The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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To the shark and the shearing gull;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
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There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
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But drops our dead on the sand—
But drops our dead on the sands forlorn,
From the Ducies to the Swin:
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For this is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,
Or the wreck that struck last tide;
Or the wreck that lies on the sprouting reef
Where the ghastly blue lights flare:
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have bought it fair!

—Rudyard Kipling.

A FIRST OF APRIL FORFEIT.

BY N. A. M ROE.

"Go and kiss Howard, Elsie," "Oh, I can't." "Pshaw! Yes you can, too." It's April Fool's Day." There was a gleam of mischief in her brother's eyes, and an answering gleam appeared in Elsie's when she fully took in the meaning of his remark. She crossed the room and stood before Howard Payne a moment, and then said very demurely, with her eyes on the carpet, her hands behind her, looking the very picture of bashfulness, though under the long lashes her eyes were sparkling with fun: "My forfeit is to kiss you, Mr. Payne. I wonder if it is a hard one."

He laughed, thinking how pretty she was, and how shy, and said: "We'll try to make it easy."

She thought to herself, "How dreadfully tall he is when he stands up. I wonder if I dare do it," and then just as he bent down to touch her lips she whispered: "April Fool," and like a flash she disappeared through the hall door, leaving Howard with his mouth in such good position for whistling that he couldn't help doing it, and then when they all laughed and Mac said: "How easy you made that for her," he sat down much discomfited. Everybody else forgot all about it, but he couldn't forget it, and when Elsie came again into the room and sat down by her father, he couldn't help looking at her and wondering how so much mischief could be hidden under such a demure exterior. Every time he caught her glance she dropped her eyes, but she could not keep a little smile from curling her lips when she thought of the trick she had played on her brother's college friend.

Elsie's birthday was the first of April, and all the cousins came to help her celebrate it. Besides the cousins, her brother Mac had brought his college chum, Howard Payne. Such a tall, good-looking, good-natured fellow could not help being a favorite at once and while they trimmed the big parlors he decided he never had been with such a jolly set of young people before and entered into the fun with all the zest of a student off for a holiday. With no home of his own, paying his own way through college, refusing to go out very much lest his studies be lost, he had fallen in with Macfarland Kinney, and a strong friendship sprang up that gave to the one society which he liked, and kept the other from too hard work and the accompanying despondency. Mac talked constantly of his home, and most of all of his little sister Elsie, that when her birthday came and Mac invited him to go to his home and see her, he was ready to accept, especially as a kind note from Mrs. Kinney came soon after, saying how glad they would all be to welcome any friend of Mac.

"But Howard, you mustn't take much notice of Elsie at first, for if she dislikes anyone nothing can make her change her mind, and I do so want her to like you. She can't bear Jo Stuart. He's one of the western cousins, and the pranks she played on him when he visited us last year would fill a book. She came to me one day in a perfect tempest because Jo had tried to kiss her, and she had scratched his face, and she didn't know what papa would say. Mamma and papa both tried to make her apologize, but she said Jo shouldn't have anything of hers, not even an apology, and I stood up for her. I did my best to talk her over into liking Jo. He is very pleasant, and we all thought him so nice, that it was a great trial to us that Elsie wouldn't. She was the only one of us that he seemed to care about, but do what he would, he couldn't win her regard. If he came near her she was off like a bird."

Thus cautioned, Howard studied Elsie from afar, not saying much to her, and wished she would look up more often, because she had such wonderful eyes; so big and bright—eyes that talked; eyes that sparkled over a joke; eyes that were very grave and deep when the soul that looked out was quiet. When the rooms were decorated with their green wreaths and rope of evergreen, and the vases filled, and all in readiness for the cousins who would come to the cutting of the cake, all hands sat down tired enough to rest a little, and "what shall we do?" was the question.

"Get Howard to tell you a story," said Mac.

"Oh, do, do!" was the cry, and Howard began one of the German folklore stories, and kept on talking till he declared he couldn't think of anything more to say. A most interested audience they were and called for more every time he stopped. Elsie stood leaning on the back of Mac's armchair looking at Howard with her great eyes, taking in every point of the story, and giving Howard keen pleasure as he watched her sensitive face change at each new phase of the story. By and by she sat down on the arm of Mac's chair and threw her arm around his neck, leaning her head against his in a confiding way that made a lump rise in Howard's throat, and he suddenly brought his tale to an abrupt close.

At the table Elsie cut the big cake and handed the first slice, with the roses that had lain on top beside it, to Howard. Mac laid his hand on Howard's knee under the table with a pressure that meant: "You have won her, she will like you," and Howard felt his heart throb as the grave eyes, now sweet and tender, looked at him, and the red lips smiled, as she wished him as happy a birthday as she was having.

Then came the evening games and forfeits, and the kiss he hadn't had, and he wondered if Mac was mistaken and Elsie didn't like him after all. He was just as wide awake at three as he was at twelve, and turn as he might, her eyes looked up just as they did when he bent to kiss her. Fallen in love, do you say? Well, perhaps so, but he realized that she was Mac's sister, and if she did not like him, would it not take Mac from him also. Surely, she was only a child, but then Mac had said she never changed. Irritated and puzzled, yet with a great longing for the good will of this household that had been so kind to him, he finally dropped asleep.

On entering the drawing-room next morning he saw Elsie standing at the farther end of the room looking out, and he crossed to her, saying in his cheery voice: "Good morning, Elsie; rather a dismal landscape, isn't it? I think it's pleasanter inside, with such a bright fire, don't you?"

"Yes indeed, I do."

"Then turn this way and tell me if you think people ought to pay their debts when they can just as well as not? I have a very peculiar case in mind, where a payment has been evaded, and apparently no effort made to reach a satisfactory settlement. I am in a quandary about it. What would you do?"

"Is it a debt to you?"

"Yes; and I cannot afford to lose it. I want it."

The dark eyes flashed a little as she said: "I would have it if I had to go to law. I think it is a dreadful thing for folks to purposely keep other people's money, or anything that does not belong to them."

"This isn't exactly money, but it belongs to me, all the same. I am glad you think as I do about it. When you say anything that does not belong to them, it includes kisses, of course, and"—a wave of confusion went over Elsie's face, and then a mischievous look in her eyes, and at last she put her handkerchief to her mouth to cover the laugh that she could not keep back. Her eyes sought the door as if she wanted to escape; but no, Howard stood in front of her, and she could not be so rude as to push him out of her path. He was laughing, too, she saw when she looked up, and her courage grew as she said: "That's outlawed, and, besides, it was April Fool's day," and the smile again dimpled her face.

I have read some law, and there is nothing in any of the books about forfeits outlawing, and so of course they run right on; and as for the day, why, I am sure you would consider money loaned on Sunday to be a debt just as much as if it were contracted on Monday, though the law would not require it to be paid, for business must not be done on Sunday, and any note made that day would not be good.

"Oh! there comes Mac," and a look of relief showed itself in her countenance, for she seemed to have lost her ready wit before this young man, who could argue a case so well. But she turned again as they went out to breakfast to ask very demurely: "Who is your collector, Mr. Payne?"

Quick as thought came the answer: "Mr. Howard Payne, and if you have any bills to be collected I should be glad if you would put them into my hands. I promise prompt attention and quick returns."

"I agree to that, Howard; for I know when you want anything you get it some way, and when you once get hold you never let go," said Mac.

"He will have that kiss, and I shall give it to him, I know," Elsie thought. "I'll just keep out of his way." And so when the time for the cars drew near, she started on a long walk, and did not reach home until the carriage had been gone ten minutes.

Now Mac and Elsie held a lengthy correspondence, and a jolly writer she was, too, filling every inch on two sheets of paper with jokes and happenings and family sayings, so that it was almost like a visit home to receive one of her letters. Seeing how eager Howard was to hear, he allowed him to read them all. Once Howard sent her a little note asking if she would get a specimen of a blue flower growing near her home, as he could find nothing of the kind where he was, and when it came back it was pressed in a note of her handwriting, which he carried about till he feared it would be too worn-out to look at, so he packed it away with the souvenirs of his mother, and his father's last letter. Of course, thanks must be sent, and finally every letter either way had an extra note for or from Elsie.

Then Elsie went away to school, and several years went by without his seeing her. Mac graduated and went to California. Howard went into a lawyer's office, and when the senior partner died he went in with his son to continue the firm. Now Elsie was coming to visit her aunt in Hartford, and he might see her if he would call. That day was wasted, for he could do nothing, his mind was so full of her. How would she look? Would her eyes have the same luminous light? Would he dare ask for the kiss she had owed so long?

He had become a regular correspondent, and, though no love had been spoken, he at least was sure of his own heart.

Such a pretty picture as met his eyes when he was shown into the room where Elsie and her aunt were sitting. She was in the deep easychair with a great tiger-cat curled up in her lap. He paused a moment on the threshold to take it all in, and then Elsie sprang up, thus unceremoniously dropping the cat, which hurried away with a much-disgusted look to a footstool at the other end of the room; but he could not stay angry with her long, and just as soon as the introductions were over, and they had settled down to a cozy talk, she called him, and, stretching himself lazily, he walked back and jumped into her lap again, where he curled himself down as contentedly as though he had never been disturbed.

"Mr. Payne, Elsie says she owes you something, and that the bill has been running for several years. She would not tell me what it was, but I am sure if her people knew it it would be paid at once. I have been talking with her and she has promised to pay it to-morrow. I am extremely sorry about it."

"Oh, it was of no consequence; I was glad to let it run. I will come up to-morrow."

Then the conversation turned, and nothing more was said about the debt; but Elsie's eyes were sparkling when she bade him good-by at the door, and when she reached her room she sat down and laughed till the tears came—laughed at the joke she was to play next day, and cried because she had said it was of no consequence, and he was glad to let it run longer.

As early as possible Howard came to receive his due, and fully determined to ask for all her kisses. But only her aunt met him, and said her mother had sent for her to come home, and she had left early that morning.

"She left a little package for you. Here it is, and I presume it contains the money she owes you. I can't think why she should have let it run so long."

In his office he took off the cover. An immense pink-and-white kiss lay in the dainty box, and that was all. He sat down, saying in despair: "She does not care for me after all." Soon as he could think what to do he drew a paper toward him and wrote a formal receipt in full, and directed it to Elsie Kinney. Then he found the time tables, and three days later was on the ocean bound for England. At regular intervals he sent a message to Elsie, but he was discouraged, and her notes in reply were so short and so unlike those of old, that he was more despondent than ever. Then came a letter from Mac that made the sun shine again.

"Mother says that Elsie is moping, and she fears she is going into a decline. She does nothing but lie on the lounge with her eyes shut, or look out of the window, and don't seem to want to do anything. Her spirits have deserted her, and where she used to be the life of the house, now she is so very quiet. I can't understand it, though mother says that once when your name was mentioned she burst into tears and ran out of the room. Don't, I beg of you—don't. Well, she is my little sister still, and I am all unnerved at the thought of her being other than the bright, happy child I have always loved so well. If you care for her tell her so; if not—I ought not to have written as I have, but you know how my sister has been a great part of my life, and you will forgive me for the sake of so old a friendship."

The next mail for America carried this letter:

"MY DARLING ELSIE:—I always call you my little love, my darling, my heart, and why shouldn't I put it on paper, since you have never forbidden it? I am coming back very soon, and shall come first to you, for your aunt said you were ready to pay the debt you owe, and, as I collect my own bills, I shall hope to collect that one. Perhaps you thought the candy kiss would liquidate all demands, but I think *you* were to give the kiss yourself, and your aunt gave me that, and if you will notice the receipt you will find it dated April first, so that it is not—well, I don't consider it good for much, do you? Are you aware how long the debt has been running, and what an accumulation of interest there will be? I want not the single kiss, but all your kisses, and the lips that give them, and the heart, and those wonderful eyes owned by a little girl who began to make a fool of me years ago, and who has made such a complete success of it that I am ashamed to offer the work of her hands to any one else. I am coming to hear you tell me how you like your work, and find out from you if I may be your lover or only an afflicted creditor and April fool. I will sign myself for this once, if never again, Yours, and yours only, HOWARD PAYNE."

A June day, and the light wind is stirring the little rings of Elsie's hair as she sits by the window of her room. Howard Payne is in the drawing-room, but her heart is beating so she is afraid to go down. The door opens and Mrs. Kinney enters.

"Are you not coming down, Elsie? Mr. Payne is here, and has asked for you."

"In a moment, mamma."

A figure in white, roses of June in her belt, big, bright, dilated eyes, trembling, sensitive lips, are what he sees as she crosses the room to greet him. As he looks down at her he thinks of that time when he looked down in the same way long ago, and she glances involuntarily toward the door through which she fled, and he said: "Do you want to escape, dear?"

"No, oh, no!" and the breath of crushed roses fills the room as he hears that whispered response.—Good Housekeeping.

Two Enterprising Druggists.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than J. N. Snyder of Somerset, and J. W. Brallier of Berlin, who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug stores and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Hardly Gathered.

"And so the old man was gathered to his fathers?"

"Well, you could hardly call it gathered—dynamite explosion, you know."—Odds and Ends.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Congressman Cousins' Noble Tribute to the Heroes of the Maine.

The noblest tribute uttered to men who lost their lives in the service of their country, of recent years, is that paid by Congressman Cousins. It fully deserves to rank with that classic of patriotic oratory, Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. Mr. Cousins, by a single speech, has placed himself in the foremost rank of the country's spokesmen. The measured force and pathos of his words are not the wild shriek of the jingo, nor the trembling, halting hint of the craven. Perfectly self-contained he calmly awaits the outcome of patient inquiry and thoughtful consideration of all the facts that go to make up the step of historic importance. The address, brief but nobly sustained, closes with no less nobly conceived lines from Kipling's Recessional:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Following is the full text of Representative Cousin's tribute:

"The measure now proposed is most appropriate and just, but hardly is it mentioned in contemplation of the great calamity to which it appertains. It will be merely an incidental, legislative foot-note to a page of history that will be open to the eyes of the Republic and the world for all time to come. No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt. Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the Maine. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors. It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two were from my native State of Iowa. Some were only recently at the naval academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, and which had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one State or from another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means a little less than love and a little more than friendship—that gentle salutation of the human heart that speaks in all the language of man, that winds, turns, and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race—through deed, and thought, and dream; through song, and toil, and battlefield.

"No foe had ever challenged them. The world will never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; never shall. While at their posts of duty sleep lured them into the abyss, then death unlocked their slumbering eyes for an instant, to behold its dreadful carnival. To most of them the summons came just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow—just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steeps of fame and flooding all life's landscape, far out into the dreamy, distant horizon—just when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, weaving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

"Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead—while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eye, sternly watching for the truth. Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile, a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened, by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and for their duty.

'The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands the ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.'"

Sashes of Surgeons.

A great many people do not know why army surgeons wear green sashes. It is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer. According to the code of war surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon while he is wearing his sash is considered a violation of the code, punishable by death, says the Omaha World-Herald.

Because of this provision surgeons of one army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other army if it is possible for them to do so. During the civil war it was often the case after a battle the field hospitals would contain almost an equal number of men dressed in blue and gray. The Federal army had the best surgeons and the best stores, and a wounded confederate considered himself in great luck to be cared for by federal surgeons and physicians.

But in the heat of battle a green sash is not much protection, and surgeons were often wounded or killed. But this did not keep surgeons at the rear until the battle was over. They were often found in the thick of the fray, dressing wounds and sending the wounded to the rear. Theirs was a perilous as well as a noble duty, and they performed it well.

"I feel it my duty to give you a truthful statement of what Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy did," writes J. S. Collins, of Moore, S. C., "I had a child about two years old, that had the diarrhœa for two months. I tried all the best known remedies, but none gave the least relief. When this remedy came to hand, I gave it as directed, and in two days the child was completely cured." Sold by all druggists.

Pigeons For Use In War.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Five thousand birds, all trained and experienced flyers, could and would be placed at the disposal of the United States government by Philadelphians in the event of war between this country and Spain; that is, if the government would accept them."

The speaker was one of the best-known raisers and trainers of homing pigeons in the United States. In a chat with an Inquirer reporter yesterday afternoon he told a whole lot of interesting things in connection with homing and carrier pigeons and the service they could render to the United States in a war with another nation.

"Of course, you will understand that it is only in a naval engagement," he said, "that the birds would be valuable. In land battles the telegraph and the field telephone would furnish more rapid means of transmitting messages. But on the sea, where it is likely that most of the fighting between this country and Spain will be done, if any is done at all, electricity cannot be used, for reasons which are obvious. Still, it is often just as important that quick communication be had with the shore and with the naval officials at Washington during a battle between the warships as between regiments of land-fighters.

FREE TO THE GOVERNMENT.

"Philadelphians have paid more attention, perhaps, to the raising and training of homing pigeons than the people of any other one locality in the country. As a result, there are at least thirty thousand birds of various ages and in various stages of development and training owned in the city today. Of this number at least ten thousand are fit to be put to work carrying war messages, and five thousand, I have not the least doubt, would be offered free to the Navy Department the minute it became known that they would be used.

"Some of these birds hold championship records for long-distance flights, and all of them are good ones. Take the loft owned by W. S. Torkington, jr., of West Philadelphia, for instance. Mr. Torkington, by the way, wrote to Secretary Long only a few days ago offering the pick of his flyers to the government. Included in the number are birds that have won the West Philadelphia district championships at 200, 300 and 400 miles, and one that finished second in the 500 mile race. His loft is bred principally from Kingston and Twilight, two of the most famous breeders in the world, and the birds he would turn over to Secretary Long could be depended upon to bring home every time the messages with which they were intrusted.

NOTED ONES AMONG THEM.

"Charles H. Jones, of Clifton Heights, the racing secretary of the National Association of Homing Pigeon Fanciers, is another whose loft of long distance flyers would be turned over to the Government. He has one hundred and twenty-five or more birds. Arthur McGinn, the well-known contractor, has also offered 100 of his 200 flyers to the government, one of them being the celebrated Gainesville, the homer that finished second in the world-famed race in which the winner flew 614 miles between sunrise and sunset. The loft of Connel & Sloan, located in West Philadelphia, would furnish fifty first-class birds, the most celebrated being the winner of the 500 mile West Philadelphia district race last year. Another breeder whose birds are at the disposal of the government is Louis A. Mehler, of Twentieth and Diamond streets, who turned over a lot of the homers to Secretary of the Navy Herbert during Cleveland's last administration, the latter making a number of highly satisfactory experiments with them. But the list could be extended indefinitely."

The method of utilizing the pigeons by the Navy would be extremely simple. Cotes of birds would be carried on board each of the warships, one cote from each city or town with which it might become desirable to communicate. These could be coast or inland cities, although the former would be preferable, as all communications could be forwarded from them to Washington by wire upon the arrival of the message-bearing birds more rapidly than the pigeons themselves could make the trip.

SENDING A MESSAGE.

Before or after a battle, or even during an engagement, should the commander of a ship or of the fleet want to send word to the national capital or to any other place, he would simply cause the message to be written on the light paper that is used for the purpose and fastened to the tail feathers of the bird whose home loft was in the town nearest to the place for which the message was destined. Once given its liberty, the intelligent and home-loving flyer would do the rest. During a war with Spain it is probable that a majority of the most important naval engagements would be fought within one hundred and fifty miles of the Florida coast. Under such circumstances, two hours from the time a bird was liberated from a warship it could be in Key West or Jacksonville, and three minutes later its message would be in Washington.

The government has already decided to adopt homing pigeons as a part of its lighthouse equipment, and it is altogether likely that they will become valuable adjuncts of the United States navy. A war with Spain could certainly furnish an opportunity to determine their practical worth for war purposes, and fanciers all over the country are sparing no efforts to induce the government to give the birds a trial. Philadelphia is in the lead, however, and it is practically a foregone conclusion that the first of the flyers used will come from Philadelphia lofts.

The Best Liniment. — "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the finest on earth," write Edwards & Parker, of Plains Ga. This is the verdict of all who use it. For rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings and the numerous slight ailments and accidents common to every household, this liniment has no equal. With it in the house, a great deal of pain and suffering may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

Expensive Exercise!

He was sitting at a table talking to a party of friends. "Well, I've tried everything," he was saying, "but what is the use of worrying about these things? Some men are fat, some are lean. I tell you it can't be helped—we're built that way."

"Ever tried walking?" chimed a listener. "Do you walk much?"

"Tried everything, I tell you. But, by the way, that reminds me of an experience I had one time. I was discussing the subject one evening with my wife. She said: 'Jim, you ought to walk more. I think walking would do you good, and, besides, look at the money you'd save—20 cents a day, $1.20 a week, and $4.80 a month. Just think what you'd save in a year!'

"By George! I never thought of that before,' said I. 'I never looked at it that way. I guess I'll try it.'

"I started to keep my resolution in the morning, so I walked to the office. Although somewhat tired, I felt better. In the evening I started to walk home, but when I got down the street a little way I met a friend who patted me on the shoulder, shook hands, said he was glad to see me, and also said, 'Come in and have something.'

"I went. Inside were a party of gentlemen whom we both knew, and we all of us had something. We chatted and talked awhile, had a smoke, talked another while, and had something more. Looking at my watch I realized it was past my supper time. My humor was in excellent mood and I invited the boys to come up town with me and have a good supper. We had lots of fun at supper time. Some one even suggested that we go to the theatre. Of course we went. After the show we had something more to eat and drink. We also had a few smokes.

"Oh, I had a good time. I walked enough that night, I tell you. Didn't reduce my fat, either. I got home about 1 o'clock. My wife, astonished at the unusual hour of my arrival, asked where I'd been, why it was I came home so late. 'Dearie,' said I, 'I walked home to-night, and it cost me just $17.70 to get here.'

"I never tried walking much after that."—New Haven Register.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion.

Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by J. N Snyder, Druggist, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier, Druggist, Berlin, Pa. 50c per bottle.

Weighing the Baby.

The story is of a young and devoted father. The baby was his first, and he wanted to weigh it.

"It's a bumper!" he exclaimed, "Where are the scales?"

The domestic hunted up an old-fashioned pair, and the proud father assumed charge of the operation.

"I'll try it at eight pounds," he said, sliding the weight along the beam at that figure.

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that."

He slid the weight along several notches farther.

"By George!" he said, "she weighs more than ten pounds—11—12—13—14! Is it possible?"

He sat the baby and the scales down and rested himself a moment.

"Biggest baby I ever saw," he panted, resuming the weighing process. "Fifteen and a half—16! This thing won't weigh her. See, sixteen is the last notch, and she jerks it up like a feather! Go and get a pair of scales at some neighbor's. I'll bet a tenner that she weighs over twenty pounds, Millie,' he shouted, rushing into the next room, "she's the biggest baby in this country—weighs over sixteen pounds!"

"What did you weigh her on?" inquired the young mother.

"On the old scales in the kitchen."

"The figures on those are only ounces," she replied quietly. "Bring me the baby, John." — Pearson's Weekly.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist, or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS.,
56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Love's Young Dream.

Hand in hand they strolled in the quiet evening, happy in themselves and their surroundings.

Suddenly the girl halted and said:

"Percy, what is that?

Percy, without releasing her hand, stooped and said:

"Gladys, darling, it's a snail."

And so they wandered on for a sweet half hour longer when the maiden again said:

"Percy, look, there's another snail!"

Percy again bent his manly form and, looking up, replied:

"No, Gladys, 'tis the same snail!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The larger portion of nitrogen derived from manure is in the liquids, and the farmer who depends upon the solids, permitting the liquids to waste, will haul out to his land bulky material that will disappoint him when he harvests his crops. The liquids should be carefully saved.

All Around the Farm.

Any sort of a tester is better than none at all. Take as many glass tumblers of equal size as you have cows, and fill each to the brim with milk from one cow: Let these stand for 12 hours, and you will get a very fair idea of the cream or butter producing capacity of your several cows. This is not equal to a Babcock tester nor a churn, but the butter will soon follow.—Rural World.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be that squashes may be procured several weeks earlier than is possible in the open ground by planting the seed in an inverted sod and putting it in a hotbed until the seed germinates. Then take it out and set the young plant in the open ground, where it is to perfect its fruit, enclosing it with a box, which should be covered with a heavy mat at night to exclude the cold. In this way the squash may be advanced several weeks in readiness for market, and will sell for enough higher prices to make the experiment highly profitable.—American Cultivator.

The draught horse never has so hard and sound a hoof as the horse used from colthood to rapid driving on the road. He not only needs to be kept shod when driven, but the greatest care should be taken that he never be overdriven. It is not in their lungs, but in their feet, that draught horses most often go wrong when used freely on the road. Their weight unfits them for rapid driving, as even if their feet were sound the extra weight with which each foot would come upon the ground means a jar not only to the foot, but to the entire system. But in most cases it is the feet that usually give out after hard driving on the road.—American Cultivator.

The best art is simple in its expression, and the highest form of art in gardening is perhaps that which, taking advantage of such natural conditions as it finds, makes the best of them with the smallest expenditure of labor and money. Simplicity of design means not only economy of construction, but what is of even more importance, economy of maintenance.—Garden and Forest.

Every farmer should see that his barns and contents are well insured. Nearly every day the daily papers contain accounts of fires in rural districts, bar