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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 18. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2463.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1898.

Apples,	per bu	50-60
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	13c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter,	roll, per ℔	15c
	fresh keg, per ℔	15c
	creamery, per ℔	22c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon,	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	10 to 8c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	90c
	Lima, per ℔	5c
Coffee,	green, per ℔	15c
	roasted, per ℔	18c
Cement,	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.60 to 1.75
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		18c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 70 ℔ $2.75
	¼ bbl	per 40 ℔ 1.85
Honey, white clover, per ℔		15-18c
Lard, per ℔		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		40c
Onions, per bus		75 to $1.00
Potatoes, per bus		40-50c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		8 to 10c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10c
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.15
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	20c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar,	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6¼c
	granulated, per ℔	6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	8c
Syrup,	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	60 to 70c
Stoneware, gallon		5c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.60-$1.65
	clover, per bus	$8.50 to 4.00
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain	barley, white beardless, per bus	75
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn shelled, per bus	40 to 45c
	oats, per bus	30 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
& Feed	wheat, per bus	60
	bran, per 100 ℔s	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	85c
Flour.	flour, roller process, per bbl	4.00
	" spring patent and fancy	
	high grade	$4 75-$5.00
	flour, lower grade per 140 ℔s	$1,40$1.50
Middlings,	white, per 100 ℔s	85c
	red, per 100 ℔s	85c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:10 a. m., Somerset 11:34, Stoyestown 12:02, Hooversville 1:06, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:15 p. m., Somerset 5:39 Stoyestown 6:7, Hooversville 6:18, Johnstown 7:05.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a.m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoyestown 9:33, Somerset 10:2 Rockwood 10:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:20 p. m., Hooversville 3:09, Stoyestown 3:23, Somerset 3:52, Rockwood 4:15.

*Daily.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT JUNE 27, 1898.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:03 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:32 "
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:20 "
Way Passenger	2:50 p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33 "
Mail	5:41 "
Fast Line	7:41 "
Johnstown Accommodation	9:25 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:18 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	8:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	9:24 "
Day Express	9:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:15 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:50 "
Philadelphia Express	7:11 "
Fast Line	10:30 "

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AS TO WAR TAXES.

They've put a stamp upon our checks,
As well as on our beer;
They've taxed the note that often wrecks,
And things that bring good cheer.
They've taxed the mortgage on the roof,
They've taxed insurance, too,
Until some folks have but reproof
For schemes for revenue.

I've heard a word of good advice
For those who make the tax:
Why not impose some of the ice
On more deserving backs?
Why make the man who pays the debt
Add something to his score,
When there are several millions yet
Twere well not to ignore?

Tax nuisances, not virtues. There
Is sure no lack of these;
The man who talks while cutting hair,
The man demanding fees
For doing what he ought to do,
And other of his ilk;
Pray why ignore the pirate crew
And put so much on silk?

The Yellow Journalist should be
Compelled to pay two cents
On every one-cent extra he
Brings out with lines immense.
Tax all the fibs this fellow tells;
I think you'll surely find
That you've at last removed the spells
That weak finances bind.

Tax all the saffron clergymen,
Forgetful of their place,
For every word they utter when
They would incite the race.
Tax people like our loved Van Wyck,
And Platt, and Croker, too,
For every scheming little strike
Their politics put through.

Tax deals and schemes, tax everything
Which makes our folks appear
To be bound fast within a ring—
You'll find there's plenty here.
Tax everywhere corruption, and
I think you'll shortly see
The people in a chorus grand
Acclaim you splendidly.

—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

HOW HE BECAME AN ASTROLOGER.

And How Accident Helped to Make Him Successful.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Ahmed was a cobbler, poor, but thrifty and honest. He lived in the city of a great king of the East, and though he was lowly, he saw much of the pomp and grandeur of the court life.

The desires of the cobbler were few, and were easily satisfied by his earnings. His life was quiet and contented, and all would have been well with him but for one inmate of his house.

This was a young and beautiful girl, whom Ahmed had adopted when she was a mere child. She was now grown up, and was very lovely, to look at, but her heart was not kind; and yet Ahmed cared for her as if she were his own daughter, and could not see her faults.

One day Sittara went to the baths, as was her custom, and there she beheld a woman, surrounded by her slaves, and having beautiful jewels studded in her dresses, which shone like stars at night. The young girl was very vain of her own beauty, and seeing that the woman looked fair only because of her fine clothes, she thought how radiant she would be if she could be so attired.

She soon found out that the rich woman was no other than the wife of the chief astrologer to the king, and with this information she hurried home.

"Stop your cobbling this very day, and turn astrologer!" she cried to Ahmed. "Look how poor we are, while if you were an astrologer, I could have the beautiful things that become me. I will not be poor any longer," she cried passionately, like the spoiled child she was.

Ahmed pleaded and coaxed in vain. He tried to reason with her, saying that he was not wise enough to be an astrologer, but she would not hear him.

"You must be an astrologer, or I will leave your house forever," the petulant girl cried.

Perhaps the poor cobbler was weak to listen to her, but he had put all his hopes, all his thoughts in this girl, and now to have her leave him was like losing his very life.

So it happened that he was at last persuaded, and went out and purchased an astrolabe, an astronomical almanac and a table of the twelve signs of the zodiac.

When he came home with these, Sittara ran to greet him saying:

"Now we shall soon be rich, and I shall be happy."

Ahmed was pleased at this show of affection, but when he awoke in the morning he feared to venture forth in this new guise. However, there was no help for it, so off he went to the market-place and began to call aloud:

"I am an astrologer; I know the sun the moon and the stars; I can calculate nativities; nothing is unknown to me, past, present or future; I am an astrologer!"

Soon a crowd gathered around him, laughing and mocking; for Ahmed was well known among the tradespeople, and his presumption now was considered a huge joke.

"Ahmed, have you lost your wits, that you thus cry aloud?" one asked.

"Have you grown weary of bending over your last, and now look upward to the stars?" asked another.

So they continued to torment him, but still he cried out:

"I am an astrologer; I know the sun the moon and the stars. I can calculate nativities. Naught is from me hidden. I can predict the future!"

Just then the chief jeweler to the king happened to come along. He was in great trouble, but seeing the crowd he pushed his way through to see what was the cause of so much commotion. When he saw Ahmed, whom he knew to be an honest man, in the guise of an astrologer, his fears for a moment vanished as he thought that here a miracle had been worked, and perhaps he might obtain help.

Approaching Ahmed he said:

"Son of the people, raised to this high estate, I seek thy counsel. Know that an emerald of priceless value has suddenly disappeared from my house. It belongs to the king, and if it is not found, death awaits me. Find the stone for me and two hundred gold pieces shall be thine. But if you fail by to-morrow to discover the gem, I shall use my influence at court to have you slain as an impostor."

When Ahmed heard these words he was filled with dismay, and looking down upon the ground, as if in deep meditation, he thought of his daughter, who had brought this trial upon him.

"Oh, woman!" he exclaimed, "into what trouble will you bring man; even having death threatened to him!"

Now, it happened that the wife of the jeweler had secreted the ring, but fearing detection she had sent a slave to follow her husband, and when the slave heard Ahmed speak, she fled, full of terror, to her mistress and cried:

"Dear lady, you are discovered. In the market-place is an astrologer, who has said a woman is the cause of this trouble, and no doubt he will betray you."

The guilty wife was as much impressed as her slave was, and hastening to Ahmed she cried:

"Oh, be merciful to me and I will restore the jewel!"

Ahmed heard this confession in amazement, but seeing a loophole of escape, he frowned upon the suppliant and told her where to place the jewel, promising that if she complied, suspicion should not fall upon her.

The grateful woman placed a purse of gold into the cobbler's hand and hurrying home, put the stone under the pillow that her husband used to sleep upon.

Next day the jeweler came to Ahmed, and the latter said:

"Go home. Under your pillow lies the stone."

"Impossible!" the jeweler cried, as he hurried off.

But finding it, as the cobbler had said, he hastened back and gave him two hundred gold pieces. Then Ahmed went home and gave the money to Sittara.

"There is money," he said, "but now I will not risk my life again. Heaven has been kind to me this time."

"Nay!" cried Sittara, "you must go again. Luck will befriend you, and if you do not go, I will leave you."

So, the next day, Ahmed again went forth. But now his fame had spread through the market, and he was not molested. Soon through the press, a woman, handsomely clad, and veiled, pushed her way.

"Good astrologer," she said, "I have just come from the baths, and a handsome diamond necklace that I wore has been taken. Find it for me, and I will give you fifty pieces of gold."

Poor Ahmed was again bewildered. As he glanced down, he saw that the woman had torn her veil, and leaning towards her he said in a low tone:

"Look down at the rent, madam!"

To his amazement the woman suddenly turned and fled, but soon she returned with the necklace, saying:

"Good man, take your reward; When I went to the baths, I placed my jewels in a rent in the wall near the floor for safe-keeping. But I forgot when I left where they were. You are indeed gifted. Nothing is hidden from you. I am grateful to you, most learned one!"

Ahmed could scarcely believe his ears; but hurrying home he gave the gold to Sittara.

"You shall not make me venture forth again," he said.

"Oh, yes," she cried; "fortune awaits you now. The people fear you and will help you."

In the meantime it happened that forty chests of gold and precious gems had been stolen from the king's treasury, and the thief could not be discovered. The court astrologer and all the ministers and wise men were at their wits' end what to do, when the fame of the wonderful Ahmed reached the palace.

Suddenly, in the morning, while Ahmed refused to go out, and Sittara was trying to persuade him, a band of soldiers appeared before the door and asked Ahmed to accompany them. The poor man felt that he was going to his death, and bade Sittara adieu. She pretended to be sorry, but in her heart she was wicked, and was really glad to be freed; for she hoped that now she might go to court, where her beauty would win the queen's favor and make her an attendant.

What was Ahmed's surprise then, when he reached the palace, to be led into a grand apartment, where the chief astrologer came to meet him and led him to the seat of honor.

"Ahmed!" he said, "great and exalted one, child of the people, the mighty are put down and the lowly exalted. The ways of Heaven are inscrutable, the stars hold their courses, though man fails to read them."

Then he proceeded to tell the cobbler of the lost treasure; of his own inability to discover the thief, and his desire that Ahmed should take the honor of bringing the culprit to justice.

When he had finished, and before Ahmed could answer, the great counselors came into the room and stood aside while the king himself entered.

Ahmed was led before the monarch, where he prostrated himself, waiting to hear his doom.

The king raised him, saying:

"We hear of thy wonderful powers, learned Ahmed; tell us now who stole our treasure."

"Oh, most mighty king, not one man, but forty, have stolen the chests. But give me forty days to make my calculations, and then you shall hear me."

"Be it so! But if at the end of that time you have not found the guilty one, you shall die."

The cobbler went home to Sittara.

"See what you have done, woman," he cried. But I have been clever enough to put the king off. We have forty days. In that time we can escape, and with the gold I gave you we can depart to another land."

"It shall not be," said Sittara. "You will yet discover the thief. We shall not fly, and if you attempt it, I will call the guards to seize you."

Then only did Ahmed see the cruelty of the girl, and he said:

"I have but forty days to live, since you will not let me escape. Let me live them in peace. Here are forty dates. Put them in a dish and give me one every night after I have said my prayers, that I may count them and know how long I have to live."

The thieves had been unable to leave the city for fear of detection, so they kept a sharp lookout for all the means taken to discover them. One of them happened to be in the crowd before the palace when Ahmed declared that there were forty, and he ran in consternation to the chief.

"We are discovered by this newly risen astrologer, who declares that we are forty in number."

"This Ahmed is a shrewd fellow," answered the chief. Perhaps he only guessed it because there were forty chests. But we will watch him, for he has made some strange discoveries."

So when evening fell, one was dispatched to the terrace of Ahmed to listen to what he might say to his daughter. When he took his place, the cobbler had just finished his evening worship and received from the girl a date, which he placed in a covered bowl.

"There is one, Sittara," he said, "but there are still thirty-nine."

In terror the man fled, and reported what he had heard. His comrades did not believe him, so the next evening two went at the same hour. Ahmed was again receiving the date and said:

"To-night there are two, Sittara."

So this went on, night after night, each evening another of the gang going till all forty went on the last night.

"To-night all forty are here, Sittara," the cobbler said.

Only then would the chief give in, and he said to his men, when they had departed:

"We must take this man into our confidence, and secure his silence by dividing the treasure with him."

Accordingly, early in the morning, they all went to Ahmed's house and knocked, saying:

"Come out! Come out!"

The trembling man thought the guard had come, and cried:

"Wait! I know for what you have come. It is wrong and infamous!"

When he appeared, the terrified thieves fell at his feet and cried:

"We will give you gold if you promise to say nothing more about it!"

"Say nothing!" the still ignorant Ahmed cried, "I'll tell the world it is infamous!"

Then the leader said:

We'll restore the treasure, only save us, and, besides, we will reward you well!"

Then Ahmed understood. He gave them commands, and they replied, while he dressed and awaited the guards, who soon came. The cobbler said not a word to Sittara of his discovery, but went to the palace as if to his death.

As soon as he was gone, the heartless girl left the house, and of her fate nothing was ever heard. But Ahmed went before the king.

"Well, astrologer, what news?"

"Sire," said Ahmed, bending low, "the stars tell me but one of two things to reveal. Do you wish the treasure restored, or to capture the thieves?"

"Well," the king answered, "I do not like to let such culprits go unpunished; but if but one thing can be done, give me the treasure."

"And will you give your kingly word that the culprits have a free pardon?"

"I give my word!"

"Then follow me."

The king and the court followed the cobbler across the garden to the south wall. There, by an old well, Ahmed stopped. Raising his eyes to heaven he said a low prayer of Thanksgiving, but the people thought that he was saying magic words. When he finished he turned to the men and said:

"Dig around the well."

And when they had turned the earth they found the forty chests, with the seals of the treasury still unbroken.

"Great astrologer, you shall be first in my empire after me," the king declared, "for whom the great Power raises up from the people, shall not man exalt, also?

And so Ahmed dwelt in splendor all the rest of his life. But the false Sittara he never saw again.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. 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.

Marriage in the Philippines.

In no respect will the domination, or even the influence of the United States in the Philippines work for good more than the social life of the people. An American minister who has recently returned from the islands is the authority for the statement that the priests have for many years charged the natives no less than $40 for performing the marriage service. As the average native under Spanish rule was able to earn about $5 a month "when times were good" and he had regular employment, it is easy to see why common law marriages have always been the rule rather than the exception. It is safe to say that among the first reforms introduced in the islands is one that will have direct bearing upon the sanctity of the marriage relation.—Washington Star.

"Many have said their children would have died of croup, if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given," write Kellem & Ourren, druggist, Seaview, Va. "People come from far and near to get it and speak of it in the highest terms." This is equally true of this remedy in every community where it is known. Buy a bottle at any drug store and test it for yourself.

SOME LITERARY LIONS.

Personal Traits of the Leading English Novelists.

There is an interesting group of novelists in London, whose society is sought by men and women of fashion. They are made much of wherever they go, and are petted and flattered with social attentions.

Rudyard Kipling is one of the least manageable of the literary lions. He has the restless energy of a man who has been traveling and working in many lands. He dislikes compliments, shuns society and prefers to live quietly and to see only a few intimate friends.

Thomas Hardy is a great favorite in London, but is seldom seen there. He lives in the country and is one of the most modest among literary men. He rarely talks about his own work, and seems surprised when strangers meet him and greet him as a great literary artist.

Hall Caine, like Thomas Hardy, prefers the country to the town, but he is more intense in his manner and more self-centered in conversation. He talks well and is a dramatic story-teller. When his attention is fixed upon his own work and personality he is least interesting, and is wholly at his best when some keen mind diverts him from himself and interests him in what is going on in the world of ideas.

J. M. Barrie is a shy and retiring man, who has been drawn into social life against his will. His conversation is bright and pleasing, but it must always be forced out by those who are with him. He is modest and reserved, and content to remain in the background if any one else wishes to talk.

Dr. Conan Doyle is as tall and stalwart as Mr. Barrie is short and insignificant in appearance. He is a sinewy, vigorous giant, with a bluff, hearty manner and a strong voice. He feels at home among men, takes an interest in cricket and field sports, and carries himself like a man of the world who is conscious of his ability to hold his ground.

Sir Walter Besant is also a burly Englishman, with a loud voice; but he cares less for society than Dr. Doyle does, and is more of a student. His favorite topic is London, which he knows more intimately in all its storied associations than perhaps any other Englishman.

George Meredith is the most intellectual of all the English novelists. He is happiest in his own library in the country with an old friend who can talk intelligently about French and German literature.

The most accomplished man of the world among English novelists is Anthony Hope Hawkins, who revels in dinner parties and receptions, and is a great favorite in social life. His manners are most agreeable, and he has a ready wit and a boyish flow of spirits.

Novelists, like artists, are as different in manners and tastes as they are in their methods and ideals. Their strong individuality makes them interesting people to meet. So persistently are they sought and lionized that they find little time for serious work in so great a social centre as London, and are compelled to live outside in the country.—Youth's Companion.

The Candidates' Platforms.

There are three candidates for Governor of Pennsylvania, each one standing upon his own platform.

There is George A. Jenks. What is his platform? This:

Free Silver; Free Trade; give the captured islands back to Spain. I am a Democrat, and only Democrats are capable of running the Government.

Then there is Doctor Swallow. What is his platform? This:

I am the only honest man in Pennsylvania. True, I have been convicted of libeling my fellow-men by a jury of citizens of my own county, but what right have judges and juries to be believed when I am the only honest man left?

The Republican candidate is William A. Stone, who went to war as a boy and fought bravely. And this is his platform:

It will be my purpose when elected to so conduct myself as to win the respect and good will of those who have opposed me as well as those who have given me their support. I shall be the Governor of the whole people of the State. Abuses have undoubtedly grown up in the Legislature which are neither the fault of one party nor the other, but rather the growth of custom. Unnecessary investigations have been authorized by committees, resulting in unnecessary expense to the State. It will be my care and purpose to correct those and other evils in so far as I have the power. It will be my purpose while Governor of Pennsylvania, as it has been my purpose in the public positions that I have held, with God's help, to discharge my whole duty. The people are greater than the parties to which they belong. I am only jealous of their favor. I shall only attempt to win their approval, and my experience has taught me that that can be best done by an honest, modest, daily discharge of public duty.

Free Pills.

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

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.

Work and Women.

Chicago Journal.

Have the men who complain that women are driving them out of employment been getting the cart before the horse? Have they been driving women into employment by persistently remaining bachelors and refusing to support them?

Is hungry, stingy man really to blame and is he undergoing at times the provoking sensation of being hoist with his own petard?

A New Orleans contemporary suggests that the tendency of women to usurp the employment of men is chargeable not to the perverseness of women, but to the selfishness of men, and that an excessive number of bachelors makes necessary a corresponding number of self-supporting women.

The bachelor often says he can't support a wife because the competition of women is cutting down his wages. In our contemporary's view the bachelor's wages are being cut down because he won't take a wife. It is worth considering.

If the latter proposition is true, it is fair. A woman has just as much right to be independent as a man has to be single. The question seems to be, who started it?

Possibly the woman did, just as she started the original trouble a long time ago, after Pithecanthropus Erectus had disappeared from the scene and man was making his celebrated debut. If she did, the bachelor's grumble has at least the sanction of antiquity as well as the approval of the benedict, for its ancestor was the ancient and cowardly grumble of Adam, who was a married man.

But is it a great, bold, strong, masculine grumble, or does it partake, to just a trifling extent, of the chicken-hearted poltroonery of its Adamite ancestor?

We don't want to disturb business by precipitating a rush of the bachelors to marry every unemployed woman who is not already married or engaged. But it seems clear that the fault in this matter is not altogether feminine. If the self-supporting bachelors of both sexes would hold a convention to consider it, they might discover where the real fault lies, and come to an understanding that would be mutually beneficial.

A Common Experience.

Scene I.—Mr. Johnson is obliged to give up work, remain in the house and take care of himself on account of a dreadful scrofula sore on one of his limbs.

Scene II.—Mr. Johnson reads a testimonial which tells of scrofulous troubles cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. He resolves to try it, sends for a bottle and begins taking it.

Scene III.—Mr. Johnson has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His scrofula sore is cured. He is feeling stronger, has a good appetite and is able to attend to his work. He writes a testimonial telling of his experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and recommends it to others.

The Toothsome Hoecake.

Into one and one-third cupfuls of cornmeal mix one level teaspoonful of bakingpowder (or one-half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream tartar.) Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add one cupful of sweet milk, and pour the mixture over the meal, beating well together, adding last the beaten whites of the eggs. Into a spider put a dessert-spoonful of bacon drippings (or lard), and when it is hot drop in the batter, making cakes about two inches across and three long. When a rich brown, turn, and bake on the other side.—Woman's Home Companion.

Do You Read

What people are saying about Hood's Sarsaparilla? It is curing the worst cases of scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all forms of blood disease, eruptions, sores, boils and pimples. It is giving strength to weak and tired women. Why should you hesitate to take it when it is doing so much for others?

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver toners. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Still the Champion.

They had been chums during their school days, but had drifted apart. Years after they met again.

"What became of that auburn-haired Jones girl that used to be the boss tennis player in our set?"

"I married her," replied the other.

"And does she still play tennis?" queried his friend.

"No," was the reply, and a look of sadness stole over his face, "but she's still the boss."—Chicago News.

"I can't see how any family lives without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says J. R. Adams, a well known druggist, of Geneva, Ala., in a letter inquiring the price of a dozen bottles, that he might not only have it for use in his own family, but supply it to his neighbors. The reason some people get along without it, is because they do not know its value, and what a vast amount of suffering it will save. Wherever it becomes known and used it is recognized as a necessity, for it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale by all druggists.

May Get All Cervera's Ships.

Capt. Frank Sharp, of