

The Somerset Herald.  
ESTABLISHED 1827.  
Terms of Publication.  
Published every Wednesday morning at  
SOMERSET, PA.  
No subscription is paid in advance, otherwise  
it will invariably be discontinued until  
arrangements are made up. Postmaster  
noting to notify us when subscribers do  
not take out their paper will be held responsible  
for the non-receipt.  
Subscribers removing from one postoffice to  
another should give us the name of the former  
as well as the present office. Address  
THE SOMERSET HERALD,  
SOMERSET, PA.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 12.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 2405.

# Merit

What gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, its constantly increasing sales, and enables it to accomplish its wonderful and unequalled cures. The combination, proportion and process used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make Hood's Sarsaparilla the only one of its kind.

## Peculiar to Itself

It cures a wide range of diseases because of its power as a blood purifier. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system. Thus all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues become under the beneficent influence of

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. 50¢ per bottle. Large bottles, \$1.00 per dozen. Sold everywhere.

## THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$28,000.

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

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

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.  
CHAS. O. SCULL, GEO. R. SCULL,  
JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER,  
JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBERT R. SCULL,  
FRED W. HESSECKER.

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

## The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank in 1890.

Capital, \$50,000.00  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, 23,000.00  
Assets, 333,939.33

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

DIRECTORS:  
Wm. Endsley, Chas. W. Snyder,  
Josiah Specht, H. C. Bertriss,  
John H. Snyder, John Stuffs,  
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,  
Jerome Staffa, Noah S. Miller,  
Sam. B. Harrison.

Customers who wish to receive the most liberal treatment connected with safe banking, parties wishing to loan money, save or accumulate, and those desiring to have their money put to work, are invited to call on us.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL, FURNACE AND SADDLERY,  
Main Street, near of Third Street.

## THE PUMPKIN PIE.

I do not sing of the knights of old,  
No of the deeds of a lady's sigh,  
Of the smoke and noise of the battle-field,  
Or the valor of a hero in the sky.  
Let those who talk of the flying grail,  
And the waters that ripple by,  
Stand off to one side till I have my harp  
And sing of the pumpkin pie.  
The ladies who cheer on their cavaliers,  
Or feast on an oyster fry,  
The dudes who play on a foreign dard,  
Bring me the pumpkin pie.  
When sunset sweeps over my weary soul  
And the shadows come to my eye,  
I do not sit by the wall and moan,  
I hunt for the pumpkin pie.  
If I ever married I don't want a feast,  
With dishes to dazzle my eye,  
But I'll take my bride to the kitchen below  
And we'll dine on a pumpkin pie.  
While I'm alive in this dismal world  
And until the day I die,  
I'll put my faith on a future world  
That is furnished with pumpkin pie.

## JONES, WIDOWER.

Jones was a luxurious fellow; he loved the good things of life and had thus far been quite successful in obtaining them. Still, it was not the good fortune that comes by luck that was his, but it was the fruit of energy and industry. Left with a considerable patrimony, he had carefully improved his circumstances until now, at the age of 35, he was classed as one of the solid men of the town in which he had built up his fortune.

For the last two years Jones had been a devoted club man—for Jones was a widower, and for two years he had been a doting father, full of the bitterness of bitter-sweet memories—every evening full of a vanished pleasure.

To-night he had not gone to the club but loathed in his own library and ruminated. For, though Jones was a widower, it was his intention to remain such very little longer. The echoes of the voice that was gone were growing fainter, and he no longer felt so acutely the influence of the vanished presence.

Just now he was engaged in that venerable occupation, reviewing the past. He began with the wedding. He felt again the hush of his heart as he had felt when he had realized that Elizabeth had given herself into his keeping. "To have and to hold," he whispered and his pulse beat strong. Elizabeth looked from the shadows with the old, sweet look of confidence and invitation.

The face faded and Jones settled himself in his neglected chair, and in the smoke curls that drifted into the corners, he saw visions. "I can never pass the house without seeing Elizabeth's dear face just as she stood the last time I saw her. She was wearing the pretty blue gown with the gay little ribbons—you remember."

Children had come to them—two, two and then a third, and Elizabeth had found that the valley opened into the deeper, darker valley of the Shadow of Death; and Jones, baffled and despairing had fled from the bright hills beyond that valley where he had been so happy. "I have loved her," he murmured, "but she has loved me."

A tiny coffin stood in the corner there and Elizabeth's baby had gone to her waiting arms. Two little, helpless clinging girls remained to him. "Housekeepers! His soul shuddered. There was the tearful one, whose vocal organs were paralyzed in his presence, so that no conversation could be maintained. She died, poor child, and her little sister had been left to him."

Next came the widow of the terrible headgear, and he had suffered in silence. "But since he had known Sue—oh, Sue was a jewel! She looked so brightly and cold—still, people called her. But he knew how she could warm and glow, how her eyes could brighten, how her cheeks could burn, and her lips curve dimpling. He felt that she had done it for him, here in the week Sue would be his. He swelled with pride. He thought of his plans of the future. How well it was all arranged! He dwelt with complacency on the fact that his friends were in the dark as to his purpose. How discreet he and Sue had been to be sure, and it had been delicious, he having his sweet secret with Sue.

"A widower is so remarked upon if he chooses to marry; it is annoying," Jones had not confessed to himself that he dreaded his friends, just now. Jones loved to see things done decently and in order. He felt that this business of refection was a delicate little attention due his past, and that he had properly chosen a book he meant to lay aside and look at no more. He threw his cigar into the grate, stretched himself luxuriously and took himself to bed.

The business day was nearly over, when the boy announced a name and Jones rose promptly and advanced to meet a trim little lady, with a clear, fresh complexion and gray-blue, earnest eyes, whose color was matched by the elegant gown she wore. They proceeded at once to a matter of business he had in hand for her, and when that was attended to she sat chatting for a few moments.

Jones liked Mrs. Mason. Aside from her respect for her good sense and his friendship for her husband, she held other claims upon his regard. He had known her long and well, and she had

been a neighbor and a dear friend of Elizabeth's. "I hear you are to be married!" she said, suddenly. There was question in her voice, but not question that at all doubted of being answered. Jones chafed. It was none of her business; it was meddlesome curiosity; yet to himself acknowledging that she had always shown unselfish interest, and that now he would, nay, must, answer.

"All he could attain to by his inward rebellion was an attempt to scoot lightly above her. He crossed one knee over the other, then crossed the other over that, and said: "Well, congratulate me, won't you?" and he succeeded in saying it with a sort of nervous flippancy. He could detect nothing but gentle gravity and she answered: "I cannot do that."

He sat stilly, thinking that if it were a man, he'd know pretty well what to do with him. "I've had experience with a stepmother myself," she went on quietly, as if thinking aloud, and without thought of influencing. Jones started. Really, it was almost indecent in her to talk this way. Besides, he had not thought of Sue as a step-mother. That is surely an ugly name.

"And I could never wish any little human being so unhappy a childhood as I had. My step-mother was a good woman, and her ways were right in her own eyes. She was cruel—not physically, of course, but in the thousand and one ways that only a person thoroughly out of sympathy with a child can be. I tried my little best to please her, and then have wept my little heart out to a sympathetic pillow at night, that nothing I could do was pleasant to her, and that she didn't really want to be pleased. I was simply crushed. If I had not been vigorous I believe I would have died."

She paused, and Jones found no words. He told himself that he had no need, nor wish to defend Sue to this meddlesome woman. "If I had not been vigorous I believe I should have died!"—the words burnt him. His little girls were not vigorous. "I have thought of your poor children many times, but I cannot come to Elizabeth's home now. I cannot. I should only make a spectacle of myself."

"About anything so long ago," thought her listener, and then he turned restlessly, as he had done last night when he remembered that it was not so long ago. "I can never pass the house without seeing Elizabeth's dear face just as she stood the last time I saw her. She was wearing the pretty blue gown with the gay little ribbons—you remember."

Jones nodded. "She leaned against the pillar at the corner of the veranda, and talked calmly to me at the gate. The climatic vine she planted at the corner—you know—laid one of its clusters on her head. Her arm was raised—hadn't Elizabeth the dearest curves to her arms? I just wanted to lay my cheek on her wrist and kiss the whiteness of it."

"One other time, among the last I remember, I had said something I had feared had hurt her, and I apologized; then, going home on foot, I passed your gate just as she left the carriage. She stopped me to speak of what had passed, and was so sweet in her assurance of her love for me—I loved her so! I remember just how she looked; she was entrancing; in brown, with plumes on her broad hat that made her hair gladden gold and her face look like a lily."

Jones' eyes burned. "She was so sweet in her assurance of her love for me," he ran through his brain. "God!" he cried to his aching heart, "I loved her so!" "I never see the little girls without seeing in them dear Elizabeth's sweet, sweet face."

She was tearing him his skin was parched. "And"—she said as she rose. Jones lifted his eyes heavily. She seemed taller than usual; he wondered dully at it; "to see another there in her place, caring for her flowers, or perhaps neglecting them; sitting in her chair, resting on her dainty couch, presiding at her place at your table; to have you giving your homage and love, holding her in your arms and melting her with your kisses, as if Elizabeth had never been—oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!"

A sob broke on Jones' ear; he heard a door shut loudly, and looked up to find himself alone. "And then, to his surprise, began a struggle, in which his native common sense could not conquer. "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth," his heart called, yearningly. He walked the room with uneven, restless steps. He turned heavily on an insensitive office boy: "No I can see no one."

He thought of Sue. What a stiff-backed, ungracious walk she had! How expressionless her face almost always was. He tried to recall the passions her kisses had aroused him to, but his blood refused to leap and thrill. It struck him now that she was a thought too eager; there had been a delicious shyness about Elizabeth that no other woman possessed. He recalled some woman's unthoughtful remark that the Simpsons were not careful housekeepers. Heaven's daintiness of Elizabeth!

His mind was a blank; his heart was cold, save for Elizabeth. Consciousness came to him, but nothing could warm his heart. This thing was a ghastly impossibility, he had assumed an obligation he could never meet. He returned to his desk. He wrote, not pausing, for he knew what he must say. Just the shortest way to break the chain—that was all he wanted: My Dear Miss Simpson—My marriage with her has been a deliciously impossible thing for you is an impossibility. I fear I cannot make it plain to you, but

the image of my dear wife Elizabeth has come to me with so much force that I cannot feel it right to take in her place one for whom I feel no more affection than I do for you. No you are not spread all over the place like mushrooms. It is more fun than chewing tobacco or swinging in a hammock with a beautiful silly girl who wants to talk dress, lawn tennis and boys all the time. It is more fun than seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" walloped over the stage by home talent. It is more fun than having a caribee. It is more than most anything.

The other day an awful looking man entered the sanctum. He was six feet high, four inches thick, and had a crop of sun-burned whiskers that would have made a good adornment for a mythological god. He was mad. Every second or so he spat out chunks of froth like lava from the volcano Vesuvius. "Are you the dod-darned galoot what runs this paper?" he demanded in a voice that had evidently been dug out of a historic cemetery and turned up with the griddlestone.

The man at the desk quietly opened a drawer that contained some stones, bricks bats and chunks of scrap-iron, and sweetly replied that he was the individual. "Then you are the all-fired junk, the dod-darned wassel, the ram-jammed, half-hatched turkey-buzzard that I have seen?" "I want to see you?" "I want to pay your bill?" suggested the editor, "let me see—your name is Smith; all right, Smithy, 28 years at \$1.50 a year, makes just—"

"I want to know if you are the son of gun who put that piece in the Gazette about equal parts of vinegar and turpentine spread on cows would keep the flies off?" "Yes, oh, yes," replied the man at the desk eagerly, "how did she work?" The memory of it made the man madder. He began to froth at the mouth. He grinded his teeth and ground his hands and stamp his feet. "That was a good idea," he said, "I'll try it on my cows." "How did it work?" he screamed out in regular locomotive style. "It worked beautifully, most beautifully! I read that thing in your cursed paper, and having my pesky flies that my cows could kick off in a month, I concluded to try it. I mixed a whole barrel, and when the boy brought the cows up for milking, I just took a tree sprayer and squirted them all full of it from head to tail, billygoad and all."

"Well! Well! Well! what do you suppose? A minute to get down to business. The cows squirmed, twisted and bellowed; the bull started to look everything in sight, and the lillygoad just batted the barn, spit, splattered and bleated like mad. Then they all jumped over the barnyard fence at a lick, and with heads up and tails switched they ripped through the cornfield, across the meadow into the woods, and I guess they are going yet. I have seen 'em or got any milk since, and I'm going to sue this paper to recover damages."

"Did it keep the flies off?" anxiously asked the man at the desk. "Keep 'em off? Why god darn you ugly tripe, there ain't a fly on earth that could keep up with them cows the way they were going after they jumped out of the barnyard!" The bank farmer ordered his paper stopped, spat a quart of tobacco juice on the door, and left the office with a General Weyler air, while the man at the desk commenced an article on "The Vagaries of Human Existence."—Burlington, N. J. Gazette.

### Trouble For His Honesty.

"A queer thing happened to me," said Bailey, lighting a fresh cigar. "It was only one of those incidents of street travel that might happen to any one, but annoying from the unconstruction put upon it."

"What was it?" asked the other fellows, making themselves comfortable. "I was riding on the electric," said Bailey, "and in the seat opposite was a pretty girl."

"Oh, you consider yourself a judge?" remarked one of the crowd. "Certainly do, and I let her see that appreciated her good looks. But my overtones made an impression. The young woman batted her eyes in getting her face ready, and I watched her as she deftly extracted a dime from her pocket book and held it on the palm of a pretty hand, ready for the conductor."

"You were hit hard, Bailey?" "Then I thought of my own fare, and as I was holding a newspaper in my hand I rose and dived down into my pocket for a nickel. The conductor came along and I handed it to him just as my vis-a-vis said: "What has become of my 10 cents?"

"There she sat staring at her hand, which was no longer occupied by the piece of silver. We all looked for it, but it had disappeared, and she found a nickel with which she paid her fare. At that moment I slipped my hand into my overcoat pocket and found there the 10 cent piece."

"How could you identify it?" asked one of the boys. "I never carry money in an outside pocket. Besides it had not been there a moment before. No, I know how it happened. My paper had whisked it from her hand, and it had dropped from it to my pocket, as I explained to her."

"Was she surprised? What did she say?" "Boys, I can't tell you all she said. Please don't ask me. She remarked that no one could judge by appearances, and she hoped it was my first beginning in life of crime; that if I had been hardened I would not have turned it to her, but that probably I saw that she suspected me, and a lot more, while the fellows in the other seats were guffing me. But you can bet your bottom dollar I never find out anyone's money and return it to her. Not much, Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Vinegar and Turpentine.

It is great sport to edit a newspaper in a town like Burlington where, for pecuniary reasons, police protection is not spread all over the place like mushrooms. It is more fun than chewing tobacco or swinging in a hammock with a beautiful silly girl who wants to talk dress, lawn tennis and boys all the time. It is more fun than seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" walloped over the stage by home talent. It is more fun than having a caribee. It is more than most anything.

The other day an awful looking man entered the sanctum. He was six feet high, four inches thick, and had a crop of sun-burned whiskers that would have made a good adornment for a mythological god. He was mad. Every second or so he spat out chunks of froth like lava from the volcano Vesuvius. "Are you the dod-darned galoot what runs this paper?" he demanded in a voice that had evidently been dug out of a historic cemetery and turned up with the griddlestone.

The man at the desk quietly opened a drawer that contained some stones, bricks bats and chunks of scrap-iron, and sweetly replied that he was the individual. "Then you are the all-fired junk, the dod-darned wassel, the ram-jammed, half-hatched turkey-buzzard that I have seen?" "I want to see you?" "I want to pay your bill?" suggested the editor, "let me see—your name is Smith; all right, Smithy, 28 years at \$1.50 a year, makes just—"

"I want to know if you are the son of gun who put that piece in the Gazette about equal parts of vinegar and turpentine spread on cows would keep the flies off?" "Yes, oh, yes," replied the man at the desk eagerly, "how did she work?" The memory of it made the man madder. He began to froth at the mouth. He grinded his teeth and ground his hands and stamp his feet. "That was a good idea," he said, "I'll try it on my cows." "How did it work?" he screamed out in regular locomotive style. "It worked beautifully, most beautifully! I read that thing in your cursed paper, and having my pesky flies that my cows could kick off in a month, I concluded to try it. I mixed a whole barrel, and when the boy brought the cows up for milking, I just took a tree sprayer and squirted them all full of it from head to tail, billygoad and all."

"Well! Well! Well! what do you suppose? A minute to get down to business. The cows squirmed, twisted and bellowed; the bull started to look everything in sight, and the lillygoad just batted the barn, spit, splattered and bleated like mad. Then they all jumped over the barnyard fence at a lick, and with heads up and tails switched they ripped through the cornfield, across the meadow into the woods, and I guess they are going yet. I have seen 'em or got any milk since, and I'm going to sue this paper to recover damages."

"Did it keep the flies off?" anxiously asked the man at the desk. "Keep 'em off? Why god darn you ugly tripe, there ain't a fly on earth that could keep up with them cows the way they were going after they jumped out of the barnyard!" The bank farmer ordered his paper stopped, spat a quart of tobacco juice on the door, and left the office with a General Weyler air, while the man at the desk commenced an article on "The Vagaries of Human Existence."—Burlington, N. J. Gazette.

### Rural Notes.

Look out for bristles on the man who is forever prating about his courtesy and great consideration for the rights of others.

People are becoming more and more sly of buying poor mutton, and therefore farmers are paying more heed to the raising and feeding of good sheep.

Although there is much in favor of other ration feeds it is about the best thing we can give the calves. Mixed with cornmeal it is a great milk producer for cows.

The best proof that there is fair profit in raising good cattle may be found in the fact that the men who handle that sort are not complaining about the business.

The farmer who is making his land richer every year is laying up the best bank account possible. Holding the soil for long periods is never practiced by good farmers.

Sheep will injure themselves eating salt only when a careless shepherd has deprived them of it too long. Keep the salt where they will take only so much as is required to satisfy their actual needs.

For winter feed you should cut the hay just as the seed begins to form. After that the food properties have been lost, and the stalks go into seed. This rule holds good to a greater or lesser extent to all grasses, but is especially applicable in the case of timothy grass.

## Darker View of Alaska.

J. C. Winstead, who since 1891 has been superintendent of the United States Forestry Service in Alaska, is of the opinion that the stories of gold discoveries are exaggerated and that with the rush of people to the field this summer there will be great suffering among a large number of them before they return to their homes.

"Many of the fortune hunters," said Mr. Winstead, "will return with far more of experience than of the gold. The resources of the country are great, and much gold undoubtedly has been brought back, but only the successful miners have given their story to the public and the many hardships, combined with failure, have been only half told. It is no place for an old miner, but the young man, tempted by fortune has a prospect to nerve him up to the point of enduring the hardships incident to the trip. Most people have no idea of the endurance required for a trip into the gold country, and it seems that for a while before the first week after landing, I honestly believe that a person with a good position should stay where he is."

In the opinion of Mr. Winstead the fortunes made in the early fur trade of the Northwest Territories will be more than duplicated by the Alaskan trading companies. Just before the first spring two small vessels remained less than two weeks at Sandspit and did a business amounting to nearly \$100,000 with the whalers coming further north. The Sandspit is a natural harbor, a short distance below the station where Mr. Winstead was located, and the whalers who have been operating in the water to the north go there for supplies and to transfer their return cargo. These two boats took back a cargo which included \$45,000 worth of whalebone, 11 bags of all kinds of furs, 3 hogsheads of ivory and 48 bearskins, valued at \$20 to \$30 each. Each bag of fur contained about 200 skins, and one especially rare specimen of fox fur sold in London for \$50. The ivory was walrus tusks of the finest quality.

In some ways the position of Mr. Winstead is not one to be envied, as there were only three white men on the reindeer farm. The farm is a barren tract of land only one mile south of the arctic circle, and it is here that the reindeer are cared for and with the protection given them they rapidly increase. The farm was originally started to give the Eskimos some profitable occupation, but from the start was so successful that its practical side was developed. The reindeer are not distributed from the farm to the mission station, and there is no danger of their becoming extinct.

When the farm was started in 1891, the government secured 17 reindeers, and these by purchase and breeding increased until last fall there were 1,200. By the time there are probably 2,000 of the animals. A herd has been given to one of the Eskimos, and he has been very successful in his care of it. Under the government direction it is expected that this highly useful animal will increase until all demands in that country can be supplied.—Chicago Record.

### Size of the Universe.

Of all the open-air problems of nature which appeal alike to the scientific and unscientific, none is more impressive than that suggested by the grandeur of a star-light night. What are the stars, how distant are they, how far beyond our vision do they reach into space? In an address recently given by Prof. Sillars, Newcomb, he tried to get down to measure the distance of the stars from the earth, and added the striking observation that "evidence is accumulating which points to the probability that the successive orders of smaller and smaller stars, which our continually-increasing telescopic power brings into view, are probably of greater and greater distances, but that we actually see the boundary of our universe." This remarkable statement has begun to attract attention, and it would be interesting to know what the evidence is to which Prof. Newcomb refers. We were only just beginning to get over the idea that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the stars were specially created for its edification.

The more general belief nowadays is that space extends infinitely in all directions—there is no reason why there should not be "infinitely" means—and that everywhere there are worlds. Prof. Newcomb himself, in the succeeding passage to the above, gives some idea of the vastness of stellar space. Lying on the deck of a steamer he says, and gazing up at the constellation Lyra, he has often tried to calculate how many millions of years it would take his ship to get there, forgetting at the time that the earth was traveling in that very direction at a speed compared to which a steamship is extremely slow.

Through every year, every hour, every minute of human history since the first appearance of man on the earth, from the era of the builders of the Pyramids, through the times of Cesar and Hannibal, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it, have been speeding their way toward the star Lyra on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clock beat it moves on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second. \* \* \* When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years. Perhaps in half a million.

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

## A Burst of Sarcasm.

From the Washington Star.  
The sculptor's friend found him sitting in idleness with an expression that was distinctly sardonic. "What's the matter?" was the inquiry. "Nothing to do?" "Yes, I have plenty to do. But what is the use of doing it?" "Never mind. Posterity will appreciate you."

"That's what I told the man who runs the hotel where I live. He said he thought so, too. But he also remarked that posterity is likely to have a great deal to think about, and won't take the trouble to give him the share in my glory that he unquestionably deserves for having trusted me for my board."

"Perhaps your next work will bring you success?" "No. But I have a fine idea and I am going to carry the effort to a conclusion." "What is it?" "A statue representing Adam. Of course, I don't expect that it will bring me any recognition. I can't depict him as wearing gold stockings or checked trousers or a Prince Albert coat, or any of the other things that are considered essential in modern art. But I am going ahead to make the statue for my own satisfaction."

"Then why are you not busy about it?" "I had dropped into a reverie when you arrived." "A sentimental mood?" "No. I was thinking about what a lucky thing it was for Adam that when he first made his appearance in clay there was no committee to come around and undertake to assign him to oblivion."

### The Toad a Valuable Friend.

The Massachusetts experiment station, which examined with a microscope the contents of the stomachs of 7 toads in April, 30 in May, 9 in June, 29 in July, 19 in August and 7 in September—49 in all—found that 80 per cent of the toad's food consist of harmful insects and 10 per cent was of such beneficial insects as bees, spiders, lady bugs, etc.

The stomach that doesn't dine at yellow jackets, wasps, blisters, beetles and click beetles, or pinch bugs, would seem to be prepared for anything in the insect line, and it doubtless is.

The quantity of food that a toad's stomach can accommodate is remarkable. In one were found 77 myriapods, in another 25 arachnids, in another 65 gyrate mill caterpillars, in another 6 ants, 6 cut-worms, 5 myriapods, 6 sow-bugs, one weevil and one wire-worm beetle.

In twenty-four hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. Feeding at the rate above mentioned, a single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done 10 damage, the toad has saved \$10.

Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit-grower, and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden and berry patch.

### Much Yet to Do.

On a vast plain the 500,000,000 subjects of Queen Victoria are assembled before her throne, and on a table near the throne are the five sacred books of the East—the Bible, the Vedas, the Koran, the Tripitaka, and the Zend Avesta. Rising from her throne the Queen asks: "Let all those who believe in the divine inspiration of the Vedas take their sacred books and pass out and away," and 230,000,000 go out while but 500,000 remain. Sadly the Christian queen again speaks: "Let those who believe in the Koran now leave." Her grief increases as 60,000,000 more go out, and again there is an exodus of those who believe in the Tripitaka, the sacred book of the Buddhists, and in the Zend Avesta, the Parsee Bible—400,000 more. Out of 500,000,000 only 50,000 remain who accept the scriptures of the Old and New Testament as their Bible; and only a part of these are Bible-believers in God's book. This parable shows that to do before it can be said that the glad tidings have adequately been made known to every creature.—The Advance.

### The True Remedy.

W. M. Rejine, editor Tskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "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 it will cure a certain 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 so 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 Bralder's drug store, Berlin.

### Kept His Word.

"When I heard the bicycle bell I just stood on my rights and refused to move, threatening at the same time that if he ran into me I'd smash his machine."

"I kept my word. He ran into me and I smashed the machine." "What did he do?" "He gathered it together." "But you?" "Oh," saidly, "they gather me together, too."—Philadelphia North American.

## Facts for Farmers.

From the Philadelphia Record.  
When cows have bred and appear to be barren the cause is usually that they have been made too fat or kept too closely in the barnyard without exercise. It is a waste of food to give cows grain twice a day if they are not in full flow of milk. When very fat, cows will do best on a pasture of fine quality herbage, on which they must travel about for their food.

Every farmer who goes into debt, or mortgages his farm, should keep in view the fact that sooner or later a time will arrive when that debt must be paid. If capital is needed to operate the farm the amount borrowed should be as small as possible, and the ability to cancel the obligation in the future should be carefully considered. If a farmer will, or must, go in