

The Somerset Herald. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. TERMS OF PUBLICATION. VOL. XLV. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1897. WHOLE NO. 2387.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 46.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1897.

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### Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent cures.

**Cures of Salt Rheum**, with its intense itching and burning, scald head, letter, etc.

**Cures of Eczema**, and all other eruptions due to impure blood.

**Cures of Dyspepsia** and other troubles where a good stomach tonic was needed.

**Cures of Catarrh** by expelling the Impurities which cause and sustain the disease.

**Cures of Stronococcus** by properly loosening and feeding the nerves upon pure blood.

**Cures of That Tired Feeling** by restoring strength. Send for book of cures by mail.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

To C. H. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills, aid digestion, etc.

### THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$26,000.

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

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

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

### The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank in 1890.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$23,000.  
Assets, 300,000.00

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

### 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.

### REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

J. D. SWANK.

### Oils! Oils!

Product of Petroleum

Satisfactory Oils

American Market.

### AFTERNOON.

Lookin' at the sunshine,  
Statin' on the wall,  
Watchin' how the shadows  
Falls on the wall.

Just a lazy way,  
"Fay'to' as 'tis"  
Where the sun 's shadows  
Kleider come 'n' go.

Aln't a thinkin' 'n'thin',  
Just a statin' 'ere,  
Sokin' in the gladness,  
Sokin' up the cheer.

What's the use of doin'  
Anythin' at all?  
'D rather watch the sunshine  
Statin' on the wall.

—Thad Stevens Varman.

### ON A JAUNTING CAR.

BY ANNIE E. JOHNSTON.

It was a June morning in Cork. Miss Briggs and her niece had left the rest of their party at the hotel, to recover from the effects of a rough passage, and had started out to explore the quaint old town.

The jaunting car rattled along through the crooked streets, and turned into a wide, smooth avenue, whose hawthorn hedges were white with blossoms, and whose wayside trees covered it with a cool, deep shade; then back again into the crooked streets, where a detachment of soldiers passed them. "Look!" cried Emily with girlish enthusiasm, "there are some Highlanders!"

A band came next, followed by several carriages, while a noisy rabble of hooting, barefoot children and boisterous men and women straggled after.

"What is the matter?" she asked of the driver, who had stopped his horse to let the procession pass.

"He's O'Brien, miss," he explained. "He'll be after spakin' in the park, the day, and they're fearful of a riot, miss."

The procession was a long one, and they waited several minutes for it to pass. Just as they started on again, Emily happened to look across the street, saw a man, evidently a tourist, hastily shutting up a small camera.

"Auntie," she almost gasped, "I actually believe that man has been taking a photograph of us!"

Miss Briggs looked quickly, but they had turned a corner, and he was out of sight. "Well, it can't be helped," she said indignantly, but with an indignant pink flushing up into her cheeks. "It serves us right for making a spectacle of ourselves by getting on to such an outlandish conveyance."

On the following day, while Miss Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the Imperial Hotel, busily engaged with her journal, Emily entered, her hat awry and her face glowing.

"Here is a sketch I made this afternoon, Auntie. I did it in S. P. and, oh, I've had such an interesting experience! We all went up to Shandon churchyard, and old Mr. Lumb took me in the tower to read the inscription on the bells. When we came down again, you couldn't guess who was standing in the chancelry, by Father Patrick's own lady cheeks. "It serves us right for making a spectacle of ourselves by getting on to such an outlandish conveyance."

On the following day, while Miss Briggs sat alone in the parlor of the Imperial Hotel, busily engaged with her journal, Emily entered, her hat awry and her face glowing.

feet looked immense in the photograph, she had carefully changed her heavy, broad-soled boots for dainty, lace-up shoes. She gripped the railing in the hall, hearing a familiar laugh. She remembered that the last time she had heard that voice it had bidden her good-bye in hot anger. Then she pushed the door ajar and entered the parlor, where the party had congregated to wait for dinner.

Dr. Frederick Powell was standing by a window in animated conversation with Emily. He scarcely noticed her aunt's entrance, so engrossed was he with the fair niece. Miss Briggs had been a pretty girl in her day, but the photograph he had taken, and which was still fresh in his mind, was that of a wrinkled, faded woman, careless of her attire. He looked up with surprise as she advanced toward them. The brusque independence of manner he had expected to see had given place to a stately dignity. She was one of those women for whom a becoming dress does not detract from their beauty.

"I'm glad to see you!" they both said in the same breath, and shook hands as if the most platonic of friendships had always existed between them.

Miss Briggs was not so well pleased with her survey. "He's getting stout," she thought critically, "and a trifle bald. He's not the handsome man he used to be."

Emily was charmed with Dr. Powell. She found him entertaining and agreeable. He pruned her sketches. He told her interesting incidents of his travels in many lands, and amusing anecdotes of his professional life. When the party went high-seeing, he was her tete-a-tete if they rode. When they walked, he was always at her side to hold her umbrella.

Seeing this, Miss Briggs calmly resolved in her solitary orbit—a trifle more independent in manner, perhaps, and if possible more outspoken in her radical opinions. Emily tried in vain to persuade her aunt that the oldsgae was too unbecoming for further usefulness. Every morning she put it on with the grim satisfaction of carrying her point, and looking her worst.

The days went by too fast in the old town. Night and morning and noon, they listened to the chiming of the bells in the ivy grown Shandon tower, and then it was night and morning and noon again. Still the little party lingered.

One day, after lunch, they started out to make a farewell visit to Blarney Castle. Dr. Powell and Emily gladly led the way on a jaunting car. Several of the party followed on horseback, and the rear was brought up by a light wagonette. Miss Briggs rode in this, not being an excellent horsewoman, and having a mortal antipathy to jaunting cars.

It was a drive none of them could ever forget. But by the time they had reached the castle, the sunshine had faded out, and the landscape was blurred, and the rain began to pour in torrents. There was nothing to do but sit down and wait for it to stop, but they had grown accustomed to this peculiarity of the weather in Ireland.

An old woman came to the door, begging, and she entertained them with gruesome tales of the haunted ruins which she inhabited, but the haunted ruins of Blarney at night. The doctor handed Emily a pencil and a leaf from his memorandum book, and she began to sketch the old peasant, with quick, effective strokes. Miss Briggs sat back in a dim corner, listening carefully, for the woman's brogue was almost unintelligible to her. Twice she glanced up, to find Dr. Powell looking at her.

Presently in a pause of the story told, he walked over and stood beside her. "What does this remind you of, Coroline?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," she answered. "Why?"

"It reminds me of a gypsy camp we visited one time. You have not forgotten it, I hope. It was in August, sixteen years ago. The scene came back to me very plainly. An old hag told our fortunes. Somehow, you look just as you did then."

He walked over to Emily again. Miss Briggs drew back a little further into the dim corner, and listened no more to the legends of Blarney. She heard, instead, the crackling of a camp fire, the stamping of horses tied in the background, the whining tones of the old gypsy who pretended to look into the future, when in reality she had only to look into the faces before her to guess their fate. Then she heard the laughter of the young folks rambled slowly along in the moonlight behind them. Then the low, earnest voice of the one beside her—no, she would not listen! She would not recall a single word of the old love day when she had been deeply too long for his ghost to trouble her now. She turned resolutely to the old woman, although she couldn't help remembering, now and then, that he had said she looked just as she did that night—and that night he had called her beautiful.

"I know that isn't so!" she kept telling herself, to quiet the little thrill of pleased vanity. "He's got an axe of grind. He wants me to use my influence with Emily."

It was nearly dark when the rain finally stopped, and they started back to the hotel. There was a shifting of seats. The wagonette led the way, followed by those on horse, and when Miss Briggs came through the gate, Dr. Powell was waiting to help her on to the jaunting car.

They drove along in silence some time, before the doctor remarked unobtrusively, "The drivers have been drinking. I hope they'll not get us into trouble."

"I have never been in any kind of an accident," answered Miss Briggs. "I have always thought I should like to be, just for the sensation."

For a short distance they entertained each other by recounting the most dreadful accidents of which they had ever heard both on land and sea. They reached the climax at last. They could recall no sadder horror than that which had already been related.

Just then the half intoxicated driver, having fallen behind the others, took up the whip and lashed the horse furiously.

### CAUSES OF THE WAR.

Some Information as to Why the Greeks and Turks are Shooting Each Other—Relative Strength.

From the Pittsburgh Times.

Why are the Greeks and Turks shooting each other, and why is Europe in a ferment, are the questions that a good many people are asking, now that the peace of Europe has been disturbed for the first time in a generation. It is partly the old fight of the Christian against the infidel. It is also another attempt to eliminate that irritating sore, the Turkish empire. The Turk has been a bad man of Europe for ages. There was a time when he threatened to overrun the whole of it, and to conquer it for Mohammedanism. He was fought to a standstill several hundred years ago, down somewhere in Central Europe, and ever since that he has been receding, and one province after another has been wrested from him, but, through it all, he has been ill-behaved and troublesome. He has been a bad neighbor. He has oppressed his subjects and caused revuls, and where his subjects were Christians he has murdered and murdered them and thus fed the indignation and hatred of the people of the Christian powers. He has been engaged in innumerable wars and has retained possession of Constantinople, the ancient capital of the eastern Roman empire, and rules over large provinces in Europe, most of which are inhabited by Christian people.

For a long time the chief capital of the Turk has been the cause of the jealousy of each other by the great European powers. They have harped upon preserving the integrity of the Turkish empire, fearing that, if it was dismembered, in the struggle for the Balkans, the power of Turkey would be broken up, and the Balkan peninsula would become embroiled in war. Russia has long wanted to get possession of Constantinople to strengthen her power in the east and to give her control of the Black sea, but England would consider this dangerous to her power in that quarter and in the Mediterranean, and would not let it in the hands of Turkey. Other countries have their eyes on various portions, and all of them have been afraid that when the break up came somebody else would get ahead of them.

In consequence of this attitude Turkey has of late been allowed to misbehave herself without being seriously called to book. The recent horrible massacres of Armenian Christians in her dominions have aroused the temper of Christendom to an unusual degree, but beyond feeble protests nothing has been done, and nothing would have been done had not Greece stepped into the arena. Greece was formerly a province of Turkey and achieved her independence in 1821. She has felt the ignominy of Turkish oppression and misrule. She has many grievances against her former oppressors, and her people have long nursed her wrath. They are intensely patriotic. They have felt cramped and starved for the reason that when the Hellenic language, and the interests and purposes of Greece, has been one of the worst governed of the misgoverned provinces of Turkey. It has revolted many times and in consequence reforms have been promised, but the promises have been uniformly broken. As a result of these broken promises the last insurrection took place in 1826, and was a terrible state of disorder on the island and as Christians were being massacred, public sentiment in Greece forced the government to do what none of the great powers had dared to do—namely, to interfere.

A portion of the navy and army of Greece was sent to the island and it was taken possession of. Previous to this action the Greek Premier thus expressed himself on the situation:

"There must be an end to the present state of things in Crete. The impression made by the recent massacres, and the public opinion which has been created, is such that it cannot be overlooked by the Greek government. We can not always act as guardians to Turkey and endeavor to suppress the sentiments of our brothers by postponing indefinitely the fulfillment of their most cherished aspirations."

That this fully expressed the sentiment of the people was shown later when the pressure became so great that the Greek government would have been overthrown had it not yielded to the demand of the people that intervention take place. When it was decided to send a flotilla to Crete the Greeks went wild with enthusiasm. The act of taking possession of a portion of Turkish territory with an armed force was sufficient cause for war and was so recognized everywhere, and the actual war would have been begun sooner had it not been for the action of the powers, who were frightened out of their wits by the bold action of this little band among the nations.

Francis V. Green, U. S. A., retired, who was sent by this government to Russia during the last Turkish war to negotiate the War Department at Washington, writes:

"The Turks are individually good fighters. They are fine soldiers, very obedient, fanatics in their religion and fatalists. The Turk fights up to a certain point, and when he thinks matters are going against him he will run. Not for any lack of courage, but because he thinks fate is against him. The Turkish soldiers are well armed."

"In numbers the Greek strength is 125,000 Greeks, and 150,000 Turks, and these can probably be increased to three times as many on each side. In 1875 the Turks put over 300,000 in the field in Europe and over 100,000 in Asia, and they made a much stronger resistance than the Russians anticipated. I think Russia put nearly half a million men in the field before the war was over."

"Turkey is bankrupt, but so she was in 1877, and that won't stop her from fighting now. They will probably manage to borrow enough money to buy guns and ammunition, and they will get food out of their own country."

There has really been a state of war between the two nations ever since the occupation of Crete on February 15, but there have been no actual hostilities outside of that island until a few days ago. In the meantime, however, both sides have been making the most active preparations for the conflict and the Turks especially have been occupying and fortifying strategic points on the frontier in violation of their treaties. It is on this account that Greece makes the claim that Turkey is the aggressor and claims that the war was started by her people so much desirable has been forced upon her. It is most difficult to predict the outcome. Now that Greece has actually begun the powers may step in and compel Turkey to make some concessions and bring it to a speedy end or they may allow them to fight for a while in the hope that the matter may be settled without endangering anybody else. If Greece succeeds in thrashing the Turk she will retain not only the bulk of her ancient empire, but also a portion of her ancient and classic glory.

### Greece in the Past and Present.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Time wears enormous changes. In the days of Pericles, Athens, toward which all eyes are now directed, held most of the Greek islands as tributaries. The mainland was divided between several independent but jealous and hostile states. Athens, with her maritime supremacy, her art, architecture and literature, was envied and more or less hated by them after all. After various fortunes she with the other states of Greece, fell under the sway of the Macedonian empire. That empire was overthrown by the Romans; and at last amid the successive changes of war and peace, Greece, with a considerable portion of Southern Europe, was conquered by the Turks. That event occurred about five centuries ago—A. D. 1453-1460.

Now, after the lapse of ages, when her earlier conquerors have disappeared and her latest conquerors have fallen into decay, Greece, under a constitutional king, reappears in the theatre of affairs, and she shall say that out of the turmoil which is marking the powers she may not enlarge her domain both on land and sea, regain Crete and the Aegean and Ionian islands and become a great and powerful state. It is true that the jealousy, the ambition and territorial greed of the powers would stay her march and prevent her acquisition of any considerable portion of Turkey proper. Evidently, standing at the gateway with their arms and army, would demand the lion's share of the spoils. Nevertheless, in case of a successful war, Greece would necessarily enlarge her boundaries. The Greeks number about 9,000,000. They are not, to be sure, all included within the limits of Greece. They are scattered in some of those islands, some in Turkey, in Macedonia and other parts of the world. But they are very proud of their historic land, and with patriotic ardor will enlist under its banner and fight in its cause.

The Greeks of to-day can hardly be called the descendants of the Greeks of the classic ages. The waves of conquest have swept over their land, and the mingling of the blood of various races in successive ages has left but an infinitesimal residue of pure Greek blood in their veins; but the soil of Greece, the air, the mountains, the seas that wash her shores are all conducive to intellectual energy, and the progress which her sons have made since her conquest by the Turks shows their quality and suggests a future full of hope.

Commerce and commercial enterprise are a heritage and an instinct of the Greek. In the earliest history of the country as honest merchants of daring spirit he was abroad all the seas. Even Homer, it is said, was probably a considerable shareholder in the joint stock privateers from Tenedos. Let Greece realize her aspirations; let her boundaries become enlarged on the mainland, and she would, without doubt, develop into a maritime state that would be the leading factor in the commerce of the Mediterranean. All generous hearts must wish her good speed in her present endeavors and in her future hopes.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 10, 1896.

Ely Bro, Dear Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed.

Yours truly,  
Rev. H. W. Hathaway.

No derogation should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. We mail it.

E. LY BROTHERS,  
56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

### Where Guns are Booming.

War Correspondent G. W. Steevens took time by the forelock, and Journeying by Serbia, ran down to the Greco-Turkish border three weeks ago. Writing from Salonica to the London Mail, he says:

It was something like a physical relief to emerge on the Turkish side of the frontier, and exchange the quiet, flat-faced Serbian for the upstanding, clean-limbed Turk. Sharp-nosed, bold-eyes, mirth-browed, a little heavy in the mouth and cheek, slouching a little in his walk, a little slow in movement, but always powerful in frame and masterful in demeanor—he is the stuff which either heroes or devils might be made of. But he is primarily a belligerent all mistaking a man.

WEARERS OF THE FEZ.

As for dress, the Turk draws no rein upon his fancy in the matter of colors. He clothes himself spontaneously in rainbows, and groups himself without affectation into spectroscopies. A blue shirt or a magenta jersey, a buff open waistcoat, or a green and white striped jacket or a black or a white sheepskin, a sash of scarlet touched with gold and green, either six inches wide, or a generous two feet swathing all his middle—you see them all in any knot of half a dozen. You will see breeches that recall the Western groom, bags that recall a bicycle skirt, violet skin-tights, or the white silk and light, white-braided gaiters of the Albanian.

SIX KINGS OF MACEDONIA.

The kill of the Albanian and the knee boots of the Serbian, the sheepskin cap of the Balgar and the fez of the Turk—from head to foot these people express in their very garments the elements of the problem of Macedonia.

"Macedonia for the Macedonians," cried Mr. Gladstone in the generosity of his untroubled ardor; but who are the Macedonians? There are at least six kings of Macedonia, each insists that it is the true and only kind, and must enter into the inheritance, and that is the beginning and end, and the perpetual danger of this Macedonian question. Because of this the factions claimants establish consulates and endow bishoprics and provoke outrages. Because of this each is ready to rush into war at any moment, to swallow up the whole cake before anybody else can have a bite at it.

Butter and eggs seem really made to go together, and nothing fits better on a dairy farm than a moderate lot of chickens. Not only do the latter consume the waste milk products with profit, but those who pay the best prices for golden butter will be quick to buy the fresh eggs and the fat poultry. They mutually help each the sale of the other.

When it requires more time to save a thing than the article is worth after it has been cared for we are losing money. The person who expends a dollar's worth of time to care two pennies worth of business failure if he follows this plan throughout life—National Stockman.

There is nothing more provoking than trying to cook with partially green wood. So much more wood is burned to overcome the waste in turning the moisture in green wood to steam that more heat is given out than is needed to do the work. It is the mark of a good farmer to have a good fire and a good pile of wood in advance of it. When this is once begun there is a saving in labor, as less of the dry wood will be required.

When trees are set out they usually have a tag describing the variety attached either to the stem of the tree or to some limb. This is necessary so long as the tree is out of the ground. But when it is set in the orchard, with each tree labeled in this way, the tags should be attached to trees by wires, since, as the tree grows, prevents the creation of sap, and, unless removed soon, may cause the tree to be nearly girdled by the wire.

Patash is the mineral that is most needed for the potato crop. But it is much better distributed as a top dressing over the whole surface than applied with the seed potatoes in the hill. The potato roots very early in their growth fill the soil between the rows. When mineral manures are applied in the hill, unless care is taken to mix them thoroughly with the soil, they may enter into the soil and be effectually destroyed. When used broadcast on the surface there is no danger of it.

A frequent stirring of the soil is not conducive to prosperity of the potato. Eternal vigilance and everlasting care are the qualifications of the farmer who boasts of a clean field. Since frequent and shallow culture also acts, as a general rule, in retaining moisture in the soils, it follows for two good and sufficient reasons that the clean farm is one that is most successful one.

—Nelsena Farmer.

### Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria, indigestion, biliousness, headache, nervousness, and all other ailments, they have proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by J. N. Snyder, Somerset, or by G. W. Dwyler, Berlin.

### The Human Mechanism.

The marvelous mechanics of the human body is thus touched upon by W. G. Jordan, in the Ladies' Home Journal: "The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 210 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the levers, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in Nature."

### The True Remedy.

W. M. Repine, editor of "The Health," writes: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds, whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brailer's drug store, Berlin.

### Sick Headache.

"Sick" headaches are exquisite misery, says a contributor to the Congressionalist, but they are usually of short duration. Their immediate cause is indigestion and they are relieved by medicines which correct the disorder of the liver and kidneys. Rest is of no use here, for active measures only will hasten the paroxysm through which the sufferer must pass before he is cured. Persons who are prone of this disorder must avoid rich and greasy food, nor should they too much indulge their longing for acids. Hot, sweet lemonade on going to bed is a good corrective, and apples, tomatoes and oranges—the last except in some rare cases—may be eaten freely, but pickles, and the spiced and fiery delights in which their pantry shelves are sure to abound ought to be left severely alone.

The neuralgic patient requires a generous, although well-selected table, but a little fasting does not hurt the sufferer from sick headache, while outdoor exercise will greatly hasten his cure.

People buy Hood's Sarsaparilla year after year because it does them good. It will do you good to take it now.

Jumping from shallow to deep plowing all at once usually results in a decreased crop yield at the succeeding harvest. The soil should be gradually deepened by letting the plow bring up a little of the subsoil each year till the desired depth is reached.

If manure has any value, it is probably fermenting, even in the coldest weather, if left on the surface. A light covering of dry earth will absorb ammonia, and will, if left on while the manure rots down, make it nearly or quite as rich as the manure itself. Its work in absorbing ammonia continues even when the pile is turned.

Get special customers for your butter and furnish it every week. It is worth a few cents per pound to the customer to know that the butter is light, pure, clean butter and not also some other manufactured stuff, and there is a big difference between cash and trading out butter.

Experiments at the Minnesota station shows that the early castration of lambs has the following advantages: They reach a greater weight, are less trouble, they have less offal when killed, their meat is better in flavor.

There is no reason why a farmer should pay 15 cents for a light and sell his chickens for less, nor should he be content with pork and potatoes when he can have poultry on his table. If the markets are poor and prices are low the best place to dispose of the surplus is at home.

In the Hawaiian Islands, where pumpkins and other like plants have been introduced, and where they are not so numerous as in this kind to do all the fowling fertilizing, it is done by the natives. These plants were found to flower profusely, though bearing no fruit, and when they finally solved the mystery they found it necessary to carry by hand the pollen from one plant to the pistils of another.

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The marvelous mechanics of the human body is thus touched upon by W. G. Jordan, in the Ladies' Home Journal: "The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 210 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the levers, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in Nature."

### The True Remedy.

W. M. Repine, editor of "The Health," writes: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds, whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brailer's drug store, Berlin.

### Sick Headache.

"Sick" headaches are exquisite misery, says a contributor to the Congressionalist, but they are usually of short duration. Their immediate cause is indigestion and they are relieved by medicines which correct the disorder of the liver and kidneys. Rest is of no use here, for active measures only will hasten the paroxysm through which the sufferer must pass before he is cured. Persons who are prone of this disorder must avoid rich and greasy food, nor should they too much indulge their longing for acids. Hot, sweet lemonade on going to bed is a good corrective, and apples, tomatoes and oranges—the last except in some rare cases—may be eaten freely, but pickles, and the spiced and fiery delights in which their pantry shelves are sure to abound ought to be left severely alone.

The neuralgic patient requires a generous, although well-selected table, but a little fasting does not hurt the sufferer from sick headache, while outdoor exercise will greatly hasten his cure.

People buy Hood's Sarsaparilla year after year because it does them good. It will do you good to take it now.