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ESTABLISHED 1827.
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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Weekly Tribune will be handsomely printed during 1898. This edition is issued every Wednesday, and presents an excellent compendium of the contents of the Daily, but adds special information for farmers and for home. Its weekly visits bring to the fireside a fund of sound information, which every man needs for himself, and an influence for good, which he needs for his family. Price, $1 a year. Readers can sometimes obtain The Weekly Tribune at a lower price, in combination with a local weekly paper. Sample copies free. Friends of the party and The Tribune are invited to make up clubs for the paper in their localities.
The Semi-Weekly Tribune is issued every Tuesday and Friday. Price, $2 a year. This edition is being enriched by the addition to each Friday's paper of a handsome pictorial supplement of 20 pages, in which are printed a profusion of "halftone" and other pictures of great beauty and artistic merit. This supplement is dignified and able, and not only most entertaining, but immensely educational upon the minds and tastes of the family. An increasing number of subscribers indicates public approval of this feature of The Tribune. Sample copies of Friday's paper, free.
The Tribune Almanac for 1898, now in preparation, will contain several features of value, not included in previous numbers, among them the new Constitution of the State of New York, providing for non-partisan municipal elections, The Tribune's digest having been approved by Joseph H. Choate, a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention; the Constitution of the United States; the Dingley Tariff Bill, rates compared with the Wilson Bill, the Reciprocity clauses in full; a history of the Greco-Turkish war; the principal events of 1897, etc., etc. The regular features will be retained, viz: Election returns for 1896 and 1897, in detail; platforms of all parties; an extended array of statistics of trade, commerce, finance, money, production of precious metals, manufactures, public debts, pensions, railroads, shipping, etc.; the names of the principal officials of the United States and the several States, with their salaries; an abstract of the latest principal laws of Congress and the State Legislatures; and a great multiplicity of other valuable matters, to which every intelligent man wishes to refer annually. 25 cents a copy. Copies may be ordered in advance. The Almanac will be out early in January.
A large number of Pamphlet Extras, some of them of great interest, have been printed by The Tribune. A circular describing them will cheerfully be sent to any one inquiring by posta' card.
THE TRIBUNE, New York.

IN CHRISTMAS LAND.

In the beams and gleams came the Christmas dreams
To the little children there;
And hand in hand to the Christmas land—
'Neath the Christmas skies so fair,
They went away in a magic sleigh
That tinkled with silver bells,
Over the white of the snow, one night,
Where the King of the Christmas dwells.

They saw him marshal his soldiers small,
In beautiful, bright brigades;
At the tap o' the drum they saw them come
With guns and glittering blades.
The little soldiers were made of tin;
With painted coats of red,
And they drilled away, with their banners gay,
By a cute little captain led.

But alas! for the King o' the Christmas land,
And the march that his soldiers made!
For the dolls were dressed in their very best—
O the dolls were on dress parade!
And they smiled so sweet at the soldiers brave—
Each beautiful, fairy doll,
They dropped their guns for the smile they gave,
An' ran away with them all!

But—such is the wonder of Christmas land—
When in the morning light
The children woke from their Christmas dreams,
There stood the soldiers bright;
And the dolls were smiling their sweetest smiles,
And they said: "From our land so true
The soldiers brought us a thousand miles
To the homes and hearts of you."

Atlanta Constitution.

HOW GEORGE JOHNSON WON.

Other men had courted Melinda Jones, courted her assiduously, but without success. They had been men of parts, too; men who had money, men who had bucked the tiger successfully, or ridden a horse to a winning finish—but all their wooing had been in valu. Melinda Jones was a hard-hearted, obdurate, cruel flirt.

Against her obstinacy a yellow jockey had no more power than a black trout. All were her victims.

Melinda Jones was the brownskinned Cleopatra of the Tenderloin. No Antony had yet appeared.

Then Mistah George Johnson came on the scene.

George Johnson was from Kentucky, and he was black and ugly, but he had cut his eye-teeth. He was standing in front of Madison's barber shop the day he first saw Melinda. She passed in all her glory, hardly casting a glace at the crowd of humble admirers who followed her with their eyes.

I'se gwine to make dat black gal mine, hummed Mr. Johnson, and the crowd greeted his presumption with a guffaw.

Why don't you go in an' win hub, Gawge, you say you're sich a good man an' they ain't been nobody wahm enough for huh yet?

I win huh. I win huh if I sets my head to it.

Oomph, niggah! what you 'spose Melinda Jones wants wif you less'n she put a red suit on you an' led you around by a string?

Keep on yo' stringin', ol' man, but I tell you Mistah Gawge Johnson win dat gal if he puts him mind down to it, an you'll all be goin' aroun' hyeah in mou'nin'. I take my banjo an' play in front o' huh house an' she'll jump out o' the winder to me.

Oh, I don't know; you needn't think that you're the sun, just because yo' face is shinin'.

Mistah George Johnson took out a red silk pocket handkerchief and slowly wiped the perspiration from his shiny black face. Dat's all right, he said. Dat's all right, jolly to yo' heart's content now, fur you'll be cryin' after while.

It'll be at yo' fun'al then.

That night there was a long conference between Mr. Johnson and his friend, Billy Black. Will was a popular boy. Everybody liked him, even Melinda Jones, supposedly because he didn't try to court. Well, the two talked long together, and later on the dulcet strains of a banjo were heard under the charmer's window, and Mr. Johnson was singing a tender strain.

Melinda promptly blew out her light. This did not seem like encouragement, but the serenader went away chuckling to himself: Dat's a good start, sho'.

Billy Black's form was on the belle's sofa next evening. Law, Miss Lindy, you don't mean to tell me that you blowed yo' light out while he was singin'.

Of cose I did. I didn't want that niggah singin' under my window. I don't know nothin' 'bout him.

Don't know nothin' 'bout him? Whew! whistled Billy; don't you tell nobody else that—they'd set yo' down as jest plum ign'ant, that's what they would.

Why, who is he? He ain't so many, I guess.

Ain't so many! Well, I reckon he's a party good few; yo' don' know who you'se a-foolin' with.

I never seen him before.

No, course you never; that's because he don't hang out around no sich parts o' the town as this very much. He lives up among God's people. The lady began to show an accession of interest in the subject and her informant went on: Why, that's Mr. Composer Johnson; you'd ought to heard tell of him.

No, I ain't never heard his name. What did he ever compose, I'd like to know?

Why, barrels o' songs; makes 'em up right out of his own hed, po'try an' all. You jest say to him: Gawge, sing us a 'riginal song; he'll jest set there an' think a minute, an' then he'll pick up that ol' banjo of his an' the way he'll sing to you will be a caution—an' somep'n new, too. He can make any song you want him to. Why, that man's the greatest musical gennius in New York, only they're holdin' him back on account o' his colah.

I ain't never heard none of his songs.

You ain't? Well, you ought to be around to the club some night when they're givin' a smoker—

I oughn't to be nowhere of the kind Mistah Billy Black.

Well, I mean there is where you'd get a chance to hear 'em.

I guess I can get 'em in sheet music, can't I?

Billy was stunned for a moment, but he rose to the occasion: Naw, he said, you can't git 'em in sheet music. on't suppose Gawge is goin' to put out his songs that way so's anybody could go around singin' em.

If he's goin' to make any money out of them, that's what he'll have to do.

Well, I guess he will print one, an' I bet it'll make his fortune, too. Look at the money that fellow made who wrote "After the Ball," an' some o' Gawge's songs is hotter'n that. He kin do them coon songs to a nevah quit, an' you know, they're all the rage now.

You must bring your friend up some time, Mistah Black. I'm ve'y much int'rested in music.

Oh, I don't think he'll come now, Miss Lindy, ef you put out the light while he was singin'.

Mebbe he would if he thought I took him fur somebody else—I do admiah yo' cuff buttons so, Mistah Black.

Yes'm—mebbe he would come. I'll try him anyhow.

Billy Black took his departure with a very serious face, as if he were carefully weighing the chances for and against the success of the mission which Miss Melinda had given him. But the remark that fell from his lips as soon as he had left the charmer's presence belied the lugubrious expression of his face. Pshaw! he said, why, o'l Gawge is jest bound to win in a walk; what a lot o' human nature thain is in a colo'd woman.

About an hour afterward, perhaps by accident, Bill and Mr. Johnson happened to meet directly in front of the female's house and under her open window. Of course they could not know that she happened at that very moment to be sitting at her window in the darkness listening to the varied sounds of Thirtieth street. Among the varied sounds she heard this:

How'd do, Mistah Johnson? I jest been talkin' 'bout you.

How'd' do Billy? Who you been talkin' wif?

The lady in this house—in a stage whisper.

I do' know what that lady could have to say about me. She ain't treated me right.

That's all right now, Mistah Johnson. I know all about that, an' it was a mistake. She took you for somebody else.

Me fu' somebody else—me, Gawge Johnson? Oomph, that's wuss still. She mus' be very——

She—sh'; don't get riled now. I wish you to go with me to call on her some day,

Not on yo' life; nobody that insults me that way.

But, I tell you, she didn't mean it for you, an' that's diff'rent.

Yes, that is diff'rent—Well, mebbe some day I'll go wif you.

They moved off down street. Here was what the fair listener in the window did not hear: Well, now look heah, Gawge, if you expect to win out in this game, you ve got to push matters.

If I make a killin' to-night, we'll do it to-morrow, an' I'll stake you fu' true, my boy.

It was evident on the morrow that George Johnson had made a killin.' He came down the street in an entirely new outfit—check suit, patent leathers, new hat and cane—he was gorgeous.

Billy Black was standing conveniently at Miss Melinda's window. Law! he exclaimed, jest look at ol' Gawge Johnson; ain't he wahm? I'll bet a dollah he's done sent a song away.

The damsel turned her eyes upon the approaching spectacle and gasped in admiration. She stepped back from the window. Get him to come in, she gasped.

Hyeah Gawge, Billy hailed from the window, you must ab'een sendin' away one of yo' songs at last.

Yes, I sent one away.

Well, you'se purty wahm.

Yes, I'm too hot to hold, but this is only the advance anticipation—when that song comes out, they'll have to send a fire company with me when I come down the street to keep me from scorchin' the houses.

Come on in, Gawge.

Well, I do' know; I will drop in fo a minute.

In a few minutes more the gorgeous Mr. Johnson was bowing before Miss Jones, and she murmuring how happy she was to fawm his acquaintance. Then Billy found it convenient to leave.

It need not be chronicled what words passed between the two, but there is one word in love's summer-time vocabulary which George Johnson knew and uttered. It was—ice cream.

When Melinda passed the barber shop on the arm of her admirer, the idle crowd in wonder forgot to laugh, and they did not recover until they noticed George's new hat swinging toward the ground in profound salute, as he passed them.

George took Billy's advice and pushed matters, and in less than ten days' time there was a wedding at the home of Widow Jones, her daughter and Mr. Johnson being the high contracting parties. The groom's song, for some reason, did not appear, but he makes a killin' now and then, and the widow keeps a restaurant, so they get on. Billy Black is always welcome in the Johnson household.

The Surprise of All.

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 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 work. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Peach trees may be examined for borers as late as the weather holds good and if not yet attended to should not be neglected longer. Do not permit these grubs to winter in the trees.

Solomon's Temple.

A noted statistician and investigator who has lots of time for such work has been doing some figuring on the cost of the temple of Solomon, and says few people even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire display have an adequate impression of the enormous cost of the great temple. According to Villalpandut, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass were equal to the enormous sum of £6,879,622,000. The worth of the jewels is placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to English money, was equal to £575,236,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authority, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and the robes of singers, £2,010,000, and the trumpets, £200,000. To this add the expenses of the building material, labor, etc., and some wonderful figures result. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, upon whom besides their wages, Solomon bestowed £5,739,960. If their daily food was worth 50 cents, the sum total for all was £93,877,048 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000. This gives a total, just for this much of the expense, which by no means expresses the whole cost, of £10,719,760,271, or about $52,117,031,868.46.

Iron in the System.

Walker was one of those who did not believe in doctors, and he never lost an opportunity of having a dig at them.

When he was brought home in a cab with a broken leg and the medical man had to be sent for, Walker was much humiliated.

"Rather serious," said the man of physic and fees, "but you will get on if you take care. I'll send you an iron tonic."

"Don't want it!" exclaimed the patient, shortly. "Iron is no good."

"Excuse me," returned the doctor, stiffly, "iron is good for the system."

And as Walker doggedly repeated his objection he continued with some warmth:

"It is beyond all question, sir. In whatever way iron enters the body it is good, and it is a mistaken notion to say that it makes a man irritable."

"I beg to differ most emphatically," retorted Walker, desperately, finding himself driven into a corner for an argument. "I say it causes irritability and therefore isn't good, and if you want proof just you sit down on the business end of a tack."

And he fell back on the bed with a look of triumph.—Pearson's Weekly.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Splendid Case.

He was a young and briefless attorney, who had been gentedly starving to death in a downtown skyscraper for several years.

The other afternoon a stranger wandered into the office, evidently by mistake. He held a slip of paper in his hand and said hesitatingly that he was looking for a lawyer by the name of—"

"Ah, yes, cartainly, sir—sit down," said the excited young attorney.

"Well, you see it's this way, mister," began the caller, "I've been sued by a feller out in Cicero. Between you and me, I hain't got any case at all; but I've got money enough to make a fight, and I'm going to do it."

"My dear sir," cried the lawyer, grasping the visitor by both hands, "don't say another word. You have the best case I have ever seen."

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Sorry He Spoke.

On one occasion when a well known wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton, some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr.——. How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied he, "but I really have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"What!" said the student. "You don't know me? Why, I met you at the zoo."

"Young man, accept my apologies, but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognize them all again."

Fun at Fort Clark.

"There was fun down at Fort Clark, Texas, in the early 80's, when the late Col. Jock McKenzie—'Three Fingered Me,' he was affectionately nicknamed by the men under him—of the Fourth Cavalry was in command of the post.

"I don't think any of us who were soldiers at Clark at the time will ever forget how he made the Fourth Cavalry band put in a whole day discoursing music to the mules in the corral. The way of it was this:

"The band leader was a 'square head.' He belonged to the toady and dog robber type of enlisted men, I'm sorry to say, and that was just the kind of enlisted man that Jock McKenzie had it in for.

"Well, the enlisted men at Clark wanted to give a hop, and a committee of us was sent over to this band leader to see about music.

"'Forty dollars,' said he, almost before we'd told him what we wanted.

"What are you giving us?' said one of the committee. 'You play all night at the officers' hops for nothing, and you only hit the junipers in town for $30 for a night's scraping and wind pushing.'

"'Forty dollars,' said this queer duck of a cornet cracker, and that settled it. So we slid up to the old man's quarters to see what he'd have to say about it. We would'nt have gone near him if we had not felt that the band leader was trying to rub it in on us.

"One of us stated the case to him.

"'The band leader is trying to give us the worst of it. Is anything to be done?' was the wind up of the statement.

"The old man twiddled his thumbs and smiled in a queer kind of a way he had.

"'Pay him what he asks,' he said finally, and we left.

"We were disappointed in the old man. It was the first time he had gone back on us on a fair proposition.

"Well, the hop came off all right, and we had a pretty big time. We paid the band leader his $40 in advance, and he gave us good music, although it was'nt $40 worth.

"A lot of the officers of the post attended the hop and appeared to get as much fun out of it as the men. Col. McKenzie showed up about midnight with his orderly behind him.

"'This is the way to do it,' said he. 'I like to see the officers and men in my command mix up. It promotes good feeling and is good for the officers and good for the men. But I understand there has been a little contention with reference to the music. Ah!'

"And he stroked his chin and went into a reverie for a minute or so, then continued:

"'I'll see about that in the morning. Go ahead and enjoy yourselves until reveille if you want to.'

"We took the old man at his word and kept the thing a-going until first call sounded for reveille at 6 o'clock in the morning. Then all hands made a break for quarters to stand reveille.

"It was still pretty dark, but we made out the old man standing in the middle of the parade ground. As he generally staid in bed until about 10 o'clock in the morning, we wondered what was the matter.

"After reveille roll call the officer of the day wheeled to front the colonel and reported all present or accounted for.

"'Officer of the day,' called out the old man, 'order the musician of the guard to sound band call.'

"Band call at that hour of the morning, at reveille! The old man had us all guessing for fair.

"The members of the band had just gone down to their quarters from the hop, dead tired after the night's work. The trumpeter blared the band call.

"'Clap the double time on to the call,' shouted the old man to the trumpeter and in about eight seconds the bandsmen came hopping over the parade ground, elbows up, their blouses half buttoned, the band leader traveling in front like a man racing against time, when he saw the old man standing on the parade ground.

"The band lined up close to the commanding officer.

"'Eh—ah—your music last night was pretty good,' said the old man to the leader. 'You—eh—were pretty well paid for it, too, were you not?'

"The band leader stood mute. It was up to him to say something, but he wasn't man enough, and Jock McKenzie hated to have a soldier to thumb his buttons.

"'Ea—yes—good music,' he went on I might even say d——d fine music! I like good music. So do all of my officers. So do all of my men. But I dare say that neither myself nor my officers nor my men are so fond of good music as my mules. I don't suppose there's such an extraordinarily musical lot of mules at any post in this country as that bunch of mules of mine down in the corral.

"'Humph! band leader, you will immediately get yourself and the band into heavy marching order and march down to the mule corral. There you will render the best music of which the band is capable until retreat this evening. Do not slouch the music. I shall be around at intervals to see that you do not slouch the music.'

"'Your bandsmen's dinners shall be sent to them at noon, and you and they shall have 15 minutes to eat it. Resume the music after 15 minutes of dining and keep it up until first call for retreat is sounded.

"'Officer of the day, dismiss the men to their quarters.'

"Well, that mule corral serenade was worth any man's money to hear and see. The bandsmen sat around on bales of hay, their heavy marching order gear, down to the tin cup and plate and knife and fork, jangling every time they made a move.

"We all took turns going down to the mule corral to see the performance and make the band leader feel good. We threw ourselves full length on the grass and chewed straws and watched 'em puff and pant.

"The mules seemed to like the music, by the wiggling of their ears, only it made some of the old timers so sad that they kept up a steady 'kehunk' during the entire 12 hours.

"The old man turned up at the corral, picking his teeth, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the bandsmen, including the leader, who played first cornet, were half asleep right in the middle of a tune. The old man noticed this.

"'Not spirit enough, not energy enough, in this music,' he commented. 'Band leader, march your men around the post a couple of times and then report back here.'

"When the band got back from the tour of the post, the old man was still at the mule corral, and he remained there for a couple of hours, suggesting difficult compositions to the leader for the band to play.

"When first call for retreat went, the members of that band looked as if they were ready to have a volley fired and taps sounded over their graves, and when the enlisted men gave another hop the following month, the square head band leader submitted a program of music that he wanted to render us for nothing. We accepted the offer."—New York Sun.

Do Not Tell the Truth.

No doubt the human race would consider it little sort of a universal tragedy if there were no looking glasses. Yet, in spite of their widespread use, it is an astonishing fact that none of us have ever seen ourselves as others see us. In the first place, the reflection in the mirror does not portray our likeness with any attempt at accuracy. The hair is wrong in tone; the eyes are not correct in color, and our complexions are hopelessly libeled by this specious household deceiver. It is certain that if the looking glasses spoke the truth the sale of various complexion washes would decrease to half, for any fair skin looks gray and pallid in the glass, and numbers of women who have splendid complexions ruin them by trying to improve them because they look bad in the mirror. You may be certain that however plain your face seems, it is by no means so plain as it appears in the tell-tale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in the looking glass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all, and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that expression is one of attentive examination. All the other expressions by which your friends know you, favorable or unfavorable, you have never seen, and never will see.

Typhoid And Dust.

The relationship of typhoid fever and dust is referred to at some length in a recent communication to the Paris Academy. It was shown that in the summer of 1896 there were 18 cases of typhoid fever in certain small barracks. On examination the water supply proved to be pure, but it was found that in the autumn of 1895 three cases of typhoid had occurred in the room where the epidemic began nine months later. Those furthest from the beds and the room suffered least. The flooring was taken up, the rooms disinfected and no more typhoid appeared. A few months later 22 cases occurred in a barracks in another town. The building was small and the rest of the town free from the disease. This time some dust was collected from the floor of the barracks, and on examination it was found to be infected with the specific typhoid bacillus. The water proved to be pure. From these cases it is concluded that typhoid fever is spread by other means than the commonly accepted belief of by water alone.

Be Good to Yourself.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter gives the following practical advice:

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with food or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health.

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, Pa., or Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Willow Farms.

In Europe the cultivation of the willow is in some localities quite an important industry. In fact, in certain parts of France the farmers do not hesitate to plant good wheat land in willow, and the crop grows without any attention, a twig planted in moist earth growing up with great rapidity, and the market for the article is good. In the regions of La Tremblade and Arcachon there are large plantations of willows and factories for the manufacture of rough baskets for shipping various commodities, these largely taking the place of the barrels used so extensively in this country. It is in the Netherlands, however, that the willow is most used. Here it serves for baskets of all kinds, fences, cattle racks, wagons, wagon tops, trunks and boxes. Even the signals along the river are painted willow wickerwork. The use of the willow for breaking up the course of torrential mountain streams and for use along river banks for holding the earth in place is also very important in these countries.

No need to suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramps or colic. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cures all such troubles, and does it quickly.

News Items.

Richard James, who, when 12 years of age in 1841, left New York to travel around the world, has returned.

Mrs. Hannah Gould, a wealthy Atlanta, Ga., woman announces her intention of taking 10 women companions to Klondike.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will construct a third track from Altoona to Gallitzin, at a cost of $500,000, giving employment to 2000 men.

Accused by temperance women of having sold liquor at their drug stores, Dr. J. S. Conner and Lemuel Willcox, of Beaver, have been held for Court.

In an opinion just filed Assistant Secretary of the Interior Davis holds that soldiers' widows who already have property interests and settled incomes are not entitled to pensions.

Filled with blind rage because he had been repeatedly refused employment at the works of the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company, at Philadelphia, Alexis Herkoff, a Polish alien, shot and fatally wounded the assistant superintendent of that concern upon the street shortly after noon hour Friday.

The annual meeting of Baltimore's Rainy Day Club was held on Friday in appropriate weather. It poured in torrents, but the women were happy. In short skirts, boots and leggings they braved mud and rain, and even those members who have carriages at their command walked to the meeting.

A Tennessee lady, Mrs. J. W. Towle, of Philadelphia, Tenn., has been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for her baby, who is subject to croup, and says of it: "I find it just as good as you claim it to be. Since I've had your Cough Remedy, baby has been threatened with croup ever so many times, but I would give him a dose of the Remedy and it prevented his having it every time." Hundreds of mothers say the same. Sold by J. N. Snyder, Somerset, Pa.

A new $1 greenback will soon make its appearance. It is a radical departure from all previous designs, showing a large space of white paper, front and back. An eagle with extended wings hovering over the flag and capitol is the only illustration on the face, and in the corners is the figure in scroll work. The back is very plain, consisting largely of a border in geometrical designs.

Col. Henry A. Thomas, postmaster of Boston, gave a lecture the other day on the history of postoffices, and stated that in the old colonial times there were only seventy-five postoffices in America