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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET - - Pa

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

The press of the country papers is found in Remington's County Seat Lists. Shrewd advertisers avail themselves of these lists, a copy of which can be had of Remington Bros. of New York & Pittsburg.

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 Gay 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 18, 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 40 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 6 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, terre 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 timber, adjoining lands of Levi Berkey, Albert Mitzloff, Jacob I. Kaufman, Daniel Hershberger, and Wm. J. Sala, having thereon erected 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 Sala 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 terre tenant respectively, at the suit of Isaac L. Yoder administrator of Joseph Kaufman, dec'd.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have been passed in my office 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 Bingler, 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 Paidley, administrator of Daniel Paidley, dec'd.

The account of A. H. Bucman and B. F. Auman, administrators of Frederick A. Bucman, 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 Jennerstown 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 Jennerstown borough, Jenner township, county and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of Henry Roush 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 thereon erected a good

—Two Story—
Frame Building,

large frame stable, and all other necessary out-buildings, being the well-known "Jennerstown 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, with 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 Yonskin, dec'd:

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

Dwelling House,

bank barn 33x62 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 2½ 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 YOUNSKIN,
Adm'r and Trustee of Freeman Yonskin, dec'd
John R. Scott,
Attorney, Somerset, Pa.

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IF.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal power of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die—
If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

A COUPLE O' CAPTAINS.

"Jiminy Christmas," groaned Tom, "how my arm aches!"

"Don't think o' your arm," said Gene, twisting in his blankets. "I'd take your wound for the prospect of promotion that hangs over your head."

"Be quiet," said Tom, and he sighed heavily.

The stars were burning like coals of fire in the blue above them, and all about the winds were breathing in the sage-brush. The two boys had been in battle that day—a hot fight with the Sioux—and Tom labored and larrupped a wily warrior single-handed and alone under the very nose of the Colonel, and for that reason and not because he had received a slight, though painful wound in his arm, his comrade Gene argued that promotion would come to Tom. It did come, and still another, and in less than a month's time he was a captain.

Gene was a big, brave, strong youth, and it was not long until he, too, began to take on markers at the tops of his shoulders. Without any of that invisible something commonly called "pull," both boys fought themselves up so that at the end of five years' strife with the Sioux they were captains of cavalry. It was all very exciting; even thrilling at times. But the war ended one fine day, as wars will, and the two captains found themselves without employment, and, one of them at least, without tangible means of support. The disbanding of the army had thrown some thousands of men suddenly upon a country in which all the good jobs seemed to be filled.

"We must do something," said Tom.

"Yes," assented his friend; "we'll have to get married or go to work sooner or later, I suppose."

"I wish we could get into something together."

"Like enough if we did get in together, they'd put us in separate cells," said Gene. He had money—not much, perhaps, but money—and parents well-to-do, and could afford to joke. But it was a serious matter with Tom. He was as poor as a Greek and as proud as a Spaniard. One day he hailed Gene with a happy shout, and announced that he had a job for both, where they could work together by day and bunk together at night.

"So it's work, is it?" asked Gene, looking his friend over.

"Well, yes. You were not expecting a job stopping balls in a tennis court, were you?"

"Not exactly; but I thought we were going into some sort of business together."

"Th's is business—good business, and you wind it up with a brake-chain every time the whistle blows."

"What is it?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

Gene smiled.

The Burlington had just been opened as far as Omaha, and Ottumwa was only a small settlement. Iowa was right out on the raw edge of the wild, wild West. The Indians were wrecking stations and robbing freight cars, and a flagman three cars from the caboose couldn't call his skin his own.

"Passenger train, I presume?" said Gene, breaking the hush.

"Freight."

"What?"

"Freight."

"Say, Tom, you're crazy. What do you want to throw yourself away on a box-car for? It won't do—not for me—is preposterous!"

"It beats walking."

"Perhaps, but we haven't had to walk yet. Think of it. Society column of the Chicago Tribune 'Captain Smith and Captain Jones are braking on a freight out of Ottumwa.' Come. Tom, I'm not broke yet; besides, you are too young and handsome to be killed."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Gene, and he began to sing:

"Don't you go Tommy, don't you;
Stay away, Tommy, don't go."

"Well, I've always feared it would come to this sooner or later," said Tom. He held out his hand, and Gene took it.

"I love you, Tommy," said he, "but I can't join you in a blue jumper and go skating with you over the icy tops of rolling box-cars."

"Good-by," said Tom.

"Good-by. God be good to you, captain—my captain!"

"The same to you," called Tom, and his friend watched him wander away down among the cars in the newly railed freight yards.

* * * * * * *

"Ticket," called the conductor.

The man was reading.

"Ticket," and he touched the man's shoulder, and the man looked up.

"Why—hel-lo, Tom. What you doing?"

"I'm trying to run this train," said Tom, passing the punch to his left hand in order to shake the hand the passenger held out.

When the conductor had worked the train, he came back to the passenger with the book.

"Say, Gene," said the ticket-taker, "I was so elated over this unexpected pleasure that I forgot to get your ticket. You ought to be ashamed to make me ask the third time for it."

"Well, you can keep right on, for I've got no ticket. I had barely time to throw myself aboard as the train pulled out."

"Well, you've got money, haven't you? 'Cause if you haven't, I know where you can borrow."

Gene smiled and gave up, and then the two ex-captains of cavalry sat and talked of the old days, when there were no railroads there.

"Well, Tom, you've made a great success of this railroad business and I'm proud of you," said Gene, glancing at the bright blue uniform the Captain wore.

Tom smiled. "What are you driving at, Gene?"

"Readin' law."

"Well," said Tom, "I guess that'll beat brakin' on freight."

And so the two men talked to the end of the run, the conductor dropped off, and the law student went on to Chicago.

* * * * * * *

In the jam and crowd about the gates of the Burlington station at Chicago men often bump up against old comrades unexpectedly, and so it fell out that as Gene was sweeping through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello Gene," said the man, "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out—in fact, the time was up by the big clock on the wall—the waiting traveler was gladdened by the reappearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you?"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied, "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much tonight, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from the master, took the hand baggage from the over anxious traveler and ran up the rear steps of the rearmost car.

"Is this my car?" asked Gene, stopping and glancing along the platform.

"No, it's mine; but you can ride. Come, hand yourself aboard; I shan't make you put up this trip."

The train conductor, ever alert, saw the two men enter the car, lifted his white light, and the big engine breathed softly, and moved out of the station shed.

Gene, following the trail of the black boy, stood upon the platform of a car that seemed to be all plate-glass, and stepped hesitatingly into a luxurious drawingroom.

"Now what's all this folderol, Tom?" asked Gene, for he had been abroad and had lost track of his old "pal" of the plains.

Tom was a modest man, and so told his friend in a modest way that he was the General Manager and that this was the private car that the company had given over for his comfort and convenience. We may suppose it was a pleasant evening that the two captains passed as the train carried them away to the West.

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by any one else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table, or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employes all over this Continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer he would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter's dead."

"No?" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the sad news to the brakemen.

"What's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her saud and humored her, and didn't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Gleed, Ware, and Gleed, of Topeka, Kan. He is the wholesome, happy two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital, whose nom de plume is "Ironquill;" and if you doubt this story, it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple, true tales that from time to time appear in print.—Cy Warman, in McClure's Magazine.

William J. Bennett, a wealthy man residing in one of the fashionable quarters of Brooklyn, has been having so many quarrels with his neighbors that he has moved out. For revenge he advertises his fine house to let, to a colored family only, with "the more children the better." He has so far refused all offers from white people who have wanted to rent the house.

LOW FIGURE ON SPANISH LOSSES.

Second in Command to Toral Reckons His Casualties at About Seven Hundred.

COULD HAVE RESISTED LONG.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The bureau of naval intelligence to-day issued another of its war series, this time the "Battles and Capitulation of Santiago de Caba, by Lieutenant Jose Muller y Tejeiro, the second in command of the naval forces of the province of Santiago de Cuba." Captain Clover, chief of the intelligence bureau, explains in an introductory note that the writer was an eye-witness of most of the events that he describes, and had access to official information.

The style is peculiarly interesting, free from bias, and has an air of authenticity. The author began to keep an exact diary of events at Santiago from the moment of the appearance there of Cervera's fleet.

The publication begins with a chapter on "The Two Fleets," telling of the arrival of Cervera's May 19, and of the disappointment of the people, who expected no less than eight ships, instead of five. He makes a comparison accurately of the vessels of the two squadrons.

The lieutenant mentioned that provisions were short, also that the military element of the province were nine or ten months in arrears in the payment of consignments, and had been living on credit for some time. Everything was lacking; food, money, credit and purchasing resources were exhausted. What happened at Santiago was true of the other places in the Islands. The merchants hid whatever they had and raised prices.

WHY THE FLEET STAYED IN.

He speaks of the difficulties of coaling, and shows that the fleet was badly supplied. Concerning the opinions as to why the fleet did not go out, he refers to the great joy caused by its arrival, and then says that the ships in the harbor were compelling the enemy to sustain with superior forces the blockade with all its difficulties and dangers. It was not believed that the American ships would expose themselves to serious disaster or would force any one of the ports which were being blockaded. The Spanish ships did not have to give battle in order to obtain results, and he says that if provisions had not been wanting in Santiago and the Spanish fleet had remained there no one could tell to what extremes impatience and despair might not have carried Admiral Sampson.

A diary of the blockade is given. The movement of the American ships was a puzzle to the Spaniards as they did not know why they remained on watch all day and disappeared at night. But it was supposed that the Americans were afraid of the destroyers. Speaking of the Merrimac, he says: "We at Santiago have not succeeded in ascertaining definitely—though it is probably known in Spain from American newspapers that are in the habit of publishing everything—what was the real object that the Merrimac had in view."

SCARED BY THE ARMY.

The arrival of the army created consternation in Santiago and speculation as to where the army would land. Provisions were still running short, and it is stated that if El Caney and San Juan had not been taken the Spaniards would not have lost communication with the cultivated region, nor would the aqueduct have been cut. The small number of the Spanish forces made it impossible to save these positions.

He speaks of the destructive work of the Vesuvius whenever the bombs fell upon any point where there were works or guns.

Speaking of the battles of El Caney and San Juan, he says the Americans fought with truly admirable courage and spirit. While the battles were going on at El Caney and San Juan the enemy sent forces against the whole Spanish line, for the purpose, no doubt, of harassing and making the attack more general. The casualties of the Spanish side was stated to be 60 officers and 533 men. He claimed that only 520 men defended El Caney for ten hours, and that 250 defended San Juan for four hours.

He speaks of the lively bombardment by sea and land July 2, and the sortie of the Spanish fleet July 3. He speaks of the action of the Spanish admiral as one of the greatest acts of valor. For some time the Spaniards did not know whether the ships had succeeded in making their escape, but having been informed that they had, there was great rejoicing. It was at 6 o'clock that the pilot came in and informed them that the Teresa, Oquendo and the destroyers had been lost.

AMERICANS' FIRE RAPID.

The coolness and courage of Admiral Cervera is noted. The fire of the Spanish ships was said to have been slow, while that of the American ships was very brisk. In discussing the disaster, he says that the loss of the fleet had been foretold by all its commanders. The fleet received definite orders from the captain general of Cuba to leave Santiago, in spite of Admiral Cervera's remonstrances.

He says the Spanish are proud of the disaster of Trafalgar on account of the heroism of the navy, but the battle of Santiago is much more glorious. The Mercedes was sunk in the narrow part of the channel to prevent the American fleet from entering.

He then takes up the narrative of the conditions in the city, and what was done from July 4 until the surrender, which includes the bombardments. At the time of the surrender there were 2,100 sick and wounded soldiers of the Spanish army. The total losses in all the attacks on Santiago are given as follows: Officers killed, 16; men killed, 107; officers wounded, 59; men wounded, 556; prisoners and missing, officers and 116 men.

He closes the account of the naval battle of Santiago, saying: "I have never been able to understand the reason why there was sent to the Island of Cuba a fleet that was in no manner able to cope with that of the United States. The only way of gaining any advantage would have been to send a few ships of great speed more or less well-armed, to the commercial ports of the United States and bombard them. It is probable that public opinion would have exacted the return of the American ships."

Heat Winds This Clock.

Mr. Barton, of Indianapolis, has a clock which has not been wound in three years and six months, but which has run all the time. It is wound by a more reliable source than anything human. It may be said to be wound by the solar system. In this invention the axiom of heat expanding and cold contracting is the basis. The clock is wound by changes in the temperature, the principal forces being in the day and night differences. Mr. Burton found that there is an average difference of twenty degrees in the temperature of the night and the day. The day, of course, is the warmer. The heat of the day expands the atmosphere, and the lower temperature of the night contracts it. This is how Mr. Burton applies the force to his clock—an ordinary old-style clock—using a weight: Outside of his house he has a tin tank ten feet high and nine inches in diameter. It is airtight. From it a tube runs into the cellar. This tube leads to a cylindrical reservoir, which receives the air from the tank. In this reservoir there is a piston, whose rod moves with a ratchet between the chain on which the piston depends. The heat of the sun expands the atmosphere in the exterior tank, thus forcing any excess into the reservoir near the clock. During expansion the piston rises. In the night time the contraction of the air in the exterior tank reduces the air in the reservoir, and the piston lowers itself. The ratchet arrangement winds the clock.—Indianapolis Journal.

House Dust.

Were dust alone the cause of all uncleanliness it might be fought with comparative ease, but in our houses are many vapors—the products of heating, lighting and cooking. These, if not quickly carried out of the house by sufficient ventilation, spread throughout it and condense upon all surfaces, carrying with them the dust in the air, or holding firmly the dust already settled. This film of greasy, smoky, or other vapor, combined with dust, forms the cloudiness upon hard, smooth or polished surfaces and the often odorous soil, visible or otherwise, on fabrics.

Sweeping is a process for the removal of coarse dirt, not for dust, except that which clings to the dirt particles. Thus a broom used upon a carpet removes some dust, but because a quantity of the nap is taken off to which the dust clings, sweeping is a dust-spreading, more than a dust removing process.

Dusting should result in the removal of dust from the house, not in stirring it up from one place to settle elsewhere. The feather duster will sweep, but can not dust. Dust should be wiped up and carried away on a cloth, not spread about or shaken again into the air. Less sweeping and more proper dusting will result in greater cleanliness.

The carpet which is often wiped with a dry or slightly dampened cloth is freed from dust without the sacrifice of its soft nap, and the dust is not driven by the broom among the fibers or through the meshes to the floor beneath, to be raised again into the room by every footfall. When the dust collected by sweeping has been burned and the cloths laden with the wiped-up dust have been washed in hot soapy water and dried, when possible, out of door in the sunshine, the housewife may rest assured she has vanquished two detachments of the dust enemy's forces.

How to Clean a New Churn.

Never should a churn be employed for making butter until it has been soaked several days. Furthermore, if it is perfectly tight when the soaking occurs, the bolts ought to be loosened more or less, so as to prevent it from warping and getting out of shape, says the Ohio Farmer. Some manufacturers stencil this instruction right on the churn. Despite this, however, many are the butter-makers who neglect the precaution. What are the results? Generally the butter is not good, it having for the first few churnings a decidedly woody taste.

Many are the ways recommended for soaking a new churn, but far will one go to find anything that equals water for absorbing most flavors, and especially if it is used in the following manner: Have it clear and cold for the first twenty-four hours, but change it two or three times; next, churn for an hour with a solution of some weak alkali (powdered lye or lime), then rinse with boiling-hot water, and if convenient soak for twenty-four hours longer with clean flavored buttermilk, or sour skimmed milk, repeating this should it seem necessary. This process over, wash the churn as usual—that is, by first rinsing it with cold water, then churning for ten minutes with that which is boiling hot, and if steam is available, steaming the implement sufficiently to make it warm enough to dry itself. Thus it is that almost any new churn may be rendered absolutely clean and sweet.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Every bottle guaranteed.

Bad Bears in Pike County.

In Porter township, Pike county, Pa., the inhabitants are so scarce as to be able to muster only twenty-one voters at an election, and there are not enough available citizens to fill the various offices required by the statutes, without some of the male voters being veritable "Pooh-Bahs." Wild beasts are plentiful, and in no part of Pike is game more abundant. Philip B. Smith, of Porter's Lake, is justice of the peace of Porter township, says the New York Sun.

Of late 'Squire Smith and his neighbor, Horace Van Auken, have suffered the loss of cattle from the bears which have their haunts in the wild recesses of Porter. The former had a yearling bull torn to pieces, and his best bell cow mysteriously disappeared lately, while Van Auken's loss consisted of two heifers. Last week Mr. Rudolph Schoonover, an inveterate hunter of Bushkill, Pa., made his annual trip to Porter township to hunt bees, stopping with his old friend, 'Squire Smith, and taking the latter's young son, Adam, along with him as a companion. After hunting a couple of days they succeeded in lining up only three or four bee trees, which proved to be poor. Schoonover went home on Saturday. Before going he told the 'Squire there was a dead animal near the old clearing, where they had a bee stand.

The 'Squire concluded the animal was his lost cow, so he started to investigate. Taking his son Adam along to point out where he and Schoonover had their bee stand, he soon came upon the dead animal. It proved to be a strange Jersey heifer. It lay in a pool of dried blood on the bank of the creek, and had been dragged sixty feet from where it lay by some wild animal. Its neck and throat were nearly eaten out. All around were bear signs.

The 'Squire made up his mind this was the same bear which had killed his bull and perhaps his cow, and he resolved on a bear hunt. About sundown he and his son Adam started with guns to go down to the old mill clearing to watch for the bear, as Henry Miller, a neighbor, said bruin would no doubt come back again. The clearing was a good mile away. When they came near the place where the little brother of Adam was bitten to death by a rattlesnake last year, the 'Squire stopped to take sorrowful look at the place. Creeping up to the edge of the clearing by the trees and peering cautiously through, Adam saw a black object and asked his father if he might shoot.

"No," whispered the 'Squire. "Come along a little where I can see through the trees."

After moving a little Adam said he saw the bear plainly, and the old man told him when he raised his rifle it was the signal for his son to shoot. Just then the bear, alarmed, took a couple of steps away from the dead heifer and stepped into a little open spot between the trees. Instantly there were two sharp, ringing reports echoing on the still night air, and bruin fell dead in his tracks.

"He's down! Shall I shoot again?" said the lad.

"Give him your ounce ball now if you can see," and another loud report rang out.

The 'Squire began to climb down toward the dead beast, but Adam cried out:

"Oh, pap! don't go down there till you load again. He might come to."

But the old man was out of ammunition, and the two crept down the bank and felt of the bear to find where he was hit. It was too dark to skin the bear, so they left the carcass until morning. On Sunday they brought the bear home with the oxen, and on going back to the creek they found another dead heifer which had just been killed by another bear. Both the heifers belonged to Horace Van Auken. The 'Squire and Adam have a fine bear skin, and there is one hungry beef-killing bear less, shot by guess by the light of the moon.

He Obeyed Instructions.

The Club Woman tells an amusing story of a party of women who recently visited Pike's Peak. A youth, still in knee-breeches, although he wore a collar of extraordinary height and stiffness was their guide, but his knowledge of the points of interest appeared to be slight.

Every few minutes he stood up and shouted the names of certain boulders and streams. When we were nearly at the top, he called out:

"On the right is the Lion's Mouth!"

"Why is it called the Lion's Mouth?" asked a skeptical lady, who had pestered him with "whys" all the way.

"Aw, I dunno," said the lad, tired of being asked for information. "I was told to holler these names. I dunno why nothin'. It's my job to holler