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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Nervous

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FOR MAHOMET.

It was the good Lord Salisbury
Stood at the castle gate.
A many men and many ships
Upon his bidding wait.
"Go forth," he said, "ye seamen,
Great is the sultan's need,
The Crescent falls before the Cross
Unless ye make good speed.

"To sea! to sea! brave sailors.
Hold me the sea gates fast,
For Marathon and Salamis
Are living from the past.
Mahomet fears Greek valor
Led by the sea king's son.
O countrymen of Nelson!
Haste, ere the fight be won!"

Then put to sea the vessels.
While hearty English cheers
For Prophet and for Crescent
Amazed surrounding ears.
And in the ancient Hellas
The soldiers gathered free,
From the cities and the country,
And the Land Beyond the sea.

But all the warships clustered
Like lions round their prey,
And Italy and Germany
And France were there that day.
King Louis the Crusader
Gazed down from heaven high,
With many a Hohenzollern
And many a Pope thereby.

Oh! woe for slaughtered Christians!
Woe! for the wasted land!
Alas and woe! when time shall show
The lightnings of God's hand.
His purpose will not tarry,
His messengers are strong,
And they who fight against that might
Wage not the battle long.

A., in New York Times.

THE MAN WHO WORKED FOR COLLISTER.

Perhaps the loneliest spot in all the pinewoods was the big Collister farm. Its buildings were not huddled in the center of it, where they could keep one another in countenance, but each stood by itself, facing the desolate stretches of gray sand and pine stumps in its own way. Near each a few uncut pine-trees kept guard, presumably for shade, but really sending their straggling shadows far beyond the mark. Many a Northern heart had ached from watching them, they were so tall and isolate; for, having been forest-bred, they had a sad and detached expression when they stood alone or in groups, just like the look on Northern faces when they met the still distances of the South.

In Collister's day he and the man who worked for him were the only strangers who had need to watch the pines. A land-improvement company had opened up the farm, but after sinking all its money in the insatiable depths of sandy soil where the Lord, who knew best, had planted pine-trees, the great bustling company made an assignment of its stumpy fields, and somewhat later the farm passed into the hands of Collister. Who Collister was, and where he came from, were variously related far and wide through the piny woods; for he was one of those people who lives are an odd blending of reclusion and notoriety. He kept up the little store on the farm; and though it was usually his man who came up from the fields when any one stood at the closed store and shouted, its trade was largely augmented by the hope of seeing Collister.

The sunken money of the land company must have enriched the soil, for the farm prospered as well as the store, yielding unprecedentedly in such patches as the two men chose to cultivate. In midsummer the schooner-captains in their loose red shirts, came panting up two sunburned miles from the bayou to chaffer with Collister or his man over the price of watermelons; and when their schooners were loaded, the land breeze which carried the cool green freight through bayou and bay out to the long reaches of the sound, where the sea wind took the burden on, sent abroad not only schooner and cargo and men, but countless strange reports of the ways and doings of Collister. At least one of these bulletins never changed. Year after year, when fall came, and he had added the season's proceeds to his accumulating wealth—when even the peanuts had been dug, and the scent of their roasting spread through the piny woods on the fresh air of the winter evenings, making an appetizing advertisement for the store,—it was whispered through the country, and far out on the gulf, that Collister said he would marry any girl who could make good bread—light bread. That settled at least one question. Collister came from the North. The man who worked for him was thought to have come from the same place; but though he did the cooking, his skill must have left something to be desired, and after current gossip had risked all surmises on the likelihood of Collister's finding a wife under the condition imposed, it usually added that, if Collister married, the man who worked for him would take it as a slight, and leave.

An old county road led through the big farm, and along it the country people passed in surprising numbers and frequency for so sparsely settled a region. They took their way leisurely, and if they could not afford a five-cent purchase at the store, gave plenty of time to staring right and left behind the stumps in a cheerful determination to see something worth remembrance. One day, when the store chanced to be standing open, one of these passers walked up to the thresh-old and stood for a while looking in. The room was small and dingy, lighted only by the opening of the door, and crammed with boxes, leaky barrels, farm produce, and side-meat. One corner had been arranged with calicoes and ribbons and threads; but though the inspector was a young and pretty girl in the most dingy of cotton gowns, she had scarcely a thought for that corner; she was staring at a man who was so hard at work re-arranging the boxes and barrels that he did not notice her shadow at his elbow. Finally he glanced up of his own accord.

"Hello," he said, coming forward; "do you want to buy something? Why didn't you sing out?"

For a little while longer the girl stared at him as steadily as if he had not moved. Most of the people who live in the pine-woods come to have a raggeded look, but this was the raggest person she had ever seen. He was as ragged as a bunch of pineneedles; yet he had the same clean and wholesome look, and his face was pleasant.

"Are you the man that works for Collister?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

The girl looked him up and down again with innocent curiosity. "How much does he give you?" she asked.

"Nothing but my board and clothes," the man answered, and smiled. He did not seem to find it hard work to stand still and watch her while her black eyes swiftly catalogued each rag. When they reached his bare brown feet she laughed.

"Then I think he had ought to dress you better, an' give you some shoes," she said.

"He does—winters," the man answered calmly.

She gave an impatient shake of her sunbonnet. "That isn't the thing—just to keep you-all warm," she explained. "A man like Mr. Collister had ought to keep you looking 'ristocratic."

The man who worked for Collister grinned. "Not very much in Collister's line," he said. "We might get mixed up if I was too dressy." He pulled a cracker-box forward, and dusted it. "If you ain't in a hurry, you'd better come inside and take a seat," he added.

The girl sank to the door-step instead, taking off her bonnet. Its slots folded together as she dropped it into her lap, and she gave a sigh of relief, loosening some crushed tresses of hair from her forehead. She seemed to be settling down for a comfortable inquisition. "What kind of clothes does Mr. Collistes wear?" she began.

The man drew the cracker-box up near the doorway, and sat down. "Dressy," he said; "'bout like mine."

The girl gave him a look which dared to say, "I don't believe it."

"Honest truth," the man nodded. "Would you like to have me call him up from the field, and show him to you?"

Not to assent would have seemed as if she were daunted, and yet the girl had many more questions to ask about Collister. "Pretty soon," she said "I suppose if you don't call him, he'll be coming for you. They say he works you mighty hard."

It is never pleasant to be spoken of as something entirely subject to another person's will. A slow flush spread over the man's face, but he answered loyally, "Collister may be mean to some folks, but he's always been mighty good to me." He smiled as he looked off from stump to stump across the clearing to the far rim of the forest. The stumps seemed to be running after one another and gathering in groups to whisper secrets. "You've got to remember that this is a God-forsaken hole for anybody to be stuck in," he said; "it ain't in humanity for him to keep his soul as white as natural, more 'in his skin; but there's this to be said for Collister: he's always good to me."

"I'm right glad of that," the girl said. She too was looking out at the loneliness, and a little of it was reflected on her face. "You-all must think a heap of him," she added wistfully.

"You can just bet on that," he declared. "I've done him a heap of mean turns, too; but they was always done 'cause I didn't know any better, so he don't hold me any grudge."

"Wouldn't he mind if he knew you were a-losing time by sitting here talking to me?" she asked.

The man shook his head. "No," he answered cheerfully; "he wouldn't care—not for me. There isn't anybody else he would favor like that, but he makes it a point to accommodate me."

The girl gave her head a little turn. "Do you think he would accommodate me?" she asked.

He looked her over as critically as she had first looked at him. "It's a dangerous business answering for Collister," he ventured; "but maybe if I asked him to he would."

Well, you are bigoty," she asserted. "' I cain't noways see what there is to twixt you. Why, they say that whilst you're working he comes out in the field, an' bosses you under a' umbrelly; an'—" a laugh carried her words along like leaves on dancing water—"an' that he keeps a stool strapped to his back, ready to set down on whenever he pleases. It is true—'hones' truth?"

A great mirth shook Collister's man from head to foot. "Such a figure—such a figure as the old boy cuts!" he gasped. "Sometimes I ask him if he'll keep his stool strapped on when he goes a-courting; and he says maybe so—it'll be so handy to hitch along closer to the young lady." Without thinking, he illustrated with the cracker-box as he spoke. "And as for the umbrella, I certainly ain't the one to object to that; for, you see, when the sun's right hot he holds it over me."

He leaned half forward as he spoke, smiling at her. It is hard to tell exactly when a new acquaintance ceases to be a stranger; but as the girl on the door-step smiled in answer, she was unexpectedly aware that the shrewd, kindly, furrowed face of this young man who worked for Collister was something which she had known for a long, long time. It seemed as familiar as the scent of pine-needles and myrtle, or as the shafts of blue, smoke-stained sunlight between the brown trunks of the pine-trees in the fall, or as the feathery outline of green pine-tops against the dreamy intensity of a Southern sky; and when all this has been said of a girl who lives in the "pineys," there is no necessity for saying more. She gave a little nervous laugh.

The man began talking again. "It ain't such foolery as you would think, his wearing the stool and carrying the umbrell," he said. "This is the way he reasons it out, he says. In the first place, there's the sun; that's a pretty good reason. But what started it was a blazing day up North, when he was hustling four deals at once; a man would need a head the size of a barrel to keep that sort of thing going for long, and Collister has just an ordinary head no bigger than mine. Well, the upshot of it was that he had a sunstroke, and was laid up a month; and then he reckoned up the day's business, and what he'd gained on one deal he'd lost on another, so that he came out even to a cent—queer, wasn't it?—with just the experience of a sunstroke to add to his stock-in-trade. Then he bought himself an umbrella and a stool, and began to take life fair and easy. Easy going is my way too; that's why we get along together."

There was a jar of candy on a shelf behind him and above his head, and, turning, he reached up a long arm and took it down. It was translucent stick candy with red stripes round it—just such candy as every fortunate child knew twenty years ago, and some know still. In the piney woods it has not been superseded as a standard of delight, and the children expect to receive it gratuitously after any extensive purchase. Near the coast, where creole words have spread, it is asked for by a queer, sweet name—lagnappe (something thrown in for good measure). The man who worked for Collister handed the jar across to the girl, making her free of it with a gesture.

"Do you reckon Mr. Collister would want me to take some?" she asked, poising her slender brown hand on the edge of the jar. "You know, they say that when he first come hyar, an' the children asked him for lagnappe, he pretended not to onderstan' 'em, and said he was sorry, but he hadn't got it yet in stock. Is that true?"

"Yes," the man answered: "that's true."

"Well, did he onderstan'?" she asked.

He lifted his shoulders in a way he had learned in the South. "To be sure," he said. "I told him at the time that it was a mean thing to do, but he said he simply couldn't help himself; young ones kept running there from miles around to get five cents' worth of baking-soda and ask for a stick of candy. But take some; he won't mind, for he's always good to me."

She drew back her hand. "No," she said, pouting: "I'm goin' to come in some time when he's hyar, an' see if he'll give some lagnappe to me."

"I'll ask him to," the man said.

"Well, you are bigoty!" the girl repeated.

"If I was to tell him to," the man persisted "who should I say would ask for it?"

She looked at him defiantly. "I'll do the telling," she said; "but while we're talking about names, what's yours?"

"Well," he answered, "if you're not naming any names, I don't believe I am. You know considerably more about me already than I do about you."

"On, just as you please, she said." To be brought blankly against the fact that neither knew the other's name caused a sense of constraint between them. She picked up her bonnet, and put it on as if she might be about to go; and though she did not rise, she turned her face out of doors so that the bonnet hid it from him—and it was such a pretty face!

"Say, now," he began, after one of those pauses in which lives sometimes sway restlessly to and fro in the balances of fate, "I didn't mean to make you mad. I'll tell you my name if you want to know."

"I'm not so anxious," she said. One of her brown hands went up officiously and pulled the bonnet still farther forward. "Is it true," she asked, that Mr. Collister says he will marry any girl that can make good light bread?"

The man formed his lips as if to whistle, and then stopped. "Yes," he said, eying the sunbonnet; "it's true."

She turned round and surprised him. "I can make good light bread," she announced.

"You!" he said.

"Yes," she answered sharply; "why not? It ain' so great a trick."

"But—" he paused, meeting the challenge of her face uneasily—"but did you come here to say that?"

"You've heard me say it," she retorted.

He rose, and stood beside her, looking neither at her, nor at the fields, nor at the encircling forest, but far over and beyond them all, at the first touches of rose-color on the soft clouds in the west. He seemed very tall as she looked up to him, and his face was very grave. She had forgotten long ago to notice his bare feet and tattered clothing. "So that means," he said slowly, "that you came here to offer to marry a man that you never saw."

She did not answer for a moment, and when she did her voice was stubborn. "No," she said; "I came hyar to say that I know how to make light bread. You needn't be faultin' me for his saying that he would marry any girl that could."

"But you would marry him?"

"I allow if he was to ask me I would."

The man looked down squarely to meet her eyes, but he found only the sunbonnet.

"What would you do it for," he asked—"a lark?"

"A lark!" she echoed; "oh, yes; a lark."

He stooped toward her and put his hand on her shoulder. "Look up here," he said; "I want to see if it's a lark or not."

"I jus' said it was," she answered, so low that he had to bend a little closer to be certain that he heard.

"That won't do," he said firmly; "you must look up into my face."

"I—won't!" she declared.

He stood gazing at her downcast head. There was something that shone in his eyes, and his tongue was ready to say, "You must." He closed his lips and straightened himself again. The girl sat perfectly still, except that once in a while there was a catch in her breath. He kept looking off into the empty, sighing reaches of pine-country, which could make people do strange things. "We haven't known each other very long," he said at last; "but a few minutes ago I thought we knew each other pretty well, and perhaps you don't have any better friend than I am in this desolate hole. Won't you tell me why it is that you want to marry Collister?"

"For his money," the girl answered shortly.

His face darkened as if he was cursing Collister's money under his breath; but she did not look up, and he said nothing until he could speak quietly. "Is that quite fair to Collister?" he asked. "He did talk about marrying any girl that could make good light bread, but I don't suppose he wanted to do it unless she liked him a little too."

"I—allowed—maybe I'd like him a little," the girl explained; "an' I was right sure that he'd like me."

"That's the mischief of it," the man muttered; "I'll warrant he'll like you!"

After hiding her face so long the girl looked up, and was surprised to see him so troubled. "You've been right good to me," she said gently, "an' I don't mind—perhaps I had ought to tell you jus' why I come. I—I don't want to be mean to Mr. Collister, an' if you don't think its fair I won't tell him I can make good bread; only—" she met his eyes appealingly—"if I don't, I don't see what I am goin' to do."

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you have any home?"

She smiled bravely, so that it was sorrowful to see her face. "Not any more," she said. "I've always had a right good home, but my paw died—only las' week. You an' Mr. Collister used to know him, an' he has often spoke of both of you. He was Noel Seymour from up at Castauplay."

"Noel Seymour—dead?" said the man. All her light words pleaded with him for tenderness now that he knew she had said them with an aching heart. "But Seymour was a creole," he added, "and you are not."

"My own mother was an American," the girl answered, "an I learned my talk from her before she died; an' then my stepmother is American, to." She stopped just long enough to try to smile again. "What do you think?" she asked. "My stepmother don't like me. She isn't going to let me stay at home any more. Could you be so mean as that?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "You poor child!" he said; for gossip came in sometimes in return for all that radiated from the farm, and he could recall a cruel story he had once heard of Noel Seymour's wife. It made him believe all and more than the girl had told him. "Poor child!" he said again; "you haven't told me yet what's your first name."

"Ginevra," she answered. "My own mother liked it; my stepmother says it's the name of a fool. She thinks she's young an' han'some; but I allow she's sending me off because I'm right smart and the best favored of the two. She wants to get married again, an' thar ain't but one bachelor up our way, so she's skeered he'd take first pick of me."

"My kingdom!" said the man who worked for Collister. "If there's somebody up your way that you know, and that likes you, why didn't you go and take your chances with him?"

A hot flush rushed over the girl's face. "Does you-all think I'd be talkin' like this to a man I knowed?" she demanded. She stared angrily until her lips began to quiver. "An' besides. I hate him!" she cried. "He's not a fittin' man for such as me."

"You poor child!" he said again.

She caught the compassion of his eyes. "What had I ought to have done?" she asked. "What had any girl ought to do out hyar in the pineys if she was lef' like me? I've hearn o' places whar girls could find work, an' my stepmother she allowed I could go to the oyster-factories in Potosi; but whar would I stay? An' then I went to the factories onct with my paw, an' the air round 'em made me sick. You see, I was raised in the pineys, an' they has a different smell."

He shook his head, though kindly, at so slight a reason, and the sharp pain of his disapproval crossed her face. "Oh, you don't know anything about it," she cried desperately; "thar ain't no man that can tell how it feels for a girl that's had a father that's made of her like mine did to be turned right out to face a townful that she never saw. Can't you see how, if you was skered, it would be a heap easier jus' to face one man? An' then I'd hearn no end about Mr. Collister, an' some of it was funny, an' thar wa'nt none of it very bad; so I jus' made up my mind to come around hyar an' see for mys'f what like he was. You see," she went on, with a lift of the head, "it was for the money, but it was for the honorableness, too; an' I'd cross my heart an' swear to you on the Bible that when I come hyar I hadn't no thought that anybody could think it was onder-reachin' Mr. Collister. I thought he be right proud, an' before we got to talking I never sensed that it would be a hard thing to name to him; but now—" her voice trembled and broke. "Oh," she cried, "I wished I'd never come!"

The man looked away from her. "Don't wish it," he said huskily. "Collister ought to be proud if he can have you for his wife; and he would give you a good home and everything your heart could ask for."

Tears sprang into her eyes, and she dropped her head upon her knees to hide them. "Oh, I know, I know," she sobbed; "but I'd rather marry you!"

"O oh!" breathed the man who worked for Collister; "I'd so much rather that you did." And with a laugh of pure delight he caught her up into his arms.

When they left the store a red blaze of sunset shone between the trunks of the pine trees. The man fastened the padlock behind them, and they started in a lovers' silence along the road. The big farm was as empty and lifeless as ever, except for the lonesome neighing of a horse in the barnyard and for a straight blue thread of smoke which rose from one of the little houses. The girl pointed at it, and smiled.

"He's having to get his own supper to-night," she said "but I'll make it up to him; I'll make his light bread jus' the same."

"Yes," he said, "you'd better; for, whatever he's been to other folks, he's always been mighty good to me; an', please God, he's going to be mighty good to you."

A breath of land breeze had started in the pine-woods, and was going out bearing a tribute of sweet odors to the sea. The disk of the sun sank below the black line of earth, but the trees were still etched against a crimson sky. Softly and faintly in the far distance some passing creole hailed another with a long, sweet call. They reached the edge of the clearing, and went on through the deepening twilight of the pines. There were no words in all the world quite true enough to speak in that great murmurous stillness that was in the woods and in their hearts. At last they came to a path beyond which she would not let him go, thinking it better for this last time to go on alone.

"Good night," she said lingeringly; and he held her close and kissed her, whispering good night. Then he stood and watched her slender swaying figure as it grew indistinct between the trees; and just before it vanished he called out gaurdedly.

"Say," he summoned, "come here!"

She went laughing back to him. "You-all are bigoty," she said, "beginning to order me about!"

He took her hands, and held her from him so that he could see her face. "You mustn't be mad at me," he said; "but there's something I forgot to tell you—I'm Collister."—Mary Tracy Earle, in the Century Magazine.

Senseless Hurry.

The hurry fever is rife in homes where they try to do too many things without thought or plan, and especially without stopping to consider how many of these thing are not worth doing at all.

We have all seen such households. Hurry to breakfast, hurry to lunch, hurry to dinner. Hurry to bed so you may be up early. Hurry to fix the furnace, that you may hurry to fill the tubs that you may hurry to wash the dress, that you may hurry to go to the party. Hurry up that we may hurry down. Hurry in because we are in a hurry to go out. Hurry to finish this game, that we may have time for one more. Hurry to have the walk, for you must hurry off to church after supper. So the fretful household hurries, with knit brows, compressed lips and tense nerves, from bustling morning to bustling evening.

It would be a fruitful experience and a shrewd test for almost any one to see by actual count just how many times in a day he uses this fretful word, "hurry," and how many of these times he could have just as well avoided it.

Nothing is gained by hurry. The attitude of mind it implies is prejudicial to wise planning or proper execution. We have just so much time; scheme to do what will fill it—no more, but, indeed, much less, leaving many half-hours for the unexpected. The shrewd workman will understand the paradox, "Do not do too much, and you can do no more." Banish the hurry fever with the cooling diet of peace and forethought and jollity. Then your home will be a rare abode, only one remove from heaven.—The Home Queen.

Tyrolese Customs.

There is an old custom prevailing among the Tyrolese regarding proposals of marriage. The first time a young man pays a visit as avowed lover he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and presents it to the object of his desires.

If she accepts it the whole affair is settled. Very often the girl has not yet made up her mind, and then she will take refuge in excuses, so as not to drink the wine, and yet not refuse it point blank, for that is considered a gross insult, proving that she has been merely trifling with the affections of her lover.

She will for instance, maintain that the wine "looks sour," or that wine disagrees with her, or that she is afraid of getting tipsy, or that the priest has forbidden her to take any—in fact, she makes use of any subterfuge that presents itself at that moment.

The purport of these excuses is that she has not come to a decision and that the wine offering is premature.

This strange custom, dating very far back—according to one account it was known as early as the ninth century—is called "bringing the wine," and is synonymous with the act of proposing.

Shy lovers, loath to make sure of their case beforehand, find it a very happy institution. Not a word need be spoken and the girl is spared the painful "No" of civilization.

If any of the wine is spilled, or the glass or bottle broken, it is considered a most unhappy omen—in fact, there is a peasant's saying for an unhappy marriage. "They have spilled the wine between them."—Philadelphia Times.

Rattlesnake Oil.

A curious business has recently developed in those countries where rattle snakes abound, as a big price is being paid for the oil obtained from the eggs of rattle snakes. This oil is used for rheumatism and neuralgia, and an ounce of the article is worth from $25 to $30. The outfit of the rattlesnake hunter is very simple. He carries a short lance, at the point of which there is a sharp curved blade. When he has located a rattlesnake, the reptile on seeing him usually erects itself for the attack, and this moment is used by the hunter to cut off its head with the weapon described above. In case the snake is a female, it is cut open, the eggs are extracted and cooked for some time in hot water. An oily mass rises to the surface of the water. It is skimmed off with a spoon and placed in a distilling apparatus. The oil remaining is filtered through muslin and sold in ounce bottles. It looks like vasoline, and placed upon the skin without being diluted it will draw blisters and cause a painful inflammation. When prescribed it is therefore used in mixtures with other oils. Since the oil is very scarce, rattlesnakes are now in great demand and are diminishing rapidly.

A Good Name.

Asker (to fisher who is returning empty-handed from a fishing trip)—What do you call your dog?

Fisher—Fish.

Asker—Why, that's a funny name for a dog. What made you give it to him?

Fisher—Because he won't bite.

A Teacher's Observations.

It will readily be admitted that if any one should possess a knowledge of children, their habits, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies, it must be the elementary schoolmaster, who has spent all his life in teaching the young idea how to shoot.

Here are a few strange facts bearing on the subject, noted (writes an occasional contributor) during twenty-five years' experience as a teacher in nearly all grades of elementary schools.

Children with blue eyes are intellectually stronger than those having brown ones, but as a rule, are not as strong in physique.

Big headed children I have found as a class anything but brainy—quite the opposite, in fact.

Boys and girls with curly hair I almost invariably find quick witted, and of a genial temperament. Straight-haired children, on the other hand, are given to moroseness, and inclined to be sulky.

Where a child is heavily built, with a preponderance of fat, I have found a diminution of brain, and a corresponding slowness in intellectual pursuits.

Color-blindness is much much more common than is generally supposed. I have found, after careful examination and comparison, that one child in ten is entirely color blind, and at least twenty per cent. partially so.

A couple of years ago what are termed varied occupations were introduced into our elementary schools.

The particular branch taught in the writer's school is colored crayon work.

The results of the first lesson were staggering. For green, red was used; yellow for purple, and vice versa. This led to my establishing a quarterly sight examination, and I have at the present time under my tuition several boys who I trust will not in after life follow the occupation of engine driver or sailor.

The sight greatly depends upon the color of the pupil of the eye. Those children with brown eyes, I find, have a better conception of color than those whose optic pupils are of a gray or blue tint.

A great many children have imperfect vocal organs, and many pass out of board and other schools in agricultural districts who can not speak properly owing to physical causes.

There is no doubt that culture and training have a very beneficial physical influence upon the vocal organs.

When admitting a new scholar, I invariably make inquiries about the mother. Children are a great deal more indebted to their mothers, so far as brain is concerned, than is generally supposed.

Napoleon was quite right when he said that France wanted mothers. America at the present time would be none the poorer for an extra number of good brainy mothers.

The child shows the man. This is best seen when punishment has from any cause to be administered.

It very often happens that a little undersized boy will bear with the greatest fortitude an amount of physical punishment which, when administered to a boy built in a bigger mould, will make the latter yell from the pain and apprehension.

The boys who succeed in life are not the brilliant though erratic workers, but the plain, steady, daily plodders, who, if rather slow, do their best to creditably perform their tasks.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Had Him There.

"They say your father used to drive a mule."

"Who told you?"

"One of my ancestors."

"Just what I expected. I always told father that mule was smart enough to talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is Nothing so Good.

There is nothing just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim there is anything better, but in order to make more profit he may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to do good or money refunded. For coughs, colds, consumption and for all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, there is nothing so good as is Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at G. W. Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

The Man for the Occasion.

"Higgins has gone to the southwest with the idea that he will make millions." "How?"

"He claims to have invented a device that can be used as a cyclone cellar when it blows and as a houseboat when the floods rage."—Detroit Free Press.

Wise Advise.

"If you cannot make a friend of a man in any other way," said the elderly gentleman, "buy him."

"By lending him money?" asked the younger.

"Certainly not. By borrowing of him."—Indianapolis Journal.

All Around the Farm.

From the Philadelphia Record.

It costs less to guard against a road getting out of repair than it does to put it in good condition after the damage.

Milk freely and rapidly, with as little movement or jerking as possible. Even avoid loud talking when milking. Any thing which attracts the attention from the operation effects the secretion, and this secretion goes on during the drawing of the milk.

Kill the orchard insects in their winter quarters. The leaf roller eggs may be found on the south side of the trees under little patches along the trunks and limbs, and may readily be destroyed by the millions by rubbing off these patches.

The annual report of the United States Commissioners of Fish and fisheries shows that 63,000,000 shad fry were planted in streams emptying into the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The output of lobster fry was 97,000,000, against 72,000,000 for the preceding year. The total collection of salmon eggs was 37,000,000, three times the number ever collected before in one season.

At ten cents a bushel potatoes do not pay the grower, but they will pay the dairyman who purchases them at that price to feed his milch cows. Farmers who are hauling potatoes out to the field to be used fertilizers will find it will pay better to first put them through live stock.

Horses are reported dying with a new disease in some sections of the west. Veterinary surgeons seem to think it a cerebrospinal meningitis. The animals are attacked suddenly become blind and usually die in a short time. The best conditioned animals are often the ones to succumb.

Where plants are infested with troublesome little black flies it is an indication of the use of manure that is not thoroughly decomposed. If it is too green or fresh, vermin are sure to attend. Scrape off the surface soil and burn it, as this contains the eggs. Then cover the earth with ashes. This is beneficial to the plant in other ways.

As the earliest crop to be used for soiling there is nothing better than oats and peas mixed and sown at the rate of two and a half to three bushels per acre. They will not yield so much weight as fodder corn, but that cannot be grown large enough to cut before well into August. As for peas and oats, by that time they will have been entirely used up. From the earliest cutting, about the last of May, a second light crop will sprout, which may be cut a month later.

Lack of ventilation and keeping the hotbed too warm is much more often the cause of plants dying off than is frost. Except in the very coldest weather the sash should be raised a portion of the day to give the plants air. This will make them hardy and fit to grow when set in the open air. By confining the plants too closely they are made tall and spindling, thus destroying their value for future growth and productiveness.

Philoxera, which has been the pest of French vineyards for many years, is about to be exterminated by the efforts of the Government. That country is striving hard to regain her place as the first vine-growing country of the world. Her commissioners report that over 5,000,000 acres are now in vineyards, a greater number than ever before.

Professor Shutt, of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, says that very little is known as to the precise manner in which the decomposition of carbonic acid is effected within the plant. It is known, indeed, that the decomposition is in someway intimately connected with the green chlorophyl grain to which the color of the leaves is due, and it is known that light is necessary in order that the decomposition may be brought about.

The decreased cost of constructing and managing greenhouses is leading to a great multiplication of the number, and, as another result of the uses to which they are put. A Philadelphia owner of numerous greenhouses, for which he could not find profitable use, devoted several to the growing of potatoes. Of course, in rich soil and with abundant warmth and moisture the crop was very large. He had home-grown potatoes as early as they could be brought from the South, and made a fair profit by selling at the same price per peck as new potates brought per bushel a few weeks later.

It has long been known that sulpher applied to any thing was a good germicide. The experience of a practial farmer, as told by Horace F. Wilcox in the New York Tribune, shows how this knowledge saved his potato crop from destruction, though planted on land where the year before the potato scab had entrely destroyed it. He first cut the potatoes, and while in the pail with the cut surface fresh he put a pint of sulphur on top of the heap, allowing it to sift down, so that all got some of the sulphur. The crop was entirely free from scab, and many of the cut pieces, used for seed, were yet yellow with sulphur in the hills when the crop was dug.

There was a written examination on the Book of the Acts the other day in a London Sunday school, and one scholar turned in the following: "When they saw Stephen they were in such a temper that they knashed him with their teeth, and charged him to be taken out of the city and stoned. Stephen said: 'Ye stiff-necked things, why speak ye so?' The second supernatural event was the striking down dead of Ananias and Sapphira his wife for telling lies to Peter. This was