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VOL. XLVII. NO. 14. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2459.

A CRITICAL TIME.

During the Battle of Santiago. SICK OR WELL, A RUSH NIGHT AND DAY.

The Pacific at the Battle of Santiago. In Cuba we all know that the Battle of Santiago was a critical time for the United States.

P. E. BUTLER, of pack-train No. 3, writing from Santiago, de Cuba, on July 23, says: "We all had diarrhoea in more or less violent form, and when we landed we had no time to see a doctor, for it was a case of rush and rush night and day to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and rations, but thanks to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, we were able to keep at work and keep our health; in fact, I sincerely believe that at one critical time this medicine was the indirect savior of our army, for if the packers had been unable to work there would have been no way of getting supplies to the front. There were no roads that a wagon train could use. My comrade and myself had the good fortune to lay in a supply of this medicine for our pack-train before we left Tampa, and I know in four cases it absolutely saved life."

The above letter was written to the manufacturers of this medicine, the Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa. For sale by all druggists.

Kansas Claims. Ships walnut logs to Paris. The biggest orchard in the world. An unlimited supply of petroleum. One of the largest silver smelters in the world.

Some of the richest cement beds in the world. Bituminous coal mines in half a dozen counties. Salt mines that are richer than those of Michigan. Lead mines produce thousands of tons of metal each year. Cattle and hogs nearly always "top" the live stock markets.

Last year shipped potatoes to the great potato State of Colorado. Furnished apples for the royal households of England and Germany.

Has raised more wheat in a single year than in any year in the Union. Flouring Mills that ship their product direct to Liverpool and Glasgow. A railroad mileage that is only exceeded by that of two States in the Union. Produced John R. Gentry and Joe Patchen, the two fastest peacocks in the world. Can raise enough grain and garden truck to supply a million more residents without half trying.

A Clever Trick. It certainly looks like it, but there's really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles.

Sanitary Kneading Boards. Wooden kneading boards are declared unsanitary. In their place in the modern kitchen are found heavy marble or glass trays, which are more easily kept clean. The molding board is now declared to be one of the places where close inspection is needed by those whose appreciation of the ubiquitousness of germs and microbes. Indeed, some housewives who have made domestic science their hobby will not allow dough to be kneaded at all by hand, but insist that the same process, or very nearly, can be accomplished by a large spoon. Just watch your domestic scrape the dough off her hands after she has been kneading it, and you will never want any more bread kneaded by her hand, say one of these up-to-date housekeepers. Doubtless even with the marble tray the beating with the spoon would be more satisfactory and the bread equally light.

A Strong Nation. Consists of strong men and healthy women, and health and strength depend upon pure, rich blood which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A nation which takes millions of bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla every year is laying the foundation for health, the wisdom of which will surely show itself in years to come.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. 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 cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

What a Good Laugh Will Do. It tends to lengthen one's life. It conveys a new and direct stimulus to the vital forces. Doctor Green says that there is not one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter.

When one laughs the life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and vigor through the system. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on its particular mystic journey, when a man is laughing from what is done at other times.

The Policeman—"What is your trade?" "The Suspect—"An ironworker." "Is that so?" "I'll see what you know about it. I used to be in the trade myself."

"I mean in a laundry."—Indianapolis Journal.

Your Doctor Knows

Your doctor knows all about foods and medicines. He knows just what you need him for, just ask him what he thinks of Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. We are willing to trust in his answer. For twenty-five years doctors have prescribed our Emulsion for paleness, weakness, nervous exhaustion, and for all diseases that cause loss in flesh. Its creamy color and its pleasant taste make it especially useful for thin and delicate children. No other preparation of cod-liver oil is like it. Don't lose time and risk your health by taking something unknown and untried. Keep in mind that SCOTT'S EMULSION has stood the test for a quarter of a century.

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THE BRIDES OF DEATH.

There's a cleft in the darkening sea-coast wall That hides the town like a sheltering fall, And the Morro looks down from the precipice of a great rock.

At the sheltered ships on the harbor's breast, At the anchored ships that idly swing, Flying the flag of the Spanish King.

"Nail to the mast the yellow and red," The grave old Spanish Admiral said; And the bridegrooms followed her through the bride.

IN CORPORE VILL.

When a man has enough money and not enough to do, and the gods have not given him discretion, he sometimes takes to playing parlor provences. It is a pretty game, but not safe. My excellent friend Fenwick, of Penn Hall, used to be very fond of it, and this is why he has given it up.

Dobson was a high church curate in a sleepy parish, very conscientious, very hard working, not very strong, and none the stronger for the early morning services which he went through fasting. He believed in celibacy for the clergy, and plenty of communication and confession for the laity; he was the customary victim of every idle drunkard and every gossiping old woman in his parish; he had little faith in vicars, and less in deacons, and least of all in the busy curate. In all this he was quite the ordinary high church curate. Where he was extraordinary was in being a most eloquent speaker, not only in the pulpit, but even where there was a chance of being answered.

One day last year I thought me suddenly that Dobson was a friend of mine at college and since, and that I had not seen him for some time; also that he was just the man to make a speech at which I wanted made at a certain coming meeting in which I was interested. So I got up my notes and made a pilgrimage to his parish, which is far in the wilderness of the Surrey side. On the doorstep I found Fenwick, who greeted me with an unusual effusiveness.

"My dear boy," he said, "you're the very man I was wishing for," and he shook me warmly by the hand. "You have influence with Dobson; will you persuade him to do what I desire?"

"Speaking from my own experience, Mr. Fenwick," I replied, "I can assure you that your only chance is that your desire should be something he particularly dislikes; then he will probably do it. But have you rung?"

"Twice," said he. "They are not out for I hear someone shouting inside; perhaps that's why they don't hear."

He was really very eloquent—I could not help noticing that—that wonderfully fine sermon; and I should have been inclined to go to sleep if I had not felt so vexed at the fellow for falling in love with Amy, and the queer way he took to tell me of it. The funny part was that he was perfectly in earnest, and quite believed that by contemplating Amy his eyes had been opened to a number of important spiritual truths. I have heard lay lovers talk in something the same way, but for my part I never found that kissing Amy opened my eyes to any truth except that she was very nice to come to.

I thought he would never come to the point, but at last he did. "And I love the girl, because," said I, "I am afraid to speak to her. Partly it is herself I am afraid of, because she is so simple and yet so wise. But then again I know nothing about the conventionalities and the customs; I might frighten her; there are right ways and wrong ways of speaking, and I know nothing of them. And he went on to appeal to my very proper letter, and spoke confidently of her future happiness with me. When he had been a little time in Snyrna he unfortunately caught a fever and died. I was sorry. He was a good fellow, and, as I said, a capital speaker."—Black and White.

Whiskers and Character.

Astounding what vagaries some of the best of our minds indulge in during these warm days! Talk of "hearing a lion in his den" (a la Daniel); why, it's nothing but the subject of whiskers, for they certainly must be about the warmest things out these days. Yet Diogenes would never consent to be shaved, avowing 'twould be no more than insinuating that nature had done better to make you a woman than a man. There's one thing, though, Mr. Man should remember, and that is to make a decision and stick to it. If he decides on whiskers, well and good; let him stick to them. Furthermore let him stick to one sort and not go skipping from Vandykes to muttonchops, from fringes to Peppers. Such fickleness is most annoying. You unconsciously cut your best friends just because they persist in such hirsute lighting changes. Indeed, it's a wise mother who would know her own son in many instances. It's the same with the "mustache movement." We've nothing against this military arrangement itself, but we do object to its having it off and on about as quickly as the stage villain himself could manage to stick on his false lip protectors. Speaking of the stage and its inhabitants, if we hadn't a programme we could tell the parts the men were playing by their hair, or lack of it, just as we can the standing of the women performers.

You only have to think a second to remember that virtue and blonde hair are synonymous behind the footlights, no matter how skeptical you may be on this combination elsewhere. It's always a case of "her golden hair was hanging down her back" with the sweet young 'heroine. Who'd believe in a soubrette with long hair? No, nobody, any more than they would in a stage spinstar who should appear minus corset-ribs curls. Without the curls little children would turn from her, and children would feel sure she'd a past at least. The stage mother's coiffure must be as simple as the Madonna's, while that of the villainess is invariably as black and complex as her very name.

And so I did. I met her in the garden last morning, and there, on a rustic seat under a laburnum, I told her of my love. There are no chances for the rest of my visit, and another opportunity might never come. And I was by no means sure that he would be rejected, for although she certainly did not love him, women have been known to marry out of admiration and pity before now, and particularly pangs. The two parties were unappreciated. When he formed a plan of going to the park, I was in the best interests of all three of us in speaking as soon as possible.

It was half-past 11 and Fenwick yawned, got up, stretched himself, and intimated his intention of going to bed. He said he was not accustomed to London hours, and he went off, leaving Dobson and me in sole possession of the smoking room at Penn Hall. Fenwick was a little disheartened. When he formed a plan of going to the park, I was in the best interests of all three of us in speaking as soon as possible.

"My dear boy," he said, "you're the very man I was wishing for," and he shook me warmly by the hand. "You have influence with Dobson; will you persuade him to do what I desire?"

"Speaking from my own experience, Mr. Fenwick," I replied, "I can assure you that your only chance is that your desire should be something he particularly dislikes; then he will probably do it. But have you rung?"

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He was really very eloquent—I could not help noticing that—that wonderfully fine sermon; and I should have been inclined to go to sleep if I had not felt so vexed at the fellow for falling in love with Amy, and the queer way he took to tell me of it. The funny part was that he was perfectly in earnest, and quite believed that by contemplating Amy his eyes had been opened to a number of important spiritual truths. I have heard lay lovers talk in something the same way, but for my part I never found that kissing Amy opened my eyes to any truth except that she was very nice to come to.

I thought he would never come to the point, but at last he did. "And I love the girl, because," said I, "I am afraid to speak to her. Partly it is herself I am afraid of, because she is so simple and yet so wise. But then again I know nothing about the conventionalities and the customs; I might frighten her; there are right ways and wrong ways of speaking, and I know nothing of them. And he went on to appeal to my very proper letter, and spoke confidently of her future happiness with me. When he had been a little time in Snyrna he unfortunately caught a fever and died. I was sorry. He was a good fellow, and, as I said, a capital speaker."—Black and White.

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"My dear boy," he said, "you're the very man I was wishing for," and he shook me warmly by the hand. "You have influence with Dobson; will you persuade him to do what I desire?"

"Speaking from my own experience, Mr. Fenwick," I replied, "I can assure you that your only chance is that your desire should be something he particularly dislikes; then he will probably do it. But have you rung?"

"Twice," said he. "They are not out for I hear someone shouting inside; perhaps that's why they don't hear."

He was really very eloquent—I could not help noticing that—that wonderfully fine sermon; and I should have been inclined to go to sleep if I had not felt so vexed at the fellow for falling in love with Amy, and the queer way he took to tell me of it. The funny part was that he was perfectly in earnest, and quite believed that by contemplating Amy his eyes had been opened to a number of important spiritual truths. I have heard lay lovers talk in something the same way, but for my part I never found that kissing Amy opened my eyes to any truth except that she was very nice to come to.

I thought he would never come to the point, but at last he did. "And I love the girl, because," said I, "I am afraid to speak to her. Partly it is herself I am afraid of, because she is so simple and yet so wise. But then again I know nothing about the conventionalities and the customs; I might frighten her; there are right ways and wrong ways of speaking, and I know nothing of them. And he went on to appeal to my very proper letter, and spoke confidently of her future happiness with me. When he had been a little time in Snyrna he unfortunately caught a fever and died. I was sorry. He was a good fellow, and, as I said, a capital speaker."—Black and White.

Whiskers and Character.

Astounding what vagaries some of the best of our minds indulge in during these warm days! Talk of "hearing a lion in his den" (a la Daniel); why, it's nothing but the subject of whiskers, for they certainly must be about the warmest things out these days. Yet Diogenes would never consent to be shaved, avowing 'twould be no more than insinuating that nature had done better to make you a woman than a man. There's one thing, though, Mr. Man should remember, and that is to make a decision and stick to it. If he decides on whiskers, well and good; let him stick to them. Furthermore let him stick to one sort and not go skipping from Vandykes to muttonchops, from fringes to Peppers. Such fickleness is most annoying. You unconsciously cut your best friends just because they persist in such hirsute lighting changes. Indeed, it's a wise mother who would know her own son in many instances. It's the same with the "mustache movement." We've nothing against this military arrangement itself, but we do object to its having it off and on about as quickly as the stage villain himself could manage to stick on his false lip protectors. Speaking of the stage and its inhabitants, if we hadn't a programme we could tell the parts the men were playing by their hair, or lack of it, just as we can the standing of the women performers.

You only have to think a second to remember that virtue and blonde hair are synonymous behind the footlights, no matter how skeptical you may be on this combination elsewhere. It's always a case of "her golden hair was hanging down her back" with the sweet young 'heroine. Who'd believe in a soubrette with long hair? No, nobody, any more than they would in a stage spinstar who should appear minus corset-ribs curls. Without the curls little children would turn from her, and children would feel sure she'd a past at least. The stage mother's coiffure must be as simple as the Madonna's, while that of the villainess is invariably as black and complex as her very name.

And so I did. I met her in the garden last morning, and there, on a rustic seat under a laburnum, I told her of my love. There are no chances for the rest of my visit, and another opportunity might never come. And I was by no means sure that he would be rejected, for although she certainly did not love him, women have been known to marry out of admiration and pity before now, and particularly pangs. The two parties were unappreciated. When he formed a plan of going to the park, I was in the best interests of all three of us in speaking as soon as possible.

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