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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

He offered himself for the land he loved,
But what shall we say of her?
He gave to his country a soldier's life;
'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife;
All honor to-day to her!

He went to the war while his blood was hot,
But what shall we say of her?
He saw for himself through the battle's flame
A hero's reward on the scroll of fame;
What honor is due to her?

He offered himself, but his wife did more.
All honor to-day to her!
For dearer than life was the gift she gave
In giving the life she would die to save;
What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,
But what shall we say of her?
He offered himself as a sacrifice,
But she is the one who pays the price;
All honor we owe to her.

—Elliot Flower, in N. Y. Sun.

ANNA GREGORIEVNA.

Bouynoff and I roomed together for three years. We first became acquainted by mere chance. We had come to the university from two remote provinces and had never heard of each other before.

I fell in with him on the staircase of a large house, as the two of us were climbing the fourth flight of stairs, he being slightly ahead of me. We must have seen each other in the gateway, however, where we had paused to read this notice in a woman's handwriting: "A Furnished Room for a Single Man. Board if Desired."

Each of us was interested in the inscription, and perhaps it was because he smelt a competitor in me that Bouynoff headed me off and, hastily crossing the courtyard, went up the staircase named in the notice. As to myself, I am never in a hurry, so I took the thing easily and followed at a slow pace. When I raised my foot to set it upon the first step of the dirty stairway Bouynoff was already on the landing of the next floor, and the landlady was opening room No. 27 on the first floor when I had only just begun climbing up the third. However, since our objective point was one and the same, we were bound to meet, and so we did, at room No. 27. I was admitted after Bouynoff.

The room was quite a spacious one, with two windows overlooking the courtyard, with a table, a bedstead, a sofa, a wardrobe, a bookcase and a looking glass, the last named article of furniture dangling over the sofa and reflecting objects in a topsy-turvy manner.

"Well, how much?" Bouynoff asked of the landlady, a dignified looking woman, tall, rather solidly built, with a pleasant, genial face and a gentle voice.

"Thirteen rubles," was the answer.

"Does that include tea?" asked Bouynoff.

"It does. And, if you please, you can have board, too." Board alone is six and a half."

"I see. Thirteen rubles for the room alone, did you say?" asked Bouynoff, who was evidently not going to hire his board here. "Why such a price? You know 13 is not a lucky number," he added, with a faint smile.

"Well," answered the landlady with a laugh, "in case of money 13 is a better number than 12."

"I think you are right. Only I am afraid it is rather too high for me."

"All right, you can have it for 12."

"I am afraid even that's more than I can afford."

Here the landlady was called away and my rival and myself were left alone. He faced about to me and said.

"Maybe you can afford to pay the price she asks. You can have the room, then. I shan't be in your way."

"No, thank you. It's a small room I am looking for. I can only pay 7 rubles a month."

"Can you? That's just what I intended to pay."

"But it's hard to find a room at that price," I remarked. "I have been looking for one for three days. They don't seem to have any small rooms at all."

"Three days! Why, I have been at it more than a week. I have nearly worn out my boots climbing the staircases, as many as five stories at a time. But look here. I have a plan—however, excuse me, are you a student?"

"Yes."

"What class?"

"Just entered."

"Capital."

We introduced ourselves and shook hands.

"But what is your plan?" I asked.

"Why, can't you see? It's plain enough. You have set aside seven rubles for the room and so have I. Which means that if we took this room together we should economize two rubles a month—quite enough for cigarette tobacco, isn't it?"

"I like your plan very much, indeed, if we can get along."

"What nonsense! Why shouldn't we?"

When the landlady returned we told her of our plan. She had no objection and the bargain was closed. The only difficulty was that the room had but one bed and the landlady had none to spare, but I volunteered to sleep on the lounge.

That was the way we came to be roommates. Every summer we would go each to his parents, and on coming back we would seek each other out and again hire a room together. Thus we changed our lodgings several times, but when both of us were in the fourth class we stumbled across the landlady at whose house we had met for the first time, but who now lived on another street, and again took a room of her.

We got along splendidly. Our characters were well suited, and there was not the least friction. We economized time as well as money, for besides using the same room, candles, tea and sugar, we would study together, which proved at once more convenient and cost us less time than getting our lessons separately. Each of us was gentle of disposition and yielding, and nothing was further from our thoughts than that our relations should ever become strained.

Our landlady was the widow of a tchinovnik (a government clerk) and to judge from what was left of their former establishment they must have been rather well to do. Now she was in anything but easy circumstances, but managed to make both ends meet. She lived with her only daughter, a girl of 18 years or thereabouts. Three years before, when we lived with them for the first time, we had never taken any notice of the girl. She was only a child then, attending her lessons at the gymnasium regularly and studying her lessons at home, and as we did not board with her mother we hardly ever had an occasion to meet either of the two.

Now, however, we decided to have our evening tea in our landlady's dining room, and so we made the girl's acquaintance. Her name was Anna Gregorievna, and Bouynoff at once defined her in this wise:

"Awfully pretty, but not clever, I'm afraid."

I held my peace, but thought he was right.

Pretty she certainly was. She was not tall, but she had an erect, slender, exceedingly graceful figure, a pair of bright blue eyes, a turned up little nose and red lips. She laughed much, and, as she had most beautiful teeth, this made her prettier than ever.

We passed nearly every evening together. True, neither Bouynoff nor I was very talkative, but then Anna Gregorievna was such a babbler that she talked for all of us.

A frequent caller at the house was an army officer named Obnevsky. He had the rank of captain and a long mustache. We knew next to nothing of the man, but then he took no notice of us, and it seemed to us that Anna Gregorievna took no more interest in him than we did. He was a man of about forty, and while we were merrily chatting at the tea table he usually sat with our landlady—he in the huge easy chair and she on the sofa. Invariably smoking a stout cigarette inserted into a huge cigarette holder of amber, he spoke of provisions and prices, household expenses and rent; or else recounted some of the rumors of the town.

We used to be in the best of spirits at those gatherings. The presence of a young girl, pretty, talkative and laughing, had an exhilarating effect on us, and drew us out until we were as garrulous as Anna Gregorievna. On returning to our room we would feel the lingering spell of those happy moments, and often Bouynoff and I would sit up till late at night continuing the conversation which we had begun with the girl.

"It's all because she is pretty," Bouynoff would say. "She is not clever, and we know it, and yet she exercises an influence over minds, stirring them to activity, setting them in motion. Beauty is a great animator, isn't it?"

What I am about to relate occurred to both Bouynoff and myself on the same evening—may be even at the same moment. Perhaps it was all a mere accident; perhaps it was because Anna Gregorievna had cast a particular expressing glance at each of us; certain it is that when we were back in our room the usual conversation somehow failed, and we sat silent. Presently we fell to pacing the floor in opposite directions, so that we collided three times, and had to give it up. Bouynoff reclined on the sofa, while I lay down on the bed; and so we lay for some time, both silently eying the ceiling.

I do not know what Bouynoff's feelings were at that moment, but I felt as if my heart had been wounded. I could think of nobody and nothing but her. I was wondering why I had not felt the same long ago. To be sure, she had always been so charming, so ravishingly beautiful; why, then, had she not touched my heart much sooner? She seemed to be standing before my mind's eye, melting my heart by her presence, thrilling me with her look. I was in love, and to distraction. Suddenly I began to thirst for conversation. I was dying to talk of her.

"Anna Gregorievna is particularly pretty this evening, isn't she?" I said in the simplest way, and without moving my eyes from the ceiling.

"She is," assented Bouynoff, reluctantly.

"Do you also think so?" I asked, and may be there was a peculiar ring in my voice, for my room-mate took fire.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said testily. "I don't see who can prevent me from thinking her pretty if I choose to do so?"

"Who speaks of preventing you?" retorted I.

We fell silent, and the conversation was not renewed that evening. The air seemed charged with something oppressive. It was our first experience of its kind since we had made each other's acquaintance.

The very next day each of us began to bring little presents and to do a thousand and one little offices for our landlady's daughter.

When I came into the dining-room at tea time I was astonished to notice a box of candy on the table, for our landlady had never allowed herself such luxuries before. Anna Gregorievna at once offered me some candy and then presented the box to Bouynoff, who declined in an awkward sort of way.

"Come, come, you have bought it yourself, consequently it is your taste, urged Anna Gregorievna. "How can you refuse to take some then?"

I shivered and threw a morose look at Bouynoff. This was the first unfriendly glance I had ever directed at him. I was almost shaking with vexation. What business had he to bring her a box of candy? In the first place it was quite an unusual thing for either of us to do; in the second place, where did he get the money? For I knew his every cent, and I was aware that a box of candy, and an expensive one (for I could see by the box that it came from the best store in town) he could not afford.

The next morning on waking, Bouynoff, forgetting all about our strained relations, said to me:

"Tell me what time it is will you?"

"Why, what has become of your watch?" I asked.

"It's—well, it's at the watchmaker's. Something is the matter with it and I had to have it repaired."

It was plain that Bouynoff was not telling the truth, and that he had pawned the watch to buy candy for Anna Gregorievna, and I at once began to feel that I must bring her some flowers.

When Bouynoff was gone (we now never went to the university together) I began to look about for something which might be converted into flowers. I settled upon my shawl, and, throwing it over my left arm, I started out for the pawn shop.

In the evening Bouynoff came into the landlady's dining-room ahead of me. Very likely he wished to pay some compliments to Anna Gregorievna in my absence. But he found my flowers on the mirror shelf, and this made him wild. The mirror reflected my nosegay so that instead of one I seemed to have presented Anna Gregorievna with two. She was in ecstasy over it, and every little while stepped up to the mirror to smell it admiringly.

"Are they not beautiful?" she would exclaim, casting a fond, grateful glance at me as she spoke.

She had none too many such attentions to spoil her, and she appreciated our little presents highly.

The captain with his long mustachios was in the room, and he also praised the flowers. I felt triumphant and as if my victory over my rival was as good as won, but, of course, the matter did not end there. We continued to compete in rendering all sorts of service, Bouynoff trying to escort her to the circulating library, where she was a subscriber, for instance, while I invited her to the theatre three times. My visits to the pawn shops were quite frequent, so that I was left with barely clothing enough to make a presentable appearance. I noticed that my invitations to the theatre were particularly pleasing to Anna Gregorievna. She was exceedingly attentive and sweet to me on those evenings, but when I came into my room, late at night, after the performance, Bouynoff, who had fewer things to pawn, and who could not afford theatre tickets therefore, would look daggers at me.

A thousand and one little attentions, now by me, now by Bouynoff, were showered on Anna Gregorievna, Bouynoff and myself never once referring to these things in our few conversations, although both of us were aware of the change that had come over our relations. On waking in the morning we saw to it that we did not rise together. If he happened to get up first I would huddle myself up in my quilt and make pretense of being fast asleep. If I got out of bed before him he would have resource to similar tactics. We were simply loth to meet each other's eyes and feel compelled to make conversation. Even at college we carefully avoided each other. This became so evident to other students that some of them asked us:

"What's the matter? Are you out?"

We denied it, of course, but our voices belied our words, and nobody believed us.

We never studied together now. Ten days passed without a word being heard in our room. Life together was getting simply unbearable.

One day Bouynoff faltered out:

"Suppose we went to live separately?"

I understood what he meant at once, but made as though I did not, and gave him a questioning look.

"It strikes me that we are not as comfortable as we might be here," he said. "Don't you think it must be more convenient to have a room all to one's self?"

"I rather do," said I.

The fact that we had lived for three years together, never once finding it inconvenient, did not occur to us.

And so we set out looking each for a separate room for himself. But somehow or other neither of us was successful. I must confess that hidden in my soul was the hope that Bouynoff might be the first to find a lodging so that I could remain in the room which we now rented together. Where I would get the money to pay fourteen rubles a month for my room I never asked myself. Doubtless Bouynoff harbored the same hopes, and that was the reason we were so slow in finding suitable lodgings.

However, our relations had become so strained, we hated each other so intensely and so openly, that to remain together was out of the question. This did not prevent us from meeting at the landlady's tea table though we had anything but a pleasant time there. Anna Gregorievna did not seem to be aware of the change in our relations, but there we only eyed each other askance and addressed ourselves to the girl or her mother exclusively.

One evening we found our landlady and her daughter in what seemed to us a queer frame of mind. We perceived something solemn in their tone and manner, and they looked somewhat agitated. Anna Gregorievna wore a light-colored dress, with a rose pinned to her corsage. The captain was in the dining room, smoking a stout cigarette, as usual, but instead of sitting by the side of the mother, as was his wont, he had a seat beside the girl.

Have you heard the news?" our landlady asked.

"News? What is it?" Bouynoff and I asked in duet.

"Well, the captain has proposed to Anna Gregorievna.

"Has he?"

"Yes; and our wedding will take place in two weeks," added the girl herself, quite gayly.

Neither of us made any response for some few seconds. Bouynoff, however, was the first to regain his presence of mind and to congratulate the landlady and her daughter, and I followed suit.—I. N. Potapenko.

To Cure Catarrh

Do not depend upon snuffs, inhalants or other local applications. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and can be successfully treated only by means of a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and removes the scrofulous taints which cause catarrh. The great number of testimonials from those who have been cured of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla proved the unequalled power of this medicine to conquer this disease. If trouble with catarrh give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial at once.

WEALTH OF OUR POLITICIANS.

Mr. Carnegie Gives Some Information on the Subject in a Letter to a London Journal.

In a recent issue of the London "Spectator" the following letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie was printed:

Sir—"Mr. Bayard has the honorable distinction, rare among prominent American politicians, of having died a poor man." These words we find in the "Spectator" of October 1, foremost and most powerful of all the organs which labor for the unity of our race. Never were more surprising words written. So far from Mr. Bayard being a poor man as "prominent American politicians" go, he was able to accept the ambassadorship to Britain, which very few are, and was quite well-to-do. Prominent American politicians of his rank (cabinet minister, senator, ambassador) rarely die as rich as he. There is not in the senate to-day more than perhaps half a dozen out of the ninety who have the assured income which the lamented Bayard possessed, and in the house of representatives not perhaps more than a score out of the 354. Consider even the past presidents in our day. Lincoln had no fortune, neither had Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Cleveland or Harrison. These were all very much like the present president, Mr. McKinley, very poor men; not one of them had sufficient income to live at the rate of £1,500 per year when they retired—only one of them had anything like that—and President McKinley is said not to be nearly as "rich." It is not seldom that the most prominent American politicians leave no provision for their families. President Grant's book provided for his. Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" did the same; but for President Garfield's family a public subscription was necessary. Ex-President Hayes turned poultry farmer for a living. Ex-President Harrison and ex-President Cleveland have returned to the practice of their profession. Secretary of War Stanton, and his successor, Secretary of War Rawlins, left no provision for their families. There is one reason why the most ambitious public men do not seek wealth. It is fatal before a nominating convention. No candidate for the presidency, for instance, would be thought of who had a large income. There never has been a comparatively rich president since Washington (and I think Madison), who had Virginia estates.

The choice of the people for any high office, and especially for the presidency, must have a record of hard work, plain living, simple tastes and honest poverty. The only rich vice president in our time was Mr. Morton, whose extraordinary personal charm made him a universal favorite and excused his fortune. Some of the extreme western states of small population have sent a rich senator now and then, but this class passes away as the states become populous. In short, Mr. Editor, there is no record for "honest poverty" among prominent politicians in any country comparable to that of the great republic. Whether it be well for the political leaders of a nation to die generally as poor as die the prominent public men of the United States may be a question, but that poverty has been and is their lot almost without exception admits of no question. I have known many of the prominent politicians of the republic, of both parties, and perhaps as much of their affairs as most, and I can not recall the name of more than one or two who died rich, and not one who made anything but pecuniary loss through political life. They have had to live upon their salaries, and have done so, rarely leaving even modest provision for their families. If the "Spectator" will investigate the facts I am confident it will regret the words quoted, which are bitterly unjust and can not fail to sting."

At the Wrong House.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as a woman came to the door in answer to his knock. "I am looking for a man with a hare lip and a wooden leg named Johnson——"

"Is it his wooden leg that is named Johnson, or are his hare lip and wooden leg both named Johnson?" she demanded.

"I didn't mean, of course, that his wooden leg was named Johnson. I——"

"Then what did you say so for?"

"Permit me to explain, madam. I was only——"

"I haven't asked you for any explanation, have I?"

Certainly not. My object in trying to find out——"

"Have I asked you to state why you are trying to find out anything?"

"Of course not, madam, but being a stranger in this neighborhood——"

"Do you mean that I am a stranger?"

"No, certainly not. I—I—good morning, madam."

He paused a moment when safely outside the front gate to mop the perspiration from his face, and then started on down the street.

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.

Don't use towels provided for general use in public lavatories restaurants and sometimes in schools. They have been found by microscopic investigation to contain bacteria of several contagious diseases.

Proper Care for Lamps to Get Good Light.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the discomforts caused by a lamp that is irregularly filled and improperly cared for. Such a lamp, redolent of the fumes of kerosene, is a most unpleasant and unwholesome object. Good lamps are cheap, and there is no excuse for using a poor one. It is generally conceded that the softness of lamplight is much greater than that of gas or electricity. The lamp has now an established place on the library table, even in houses lighted by electricity or gas, while it is certainly the general dependence of country houses.

The best lamps of porcelain, pottery or any material that is liable to be broken are fitted with metal oil fonts, which do away with the danger of their being broken; all those that do not have these metal fonts should be rejected as dangerous. Some of the new kinds of oil fonts, besides being made of metal, are also fitted with valves that close when the lamp is upset and prevents the oil from running out and the flame of the wick from spreading. An overturned lamp is the usual cause of so-called "explosions."

But there are few accidents of this kind in these days of high-test oil. A little presence of mind and common-sense will ordinarily avert a disaster. The flames of kerosene are easily extinguished; a rug or woolen carpet, a shawl or almost any such object can be used to smother the flame, and this is the only way of putting it out. The most important thing is to "keep cool." If there is nothing else at hand, even cotton is not to be despised, as a heavy cotton rug or cloth will answer every purpose if pressed close over the flames; but sand or earth is better than anything else. The mould taken from a pot containing a growing plant is often valuable in an emergency, and will be found much better than water, which, in fact, unless used in great quantities, only serves to spread the fire.

The most essential thing in securing a good light from a lamp is cleanliness. Keep the oil in a close can or bucket, where dust can not reach it. Keep the fonts of the lamp and all parts of the tubes that hold the wick, as well as the burners, clean. A stiff little brush, abundance of clean cloths kept for the purpose and a bottle of alcohol should be on hand to clean lamps. A few drops of alcohol are better than water and soap for brightening the chimneys and removing the oily soot that accumulates on them and around the burners. Polish the chimney with a soft cotton cloth. Brush the burner and all parts of the lamp free from bits of wick and dust. Wipe all crevices, and do not tolerate any lamp which contains convolutions of metal or porcelain that can not be properly and easily cleaned out. Kerosene oil, even of the best quality, is all-penetrating. It forms a film even on the outside of metal fonts; this must be daily removed.

The best way to trim a lamp wick, as every one now knows, is to remove only the charred portion of it without using the scissors. If this is done there is no danger of the wick being uneven. Lamps in regular use should have the charred part of the wick removed at least three times a week. All lamps should be wiped off and filled daily. No burners should be allowed to become incrusted with dust and oil, and they will not get in this condition if they are attended to every day.

The best way of putting out a lamp or oil stove is to turn the wick down until it shows only a blue flame, when this flame will flicker a short time and finally go out. By this process one avoids the unpleasant odor, which accompanies the blowing out of a lamp. This odor is caused by a gas which is consumed when the lamp is turned down to a blue flame and allowed to go out by itself.—New York Tribune.

She Blushed.

Evidently she was from Boston, for Bostonese, you know, know all about the Indian question. She was witnessing the Indian sham battle at the Exposition grounds and was deeply interested in Lo and his manner of fighting. After the battle she approached one of the noble Sioux and made an effort to engage him in conversation.

"Heap much fight," said the dear creature in that choice language that all good Indians are supposed to understand.

Lo gazed at the dainty maiden from Beantown and answered never a word.

"Heap great show," said the fair maiden, "Injun heap fight. Big powwow, hugh?"

Lo smiled a stoical smile, drew his blanket closer about his stalwart form, and replied:

"Yes; this is indeed a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attraction here. May I ask who it is that I have the honor of addressing?"

The dear girl from Boston was thunderstruck. She blushed a rosy red—even Boston girls can blush when they thaw out—and hastily fled.

She had been addressing one of the Carlisle Indian school graduates.—Omaha World-Herald.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's, Berlin, Pa.

Bronze.—If a vessel, such as an urn, coffee-pot, kettle, etc., is to be cleaned or freed from stains fill it with boiling water, then take a piece of soft flannel, dip it in hot soap water previously made into a lather; rub clean, and dry with soft rags.

Sweden's Telephone System.

Every one has read of the remarkable use of the telephone system in Sweden, particularly in Stockholm, and it has often been pointed out that this is the most extensive system in the world when population is considered. The figures, which have been so variously quoted, really give no adequate impression of the completeness and general popularity of the Swedish telephone system. Even the fruit women and fishmongers in the markets and at street corners have their telephones, and the small shop that has not a 'phone is the exception rather than the rule. This general installation in stores presupposes numerous calling subscribers, and telephones in private residences are almost universal, according to the Philadelphia "Record."

The secret of this remarkable state of things is to be found mainly in the cheapness of the convenience. A house holder can secure ample communication for $10 a year. This payment entitles the subscriber to the free use of the wires in Stockholm and throughout a radius of nearly 50 miles. The highest charge for service is only $25 per annum. There are two other classes, namely, $20 and $15 rates.

In the private dwelling rate of $10 a year the messages are limited to 400 per annum, and a charge of two cents for each excess message, compared with a $60 or $80 rate in American cities for limited service and a charge of 8 to 10 cents for each excess message.

Stockholm is served by two telephone companies, one a state institution and the other a private concern, which by the way, is the more largely patronized. Almost every lamp post is provided with a telephone attachment, by which it is possible to call up the nearest cab stand for a carriage or notify the police or fire departments.

While the service is first-class in every respect, all the modern improvements being supplied, yet, notwithstanding the remarkably low price for service, the company pays an annual dividend of 8 per cent.

Condition Improved.

"I was suffering from catarrh in the head, and was in such a condition that I could hardly be about. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle and it did so much good I continued its use until I was entirely cured. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." P. S. Palm, Bradford, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

What He Meant.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, when a certain girl's name had been mentioned, "I know her to speak to, but not by sight."

"You mean," cut in the prompt corrector—"you mean that you know her by sight, but not to speak to."

"Do I?" asked Mr. Jones, anxiously.

"Of course you do. You have seen her so often that you know who she is but have never been introduced to her. Isn't that it?"

"No, that isn't it. I never saw her at all to know her, but I speak to her nearly every day."

"How can that be?"

"She is the telephone girl at Central."—Harper's Bazar.

A Frightful Blunder.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's, Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

And She Didn't.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter, madam. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I am not going to begin now."

"You've got to begin some time. If you haven't had to put up fare for him you are mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know; I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you had better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him."

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

To Prepare Autumn Leaves for Winter Decorations.—On a fine dry day gather the leaves as soon as they have turned brown, and cut the stalks as long as possible. Paint them all over with clear picture varnish, stalks and all. Tie a piece of cotton round the stalks in a loop, by which suspend them until they are quite dry; when the varnish is quite dry and hard they may be packed away in a box between sheets of tissue paper until required for use. They look very pretty arranged in vases with red berries, grass or everlasting flowers.

When Hungry in China.

There was a painful lack of variety in our food. Men dying of thirst spend their last hour in thinking of iced champagne, sherry cobblers, cocktails and drafts of beer, whiskies and sodas, dead horses' heads or whatever their particular beverage may be. We gastronomically foaled ourselves to the top of our bent. "I think," one would say, "when we get to the Hotel de Paris tonight we'll have a nice little French dinner of six courses, with coffee and green chartreuse to wind up with." "Well," another would remark, "I should be content with some soup, a little fish, a slice of beef and some tart." "Chops and tomato sauce for me," murmured a third, oblivious of the fact that befell Mr. Pickwick, who had a similar desire.

Then we would reach a slimy, begrimed village, creep into a smelling hut and make our dinner of pork and rice, or rice and pork when we desired to vary the menu. But one night, at a spot called Taiping-pu, when we called for the perennial pork we were informed we could not be supplied. "No pork," we exclaimed, "no pork in China! Why, Chinamen are three parts pork." Then we were told we were in a Mussulman village, where swine were an abomination, but we could have salt beef. We jumped joyfully at the salt beef, so called, though we knew perfectly well it was nothing else but stale, unprofitable, sinewy wild goat.—Travel.

A Day to the Cause.

Mrs. De Gadd—I heard the awfullest things about Mr. De Good today. They say he steals the church funds.

Mr. De G.—Nonsense.

"Oh, I've no doubt it's true. Mrs. Veragood, that horrid young widow, you know, seems to be infatuated with him, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if they'