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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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IT FLOATS

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—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
—0—
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Surplus, $22,000.
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HOW WAS IT?

How was it that her little hand
Drew so near mine, and as I scanned
The wondrous beauties of her face,
With all its loveliness and grace,
I seized it?

How was it that with eager haste
My arm did wander around her waist,
And as I gazed into her eyes,
And saw the look of mild surprise,
I squeezed it?

How was it, did the moon eclipse?
I could not see her perfect lips,
I looked to east and west and south
And then—I just looked at her mouth
And kissed it.

How is it, in this present hour
I still can feel the magic power
That held us spellbound in that spot?
And for the whole world, I would not
Have missed it.

West Vere in To Date.

THE FINDING OF GARFIELD BEAKIN.

BY GEORGE L. CAMPBELL.

It was a great, old, rambling house sadly in need of repair and it stood in the midst of a little grove of giant pines and wide spreading beeches that threw over it an uncanny and unwholesome shadow. Beyond it the fields stretched away to the woods in a rough and rather dreary picturesqueness that was often changed to a scene of the wildest beauty when the moon burst out from a mass of tawny clouds and let a flood of liquid silver down over the stumps and crags and the wild-waving arms of uprooted pines and on to the forest running down to a mystical haze and distance in the valley.

The house was occupied by the teamster and the young man from the city and his family. The teamster had been in bed and asleep for two hours past. He always slept soundly and rarely stirred except at intervals when, with a convulsive but unconscious movement, he would raise himself in bed, turn a half-somersault and land on his other side to the imminent risk of the old-fashioned cord bedstead on which he reposed.

The young man and his wife had also retired and were just composing themselves for sleep when a knock sounded on the door that fairly shook the house, followed by a masculine bellow of "Hello! there!"

"It's Emily," growled the young man getting out of bed. "I wonder what the devil's up now."

The knock was repeated and the bellow sounded again.

"Say, are you all dead in there?"

"No, I'm coming," yelled the young man in reply as he struck a light and opened the door.

Two women pushed into the house without ceremony. One was a tall gaunt specimen of humanity with an eagle nose, sharp eyes and a mouth like an inverted U that closed in hard and tense lines under the bountiful sprouting of an incipient moustache. She was masculine by nature, and her training had taught her to swear like a trooper and hold her own with any man. The other women was small and shriveled up, with a look of vacancy in her eyes that had come from years of gazing on the bare walls of her cabin on which was depicted no dream or hope for the future.

"Is Dell home?" asked the tall woman.

"Yes he is in bed," answered the young man.

"Well, they want him to go out for Jim and Mary—Garfield Beekin's been shot and they want him to go after them."

"Who, Garfield?" queried the young man. "Oh, Dell—I see. How did it happen?"

Both women started to tell the story, but the masculine voice of the tall one, Emily, drowned the other out.

"They sent him over to the postoffice this evenin' just afore dusk. He didn't want to go and took a gun along and don't know how to use it more'n a baby. He hain't been to any houses and they've hunted all over for him and hain't found him yit. He's shot himself, that's what he's done."

"He'd be scairt to death, anyway, by this time," chimed in the other women seeing her opportunity. "You know he hain't bright."

"Oh, he may turn up all right yet," said the young man cheerfully, "I'll see what Dell says."

He went up stairs to the teamster's room and rapped on the door.

"What's wanted?" growled a coarse voice on the other side.

"Dell, they say Garfield Beekin has shot himself, and Emily and Mrs. Dagson have come to get you to go after Jim and Mary. They haven't found Garfield as yet, but feel confident that he has either shot himself or died of fright, and they want the relatives notified."

A volley of strange oaths came back through the keyhole. "Tell them," growled the teamster, "that if they want the rest of the family shot I'll get up."

The bed squeaked as the teamster rolled to a new position, and the young man descended the stairs to break the refusal as gently as possible.

"How far is it to where Jim is working?" he asked.

"'Bout seven miles," answered Emily.

"Yes? Well, Dell thinks it's most too far to go until they are sure Garfield is dead."

Emily rose from her chair, walked to the stair door and threw it open with a bang.

"Dell!" Her voice surged up the stairway and thundered into the room beyond.

"Well, what is it?"

"Be you a goin' fer Jim and Mary?"

No answer.

"You forgit about when your father and mother died, don't yer?" bawled the woman.

"But Garfield hain't dead yet," growled back the teamster.

"How do you know he hain't dead? That hain't what ails ye! Yer afraid Jim Deegan I'll catch ye and lick ye again; that's what's the matter with yer. He wasn't afraid of ye, was he? Didn't run from ye, did he? Laid ye out like a little man, didn't he—d—ye!"

The bed squeaked savagely and unholy mutterings fell through the register, but the teamster ventured no reply. Emily turned away and sat down again letting her head drop moodily on her hands.

"You had better rest here awhile," said the young man softly. "My wife will make you a cup of tea, and I'll slip over to see if they have found Garfield."

Outside the moon was shining brightly, the air hung hazy in the distance, but was cold enough withal that the young man buttoned up his coat and stepped out briskly. His course led him through a stretch of woods by a large farm, on by a grove of beech and maples, and past the Quaker meeting house and school gleaming a brilliant white in the moonlight. Another farm house and then the Beekin homestead, where all was light and excitement with the wailing of women drifting out on the night. The young man understood the signs so well that he stopped not to inquire, but hastened on. A long curve in the road, a dip from the hill down into the valley and there on a bridge spanning a turbulent little stream was a crowd of a dozen men.

A large, burly blacksmith, the apparent leader of the crowd, was addressing the men:

"Now, boys," he was saying, "we've bin over the hull road, and inter all the meaders and we hain't found him yit. Now the next thing is to tackle these woods. We'll all spread out and go right through them and back again, and if we don't find 'im we'll know the reason why. First we'll all holler agin."

The yell that followed was enough to wake the dead, but elicited no response. Then a youth shot off an old musket he had purloined for the occasion and got kicked by it into the creek for his pains. In the general laugh that followed the party separated and the young man found himself in the wake of two men whom he at last recognized with a start.

They were both Dutchmen, one a burly broad-shouldered six-footer, a Quaker and happy in the recent acquirement of his second wife. The other was small, slim and wiry, quick-tempered and madly jealous of the other for marrying the woman on whom he had been wont to bestow no small degree of affection of his own. The conjunction was ominous.

The big man's name was George, the other's Augustus.

They pushed through the bushes in silence for a time, not noticing the young man in the rear, and then the little man opened the ball:

"I subbose you feel pretty good now days, Meester Bloné?"

"Don't meester me," growled the big man, "call me Shorge, plain Shorge."

"Plain Shorge, yah; tam plain you vere ven you vas courtin' Katrina! New clothes, new boots, smellin' salts on your hair, shust like von big turkey cock! Plain Shorge—bah—tam!"

"Thee hadt as fair a show as I," returned the Quaker stiffly.

"Me a fair show? Vat aboudt all der lies you told? Toldt her I had von vife living yet in der old country, von vife alretty in dis—dot I vas—"

"I only toldt her der truth!" thundered the Quaker, turning squarely upon the other.

"Der truth?" screamed Augustus. "Der truth? You lie!"

With a mighty bound the little fellow sprang upon the Quaker and clutched him by the throat.

Together they writhed to and fro and then just as the young man was hastening forward an awful howl arose upon the air, a gun was discharged under the feet of the combatants, a dark form rose suddenly from the ground between them, forcing them apart as it dashed away and full into the arms of the young man, who was thrown to the ground with something he knew not what in his grasp.

"It's him," yelled the Quaker. "It's Garfieldt!"

The young man kicked and swore and finally succeeded in rolling over and getting to his feet, still retaining his hold on the hapless and frantic Garfield.

"What the devil is the matter with him, anyway?" grumbled the young man, as the two Dutchmen came up.

"Vy, can't thee see he's almost scairt himself crazy," said the Quaker.

"Yah, ve know all aboudt it, don't ve, Meester Blone?" cried the little Dutchman insultingly.

The big Quaker reached out and caught the other by the coat collar, lifted him from the ground and held him at arm's length.

"Gus, ven I saidt I told her der truth I meant vat I said. Ven I tell thee now dot if thee ever speaks mit me again I vill break every bone mit thy body I means dot, too! Now go!"

And with that he raised him a kick that sent the unlucky Augustus into a heap of dead brush, from which he emerged and slunk away a wiser and a meeker man.

Then the big Quaker turned to the trembling boy:

"Vat for vere thee hiding Garfield?"

"I was afraid they'd lick me," blubbered the boy. He was about 15, with a vacant expression about his eyes that bespoke but a weak mind, with a face illumined now by abject terror.

"Dot's vot I tought. But never thee mindt," he went on kindly; "dey won't lick thee now."

The others now began to arrive on the scene, foremost among whom was the boy's father, a tall, hard-featured and red-haired farmer. When the situation was explained to him he started angrily toward his son.

"Hidin', was ye? he cried; "I'll hide ye," and he raised a heavy stick above his head. Now the big Quaker had not long been a member of that sect and at times rose superior to his religion, which allowed him not the privilege of an oath. He stepped between the father and the son.

"No you don't, by tam! You got von fool in thy family alretty, hain't it—vy you want to make another of thyself?"

The other glared at him savagely, but there was something in the big Quaker's solid poise that caused him to lower his stick and turn away.

A call was then sounded and when all the searchers had arrived the march homeward was taken up. When they parted with Beakin and his boy the Quaker remarked significantly:

"Thee hadt better forgit to lick dot boy, Beekin. If I should hear about it I might forgot vonce more I was a Quaker."

The young man separated from the others and returned home. As he opened the door and entered the large old fashioned kitchen he was surprised to find the teamster sitting in sullen silence by the stove, while Emily was delivering a homily to the others for his benefit.

"Mrs. Beakin sez I never knew sich a trial, and I jest told her that if it was anything worse than when they fetched Dan'l home I'd like to know it. Found him layin' dead in a field, 'way in the night, right in the middle of winter, and snow on the ground a foot deep. Trial, umph! she don't know what a trial is. Hev they found his body yit?"

"Yes," returned the young man "we found him hiding in the woods. His father had evidently promised him a thrashing and he was afraid to return home. He's all right."

Emily received the news with a blank stare of amazement, but the teamster burst into a loud and malicious laugh.

"Just like the darned fool," he growled. "I knew it would turn out that way. And he laughed again.

Now Emily could not appreciate his lack of delicacy, but in her own way it affected her just the same. Her stupor of amazement and disappointment developed suddenly into phenomenal energy.

"Laughin' at it, are ye?" she screamed, and the next instance there was a cyclone of calico in the air bearing toward the teamster.

The stove around which they were sitting was an old-fashioned wood stove with the oven on the top and considerable space between it and the floor. Not being in a position to jump over the stove or get around it the teamster dived under it.

His chair thrown back by the abrupt and forceful departure tripped Emily up, who fell to the floor and clutched frantically at the teamster's legs that were just disappearing under the stove.

"Take her off," yelled the teamster.

"Laugh again, will ye?" hissed the woman.

"For heaven's sake!" cried the young man, "get out of that! If that stove should fall on you it would kill you both."

"Sarve him right if it did," gasped the woman panting for breath, but hanging fast to the man's heels.

"H—l," yelled the teamster kicking still more vigorously and finally regaining his liberty by leaving a pair of socks in Emily's hands. Once on his feet again he dashed barefooted and bareheaded out of doors—a moment later the stable doors shut with a bang and the stamping and racket that followed told plainly that he was taking his own satisfaction out of the horses.

The other women sprang to Emily's assistance and helped her to her feet.

"Where's my hat and shawl?" she panted.

"Hadn't you better sit down a few moments before you start? asked the young man's wife soothingly.

"Not a minnit will I stay in this house or ever come in it agin. I've bin insulted enough. You can tell that fool, Dell, that if he ever comes in my reach I'll scald him clear through with billin' water. He don't know shucks anyway. Wasn't any of his family ever knowed enough to write their own names, and both his grandfathers died o' seeing snakes. Pretty thing he is to set up to laugh at decent people. Wonder if he laughed when they caught him stealin' old Quaker Joe's hands? The fool! Come on, Mariar!" And she strode out of the house.

"My gracious, she'll leave me," cried little Mrs. Jagson frantically, gathering up her wraps and running after her.

The young man picked up the overturned chair, fixed the fire and sat down in silence with his wife. They were incapable of discussing the situation just then.

It was not long before the teamster returned, strode through the room without a look in their direction, banged the stairdoor behind him, and went again to bed.

"Shall we go to bed now?" asked the young man some time later.

"Can we sleep with that going on overhead?" returned his wife.

The young man listened. The bed above was squaking and creaking as if some devil or torment was seeking in vain for repose. The case was hopeless, they fixed themselves as cozily as possible in their chairs, took up their favorite books and prepared to await the dawn.

Gas From Sawdust.

The not uninteresting distinction is claimed for the town of Deseronto, in Canada, where there are several extensive lumber mills, of being partially lighted by gas made from sawdust. In carrying out this plan, as stated, the sawdust is charged in retorts which are heated by wood fire, the gas from the retorts passing into a series of coils, and thence into the purifiers, which are similar to those used for coal gas. Lime is the principal purifying agent employed, and when it passes out of the retorts the gas possesses an odor much less disagreeable than that of ordinary lighting gas, and resembles somewhat that of the smoke from a fire of green wood or leaves. The works in use are small, turning out daily about nineteen thousand cubic feet of gas, for the production of which quantity some two tons of sawdust are required, and a man and boy furnish all the labor that is needed for the purpose. The gas in an ordinary burner gives an illumination of about eighteen candle power and the best quality comes from resinous woods.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup brings instant relief in cases of asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases, down to the very border land of consumption.

Hints For The Household.

A chef will never allow an omelet pan to be washed. The pan should be wiped with pieces of paper until clean, and then rubbed with a dry cloth and kept in a warm place. If the pan is treated in this way the omelets are not so apt to stick or burn.

White suede slippers may be cleaned with equal parts of powdered alum and fullers' earth. Apply to the slippers with a dry brush and rub them until clean. For glace kid slippers use gasoline, and apply it with a flannel cloth.

Meat and fowls may be made more tender if, when they are boiling, a teaspoonful of vinegar be added to the water.

The addition of a little salt to sweet foods helps to bring out the flavor, and acid things are improved by the addition of a little sugar.

If the batter for Yorkshire puddings, fritters or batter cakes is made several hours before it is wanted, the flour will have a chance to swell and render the batter much lighter.

Kerosene oil may be entirely removed from light carpets, rugs or woolen goods by covering the oil spot thickly with buckwheat flour and letting it remain twelve hours; then brushing it off and applying fresh flour until the oil has disappeared.

Tortoise shell or ebony toilet articles with silver decorations require to be treated very carefully when they are cleaned, as ammonia and silver powder will ruin the finish on shell or ebony. Small blunt sticks covered with chamois come for cleaning such articles, and after the cleansing process they should be rubbed with a dry chamois.

A polish for shirt bosoms is made by melting together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti. Heat gently and turn into a clean shallow pan. When cold break into pieces about the size of a chestnut and put in a box until required. When making boiled starch add a piece of the wax. When ironing first smooth the bosom very carefully, then place a clean cloth over it and iron lightly; remove the cloth, and with a clean, smooth, hot iron rub it rapidly; when about dry take a cloth wrung dry in cold water and pass lightly over the bosom, following with the hot iron immediately.—*New York Sun.*

A Hog Orchestra.

During the reign of Louis XI. of France there was attached to his court Abbot de Baigne, a man of considerable wit. The abbot was somewhat musically inclined, and delighted the court with inventions of odd musical instruments. One day the King, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh over one of these curious contrivances, and desiring to baffle this musical genius, commanded him to produce harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. This seemed an impossibility to the king, and he prepared himself to enjoy the discomfiture of the abbot. Much to his surprise, however, the abbot readily agreed to produce them. All he required was a sum of money, upon the receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing ever heard in the way of musical atrocity.

He scoured the country and secured a large number of hogs, trying their voices as to pitch and quality, and finally, having fully satisfied himself, he arranged the animals in a sort of a pavilion richly decorated. The day of the trial arrived, and the king and his court entered the pavillion prepared for something, but greatly in doubt as to the success of the abbot with the hogs.

However, there were the hogs, sure enough, and much to the surprise and delight of the king they commenced to cry harmoniously and in good tune, rendering an air that was fairly recognized. The abbot had arranged a series of stops that were connected with the hogs, and upon pulling one of them out caused a spike to prick the hog it connected with, making him squeal his note. The rest was easy, from pulling out the different stops he produced the tune.—*Round Table.*

Which Was Right.

A senator of the United States, a man who has been in public life for many years, and who has never been regarded as of a hasty or belligerent temper, sometimes narrates to his friends an incident that amuses them by its unlikeness to anything they would have expected from him.

He was traveling on a German railway, and was one of three persons who were locked in a small compartment, which had two windows.

At one of the windows sat the Senator, while at the other sat a big mustached, "warlike" man, apparently some member of the resident nobility. The American had his window open, and was gazing at the landscape and sniffing the air, when all at once the man with the soldierly mustache rose, stepped forward, and without a word of apology, put down the window.

The Senator was astonished, of course; but what could he say? There are some kinds of insolence which it is hard to know how to deal with.

However, the American statesman rose to the occasion. Instead of undoing what the German had done, he stepped to that gentleman's seat and put his window up.

Whether this was in all respects a proper thing to do, is a point as to which opinions may differ. One thing is certain; it was now the second man's turn to be astonished. His mouth remained shut, and his window remained open.—*Washington Post.*

Cures for a Cold.

Sit so that the back is near the fire and stay there until it is thoroughly warmed.

Soak the feet in mustard water as hot as can be endured.

Drink a glass of hot water and Scotch whisky, then jump into bed and have blankets heaped upon you.

If the cold begins with a chill start immediately to drink hot lemonade.

He Was Bluffing.

There were five of us who got to the crossing of Kaw River at the same time, and we found the old scow which did duty as a ferryboat on the far side, with the ferryman dangling his bare feet in the water and evidently taking things easy.

"Say you!" called a cowboy from our side.

"Wall, what is it?"

"We want to cross over."

"Yes, guess ye do."

"Come on with the scow."

"I don't have to till I get ready."

"When will you get ready?"

"Can't tell."

It was evident that we had bumped up against an eccentric character, and as no one was in a hurry we waited patiently for him to take his time. After fifteen or twenty minutes he called:

"Mebbe ye hain't heard the news?"

"What is it?" asked the cowboy, who had been delegated to do the talking on our side.

"The price for gittin' over used to be a quarter, but it has riz."

"What is it now?"

"Half a dollar."

"And I've some news for you?"

"Wall?"

"The price of cartridges used to be fifty cents a box, but they've come down to a quarter, and I kin afford to waste a dozen or so?"

"Shooten' at what?"

"At you! I'll give you five minutes to make a start?"

"Kin you plunk that?" asked the ferryman as he held up his hat on a stick.

"You bet!" replied the cowboy, as he sent two bullets through it.

"Tain't 'nuff and I'll come over! This is my bluffin' day and I hate to crawfish, but if I must, I must. That's the trouble out in this kentry. You bluff an Injun and lick a Chinyman and git all swelled up over it, and then comes a critter who shoots two-handed and makes you eat grass. Mighty peculiar how the price of cartridges fell down jest as my pritty riz up, hain't it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Had Hard Luck.

Going down to Staten island the other day was a seedy genteel young man with a lonesome expression of countenance, who had sat near the railing on the upper deck, suddenly began removing his shoes and outer garments.

Of course the people around him were excited, but he gave them no attention. When he was about ready to leap over, one of the ferry policeman came sauntering up and said:

"You, there, put on your coat and vest."

The young man donned the articles mentioned.

"Now put on your shoes."

In a couple of minutes the shoes were on and then the officer said:

"Now you sit down back there and stay there, or I will heave you overboard."

"Can't a fellow commit suicide if he wants to?" muttered the young man.

"Of course he can, but you don't want to! This is about the tenth time you have gone to all this fussing and yet haven't jumped in. You make me tired, you do!"

"Do you really intend to commit suicide?" I asked of the young man a few minutes.

"Certainly I intend to!" he replied.

"But change your mind every time, eh?"

"Yes. People began to coax and argue with me, and one and another hands me a quarter, and so I decide to live on. Hang that bloke of an officer. He's beat me out of at least two big dollars right here, and hurt my feelings besides! You'd have given me a dollar to stop, wouldn't you?"

"I was about to offer you a dollar."

"Look at that! And the crowd would have raised three or four more! Luck is not for me, and I might as well go uptown and let an ice-wagon run over me!"

An Awful Funny Story

was related by Smythe at the club the other night. When the laughter had subsided some one said: "Smythe, I never saw a man change as you have during the past year. A few months ago, you were the most taciturn man imaginable; now you are the life of the party. How is it?" "My dear fellow," replied Smythe, "a year ago, I was a sick man. I was suffering from liver and stomach derangements. I was morbid and melancholy, and my friends, the doctor included, thought I was 'going into consumption.' One day some one advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I did so, and I am a new man. It has actually renewed my youth, and I enjoy life as I have not for years."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: *Sir*—Allow me to offer my thanks to you for my good health since using your "Golden Medical Discovery." I was but the shadow of a person, so thin and haggard, without one moment's ease; had suffered for years with my stomach and liver, and this spring had a very severe attack of La Grippe. I then commenced using the "Discovery" and my recovery is wonderful. I am forty-five years old, and feel as well and strong as I did when sixteen years old; my sleep is as sound as an infant's. I remain,

Yours thankfully, R. A. GILES,
Arrington, Nelson Co., Va.

She—"Don't you think that the best time to approach a man is after a hearty meal?"

He—"Not necessarily. If you come before, he may invite you to join him."

What will do it?

Medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh is positive proof that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact.

A Marvelous Change.

"What a change," says the novelist, "one little woman can make in a man's life." "Yes," replies a victim, "and what a lot of change she requires while doing it." But what women are most interested in is the change they can make in their own lives by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It changes them from poor weak and suffering creatures to beings whose lives are filled with pleasure and enjoyment. It does this by removing the many painful maladies peculiar to women, such as "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, backache and the long train of ills from which the sex suffers. To those about to become mothers it is a boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor, promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child and shortens the period of confinement.

Snapping Turtles.

Two months ago a crowd of coal miners near Newport took two snapping turtles to a cockpit and forcing their jaws open poured whisky down their throats. Then they were turned loose on each other and about $800 was wagered on the fight, with the understanding that no decision would be made until one of the snappers gave up or was killed. The turtles fought fiercely, each tearing his antagonist's head and neck with his horny beak until one obtained a grip on the other's flipper. After a brief but ineffectual struggle to break his antagonist's hold, the turtle whose flipper was thus caught seized the other by the neck. Aside from a sawing motion there was no further demonstration for several hours. The crowd of miners watched them from early evening until long after midnight, when the turtles, each retaining his grip on the other, were placed in the cellar of a deserted house. This was two months ago, and since then neither of the snappers has shown any signs of weakening his hold upon the other, and the bets have not yet been declared off.—*Rochester Times.*

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe 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. Thos. 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 prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

New Use For Corncobs.

Frank Sinafer took to Dacon, Ill., recently, a sample of syrup which a number of experts pronounced genuine maple syrup. It was nothing more or less than corncob syrup, made as follows: Twelve clean corncobs were put in a gallon of water and boiled until soft. Then the juice was strained off and a gallon of dark brown sugar solution added. This is boiled a little while, resulting in a fine quality of syrup, hardly distinguishable from the maple product.

Results Tell the Story.

A vast mass of direct, unimpeachable testimony proves beyond any possibility of doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does perfectly and permanently cure diseases caused by impure blood. Its record of cures is unequalled and these cures have often been accomplished after all other preparations had failed.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

He Was Puzzled.

Among the many slaves upon the plantation of a distinguished Southerner during the late war was a blind and decrepit old woman known as Aunt Indy, who for some reason thought to better her condition by taking the oath of allegiance.

One of the younger servants, hearing what had taken place, went to 'ole mise' to make inquiries, and after being told that her friend had sworn to support the constitution of the United States, exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lohd! I don't know how Aunt Indy is g