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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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CLOSE OF A MARCH DAY.

The wind that all day wanton revel held,
Casting the light spray far beyond the shore,
Toiling through forest with a sullen roar,
As though it would never be checked or quelled,
Hath at eve's hour forbore.

Breeze-swept and somber, all the plain is mute,
While remnant snows eve's tender colors take,
Deep-thrilled I hear sweet, purling notes awake,
From first inspiring minstrel's dulcet note,
By mead and ice-bound lake.

O Bluebird, angel of our springs of old!
I joy to hear again thy raptured thanks,
O'er clustered osiers on the freed book's blanks,
That blend a haze of green throughout their gold,
Thy blue the sky outranks!

With silvered sheen through the expectant air,
The willow catkins creep from out their scales.
What though to-morrow whirling snow prevails?
Here the next suns will tell with accents rare
First of sweet Flora's tales.

Like doubting child that pauses ere it tries
To take in sequence careful footsteps slow,
So March a sunny footprint doth bestow,
Then clings to winter's frozen skirts and cries,
Then on with smile doth go.

Detroit Free Press

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Harem ware farmers in Rockport. Mrs. Harem sat in a little rocker, hemming the last dish towel of the pile before her. She looked around her kitchen surveying the newly-painted floor, the new range, and glanced beyond into the dining room with its new appointments. She also, with her mind's eye, surveyed with equal complacency several rooms around and above her.

The old house had been changed. The roof had been raised one story. To tell the truth, it had been raised several times in a small domestic way before timbers made an appearance and her demands were recognized.

Mr. Harem objected to change, but Mrs. Harem was determined to have it.

She said she wanted to see something of the world. This to her meant enlarging the old house and taking city boarders.

Now everything was ready and it was expected the first couple would make their advent the next day. Mrs. Harem was ready for them, even to the nice loaf cake reposing in a tinpail, safely hidden from Jack, the chore boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harem, though old in years, were still industrious, healthy people, and both had the reputation of being spry. Mrs. Harem, in particular, had a reputation of possessing in a great degree a faculty which meant the adjustment of her affairs toward securing bread and bank stock.

"Now, Josiah," she began, "I don't see no earthly reason why we should not make money this summer. What with my spring chickens, an' aigs, an' butter, an' your vegetables, an' milk, an' berries for the pickin', should think we'd orter do well. An' all them hosses of yourn can be put to account, an' if you'll jest let me have the managin, I'll resk but it'll all come out right!" and she laid down her scissors with a click.

"Wal, Sallie, you kin hev it all your own way. I'm jest goin' to wash my hands of the hull business. I'll agree to take orders from you jest as if I was a hired man, an' let you run the consarn, 'ceptin' my work on the farm; course you won't meddle with that; and I've got a likely feller comin' tonight, an' he will be at your disposal, too, so I don't see but we air well fixed. If you'll only charge 'em enough you'll get on!"

"Let me alone fer that, Josiah!" she replied, significantly. "I'm goin to hev a good price, an' no hosses thrown in, either!"

When the stage arrived next day it brought the expected guests—Mrs. Simson, her sister, Miss Abigail Hanes, and a young lady, Miss Macy Reeves, a niece.

"So we are the first to arrive!" said Mrs. Simson.

"Yes, but I expect another ter-morrer, a young man who used to know us well. His folks used to live 'round here, but they are all dead an' gone an' he had a fancy to come here to spend a couple of weeks, so I said he should come."

The next day this gentleman—Cleval Ashby—arrived. As he did not seem socially inclined, Mrs. Simson did not regard him with anxiety.

The house rapidly filled, and before the week had passed the full number of twelve were comfortably established and all seemed contented. We wish to give you a particular introduction to Miss Macy Reeves. She was of medium height, slight, graceful and a good, sensible face lighted by honest brown eyes, and well poised head. She looked ill and nervous, as result of a fright at a fire. She seemed languid.

Cleval Ashby was tall, dark, muscular, with piercing dark eyes, a man of marked individualities, good and trustworthy. He knew all the brooks, hills and glens for miles around, and took pleasure in going over the old haunts.

Although not particularly attracted to Macy, he mentally resolved to study her in a very quiet way.

Macy on her part, who had come there fancy free, thought Mr. Ashby different from the ordinary young man and resolved to study him; so each was kept busy, unconscious of the surveillance of the other, and became very friendly.

Early one morning Macy strolled to the lower end of the orchard and climbed into an apple tree, whose branches were easily accessible. She carried a small portfolio, and having seated herself comfortably proceeded to write as follows:

BROOKSIDE FARM, Aug. 5th.

"DEAR MAY—I know you will be vexed with me because I have only written short notes. To tell the truth, I felt ill when I came, but now I feel like chatting with you and telling you all about who, which, what and where.

This is really a comfortable place, and the inhabitants are very much like other folks, with one exception. We are twelve, all told; only three men, one of whom is very much sought after.

"One is an invalid—is almost near the end of his life I think, the second, though not nearly so ill, is so cross I should think all his folks would be glad when he is gone over. Now, that seems hard, but why need people be so disgreeable?

Of the ladies, Mrs. A.—is wealthy, and wants every one to know it. She thinks money is all.

Mrs. B. is in reduced circumstances. There seems to be a flavor of better days about her. She makes the best spread of what is left though.

Miss K. is a lady of uncertain age. If she would get a good match on her false hair she would look better. She simpers and always wants a gentleman around to kill the snakes and bugs when at a picnic.

Mrs. F. is bony, angular and suspicious, always watching to see if somebody isn't doing something injudicious. Fan and I give her plenty of opportunity, for we always manage to act our worst when her green eyes are watching us. Fan is a distant relative of Mrs. C., another lady here. She is so fat and asthmatic she can't do anything except read and knit. She is really good. I like her, and I like Fan sometimes. She is a bit free and sentimental, but then she is only seventeen.

Miss L.—a school teacher, we do not often see. She seems tired and sleeps a great deal. Should think she would take a regular Rip Van Winkle nap. It must be hard work to teach. I don't think teachers half appreciated.

The exception I spoke of is Cleval Ashby. He is a very peculiar young man, twenty-eight years old perhaps. One day he is as sober and dignified as a judge. Then he seems about forty. Next day he frolics like a boy. Then he seems eighteen. He is really nice, but sometimes I feel quite afraid of him, and then again I could say anything to him.

Certainly he is reliable, any one would say that. He knows all the pleasant places here, for he used to live here when a boy, so we all rely upon him as a guide. Now you needn't think I am going to fall in love with him, not a bit of it. I wouldn't dare; beside, he doesn't care for ladies' society, and he would never think of a silly thing like me.

Now you know all about us. I will keep you informed if you feel an interest. Thine, M.

She folded this and then discovered that her envelopes were at the house. She descended from her perch to go to the house. As she came down, the letter fell unnoticed by her side, and she walked on leaving the missive behind her.

Meanwhile, down beyond the south meadow, Cleval Ashby, tired of angling, stretched himself under an old pine tree, and using his hat for a desk scratched off the following epistle:

Dear old boy:—I deserve no end of censure for my silence, but the fact is I felt disinclined to write even to you. You know there must be some special reason. You know I promised to tell you if anything special happened to me. Well, I own up, confess the soft impeachment and all that. I am fairly caught and no mistake. There was never one like her and there never will be again. She is all my fancy painted her, but she is as unattainable as the moon. Have been here five weeks and will stay while she stays.

You may call me a fool if you like, but I can't go until she goes and then—well then I must make up my mind to live without her. Does she know? Not except by suspicion. Her aunt has hinted to me of the brilliant match she expects to make in autumn, so I am dumb of course. Now, that I have freed my mind to you, I have one request to make. When I see you don't speak to me of her. I could not bear it. Cupid's arrow, of which you have jested so much about, has struck me very deep and hard. C. A.

He folded it compactly, placed it in his pocket, intending to add the envelope at the house. He hastened, seeing it was late, by going by the orchard.

As he passed the trees he saw Macy's letter lying on the grass, and only the signature "M." As the pages slipped in his hand he caught sight of his own name. Could human nature withstand the temptation to read? He read the part concerning himself. He sat down on the grass to think. "Shouldn't dare" he repeated, "that means, of course, she is not at liberty, if she were inclined."

"There is but one 'M' among us, so it must be Macy. And to think she is afraid of me. I don't wonder. I must be ferociously cross some days. I have to be stern to keep myself well in hand. She's silly. I'll find a way to dispossess her of that idea. To me she is the wisest woman in the world. Well, she has evidently lost this and I must carry it to her."

He placed it in his pocket and walked on. Then a thought occurred to him. "She will miss it and come here to look for it. I will leave it and she need not know that I have seen it."

He retraced his steps, took the letter from his pocket and replaced it on the grass. Had he examined a little closer he would have seen that it was his own letter he had put there.

He was right in his conjecture. He met Macy who was on her way to search for it. She returned to her room and decided to add a postscript. When she opened it she saw it was not hers. She looked for the signature. It read "C. A." "There is only one 'C. A. among us—it must be Cleval Ashby's." She resolutely closed her eyes to the temptation to read it and started to find him. He was out in a hammock.

"I lost a letter this morning," she began, "and when I went to look for it I found this. I thought it was mine at first, but I see it is yours."

He took it and recognized it at once.

"Yes, it is mine, but yours?" He suddenly put his hands in his pocket and drew out hers.

"Why! "That's mine! where did you get it?"

"I found it and meant to bring it to you. Then I decided to carry it back, and I suppose I must have put mine there by mistake."

He looked distressed. Each began to wonder if the other had read any part of it.

"I did not read yours," said Macy, in a tone which carried conviction with it.

"Well, I shall confess to you if you hang me for it. I caught sight of my name and I read just that part of it—no more, I'm sorry.' Macy looked astonished.

"Well, you saw what a going over I have given you?" and she laughed merrily.

"Yes, but you needn't be afraid of me, Miss Reves. Now I am going to ask you to do me a favor. Will you read mine, here and now. It is you I mean all the way through." He gave her the latter and she began to read.

She finished, paused a moment, as if irresolute, then she said: "Mr. Ashby, don't send it."

"Why not? You know it the truth."

"No, it isn't either. I am not engaged to make a match with anybody."

"Then what did your aunt say that to me for? Was it to prevent me from trying to win you? Tell me now. Have I any chance with you? Let the letter speak for me." He took her little hands in his own.

"Well—if you won't make me afraid of you any more," she said, with charming blushes. "I do care for you, but I never suspected you cared for me."

"Now you know," he said, laughing.

"Yes. May I keep the letter?" she asked, a little timidly."

"Yes, if you care for it. I shall write a different one to my friend."

The Modern Plague.

The plague of rabbits in Australia and reports of their overwhelming numbers, recall the stories of buffaloes on our own Western Plains. Twenty-five or thirty years ago buffaloes existed in such numbers that they could only be estimated by millions, and it seemed impossible that they could be killed off as fast, as the land over which they roamed was wanted for settlement but now the Government is trying to preserve the lives of the few individuals which are the sole survivors of herds that once filled the plains from horizon to horizon, and occupied days in passing a given point. Sportsmen and robe hunters exterminated the buffaloes in a few years, as seal hunters exhausted the seal herds of the South Pacific years ago, and now threaten to do the same for those in Bering Sea. It might be supposed that similar tactics would be equally efficacious against the Australian rabbits, but, though rabbit hunting is encouraged as buffalo hunting never was, and though, in addition to the hunters, who slaughter them by the millions—New South Wales alone having paid bounty on 27,000,000 skins in a single year—poison has been used, and cats, weasels and other animals introduced to prey on them. In spite of all, the rabbits continue to multiply, their extraordinary powers of reproducing enabling them to defy all attempts to exterminate them. They can live and grow fat where other herbivorous animals would starve, and by their voracity they render vast tracts of country unavailable for either tillage or pasturage. The government of New South Wales now has about 7,000,000 acres of land which it is unable to dispose of because of the rabbits with which it is infested. The nuisance seems a ridiculous one, but it is both costly and apparently insurmountable to the sections interested, since, in spite of all that can be done, the rabbits increase and spread, and an offer of $125,000 reward has failed to bring out an effectual plan for subduing them.

A Question of Vision.

It is an admitted fact that the eye is the "organ of vision," yet there is but little doubt, even in the minds of opticians and physiologists, that the phenomenon of "seeing" is chiefly mental—in other words, that it is the mind and not the eye that "sees."

How often have you seen a friend who, seemingly, was engaged in looking intently on some object on the table, at the opposite side of the room, or at some picture, who on being aroused from his day dream, would confess that he was "looking at nothing in particular." The explanation of the fact that he saw "nothing in particular" is plain enough if properly set forth. It was because his mind was busy with other times and scenes.

Faces, bits of wayside scenery, and the like, were being presented to view in the panorama of the mind, and the "mind's eye"—or mental vision—was engaged in eagerly scanning pictures of impressions made thereon months, years or scores of years before. Again, if you want to know whether your companion looked at his watch with his brain or his eyes, ask him the time of day after he puts the timepiece in his pocket.

"Don't 'Phale' to be There."

So the young girl wrote to her lover by way of postscript to an invitation. "I'll be there" he said to himself, "for there is no such word as 'phale' in my dictionary." Mothers do not fail in your duty to your daughters. Many a girl's health is imperiled by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life. That is the time to take a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purifies and enriches the blood, gives healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and other organs and ensures robust health. For nursing mothers and debilitated run-down women generally, it is the most reliable restorative tonic and most soothing nervine known. To those about to become mothers it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor, promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child and shortens the period of confinement.

So you are eating at a five cent restaurant now.

Yes, had to.

Lose your money?

No; wife's going to do her own cooking after this month, and I'm preparing my system for the change.

ALONG THE OLD PIKE.

During the prosperous era of the National road many quaint characters flourished. Every old tavern had its contingent of men who, in some sense, were philosphers, in some sense, mere loafers. They were indigenous to the road, as much so as the smart weed or dog fennel that grew so luxuriantly around the stables. They could not, or at least thought they could not live away from the pike, and while the subsistence was precarious in the extreme, yet they enjoyed it, and seemed perfectly contented. Probably the magnet that attracted them beyond all other things and influences, was the pure and cheap whisky. It was as plentiful as cheap, and did not contain the elements of a more modern beverage known by the same name, which makes men fit "for treason, strategy and spoils." There was usually a tenement house or two near the old taverns, in which these impecunious parties lived, but often they lived in the near vicinity, and early in the morning they could be seen wending their way towards the old taverns, where they would remain the greater part of the day, watching their chance, which was almost always a good one, to get sundry and various potations on the clear. These men were always ready to unhitch a team, or hitch it up, curry horses, cut wood, wash bar bottles and glasses, scrub the bar-room, or do any odd job that came in their way, expecting nothing in return but the "drinks," and on rare occasions, a "fip" or "levy," or when fortune was more than ordinarily kind, a "quarter." As a rule these men had a houseful of shock-headed children, who, with the mother managed to subsist in some sort of fashion, expecting nothing better, and seemingly as content as the worthless husband and father. These characters frequently had some trait peculiar to themselves, which they were fond of exhibiting as often as occasion offered, such as feats of strength, ability to drink more whisky than some of their fellows, imitating the crowing of roosters, or barking or growling of animals, running, jumping, etc. Over the hill a little ways beyond Searight's we come to the old Abel Colley tavern; this tavern was among the best, and did a large and profitable business during the good times on the pike, mostly the entertainment of wagoners. Of course while all the old taverns were patronized more or less by wagoners, excepting a few which were exclusively stage houses, such as Fairall's, on Keyser's Ridge, Hunter's, in Petersburg, Endsley's, in Somerfield, and others, the old wagoners had their favorite stopping places, taverns that were almost as exclusively wagon taverns, as some of those mentioned were stage taverns. Abel Colley's tavern was one of these; the accommodations here were excellent, and the old landlord and his wife made themselves so agreeable to their patrons that they would make extra long drives to reach the tavern; and they came in great numbers, too. A wagoner, stopping at this place once, was sure to come again, and bring all his friends and associates with him. The bills were very moderate, but the patronage was so great and continued so long that Mr. Colley accumulated a considerable fortune for that day. When the bulk of traffic had left the pike, Mr. Colley built a fine brick house opposite the tavern, where he lived in ease and comfort for some years, until he died. Mrs. Colley is remembered by the old wagoners as a large amiable woman, kind, charitable and neighborly, who always wore a voluminous cap of the Queen Anne style. She long since passed from this stage of action, and her son—Wm. Searight Colley—occupies the brick house, with a fine farm lying adjacent to it. Peter Colley, mentioned as proprietor of the Hunter tavern, was a son of Abel Colley, as was Levi, a farmer who died some years ago. The Abel Colley tavern is still standing, a monument to the glories departed now, alas! of the old pike, as well as to its various proprietors, all of whom long ago joined the great majority. This old house was kept about 1825 by Darius Grimes, and later by Thomas Moxley. It was called the "Green Tree" in Moxley's time, and for years the picture of a green tree swung to and fro in front of the house. Abel Colley was Moxley's immediate successor. Col. Searight thinks Samuel Wolverton and Hugh Thompson kept this tavern some time previous to the occupancy of Darius Grimes. If that is the case this house must be one of the oldest on the line of the pike.

One mile west of the Colley house there stands an old stone tavern on the north side of the road, known in early days as Johnson's, and later as Hatfield's. Randolph Dearth built this house in 1817, for Robert Johnson, who kept it continuously until 1841, when he returned to a farm, where he died, leaving behind him a considerable estate, and what was better still, a good name, of which his descendants may well be proud. He was the father-in-law of Thomas Brownfield, an old wagoner and tavern keeper and Sheriff of Fayette county, who was mentioned in a previous paper. Under the guidance and control of Mr. Johnson, this old tavern did an immense business, and, as stated, he made a good deal of money there. His successor was Arthur Wallace, who only remained one year. John Wallace, who kept the Wils. Clement house in Hopwood, was a brother of Arthur Wallace. Peter Frasher, an old wagoner and tavern keeper, was a son-in-law of Wallace. Charles Guttery, an old wagoner, succeeded Wallace. He remained until 1844, and sometime after, when John Foster took charge, and after him came Hiram Holmes, who stayed a year. Wm. Hatfield, who had previously purchased the property, took possession and kept it as a tavern until 1855, when he closed it as a public house and lived in it in retirement, until his premature death. William Hatfield had, previous to going into this house, served many years as Justice of the Peace, and subsequent to 1855, as Associate Judge. He was a blacksmith, and made the iron toll gates that were in use on the pike. He was a man of strict integrity, and noted far and wide for his liberality and charity, and for his kindness to his fellows. He lost his life while trying to do a favor for an old friend and neighbor, John C. Craft. Mr. Craft had bought some kind of a patent pump and called on Judge Hatfield to assist him to put it in the well. The Judge, as was his custom, promptly responded, and quickly descended into the well, when he called to Mr. Craft to send him a tool of some sort; the tool was placed in a heavy iron-bound tub and lowered towards the bottom of the well, but from some neglect, the cable slipped, and the tub fell with great force, and struck Judge Hatfield on the head, injuring him so severely that he only lived a few hours. His funeral procession was one of the largest ever seen in Fayette county. Lawyers, Judges of the Court, friends and neighbors, all joined together to show respect, in death, to the one they had respected so much and loved so well in life. Peter Colley's old tavern is located a mile west of Hatfield's. It was built of stone, and stands on the south side of the road. Peter Colley was Abel Colley's father. He was one of the earliest settlers, and kept a tavern on the old road, before any one thought there would be a National Pike. The old pike boys used to say Peter Colley kept his money in a barrel. Mr. Colley was an old man when the pike was completed, and did not live long to enjoy the profits of the great highway. He must have made most of his "barrel" on the old road. After his death his son—George Colley—took possession of the tavern, and he kept it up for many years. He lived until the business on the pike was on the wane, when the house was closed as a tavern. The hills on either side of this old tavern are of considerable altitude, and, in the olden time this house was a relay for the stages, and extra horses, "postillion," with light riders, were kept here, to assist the stages in the ascent. With nine passengers inside a stage, two more on the seat with the driver, several on top, the "boot" full of heavy trunks, and mail bags under the driver's seat, four horses could not make the required average of twelve miles an hour, so that many "postillion" horses and riders were required by the stage companies on the pike. For some two hundred miles or more, these extras were an absolute necessity. Half grown boys, or small men were employed as riders, and at the bottom of a hill the rider would be in readiness, with single and double trees to hook on to the end of the tongue, and in a few seconds of time the stage would be flying towards the top of the hill, the rider being seated on the "near" horse, and leading the "off" one. He would descend as rapidly as possible, to his post, ready to help another stage. The "Shakeguts" also employed "postillions" as they, usually, were heavily loaded.

Addison, Pa. M.

Pipe And Smoker.

When you introduce a smoking centenarian to the notice of an anti-tobacco fanatic, he usually retorts that the man would have been one hundred and one by now if he had never smoked, says the Pall Mall *Gazette*. Whether the old man upon whom an inquest was held at St. Bartholomew's hospital recently would have been a centenarian by now if he had been an anti-tobacco fanatic, will never be known; as it was, he just failed by something under two months. Born on March 1, 1795, he became an habitual smoker at the early age of fifteen.

A man who manages to keep his pipe going from a year before Moscow to a fortnight after Krugersdorp seems at first sight rather a nasty one for the anti-tobacco fanatic. But, on the whole, perhaps, the fanatic scores, because the old man had been for years accustomed to smoke in bed, a practice which, as every smoker knows, presents that happy combination of enjoyment with risk which our nation always loves to find in its manly sports, and the other day he was found in bed so badly burned that he had only time to ejaculate "pipe and tobacco" as an explanation before he died. How does the argument stand, then? It is a nice question, but, personally, we do not object to a glorious death like that if some one will only guarantee us eighty-four years of unbroken smoking as a preliminary.

Warning to Young Men.

How many young men bankrupt their constitutions, squander their vitality and ruin their health by pernicious practices generally contracted through ignorance. Nervous exhaustion, debility, dullness of mental faculties, impaired memory, low spirits, morose or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one are the derangements of mind and body which result from such indiscretions. Epilepsy, paralysis, softening of the brain and dread insanity are not unfrequently the result of indiscreet and unnatural habits, contracted in youth, through ignorance of their destructive character, and persisted in until the constitution is wrecked! Such unfortunates are surely entitled to the tender sympathy, the noblest efforts and the best skill of the medical profession. To reach, reclaim and, whenever possible to restore such sufferers to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen, who, having had a vast experience in the treatment of the class of maladies herein hinted at, have prepared a scientific treatise, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, of 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice enclosed with ten cents for postage mail, secure from observation in plain sealed envelope, a copy of this useful work which should be read by not only every young man in the land, but also by every parent guardian and teacher having the care of the young.

Wherever you go or wherever you hide you may be sure of your sin confronting you.

"Interior Newspapers."

In a circular letter sent out by Frank Willing Leach to some of his friends in which he asks for newspaper support, in his candidacy for the chairmanship of the state Republican committee, Mr. Leach says:

"I have always had, as a rule, the support of the interior papers of the state, without which no man can succeed in Pennsylvania."

Mr. Leach is not without faults, but he is regarded as a level-headed political manipulator and manager. He certainly exhibits good judgment in this declaration. Most of the state politicians imagine that if they receive an occasional complimentary notice in and apparent support from a newspaper in Philadelphia or Pittsburg that they are on the straight road to the hearts of the people and, through them, to success. But while the newspapers of these two cities may largely supply the news to many of the communities of the state they do not lead or materially make up public opinion outside of their immediate localities. The county newspapers rarely get their inspiration from either of these cities. The rural leaders, in turn, look for guidance not from distant points but from nearer home.

The "interior newspapers" are not manipulated by great corporations, they are not controlled by the exactions of the dispensers of municipal patronage, not moved by forces concealed from or unfamiliar to their readers. Naturally a newspaper at the state capital speaks with somewhat more authority and, therefore, with more force than those in minor cities and towns and is by that much regarded as a clearer adviser and more influential advocate and its opinions and utterances carry greater weight; but each county paper, according to its ability, helps to crystallize and mould public sentiment. The newspaper at the capital, guided by honest purposes and speaking from conviction, is given respectful consideration at all times and may often easily lead public sentiment in its direction, for the editors of more distinctively local papers, recognizing its unequaled point of vantage, are ready to welcome its suggestions and to accept its conclusions. But it is one of the "interior newspapers" to which Mr. Leach refers and the editors of the local papers are the wise and industrious gardeners watering the seed it has planted.

No great change in public sentiment throughout the state has ever been wrought by the newspapers of Pittsburg or Philadelphia. These journals have never led in any great political revolt nor have they been able to check one when started. They gather and purvey news with accuracy and much enterprise. They carry the occurrences of the period from eye to eye. But they make few permanent mental impressions and their field is constantly changing.

One of the most prominent journalists in New York, who is thoroughly familiar with Pennsylvania politics, said after the convention last August: "I knew the 'combine' was whipped when I saw The Patriot one morning announce that the tide had changed and that Quay would win, because I knew of the confidence put in its judgment and the effect that announcement—outside of the fact itself—would have upon every newspaper in Central Pennsylvania." The editor of large experience was simply saying in different words, what Mr. Leach has said, that the following of the interior papers is permanent, continuous, trustful and that the influence these newspapers exert is powerful or futile just in accordance with the desire and ability of their managers.

The "interior papers" of the state form the greatest single political power in the commonwealth and that politician has learned a priceless lesson who, like Mr. Leach, recognizes the fact.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost inst