The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Santa Claus'll come to-night,
If you're good,
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And doll that goes to sleep;—
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good,
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny things—
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that "go,"
If you're good,
And a rocking-horsey—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mama!" when you squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these,
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should ;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear ;
Just do right and never fear ;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.

—James Courtney Challiss in December St. Nicholas.

THE WIZARD'S PROPHECY.

A Wonder-Story From the Mythology of the North.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Odin, the great god of the Norseland, and ruler over Valhalla, the abode of the gods, was called All-Father, the uncreated and unseen, whose will was law. But granting him this, Odin had not the power to foresee the event that would shape his own destiny. He had many sons, but among them was one who was his special companion and attendant. His name was Hermod, and so quick and agile, so light and swift, were all his motions, that he was called "the nimble god."

Hermod was a special favorite with all the dwellers in Valhalla, for his face was ever smiling, and his desire was always to help and to serve others. This characteristic, combined with his rapid motion, had made him the messenger of all the gods, and of Odin, in particular. To show his favor, Odin had presented to Hermod a magnificent corslet and helmet, for the youthful deity was fond of riding to battle, and his happiness was complete on receipt of these gifts.

When the Valkyrs, helmet-clad, with hair flowing on the wind, rode their fierce and fleet-winged steeds to the battle-field Hermod could not resist the sight, but would join them. And sometimes Odin would lend him his powerful spear, Gungnir, which, waved over the heads of the combatants, incited them to fiercest combat.

After the conflict Hermod conducted some of the elect to Valhalla, and then his joy reached its height. He was often called "the valiant in combat" and was considered the leader of the heroic dead. He had, as a special emblem of his office, a magic wand called Gambantein, and this he carried with him, wherever he went.

One day Odin became oppressed with many forebodings. He went to the Norns to find out the cause of this, and to inquire into his future. But they refused to lift the veil, and Odin felt his dejection increase. After suffering in this way a long time, he suddenly thought of how he might learn the truth. So calling Hermod to him he said :

"My son, my heart is sadly depressed, and I commission you to perform the deed I will tell you of, that I may find peace. Know that at the point farthest north in the land of the giants is a race gifted with sight into hidden things. Greatest among these seers is Rossthiof. At his command the cold winds blow; the ice and snow come plentifully; the very sun is darkened. His land is full of snares and phantoms, and pitfalls, and he lures many men there only to rob and kill them.

"Take my eight-footed gray steed, Sleipnir," he continued. "He will bear you safely over all this danger. But when you meet Rossthiof, your greatest danger will begin. At a word from him you will lie upon the ice dead. I can prevent that, too. Take this; it is my runic staff; it will dispel all hindrance in your path and compel Rossthiof to answer all your questions."

With much more advice, Odin gave his command to Hermod, and at his last word, the "nimble god" bowing low, disappeared in an instant.

He did all that his royal father had directed, and soon found himself in the abode of Rossthiof. When the wizard saw him he immediately began to utter magic words to destroy his visitor But Hermod pointed the runic staff of Odin at the monster, and immediately he was powerless. Hermod then bound Rossthiof, hand and foot, and when he had him thus in his power he said to him:

"I come from great Odin. He commands that you lift the mist that droops as a veil between the present and the future, and reveal to me the good and evil that the Norns have in store for him. They have refused to speak, and the spirit of All-Father is troubled."

Then Rossthiof cunningly assumed a troubled expression of countenance. He was very loth to yield up his secrets of hidden lore, and so he pretended ignorance.

"Who am I," he cried, "that the great god of Asgard should deign to think of me? I am helpless and old, finding comfort only beside my warm hearth. I am as the worm that is trampled under foot, whose noise none hears, save the watchful Heimdall, as he stands upon the bridge Bifrost, its lonely and sole defender."

"Speak, and speak truth," Hermod sternly commanded, "or woe will befall you!"

"Nay, have mercy, for I have harmed no creature in all my life. How shall I dare to predict good or evil for the ruler of Asgard? I am only a helpless old man!"

So he continued to whine and to plead excuse, but Hermod, losing all patience, threatened him with punishment so dire, that finding his excuses of no avail, the wizard at last consented to obey.

He began to mutter terrible incantations, and a fierce rumbling noise was heard. Then, suddenly, the earth trembled; the winds howled like angry wolves, the clouds came up in masses and hid the sun, and the earth was clothed in darkness.

From the midst of the blackness, which hung like a pall, enshrouding the universe, there suddenly flashed a ball of fire. It rolled across the heavens till it rested upon the horizon, and there it spread out till the whole western sky was aflame.

Hermod gazed upon all this in wonder, fearing that it portended some terrible evil. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for suddenly there appeared in the fiery glow a stream of blood, flowing and growing ever larger and deeper in color, till, turning into deepest purple, it was lost in the blackness of the surrounding sky.

"What means this awful sign?" the god inquired.

"It means that blood shall flow in Valhalla. Odin shall lose a son by violence!"

"What!" cried Hermod, "shall I bear such tidings to the king? Tell me, is there no redress?"

"Look!" Rossthiof made answer.

There above the stream of blood Hermod saw a beautiful woman appear. She was strong and as grand to look upon as the Volkyrs in all their glory; she was beautiful and wondrously fair as the pale lights that flash upon the northern shores. She stood there a moment in an attitude of defiance, which melted as Hermod looked, into softness, as when the warm sun shines upon a snow-bound land, melting it and touching it into answering life.

Suddenly there stood beside her a little child, but so rapidly did he grow to strength and manhood that Hermod marveled. Only when he attained his full height did the god notice that he grasped firmly a bow and arrow.

As the picture stood out clearly, again the wizard spoke:

"If Odin woos and wins the fair Rinda in the land of the Ruthenes, she will give to him a son who will avenge his brother's death."

As the wizard ceased speaking, the picture faded, and night settled down again over the land. Then Hermod released the aged Rossthiof, and mounting Sleipnir, sped rapidly to Asgard, where he repeated to Odin all that he had seen and heard.

The father of the gods was very sad to think that he would lose a son by violence, but he was soon comforted at the thought that another son would avenge his brother's death, for that was all the satisfaction a true Northerner ever desired or required.

How the prophecy of Rossthiof was fulfilled is a well-known story. Balder, the brave god of light, impregnable to harm because of the love that all heaven and earth bore for him, was slain by Hodur with a branch of mistletoe. Every one remembers how all things in earth, sky and seas gave their solemn vow not to injure the god. Only the mistletoe, growing wild about the gate of Asgard, was thought too harmless a plant to extract a vow from. And the tale of the treacherous Loki, who directed the arrow of the blind Hodur, god of darkness, after fashioning it out of a branch of mistletoe, and so causing the death of the beloved Balder, is already known to you, and needs no repetition.

The sorrow of Odin at the death of his beloved son can well be imagined. All Asgard mourned the loss of their favorite, and the desire for retribution was strong within the breast of Odin. When the grief for his loss was somewhat softened, however, he remembered the prediction of Rossthiof. Then he set out on a journey to visit the land of Ruthenes.

The king of this eastern region was Billing. He was no longer young, and the fingers of the Norns had already woven his net and unwoven it till it seemed but to need a few more threads before the cord would snap.

Rinda, the beautiful princess of the land, had many suitors for her hand. Kings and princes and sons of premiers begged the honor of being her lord and master; but the maiden was as proud and scornful as she was beautiful and learned. Each suitor in turn, as he knelt before her, had received from her delicate hand a box upon the ear. And with that stinging his kingly or his princely dignity, he had been but too content to leave the princess to vent her shrewish temper upon his next rival.

Just about this time, a large army threatened to invade the provinces of Billing, and he was almost wild in his grief that Rinda would not marry, and so provide him with a fit champion to defend his dominions. But she was inexorable.

"Why should I wed a man who lets me box his ears?" she cried, and then her laughter would ring out, and the king could not blame her.

Again she would put her arms about her father's neck and say:

"Mother have I none. You are father and mother to me. 'Tis you I love with all my heart. My father, I will never wed till I find one greater and better than thou art!"

So, like all indulgent parents, he would pat her golden head, and smile upon her, and for the time the approaching enemy would be forgotten.

The time came, however, when he could no longer shut his eyes to the danger that threatened him. Already province upon province had been laid waste by the destroyer and the king saw the conqueror steadily approaching, without being able to raise a hand to defend himself.

As he sat in his palace, one morning, sad and despondent, there entered a stranger. He was one in the strength and prime of manhood. He wore a large hat pulled well down over his face, to conceal the fact that he had but one eye. He questioned the king as to his trouble and volunteered to lead the army to battle with the enemy. Billing was glad to find a champion and willingly gave the command into the hands of the stranger, who proved to be no other than Odin.

It need hardly be said that the father of the gods won a signal victory over the combined enemies of the king, and led his army back in triumph. Then the king entertained his guest most royally.

But with Rinda Odin gained no footing. She spurned all his addresses, and one day, as he knelt at her feet asking a favor, she boxed his ears. The great Odin was amazed at her daring, and, stung by her insult, he left the palace. But he did not give up his suit so easily. He determined to quell the wild spirit of Rinda.

The next day, disguised as a smith, he came to the palace. There he fashioned strange and costly ornaments out of gold and silver, and cunningly made the metal grow under his touch, until Billing became the richest monarch of the world. He was delighted with the smith, as a child is with a new toy, and showered honors upon him.

When this had gone on for a long time, and Rinda had admired the wonderful ingenuity and workmanship of the articles that seemed to grow under the touch of Odin, the god begged permission to sue for the hand of the princess. The king was glad to give his consent, for such a wonderful son-in-law could make and keep him the richest of monarchs.

But Rinda was not so much pleased, and again, when Odin knelt before her, this time as a smith, she boxed his ears. Once more the god departed, and the princess laughed to think she was so well rid of him.

Days came and went, and the king was chagrined to see all the gold that had grown under the fingers of the smith melt away and disappear. He upbraided his daughter for her scorn and willfulness; but by her sweetness to him and her playfulness, she won him again to her will.

In her heart, the princess was not cruel or unkind, but she truly loved her father, and wished never to leave him. So, in a few days when Odin came again, this time as a dashing warrior, and the handsomest man on earth, thinking so to please her fancy, he found her unchanged.

"Here," thought King Billing, "is a suitable companion for my daughter. No stronger man than he lives, nor one more handsome to look upon."

Many games were instituted, and in them the young warrior triumphed over all his competitors. He performed deeds of valor and feats of strength; he played upon different musical instruments, and Rinda really seemed touched.

One day, however, when she saw him kneel before her, begging her favor she thought:

"He is like all the others."

So she served him again as she had twice before.

Then was Odin's rage enkindled. Drawing his runic staff from beneath his robe he pointed it at her, and pronounced a spell so terrible that she fell back into the arms of her attendants unconscious. And Odin departed from the palace.

When Rinda recovered consciousness the king saw with dismay that she was mad. She moved about cold and listless, sad and unfeeling. Nothing could cheer her melancholy ; she took notice of nothing. Her birds and flowers and fishes, always her delight, perished for want of attention. Her musical instruments were mute, the strings rusting and snapping for lack of use.

The whole kingdom was plunged into mourning, for the songs and the laughter of Rinda no more broke the silence of the palace.

Billing was in despair, and called in physicians and seers, but all in vain. Pale, cold and still, the princess moved about; she spoke not a word, and her eyes saw nothing.

At last an old woman came to the palace door and said that she could cure the princess. Immediately she was admitted. When she stood before the king she said :

"The princess must be bound hand and foot, so that she can offer no resistance. She must be put entirely in my charge, or my charm will fail."

Anxious for the recovery of his daughter, the king consented to the old woman's terms, and all was done as he commanded.

When the two were alone together, Odin, for it was he disguised, pointed his runic staff at Rinda and released her from his spell. Then, before he unbound her, he made her solemnly promise to be his bride, and on her vowing to fulfil his wish, he restored her to her father, as strong and well as ever.

So the prophecy was fulfilled, for when a son was the gift of their marriage, he grew so quickly that in a day he attained his full stature; and seizing a bow and arrow, hastened to his father in Asgard, where he slew Hodur, the god of darkness, and avenged the death of his brother Balder.

* * *

Do you recognize the beautiful story pictured forth by nature? Balder, the light of the North, is slain by Hodur, night. Vali, the god of lengthening days, is the fruit of the union of Odin, the sun, and Rinda, the frozen earth, who by his very nature, slays Hodur, the darkness of the far north.

A Bread and Butter Diet.

The newest diet suggested as productive of longevity is bread and butter. There is in Hythe, England, a lady who lives entirely on bread and butter, and has done so all her life, says the New York Journal She has never tasted meat, game, fish, vegetables, jam, and only a few kinds of biscuits and sweets. She has never had a day's illness in all her life, and never had recourse to medicine of any description. Her friends have tried in vain to induce her to eat something besides bread and butter, but she confines herself entirely to the diet on which she has existed for at least 30 years. She is strong and healthy in every respect—healthier, in fact, than a great many people who have lived upon exactly the food that is supposed to make us feel as if illness were a total stranger and always would be.

For earache, put a couple of drops of Thomas' Eclectric Oil on a bit of cotton and place it in the ear. The pain will stop in a few moments. Simple enough, isn't it!

A Business Age.

"Of course you understand," said the young man in a breezy, off-hand way, "that this is a business age, in which everthing is done on business principles."

The old gentleman seemed somewhat surprised, but he inclined his head as an indication that he understood and acquiesced in the observation.

"But I really don't see why you should seek a private interview with me to discuss business methods," he answered.

"Why, the fact is," replied the enterprising young man, "that I—ah—think a good deal of your daughter."

"And you wish to know what there may be in the line of dowry, I suppose," suggested the old gentleman.

"Not at all, not at all," answered the young man quickly. "I am not so mercenary as all that by a good deal. The fact is, I have already spoken to her, which I certainly shouldn't have done before seeing you if it were merely a question of dowry. She consented to be mine, and—"

"And you want my consent, I suppose; but I don't see—"

"Oh, that doesn't cut any figure at all," broke in the young man in the same breezy sort of way. "Of course, your consent would be a handy thing to have around the house and would make the 'God Bless Our Home' look more appropriate hanging on the wall, but it isn't at all necessary. We could probably worry along without it, as others have done, but as a matter of business precaution—"

"What in the world has business precaution got to do with your marrying my daughter, if you don't care about a dowry?" exclaimed the old man, with every evidence of being exasperated.

"Now, don't get excited," put in the young man. "I see now where we've got tangled up. Under the circumstances business precaution would have nothing to do with marrying your daughter, because I'd have her sure enough, but with engagements it's different. I would like to get a fine diamond engagement ring for her, but I was engaged once before to a pretty girl who rode a bicycle and was the queen of a summer resort, and I don't mind saying I would feel safer if you would sign a bond to the effect that I shall either have the ring or the girl in a reasonable time—say three months. I'm enough of a sport to take some chances, but I don't want to run the risk of losing both, as I did before."—Chicago Post.

Chicago's Absent-Minded Man.

The absent-minded man took his seat at the restaurant table and, as usual, buried his face at once in a newspaper. A waiter placed a bill of fare, a napkin and a knife and fork in front of him, and stood two or three minutes unnoticed before asking:

"What shall I bring, sir?"

"What's that?" said the absent-minded man, starting up suddenly, not remembering what it was all about.

"What do you want for lunch, sir?" the waiter asked again.

"Oh! yes," said the absent-minded man, trying to collect his wits. "Bring me a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

The waiter supplied the order and put a large pasteboard check for it down on the table, the absent-minded man continuing to read his paper. The waiter went away to attend to the wants of other people, and about 15 minutes later came back.

"Do you wish anything more?" he asked politely.

"Yes," snapped the absent-minded man somewhat viciously. "Go and get me a fresh ham sandwich. The one you brought was as dry as a bone."

"Why, here is the sandwich I brought," said the waiter, pushing the plate toward him. You've eaten the check."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nonsense about Snakes.

As an illustration of the belief in the transformation of human beings into serpents, I will relate a circumstance said to have occurred during the first half of the present century. Near Trexlertown, Lehigh county, dwelt a farmer named Weiler. His wife and three daughters had, by some means or other, incurred the enmity of a witch who lived but a short distance away, when the latter, it is supposed, took her revenge in the following manner: Whenever visitors came to the Weiler residence the girls, without any premonition whatever, would suddenly be changed into snakes, and after crawling back and forth along the top ridge of the wainscoting for several minutes, they were restored to their natural form. This curious transformation occurred quite frequently and the circumstances soon attained widespread notoriety. About the end of the third month the spell was broken and everything went on as before.

Another popular fallacy is the existence of the hoop snake. This creature is usually reported as capable of grasping the tip of its tail with its mouth, and like a hoop running swiftly along in pursuit of an unwelcome intruder. This snake is believed, furthermore, to have upon its tail a short, poisonous horn, like a cock's spur, and if it should strike any living creature death would result. The stories concerning this marvelous snake usually end with the statement that the person pursued barely escapes and that the snake strikes a tree instead, causing it to wither and die.

You Can be Well

When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is poor, thin and impure you must either suffer from some distressing disease or you will easily fall a victim to sudden changes, exposure, or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be well.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

Life in Smyrna.

There is no Turkish society in Smyrna, for Turkish women are not supposed to exist outside of their own homes, and society without women is like "Hamlet" minus the gentleman of that name. But the "Europeans"—Armenian, Jewish, Greek, French, and Italian residents, whose families have lived there for generations—have a flourishing social life and their one club, the Cercle des Estrangers (Foreign club), which celebrated its centennial some fifteen years ago, gives gorgeous balls during the carnival season.

At these balls the most beautiful Paris toilets sweep over the polished floors of the ball room, which is illumined by thousands of candles in the immense Venetian chandeliers. The card room is another feature of the club which makes the uninitiated American stare. It is sixty by fifty feet and the entire floor is covered by a single Smyrna rug, which is so heavy it took eight camels to bring it to the building. Some of the card rules are queer. Billiards and cards are free. Certain games are permitted only at certain times of the year and when poker comes in ecarte goes out. Besique and harmless whist flourish the whole year. The poker player is unlimited, with a fixed ante of five cents, but there is a rule that every bet must be doubled at a raise, so sometimes the game assumes serious proportions, as bluffing is unparalleled in its audacity.

The men smoke everywhere except at meals and church and they carry rosaries, not for religious reasons but to play with when talking, so they will not smoke too much. Men smoke at afternoon calls and through square dances at summer hops—though not at ceremonious winter parties. As a rule only the men smoke, for any thing like fastness in a woman is frowned upon.

In minor matters the women wait upon the men, handing chairs, getting cigarettes, passing coffee, lights and the like. If a man waits for a woman to precede him through a door he is apt to be laughed at as "Parisian." If the women were better educated society conversation would be more interesting. The women never read books or papers and French is the usual language spoken. Spelling is a science the women know nothing of, but they talk sensibly on practical themes and are excellent housekeepers.

After the Cyclone.

Lieutenant "Jim" Johnson, of Battery A. tells the story of a pathetic incident of the cyclone that visited this city in May.

"We sent out an ambulance from Jefferson Barracks the day after the cyclone," said the lieutenant. "It was placed at the disposal of one of the charitable organizations and for several days was kept busy collecting clothing for children.

"One day the ambulance was making the rounds in the West End and made its last stop at a residence which bore every evidence of being newly occupied. The furniture was not yet in place and the hall was piled high with trunks and boxes. A maid answered the bell and went in search of her mistress. A lovely, sad-faced woman in black came to the door.

"'We are in search of children's clothing, madam,' said the the collector. 'There seems to be dearth of it at the hospital.'

"The mistress of the house caught her breath painfully. 'Yes, wait,' she said, and hurried away. The maid came soon, carrying a dainty bed on which a child of three or four might have rested. They carried the pretty, lace object to the ambulance and returned to find the sad woman in black bearing in her arms a pile of delicate garments, such as a daintily nurtured child would wear. The sad-faced woman folded the little dresses with tender touch and tears fell slowly upon their whiteness as she smoothed and patted them as she would an infant's head.

"Have you any children, madam?" asked the collector.

"'I had until Wednesday, but our only child was killed in the cyclone.'

"She rested her head on the pile of little garments and wept heart-brokenly.

"By degrees she told her story. The family had lived in the South Side and their home had been destroyed by the fearful storm. The baby's tender body had been crushed by falling stones. The mother was sending baby's clothes, no longer needed, to the mother whose children had been spared.—St Louis Republic.

The World's Newspapers.

A German statistician has recently compiled figures as to the total number of newspapers printed during a year, which he estimates at 12,000,000,000 copies.

To gather an adequate idea of this enormous quantity, it might be stated that all these papers spread out would more than cover all the continents and islands of the earth.

The weight of the paper would amount to 781,240 tons.

If this entire edition were to be printed by one single press, the largest and most rapid one now in use, the total edition would take three hundred and thirty-three years to print.

Stacked up vertically, this quantity would form a column of 260,000 feet in height.

Suppose that every reader devotes but five minutes per day to the reading of his newspaper, the time used by the total population of the earth would amount to 100,000 years.

The "New Philanthropy."

It's the "new" philanthropy nowadays, as well as the "new" woman, observes the New York Sun. When the chairman of one of the philanthropic committees arose to read her report at a recent convention she began by announcing that she had but one charitable achievement to record. "But that one is something to be proud of," she added, "and I'm sure you'll all agree with me. A poor woman wanted a divorce from her husband, and our committee went to work and succeeded in getting it for her."

TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE BICYCLE.

Horseless Carriages to be Made Comparatively Cheap.

Are the days of the bicycle supremacy numbered, and the poor horse threatened with extinction? A Brooklyn genius, says the New York Journal, has perfected the horseless carriage, in which all the objections to the old "freak" of that name have been overcome. It is as light as a victoria, noiseless as the bicycle, fast as an express train and can be handled with ease, he claims.

This interesting invention is now in a carriage shop in Brooklyn. After years of patient labor the inventors have turned out a vehicle cheap enough to be made of general use, and thereby revolutionize street traffic.

The carriage looks exactly like any ordinary horse carriage, the electric storage battery being completely hidden. By merely turning a handle bar, the carriage can be turned in any direction, and the speed regulated. The great fault of the old horseless carriage was the difficulty in turning, but in this instance this has been successfully overcome.

Most horseless carriages are run by petroleum or gasoline. These motive powers gave the passengers the feeling of being on an engine, and when not noisy there is invariably more or less of a disagreeable odor. But in the Brooklyn invention electric power will do away with at least the odors.

Then again a higher rate of speed is attained—the limit being 32 miles an hour. There is little danger of running out of electricity, for by simply attaching a drop wire to a neighboring telegraph or telephone line the storage battery can be recharged ; it would be difficult to prove that any electricity had been borrowed. Another method of supplying the storage battery is by an ingenious contrivance which restores electricity to the battery from the motors whenever the carriage is going down hill.

An invention in itself is the combination lock on the motor lever. It is an ordinary lock, so far as working it goes, but when locked it is impossible to move the carriage by electricity. The owner can safely leave the carriage alone in the street while basking in the smiles of his lady friends and feel no anxiety about losing it. Of all its advantages over the old carriage, what will most recommend it to the public is its extreme cheapness. When it is considered that the present prices range from $3,000 to $10,000, $500 is remarkably cheap. The mechanism is light, inexpensive and very simple. The wheels are pneumatic tired, and the springs of the latest improved invention. The carriage will have the easy rolling motion of a palace car.

The carriage makers do not intend to confine their manufacturing to stylish turnouts, but will use the same patent for the propulsion of fire engines brewery wagons, stages and other heavy vehicles. The firm claims their invention to be greatly superior to the one which the London Omnibus Company has adopted, and by which 920 omnibuses will soon be operated.

The popular conception of a horseless carriage is at present the familiar article pushed by nurse girls in the park. Many people have heard of the real horseless carriage, but few have seen them. They are in the same category in the public estimation as the bicycle was in the early seventies. But once fin de siecle society takes it up, the bicycle will have to step out and the horseless carriage will be "king," and as popular as the bicycle is at present. Of course, new patents and increased demand will lower the price. Our streets will then present a wonderful sight. To the clang of the trolley and jingle of the bicycle will be added the fire alarm bells and whistles of the horseless carriages. Timid persons will wait hours before venturing to cross a street, and mothers whose tender brood have gone to school will be nervous of their being run over. Then perhaps bridges will span such crossings as Fourteenth street, Twenty-third street and Herald Square.

In the days to come, when the automobiles shall outnumber all other vehicles and means of passenger and freight transportation on the streets, the present laws of the road must be radically revised. A rule of keeping to the right and turning out to the left would be a necessity. All streets and boulevards will be divided into two sharply defined sections, which will be indicated by a line of posts or a narrow strip of parking.

Another thing that may be looked to at this session of the Legislature is the passage of laws regulating the maximum speed at which horseless carriages will be allowed to run, and perhaps the greatest boon to suffering humanity that this popular horseless carriage will afford will be the subjugation, humiliation and relegation to the past of that end-of-the-century freak, the cadaverous scorcher.

Rock, Read and Churn.

A Chicago genius has been recently granted a patent on a new and improved churn. In the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers the weekly churning necessitated much labor, but now, in this age of progress, it has become possible to read, rock and churn all at the same time. After placing the cream to be churned in the churning apparatus one can attach it by means of a tube and an air-blasting apparatus to a rocking chair, and the person appointed to churn the butter has only to seat himself and rock. The oscillatory movement of rocking causes a flow of air through the tubes, and the entry of the air into the cream results in an agitation that causes the production of butter, the churning operation therefore becoming both easy and expeditious.

It may be observed that the invention is capable of use as a washing machine, as well as for churning butter. To effect this all that is required is to change the size and shape of the cream receptacle so that it can be made to contain the clothes to be cleaned, after which the receptacle is loaded with the clothes and the washing operation is performed by rocking the chair.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50 cents or $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.