The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at 2 dollars a year if paid in advance, otherwise 2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 29. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1896. WHOLE NO. 2370.

C. F. UHL, Jr., ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office above Coffroth & Ruppel, Somerset, Pa.

RUFUS E. MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Nevin's new building, 2d floor. Somerset, Penn'a. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. L. G. HAY. C. W. WALKER.
HAY & WALKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Office opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

ED. R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 86 Fourth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office above Fisher's Book Store, Somerset Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in First National Bank, Somerset, Pa.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in the Cook & Beerits Block, up stairs. Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

J. R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

W. H. KOONTZ. J. G. OGLE.
KOONTZ & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Baer's Block, opposite Mammoth Store. Somerset, Pa. All give prompt attention to business entrusted to their care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Main Cross Row, opposite the Court House.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to business entrusted to his care with promptness, fidelity. Somerset, Pa.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block. Somerset, Pa.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Coffroth's Grocery Store. Somerset, Pa.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections and estates settled, titles examined, and all other business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Somerset, Pa.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Somerset, Pa.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Somerset, Pa.

S. S. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office in Main Cross street, opposite Mammoth Store. Somerset, Pa.

J. W. CAROTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Patriot Street, opposite U. B. Church. Somerset, Pa. Night calls at office.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office corner Main Cross and Patriot Street. Somerset, Pa.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Main street, rear of Drug store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Special attention to the preservation of natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. Absolutely guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baer's store, over H. B. Davis & Co's store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

C. H. COFFROTH, Funeral Director. Office 656 Main Cross St. Residence, 340 Patriot St.

FRANK B. FLUCK, Land Surveyor AND MINING ENGINEER. Listie, Pa.

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburg Department, Pittsburg, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils

Naphtha & Gasoline,

that can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known

Product of Petroleum

If you wish the most uniformly

Satisfactory Oils

—IN THE—

American Market.

For sale by Trade for Somerset and vicinity is supplied by COOK & BEERITS and FEASE & KOOSER, Somerset, Pa.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous, and there will be no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and Neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and Salt Rheum will disappear. With pure

Blood

Your nerves will be strong, and your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many diseases. That is why so many thousands take it to cure disease, retain good health and prevent sickness and suffering. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

—THE First National Bank —OF— Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $24,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

LARUE M. HICKS, GEO. R. SCULL, JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL, FRED W. BIESECKER

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

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated COLLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890

CAPITAL, $50,000
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $23,000

Chas. J. Harr in - President
Wm. H. Koontz, - Vice President
Milton J. Pritts, - - Cashier.
Geo. S. Harrison, - Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Sam. B. Harrison, Wm. Endsley, Josiah Specht, Jonas M. Cook, John H. Snyder, John Stuff, Joseph B. Davis, Noah S. Miller, Harrison Snyder, Jerome Stuff, Chas. W. Snyder

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with most improved time lock. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Accounts and deposits solicited.

A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE,

and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

SOMERSET - - Pa

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Next Door West of Lutheran Church,

Somerset, - Pa.

I Am Now prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

J. D. SWANK.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshhold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won;
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

Good Housekeeping.

A MODERN WOOING.

A NEW YEAR'S INCIDENT.

"Bachelors' apartments! Humph! A blot on civilization, a libel of the Creator. A miserable tribe, the whole lot!"

Since the Armitage lifted its brown stone front on Washington square, east, Jonathan Standish had been master of its most spacious suit. Ten years the black and white enamel placard, 'Bachelors' Apartments," had confronted his entrees and his exits to always irritate him.

"Bachelors indeed!" he groaned, brushing the snow crystals from his iron gray mustache. "They ought to be killed, every mother's son of them—wiped off the face of the earth.

"Bad night, Mr. Standish."

"Beastly. Beastly."

"It's coming in like a lion."

The elevator stopped at the third floor. The dean of the Armitage's bon vivants alighted.

"What did you remark, Toby?"

"New Year's is coming in like a lion, sir."

"Ah, yes. New Year's? Why, so it is. You're right, Toby. May it bring luck to you, my lad. God bless you."

Richer by a gold eagle, Toby descended in glee, while Standish crossed the threshold of his luxurious semblance of a home. A fire crackled brightly. Creature comforts were on every side, but the lord of the manor felt stifled. Was it the ominous silence, the pertinent placard in the vestibule or disappointment in not meeting a single boon companion at the club? Where were they? What was up?

It was New Year's eve. They were doubtless in the bosom of their families or the guest of honor in the homes of kindred, while he, Jonathan Standish, boy and man for 50 years in the metropolis, was without home, kith or kindred. More than one of his forefathers slept in Trinity churchyard. The stately house in Stuyvesant square where so many, many happy days of his boyhood had passed was long since relegated to a boarding house. And they were going—oh, so rapidly!—all the old familiar faces.

"Won't do, won't do," he muttered, slipping into his elder gown. Antagonistic to his tastes and temperament was the life he led. He was the victim of a series of circumstances that he fancied he was powerless to have averted, and so his life had drifted. "Too late, too late!" Memory recalled what might have been, egotism what was yet possible. "All the good old fashioned women are gone. There's nothing left but that caricature, the new woman, Bah, with her ologies and her isms, her suffrage meetings and good government clubs! She is not only driving men from stores, offices and counting rooms, but by George, she has robbed him of his coat, vest and four-in-hand, and now she wants his breeches!"

He set about to clean up his secretary. An old address book rolled out. Leisurely he turned the pages. The addresses smacked for the most part of the turf and the counting room.

"Miss Blackmore, 189 Broadway." It was the one woman's name in the little red book. Standish lit his pipe and drew up his chair to the open hearth.

"What a game of whist that woman plays! I wish she were here now. What a rubber we could have if Daniels and the captain would drop in! There's not a man at the club that can match her. There's a woman of horse sense! No New fangled notions about her!" And Standish's thoughts went back to Mrs. Vandyke's parlor at Manhattan. Mrs. Vandyke was a dilapidated society woman who resorted to summer boarders to replenish her coffers. Late in the season Standish chanced at her cottage, and the domesticity of the environment charmed him, and soon Standish was enrolled among the widow's most substantial guests.

The night of his arrival it rained incessantly. The guests were driven from the verandas to the parlor. Before Standish could escape, Mrs. Vandyke proposed a game of whist. He had an old fashioned reverence for womankind, but when it came to playing with them he had his prejudices, but he consented. It did not escape his keen glance that his partner, Miss Blackmore, was not of his world or the type of women he had known and admired in his youth.

Certainly she had little in common with the "set" in which Mrs. Vandyke had singed her wings. But hers was the voice and manner of the well bred woman of experience—experience derived from personal contact with cruel facts rather than from the dilletantism of the boudoir or the drawing room. She was, moreover, such a strong partner that he did what he had not been guilty of for 20 years—frankly pleaded that an acquaintance so pleasantly begun might not end so abruptly. Miss Blackmore smiled, handed him her card and told him she was always at 189 Broadway.

"A clever woman. No nonsense about her. I meant to hunt her up before this," said Standish aloud as he awakened from his reverie.

"One hundred and eighty-nine Broadway? What the deuce can a woman—such a woman—be doing so far down town? One thousand one hundred and eighty-nine, 981 or 891 would bring her nearer a resident neighborhood. There must be a mistake."

But, then, it was 189 in the little red book. Standish knew, or thought he knew, Broadway from Central park to the Battery. Neither hotel, apartment house nor private residence responded to any combination his fertile fancy could make out of Miss Blackmore's address.

The next night—New Year's night—a hansom drove up at the Armitage. With a carnation in his buttonhole, Standish entered, and it rumbled gayly toward 189 Broadway, for he could not persuade himself that he had not omitted a figure from Miss Blackmore's address. No. 1187 was a street car stable.

"Drive to 981."

The red lamp of a Turkish bath for "men exclusively" reflected 981.

"Try 891." A wholesale toyhouse greeted cabby. When the hansom finally halted at 189, Standish alighted and scanned the directory in the hallway of a modern scraper.

"Sixth floor—R. Blackmore, draftsman."

On the fourth floor he met the janitor.

"Does R. Blackmore live in this building?"

"There's a Miss Blackmore who has an office on the sixth floor. Never here at night. Don't you know, man, this is a holiday?"

Standish colored. "But I thought she lived here," he stammered—"had apartments, you know."

The janitor chuckled. "Miss Blackmore lives at the Columbine, Washington square, west."

"Whew!" said Standish.

As the hansom rolled back to Washton square Standish found himself face to face with the new woman in a new light. Was it the true light? He had met Miss Blackmore on purely social grounds, and in a social spirit of more than passing interest had asked to call, and she had smilingly given him her business address.

Ten o'clock found Standish in a large alcove room that played the double role of boudoir and salon. In appointment it was simple, but rich, very rich in that which his sumptuous quarters sadly missed, the indefinable touch of a woman, the intangible aroma of sweetness long drawn out.

The latest magazines were on the table. Casts from the antique and copies of the old masters were on the walls. In the shadow of the open hearth was a couch smothered in multicolored cushions. A cozy tea table, with a singing kettle, gleamed under a swinging lamp.

"Just in time, Mr. Standish. I was about to have a cup of tea. You will share it with me, will you not? And I'm so sorry that two can't play whist."

She extended her hand as if they had parted but yesterday. Very simple and wholesome was Miss Blackmore in the flowing lines of an old rose tea gown. But traces of tears, the first shed in a dozen years, trembled in her dark eyes and did not escape her New Year's caller.

"When I tell you of the wild goose chase you have given me this evening, I trust you will pardon, Miss Blackmore, the tardiness of this intrusion," said Standish, relating with humorous interpolation his reckless ride in pursuit of 189.

His hostess laughed—a merry laugh, with a sob in its ebb.

"How long have you lived in the Columbine?"

"Three years."

"And we have been neighbors all this time? It is ten since I went to the Armitage."

"So, so," said Miss Blackmore. "One of the Christian privileges of living in a cosmopolitan community. No one knows or cares who is his neighbor provided his comfort or his exclusiveness is unmolested."

"And do you approve of this manner of living?" said Standish.

"I have never had time to give it serious thought," confessed Miss Blackmore, filling his cup. "Most of my life is spent at 189 Broadway."

"You would have preferred to have seen me there rather than here among your penates, a precious boon to me, I assure you." His flattering eyes took in the woman and the environment, each the complement of the other.

"Pray do not misunderstand me," said she, with an impulsive warmth he had not suspected possible to so placid an exterior. "It was force of habit alone that prompted me to give you my business address. Since we are neighbors I will be frank. It never occurs to me, it hasn't for years, that anybody of your persuasion, any man, desires to see me on other than business matters. That will seem strange to you, perhaps, and equally strange to women who are not part and parcel of this workaday world. Nevertheless it is true, as hundreds of women toilers have learned, some to their profit, more to their loss. You see, I have never been without responsibilities. I was early forced into the world to earn my own living. I have created and do fill a distinctive place in the business world. Experience has awakened me to the injustices that confront the woman breadwinner."

"And does it satisfy, does it pay?"

Miss Blackmore paled. It was the very question she had asked herself, and in the effort to answer had shed the tears that had not dried when Standish disturbed her reveries.

Why had this stranger come at this inopportune time to learn in ten minutes more of her inner life than did her closest friends? More and more she was beginning to realize that it did not satisfy her. And this night, of all others, when she had been alone, while the whole world seemed to be reviewing friendships, the thought came to her with unusual force.

"Do you believe in women voting? Do you go to their meetings, make speeches?" gasped Standish.

"No," said Miss Blackmore thoughtfully. "I believe in letting woman's work speak for itself. All existing evils will be righted in time, I think, and much speedier if women would learn to talk less and labor more individually to make themselves invaluable in whatever industry they enter."

"And you have succeeded?"

"Yes, I am counted among the successful women, and I am paying the price. I have no time for social amenities. All day down town, night finds me fatigued, happy to seek the seclusion of the Columbine. Occasionally old friends who have survived the chagrin of my seeming incivility in not returning calls, accepting invitations to lunches, dinners and clubs drop in for cards or a chat. Then I try to keep in touch with new books, new pictures, new plays."

"Does it satisfy, does it pay, to live as you and I do, for example?" said Standish. "To pass in and out of the Armitage and the Columbine year in and year out, with nobody to say, 'God be with you going; heaven send you back?' Nobody to care whether you sink, swim, survive or perish, save the janitor or the elevator boy, who might perhaps miss a fee if neither of us ever returned in the flesh? As a student of sociology I have given the subject thought of late. Believe me, the only one it satisfies, the only one it pays, is the landlord. Oh, I tell you, it is all wrong, and it's such men, such women as you and I that are multiplying Columbines and Armitages, libels on the sacred name of home.

"I hope you will pardon me, Miss Blackmore, for bringing business into your 'holy of holies,'" he continued, pacing the length of the cozy den. "I have a scheme in which it's my heart's desire to enlist your sympathy, your aid. Let us help wipe out bachelor apartments and maiden dens by building for ourselves a home."

She lifted her hand forbiddingly, but "love in her eyes sat playing."

"A home," continued Standish, folding her hand in his warm grasp "with a yard in front, a yard in the rear and a yard all around, and neighbors in whose joy we at least will rejoice and with their sorrows weep."

This accounts for the disappearance of R. Blackmore from the directory of 189 Broadway. The young man Mrs. Jonathan Standish trained in her office has succeeded to the business, thus enabling him to give his mother and sister an honorable discharge from the industrial army.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

The Household.

As one of our well known writers has said, "Some lines of work are so crowded that there is little demand for the product of this work," and for this reason anything out of the ordinary rut is very acceptable to the mass of self-supporting females, and to this end we suggest that the making of Saratoga chips, although at first thought it seems to be an absurd idea, may, if managed rightly, form a nucleus of a really lucrative business. To make a success of any money-making enterprise, one must be careful in the minutia, and so it is even with this homely enterprise. Saratoga chips for lunches, picnics, etc., are always in demand, and to one who learns the art of making them well, there is a fine opportunity to make a good income. Commence on a small scale, and you may increse your facilities as your business increases.

First notify your friends and neighbors that you intend making Saratoga chips to sell, and perhaps allow them to sample some of you make, persuade them to give you a small order, say a pound or two then procure a small order from each grocer in your vicinity.

Having arranged this business satisfactorily, proceed to make the chips to fill your orders.

First buy your potatoes, a few bushels at firsi, directly from a farmer if possible. You will find that it is more economical, as well as much more satisfactory, to purchase the leaf, and try out your own lard. You can get it at any meat market for six cents a pound, whereas you will be obliged to pay eight cents for lard, which is not nearly so sweet. If tried out properly there is very little loss in weight. To try out the leaf, cut it in small pieces, put it in a porcelain kettle, pour over it a small quantity of water, just enough to keep it from burning; let it boil slowly, but steadily, until the lard is all extracted from the bits of meat, then strain it through a very fine strainer or a piece of cheese cloth, squeezing the cracklings perfectly dry. Set it away in jars to cool.

Now prepare your potatoes. Pare and slice very thin; you can do this with the slaw cutter; they must be like shavings; lay them in strong salt water about ten minutes to harden them, then squeeze all the water from them and lay them on a cloth to drain. Place a large shallow kettle on the range (a doughnut kettle is nice), fill it half full of lard, let it boil slowly until it is smoking hot; drop in a quantity of your potato shavings, let them cook until a delicate brown; then remove them with a skimmer; lay them on a cloth until perfectly dry; they may then be placed in boxes, pans, etc.

Care should be taken not to brown them to much, as they will not present so attractive an appearance, yet equal care must be taken that they are sufficiently brown, and for this reason you must be certain that your lard is just the right temperature. It is a good plan to drop one slice in to test it.

A young lady of Indianapolis only 18 years old, commenced making Saratoga chips, which excelled all others. For a few months her business was confined solely to supplying private families and the Woman's Exchange. She sent samples of her products to wholesale dealers. Those firms are now regular customers, and she furnishes them with 600 pounds per week. She buys potatoes by the hundreds of bushels and furthermore she directs the business herself.—The Housekeeper.

All machinery, wagons, etc., that are not under shelter will be exposed to snows and rains, and consequently rendered almost worthless for use in the spring. If it is cheaper to buy new tools every year then there is an excuse for neglecting the tools, but it is generally the case that the farmer who does not take care of his implements has but little interest in his farm.

A PRAIRIE NEW YEAR.

How the Cowboys Celebrate on the Western Plains.

A few days before the New Year's preparations are begun for the big dance which inaugurates the season's festivities on the western plains. The ranch where the ball or "fandango" is to be held is literally given over to the boys for the occasion, and they never fail to make the most of it. Invitations are sent over the neighborhood within a radius of 20 miles, and nearly every one is accepted, for a ride of 20 miles to one accustomed to spending 10 or 12 hours a day in the saddle is a mere nothing.

Besides, this is the one opportunity of the year to spend money lavishly for the sake of a good time. An extra cook or two are hired, and supplies enough laid in to feed a small army. It is the privilege of every cowboy on the place to make out a list of eatables that he feels his constitution demands. And several days beforehand the great wagon is hitched up and a trip taken to the nearest town to get provisions.

A more heterogeneous mixture of edibles can scarcely be imagined—raisins, nuts, candies, canned meats and fruits, pickles, crackers—anything kept and recommended by the obliging and neighborly grocery man.

In addition to the store bought delicacies for the feast, the ranch cook distinguishes himself in the way of barbecued shote, game, "possum and taters," pies and cakes and the like. For a week or two before the feast all hands lend their aid to the capturing of game and the finding and saving of eggs.

As for the fandango, the preparation are few and simple. Beds and other space consuming pieces of furniture are removed from the rooms intended for the dance. The bare floors are sand scoured and flecked with fine shavings of sperm candles, which soon, under the many gliding feet of the dancers, form a thin, sleek coating, delightful and seductive to the feet. On two sides of the room, close up against the wall, a row of chairs is set for the accommodation of those not dancing.

By six o'clock in the evening the guests begin to arrive, the boys having gone after the girls, on horseback generally, some of the "tony" couples coming in buggies, the high seated "piano boxed" vehicles of the west, with their double teams and general air of smartness.

The girls have their party dresses tucked up under their black calico riding skirts, some of them bringing waists, gloves and white kid slippers, done up in a bundle, to be put on after they arrive. And a merry hearted, merry faced set they are—cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling from the exhilaration of the ride in the wind and the expectation of the unwonted frolic.

The music is furnished by negro fiddlers, whose repertory of old fashioned "breakdowns" is never improved upon nor never falls short of its early charm and infection upon its hearers.

Perhaps you never saw a cowboys' fandango. Their style of dancing is peculiar to themselves. Like their horses' build and gait, it is made for hard and long service. It is a solemn, rythmic sort of posing, the heels rarely leaving the floor, as much dancing being done with the arms as with the feet. It is a motion which seems unconsciously to partake of the monotony of the prairies, suppresse , intense and inexhaustible.

There is almost no distinction of classes or social grades in the west. Years ago, in the formative time of cattle ranching, the cowboy was a sui generis. His father and grandfather were cowboys, "day wranglers," "nighthawks" and "cow punchers." His language was "bloody," and his figure and mind uncouth. To-day he may be a graduate of an eastern college, a theological student or the youngest son of an English lord.

The western woman or "gal" is more typical. She may be the "boss'" daughter, educated "on east;" the "renter's" daughter, with only a smattering education from the free school, or the "hired girl," plucky, independent and "good as her betters."

In the same "set" there may be one man with a "store" suit on; another in his regular suit, consisting of blue flannel overshirt and leather belt, buckskin leggings or cottonade overalls.

The boys laugh loud, clap each other, hang their "guns" on the wall while they are dancing, steal behind the house for their drink between the sets, but they treat the girls like queens. No matter how rough their clothes, they generally have white hands and small, well clad feet. They will wear boots, but they will have them made with high heels, of fine leather, pointed toes and often red tops.

They revel in dancing. They are graceful, natural, muscular and active. Dancing to them is horseback riding in good company, under shelter and to the tune of the fiddle. It gives free play to their untiring, restless bodies and at the same time satisfies and delights their love of women's society and good fellowship.

These holiday dances last all night, their only breakfast being at 10 o'clock, when egnog is served, and at 12, when the big supper is eaten. Then, with renewed vigor and spirits, they return to the floor. The fires burn low in the great chimneys, the kerosene lamps flicker and smoke, the fiddlers doze and play on mechanically, the girls languish, and even the cowboy himself feels the force and strain of protracted, time measured motion. But the dance goes on.

Not until the dull red glow of sunrise creeps over the dun prairies does the music stop.

Then after a breakfast of "cold bits" and strong, hot black coffee the girls go to rooms prepared for them at the ranch, or mounted on fleet footed broncbos go galloping over the prairies, the fresh, wild wind in their faces and the thrilling memory of sweet words or sweeter promises in their wholesome, simple hearts.—New York Herald.

In cases of burns, sprains, scalds, or any of the other accidental pains likely to come to the human body, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil gives almost instant relief.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption.

This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of Coughs and Colds and for Consumption. Every bottle is guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It has no equal for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Cold in the Head and for Consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and, above all, a sure cure. It is always well to take Dr. King's New Life Pills in connection with Dr. King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return money. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

One of Many.—"Keeping up your bicycle riding this cold weather?" "Nup. Just keeping up the payments; that is all."—Indianapolis Journal.

A woman never makes so many excuses to company for the looks of the house as she does just after she has spent two whole days getting it ready. —New York Press.

A Perkey Little King.

King Alexander, of Servia, who has been calling upon the Pope and paying his respects to Francis Joseph of Austria, is described by the Rocket as "a perky little chap." In height he is about five feet four inches, and is slimly built. He is blessed with a distinctly Hebraical head of dark curly hair, and an olive colored complexion. The juvenile monarch is just now in search of a bride. Alexander will possibly come to London in May or June next year.

Ereshleigh, 1900, met an old colored man the other day crossing the campus and the following conversation ensued: Freshleigh—"Hello, Sam! The trees are getting nearly as black as you are, hey?" Big Sam—"Yessah; an' next spring, sah, dey'll be nearly as green as you, sah."—Princeton Tiger.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

The Wealthy Americans and Mr. Whistler.

A "Man o' Kent" in the British Weekly says: "A friend of mine visited Mr. McNeill Whistler some weeks ago. The famous artist's room was tolerably well filled with pictures. When his visitor returned a week or two later the room was empty. The explanation was that in the interim a wealthy American had visited Mr. Whistler and insisted on buying all the work he had on hand.'

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

An ingenious French statistican has calculated that in reading a million letters of the ordinary newspaper type the human eye travels a mile, and that the average lifetime goes through 2500 miles of reading matter.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morris of Worthington, Ind., "Sun" writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and sick headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Prices 50 cents and $1.00.

Get a bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Johnny's Soliloquy.—"I'll be mean if I don't git somethin' stunnin' after bein' amiable for three whole weeks." —Boston Transcript.

Urged to Try Hood's.

PINE HILL, PA., Nov. 30, 1895. "My mother was under the doctor's care for several years and at times was confined to her bed. She was urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking four bottles she was in better health than she had been for some time. She had a good appetite and was able to sleep well." Elmira Fritz.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A girl always gauges the price of the Christmas presents she gives her bosom friend by the value of the presents the other girl gave her last year.—New York Press.

When most needed it not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenk, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., Banner, when his little girl, two years of age, was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

What the Day has Been and is Now.

New Year's Day, though not Jan. 1 always, has been celebrated religiously or socially from time immemorial. The ancient Romans consecrated it to Janus, who, it was thought, controlled all beginnings and made sacrifices to him. They exchanged gracious greetings and wishes and gave presents to friends and kindred. The church condemned its social observations and turned it into a religious festival. The Hebrews, the Chinese and other peoples, pagans and nonpagans, regard it superstitiously, attaching the utmost importance to its celebration.

We Americans in the last quarter of the nineteenth century are supposed to be wholly free from superstition. But are we? Not a few of us still imagine that there is something auspicious in New Year's day; that as we begin the year we may so close it. We are solicitous, before, to resolve to relinquish bad habits then, under the impression that we shall relinquish them altogether. In other words, we determine on that day to turn over a new leaf, as we have probably determined for many previous years, and there our determination and reformation end. This is exactly the way the old Romans acted more than 20 centuries since, which proves that we have not advanced much in reasonableness, despite our assumptions to the contrary. It is a problem whether men who continue in mature life to yield to their weaknesses or fail to rectify their faults are capable of correcting themselves. Whether capable or incapable, they rarely do so. Their good resolutions seldom bear fruit. They terminate, for the most part, in words, in promises to themselves, in mockeries of performance. What a man is at 40 he is apt to remain. No amount of New Year's resolves will help him who is not full of virtuous endeavor. Jan. 1 dawns brightly to the mind, but the succeeding days conclude dismally as to achievement. Nevertheless its recurrence must ever be pleasant. If it does not bring accomplishment, it at least brings hope, and hope nerves us to bear our burdens, to discharge our duties. Then welcome New Year's. We dearly love to think that the cares and troubles of the old year, which so largely spring from our temperament, will not invade the new one.

Originally New Year's was intended not for a universal, miscellaneous calling day, without motive or propriety, into which it ultimately degenerated. It was intended for a day when men who had been prevented during the year by business or any condition of circumstances from keeping up their friendship or acquaintance with women they liked or esteemed should make social atonement for apparent neglect and renew their pleasant relations. The idea was excellent and commendable, as was the custom, and before this city grew to be such a Babylon the calls were agreeable, often delightful, to makers and receivers. But the city became too big, and the community that assumed to represent society in some manner, more or less remote, became too heterogeneous. The custom was grossly abused. Many men and women thought only of the number of calls, ignoring quality for quantity, and sometimes the scenes indoors and outdoors waxed disreputable from overindulgence.

The better sort of people, repelled by the license prevalent, refused to "receive" any longer. The smart set who had long believed calling too "common"—they declared, with their pretense of superiority, that it had grown vulgar—set themselves and their influence firmly against it. They refused to see visitors on that day and soon after shut up their houses and fled to the country, thus setting the seal of fashion on their last decision, which speedily met with social approval. The fact was that respectable folk had got tired of the extreme to which calling had been carried, and the coarse, objectionable class could not sustain it alone. So the whole thing fell to pieces here, and there is no probability of its reconstruction in the immediate future.

The custom extended long ago to other cities and is still followed. But as the metropolis makes the mode its duration is doubtful. New Year's is yet a holiday—holidays are always wholesome—and business of all kinds is suspended. Sons, husbands, fathers, now stay at home, instead of racing about town, tiring and boring themselves to little purpose, and they are gainers, along with their families, by the change. New Year's in its old guise has passed away. But New Year's with its quiet, domestic accompaniments has come to remain. The world moves. And New Year's is still New Year's, with its sense of freshness, repose and recovered hope.

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

New York.

Give it a Trial.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

A new and apparently inexhaustible vein of fine blue granite has recently been found near Fredericksburg, Va.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it can not be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Benford's Pharmacy.

Sky Scraping Trees.

What are said to be the tallest trees in the world are to be found in the forests of Victoria, Australia. They belong to the eucalyptus family, and range from 350 to 500 feet in height. One of them that had fallen was found by measurement with a tape to be 435 feet from the roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall, and at that point the tree was three feet in diameter. The tree grows with astonishing rapidity. A tree of this species planted in Florida grew 40 feet in four years with a bole of a foot in diameter. Trees of the same species in Guatemala grew 120 in 12 years. The same one was nine feet thick.

Piles from 100 to 150 feet long are being used by the Tacoma Land Company, of Tacoma, Washington, in placing the portions of a sea wall with a pile and stringer wharf. The water is 30 feet deep, and the outer row of piles ranges from 100 to 105 feet in length, 10 inches in diameter at the tip and 27 inches at the butt. These piles are of the "Douglass Pine."

That Catarrh is a Local Affection

of the nasal passages, is a fact established by physicians, and this authority should carry more weight than assertions of incompetent parties, that catarrh is a blood affection. Ely's Cream Balm is a local remedy, composed of harmless medicants and free of mercury or any injurious drug. It will cure catarrh. Applied directly to the inflamed membrane, it restores it to its healthy condition.

Deposits of marl which are said to be as valu