The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 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.

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VOL. XLV. NO. 37. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24. 1897. WHOLE NO. 2378.

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THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

M. V. THOMAS.

On the stage the acts are changing,
Scenes are shifting to and fro;
And the drama—never ending—
Makes strange faces come and go.

And the parts by each presented,
Whether happiness or woe—
Ne'er the same—are always changing
As the faces come and go.

Joy to-day and grief to-morrow
What will follow, none may know;
Ever changing, joy and sorrow
As the faces come and go.

Smiling masks—the actors wear them;
Though their hearts be burdened so
That their passions almost rend them
While calm faces come and go.

One by one, familiar figures
Pass with halting step and slow,
Dropping out of life's great drama
As new faces come and go.

MRS. LATON'S TEA.

Ensconced in the depths of her big arm chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face, that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good looking young fellow of twenty-eight, who, for his part, was considering the timepiece on the mantel, whose hands were already past three o'clock.

"Well, Andrew, do you find my clock very interesting?"

In some confusion, the young man stammered an excuse, but she went on:

"Now don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently."

"Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sun dial in your drawing room?"

"Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that is behind time. But come, instead of criticising my drawing room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here?"

"In the first place, I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I have wearied you with my presence until you can not stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."

"Mrs. Laton's—Pauline Laton?"

"The same."

"Ah, yes, I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"

"She is a blonde, aunt."

"Indeed? She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"

"We are all sighing at her feet."

"She must enjoy it."

"Well, I rather think she does."

"Is it fun?"

"Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor girls."

"And what do you do besides look at these women?"

"We take tea, which we moderate with rum and a bit of lemon, we gossip, and we flirt."

"Oh, oh!"

"But my dear aunt, one must do something between five o'clock and dinner."

"Evidently; and flirting is what you have found to do."

"It is a way to kill time."

"I scarcely know just what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."

"Oh, impossible. A definition for the word has long been sought, but it has not yet been found. But give a young woman tete-a-tete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you it won't be long before you will have a practical demonstration. Flirtation is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."

"And is love a science, too?"

"No, it is rather an art."

"And marriage—what is it?"

"Oh, that is philsosophy."

"Indeed?—at what age does one attain this philosophy?"

"As late as possible."

"It seems to me that at twenty-eight—"

"Aunt, aunt," cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concocting some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator."

Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in her victim's face. Then she answered, after a pause:

"Yes, you are right. I wish to get you married."

"In heaven's name, what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with seriousness; and as the old lady still smiled, he continued:

"See here, aunt, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, descending to the role of match maker! It is a terrible shattering of my ideal!"

"Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming, I assure you."

"Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her, I can see her now; she may not be exactly pretty, but, as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her class in school, and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt, even if I don't look it, and if I marry, I shall marry a woman who suits me, simply for the sole and unique reason that she does suit me. But I know girls—they are all alike, and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me, or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."

"And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's," murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, while a disturbing expression came into her clear-seeing old eyes.

Under this ironical and even inquisitorial look Andrew lost countenance a little; he could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard.

"A caller, eh? Is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your tea at five o'clock?"

"You are impertinent, nephew. At my age a woman does not give five o'clock flirtations. It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the 'charming girl' I spoke of."

"I shall flee, then."

"Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never! Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make," and the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor. Through the crack Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.

"How do you do Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little book on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"

She continued to keep her back towards Andrew, and he now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that Miss Rosamond must be frightfully ugly.

"Sit down here beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room; and the young man, his eyes to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.

"Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"

"No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You'll not betray me, will you?" And she laughed a merry laugh that set Andrew's heart vibrating.

"Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations, with no one to talk to but the insipid women and stupid men of her set?"

"You are severe, my child."

"Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton, I do not think one can be too much so."

Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and as she rearranged the drapery, whispered to her nephew:

"It's nearly five—you'll be late to your tea."

But her warning was unheeded. Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.

"Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," the old lady hastened to reply, and to turn the conversation, she went on:

"But you are wrong to declare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible."

"Sensible? Well, I do not know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair and smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous hats and gowns."

Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He would have liked to strangle this girl, whose superb health and beauty irritated him.

"And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again throwing herself into the breach.

"I shall never marry."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over the face that Andrew admired in spite of himself. "Because I am a little fool that can not do as the rest do. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single out from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all, to be proud of him."

As the girl spoke, she had become animated with a gentle exaltation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"

"Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and when the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another."

Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pretending she had an order to give, excused herself, and hastened to her nephew.

"Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl,' I would back her against the world."

"Hurry, Andrew; it is late, and you will miss your tea."

"My tea! he repeated, "Bother the tea! Is there nothing else in the world but my tea? No, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young lady whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little money, and a heart still intact."

Mrs. Harmon could not restrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing room.

But, contrary to all expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gayety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconceptions fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm forgetting his anger in his admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrating timbre of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.

The hour for the tea had long passed, and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll, whom Rosamond—as he was forced to admit to himself—had portrayed so truthfully.

And ensconced once more in the depths of her arm chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently regarded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with looks that do not deceive, and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.

Nicknames of Railroads.

The nomenclature of the railways, says a writer in the New York Times, is often as unique and interesting as are the trade marks. Whenever it is possible to abbreviate the full title of a railroad the great public eagerly avails itself of the shortest phrases. Nobody now thinks of calling the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad anything but the Nickel Plate, and few persons who speak of the "Big Four" system know that the name of that system is Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis.

The name of Nickel Plate as applied to a railroad originated in this way. Calvin S. Brice and associates built a road paralleling the Lake Shore, and practically put it up in the market for sale. As Jay Gould seemed to be nibbling at it, William H. Vanderbilt concluded that he would better buy it for the protection of his Lake Shore interests. He asked the price, and Mr. Brice and associates put their figures so high that Mr. Vanderbilt petulantly remarked: "That road must be nickel-plated!" And the line has been known as the Nickel Plate ever since. Before the absorption of the Buffalo & Southwestern that line was commonly known as the "Arandy and Soda." The St. Louis Southwestern is known as the "Cotton Belt," the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago as the "Monon," the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo as the "Buckeye Route," and the Pennsylvania lines as the "Pennsy."

Art of Butter Making.

At an Iowa dairy convention was a prize package of butter which was highly praised by the judges and visitors. It was made by heating the milk to 80 degrees, and removing the cream with a separator. A whole milk starter was used, and the cream allowed to ripen slowly, with frequent stirring, for 36 hours, when it was placed in the churn at a temperature of 56 degrees, using an ounce of butter color to 1000 pounds of milk. The butter was gathered when about the size of wheat kernels, the buttermilk being drawn off and the butter washed and placed on the butter worker. It was worked until the salt was well dissolved, using one ounce of salt to a pound of butter, allowed to stand a short while, then again worked and packed in a clean spruce tub. The butter should be worked until the brine is clear and the butter breaks in flakes like iron. The most essential part is good milk. Becareful to heat to 88 degrees, so as to have about 28 per cent. of cream, and ripen at 70 degrees, stirring frequently, watching closely, so that as soon as acid developes it will be cooled down to 50 degrees. There is much in the attention to details, as the best butter can only be made by skill and work at the right time.

He Submitted.

"I'm going down to the gas office to have a row," a gentleman remarked to a friend the other morning.

"Yes; overcharged you?"

"I should remark! My house was shut up all last month, and yet here's a bill one fourth larger than for the month before. Why don't they knock a man down and rob him? I'll see 'em in Texas before I pay a penny of it."

Six hours later the two men happened to meet again, and the man who was overcharged was asked:

"Well, did you raise a row down at the gas office?"

"Well, no; I started out to put—"

"They bluffed you down?"

"No, not exactly a bluff."

"You told 'em your house was closed all the month?"

"Yes."

"But they insisted that the gas had been burned?"

"They did."

"And you?"

"Oh! I paid the bill. I happened to remember that when I got home I found that four burners had been left lighted and booming away for thirty days and nights, and so I decided to submit to the robberry!"

Trouble With His Notes.

It was an hour or so after midnight. There was a furious ringing at the door bell.

A few minutes elapsed, and then a head was thrust out of a second-story window.

"What do you want?"

"This is where Mr. Speecher lives, isn't it?"

"Yes. I am Mr. Speecher."

"You delivered an address before the Advancement of Mankind Club this evening on 'The Dead of '96?'"

"I did."

"You spoke of a noted man named Alcibiades McGibbeny?"

"Yes."

"Was he a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?"

"He was a Protestant. What—"

"That's all I want to know. I'm the shorthand reporter who took down the speech, and I couldn't tell from my notes whether you said that at the age of twenty-seven he entered the ministry or a monastery. Ever so much obliged to you. Good night!"—Chicago Tribune.

How She Did it.

Trivvet—Miss Flop claims to have a made a thousand refusals of marriage.

Dicer—That's easily explained. When young Callow asked her to marry him, she replied, "No; a thousand times no."

WINCHESTER.

Something About General Sheridan's Famous Black Warhorse.

In January, 1876, General Sheridan sent the following letter to a friend:

"In regard to the black horse, I am glad to state that he is still living and is now in my stable. He has been a pensioner for the past eight years, never being used save in the way of necessary exercise. He is of Black Hawk stock, was foaled at or near Grand Rapids, and was brought into the army by one of the officers of the Second Michigan cavalry, of which regiment I was the colonel in 1862. Early in spring of that year, while the regiment was stationed at Rienzi, Miss., this horse was presented to me by the officers of the regiment, and at that time was rising 3 years old. Consequently he must be nearly 19 years old now. He is over 17 hands in height, powerfully built, with a deep chest, strong shoulders, has a broad forehead, a clear eye and is an animal of great intelligence. In his prime he was one of the strongest horses I have ever known, very active and the fastest walker in the army, so far as my experience goes.

"I rode him constantly from 1862 to the close of the war in all the actions and in all the raids as well as campaigns in which I took part. He was never ill, and his staying powers were superb. At present he is a little rheumatic, fat and lazy, but he has fairly earned his rest, and so long as I live he will be taken care of."

In October, 1878, the famous horse died, and Sheridan then made a slight addition to Winchester's biography, saying. "He always held his head high and by the quickness of his movements gave many persons the impression that he was exceedingly impetuous. This was not the case, for I could at any time control him by a firm hand and a few words, and he was as cool and quiet under fire as one of my old soldiers. I doubt if his superior as a horse for field service was ever ridden by any one."

Herman Melville, Buchanan Read and many other writers have made this horse the subject of poems, and several sculptors and painters have delineated him in marble and on canvass. On every returning Memorial day many aged survivors of Sheridan's Shenandoah troopers who remember the services of this

Steed as black as the steeds of night
cross over to Governor's island museum and place floral memorials on the glass case that contains all the remains of Winchester.—Our Animal Friends.

Football With Lincoln's Hat.

The favorite hat worn by Abraham Lincoln was a tall "stovepipe." It has been described as a foot high, with a brim almost as wide as a Southern sombrero. Many anecdotes are connected with that famous tall hat. In it Mr. Lincoln carried many of his valuable papers, the briefs of his law cases and other documents.

On the night of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency several ladies who had gathered at the old homestead at Springfield testified their glee by using the hat as a football.

A few of us went over to assist Mrs. Lincoln about the supper which was to be given some gentlemen who had come in to hear the returns. It was after midnight before enough had been learned to warrant the belief that our candidate was elected. We went wild with joy and congratulated Mr. Lincoln most heartily.

Some one saw the famous "stovepipe" in the hall, and, seizing it, threw it up to the ceiling. Another caught it, and then it went the rounds till it fell to the floor, when one gave it a kick, and then another and another gave the hat a send-off until it was so battered that it had lost all resemblance to its original shape. Mr. Lincoln looked on and smiled good-naturedly at the childish performance.

Lincoln's Horse Trade.

Abraham Lincoln was fond of a good story, and it is a well known fact that he often illustrated an important point in the business at hand by resorting to his favorite pastime. Probably one of the best he ever told he related of himself when he was a lawyer in Illinois.

One day Lincoln and a certain judge, who was an intimate friend of his, were bantering each other about horses, a favorite topic of theirs. Finally Lincoln said:

"Well, look here judge, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the court yard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement, he does so under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars."

"Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in quest of their respective animals.

A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first, the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of the halter the meanest, boniest, rib starving quadruped—blind in both eyes—that ever pressed turf. But presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth of the crowd was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and silently surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of infinite disgust.

"Well, judge," he finally said, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."—Harper's Round Table.

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, Belin, Pa.

Foods That are Wasted.

Because corn fodder can be easily grown and gives an abundance under favorable conditions it is not regarded as valuable as experiments show. A few years ago some experiments were made at Amherst College which brought out surprising facts, and as the work extended over a term of five years the results are conclusive and have been accepted. The high nutritive value of fodder corn, corn stover and good corn ensilage, as compared with that of English hay, counting in all instances, pound for pound of dry vegetable matter, was fully demonstrated. The general condition of the animal on trial, as well as the quality and quantity of the milk obtained, also showed that the corn fodder, etc., possessed a high nutritive value. To produce one quart of milk, using the same quantity and quality of grain feed, required in every instance a larger quantity of perfectly dried hay than of either fodder corn, corn stover or corn ensilage in a corresponding state of dryness, the corn stover leading, and the net cost of feed in the case of the same ration of grain feed was from one-third to one-half less per quart of milk when the fodders were used in the place of the hay in the diet of milch cows. The hay used was English upland.

The fact that in actual tests made the fodder corn, corn stover and ensilage proved fully equal or superior to good English hay for producing milk is not the only point in favor of the fodder crops. The hay was worth $15 per ton at the time the experiments were made, while fodder sold at only $5 per ton. Here is where the saving of food can be considered. It is cheaper to grow a large crop of fodder than of hay, as the grain is also a valuable portion, and as hay is more valuable on the market than fodder the farmer should utilize the cheaper foods and sell the dearer, especially when experiments show that the cheaper foods will give him equally as good results. It must not be overlooked, however, that in the use of the coarse foods (both hay and fodders) grain and other concentrated feeding stuffs were allowed, but that fact does not destroy the results sought to be obtained, as in every method of comparison not only the yield but the cost of production was largely in favor of the fodder. In feeding the rough foods the preparation must be considered, as no waste was permitted in any case where it could be avoided.

When the farmer leaves his shocks of corn fodder in the field to become frozen, beaten by winds, soaked by rains and covered with snow he does what he would not do with a crop of hay. It may be a time-honored custom that is well observed to thus permit the waste of a valuable product of the farm, but the effects are noticeable in the profits. If the hay is worth storing where it can be kept in the best possible condition, so is the fodder, and if the farmer finds that his cattle will not readily accept fodder taken from the fields he must make some allowance for its condition. Fodder that is cut down before the leaves turn, and which has been well preserved, is of much better quality than that which is cut in an advanced stage and exposed in the fields during the winter. It has been claimed that enough fodder is wasted in the United States every year by being left standing in the fields to give a large profit on farming and that one of the chief causes of depression among farmers is the waste of so much valuable feeding material. Now that the fodder shredder and improved ensilage and feed cutters can lessen the work of the preparation of the feed the waste should no longer occur.

Shoe Dont's.

Don't fail to rub patent leather shoes, particularly new ones, with the palm of the hand until quite warm before putting on, and it will prevent splitting and cracking.

Don't wear overgaiters unless to protect the upper part of your shoes from the swish of your wet skirts in stormy weather. This fashion is out of date, looks mannish and makes the feet look much larger.

Don't have fancy pointed tips on your shoes these days—they are quite passe; the proper kind is a plain straight-across one, with just a single row of perforations to mark the edge.

Don't polish calfskin shoes with liquid dressing; it will crack them. The paste that men use is the thing, and don't put too much of this on or it will not polish so readily, besides hurting your shoe.

Don't neglect to turn the uppers of shoes down and put them by an open window for an hour or two to air after wearing. It is more hygienic, economical and fastidious.

Don't wear a shoe run down at the heel. It is one of the things that detracts most from the nicety of a woman's dress and it will very soon spoil the shape of the shoe.

Don't wear a low-priced shoe; they are not cheap. Economize on something else, if necessary. Good leather can not be bought for a song, and shoes made to sell at a bargain are seldom good shaped, therefore not as comfortable, and certainly do not wear as long.

Don't fail to take good care of good shoes. Don't put them away soiled and dusty. When packing for a journey stuff them out with tissue paper, so they will retain their shape and wrap each shoe in tissue paper, so it will not get rubbed or scratched.

Extensive Clothes-Line Post.

The object of a new invention which will be appreciated by housewives is to provide an adjustable metallic post for clothes-lines, which may easily be set up or taken down, raised or lowered to any desired height, and securely supported. It consists of a pointed tube provided with brace-bars pivoted to adjustable collars, which play in a slot outside the tube. Within the tube is a solid, adjustable section, which may be raise or lowered at will, and which has at the top a contrivance for holding the line. It is simple, and evidently efficient.

The Red Cross in Cuba.

Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross society, has been given permission to extend to Cuba the good offices of her association. The permission has been officially given by Spain, and the public will watch anxiously the results. There can be no question concerning the purposes of the Red Cross. It is non-partisan in the strictest sense, and has carried consolation and aid to the wounded and dying on many a battlefield in all quarters of the globe. It has made no distinction whatever between the combatants, but has succored the sick and wounded of both armies alike. Even the Turk, the most ferocious of mankind, who has refused to yield to the pleadings or pressure of the combined European powers, succumbed to the humanity of the Red Cross, and allowed it to give help to his most implacable enemies.

There is this to say for the Turk, however. So far as the public has been apprised, he has never burned a hospital or butchered the helpless patients and their attendant physicians. It has remained for the Spaniards alone, of all civilized races, to perpetrate this barbarity. They have done it not once nor twice, but are in the habit of doing it whenever they come across a Cuban hospital and there are no Cuban soldiers in sight. They butcher the sick and wounded patients, and then publish an account of a bogus battle, in which so many Cubans were slain, the number being precisely the number of patients in the hospital. This has been repeatedly shown up by testimony which has been fully corroborated by the official reports in the hands of the Spaniards at Havana. It is for this reason that the permission given to the Red Cross to perform its functions in Cuba is regarded with skepticism. It is feared that it was not done in good faith.

It would have been very awkward for Spain to reject the offer of an association which has received the unqualified endorsement of every nation in the world. It was awkward for the Turk to do so, but when he accepted he stuck to his bargain. Will Spain stick to hers? It is almost a contradiction to imagine that a nation which burns hospitals and butchers the inmates can welcome the efforts of the most purely philanthropic society on earth to alleviate the horrors of war. If Spain is really in earnest and intends to permit the Red Cross to succor the sick and wounded of the Cuban army as well as those of the Spanish army, it will be the dawn of a new and a more humane policy in the island. Such a reversal of the horrible barbarities which have hitherto characterized the conduct of the war would increase the respect of the American people for the Spaniards, even though it failed to enlist their sympathies. While we are disposed to prejudice, we are skeptical as to the result, and will wait for developments.—Baltimore American.

The Family Doctor Says

That it is important at this season for all who have any tendency to neuralgia, rheumatism or sciatica, to wear wool next to the skin.

That catarrh is often caused by going suddenly into a very warm room from the cold outer air, instead of becoming warm gradually.

That a hearty laugh is the best possible relief from the tension of an overworked brain.

That a perpetual round of duties has a depressing effect upon the senses and the mind, and the best relief from this weariness is undoubtedly change of scene and air.

That before administering emetics the condition of the patient ought to be carefully considered. Emetics are improper in rupture or in any case where strong physical effort might cause physical injury. They should not be resorted to where there is inflammation of the stomach.

That in fevers all drinks that are at all heating or exciting should be avoided. Leemonade, tamarindade, orangeade (strained so as to exclude the solid substance) and teas made from some simple aromatic herbs, may be given to the patient if called for; but pure fresh water is the most natural and the safest and best drink to quench thirst in fevers, and the patient should be given all that he may reasonably require.

Notes of All Sorts.

The use of compressed air in operating the pneumatic broom recently introduced at the railway yards of the Santa Fe line in Chicago for sweeping cars has proved a great success in its application to carpets and upholstery.

Cholera vibrios have been found by Wernicke to survive in the mud of a model aquarium for three months, although the vessel was exposed to direct sunlight. He concludes that cholera germs in the beds of rivers may preserve their vitality for a considerably longer period.

Russia is essentially an agricultural country, the character of the soil and topographical formation of its land contributing to make the country, with rare exceptions, a very successful farming country. It grows every known cereal successfully and more cheaply, even with crude appliances, than any other country.

Two-thirds of the railways of Russia are owned and managed by the Government, and the remainder are under its direct supervision and control. Freight rates on all railways, whether owned by the Government or not, are regulated by the Government, and these rates are extremely fair, no rate cutting being allowed.

The soothing, healing effect of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is felt almost instantly. There is no other cough medicine that combines so many virtues.

Clergyman (showing a lady visitor around the church)—Now, madam, you have seen the organ, the font and the nave. I should next like to conduct you to the altar.

Lady Visitor—Oh, this is so sudden.

Give the Republicans a Chance.

The Atlanta Constitution has been sounding southern democratic opinion upon the attitude that the democrats in congress should take towards the republican party. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, who led the fight for Bryan, says that the people accepted the republican plan, and that the democrats do not propose to throw any unnecessary obstacle in the way of permitting them to put their plans into execution. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, says that the republicans will be given every chance to enact the policy of their administration into law. He adds:

"Of course we surrender none of our convictions, but there is something more than mere party fealty expected of the democrats, and that is, a duty to the people and to the business interests of the country, that they throw no captious opposition in the way of the republican administration enacting such measures as they promise will bring about prosperity."

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, says that the entire responsibility will be thrown upon the republicans. Senator Bailey, of Texas, likewise declares that no unnecessary obstacles will be placed in the republican path. He says that if the McKinley administration brings about genuine prosperity the democrats may just as well make no nomination. If there is a failure then the republicans might as well go out of business. There are other interviews from Tennessee, Virginia, and other southern states of similar import.

It is apparent from these that the democrats as a party in congress, while they will make their speeches and cast their votes against the tariff bill, will not filibuster in order to delay its enactment. This is both wise and patriotic. The people have voted in behalf of the tariff bill and they are entitled to have that bill at the earliest possible moment. The republican claim is that increased duties will secure prosperity. The democrats dispute this. The way to test it is to put the bill into practice. All that the republicans ask is that they shall be given the opportunity.

It would be possible, if the silver men of the senate should combine with the democrats and the populists, to defeat the measure, but as several of these silver senators are republicans it would be unjust to presume that they would vote against protection when nothing could be gained for silver by so doing. If there shall be no captious opposition the extra session ought to do its work in ample time for the country to go upon the new tariff basis by the first of July.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Three Interesting Characters.

Three men of considerable prominence in American affairs died during the last week. One, John Randolph Tucker, played an important part in federal and confederate politics; another, General Darius Nash Couch, was intrusted with important commands and duties during the war; and the third, General Joseph Orville Shelby, cut a dashing, brilliant and romantic figure in the trans-Mississippi annals of the rebellion.

General Shelby, born a Kentuckian, but a Missourian