The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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IT CANNOT BE.

BY DAVID BANKS SICKLES.

It cannot be that He who made
This wonderous world for our delight
Designed that all its charms should fade,
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
With every unattained desire,
Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,
All that enthralled this mortal frame,
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener life shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage of paradise.

—Montgomery Advertiser.

END OF A DUELIST.

Sixty or more years ago there flourished in France a class of bullies the most detestable one could conceive, men who had perfected themselves in the use of arms, who gleefully boasted of the number of people they had done to death, and took rank accordingly, as a Red Indian brave takes rank by the number of scalps in his girdle.

One of these bravos, who styled himself Jules de la Magny, took up his residence in Lyons. Magny was a man of about 40, tall, rather slim and of a military bearing. His very features, it was said, were intimidatory, his pale face, without a speck of color, being crowned by coal black hair. His eyes were blacker still and gave him a sinister aspect, which was increased when he assumed his cold smile. This scoundrel, who dressed elegantly, who dined on the best—he preyed on a rich widow, who adored him—and affected the most elegant and aristocratic manners, boasted that he meant to kill eight men before the year closed. "I have a method," he said: the method of progression. Last year it was seven, this year eight. Behold, it is September, and I have only accounted for five, so this city must supply me with three." Incredible as it may seem, the picture is not overdrawn. These fiendish butchers, with their sensitive "honor," were as regardless of life as an eastern despot.

M. de Magny opened his campaign at Lyons with a duel that pleased the citizens. There was already a minor bully in town, who called himself Captain Ferreuse, and who had terrorized the abiding for some time. It was only a week after De Magny's advent in the town that he insulted Captain Ferreuse in the Palais cafe the swell cafe of the city, one evening. He sat down at the same table as the captain, called for a glass of wine, and when it was brought to him swept the captain's glass off the table with his cane, saying to the waiter: "Request this fellow to find another table, garcon. I like not the society of canaille" (the scum).

The captain replied by taking up De Magny's glass and throwing its contents in his face. Monsieur only smiled cold smile and wiped his face delicately with his perfumed handkerchief. The meeting took place an hour or two later, and after a few passes the captain fell with a gaping wound in his throat. Decent people congratulated themselves, but soon they found that they had only exchanged King Log for King Stork, and no man was safe. Of course De Magny had his friends—there were always to be found a dozen or two who looked up to him as their leader and chief, and took pride from being recognized as a friend of so redoubtable a man.

Ernest Soleau was a young doctor in the city a most able young man, who was steadily making a name for himself. He was respected by his equals and almost loved by the poor, from whom he would take no fee. Shortly after De Magny's advent in the city he was married, after a year's engagement to a beautiful and charming girl, the daughter of a deceased colonel. They were passionately devoted to each other, and it was a pure love match. They spent their honey moon in Italy, where they staid six weeks, it being the first holiday the doctor had given himself in three years.

On a Sunday afternoon a week after their return they were enjoying the sunshine in the public park. They were seated, talking and laughing merrily, when by evil fortune De Magny came by. Now, it happened that the day after his return Dr. Soleau had been called in to attend the seventh victim of De Magny, a barrister, who had been wantonly insulted and then killed. The doctor, as the bravo passed, could not help showing his loathing. The cold smile that meant death came on the face of the bully. He walked on a few yards, then turned back, and, ignoring the husband, he stopped before Mme. Soleau, and with well simulated politeness said:

"Good afternoon, madame. With your permission I will seat myself beside you, and we will chat together. I love to talk to the beautiful," with another bow.

Estelle, who had never heard of the bravo, turned inquiring eyes on her husband, thinking the man was either drunk or a madman. Soleau's face became frightfully pale, and he controlled himself with the greatest difficulty, understanding well that De Magny was seeking to insult him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are speaking to my wife and you are offensive. Pray leave us."

De Magny affected neither to notice nor hear him. "Will madame give me permission to sit beside her, or will she take my arm for a stroll? I find madame charming, and I adore charming women," and he made her another sweeping bow.

"Go away! Go away!" said Estelle, now thoroughly alarmed.

"Monsieur, you are grossly offensive, I tell you," said Soleau, trembling with restrained passion. "Your behavior is that of a cad."

"Ah," said De Magny, still affecting to ignore the husband, "madame is fatigued and does not care to talk. I will leave madame and will call upon her this evening. But permit me to anticipate this evening," and before husband or wife could guess what was coming he had kissed her.

With a spring like a tiger's Soleau was on him, beating him wildly about the face with his fists. Estelle screamed in terror, and several people who had witnessed the altercation at a little distance came up. De Magny, with a confused face, but with his demon's smile, had disengaged himself and was asking for satisfaction.

"Satisfaction! Yes," cried the young doctor, "satisfaction and your deserts."

The meeting took place early the next morning. There could only be one result—considering disparity in skill, it was a duel between wolf and lamb. With the glee of a fiend De Magny played with his victim, giving him a wound for every blow, as he said finishing with a thrust in the left side. Ten minutes later Estelle was a widow.

It was not until her husband was brought home to her dead that she learned that he had gone out to inevitable death, that De Magny had purposely insulted her, and it was, in fact, deliberate murder, sanctioned by the false code of so called "honor," under which the vilest and most bloodthirsty wretches could commit the most inhuman murders with impunity.

It was the most heartrending tragedy those present, when the body was taken home, had ever witnessed. In her eyes there was none like her husband, so clever, so handsome, so sure of becoming one of France's greatest sons. And now he lay dead by the hand of a vile monster. She knelt beside the corpse, calling on him, now in yearning accents, now in the softest and gentlest tones of entreaty, now with a smile, to speak to her, to say one word. Mercifully she fell beside him. For a week she lay unconscious on the verge of death, and only by most devoted and skillful attention of a professional friend of her husband—Dr. Leres—was her life saved.

"You have been cruelly kind," she said to him when she was recovering. It would have been truer kindness to let me die. But, now I have been restored to life, I will devote it to riding the earth of that monster. He shall die. By a just God I swear it!"

"Dear madame," said the doctor, "dismiss all such thoughts. I see what you mean. You would assassinate him, and the law would have no pity on you. You would be a victim."

"Doctor," she said firmly, "he shall die."

Mme. Soleau gained strength slowly. She would go away for a change, she said, and one day she set out for Paris. Dr. Leres was glad, feeling certain that she had forgotten her vow.

One evening, seven months later, just after another scandalous "affair" of De Magny's, a handsome and unknown young gentleman entered the Palais cafe at Lyons. The newcomer, who, to judge by his tone, was a mere boy, walked with much swagger, talked loudly and authoritatively, and altogether conducted himself with aristocratic insolence.

A little later De Magny entered with three of his particular friends. The stranger favored them with a rude stare that did not passed unnoticed. In a few minutes he got up to go. He went a little out of his way to pass near where the four were sitting, and when close to De Magny he stumbled, or pretended to stumble—none of the onlookers doubted for a moment that it was intentional—and lurched against him as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips. The consequence was that the liquid was spilled on the duelist's immaculate shirt and silken waistcoat. He turned round as if he had been stung. "Monsieur!" he cried to the young fellow, who stood with a proud smile on his features.

"Monsieur!" said the unknown.

"Monsieur," said De Magny, more furious than his friends had ever seen him, "you will apologize for your rudeness or clumsiness, whichever it be."

"Monsieur, I never apologize for accidents."

There was the stillness of death in the cafe. It was evident that the reckless stranger knew not the fearsome reputation of De Magny.

"Monsieur, you will apologize, or"—

"Never do I apologize for that!" cried De Magny, in a tempest of rage, as he picked up a friend's glass and flung its contents in his opponent's face.

The youngster calmly wiped his face. "Monsieur has wantonly insulted me," he said. "I shall demand satisfaction."

"Willingly," said De Magny, with his terrible, icy smile, "I shall kill you, puppy!"

"Perhaps, pig!" retorted the other calmly. And then, turning to the spectators, he asked in a clear voice, "Are there any gentlemen here who will act for a stranger of good birth who has no friends at hand?"

There was a little hesitation, then two gentlemen, one a notary, the other a silk merchant, signified that they would.

"Thank you, gentlemen. Shall we confer outside?" and the young fellow led the way.

"My dear sir," said the notary, with agitation, "I warn you, you will be killed," and in trembling accents he told of De Magny's reputation and many villainies.

The unknown heard him, with a smile. "Thank you," he said. "I have heard of him, and that is why I came here. Before this time to-morrow you will be well rid of him, for I shall kill him, gentlemen. The good God will aid me. I am the insulted party, and I select pistols. Arrange it as you wilt. I can trust you without reserve. You will find me at the cafe opposite. And allow me to express my deepest gratitude for your kindness."

Again they tried to explain, but the unknown would not listen, and with heavy hearts they went to confer with De Magny's seconds. In half an hour they were back. It was to be a duel with pistols at ten paces in the garden behind the Palais; the time, midnight. The seconds were to toss for the first shot.

"Thank you, gentlemen. You have done me great service. And now, if you please, we will have supper."

Just before midnight they walked across to the Palais and were admitted through a private entrance into the garden, where presently De Magny, his seconds and Dr. Leres joined them. Dr. Leres has been obtained by the notary on the suggestion of the unknown. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the respective seconds threw dice for the right of first fire. De Magny's second threw a three, the stranger a five.

"You have the right to fire first, M. Incongu," said the notary.

A smile of satisfaction overspread his features. Ah, I knew it! I knew it!" he cried in a tone of absolute conviction. "It is the finger of God."

The five spectators looked at De Magny. For the first time, it is said, a look of anxiety, even of fear, was observed on his features. He was tinged with superstition, and the unknown's confidence had shaken his nerve, and in vain did he try to appear unconcerned.

They had been placed opposite each other, when the unknown said to the notary: "Monsieur, fire off my pistol, if you please, and load afresh. There must be no mishaps."

A protest was raised by De Magny's seconds that it was irregular, but the unknown insisted, and after some argument and appeals to the law and etiquette of dueling both pistols were fired off. Strange to say, when the trigger was pulled the pistol of M. Incongu missed fire, and a fresh cap had to be placed on it before it was discharged.

"You see," said he, "there would have been a mishap, and God's purposes would have been frustrated."

Once more the pistols were loaded, and again the duelists took their places. The incident had further affected the bravo, and his face was ghastly.

"Ready!" cried the notary. "M. Incongu, fire!"

The unknown slowly raised his pistol until it was pointed at De Magny's heart. He held it there for a quarter of a minute, his arm as rigid as a bar of steel, then he lowered it again. "Monsieur," he said slowly and coldly to his antagonist, "God has made me his minister to end your crimes. But I fire especially to avenge Dr. Soleau, whom you wantonly assassinated." And again he raised the pistol, this time pointing it at De Magny's forehead. The latter was almost in a state of collapse, and as the unknown pulled the trigger, contrary to the regulations that had been made, he lifted his pistol and fired. It was almost a simultaneous report. De Magny's ball passed through the left arm of the unknown, breaking the bone, but at the same instant he gave a leap in the air and fell—dead! The bullet had passed exactly between the eyes.

"Infamous! Infamous!" cried the notary to De Magny's seconds. "A scoundrelly act."

"What matters it?" said the unknown solemnly. "He has been executed." And then his face turned ghastly, as if he were about to faint. In an instant Dr. Leres was at his side, ripped open the sleeve with his penknife and began to examine the wound. "The infernal scoundrel!" he cried.

"He has died as he lived, Dr. Leres," said the unknown. "Do you not know me?"

The doctor peered keenly into his face, then started back. "It—it cannot be!" he cried.

"But it is," said the unknown. "I am Estelle Soleau, the unhappy widow of that scoundrel's victim. I have kept my oath. But it will not bring Ernest back"—and then she fainted.

* * * * * * *

There was such incredible news for the city next morning that many would not believe until the seconds had been interviewed, and then the rejoicing was great. Mme. Soleau's act touched the popular imagination, and the bulletins as to her condition were scanned as eagerly as if they concerned the health of a crowned head. It was a dangerous wound, and it was only after weeks of anxiety that all danger was pronounced at an end.

A fortnight later she took the veil, not live in seclusion, but to devote herself to the poor and needy in the slums of Paris.—London Tit-Bits.

Hard to Please.

The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college exulting in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class. His father was less easily satisfied.

"What! Next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for! Next to the head, indeed! Hump! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be!"

The young man was naturally crestfallen, but upon his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed. It was great news.

The lawyer contemplated his son for few moments in silence; then with a shrug of his shoulders, he remarked: "At the head of the class eh? Humph! That's a fine commentary on Brown University!"—Youth's Companion.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., and Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

Games for Queer Stakes.

From the New York Sun.

"I never saw anything like that," said the gray-haired young-looking man in the club smoking room, "except once, and that was among the Indians."

They had been talking of practical jokes. As some of them were old enough to remember Kenward Philp, of course they talked of him, and one man had told how Tody Hamilton one night brought Philp to utter and complete discomfiture. Philp, as the story goes, had played some prank upon a friend of Hamilton's, which had transcended the limits, and Hamilton had vowed vengeance.

The two met, one summer night, near Alderman Lynch's place, and, after the usual civilities, fell to matching pennies. It happened that luck ran in a most astonishing way in Hamilton's favor. Philp never could resist the fascination of any game of chance, and doubling the stakes again and again, but losing at almost every turn, he was soon penniless. Hamilton saw his chance and took Philp's money remorselessly, leaving him without even his ferry fare, though he knew Philp lived in Brooklyn.

Philp proposed to play further, and put up first his hat, then his coat, vest, shoes, necktie and socks. Hamilton won them all. As each article was lost Philp handed it over, and at the last he stood barefooted, with nothing on but his shirt, underclothes and trousers, while Hamilton had a bundle of second-hand clothing of no earthly use to him. His resentment of Philp's ill-treatment of the other man, however, was enough to fill him with satisfaction when the joker, beaten for once at his own game, started uncomplainingly for home. I wouldn't have done it to anybody else on earth." Hamilton says when he tells the story, "but it was a very slight punishment for what he had done."

That was the story that called forth the remark from the gray-haired, young-looking man about Indians and blackberry jam.

"You didn't know there ever was a town built with the proceeds of blackberry jam?" he asked. "Why that's an old story. It's away up in northern part of the Michigan peninsula, and it's called, or it was when I was there, Church's Landing. Church was a Yankee who went west long ago to seek his fortune, and happening along toward the Straits of Mackinac in the blackberry season, was amazed at the sight of the wild berries growing there. It was a wilderness then, but it was a most fertile kind of a wilderness, and, better than that, it was right on the shore of a great natural waterway from the west to the east.

"Church had some money—not a great deal, but enough to start with. He also had Yankee gumption, and best of all he had a wife with a business head on her. Anybody else could have done what he did, providing he he had those three things and had stumbled on just that opportunity, but as it happened, he was the man. What he did was to embark in the manufacture of blackberry jam, not by the gallon, but the hundreds of hogsheads. You see, his fruit cost him nothing but the gathering, for it was Uncle Sam's land until afterward it became Church's. There were miles of it, all covered with fine fruit, growing wild. And it seemed as if Providence had made special provision for the gathering, for there were great numbers of the most worthless Indians I ever came across living right there, and although those Indians would do monstrous little to save themselves from starvation, they would make their squaws and children pick berries for just about as little as Church was willing to pay them.

"The result was, as I told you, that he built a village with the proceeds of blackberry jam, and it was no slouch of a village, either, when I was there, I should think it likely that it is a city now, and I'd make a small bet that if Church and his wife are still alive they own the whole of it. There were sawmills and gristmills and various shops and a general store there when I saw it, and a couple of good wharves on the water front; and steamboats, I don't know how many of them, carried freight between Church's and other places on the lakes.

"The Indians never did much except eat and drink. Church traded with them some, naturally he wouldn't sell them any liquor. Whether it was moral or business principle that prevented him, I couldn't say. But the dusky vagabonds would get liquor, sometimes and somehow, and when they did they wouldn't stop drinking until it was all gone. I've seen three or four of them lying dead drunk alongside of a discarded whisky barrel they had stolen somewhere and taken to the water's edge. They would pour a few gallons of water into it and roll it around until they had weak grog, and then lie and drink it by the quart. When they would get hold of the carcass of any kind of an animal they would sit down and eat until it was all gone. Perhaps they wouldn't eat again for a week, but they would gorge themselves like buzzards when they had food. It was then that I formed my estimate of Indian character, and I never saw the noble red man of tradition, there or anywhere else.

"I was wrong, though, in saying there was nothing else they would do, They were the worst gamblers I ever saw anywhere, and it was there that I saw the match to the story of Kenward Philp's game.

"I suppose these Indians, like others, have their own gambling games, which they played before they acquired the white man's vices, but I don't know them. I do not know that they understand poker, and that when two or three of them get together there is pretty certain to be a pack of cards. I never saw them use chips. Just why they don't is not very clear, but I imagine they can't appreciate the fact that counters may be used as a value. Very probably, they feel sure that no [illegible] seem chips [illegible] with money lost, even if he had sold them with the understanding that they were to be redeemed. Anyhow, they prefer actual assets in the pot.

"When I was in Church's Landing it was toward the end of the blackberry season, and there were a good many of these tame savages around. The squaws and children were there to work, and the bucks were there to take their money away from them as fast as they should get it. They had a sort of camp, a little way out of the village—perhaps half a mile off, for Church would not let them camp near by—and vistors, when they had time, used to walk around the camp from curiosity. The Indians seemed perfectly indifferent to the scrutiny they were subjected to as long as the stranger did not neglect to throw a few coins to the children. They would sit, smoking, eating or drinking, as calmly as if no one was near, and even when they were playing poker it did not disturb them to be watched.

"The day I was there two big bucks were having a game of cards, and probably a dozen others were looking on. I heard afterward that there was ill-feeling between them, though not enough to provoke bloodshed, and that both being gamblers, it was a struggle for reputation as well as gain. When I came up and joined the lookers-on one of the two had just lost the last of his money and had thrown his blanket on the ground for an ante, for they played on the bare ground, squatting on their haunches. The other player, who was the larger of the two, dealt the cards, and, after looking at his own hand, threw in his own blanket without a word. Each drew three cards, and the dealer, after looking again, put up a $1 bill. The other man calmly pulled off his shoes and laid them beside the bill. It was a call, and the big man won with two small pair.

"In perhaps half a dozen deals more the smaller man lost his hat, coat, shirt and trousers, and giving them up stolidly as he lost, was left as naked as he was born, save for a breech clout, which, to my amusement, I found he had under his trousers. While this was going on I noticed that they didn't play jack-pots, but if the dealer didn't like his cards he threw them down and the age man drew back his ante. And I also noticed that while the smaller man had nothing but collateral to stake, the other seemed perfectly contented to play for anything at all, but kept putting up money in preference to anything else.

"The naked man had still a hunting knife and a fairly good rifle, and staked the knife on the first hand he got which he thought worth betting on. He lost that, for the luck was running steadily against him, and I looked to see him put up the rifle next. He did not, however, but instead, when he caught another hand, he said a few words which I could not understand. The other nodded, and the small man shouted out three or four more words, in his own language. In answer a boy about 12 years old came trotting up, and in obedience to a sign from his father stood a little in front of him, almost between the two players. To my amazement he was to be played for. Boys appeared to be worth something in that camp, too, for the big man put up $10 against him. Then came the draw, and I concluded that the small man must have bettered, though neither player held his cards so that any bystander could see them, for he was evidently going to bet more. I looked again to see the rifle go into the pot, but he was not yet ready for that. Again he spoke a few words, and the other nodded, and the small man called his squaw. She came up, and, like the boy, seemed to understand what was to be done, and, without a murmur, took her place beside the other stakes.

"To me, naturally, this seemed most extraordinary, and I looked around to see if anybody was going to interfere. No one offered to. A squaw, it appears, was worth $10, for that is what the big man put up against her.

"It was a good hand the small man held, for when it came to a show he laid down a nine full. His luck was against him, however, for the big man had a queen full, and at a sign from him the squaw and the boy walked away, though in a different direction from that from which they had come.

"The small man had now literally nothing but his breech clout, which was worthless, and his rifle, which had been evidently his most precious possession. He dealt the cards again, however, and, though for three deals there was no contest, he had his rifle in as his ante each time it was his turn. Even with this stake, however, his luck did not turn, and the big man staking the sum against it that he had against the squaw, won it on a king high flush.

"Neither player had changed countenance in the least during the game, as far as I could see, and both were equally imperturbable after it was over. The loser rose without a word and walked away, and the winner, putting the cards in his pocket, sat still and began smoking. I asked some of the white people around there if it was usual for men to gamble away their wives and children, and they said it wasn't. Occasionally some Indian would do it, but nobody felt called on to protest."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Colborn & Colborn, Attorneys for Assignee.

Managing Horses.

Horses are essentially creatures of habit. Of gentle, confiding dispositions, but excessively nervous; timid; at times irritable, and prone to resist strenously anything that frightens them. If, for example, you put a rope halter on an unbroken colt and tie him to a post, the more the rope cuts into his tender skin the greater will be his struggles, while he will soon yield to a halter that inflicts no pain.

Through nervous fright, horses sometimes become panic-stricken and absolutely uncontrollable. They suffer also occasionally from what, for want of a better name, may be called "nervous paralysis," when they seem to be physically incapable of motion. This condition is almost invariably the result of brutal treatment, and the only reasonable explanation of it is that the first emotion aroused in the horse by punishment is fear; that when he finds that he cannot escape, anger and a spirit of resistance are mingled with his fright, and that these combined emotions produce this morbid state.

The horse is quick to take advantage of the ignorance or the fear of those who control him. As compared with the dog, he is somewhat slow of comprehension, but he differs from the dog in this also, that he seldom becomes "too old to learn new tricks," and his memory is so retentive, that he never forgets what he has once thoroughly learned.

It may be also set down as a rule, with but few exceptions, that he intends to do just right; if he err, it is from ignorance, pain or fright; rarely from stubbornness or vice. This seems to be generally unknown, or at least understood, the most harshly judged and unjustly treated; and for the least infraction of discipline he is too often brutally punished. If men who train horses would control their tempers, and endeavor to ascertain the cause of the animal's misbehavior, they would find that there is often a good excuse for his actions.

The eye is the best index to the animal's feelings. The ears are very expressive, but they do not reveal so plainly the emotions that are dominating him as the eye does. Therefore study the eye with its varying expressions, and when you can read its meaning you hold the key to one of the chief secrets of successful horse-training.

The horse should be convinced that resistance is useless; but do not be impatient or harsh; remember that success is the reward of unwearied patience. If you fail at first, keep trying until you succeed. Do not be discouraged if you do not seem to make much progress; your task may take weeks or even months, but if you persevere you will triumph.

While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used, it should be the very last resort; and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts, with a few sternly spoken words, are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or false idea than that a horse is benefited by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary, it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and fright occasioned by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administered, and at your next lesson he is nervous and afraid, and at the least note of anger in your voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner of and his tone of voice), he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the expected flagellation. It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand; the temptation to use it may be too great, and it is also wise not to attempt to teach him when you are in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right you will probably vent some of it on him.

When whipping is used only as a last resort the necessity for it seldom arises; as the horse makes progress in his education he understand better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently; and nearly always a sound rating when he knows that he misbehaving is sufficient. Sometimes when this is disregarded, a slap with the open hand will cause instant obedience.

There are two forms of punishment, or rather brutality, that are inexcusable under any circumstances—these are striking a horse over the head, no matter how light the blow and kicking him; and, aside from their inhumanity, there is great danger of permanently injuring him. Whenever, during a lesson, a colt or young horse becomes heated and angry, cease at once, and if you have been impatient and abused him, keep away from him until he has forgotten the occurrence.

Be soothing and gentleness in your manner and your tone of voice, win his confidence, and you will never regret it, for then in the hour of danger your voice and the touch of your hand reassure him, and he will face imminent peril, if only you are near.

In conclusion, never forget that the triumph of the trainer's art is in willing and cheerful obedience from a desire to please, and because long custom has made it a habit, not because the horse fears to disobey through dread of punishment.—Our Animal Friends.

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.

Dyspepsia.

Mr. Newwed—"There is no use talking—I won't eat any more of your cooking!"

Mrs. Newwed (tearfully)—"And you—you said—you were willing to die for me!"

All Around the Farm.

Sheep growers have it in their power to increase the demand for mutton by improving the quality. Make it so good that people will have it.

In setting out an orchard trees of medium size and an abundance of root fibre are much more valuable than large and spreading tops with but few roots, which are incapable of feeding the trees.

Many an acre produces its $100 or more in grapes, and yet many farmers do not grow them for family use, preferring to let the odd corners and nooks grow up in weeds and bushes.

Berries should be cultivated often; it warms the soil in the spring. Even light rains can then penetrate the soil, and the moisture will be retained for use in summer time.

Why not have some competent man legally appointed in ever community to spray trees and destroy insect pests and fungus diseases, taxing each man for the number of trees grown? The thrifty man would then no longer suffer from the habits of his negligent neighbor.

Roses do not grow from ripe wood cuttings made in the fall, but if the canes are twisted or wounded and then layered in the summer they will start rootless or form a callus at the wounded point, and in the fall they can be taken up and buried for next spring planting.

Corn, shorts and skim milk make a combination that will produce a high grade of pork. Wheat may replace the shorts. These foods assist in producing flesh so rapidly as to enable the feeder to dispose of his pigs to advantage when young, yet at good weight.

It is not alone because of injury to scythes, mowers and other implements that the hay maker wants as smooth a surface as he can get. It is necessary to have stones and other inequalities removed if he would be able to cut as closely as he should. The new growth, especially of clover, starts quicker and grows more vigorously if cut close. Besides, much of the weight of both clover and grass is lost if either are cut high. So there is loss by high cutting in the first crop, as well as in the aftermath.

There is nothing better to make young pigs grow than a patch of peas, into which they may be turned an hour or so every day until the peas become so scarce that all day is required to satisfy them. They furnish the same kind of nutrition that milk does, and at a much cheaper rate. When thus fed their frames will grow rapidly, and they can be given corn feed later in the season, without the injury that comes to hogs summered on grass and clover and suddenly changed to corn.

For reliability and constancy of bloom nothing con beat the peony, perennial phloxes in different colors, the Siberian and Iceland poppies, funkias, hollyhocks, foxgloves, dianthus and other old time occupants of the garden. Any gaps that occur during the summer can always be filled up with such annuals as zinnias, French or African marigolds, alyssum, mignonette, portulaca and asters.

Something to Depend on.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

A Sacrifice.

Of course it surprised them somew