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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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RAMAPO PASS.

In the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay for six weeks at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city, but the failure of Count de Grasse, who was holding the French fleet at the West Indies, to co-operate with the troops on land had compelled him to abandon the project, and he had decided to move rapidly to the south and attack Cornwallis, who was then in Virginia.

But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march or send reenforcements to Cornwallis, and either action would hinder if it did not defeat his project. So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked. Indeed we know that even after the march was begun the French troops, who went by the way of Perth Amboy, there stopped to build ovens and boats and gave out that they were about to attack the posts on Staten Island and then move against the city. There were other means that Washington used, however, to produce the same impression even before his army left Dobbs Ferry, and it is with one of these that this story has to do.

"I want to see Dominie Montagnie!" said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry.

"There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away.

"That Dominie Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why, he's only a boy."

"Boy or not, he's one of the stanchest Whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the Continental army," replied the soldier.

The orderly left, and as he approached the young man shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him:

"Is this Dominie Montagnie?"

"Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look to the officer.

"Well, General Washington wants to see you at once."

"Wants to see me? What for?"

"I don't know. Come with me and you will soon know."

Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He had never spoken to him before, but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the general rose to receive him and could scarcely reply to the kind words he spoke when he was presented.

"Yes, I have known of you," said Washington, "and from all I can hear I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?"

"I try to do my best, general," said Montagnie modestly.

"That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you." And the general paused a moment to note the effect of his words, but the young man only bowed, and he continued: "I want to send some dispatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's Ferry, go up by Haverstraw and through Ramapo pass."

Montagnie looked up quickly at the words "Ramapo pass." Yes, he knew the place and too well. It was a narrow defile among the hills of New Jersey and already had been the scene of some of the most exciting events in the Revolution. And now the cowboys and skinners held it, and if he should once fall into their hands he knew what would occur.

"But, general," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country."

"Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk but to obey."

The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be in vain, and, although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head and promised to do his best.

"When am I to go?" he inquired.

"Now—just as soon as you can get ready."

Just at dusk, dressed in citizen's clothing and with the dispatches sewed inside the lining of his sleeve, young Montagnie was carried across the river and started on his journey. Even a horse was denied him, but the hardy young Continental cared little for that, and all night long he kept steadily on his way.

It was about a half hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place, I have no fear of the rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and he was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass. He grasped his heavy walking stick more tightly and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there were only a narrow little strip of land and the swift flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and bowlders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quickened his steps. Once through, the greatest danger would be passed.

"This will never do," thought Montagnie. "If any one is watching me, I shall arouse his suspicions if I run." And he began to walk leisurely, although his fear increased each moment. Up to this time he had seen no one and had met no interruption on his journey. Perhaps his fear was unreasonable, but he had thought so much and so long of this place and was so familiar with the stories of the deeds of the murdering cowboys there that every sense was alert. Several times he thought he saw faces peering out from behind the bowlders, but he had not stopped and now he was almost through the pass. Yes, he could see where the valley became wide before him, and soon he would be out from under these terrible cliffs, with their long shadows and dark hiding places. He began to breathe more freely now and again quickened his pace.

Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment he knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road before him.

He glanced behind for a hiding place and already had started to climb the cliffs when he caught sight of the approaching men and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything and keep on as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only bold thing about him, for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass and bring their horses to a walk when they noticed the stranger.

He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hanged. Montagnie knew what a desperado Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange county and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest, and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster Bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail and a strong guard placed over him.

All his efforts to escape had been in vain, and with his two companions he had been hanged, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son, Richard, had been avenging the death of his father, and the poor Whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father. These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger, and there was this desperado, Richard Smith, approaching and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villainous looking men they were! He grasped his walking stick more firmly and tried to appear calm.

"Good morrow, gentlemen," said Montagnie.

A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious, but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed and in a moment he would be beyond their sight.

But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head he was aware that they had stopped and were watching him. The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end?

"Hold, stranger!" called one of the men. "You travel early."

The messenger stopped—for there was nothing else to be done—and waited their approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in his being calm.

"Yes," he replied, "and neither are you late in your start."

"Whither might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words.

"Oh, up the road here, among the hills."

Smith laughed derisively as he replied: "That won't do. Up the road may lead to Morristown or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself."

The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside. But the leader had not failed to note his hesitation, and he turned to his men and said: "Search him, boys. If he's straight, it'll do no harm, and if he isn't it's the thing to be done."

In a moment Montagnie had forgotten his caution. If the papers were found, they would perhaps kill him, and if he must die he would sell his life as dearly as possible. He had been so quiet that the two who approached were taken off their guard when he suddenly whirled his heavy stick and struck one a heavy blow and then turned to the other. With a bound he leaped over the fallen men and started for the cliffs. It was a desperate venture, and every moment he expected to hear the sound of their guns. He struggled, on, however, unmindful of everything but his own desire to escape.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he heard Smith call. "He may be worth more alive than dead. Ha, ha! Who would have thought such a peaceable-looking youngster would have given such a rap?" And he laughed again when he saw how angry his companions were. "Take after him; be quick or he'll get away."

Montagnie was struggling desperately to make his way up the hill-side. For a moment he thought they had abandoned the pursuit, although he wondered why they did not shoot, but he soon understood it all when he saw two of the men coming toward him. They had known of a path, and, by taking it, had been able to gain the the heights above.

To attempt further flight was useless now, and without a word he followed his captors to the road beneath.

"Take him up to the hut, boys," said Smith, and the messenger soon found himself in a rude log house about two hundred yards from the road, and concealed among the defiles of the hills.

"Now search him," said the leader, and the men immediately began to do his bidding. His three-cornered hat was cut into pieces, but nothing was found in it. Next his coat was taken off, and in a moment one of them exclaimed: "Here's something. It's inside the lining." And he cut open the sleeve and took out the dispatches, which he tossed to Smith. The leader quickly opened them, and, as he read, the others watched him keenly.

"It's a good find, boys, and all right. That's what comes of making a general out of a farmer. Who was the fool that tried to hide this in the lining of a sleeve?" he inquired, turning to Montagnie. "Why, it's the very first place we'd look into. And you must have been drunk to think you could get through Ramapo pass with them. You don't look like a lack-wit, but you must have been not to have taken the upper road. But Clinton will be glad to get this! Now, boys, what shall we do with this fellow, hang him or send him away?"

"Shoot him!" said the one whom the messenger had struck. "It's none too good for him."

"We'll see about that a little later," replied Smith. "We've got to get this letter to Clinton the first thing we do."

Two were left with the prisoner as a guard, and the others soon rode away. For three days and nights Montagnie lay in the hut, bound hand and foot. Not for a moment were the cords loosened, and each day his guard told him they were about to take him out and hang him, and leave his body on a tree by the roadside as a warning to all Whigs. The preacher had fully resigned himself and expected daily that the threat would be put into execution.

On the fourth day Smith returned, and, after a hurried consultation with the guards, rode away. The prisoner's hands were loosened, and his aching limbs were rubbed by the guard, but he had no other thought than that he was being prepared for his execution. Accordingly, when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut, he glanced on every side for the rope he thought to see dangling from some tree. As he walked on, his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo pass? If he had been left to his own devices, he would have taken the upper road, and never would have fallen into the power of these desperadoes.

"Can you ride?" said one of the men abruptly.

"Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse and then start the horse off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used.

But he had no time for meditation, for they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted and riding rapidly along the road, with one guard on either side.

What could it mean? He saw no rope, and not a word was spoken. On and on they went, and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon was carried across the river and placed in the old sugar-house prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day.

"You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie the next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels." Then he took from his pocket a copy of Rivington's Gazette, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the dispatches he had carried, and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained.

Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montaignie laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" asked the angry guard as he left. "I dont see anything funny in that."

But the prisoner did, and all his bitterness toward Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those dispatches on his person and thus to hold the British in New York while he started for Virginia.

How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis.

As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended, but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture. "I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylæ," he would say, "and keeping out the enemy, but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."—Atlanta Constitution.

As It is Now.

The advocate of women's rights had labored long and well with a gentleman friend who listened patiently to the various arguments she advanced in order to convince him that on all occasions women should receive the same treatment as men. Finally, when she thought that her work had been well done, she inquired:

"What is your honest opinion of women's rights, and of the progress it has made up to the present time?"

"Well," he replied, after due reflection, "I have no doubt it would greatly ameliorate the condition of the world if all that you advocate could be realized. As to the present state of the movement, as nearly as I can determine, it amounts to this: When a woman is traveling she insists that she has just as much right as a man to go into the smoking car, and she then insists that no gentleman will smoke in the presence of a lady."—Puck.

Wasn't Counted Out.

Ethel—Did you go to see papa today, Tom, about our engagement?

Tom—Yes, dear.

Ethel—Were you down at his office long?

Tom—Oh, no. I got up again right away.—New York Journal.

One is the Limit.

"How fortunate that Rose has only one brother-in-law to manage her money affairs."

"Why?"

"If she had two she would probably land in the poorhouse."—Chicago Record.

The Maiden's Vow.

"Adelaide," cried Archibald Pierson, as he knelt before the beautiful girl and tenderly grasped her slim, white fingers, "I have a secret to impart to you."

Miss Blashford looked inquiringly into his frank blue eyes and said:

"Oh, Mr. Pierson, how you frighten me! Has anything terrible happened?"

"Ah, can't you guess?" he pleaded.

"No," she exclaimed. "I am a poor guesser. Last winter when the proprietor of one of the stores offered a prize to the person who could guess closest to the number of seeds in a pumpkin that was displayed in the front window, I made a guess. Ah, Archibald, do you know what happened?"

"No," he passionately answered, "what was it?"

"I didn't get the prize," she said, "I was more than seven hundred seeds short!"

"Oh, terrible, terrible!" he groaned.

"And I then made a vow," she went on, "a vow that I have faithfully kept, and which I hope to be able to keep as long as I live."

"What was it?" he asked, in low, frightened tones.

"I vowed," the sweet girl replied, "that I would never, never try to win out by guessing again."

For a long time he knelt there in silence, looking dumbly up into her big, fawn-like eyes. But at last he said:

"Still, the pumpkin seeds seeds were different."

"Yes," she answered, "but do not, oh, do not compel me to try it. Can't you see that I am listening, Archibald?"

"Then I will tell you," he resolutely declared. "Adelaide, I—"

But just then the front door banged and they knew that her father had come home.

With one swift bound Archibald Pierson reached the chandelier and turned up the gas.

Half an hour later the young man said good-night, while William Blashford stood in the hall and waved him adieu.

When she was all alone again the beautiful maiden sat down and sobbed to herself:

"If that idiot ever springs another pumpkin-seed problem on me I'll guess his meaning so quick that it'll make his watch stop."—Cleveland Leader.

A Panic-stricken Court.

The Nashville Banner says: "The honorable Supreme Court of the State of Alabama cut a rather ridiculous figure in Montgomery last Saturday. That was the day for the Court to open its regular term, and a failure to meet on that day in the capital city of the state would have resulted in the omission of a whole term and the enforced idleness of the Court for nearly a year. It was, therefore, imperative that the honorable Court should go to Montgomery and formally begin the term. To discharge this duty the Court made its arrangement with paramount precautions against the possible danger of infection. The Supreme Justices arrived at the Mountgomery depot on a special train at 11.30 A. M., and were driven at a rapid pace to the Capitol, where they hurriedly went through the form of opening the Court, and as hurriedly had their precious persons hauled back to the special train, which in a jiffy blew its whistle and whirled away from the city.

"This was, we insist, a very ridiculous performance. That grave and reverend body had a duty to perform which should have been deliberately done and with a proper regard for the dignity and solemn obligations of the Court. Instead, they skurried in and skurried out like a lot of frightened rabbits, in a way which must have made any infinitesimal yellow fever germ that happened to be in a hundred yards of them roll over in a paroxysm of inextinguishable laughter."

Anyone who suffers from that terrible plague, Itching Piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that comes through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

Tale of a Tall Hat.

At Scotch weddings some years ago, says the London Weekly Telegraph, it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one of those occasions a newly-married couple (relatives of the bridegroom) determined to carry out the observance of this custom to the letter. The bridegroom heard them discussing their plans and dispatched a messenger to the carriage, which was waiting, with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the hat of a male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage.

No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders and entered the vehicle; then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming: "Hey, Mr. Dougall, there's your hat," and donned his own, amid the cheers of all present. Mr. Dougall was the unhappiest-looking man in Scotland for some time after that.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The Potato's Nutriment.

The Irish peasant, who has for hundreds of years popped his potatoes into boiling water with their jackets on, is an unconscious scientist, and is preparing his homely meal upon the most approved hygienic and dietetic principles, and obtaining the highest possible degree of nutriment.

Experiments made by the Agricultural Department show that potatoes peeled and soaked before boiling lose from 46 to 58 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, 25 per cent. of albuminoids and 38 per cent. of mineral matter, when peeled; placed at once in cold water and raised to a boil the loss of nitrogenous matter was 16 per cent., of which albuminoids form nearly half, and 19 per cent. of mineral matter; when peeled and thrown into boiling water the latter losses are reduced one-half, and when unpeeled and placed in boiling water the loss was but 1 per cent. of nitrogenous and 3 per cent. of mineral matter, the difference in nutritive values between a bushel of potatoes peeled and soaked and a bushel boiled in the Irish fashion being equal to a pound of sirloin steak. The character of the water used made no difference in the nutritive qualities.

A series of experiments with carrots embraced the same varieties of waters in which, both cold and boiling, the vegetables were placed, after being cut into fine, medium sized and large pieces. The quality of water made no difference in the results, but the loss of nutritive matter was smallest in the large pieces, the small pieces showing a loss of 40 per cent. of nitrogen and 26 of sugar, equal to a pound of sugar per bushel; the loss in the large pieces being: Nitrogen, 23, and sugar, 15 per cent.; the total nutritive loss being in the small pieces, 30, and on the large, 29 per cent.

Other experiments with cabbages showed that a large part of the nutritive elements of this vegetable is extracted by boiling, which may account for the fondness of the European peasantry and the Southern negro for cabbage soup, or "pot liquor." Of the 7½ pounds of dry matter contained in 100 pounds of raw cabbage, from 2½ to 3 pounds are lost in cooking, a loss which seems unavoidable "unless the water in which it is boiled is also used."

The digestibility of eggs was also inquired into. They were boiled for 3, 5, 10 and 20 minutes at temperatures ranging from 180 to 212 degrees, the experiments showing that, "while it seems probable that the method of cooking has some effect upon the rate of digestibility, it does not materially affect the total digestibility."

It is Said of Celery.

That if celery were eaten more freely sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few.

That when celery is eaten largely an alkaline blood is the result, and that where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

That it should not only be eaten raw but cooked.

That it should be cut in small pieces and boiled till tender, in as little water as possible, and after adding to this a little rich milk, thicken slightly with flour and season with butter, pepper and salt.

That the tender leaves and small ends of the stalk, which are usually thrown away, should be used for soups, and even the greener leaves are useful, for they may be dried and powdered and used for flavoring soups and the dressings of roasts.

The Coming Woman

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. For sale at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Christopher Columbus' Salary.

A curious discovery has been made in the archives of the Spanish navy, says he Echo de Paris. It is that of the pay sheets of the crews manning the fleet of caravels which sailed under Coristopher Columbus from the port of Palos to shores of America.

Considering the enormous wealth obtained from the New World, it is a matter for surprise to find that the discoverer of America and his companions were paid a miserable pittance. Thus, the seamen received from 10f. to 12f. 50c. per month and their food. The captains of the three caravels only had a monthly salary of 80f., and as for Christopher Columbus himself, who bore the rank of admiral, his salary was fixed at 1000f. per annum.

Preserves the Plants.

A German chemist has prepared a fluid that has the power, when injected into the tissues of a plant near its roots, of anaesthizing the plant. The plant does not die, but stops growing, maintaining its fresh green appearance, though its vitality is apparently suspended. It is also independent of the changes in temperature, the most delicate hot house plants continuing to bloom in the open. The composition of the fluid is shrouded in the greatest mystery, but it is said to have a pungent odor and to be colorless.

A Land Without Fences.

Country roads in China are never bounded by fences, but entirely undefined. While the farmer has the right to plow up any road running through his land, drivers of vehicles have an equal right, and they exercise it, to traverse any part of the country at large.

All Around the Farm.

Sandy soils are usually spoken of as light soils, because they are the easiest to work, but in actual weight they are the heaviest soils known. A clay soil, usually called heavy, is really lighter.

To keep Hubbard squash perfectly, a dry room should be secured, where the temperature can be kept always above freezing. Dryness is even more important than warmth. Squash quickly mildew and rot when exposed to moist air, either cold or warm.

Muck should not be applied to the soil as soon as taken from the bed. If thrown out and exposed to a winter's freezing it will be pulverized and rendered soluble. The best way to obtain all the fertilizing value there is in muck is to use it first in stables and wherever an absorbent is required.

Professor Maynard proved by repeated tests that the germinating power of seeds of dock, daisy, shepherd's purse, and similar meadow weeds is not injured by passing them through a horse, unless they chance to be crushed during the process.

A case is reported of a quince bush grafted upon common thorn, and uncultivated, which has borne regular crops of fruit for over forty years. If this be a fact, it is suggestive one, as the quince on its own roots is usually short-lived. Horticulturists should be tempted to try so simple and easy an experiment.

When you get a separator knock to pieces every swill barrel on the farm. Feed the calves and pigs as soon as the milk is separated. The milking and feeding is soon done, and there is no after-handling of the milk. The stock gets the milk sweet, warm and regularly, which is all in the line of advantage.

It was long ago the discovery of English farmers that bone manure, as they called lime phosphate, was good for the turnip crop. This was often fed on the land where grown, and the field thus fertilized with the sheep droppings was afterward sown with wheat or other grain. Usually sheep given a turnip patch to feed down were well fed with grain or linseed meal, which made much richer manure than turnips would do.

Growers are not well agreed in regard to pruning grape vines. Three years ago a gardener trimmed a very thrifty Concord vine tolerably short, and the grapes nearly all rotted. Last summer it was trimmed not quite so short, and again the fruit nearly all rotted. This season the vine was not trimmed at all, but allowed to run at will, and it was full of grapes, with scarcely any rot among them.

It is a matter of wonderment to many why so large a proportion of farmers build their homes close to the road, when they have the whole farm behind them. Instead of a fresh, green lawn in front of the house, there is only the dusty road, with its curious passers-by and clouds of dust from every passing team. A house gains in dignity of appearance when set back from the street, especially if a tree or two is planted so as to shade the door. Study to make the farm attractive as well as productive.—Michigan Fruit Grower.

If the garden is thoroughly underdrained, as it always ought to be, it should be fall plowed in ridges, and the surface left rough, so as to expose the soil as much as possible to the action of the frost. This is the more necessary because the garden is always a sheltered spot, where the snow lies much of the winter, so that there are few times when the soil freezes very deeply. The garden is always the richest spot on the farm. It is often what the Scotch farmers call "much midden" or heavy with manure. It needs the winter's freezing to lighten the soil and make its fertility available.

Free of Charge to Sufferers.

Cut this out and take it to your druggist and get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. They do not ask you to buy before trying. This will show you the great merits of this truly wonderful remedy, and show you what can be accomplished by the regular size bottle. This is no experiment, and would be disastrous to the proprietors, did they not know it would invariably cure. Many of the best physicians are now using it in their practice with great results, and are relying on it in most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Useful Items.

To cut new bread smoothly the knife should be slightly heated first.

The color of pickled cabbage is greatly improved by putting slices of uncooked beet into it.

Lime spots on woolen cloths may be completely removed by strong vinegar.

Cabbage leaves, chopped small and thrown on carpets before sweeping answer the same purpose as tea leaves for laying the dust.

To Prevent Cold Feet.

In Russia it is the custom, in order to prevent excessively cold feet, to sprinkle the bottom of the boot or shoe with ground allspice. This is easily done, and is productive only of comfort.

Preventive Agent Against Moth.

Take cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and tonquin beans, of each one ounce; add as much Florentine orris root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put into little bags among your clothes, etc. It is a pleasant perfume, and will keep away moths.

In Union There is Strength.

"Why is it," asked the philosopher, "that misfortunes never come singly?"

"Can't say," replied the other man, "unless it is that, on account of the reception they get, they're afraid to travel alone."—New York Journal.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE FOR THE COMING YEAR.

The Century Magazine, with its November number, enters upon its twenty-seventh year. During its long existence, by reason of its many notable successes, it has won an assured and commanding position. During the coming year *The Century* will maintain its exceptional position as a magazine of entertainment and as a leader in art and thought.

Its pictorial features will be notable, and it will command the services of the foremost artists, illustrators and engravers of this country and of Europe.

Nothing like a complete announcement of its literary features can be attempted now. Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel of the American Revolution, "Hugh Wynne," is the great success of the year, has written a new story for the present volume. It bears the piquant title "The Adventures of Francois: Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution." The tale is full of romance and adventure. Mrs. Burton Harrison contributes a new novel of New York life, called "Good Americans," in which contemporaneous social types and tendencies are brightly mirrored and described.

There will be a group of clever stories about horses and people who like horses, under the general title of "Gallops." "A woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention in Mexico" will be given in a series of graphic and highly picturesque papers by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson. Further contributions to the interesting series of "Heroes of Peace" will be made by Jacob A. Riis, Gustav Kobbe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and others.

For the benefit of readers of *The Century* an unusual combination offer is made for this year. There has been issued "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits," made up of the finest engravings that have appeared in the magazine, and representing a total expenditure of nearly $80,000. These are printed on heavy plate paper, with wide margins like proofs. The retail price of the gallery is $7.50, but this year it will be sold only in connection with a subscription to *The Century*, the price of the two together being $8.50.

THE NEW VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, enters upon the twenty-fifth year of its successful career as the leading magazine for boys and girls with its November issue. A remarkably varied and attractive list of features has been secured for the coming year, including contributions by several of the foremost writers of the day.

Rudyard Kipling's first "Jungle Stories" were written for *St. Nicholas*, and this year he will contribute a new series of stories to the magazine, called "The Just So Stories," written in a new vein—fantastic stories. Some stories, Mr. Kipling says, are meant to be read quietly, and some are meant to be told aloud. Some are for rainy mornings, and some for long, hot afternoons, and some are for bedtime. These stories of Mr. Kipling's are meant to be told "just-so," and one must not alter one single little word. They are stories about animals, queer, very queer animals.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton will contribute "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." This is a series of narrative sketches in which will be tre