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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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he Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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WHEN YO' COMIN' HOME?

Mistah Dewey, like to know
When yo' coming home?
Reckon dat yo' mus' go slow,
When yo' comin' home?
Sence de startin' ob dis war
Yo' is mighty popular,
Name yo' got done traveled far—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, war is past,
When yo' comin' home?
Yo' was in it, firs' to last,
When yo' comin' home?
Like to see yo' when yo' han',
Like to grab yo' by de han',
Like to yell to beat de ban'—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, yo' has spunk;
When yo' comin' home?
Made dem Wisnerwursters shrunk,
When yo' comin' home?
Made dem Philipseners tame,
Made dem fo'ners walk lame,
Made Ol' Glory glad she came—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, 'scuse me, please,
When yo' comin' home?
Set us folkses at eash ease,
When yo' comin' home?
Reckon, from what I infer,
Peep'e like to make some stir,
Meet yo' at de depot, sir!
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, proud of yo',
When yo' comin' home?
Want to tell yo' suthin, too—
When yo' comin' home?
Want to whisper; don't fo'get,
Watch dem kissin' girls, yo' bet?
Hobson ain't done blushin' yet—
When yo' comin' home?

Mistah Dewey, e'yo' please,
When yo' comin' home?
Swung dat banner to de breeze
When yo' comin' home?
Er dey 'sists to get too gay,
Nail it to de mast to stay,
Den jus' te'yfone en say
When yo' coming home?

—Geo. Robart, in Baltimore American.

MISS ABIGAIL'S WILL.

"Yes, I shall certainly marry Agnes Lane. She's pretty and accomplished, and better than all, she's Miss Abigail Flint's heiress. The old lady's worth half a million. Agnes is her niece and only living relative, and she'll get it all. A pretty girl with half a million dower is not a bad thing to take, eh, old fellow?"

Burke Norris stretched himself lazily as he propounded the query and stopped making cigar smoke rings long enough to eye his companion for a moment.

Claude Bentley's face was white, and his drooping brown moustache did not wholly conceal the quiver of his lips.

"Do you love her?" he asked, a little huskily.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose so! But then, it's not a hard matter to love a girl who will bring you a fortune like that. You see, it's just this way with me, Claude. The last deal in wheat cramped the governor pretty badly, and he's cut down my allowance. But, good-bye. I'll see you later on the board-walk."

Burke Norris lazily arose, stretched himself, and sauntered out on the park of the Traymore, at which hotel he was stopping a couple of weeks during those balmy, spring-like days peculiar to Atlantic City in February.

His footsteps were still echoing down the hotel hall when Claude Bentley sprang to his feet and began to pace rapidly up and down the room.

"The selfish wretch!" he cried under his breath. "A pretty husband he'll make; and she thinks he loves her for herself alone. I would lay down my life for her; and, were she a beggar, would gladly take her to my heart and home and shower upon her the true love of an honest man. But then, that can never be. Her old Aunt is as proud as Lucifer. She once told me to my face that people in trade had no business in society. Well, my two weeks' outing, on the whole, has been far from enjoyable, for even the smiles that Agnes Lane has deigned to give me have been torture, for she has been brought up in the same aristocratic school, and I now know how utterly conventional they were. To her I am only the son of the family grocer, and she probably considers it great condescension on her part to notice me at all. I think I'll go back to Philadelphia."

He glanced at his watch, saw that he had time to catch the limited express, and walked away to pack his valise.

Meanwhile Agnes Lane, coming up from a stroll along the board-walk, met one of the hotel servants, who held in his hand a telegraphic envelope.

"The clerk said this was important, and I—" began the man, handing her the message.

He stopped suddenly, for Agnes Lane had torn open the envelope, glanced hurriedly at the message it contained, and a wailing moan issued from her lips.

"Your Aunt Abigail is dead."

That is what she read, and though she tried to control herself, tears of sincere, heartfelt grief sprang to her eyes, and all the sunshine and brightness seemed blotted out of her life, for the old spinster, haughty though she was, had had a tender spot in her heart, which Agnes had filled completely.

When a few days later Miss Abigail Flint's will was admitted to probate it was learned that the dead woman's entire fortune would go to a noble charity in which she had been interested during her life. The old spinster had always been eccentric, and the concluding paragraph of her will read as follows:

"I give and bequeath to my beloved niece, Agnes Lane, my recipe for making doughnuts, a copy of which is in the hands of my lawyer, and will be turned over to her by my executors."

Claude Bentley, believing that Agnes' heart was another's, tried to forget all about her, but he found that simply impossible. Her memory was constantly present in his thoughts, and he dreamed of her sweet face continually.

One morning the junior partner of Bentley & Sons was in the office, busy looking over some accounts, when there was a timid knock at the door, and his brusque invitation "Come in!" caused the door to open. When he looked up, Agnes Lane, dressed in deep mourning, stood before him.

"Miss Agnes!" he cried, and springing to his feet brought her a chair, thinking meanwhile that she had never looked so pretty before and inwardly cursing the cruel fate that was to give her to another. There was an embarrassing silence, and then Agnes, nervously removing her gloves, said:

"I have come to you for—for—advice Mr. Bentley. As you well know, my Aunt Abigail was a very peculiar woman. It was generally believed that I was to be her heir. This, however, is my dowry," and she handed him a written paper, the heading of which was: "My Celebrated Recipe for Making Doughnuts." "It's funny, of course," she continued, with a gay laugh, "but I think I see a fortune—a small one, it is true—in Aunt Abigail's recipe, and that's what I came to see you about to day," and then, drawing her chair up closer, she explained to him that doughnuts made from this recipe were so crisp and light and generally luscious that every one who had ever eaten them would never forget their delicious taste.

"I am anxious to make my living," she said in conclusion, "and I think the doughnut recipe will prove a regular bonanza. Your store has a reputation all over the city and your customers are among the best people, and I thought if you would introduce them for me and take charge of their sale, for which I would pay a liberal commission, I would, perhaps, be able to work up a business that would in time give me at least a comfortable income."

Of course Claude Bently was somewhat amazed at this proposition and he hardly knew what reply to make.

Words that he would have liked to have said trembled on his lips, but were not spoken, and the result was the drawing up of a contract which both signed.

At Claude's suggestion an advertisement was inserted in the city papers and the next day the first lot of doughnuts was put on sale in Bentley & Son's window.

A fancy sign called attention to the delicious character of "Aunt Abigail's Doughnuts," and, to use Claude's own expressive words, "they sold equal to gold dollars."

Fifty dozen at fifteen cents per dozen were disposed of, and orders for more were taken ahead.

"Aunt Abigail's Doughnuts" became the town rage and their fame extended to other localities.

It was found necessary to enlarge the "factory" several times and before many months a small army of workmen were engaged in their manufacture.

The story got into the newspapers and Agnes found herself cut by a great many of her old friends

Burke Norris passed her on Chestnut street with a cold stare.

When the contents of Aunt Abigail's will were made public he had ceased to visit her.

As business increased and Claude was daily thrown more and more in contact with Agnes, he plucked up courage and one day poured out the story of his love and asked her to be his wife. He was the happiest man in Philadelphia when she blushingly consented.

Burke Norris, whose father failed without any assets to speak of, gnashed his teeth in impotent rage when he read an account of the wedding, for the "doughnuts" were introduced and the reporter went on to say:

"The bride whose independence of character is well known in society, first conceived the idea of introducing these delicious edibles to the public as a pleasant diversion. She has an independent fortune in her own right, which was left to her by her father, the late John Lane."

"I—I—thought you were poor and dependent on your industry for a livelihood," said Claude, when his wife confessed to him that her own independent fortune was even greater that left by Aunt Abigail.

"But you'll love me just the same, won't you Claude, now that you know that I am rich?" she said, and he, kissing her, replied:

"Indeed, I will!"

"Doctor Cure-All."

The field of nickel-in-the-slot machines is not exhausted yet. A Dutch technical paper furnishes the description and picture of a peculiar novelty of this kind. It is called the "Doctor Cure-All," and is constructed in the form of a man, upon whose body are drawn a number of squares. Each of these squares bears the name of an ailment, pain or illness of the part of the body it is on; next to each name is a slot for the coin, and just beneath a drawer with a handle which delivers the article wanted—a medicine for the respective ailment.

Thus a headache cure can be had from the forehead, and a hair-grower just above; toothache can be cured by drops obtained through one cheek, or by diminutive mustard plaster for the gum through the other. The mouth is a receptacle for cough drops and a malt tonic can be obtained at the throat. A little farther below one finds various porous plasters; then pepsin tablets, seidlitz powders, and so on down to the feet. Within one foot is a dispenser of corn ointment, while the other will deliver elastic cotton rings to protect corns from pressure.

Where the illness is of a serious nature—for instance heart trouble—the slot machine will deliver a card to the nearest physician or specialist, but in this case the coin placed in the slot comes out with a card, which is delivered free.

Killed on the Rail.

Last year on American railways one person was killed in accidents out of every 2,827,474 persons carried. That is to say, you can take a train, 2,827,474 times before, on the the law of average your turn comes to be killed. You will have to travel 71,003,053 miles on the cars before that turn comes, and 4,541,-645 before you are injured. If you travel 20 miles every day for 300 days in the year, you can keep on at it for 758 years before your turn comes to be hurt. If there had been railways when the Christian era began, and you had begun to travel on the first day of the year A. D. 1, and had traveled 100 miles in every day of every month of every year since then, you would still have, in 1898, nearly three million miles yet to travel before your turn comes to be killed.

A Brave Private.

The New York Sun correspondent at Manila tells the following story of the battle of Malate:

"Private J. F. Finlay, of C Company, First California, especially distinguished himself. For such work as his Englishmen get the Victoria Cross. Finlay is detailed to Major Jones' transportation department as interpreter. His mother was a Mexican, and he learned Spanish before he did English. When ammunition was sent forward Finlay was in charge of the train. He had eight carromatta loads of it, each carromatta with a native driver. He started when the Spanish fire was hottest and went straight up through the open fields. The bullets buzzed and whistled all about him. They ripped through the tops of his carts, and one of them hit one of his drivers in the leg.

"Finlay kept on as if he were going after corn on a pleasant afternoon until he reached the old insurgent trench. Then he halted and his train went forward alone to find some one from the Tenth Pennsylvania to whom he could deliver the ammunition. That last hundred yards into our trench was what Captain O'Hara, a grizzled veteran who has seen a-plenty of hot work called a 'very hot place.' It was swept incessantly by Spanish bullets. But Finlay hunted around until he found his man, went back and got his carromattas, and started forward. One of his ponies was shot just in the rear of our trench. Finlay took it out of the cart and with the native driver hauled the cart along to its place, delivered his cartridges, and started back.

"On the way he found Captain Richter lying in the field where he had fallen. He jumped out of his carromatta, put the Captain in, and started on. Pretty soon he found another wounded man. That one was picked up, too, and back he went to camp Then he turned the wounded over to the surgeons and got orders to take ten carromattas to the front and bring back the wounded. Back over that bullet-swept field he went again, as cool and unconcerned as if on a drive through Golden Gate Park, did his work, brought in the wounded, and turned in to get what sleep he could before the hard day's work began soon after daylight.

"After he had sent forward everything that he could to help the men at the front, General Greene went out himself. By this time it was after 2 o'clock and the worst of it was over. The regulars were pumping in heavy volleys and the Utah boys were cracking away at their undisturbed target practice and the 'attempt at flanking' was repulsed. General Green stayed at the front until after 3 o'clock, and then returned to camp. At daylight there was a sharp burst of firing by the Spaniards, but our men did not respond, and there was no damage done. The wounded were all brought into camp and the serious cases were treated at the brigade hospital. The others were taken care of at regimental hospitals or went to their tents.

"In the afternoon the eight dead were buried in the yard of the old convent at Maribacan, back of the camp. There were no coffins available, so each man was sewed up in his blanket, and an identification tag was sewed fast to it. They were buried all in one trench, and headboards were set up to mark the graves, bearing the names of the dead. The chaplain of the Tenth Pennsylvania took a careful description of the place and the graves, with the names and records of the dead.

"The surgeons worked all day over the wounded and did not get through until in the evening. They found several very serious cases, some of which have since resulted in death.

"General Greene issued a general order congratulating the Tenth Pennsylvania and the Utah battery on their 'gallant stand in the face of superior forces' and their repulse of an 'attempt to turn our right flank.' He also complimented very highly the Third artillery and the First California on their work in advancing 'under a galling fire' to reinforce the Pennsylvanians."

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest test, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.

Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

The Cost of News.

Should a war reported as this has been continue two years it would bankrupt the resources of every first-class newspaper in New York City. Every newspaper of the first-class has run so far behind since the outbreak of the war. To one newspaper at least the war has meant an added expense of more than $3,000 a day—about $1,000,-000 a year—enough to eliminate all the profits of the most profitable newspaper in America—which at present is undoubtedly the New York Herald. Three thousand dollars per day has been the extra cost of gathering war news for the New York Journal. That sum perhaps represents a maximum. Other newspapers have spent in proportion to their available capital. For a newspaper, as for a nation, war has no reward save glory. It hurts the commercial end of the newspaper as of the nation—advertisements diminishing—and it adds greatly to the expense. —Cosmopolitan.

In the Bank of England there are silver bars that have lain untouched for two hundred years.

THE HAPSBURG TRAGEDIES.

Emperor Francis Joseph's Life Has Been Full of Sorrows.

From the New York Herald.

Again fate has dealt a heavy blow to the houses of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach, adding another sorrow to that heavy burden which has borne down to despair the ancient rulers of Austria and Bavaria. The spirit of tragedy seems to have marked them for its own and to have played with them in order to drive its lessons deep into the hearts of men. The fate of the empress of Austria is but the climax of a life overflowing with heart-burning and tragedy.

Chief of the recent tragedies of the house of Hapsburg was the suppressed suicide in 1889 of the Archduke Rudolph Francis Charles Joseph, son of the emperor and heir to the throne, the one on whom all the hopes of the imperial house had rested. This affair is now known as the Meyerling drama. Several versions of the tragedy have been given out, but the facts in the case probably never will be known to any one outside the royal house.

The archduke was deeply infatuated with the charms of the Baroness Vetcera, a beautiful young girl, who returned his love. He wished to be united to her by morganatic marriage, but his father would not allow it. On the opening of January 29 the archduke met the baroness in a gamekeeper's house not far from the castle of Meyerling.

In the morning both were found dead lying side by side. It was asserted that the barcness had taken poison and that the prince had shot himself.

Another story is to the effect that a forester went to the house where the prince was staying in order to ask the gamekeeper for some instructions regarding the hunt that was to take place. He knocked loudly at the door. A window was opened and a man jumped out and ran away. The forester aimed and fired. The fugitive fell, and when the forester walked up to him he recognized, to his horror, the crown prince, who had fainted. The shot had entered the prince's shoulder. The forester called for help, and, with the assistance of a man who ran to his aid, carried the prince into the gamekeeper's house.

The baroness, seeing the prince in a faint and bleeding from a wound, imagined that he was dead. She immediately took up her traveling bag and pulled out a phial. Before she could be prevented she drank its contents and fell dead upon the floor.

Soon afterward the crown prince came to and was taken by his own orders to the castle of Meyerling. Here he ordered his valet from the room into which he had been carried, and here he placed a pistol to his head and fired a fatal shot.

Letters of the prince and of the baroness, found after the tragedy, tend to disprove this version, and indicate a premeditated suicide on the part of both parties. Then there were several witnesses who declared that they had seen the bodies of the prince and the baroness lying side by side immediately after the tragedy.

A man by the name of Johann Tranquilein, known by the sobriquet of "Baron Schau," who died on Ward's Island after a career of dissipation in the United States, asserted that he drove the crown prince to Meyerling on the day of the tragedy, and told a very different story of the prince's death. He said that he drove the prince and a jolly party of friends to Meyerling. No women were in the party.

Supper was served in the castle of Meyerling, and during the festivities the Baroness Vetcera suddenly made her entrance into the supper room and with flashing eyes asked the prince if it was true that he had renounced her. The prince, after a silence, answered that his father would not allow any further relations between himself and the baroness. The latter then drew a revolver and fired at Rudolf.

The ball wounded him but slightly, and he caught the infuriated woman in his arms. She managed however, to turn the pistol against herself and inflicted a mortal wound. A relative of the baroness then sprang up and brought a champagne bottle with all his might upon the head of the prince, who sank upon the floor and died. The lovers were then laid side by side upon a couch, and all the witnesses to the scene were sworn to secrecy.

The court, of course, hushed up the affair as much as possible, and so the story of the princess' taking off has never been authoritatively told.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Under the caption "We Shall Never Forget Thee" The Delta Lighthouse (Greenville, Miss.) regales its readers with the following "powerful" obituary, which is reproduced just as originally printed: "Death with its steel and icy hand, has stole its way into the domicile of Mrs. Page, Mrs. T. Howard and Rev. Massey, and taking from them their most dearest friend, in the person of Mrs. Charlott Massey, their dear mother. Though she had been sick, quite eighteen months, nevertheless. Daughters and sons seldom become worried with mothers. This mother died in full triumph of faith. Daughters and her relatives, you can see her again, if you will. We extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathies in your loss, while we know it is Heaven's gain.

ABOUT THE HESSIAN FLY.

How to Get Rid of this Wheat Pest.

State Zoologist H. T. Fernald has addressed the following letter to the farmers on the Hessian fly:

This insect, which is very abundant in Pennsylvania, is often known as the "fly" or the "wheat fly." It is responsible for a large amount of loss each year, often destroying one quarter of the crop, and is particularly injurious in wet seasons.

LIFE HISTORY.

There are two broods of this insect each year. The winged fly appears in August and September, and searches for the young winter wheat to lay its eggs on, and places them on the leaf blades, anywhere from one to thirty on a blade. In four or five days the eggs hatch, and the young maggots crawl down the blade, enter the sheath, and pass down to the joint. Here they stay, sucking the juice from the plant, until about the end of November, when they turn brown and harden. This is called the flax-seed stage. In this condition they pass the winter. In the spring, about the middle or end of April, they change to the full-grown form, the winged fly. These, at once, begin to lay their eggs as before, and the history as already given for the fall brood is repeated; the flies from this brood appearing in August and September to lay the eggs on the winter wheat. This, in brief, is the history of the Hessian fly.

TREATMENT.

From what has been given, it is plain that there is no treatment of the seed which will do any good, nor is spraying of any possible use. Treatment here must be in other lines.

The best thing to do for the protection of wheat from the fly is:

1. Plant a small piece of wheat early in August so that it may come up early, and be found by the flies when looking for a place to lay their eggs. This piece will, of course, be full of maggots later. About the end of September plow this under, and do not use the ground for wheat the next year. By this method the flies will lay their eggs in this early wheat, and as they die after egg-laying, few will be left.

2. Do not plant the wheat (except the small piece just spoken of), until about September 20th; by that time almost every fly will have died, and there will be none left to lay their eggs when the wheat comes up.

There is a tendency in Pennsylvania, as well as elsewhere, for the farmer each year to get his sowing done a little earlier than the year before. This is directly favorable to the fly. Wheat sown as late as September 20th will make growth enough so that it will not winter-kill, and this method has been tried in states farther north than Pennsylvania for many years with success.

3. Some kinds of wheat are less attacked by the fly than others. Rolling the field, with a very heavy roller, when the fields are smooth and free from stones, about the first of October, is of value in some cases. Letting the sheep graze on the fields as soon as two or three blades from each root appear, also helps, the sheep eating the eggs of the fly, along with the leaves. Crops on poor land usually suffer most; hence the use of fertilizers to enrich the soil, aids in keeping down the insect.

4. Where the fly is already in the wheat, cutting a little higher than usual and plowing the stubble under at once, will kill the insects before they have changed to the winged stage. Burning the stubble is also beneficial at this time.

SUMMARY.

The fly must be killed or starved. To kill as many as possible, plant a small piece early, as a trap for the fly to lay its eggs on, then plow it under and thus kill the eggs from which the spring brood comes.

To starve the fly, do not plant until about September 20th, so that the fly will die before it can find any wheat to lay its eggs on.

If both these methods are used together, and if all who raise wheat in any region will work together to do this, but little trouble from the pest should occur.

Many farmers in the state are following this plan already, and with good success. One writes: I plant a trap piece early, and my main crop late, and am never troubled with the fly, while some of the farmers in this township sometimes lose one quarter of their crop."

If results like this can be obtained in such an easy way, it will certainly pay to try these methods.

Lincoln's Faultless Diction.

The Philadelphia Ledger publishes a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to a Mrs. Bixby of Boston, which, the Ledger says "has been engrossed, framed and hung in one of the Oxford (England) University halls as a specimen of the purest English and elegant diction extant.'" The letter has an additional interest. It is peculiarly appropriate now, when so many mothers are mourning their sons, who were killed in battle or suffered the worse death, that from disease. The letter follows:

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Germany has more electric street railways than any other European country. Next in order come France, England, Italy, Switzerland Spain and Belgium.

All Around the Farm.

At the recent meeting in Boston of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, it was stated that the English sparrow eats the caterpillar of the brown-tail moth with avidity. It would seem to have met this moth in England and to have acquired an appetite for it. It has doubtless kept it in check there, and may do so here. At last the use of the much-maligned English sparrow has been discovered.

It is never advisable to have extra large roots of beet or other roots used to plant to grow seed from. These large-grown beets are necessarily planted early, and they dry out during the winter, so that the sprouts form, and the substance of the root, on which the seed largely depends, is injured. Beet seed sown any time in August will give a handsome, smooth, medium-sized root, that may be kept until spring without beginning to sprout. Such a beet may not give so large a crop of seed as does the large, overgrown beet, but it will be much better seed to plant for a crop next year.—American Cultivator.

According to the United States Census Reports of 1890, the value of the irrigated farming lands in this country was $83 28 per acre, while the value of farm lands not under irrigation was but $20.95 per acre. This fact gives an idea of the value of water to crops. It appears to increase the cash value of land four-fold. How to increase the water supply becomes the greatest consideration, and the man who can devise the means to preserve and distribute at will the rainfall of winter and spring will be worthy the honors of the age.

Ten chemical elements are found to be essential to the growth of agricultural plants. These are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, calcium, sulphur, magnesium and iron. To this list chlorine and sodium, the constituents of common salt, are added by some authors. Manures and fertilizers are used for the purpose of conveying to the soil the three elements, nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, in available and convenient form, experience having demonstrated that practically all soils contain an abundant supply of the other minerals for plant growth.

All farmers know that wood ashes are valuable as a fertilizer. But this value, as many know, is due very much to the material from which the ashes come. Thus ashes made from hard wood are more valuable than ashes made from soft wood. In fact, some ashes from soft wood have not enough virtue to make it worth while to bother with them. It has also been found that the value is largely governed by the part of the tree from which the ashes are made. It is declared by chemists that the ashes of the young twigs are of more value than the ashes of the trunk of the tree; and the ashes of leaves still more valuable.

Canada Experiment Farm experimented with the preservation of unfermented grape juice. According to its report, the natural flavor of grape-juice may be preserved intact by raising the temperature of the juice gradually to 170 degrees Fahrenheit, keeping it at this point for ten minutes and then quickly bottling it, taking care to use absolutely air-tight and thoroughly sterilized vessels. These vessels should be taken from a tank or kettle of boiling water, immediately filled and corked or covered with the least possible delay. It would be well to wrap each bottle with several thicknesses of newspaper, or slide it into a paper sack, and in any case to place it on its side and keep it in a dark room.

Good Roads.

Prof. J. A. Holmes, of North Carolina, has written a letter on good roads, in which he says:

"Dirt roads are the most expensive roads that can be used.

"Macadam roads, properly constructed, are the most satisfactory and the cheapest roads yet discovered.

"Trained labor and competent engineering supervision are as important in building public roads as they are in the building of railroads, or any other special business.

"Convicts make cheap and satisfactory road-builders, and every short-term convict in North Carolina ought to be at work on the public roads of the State.

"Hills and mud-holes, both of which are avoidable, are the two most expensive features about the dirt roads.

"All road work should be done with a view to its permanency. A poorly-built macadam road is largely a waste of time and money.

"Good roads are expensive, but in the long run they are far cheaper than bad roads.

"The bad roads in North Carolina today cost her people in labor and money but little less than $10,000,000 a year, and yet over two-thirds of the counties in the State will refuse to levy a small pittance of a tax for good roads which would help throw off this terrible burden.

"This enormous bad road tax is today the biggest factor in the industrial depression from which our people are suffering. It is as real a tax as any man ever paid. It is the largest tax we pay."

The victories of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all Forms of disease Conclusively prove That it is an unequalled Blood purifier. It conquers The demon, Scrofula, Relieves the itching and burning of salt rheum, cures running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, and every other form of humor or disease originating in impure blood. The cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are cures—absolute, permanent, perfect cures. They are based upon its great power to purify and enrich the blood.

The sermon was from the words, "My cup runneth over; surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the day of my life." Six-year-old Jenny, on returning home from church, was asked if she could repeat the minister's text and said: "Yes, indeed! It was: 'Mercy! Goodness! My cup's tipped over!'"

A CRITICAL TIME.

During the Battle of Santiago.

SICK OR WELL, A RUSH NIGHT AND DAY.

The Packers at the Battle of Santiago de Cuba were all Heroes. Their Heroic Efforts in Getting Ammunition and Rations to the Front Saved the Day.

P. E. BUTLER, of pack-train No. 3, writing from Santiago, de Cuba, on July 23d, says: "We all had diarrhœa 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 Diarrhœa 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 saviour 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 save life."

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

Lieutenant Newell's Nerve.

What every officer of regulars does, if he is, or intends to become an efficient factor on the field of battle, is to attempt to win the confidence and respect of his men, says the Camp Wikoff correspondent of the New York Sun. He endeavors to become well acquainted with their personal peculiarities and he studies how to instill into them that spirit which, having no English equivalent for it, we call esprit de corps. A captain usually has plenty of opportunity for this, the other company offic