wool at all, though it looks and feels like wool. It is the glass fibres made in refining iron ore by the action of heat on the particles of sand that it contains. Once this slag remained in immense piles around iron ore refineries, but its value for making mineral wool has caused a demand for all that can be got of it. The cost of mineral wool if near to a factory will probably be near 87 per ton, but its bulk in proportion to weight is so great that it cannot be transported far. It is the cleanest and least conductor of heat. It contains a great amount of air, and when laid in the walls is a non-conductor of heat and of sound also. No kind of insect or other vermin will live in walls where the filling is with this glass material. For this reason, as well as its non-conductivity of heat, it is especially used for sheathing dwelling houses. It also greatly retards destruction when houses are attacked by fire.

How to Make Chocolate.

For a healthful beverage, nothing is more delicious than chocolate prepared with eggs. This is rather an unusual form of serving it, but it is well worth all the care required in its preparation, as we have found since following a recipe that has been carefully preserved since testing it. One, two or three eggs may be used to each quart of chocolate, according to taste and the consistency desired, and three or four of the small cakes of sweet chocolate.

The quantity of chocolate also depends upon the taste, a fair proportion being one division, about an inch wide and three or four long for each half pint of water. Grate the chocolate or break it in small pieces, put it over the fire in a thick chocolate pan, and stir it until it softens; then stir in a quart of milk to four small cakes of chocolate. While the milk is heating separate the yolks of the eggs from the whites, beat the yolks to a smooth cream, and the whites to a stiff froth.

When the chocolate boils take the pot off the fire, or move it where it cannot boil. Dip half a cupful of chocolate into the beaten yolks, quickly mix it with them, and at once pour them into the rest of the chocolate, and mix them in with the chocolate stick or wire egg-beater. Next beat the whites thoroughly and serve the chocolate hot.

The success of the beverage depends upon the rapidity with which the beaten eggs are mixed with the chocolate after it once boils. If it were allowed to boil after the eggs are added they would become "curdled" or cooked, of course. As the chocolate retains the heat there is time enough to blend the beaten eggs with it before it becomes too cool, if the operation is deftly and rapidly accomplished.

About Egg Cookery.

There are four ways of boiling eggs, and it is, of course, most essential that the eggs should be perfectly fresh. 1st. Put the eggs in boiling water and let them simmer for three minutes if they are small, and half a minute longer if they are large.

2d. Put the eggs into a stepan of cold water, and place it on a brisk fire. As soon as the water boils, the eggs are sufficiently cooked.

3d. Place the eggs in a stepan of boiling water, and withdraw it from the fire; keep the vessel covered, and in six minutes the eggs will be done.

4th. Steam the eggs for four minutes in a potato steamer.

The second way is preferable to the others, as the white is rendered more creamy, and mixes better with the yolk when in contact with the egg spoon.

To poach eggs in balls, put three pints of boiling water into a stepan; set it on the stove or coals; stir the water with a stick until it runs rapidly around, then, having broken an egg into a cup, taking care not to break the yolk, drop it into the whirling water. Continue to stir it until the egg is cooked. Then take it into a dish with a skimmer and set it over a pot of boiling water. Boil one at a time, until you have enough. These will remain soft for a long time.

Russian mcollans are novel and tasty. Slice hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, with the white rings on circles of thin buttered toast, and fill up the centre of the rings with Russian caviare. —New York Recorder.

Summed Up in a Few Words.

Good roads in a rural country mean better schools, better churches, better markets, higher prices for land, and better times every way. When the good roads are secured, the long-distance travel on bicycles will become something very considerable, as it already is in great Britain. —Review of Reviews.

A Palace for His Dogs.

Baron Franchetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected in his palace at Venice, made through of marble. The building is decorated with a splendid mosaic entitled: "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course, the kennel is lighted by electricity.

Brainy Men in Demand.

A successful government of the people, and by the people, implies that there are brainy men who can build up the wheels of the state. Extravagant as it may seem, it is not, it will kill the good road's goose that would otherwise lay the golden egg.

Marking Them Down.

"I wish you would mark down that lot of ladies' shoes," said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," replied the experienced clerk. "In price or size?" —Washington Star.