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J. B. Holderbaum, Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 35. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2428.

Consumption

Will SCOTT'S EMULSION cure consumption? Yes and no. Will it cure every case? No. What cases will it cure then? Those in their earlier stages, especially in young people. We make no exaggerated claims, but we have positive evidence that the early use of

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda in these cases results in a positive cure to a large number. In advanced cases, however, where a cure is impossible, this well-known remedy should be relied upon to prolong life surprisingly.

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Strongest in the World.

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Has "The Equitable" paid in death claims? What's the difference how many. It's enough that claims are paid—and in almost every instance paid on the day proofs of death are presented—And that there's a surplus of $43,000,000 back of every contract, guaranteeing continued ability to pay.

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First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $30,000.
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $4,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED
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OF SOMERSET PA.
Established 1877. Organized as a National, 1890
Capital, - $50,000 00
Surplus & Undivided Profits, 29,000 00
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and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.
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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next Door West of Lutheran Church,
Somerset, - Pa.
I Am Now prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.
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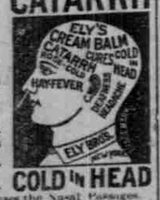

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HER BUTTONED KIDS.

When I go to ball or party
With my blue-eyed sweetheart May,
She is always ready, waiting
In her daintiest array;
Hat and jacket, gown and coiffure,
Not a thread nor band amiss,
But she holds her hand out, saying:
"Jack, will you please button this?"

Little hand, so soft and dimpled,
Nestled closely in her glove,
In my own she puts sedately
While her white brow frowns above;
Dear, small hand, I softly press it,
(Such things make a lover's bliss!)
How I love to hear her ask me:
"Jack, will you please button this?"

Blue-eyed fraud! She knows my weakness—
Knows I love to touch her hand;
And she knows I know she knows it
When she makes the dear demand;
And although her glove be roomy,
She is not a bit remiss,
With a smile she always murmurs:
"Jack, will you please button this?"
—Puck.

A LUCKY BULLET.

"This silver bullet three times has saved my life, and it had a history when it came into my possession. Do you wonder that I wear it as a talisman?" said Senor Don Faustino Ortega of Sinaloa, Mexico, talking with two friends in the reading room of an uptown hotel. He speaks excellent English, and as he said this he held up to view the battered silver ball which he carries always strung by a gold wire to his watch guard

"It weighs just an ounce," the Senor Don continued. "It was given me by my grandfather, who told me the story of it when he put it into my hands on his dying bed. He was clear of mind, and I could not doubt a word of his story, strange as it may sound to you. 'It was more than fifty years ago,' my grandfather said, 'that a monster wolf appeared at my ranch on the San Ysidro and destroyed many sheep and calves and colts. My herders chased the creature with lassos and fired at it to no purpose; it was so fierce that it would not retreat before one man. My major domo sent word of these things to me, and I went to the ranch. Three different times I fired at that wolf, feeling sure every time that I must have hit the creature, but it trotted away with no sign of hurt. When after my third trial I found the flattened bullet at the place where the wolf had been when I fired, I gave up trying to kill the beast with powder and lead, and I rode 100 miles to consult with a man who was learned in such matters. He heard my story.

"'Make a bullet from the first silver you find,' he said. 'Scratch upon it a Christian cross and try the wolf with that. If your aim be true, the bullet will not fall flat like the others.

"'The rest of the story I will tell in my own words. My grandfather made the wise man a present and started back for the ranch. Crossing the channel of the San Ysidro, at that season of the year nearly dry, his horse stumbled, and where his hoof had disturbed the sand and pebbles there lay exposed a nugget of pure silver, such as often is found in the bed of this stream, washed down from the mountains. Dismounting, my grandfather picked up the nugget, and after his arrival at the ranch, hammered it into the bullet you see. The next night he watched for the wolf, which came with the rising moon, and he killed the creature with this silver bullet. His flocks and herds were troubled no more by any wolf, and he kept the bullet until the last day of his life.

"'Keep it, my dear grandson,' were his last words to me concerning the bullet. 'It has been lucky for me, and it may succor you in some bad time.'

"For six years I carried the silver bullet in my pocket before the chance came to demonstrate that it was a lucky piece for me. The house at my hacienda, like Mexican houses in general, is of one story, so that all its rooms are on the ground floor. My sleeping room opened upon a long, narrow hallway with a door opening upon the courtyard. I had occasion one morning to go into the further end of this hallway to get some business papers that I kept there on a shelf. A snake must have crawled into the hallway the day before when the outer door was open. I passed where it lay without seeing or arousing it, for the first that I knew of its presence was the loud buzzing of its rattle behind me as I rummaged among my papers. I turned to see a six-foot rattlesnake coiled between me and both the doors. It was thoroughly angry and was advancing upon me after the fashion of a rattlesnake that means to attack—lunging forward with a third of its length and then bringing its coils up the same distance—while its rattle in the closed and narrow passage filled the place with its sound.

"I was clad only in nightshirt, trousers and slippers, and there was nothing in sight with which to defend myself. The reptile was all the time drawing nearer, and I had covered half the distance to me before I thought of the silver bullet in my trousers' pocket and realized that my one chance of stopping the snake lay in my striking its head with the bullet. I was in my boyhood very skillful in the throwing of a stone, and the art has never left me. A thing that made my chance a little better than it might seem in telling is the rattlesnake's manner of meeting an attack. It does not try to avoid but confronts whatever threatens it, always turning its head so as to face the object. I chose a time when, after a forward lunge, it drew forward into a coil and, at six feet away threw the bullet at its head with all my force. It struck true, and as the snake half straightened its coils and writhed upon the floor I stepped safely past it into my room. After that of course it was easy to make an end of the snake with my pistol.

"The silver bullet had certainly been my salvation in this case. It was less than two years afterward that it was the means of saving my life in another and very surprising way. I was in Chihuahua visiting the Las Quesadas mines, in which I held an interest, and on the day after my arrival rode in from the hacienda six miles away, where I was staying, to see the mine superintendent. He was in the magazine where the explosives used in blasting were kept. It was a stone house, or dugout, built in the side of a hill, and was reached from the foot of the slope by a steep path. I started there to find him, and had climbed the hill to the very step of the house when in taking my handkerchief from my pocket I pulled the silver bullet out and it fell and rolled down the slope. I turned and ran back after it, keeping my eye on it as it rolled, for I knew that if I once lost sight of my bullet my chances of finding it were small.

"I followed it to the foot of the hill and saw it roll into a ditch that once had been used in draining a mine working. The ditch was about four feet deep, and just as I jumped into it and stooped to pick up the bullet there came a roar like the bursting of a hundred cannon and a shock that sent me flat on my face, stunned, in the bottom of the ditch. When I came to my senses I found myself half buried in dirt. I got clear of that and upon my feet, so that I could look around to see what had happened. Where the magazine had been there was a great hole in the hillside, with smoke floating about it, and not so much as one stone of the building to be seen.

"The wreck was caused by the explosion of half a ton of giant powder that had been stored there. What had set it off could not be known for not a trace of the superintendent, the foreman and two Mexicans who had been with them was ever found. The shock and flying rock wrecked half the buildings at the mine camp and several persons there were hurt. You can judge for yourself what my chances would have been of ever telling this story to you if I had gone on into the magazine—if the bullet, falling from my pocket, had not been the cause of my turning back down the hill and going into the shelter of the ditch just as the explosion came.

"This silver bullet is the bullet that killed the bandit Tomas Viejada, who, for several years following the fall and banishment of President Lerdo, terrorized the Sinaloa and several of the adjoining States of the Mexican republic. He had been one of Lerdo's partisans and was very bitter toward whoever was prominent as a supporter of the Diaz Government. The best that one who was so unfortunate as to fall into his power could hope was to be held for ransom. I was on my way to my ranch, a journey of two full days on horseback, carrying money with which to pay my men. Being delayed by the difficulty in crossing a flooded stream, I was not able to get on to the estancia—the home ranch, Americans would say—by daylight on the second day, but stopped in the early evening at the hut of one of my shepherds for supper and to rest my horse. The man, Antonio Bajada, an old and faithful employee had something important to tell me.

"Tomas Viejada has planned to waylay you in the Puerte del Leon,' the shepherd said, 'to rob and kill you, or hold you captive for a ransom. I learned of it only to-night. How I found out? Well, senor, my daughter at San Elizario has a sweetheart in Viejada's band, and my little son overheard him telling her yesterday what the chief meant to do, and came to-night to tell me. He started back for home only a few minutes before you came.'

"The Puerte del Leon was a gap in the foothills four miles beyond through which the road to the estancia lay. I felt that my course was to try to get to the estancia that night.

"'Antonio,' I said to the shepherd, 'give me to eat what you can get most quickly, and then I will go on to the estancia by the path round the Venada peak. The bandits will have no idea of my coming by that route. You shall guide me.'

"While the shepherd set out his earthen platter of frijoles and a couple of tortillas, the remains of his supper, my eye fell upon his gun hanging upon two pegs against the side of the hut. It was an old-fashioned, smooth-bore affair, but I knew that Antonio could do some wonderful shooting with it.

"'You'll want to take your gun along Antonio,' I said to him. 'We may run in with the bandits on the way we're going.'

"'Alas, senor, but it can not serve us to-night,' said the shepherd, shaking his head. 'I have no bullets. Powder and caps I have, but my last bullet I fired at a coyote yesterday.'

"I thought of my silver bullet. The case was urgent. 'Try this,' I said, and handed it to him. 'Will it fit the barrel of your gun? Just a bit too large, is it? A little hammering out will make it the right shape.'

"While I bolted the tortillas and frijoles as fast I could, knowing that the quicker we got away from the place the better, Antonio with the back of his axe, pounded the bullet out so that it would go easily into the gun. You can see the marks of his hammering now, and how the ball is lengthened out and not quite round. He had the gun loaded, with the silver bullet upon the powder, by the time I had finished my supper. He blew out the candle before he opened the door for us to start forth, for there was no telling who might be watching the house. Carrying my saddle, heavy with the silver dollars packed in the cantinas, on his shoulder, and with his gun in hand, Antonio led the way to where my horse was picketed. He had put the saddle on the horse's back and I was just drawing the cinch tight when I heard the shepherd's warning 'Sh-h!' and looking in the direction in which he was gazing I saw a man on horseback about fifty yards away. He had stopped his horse and sat looking at us; through the darkness I could catch the gleam of the silver buttons upon his jacket and pantaloons and the silver braid on his sombrero, and I knew by these he was a caballero, a man of pretensions above those of a common cattle herder. Across the saddle horn he held a carbine.

Behind my horse Antonio dropped to one knee and levelled his gun beneath the horse's belly at the horseman. The stranger, perhaps detecting this movement, suddenly raised his carbine, and with the motion Antonio fired. At the explosion my horse jumped and ran, throwing me from my feet and dragging me by the halter which I had not taken from his neck. I kept my hold on the rope and managed to bring the horse to a standstill after being dragged a considerable distance. When I got to my feet, a good deal shaken up, Antonio was running to me, bringing the saddle and his gun. He clapped the saddle on the horse and cinched it fast.

"'For God's sake, senor, mount quickly,' he said, as he helped me into the saddle.

"'But the man—the man you shot at—where is he?' I asked, for the horseman was nowhere to be seen.

"'God knows, senor. He was hit I know, and his horse carried him away. That caballero—I am not mistaken, for I have seen him ofen—was Tomas Viejada. Heaven preserve us if his men are near.'

"With the shepherd running ahead, picking the way, we rode into the shadows of a spur of the mountain, and from there made our way by a round-about route to the estancia, where we arrived after midnight without having seen or heard anything further to cause alarm. Next morning I despatched a messenger to the nearest post of the rural guards, and within 86 hours a detachment of the rurales were on the trail of the bandits. They tracked them night and day and hunted them down, killing seven and bringing five back, who were tried at drumhead court-martial and shot. Not one would confess what had become of their leader, more than to say that he was dead, and no searching availed to find his body.

Nearly three years afterward, as I visited my ranch, the major domo handed me my bullet.

"'Miguel Quintana, the hunter, found it in the mountains,' he said. 'The bones of a man were lying about as the coyotes had left them. The bullet was in the skull. Miguel buried the bones and brought the bullet to me. We know now, senor, what became of Tomas Viejada.'"

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's, Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., 50 cents per bottle.

Women's Injustice to Women.

The women who teach in the public schools of Boston only receive a little more than half of the compensation which men holding similar positions do. For example, the junior masters in the high schools and the Latin schools receive a salary of $3,000 a year, while the women who hold similar positions receive only $1,600. The strange thing about this is that the women of Boston have full school suffrage, and if they were to exercise their prerogative judiciously they could help to elect school boards who would change the existing unequal conditions. But, then, it is a fact that women are more heedless of injustices done to women than to men. A woman will more quickly make room for a man in a crowded street car than for one of her own sex. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Deafness Can Not 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.

His Wife Won.

A Georgia man, who was unpopular in his community, insured his life for $2,000. He took the policy home to his wife and said:

"Maria, here's a life insurance document for $2,000.

"Thank you, dear," said his wife.

"How are you feeling to-day?"

"Not well, he replied, "and I don't think I'm long for this world, and I want to say to you that when I die it is my wish that you devote $1,000 of the money to defraying my funeral expenses."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the wife, "why do you want such an expensive funeral?"

"I'll explain. I'm perfectly satisfied that nobody will attend my funeral, and I want to hire people to go at so much a head. I'm going out to-day and see what arrangements I can make for attendance on that forthcoming melancholy occasion. If they won't come gratis, why—I'll just hire them and give them an order on you for the money."

He went forth and at nightfall returned with a dejected look.

"Maria," he said, "it's no use. You can have the whole $2,000. Just go to the funeral yourself."—Atlanta Constitution.

Foster the Screech-Owls.

From the Lancaster Inquirer.

By sound, at least, we all know the screech-owl, the little fellow that produces the mournful lugubrious notes so frequently heard near our dwellings during twilight's reign. Ovid says:

"Screech Owls they're called because with dismal cry,
In darkling night from place to place they fly."

The notes are not "portents weird," as Virgil makes them, for the "Unhappy Queen of Carthage," for with all their seeming weirdness and solemnity they are only the curious lovenotes of the owl and are uttered only by the male bird. The notes are heard mainly from February to May though used occasionally as call notes during the rest of the year. The notes form one of nature's harmonies; they are so in keeping with the night and its shadows.

There are two phases of coloration in this species, the red and the gray. Many people think them different varieties or species but I have taken both phases from the same nest and find the distinction begins with the first plumage. Wilson and all the older ornithologists, of course, described them as distinct species, or regarded the gray phase as the final plumage assumed by the fully developed bird. He grew gray with age to them.

With advancing knowledge it is being demonstrated that many raptorial birds exhibit two phases, one a type coloration and the other a black or melanistic variation from the type. Each of these may be the inhabitant of a certain kind of physical region, and perhaps the gray phase of screech owls has been a product of the forests of America.

The plumage, like that of all owls and night-flying birds, is soft and fluffy, with the outer edges of the quills soft and downy. This gives the bird the power of noiseless flight, and, therefore, enables them to obtain their prey without giving alarm.

As they obtain their food only at night, they must secure a large supply in a short period to furnish nutriment for the twelve or fifteen hours of daylight. This is especially true when a family of four young owls are being reared.

The nest of this owl is usually placed in a hollow tree trunk, or limb. A careful search would reveal an owl's nest or two in nearly every orchard, where they have been perhaps for years, for an owl in its habits is the very personification of conservatism. No attempt is commonly made to construct a nest, the eggs being laid on the dead wood at the bottom of the natural cavity or in the abandoned excavation of a flicker. Four eggs are laid early in spring, the shape of which is nearly that of a slightly prolate spheroid.

Let us now consider the economical side of the question.

It is the opinion of nearly every one that owls are destructive, and this judgment is without doubt well grounded, for their whole organization shows wonderful adaptions for destroying life. But when people say they are inimical to the interests of the farmer and poultrier the question assumes a very different aspect.

We are all prone to make inductions from too few facts. Nothing in reasoning exemplifies this better than in common inductions as to owls. An owl has taken and eaten some of the poultry we intended for ourselves and therefore man must destroy all owls. We do not stop to investigate the food habits of the birds throughout the year, but from one case and probably from the actions of one species, condemn all. There can be no justification of such action, for fairness would demand weighing evidence on both sides of the question and then rendering a decision for or against the species.

Now let us produce the facts:

1. Two screech owls during the winter of 1886, inhabiting a hollow apple tree within thirty yards of an open hen roost, never disturbed a chicken or guinea, and when they were shot and brought to me, examination of their stomachs showed their food habits to be to our benefit. Their stomachs were filled with beetles that bore out the life of our forest and shade trees.

2. During the winter of 1888, four specimens found in a hollow snag were taken out one at a time on four consecutive Saturday mornings and though within forty feet of a poultry yard and house, had never disturbed the poultry. Upon examination, their stomachs were found filled with mice and insects. In every case their stomachs were crammed with their prey.

3. In the spring of 1888 I took the mummy of one of these owls from a house sparrow box. The ejected pellet contained the bones of some bird, and therefore the presumption would be that the owl had gone in pursuit of its prey into the box and that the prey was a sparrow. Being unable to get out again the owl perished from starvation.

4. During the winter of 1892 many of these little owls were brought to me by the boys of the village. In every instance I made careful examinations of their stomach contents and always found insects or mice and an occasional sparrow among their food.

5. On the night of January 25, 1895, during a driving sleet storm lasting the entire night, one would have thought the securing of mice as prey almost impossible, yet an owl taken about 3 a. m. had three mice in its stomach.

5. A farmer living near the village raises a great many grapes and these are injured to a considerable extent by the sparrows. He tells me that screech owls do him a great benefit by destroying the sparrows. In consequence he endeavors to foster the owls, providing them with suitable retreats and breeding places.

7. Dr. Warren, in "Birds of Pennsylvania," says that in most of the specimens he has examined the stomach contained mice and insects. Details are given in the case of twenty with mice and insects; five, small birds; and two, birds and insects. The birds were probably of the sparrow family, seed-eating, and therefore of little value to the farmer.

8. Competent scientists under the direction of the U. S. Department of Agriculture examined 255 stomachs of the screech owl from all sections of the United States. Of these 4 10 of 1 per cent. contained poultry; 15 per cent., small birds, one-half of which were probably English sparrows; 36 per cent., mice, and 44 per cent. other mammals; about 3 per cent. lizards, batrachians and fish; 39 per cent., insects; 2 per cent., spiders; 32 per cent., crawfish; and 17.2 per cent., empty. This makes about 80 per cent. of their food mice and insects, just what the farmer wants destroyed. The presentation of all these cases, about 310 in all, showing the beneficial character of the screech owl in 85 per cent. of the cases, and injurious nature in only 4 10 of 1 per cent. of the cases, fully justifies our position that this bird should be carefully and constantly protected and fostered. Nor can anyone have any excuse for disturbing or destroying this interesting little owl, and so with nearly all owls.

H. JUSTIN RODDY.
Millersville Normal School, January 22, 1898.

The Discovery of the Day.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cured my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and to-day stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin Pa.

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow.

The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood. The injury to the smaller blood vessels interferes with the flow of blood through them, and the white corpuscles, with part of the serum, the watery part of the blood, escape into the surrounding tissues. At the same time the blood vessels in the neighborhood dilate and the increased flow of blood with the thoroughfare obstructed increases the swelling.

It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference, that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the human body is only one gigantic colony of individuals, and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.

The Age of Coal.

The importance of the coal pile as a factor in international complications is constantly becoming greater. Within a few days the cables have brought the news of the helplessness of Prince Henry's battleship, the Deutschland, for lack of fuel, and of part of the Russian fleet, for the same cause. In the days of Nelson a fleet could keep the seas for many months uninterruptedly; but as some one has pithily remarked, the modern steel man-of-war is tied by one leg to a heap of coal, avers the Philadelphia Bulletin." The importance of providing adequate coaling facilities has been clearly appreciated by successive British ministries, and coaling stations under the flag of St. George dot all navigable seas. Other nations are badly provided with these bases of supplies. It is as a coaling station, impregnable to assault, that Hawaii is of such importance to the United States. With the archipelago in our possession our naval vessels and merchant steamships would have an enormous advantage in the Pacific.

THINK ABOUT YOUR HEALTH.

This is the Time to Give Attention to Your Physical Condition.

The warm weather which will come with the approaching spring months should find you strong and in robust health, your blood pure and your appetite good. Otherwise you will be in danger of serious illness. Purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus "prepare for spring." This medicine makes rich, red blood and gives vigor and vitality. It will guard you against danger from the changes which will soon take place.

The Yankees Astir.

The exodus from New England to the gold fields of Alaska is beginning to assume pretty large proportions, even thus early in the year, scarcely a day going by that from ten to twenty or fifty men do not head in that direction. No less than a dozen expeditions of varying size will leave Boston within a week, bound overland to Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco, thence by boat to Alaska. They are not all going to the Klondike country by any means, for the conviction seems pretty well settled in the minds of many that there are other places in Alaska beside the Klondike country where gold is to be found. The Copper river country is attracting a great many New Englanders, and the country north of that point is also attracting many, says the Boston Globe.

The different railroad men were asked as to the probable number that would go from New England during the next six months to Alaska. Their estimates vary considerably, but they all have had to revise the estimates they made three months ago. The highest estimate which the reporter got was 10,000 and the lowest 2,000; most of them incline to about 4,000.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

Corn and Cotton-Seed; Why the Price of Corn is Low.

About 1883, a canny Celt, having the commercial instinct well developed,—mistakenly believing that lard was swine's fat, and knowing the supply of swine to be defective and the price high,—saw visions of fortune in a "lard corner," which he proceeded to "run" on the Chicago Exchange. In imagination, he was so successful as to consider that he had the great Chicago packers "in a hole"; this satisfactory opinion being based upon a knowledge of the number of swine reaching the packing-centres, and upon the fact that of the live weight of an average porker no greater proportion than fourteen per cent. could be profitably converted into lard. Hence the Celt was confident that he knew how much lard his victims—men who had obligated themselves to deliver property they did not own—could turn in on their "short contracts," all of which were to mature in the "leafy month" of June. But the harvest which the "coroner" was preparing to gather turned to Dead-Sea fruit, when he found that an unending procession of tierces of lard was traveling from the packeries to his warehouses, and that he was called upon to receive, and pay the contract price for, more lard than he had ever dreamed of. An investigation developed the fact that the packers—who were the principal "shorts"—had discovered that a mixture of fat of swine, beef stearine, and cotton-seed oil made a lard which would pass muster with all but experts, and serve admirably in filling "short sales."

Doubtless more or less cotton-seed oil, as a constituent of lard, had entered commercial channels before the "lard corner" which culminated in June, 1883; but the knowledge of such operations was confined to a very limited number of beneficiaries. The fact of such a use of the oil proved a veritable revelation to nearly every one then engaged in the provision trade.

If, as is probable, the urban population of the United States annually consumes lard, or commercial substitutes therefor, to the extent of 450,000,000 pounds; if on an average we have exported in recent years more than 500,000,000 pounds, as shown by the customs returns; and if the commercial supply of swine's fat averages some 500,000,000 pounds per annum—then it is obvious that some 450,000,000 pounds per annum result from admixtures impossible without the use of cotton-seed oil, and that, to this extent, cotton-seed oil has destroyed the demand for the secondary products of the corn-field.

The "lard refiners" have enabled us to palm off as swine's fat—much of it upon Europeans—vast quantities of a cheap vegetable oil, and at the same time have afforded needed employment for our representatives at foreign courts in earnest efforts to convince European authorities that they ought not to impose the least obstacle to the importation of a lard so "refined" that a thousand tierces contain neither a single trichina nor yet an ounce of the fat of swine.

To Our Customers.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough syrup we have ever used ourselves or in our families. W. H. King, Isaac P. King and many others in this vicinity, have also pronounced it the best. All we want is for people to try it and they will be convinced. Upon honor, there is no better that we have ever tried, and we have used many kinds.—R. A. BLAKE & SON, General Merchants, Big Tunnel, Va. Sold by all druggists.

Painted by the Romans.

A dispatch from Rome, published by the New York Sun, announces that Signor Marucci, an archæologist, has discovered an imposing wall paining in the Palace of Tiberius. There is a long Latin inscription containing the name "Christus," and it is considered that the painting will prove an important addition to Christian history.

The painting represents the preparation for the Crucifixion. Around the cross are soldiers bearing ladders, and under each soldier is written his name. Among the names is that of Pontius Pilate. The figures measure fifteen centimetres in height. The inscription consists of fifteen lines, of which five have been deciphered.

The Pope was immediately informed of the discovery. Signor Marucci will shortly publish a pamphlet illustrating his discovery. Many institutions have asked for information concerning the painting.

Catarrh is a Disease

Which requires a constitutional remedy. It can not be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

The products of agriculture form a very large proportion of our exports. In 1896 they formed 65 per cent. of the total exports of the country, and they constituted fully that percentage of the exports of 1897. When this is realized, and when we learn that the exports of the United States for last year were in excess of $1,000,000,000, it will be seen what a vast amount of farm produce has gone abroad in exchange for foreign gold.

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 G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

All Around the Farm.

Dairy Commissioner Noble, of Connecticut, reports that the average yield of milk per cow in that state in 1890 was 277.2 gallons, while in 1890 it had increased to 425.4 gallons.

The proper way to clean a hen roost is to first carry everything out doors—roost poles, nest boxes and loose boards. Give them a dose of oil and apply the match. If the wood takes fire it can be put out by throwing sand on it. Now rake out all the fowl dirt, and give the inside a good coating of whitewash. Do this once a month.

When young men tell you they never read experiment station bulletins, that they take no stock whatever in the farm institutes, and, at the same time, they are about to be sold out under mortgage on a farm their old father gave them free of debt, there is something wrong in the brain machinery of those men and no mistake.

It is not so generally appreciated as it should be that the breeding sow while she is bearing her young needs just the kind of nutrition that the growing pig will require. Sows fed heavily on corn, fatten, and bring thin, stunted pigs, with very little ability to care for themselves. Such pigs will never do so well as those whose dams were fed milk and wheat bran with some kinds of roots while bearing their young. These will have good digestion, and will grow rapidly, while the stunted pig will never fully recover from the improper nutrition it received before it was farrowed.

At a recent annual convention of the Fruit Growers' Association, Professor Fletcher strongly recommended spraying fruit trees during the winter. The spores of the various fungi rest on the limbs and twigs as well as on the leaves. When the leaves are on the tree it is impossible to get spray on to the limbs and twigs. The best time to do this spraying is during the winter. It could be done any time when most convenient, but the best time is toward spring when vitality is returning. If the trees are sprayed during the winter better results will be obtained as the result of spraying after the leaves are out. Professor Taft, of Michigan, and others, also very strongly recommended winter spraying.

A half-dozen small tubs holding not more than eighteen or twenty quarts are best for use in caring for human excrement. A box filled with dry soil near by, with a small shovel to distribute this soil over each addition of excrement, will entirely prevent any offensive odors. When the tub is filled, or so nearly so that it requires dumping, its contents should be deposited in a large receptacle where they will ferment under the cover of more soil. In a year's time this excrement mixed with soil will be converted into a fertilizer with very slight odor, and which may be easily applied to the