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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

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SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, Pa., to me directed, there will be exposed to sale, at the Court House in Somerset Borough, on

Friday, Dec. 9, 1898,
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following described real estate, to wit:

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of C. S. Beal of, in and to two certain lots of ground situate in Salisbury borough, Somerset county, Pa., bounded on the north by lot No. 43, south by Mineral street, east by Guy street, west by an alley, being numbered as lots 41 and 42 on the plot of Beachy's addition to said borough, being the same lots conveyed by A. P. Beachy and wife to Charles S. Beal by their deed dated April 13, 1893, and recorded in Deed Record for Somerset county Pa., vol. 80 page 178, etc.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of C. S. Beal at the suit of J. L. Barchus.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of John Austin, of, in and to a certain lot or parcel of ground, situate in Stoystown Borough Somerset county, Pa., bounded on the south by the Bedford and Ligonier pike, east by lot of Mrs. Catharine Thompson, west by lot of Benjamin Berkey's heirs, and north by an alley, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, and stable, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Austin, at the suit of the Keystone Building and Loan Association.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of C. H Menges, G. W. Bradower and Christopher Martin, trustees of the Evangelical Association of the United States at Wellersburg, Pa., of, in, and to a certain lot or parcel of ground situate in the Borough of Wellersburg, Somerset county, Pa., located on the Plank Road leading to Cumberland, Md., and bounded on the east by the the Dom estate, west by an alley, south by a public road, having thereon erected a frame church building, about 35 by 80 feet.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of C. H. Menges, Geo. W. Bradower, and Christopher Martin, trustees of the Evangelical Association of the United States at Wellersburg, Pa., at the suit of A. H. Long and William Long, administrators of Michael Long, dec'd.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim, and demand of Mrs. Eliza M. Schrock, of, in, and to the undivided two-thirds interest in a certain tract of land situate in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of C. J. Miller, The Somerset Hotel Company, N. Weigle, S. P. Sweitzer and others, containing 65 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story brick dwelling house, a large barn, and other out buildings with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Mrs. Eliza M. Schrock, at the suit of Mrs. Julia H. Uhl.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of John M. Sala, defendant and Wm. J. Sala, tere tenant of, in, and to the following described real estate to wit:

No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Conemaugh township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 80 acres, more or less, about 60 acres clear balance timbered, adjoining lands of Levi Berkey, Albert Mitzlaff, Jacob I. Kaufman, Daniel Hershberger, and Wm. J. Sala, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank dwelling house, bank barn and other out buildings.

No. 2. A certain piece or parcel of land situate in Conemaugh township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 25 acres, more or less, all cleared, adjoining lands of Daniel Hershberger, Jeremiah Livingston, Harry K. Blough, Elijah Stahl and John M. Sala, having thereon erected a two-story plank dwelling house, stable and other out buildings with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John M. Sala defendant, and Wm. J. Sala tere tenant respectively, at the suit of Isaac L. Yoder administrator of Joseph Kaufman, dec'd.

Terms:

NOTICE—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that 10 per cent. of the purchase money must be paid when property is knocked down; otherwise it will again be exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before the day of confirmation, viz: Thursday, Dec. 15, 1898. No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

M. H. HARTZELL, Sheriff.
Nov. 16, 1898.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on

Wednesday, December 14, 1898.

First and final account of John Sarver, executor of Mary Ringler, dec'd.

First and final account of William G. Schrock, guardian of Annie G. Reitz, minor child of Christian Reitz, dec'd

First and final account of M. B. Zimmerman and Henry P. Coleman, admr's of John Coleman, dec'd.

Account of J. J. Brant and Robert Pritts, executors of Alexander Pritts, dec'd.

First and final account of James L. Pugh, Esq., trustee for the sale of the real estate of John and Sarah Hicks, dec'd.

First and final account of Eva Griffith, administratrix of Sarah A. Griffith, dec'd.

First and partial account of Alex. H. and Wm. Long, administrators of Michael Long, dec'd.

First and final account of James L. Pugh, Esq., executor of William C. Griffith, dec'd.

First and partial account of Ross A. Long and David Snyder, administrators of Levi J. Long, dec'd.

First and final account of Simon Faidley, administrator of Daniel Faidley, dec'd.

The account of A. H. Bateman and B. F. Auman, administrators of Frederick A. Buckman, dec'd.

First and final account of Isaiah Pile, administrator of David Pile, dec'd.

Somerset, Pa., JAMES M. COVER,
Nov. 16, 1898. Register.

Executor's Sale
—OF—

Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of the authority given me by the last will and testament of Solomon Judy, late of Jennertown borough, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Saturday, December 10, '98,
At 1 o'clock P. M,

the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain tract of land situate in Jennertown borough, Jenner township, county and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of Henry Rauch estate, Mrs. I. C. Coffin, Somerset and Johnstown turnpike, and lots Nos 1, 2 and 3 of "Judy Plot," containing forty (40) acres more or less, having ther on erected a good

—Two-Story—

Frame Building,

large frame stable, and all other necessary out-buildings, being the well-known "Jennertown Hotel" stand of the town for the past seventy-five years; a good orchard of apple trees on the premises, and a good spring of never failing water. All of the land in a high state of cultivation.

Terms:

Ten per cent. of purchase money cash on day of sale, one-third on delivery of deed, one-third in one year and the remaining one-third in two years, without interest.

REBECCA JUDY, Executrix.
Fred. W. Biesecker, Attorney.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to the undersigned directed, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry on the premises, on

Friday, Dec. 9. 1898,
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, late the property of Freeman Younkin, dec'd:

All that certain tract of land situate in Upper Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Harrison Brougher, Wesley D. Younkin, Samuel Trexler, Simon Liston, Eli Younkin and others, containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame

Dwelling House,

bank barn 38x62 feet and other outbuildings, with a good sugar camp; about 100 acres cleared, of which about 30 acres is in good cultivation; located 1½ miles from Kingwood in a good community; about 3½ miles from B. & O. railroad station; convenient to church and school.

Terms:

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale when the property is knocked down, and the balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

JOHN YOUNKIN.
Adm'r and Trustee of Freeman Younkin, dec'd
John R. Scott,
Attorney, Somerset, Pa.

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THE WEST WIND AND THE ROSE

The Westwind blew, where a Rosebud grew,
'Mong the flowers, there, one day.
The Westwind sought, so the flowerets thought,
To kiss them in his play.
But the Rosebud knew that the Westwind, too,
Would kiss her where she lay,
So, the Rosebud turned, while her blushes burned,
And she drew her head away.

As a little, modest rosebud
'Mongst the leaflets seeks to hide;
Whilst the zephyrs breathe upon her
Caused the bud to turn aside;
Sweet y, though, the wind is welcome,
With its wholesome breath of life;
And the rosebud, with its fragrance,
Fills the wind with sweetness rife.

So, a maiden, oft with coyness,
From a love-kiss turns her face;
Still, her lover pressing gently,
Yields, at last, with modest grace;
And such a moment, for that lover,
Is a moment fraught with bliss;
While a lifelong thought of fragrance
Is the memory of that kiss.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JEM'S MOTHER.

"The mail's a-coming."

"That ain't smoke, father, it's just a cloud."

"I think it's smoke," and both the old people with faces pressed close to the window peered wistfully at the thin, gray film wavering above the trees of the distant grove.

"It's moving this way, mother."

"Like enough the breeze is in the east."

"There!" they both exclaimed as the faint sound of a whistle reached them. The rumble of the car wheels became distinct, but still they stood watching the shifting line of smoke as it came nearer. Neither moved until the long train rushed through the town, passing only a few rods from the windows where they were watching. Then Uncle Matt turned away and sat down in his old-fashioned splint rocker. His hands, bronzed and knotted with weather and work, were clasped over the head of his walking-stick. He leaned forward, heavily resting his head on his hands.

"Aren't you goin' for the mail, father?"

"Tain't any use. I've been every day for ten years, and never a word from Jem yet."

"But it might come to-day, and I couldn't stand it no ways to think may be there was a letter there and we didn't know it."

Uncle Matt rose slowly from his chair. "Seems 'zif I couldn't drag myself up to the post-office many more times. This goin' and goin' every day, and watchin' and watchin' the letters poppin' into the boxes here and there and everywhere, and thinkin' every time that the next one will fly into our box and it will be from Jem—but there, mother, I'm goin'. Meybe it will come to-day."

Aunt Betsey rocked back and forth, crying softly, while Uncle Matt, with labored effort, moved around the room getting ready for his walk. He came and stood beside her as he buttoned his worn, faded coat snugly across his chest, then he patted her silvery hair with clumsy sympathy, saying, "There mother, there mother, I'm goin' now." Aunt Betsey nodded and tried to smile as he went out the door.

It was a snowy, tedious walk, but Uncle Matt trudged bravely on, the heroism of his wife's smile filling his loving old heart, and urging forward his aged, rheumatic limbs. Every one in the village knew him—knew the almost hopeless hope of his daily pilgrimages to the office. The group of idlers waiting to catch stray bits of gossip from those who were coming and going, smiled sympathetically when the postal clerk took a letter from the box and waved it at the old man as he entered the door.

"For me?" he asked. "Is it for me?"

The clerk nodded. "I hope it's all right," he ventured, noticing how the letter shook in the trembling hand that received it. But Uncle Matt could make no reply. He stumbled out into the street again, the precious letter crushed in his intense, eager grasp. He forgot all the heart-breaking anxiety of those long years. He forgot that Jem had left home in a drunken fury, without one word of farewell but sullen curses. He forgot the bitter cruelty of his unbroken silence during the long years. He remembered only that he was their son, their bright, beautiful, winning boy. As he neared home he exulted in the the thought of the happiness he was taking to the boy's mother. He knew he should find her sitting before the little open stove trying to knit. She had long since stopped asking if there was any mail, and this morning she did not even look up as he came in, lest he should see her too willing tears. He sat down by her and put the letter in her lap. There was no need to ask from whom it came. They had no thought at first whether the news was good or bad. It was enough for the moment that Jem was alive, that he had written to them.

"You open it, mother," Uncle Matt said at last. She lifted it from her lap, took hold of one corner with thumb and finger, but her hands refused to do her bidding.

"I can't, father. You open it."

He reached to take it, but all the sorrow and loneliness of those long years, all the disappointed pride and ambition, and all the possibilities and happiness or misery concealed by the common yellow envelope overwhelmed him.

"No, mother, I can't," he faltered, after a pause, "we'll take it to Lizy."

Lizy's home over on the next street was in plain sight across the open space. They went across the field by the footpath the children had worn through the snow. Lizy saw them coming, carrying the letter between them, and opened the door as they turned into the yard.

"You open it," Aunt Betsey said, by way of greeting, holding the letter toward her sister.

Lizy was a plump, comfortable woman, with much sense and little sentiment.

"Lost your glasses?" she asked, running her scissors along the edge. "Why! It's from Jem! Now you let me set right down between you and I'll read it out loud."

"Wait a minute, Lizy," Aunt Betsey pleaded, content at first to see the letter unfolded in her sister's hand. Lizy talked in easy commonplaces until her sister said:

"Now commence; read every word."

"Dear Father and Mother"—Aunt Betsey put out a detaining hand.

"Wait a minute, Lizy; read that over again. You see he hasn't forgotten; he says 'dear father and mother.' Now go on."

And so the letter was read with many interruptions and comments.

When once more they were at home, sitting side by side before the fire, they discussed Jem's letter from beginning to end, over and over, until both were nodding in drowsy happiness. Aunt Betsey was the first to start up.

"Do you know, father," she began, with a little break in her voice, "I've always blamed myself for Jem's goin' away. He just had common store stockings that winter. You mind. My hands were lame and I couldn' knit him any. 'N I've thought sometimes if he'd had on stockings that I knit those boys couldn't have led him into the saloons so easily, and all these years of sorrow might have been different."

"Don't, mother, don't blame yourself. It was all because Jem was too anxious to please everybody." The old man rambled on, fumbling for excuses for his profligate son. "'Twasn't because he was bad at heart. He was too good-hearted. Wasn't that it, mother? He couldn't offend any one."

Aunt Betsey nodded. "If I only could send him some stockings that I knit, may be they'd help to keep his feet from the paths of destruction."

Uncle Matt brightened up. "Do, mother! Of course it would help him." Then he stopped in dismay, for wife was crying again. "What's wrong? Haven't you the yarn?"

She shook her head, holding up the the cylindrical strip she was working on. "The last bit is in these wristers, 'n if I ravel them out there wouldn't be more than enough to begin a pair of stockings."

Uncle Matt's hand instinctively sought his pocket and searched hopelessly for the money he knew was not there. Then he went to the book-shelf and drew from behind the books the well-worn purse. With a desponding glance he replaced it. "There ain't anything we could sell?" he suggested, brightening.

"No, nothing. Everything has gone long ago. The spinning wheels went first, and then the old clock; everything has been sold but—"

"Have you sold the foot stove?"

Aunt Betsey caught her breath. "It's the only thing that's left of mother's."

"Is that so? I wouldn't have said anything if I had known that."

There was little sleep for the anxious mother that night, but with the morning her spirits rose. After breakfast she wrapped up the old-fashioned foot stove and put the package in her husband's hands. "You take that up to Miss Deering. She said she'd give me five dollars for it if I ever wanted to sell it. Then go up to the store and get me some yarn; they know what kind I buy. Go quick, before I change my mind."

Uncle Matt made no remonstrance, for he knew the mother rejoiced in the sacrifice she was making for her son. The pang of parting with her treasured relic would be forgotten long before the stitches for the first stocking were cast on the shining needles. Oh, the warmth from that little old foot stove, and the strength of the hardy pioneer lives it had made comfortable must have been woven into those sturdy blue woolen hose! When they were finished, the mother spread them in a row on her bed, and with her face bowed on its patchwork cover, prayed Heaven to make them in some way instrumental in saving her dear son. Then, with a letter full of sweet mother-love, she sent them on their way.

Uncle Matt resumed his daily visits to the office. Gradually Jem's letter was worn thin from much reading. The folds cracked and the pieces were held together by zigzag stitches. Many nights during that long, cold winter Jem's letter was tucked under his mother's pillow, while she looked forward with loving certainty to the time when another should come. And one day in the early spring the letter came.

"I was coming home, mother," he wrote. "I've been a long time on the way. I had saved a little money, and wanted to bring it to you. It is only a little bit, but I will send it, for I can't come now. They say I can't live, but mother, I want you to know that I have not touched a drop of the stuff that ruined me since I got your package. I couldn't walk up to a bar with stockings on that I knew you had woven so many prayers into. Then, too, your letter was in my pocket, and your love seemed more real to me than it ever had when I was home."

Here the shaky, uncertain writing broke off. The pen had fallen from Jem's exhausted hand. The nurse wrote in explanation. Jem was in a hospital in Chicago. He had saved a little child from injury by a half-drunken cart driver, but he himself had been knocked down. His injuries were not serious of themselves, but his very life had been burned out by alcohol. He's few weeks of abstinence was in his favor, but his recovery was doubtful. Then she forgot that her patient was simply a "case"—one of hundreds—and told with tender sympathy of the manly heroism of Jem's conduct.

Aunt Betsey arose when they had finished reading the letter and put on her bonnet and shawl. There were no tears and sighs now, but a resolute preparation for the inevitable. "I'm goin' over to Miss Deering's" she said quietly, and carried the letter with her. The few crises in the lives of these humble people had been met by the prompt action of the gentle, submissive wife, and Uncle Matt was more than content to leave the matter in her hands. Nor was he greatly surprised when they found themselves on the Chicago express traveling towards Jem. They gave no thought to danger or fatigue or to the possible failure to find him. He was there; they must see him.

These two old people, so innocent, so genuine, so trustful, won the kindliest services of the big, good-natured conductor. At another time the breakneck speed at which the carriage in which he placed them was driven, would have made them faint with terror, but now they only thought, in a dazed way, how kind the driver was to hurry so for them.

When the afternoon began to wane, the nurse by Jem's bedside gave place to a little woman in a rusty black dress. She sat by him scarcely breathing until he stirred uneasily, then she put her hand on his forehead. She stroked his cheek and patted it as she used to do when he came in his little white "nightie" to say his prayers by her knee. Her touch seemed to turn back the stained, blotted leaves of his life to the pure pages of youth. He smiled, and murmured, "Now I lay me—down—to sleep," and then, "No, mother, I have not touched a drop since I got your letter."

Toward midnight he roused, but with the calmness of one to whom death has drawn near, he showed no surprise at seeing his loved ones near him. "Tell the boys, mother, that I wasted my life. Tell them"—his words were coming more slowly now as the ebbing tide carried his soul out toward the dark waters. "Tell them I tried to stop drinking, but I forgot to say 'Our Father.'"

There was an empty cot in that ward in the morning. There was a little procession that wound its way in mute sadness through the noise of the city. There were two sorrow-laden old people who returned to their lonely home in Brushvile.

Jem's life had been a record of time wasted, talents abused and honor tarnished. But at the setting of the sun of his life the golden glory of one honest effort and one deed of noble heroism shone through the clouds of wrongdoing that had darkened his day.—Union Signal.

A Girl in Boy's Clothes.

Not long ago a "likely lad" appeared at the Royal Marine recruiting office in Havelock street, Cardiff, and asked to be enrolled for service in the British navy. He said he had worked as an ordinary seaman on two British ships; gave his name as David McKinley, and spoke of America as his birthplace. Sergeant Guy asked David jocularly if he were related to the President of the United States. David said "no;" but added that he might some day work his own way up to the Presidency. The Sergeant examined David's teeth and then told him to slip off his coat and shirt so that the chest measurement could be taken. David replied: "I don't like to," and exhibited shyness. The Sergeant urged the boy to bare his chest, but David could not be induced to comply. Subsequently it was discovered that David was in reality a 16-year-old girl, Amelia Vella by name, and that she had run away from the home of her father, a Maltese seaman, living at Newport. Her statement that she had served as a sailor on two British ships has been substantiated. Her friends say that her head was turned through constant reading of books of travel and adventure.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth, 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Pinned Her Money in Her Hat.

This is from the Chicago Record: Miss Belle Ostrander carried her money in her hat.

The two robbers who held her up Saturday night in a lonely corner of the stockyards searched her pockets and turned down the tops of her shoes, but found only some small change.

But pinned to the top of her hat on the inside was $16 in bills.

Miss Ostrander, a stenographer employed at one of the stockyards' big packing houses, was walking along Exchange avenue when two men sprung out of the shadows near the sheep pavilion and grabbed her by the arms.

"Let me go, I says!"

"Not till we get what money you have."

"I have no money and unless you release me I'll scream," said the victim.

But the robbers did not believe her, and while one held her hands the other searched her. As the second man began to go through her pockets Miss Ostrander screamed, whereupon the other robber promptly clapped his hand over her mouth, preventing further outcry. When the men had taken what money they could find they released her, ran back into the sheep alley and disappeared.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa, and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

This is the Supreme Test.

A perfectly-trained husband is one who gives the impression that the hardest work of his life was in coaxing his wife to marry him.—Atchison Globe.

An Equine Drunkard.

A horse addicted to the liquor habit is one of the strange sights of Topeka, Kansas. The equine drunkard is Dan, one of the large horses driven to the patrol wagon of the city Police Department. Dan acquired his taste for liquor several years ago. He became sick and was about to die when the veterinary surgeon in charge recommended that a dose of whisky be given him. It braced the horse up. The dose was repeated at intervals, and Dan entirely recovered under the influence of the stimulant. When the whisky was first given to him it was with great difficulty that he was made to swallow it, but he gradually acquired a taste for it, which grew into an insatiable appetite.

After Dan had recovered, the officers at the City Hall gave him whisky as a joke, just to see him caper about the lot. It came to be a serious matter, however, says the Kansas City World, as drinking became a habit with him, and he required whisky at regular intervals. The frequent raids upon the saloons at Topeka, at which a large quantity of whisky was generally secured and confiscated, furnished abundant opportunity for the patrol driver to indulge Dan's unusual appetite.

The Police Department changed hands on July 1, and ever since that time Topeka has been the scene of a temperance crusade. The practice of giving whisky to Dan was discontinued. He began losing flesh, got off his feed, and finally became incapacitated for duty on the patrol wagon. Those who understood the habits of Dan said the cause of his sickness was the loss of his accustomed drinks of whisky.

In order to test the matter whisky has been given Dan at regular intervals during the last three days. He drank it greedily and soon began showing signs of recovery. He is now a sound and well horse, doing duty on the wagon. Those who have witnessed the experiment say that Dan can take a tumblerful of whisky and drink it down as gracefully as any man—and he does nor require a chaser.

Science on the Farm.

At a recent dairy and poultry show one of the most interesting exhibits was a new appliance invented by a veterinary surgeon for the humane killing of poultry. The necessity of killing animals for food is not disputed even by the most ardent followers of the S. P. C. A., and many an amateur farmer has flinched at killing the bride of the barnyard, so that an attempt at painless execution will be welcome by many. The apparatus is trident shaped, the two outside legs being wood, while the central one consists of a steel blade operated by a wooden handle. The bird to be killed is hung head downward against a wall. Next its neck is pinned by the wooden prongs, the beak naturally opening, the knife then being inserted just far enough to sever the spinal cord, without lacerating the outer skin. Of course instant painless death results. Another merit of the device is that the appearance of the bird as offered for sale is greatly enhanced, no cuts or blood showing.

Another device in the same line offered was placarded "a humane rabbit trap." The claws of the machine were so designed in form and covered with rubber pads so as not to lacerate the the animal when the trap was sprung.

At this same show a pulsator milking maching attracted a great deal of attention. This is worked by a vacuum motor attached to the top of the milk pail. It is adjustable and can be moved from pail to pail, and two cows can be milked at one time. Teat cups made of rubber and aluminum are essential features, the pulsator drawing the milk by means of a sucking action similar to that of the calf. By arranging the pulsator near the udder the introduction of foul sir into the milk is avoided. The power required to operate such an apparatus is comparatively small, but one attendant can do the work of several working in the old way.

This is New, Surely.

"Wall paper sold by the yard" is the announcement made by a certain dealer, who certainly deserves to be on the high road to popularity. How many people of moderate means have had the bewildering experience of selecting a paper which is marked very cheap by the piece or roll, only to find a tremendous bill sent in for papering the room. There is such confusion in the use of the terms piece or roll, that misunderstandings arise, and paterfamilias opens his eyes when he sees the tradesmen's accounts sent in for papering a room with paper which appeared to be very cheap when priced. But when the fabric is sold by the yard, and when it is distinctly understood beforehand what are to be the charges for wall scraping and putting on of new paper, there cannot be much margin for unpleasant surprises. Exactitude in counting the cost is a great factor in domestic comfort, where the income is limited and there are many demands upon it.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

A hot bed for early use in the spring may be prepared in the fall with advantage. Instead of the common method of building a hot bed above the surface of the ground a better way is to dig a pit a foot and a half or two feet deep, line it with a stone wall and set a sash-covered box upon the wall. The stones will retain much of the heat that would otherwise be lost.—Hartford Times.

Eccentric Charity.

"I was an eye-witness," said another of the party, "of an occurrence that would have been regarded as quite remarkable had I not understood it. Late one afternoon I was sitting on a bench in Madison Square. On another bench near by were a man and a woman, both young. The man was thin and pale, and I gathered from such of his talk as I overheard that he was recovering from a long illness, that the woman was his wife, and that they were in desperate need of money.

"George Francis Train came along and sat down beside me on the bench. I knew him well and told him about the young people and their troubles. Presently he went on his way, and I saw him go into a store on the south side of the square. A few minutes later he came back to the young couple. As he passed them a shower of gold and silver coin dropped from his pocket, directly at their feet, jingling musically on the asphalt. Mr. Train walked right along, paying no heed. The young man sprang up and called Mr. Train's attention to his loss, saying, 'You've dropped a lot of money, sir.' 'You're very much mistaken, young man,' Mr. Train replied, and he walked rapidly away.

"The young people were utterly dumbfounded, and, after they had gathered up the coins, seriously talked of turning the money over to the police. Fearing that they would really be so foolish I went to them and advised them to keep the wealth, as the man who had just dropped it had a way of doing just such eccentric things, which he could well afford, as he possessed a great fortune. They left the square soon after with smiling faces.

"Train undoubtedly had gone to a store, obtained a lot of coin, cut the lining of his coat pocket, holding the gap together with his hands to keep the coin within until he reached the young couple, when he let go and the coin fell at their feet. It was his way of helping them without embarrassing them with an offer of charity.—Washington Post.

The King and the Page.

Frederick the Great one day, sitting in his study, rung the bell several times, but nobody came in response to his summons. At last, growing impatient, he opened the door of his antechamber, and discovered his page fast asleep. The king, much annoyed, was about to awaken him, when he discovered a written paper hanging out of the boy's pocket. Kings are not above curiosity any more than ordinary mortals, and without scruple his Majesty softly drew out the paper without awakening the sleeper and read it. He found it to be a letter of thanks from the page's mother, in which she blessed her boy for his thoughtfulness and devotion in sending her the greater part of his wages. It had been a great help to her, she wrote, and heaven would certainly reward him if he continued faithful in the service of his king.

After he had read this, Frederick went to his study and brought a rouleau of ducats, which he slipped with the letter into the pocket of the boy. Then, closing the door of the antechamber, he went back to his desk and rung the bell with such violence that he soon awoke the page, who hurried into the room.

"Surely you have been asleep!" thundered the king, glaring at him fiercely.

The poor lad, much frightened, tried to stammer out a confession or excuse, and in his agitation he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found the roll of ducats. Confused and trembling he drew it out, and stood looking first at the king, then at the money, utterly incapable of speech.

"What is the matter?" asked the king, hiding a smile behind his hand.

"Alas, your Majesty?" cried the boy, falling on his knees. "My ruin is intended. I know nothing of this money; indeed I know nothing of it."

"Why," said the king, "whenever fortune does come she comes sleeping. You may send it to your mother with my compliments