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The Somerset Herald.

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WORTH REMEMBERING.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a tone in which to say it.
Oft, unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.
Time to me this truth hath taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

—Charles Swain.

HOW HE FOUND HIS UNCLE.

An Adventure in Which a Newspaper Reporter Took Part.

BY EDWARD RICKERT.

Outside it was clear, star-lit and cold; the reporter knew this, for he had been doing the district for an hour and a half, tramping from police station to hospital, and from hospital to police-station. This was the last station on his list, and here he basked in the grateful warmth of the big red stove, resolutely banishing all thoughts of the cold ride back to the office.

"We'll have a full house to-night," said the sergeant behind the big desk. "Last night wasn't so cold as this, and we had fifty-four registered in this here hotel."

Before Wickforth could answer, the door opened to admit three applicants for shelter overnight; the cold winter winds drive many to the police stations who at other times sleep—anywhere. The guests gave their names, and were then locked in a large room, warm enough, but containing no quilts of eiderdown.

Soon a big policeman, red-faced from cold, came in, carrying a young and half-frozen opossum which a friendly "guard" had found in the great park nearby and given to him.

The sergeant laughed.

"Shall I credit you with an arrest, Jones?" he asked, opening his big book.

"Oh, no," said Jones, "he's just an ordinary bum what's heard of your hospitality and wants a night's lodgin'."

The three examined the little animal with interest as it lay on the desk, peering at them with fierce but frightened little eyes. Suddenly having been revived by the warmth, it gave an unexpected leap to the floor, and waddled rapidly across it. Reporter, policeman and sergeant all joined in the chase.

As it was passing the door some one opened it, and promptly fell upon the animal, clasping it so that it could not bite.

The "some one" was clearly neither reporter, policeman nor "ordinary bum." His round eyes seemed nearly as big as his ear-muffs, as he looked up from the floor where he sat, holding and stroking the little captive, which now made no effort to get away.

Suddenly the big eyes filled.

"Had a 'possum just like this at home—his name was Dinky. That was before mother died and father and I started for the city."

The sergeant picked him up—he was, apparently, not more than ten years old—and put him in a big chair before the fire, still holding fast to the opossum. The big policeman nervously patted him on the shoulder, while Wickforth skillfully encouraged him to tell his story.

It was simple and plain enough. His name was Nelson Holloway. They had lived in a small town, where his mother had died. His father, out of work and nearly penniless, had then set out with him for the city, hoping to find employment there.

On the way the father had become ill, and had been taken to a hospital in a small city on the railroad, where he died. The people at the hospital gave the boy a little money and sent him on to the great city; there was an uncle in the city, his father's brother, but estranged for a long time, and it was the father's last wish that the boy should go to this uncle. Having lost his way the station-house looked bright and warm and so he had entered.

"Do you know your uncle's first name?" said the reporter.

The lad, who was now struggling bravely to keep the tears back, reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, dirty slip of paper, on which was written, "Mr. Jeremiah C. Holloway."

Wickforth started. Mr. Holloway owned a large interest in the Day, the paper on which he was employed. Sometimes, when Mr. Holloway visited the newspaper establishment, he penetrated even as far as the "local room," and was avoided with careful courtesy by the reporters there, on account of his well known temper.

Wickforth thoughtfully scratched his head with one hand and laid the other lightly on Nelson's head. If his pleading the boy's case before Mr. Holloway were unwelcome he might lose his position. Newspaper reporters generally hold by slight tenure. But—

"You come home with me to-night, Nelson," he said, decisively. Then he turned to the sergeant with a smile. "Have I 'pull' enough with the police to get this prisoner released?"

"Well, if my own family wasn't so large mebbe you wouldn't have, but you will see that he gets into good hands, won't you, Mr. Wickforth?"

"Yes—and no," replied the reporter. "I will introduce him to his uncle."

The big policeman looked relieved, and handed Nelson a pretzel produced from a capacious pocket; the boy ate it eagerly.

"How thoughtless I have been!" exclaimed Wickforth. "You must be very hungry, aren't you Nelson?"

"N-not so very."

"I guess you must be. We'll start for home right away."

The little fellow gravely shook hands with the sergeant and the big policeman as he said good-bye to them; the latter told him to take the opossum as a parting gift. Then Wickforth and his charge passed out of the door; the sergeant ostentatiously busied himself with a group of homeless ones who had just entered; the big policeman walked to the window and saw the two get on a car, then blew his nose vigorously—it was a cold night.

Home was soon reached. It was a third story back room in a big, old house, the descendants of whose long dead builders lived in quite another part of the city. Wickforth struck a match before entering his room, although there was no surplusage of furniture to stumble over, and then lit the lamp. There was a register in the room, but little heat ventured that far away from the furnace in the cellar; so the host ordered the guest to bed, while he hunted some crackers and cheese and made his other coat into a bed for the 'possum.

Nelson ate all that was set before him, and lay back in content; Wickforth wished him pleasant dreams, and then hurried around to the office.

Here he did an unusual thing; he took the city editor into his confidence, told him his story, and asked to be given a light assignment for the following evening, so that he might have time to take Nelson out to his uncle's place, and the city editor promised to do it.

"But I tell you frankly," said he, "that I don't envy you your task."

The next evening Wickforth and his charge set out for the suburb where the uncle lived. The boy had stayed in the room during the day and was anxious to get out into the crisp, bracing air, where he skipped along in glee, holding tight to his protector's hand. Soon they reached the great, brilliant station, and went aboard the waiting train.

At the suburban station Wickforth inquired of the station-master the way to Mr. Holloway's house, which they reached after a brisk ten minutes' tramp. As they went up on the porch two great dogs came bounding around the corner of the house and sniffed at them inquiringly; apparently the examination was satisfactory.

A deaf old man servant let them in, but not until after a little parley at the door. The coming of company was evidently so rare as to be suspicious. However, the old man ushered them into the parlor, and consented to take Wickforth's card upstairs, looking back at them over his shoulder several times as he ascended.

Wickforth felt nervous; on this errand the power of his paper was not back of him. Instead it would confront him. Suppose Mr. Holloway refused to have anything to do with the boy, a not unlikely contingency? Wickforth's salary was small, and there was the weekly remittance to the old home in the little village.

Voices from above cut short his reflections; there could be no mistaking the tone of one of the speakers.

"Reporters? I don't want to see any reporter—see enough of 'em when I'm at the Day office! Um—I see he's from the Day—I told 'em there once not to bother me at home—if they had to see me about anything to come to my office. Will I go down? Yes, for just a minute."

There was a rushing sound in the hall. Into the parlor dashed a large, gray cat, closely followed by a fox terrier. They raced around the room, and then out again; and Nelson jumped to his feet to follow them to the door. As he did so his elbow struck a small table near by, and the slender glass vase upon it was sent to the floor with a crash. At that moment Mr. Holloway appeared at the door.

"The rascally little brutes!" he exclaimed. "They've broken that vase I brought all the way from Trieste! John"—he turned to the old servant—"whip them—they'll know what it's for—and lock them in the cellar."

Wickforth's thoughts were tumultuous. Mr. Holloway evidently supposed that his cat and dog had done the mischief; would it be well to undeceive him? So much depended upon his favor; the truth might ruin Nelson's whole future; and yet—

It was Nelson that spoke.

"I'm very sorry, but I did that."

The master of the house looked down at the boy. For a moment there was a painful silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the servant in the hall.

"Well!" said Mr. Holloway, "you are an honest boy! Who are you?"

"I'm your—nephew—Nelson Holloway." Now the lad's voice was trembling.

Mr. Holloway started.

"What!" he exclaimed, and drew back a step.

"Father is dead, and he told me to come to you."

"Little Jim—dead!"

Mr. Holloway sunk into a chair, and repeated the words again and again, seeming, for a time, to lose sight of his visitors. Then he called Nelson and put his arm around him, but he spoke to Wickforth.

"My only brother—younger than I—and I have not given him a friendly word for ten years. It's too late now."

He turned Nelson's face to the light, and looked into it closely.

"Very much like him—very much like him—when we were at the old home. Nelson, you will stay with me now. You are an honest boy."

Then the terrible Mr. Holloway, who owned half the stock in the Day Company, turned upon Wickforth.

"And you, sir—well, if you don't come out and see us often, I will see that you lose your job! So take care! What's that, Nelson? Yes, of course, you can keep your 'possum here. Mr. Wickforth will bring it out to you tomorrow."

Plucking Roses While They Skate.

The weather conditions which have produced skating, says the Portland Oregonian, are rather remarkable. For the past week the temperature remained almost steadily below the freezing point, days clear and sunshiny, and the nights a trifle colder. The continued low temperature has frozen still water without the usual cold snap catastrophes to water pipes, and without seriously damaging the rose bushes. Beautiful buds and half developed roses are to be found in many gardens, so it has been possible for people going out skating to pluck roses to wear as they glided over the ice.

Curious Examples of Yankee Slang.

"How those boys have managed to pick up such a conglomeration of slang terms in the few short months that they have been away passes my understanding," said an army officer the other day. He had been listening to a couple of returned soldiers who were swapping stories of the war, and was much amused and apparently not a little perplexed by their language.

"It is certainly not Spanish," he added, "but whatever it is, it is decidedly Dutch to me. During the war (the Civil War, I mean—we have to distinguish our wars now) the boys added a great many slang words to their vocabulary, but these young 'uns beat us out of sight. It is a sign of the times, I suppose, but if they had stayed in Cuba much longer they would have had to bring back an interpreter with them. I can't understand half they say as it is."

As the officer walked off the two privates looked at one another, winked and commenced to laugh.

"What was the 'boss'—I mean the Captain—saying to you?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Said you were talking so much slang he couldn't understand you."

"Guess he wasn't in the South then, but we were pitching it rather fierce, eh, bunkie?" to his companion.

"Bunkie" didn't say anything, only grinned.

"But say," continued the other, you'd a died to see bunkie here when he came down to Cuba and heard the men talk. Say, it was out o' sight. He's no sweet-tempered angel at the best of times, and he's been my bunkie (that's my tent mate) an' so I know. He was one of the last recruits to reach the island. We call the recruits 'rookies' now. At first they was 'new boys,' but now they're 'rookies'. The grub boss, that's the quartermaster sergeant, comes around next morning an' sees my bunkie sitting in front of the tent. 'Here, rookie,' he calls, 'tell your bunkie to come and get his punk.' Punk means grub, anything to eat, you know. Bunkie looks at him, an' then he says, 'Aw, what're you givin' us?' 'That's all right, rookie,' said the grub boss, 'jest you tell your bunkie. That's him in the tent there.'

"Then bunkie got mad. 'Now, just you look here, sergeant, says he, 'just you mind who you're addressin'. See? You ain't the whole push 'cause you got stripes on your arm. Don't you call me out o' my name, 'cause it don't go, see? I ain't no bird, an' I won't stand for it.' Gosh, he was mad! I told him rookie was only slang for recruit, but he said he didn't want any slang in his. But you got used to it 'fore long, didn't you, bunkie?"

The terms "rookie" and "bunkie" and "slops" for clothes, used so frequently by the soldiers, are all expressions in vogue in the English army, and are quoted frequently by Kipling. For instance, in "Back to the Army Again," he says, "I couldn't 'elp 'olding straight when me an' the other rookies come under the barrick gate."

The derivation of other expressions is doubtful, if not impossible to ascertain. Most of them probably had their genesis in the fertile brain of some soldier who described a fact in terms that amused his companions. Others "caught on" because of their literal truthfulness. As an example of the latter class the expression "shot" except when referring to intoxication, has been changed to "mausered." If a man was wounded otherwise he was probably "macheted." If he was killed, cause of injuries unknown, the soldiers would tell you that he was "dagoed," and let it go at that. The reason for calling the Cubans "cubebs" is not hard to find, nor why the Spanish victims of their butchery were "dagoed." The Spanish sharpshooters were not lynched by the American soldiers, they were "strapped," which is a distinction with only a slight difference. Ropes were not "handy," and rifle straps always were.

The soldier in Santiago didn't take a walk or make a march; he did a hyke. Any soldier knows what a hyke is, but very few seem to know why it is. A volunteer soldier in the Army building yesterday said that he had been "hyking all over looking for transportation."

"What does hyking mean?" he was asked.

"Oh, you know. Just—ah—to hyke," was his reply.

Food is, of course, grub, but bread and hardtack are often known as "punk," while the word rations has been abbreviated to "rats." Hardtack by itself is commonly known as "angel food." A soldier who was asked the reason for this term simply laughed and replied, "'Cause it ain't."

A soldier doesn't lie nowadays, at least those who have been in Cuba don't. They only "pitch you a fierce one," or possibly "give you a pipe." If a soldier has doubts as to your veracity he may insinuate that you are "dreaming," or that your "pipe is out." If he wanted you to infer that he had been locked up in the guard house by a member of the provost guard, he would probably say that he had been "cooped in the booby hatch by a bull." Should a soldier inform a civilian than his bunkie was "baked by a bull for jumpin' a gump," he would probably be misunderstood. His meaning would be that his tent mate had been arrested by the provost guard for stealing a chicken, which is not quite so bad as it sounds.

Private soldiers are known as either Jack or Pete to their comrades. Any of them will answer to either name. Lieutenants are "luffs" to the men, while the captain is "his nibs" or "cap." Any colonel, with the exception of him of the Rough Riders, is known by the appellation of "the boss." Colonel Roosevelt is called by every man in the army simply "Teddy"—that is when they are speaking of and not to him. In the same way General Wheeler, when he is not called "Fighting Joe," is affectionately termed "Joey" by the men. Several soldiers who were asked what they called General Shafter, rang the changes on the word "nothing." Some said "nawthin'," some said "nothing," and others said—nothing.

The soldiers have picked up one word from the navy. They say they "Hobsonized" the Spaniards at San Juan. Why Hobsonized? Well, they say they filled them full of holes.

These are only a few of the new words that have been added to the dictionary of "Military Parlance." Others are being added every day. Others that are in vogue are old words in new dresses, so changed that their originators in the Bowery would not recognize them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Humidity on the Wabash.

"Talking about rainy weather," said the Westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. I asked him if they had had much rain down on the Wabash that spring.

"'Well, it has been a little damp,' he answered. 'The day before I left home I had to hang up twenty-four of my ducks. They had got so water-soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over thirty bushels to the acre. My wheat is looking pretty well, but the sturgeon and catfish have damaged it considerable. There was about fifteen minutes' sunshine one day, and I thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded them on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again.

"'I wanted to go down on the bottom lands next the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. I should feel kind of discouraged with all the rain, but I've spent my odd hours of leisure time—and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet—building an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail, I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off out there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable.'"—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Dog Attempts Suicide.

A very remarkable instance of the grief of a dog was shown here last Friday by the English terrier Dott, owned by Mr. W. H. H. Boswell, of the Rees House, says the Winchester, Ky., Sun. Dott was the mother of five pups, and Friday the pups were boxed and sent to friends of Mr. Boswell at Lexington. Shipping the pups was not to be concealed from the mother, and nearly set her frantic, but she was held in the hotel until the pups were on their way to the depot, when she escaped and trailed the wagon to the depot in which the pups were taken there. The mother exhibited the most intense grief by piteous means and made several attempts to board the train that was to carry away her young, but she was taken away until the train pulled out. Shortly afterward she evidently attempted to commit suicide, as she was seen by several persons butting her head vigorously against the stone fence inclosing Colonel Winn's yard. She then followed the train that had taken the pups to the crossing of the Lexington pike and there took the pike toward Lexington. Robert Baldwin started in pursuit and overtook her some five miles distant, and brought her back to the hotel, when for two days she exhibited a degree of grief that is not often seen in human beings.

Scorns to Adopt a Privilege.

The rule that no person shall smoke in a street car is enforced strictly by the conductors on all Memphis lines, but an exception is made in the case of one passenger, namely, the Hon. John L. T. Sneed. It is not recorded that the able Chancellor ever took advantage of the exceptional privilege accorded him, but it is certain that he has been invited to go in off the platform and finish his cigar comfortably on a cushioned seat.

"No, I'm afraid the ladies would object," was his response to such an invitation.

"The ladies all make concessions to you," was the reply of the conductor.

"I don't know about that," said the Judge. You heard what the old lady said about smoking in her presence?"

The conductor had to confess that though he had heard a good many stories on the rear platform, he had never heard this particular one.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Chancellor. 'She was a charming lady of the old school, and one day she was asked if she objected to a gentleman smoking in her presence. 'I don't really know,' was her reply. 'I have never had any experience in that line. No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

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 over 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 safely cured by it. Call at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and get a free trial bottle. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Age of Discretion.

A young man may be said to have reached the years of discretion when he takes down the pictures of actresses from his mantel and puts up a portrait of his rich maiden aunt instead.—Somerville Journal.

Hopeless.

"But you might learn to love me," he urged.

She shook her head.

"You've no idea," she said, "what a poor student I am."

Mexico's Money.

Before Mexico was invaded by the Spaniards coins were unknown in this country, says El Nacional, the natives using in the place of money the smallest cacao beans, reserving those of larger size and better quality for the manufacture of liquor, to which they were much addicted.

About fourteen years after the conquest—that is to say, about the year 1535, Castilian coin commenced to make its appearance in Mexico. As it arrived, however, only in very small quantities, it proved itself insufficient for the needs of trade, even though the latter was still of very insignificant proportions. It was then that the ruling Viceroy, under authority of a royal decree, ordered the manufacture in the City of Mexico of small pieces of silver of a certain weight.

These pieces were not stamped with any coinage whatsoever, and their value was determined entirely by their weight and size. From this was derived the word "peso," which has outlived the first attempt at making money in Mexico up to the present. These pieces of silver remained in circulation a number of years, and pieces of gold and of copper were also added in time. Soon, however, it was found that this sort of circulating medium made fraud and abuse extremely easy, and the Spanish government, taking cognizance of this fact, established by royal decree three mints, granting them a perpetual existence for America.

The same decree also provided that in San Domingo, on the Spanish Island known to-day as Puerto Rico, only copper money should be made, according to the regulations governing the mint of Castile in 1589. The coinage of Mexico was actually begun during the reign of Viceroy Antonio de Mendoza, who established a mint in buildings belonging to the Marquis del Valle. During all this time the coinage was of considerable amount, and the facilities of the establishment were not sufficient to meet the demands made upon it for coins. From the declaration of independence until the year 1847 the mint was rented out to private parties, who supplied with coin all the States of the Republic that had no mints of their own.

Amusing Blunders.

In Sir M. Grant Duff's diary there are some amusing stories of mistakes in the House of Commons. A loyal Irish member once declared, with fervor:

"Sir, I acknowledge the venerable widow at Windsor to be the foremost man among her subjects."

The London Spectator not long since published a collection of modern Irish bulls, some of them perplexing enough from their singular topsy-turviness of meaning; but the English peasant is as apt to give a hazy answer as his American cousin.

An American, strolling through the Green Park in London one day last summer, asked one of the gray old guardians of that historic bit of woodland who lived in a stately palace near Stafford House?

"It's Lady Blank lives there. She removed to Scotland yesterday to be buried," was the reply.

"You have a miraculous rose-tree in Wells that blooms at Easter?" the same American asked an old farmer.

"Aye, we have. Only it's not a rose, but a thorn, and it blooms on Christmas, and not Easter, and it's growing not at Wells, but at Glastonbury," was the answer.

Mr. Frederic Harrison defines a good style in writing to be first clearness of idea, and next clearness of expression.

Bulls and mistakes such as these are the result of hazy ideas or excitement in speaking. The American, with his nimble brain and habit of ready speech, seldom makes such mistakes. His errors are usually born of ignorance or hasty generalizing, such as was the reported question of a man in Washington soon after Dewey's victory. "How did the Philippians fall into such gross savagery after Paul wrote his epistle to them?"—Youth's Companion.

Some Cooking Rules.

Nothing fries crisp that is wet.

Egging and breading should be done fifteen minutes, and flouring immediately before frying.

A frying basket should not be allowed to touch the bottom of a kettle.

A hot, clear fire is indispensable to success in broiling.

A gridiron or wire broiler should be cleaned thoroughly every time it is used.

A broiler should be heated hot and rubbed with suet or other fat before the meat is put on.

All broiled meats should be served as soon as they are cooked.

The same broiler must not be used for meats and fish.

To make light, flaky piecrust all the ingredients must be very cold as well as properly compounded.

Rub the top of cake with a little dry flour and the icing will adhere more readily.—Demorest's Magazine.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Wichita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store Berlin, Pa Guaranteed.

Lady—Do you really think that men have more brains than women?

Man—Some men, madam.

Lady—Some! What men, pray?

Man—Single men.

Johnny's Geographical Attainments.

"Now that we have these vast possessions in the antipodes, Johnny, I think—

"Father, I'm astonished! Our antipodes are somewhere among the fishes southwest of Australia, which is a far cry from the Philippines."

"Well, I was just going to say that this hemp they grow in Manila"—

"It isn't hemp at all, father; travels under false pretenses. Manila hemp is a variety of the banana family."

"Dear me, is that so! It's good cordage all the same. Why, when I was out in the Sandwich Islands I"—

"Father, you're enough to make Liliuokalani shudder. No persons says Sandwich Islands now, unless to make himself understood by those who don't know that 'the Hawaiian Islands' is the official and accepted name. Besides"—

"Well, I suppose you'll be asking me next to say 'Puerto Rico' just because the Spaniards do."

"Not at all. Porto Rico has been good English usage for several centuries! It's all right."

"Glad you've passed on the question. But if we go into Manila hemp growing in a territory 6,700 miles from our former limits we"—

"You mean 4,000 miles. You certainly haven't forgotten that the United States has long extended to the end of the Aleutian Chain, and Attu is only about 5,500 miles from Manila."

"You're very kind. But speaking of Manila hemp, they say that in Borneo, the largest island in the world"—

"It was when you studied geography, father, but they've learned since that New Guinea is larger than Borneo, and Greenland is larger than New Guinea.'

"Great world this! "Well, I was talking with Brown about introducing Manila hemp into tropical America, and he said that on his plantation in San Salvador."—

"Why, there are no plantations in the city of San Salvador. If you mean the country of which San Salvador is the capital you should say Salvador."

"Young man, your hat is getting too small for you. If you don't stop making my head ache with your erudition I shall send you direct to Vladivostock."

"You don't mean direct. I should have to transship at Yokohama or Shanghai. I think"—

"Give us a rest, please. I want to read the paper."—New York Sun.

The Penalty of Guilelessness.

Walter Henry Brown was up before the Malling Police Court, Kent, England, a few days ago for robbing Mrs. Allingham, an old lady, of many valuable articles. Brown, it was alleged, called at the cottage and represented that he was the assistant sanitary officer for the district, and that he had been sent to make a thorough inspection of the premises.

He was admitted, and handing the old lady a stick, asked her to go upstairs and tap the walls of one of the bed-rooms with it to enable him to ascertain whether they were sound. He especially requested her to continue to use the stick until he told her to stop.

After tapping for a long time the prosecutrix became suspicious, and on returning downstairs found the prisoner had gone, and that he had ransacked all the rooms on the ground floor. He was remanded without bail.

The Birthday of Christ.

A correspondent writes to the Boston Herald: Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred people are under the impression that Christ was born exactly 1897 years ago to-day—that is, on December 25, in the year 1, A. D. Such, however, is not the fact. Our method of counting time was not introduced until the year 532 A. D. The calculation was erroneous, and it was found ten centuries afterward to be deficient of the true period by a trifle over four years. But as the alteration of a system that had then been adopted by nearly all Europe would have occasioned great confusion in civil affairs, the error was, by general consent, allowed to remain, and we continue to reckon from the era first established, which, however, lacks four years and six days of the real Christian epoch. Christ, therefore, was really born on December 19, in the year 4 B. C., instead of on the day and year commonly supposed.

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 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.

In Future.

Great General—We must not forget to see that the preparations are complete for the official investigation that will follow this battle. Are the men who have been detailed to act as witnesses posted at the proper stations, with blank affidavits?

Aid—They are, general.

Great General—Are the cyclometers on the gun carriage in perfect order?

Aid—They are.

Great General—Are the self-registering time dials properly set?

Aid—They are in perfect readiness, general.

Great General—Is the man with the kinetoscope all ready?

Aid—He is, general.

Great General—Then forward! Double quick! Charge!—Chicago Tribune.

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.

Offices to Fill.

The following is a list of the important appointments at the governor's disposal, with their compensation and date of the expiration of commissions:

Secretary of the commonwealth; present incumbent, David Martin—Compensation, $22,000; term expires January 19, 1899.

Attorney-general; present incumbent, Henry C. McCormick—Compensation, $16,000; term expires January 19, 1899.

Adjutant-general; present incumbent, Thomas J. Stewart—Compensation, $6,000; term expires January 19, 1899.

Insurance commissioner; present incumbent, James H. Lambert—Compensation, $7,500; term expires January 19, 1899.

Commissioner of banking; present incumbent, B. F. Gilkeson—Compensation, $5,000; term expires February, 1900.

Superintendent of public printing; present incumbent, Thomas M. Jones—Compensation, $2,000; term expires April 14, 1899.

State librarian; present incumbent, William H. Egle — Compensation, $2,500; term expires March, 1901.

Secretary of agriculture; present incumbent, Thomas J. Edge—Compensation, $6,000; term expires March 1899.

In the department of agriculture there are a deputy secretary, an economic zoologist, a commissioner of forestry, a dairy and food commissioner, and a state veterinarian, appointed at the pleasure of the governor, with salaries of $2,500 each per annum.

Factory inspector; present incumbent, James Campbell—Compensation, $3,000; term expires April, 1899. There are also twenty deputy factory inspectors, at $1,200 each.

Governor's private secretary; present incumbent, Louis E. Beitler—Compensation, $2,500; term expires January 19, 1899.

Superintendent of public buildings; present incumbent, John C. Delaney—Compensation, $3,000; term expires March 28, 1899.

Superintendent of public instruction; present incumbent, Nathan C. Schaeffer—Compensation, $4,000; term expires April 1, 1901.

Health officer at Philadelphia; present incumbent, Benjamin Lee—Compensation, $7,100; term expires January 19, 1899.

Quarantine physician; present incumbent, Henry C. Boenning—Compensation, $5,000; term expires January 19, 1899.

Two deputy quarantine physicians; present incumbents, J. M. B. Wald and Alfred L