The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 31. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2476.

The Somerset Herald.
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Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1.50 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $2 will invariably be charged. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription. Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

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HER SECRET.

"Here is a faded rose," he said
"That you let fall one day—
A flower that your lips had touched
Before you dropped it by the way."
Ah, you knew not that I was near;
You knew not that I loved you when
I placed it in my bosom, where
I've worn it for your sake since then."
It was their joyous honeymoon;
She looked at him a while,
And then across her features broke
A knowing little smile.
The while she said, unto herself,
"I wonder what he'd say
If he could know I watched him when
He picked it up that day?"

—Chicago News.

HIS SURRENDER.

When a widow puts a notice in her window to the effect that there is accommodation within for a respectable single man it usually means mischief. It is the old, old invitation of the spider to the fly. How on earth could a mere, ordinary, inexperienced, guileless single man be otherwise than clay in the hands of Mrs. Potter?

Originally a Whelks, she had married in the first place a Higson and in the second the late but unduly unlamented Potter.

The grass on the grave of the latter having now begun to grow quite luxuriantly, the relict considered that to remain a widow any longer would be sheer waste of time and opportunity; hence the card—6 inches by 4—with the announcement referred to.

"The rest," said Mrs. Potter, "I leaves to Providence."

And Providence, thus piously invoked, responded with Joshua Jebbings.

He was an unassuming individual, was Joshua, and so was conscious at times of a vague presentiment that this was a condition of affairs too good to last. It was Joe Whibble who first opened his eyes to the snare that was being spread for him.

"Reckon ye'll be for putting up the bans 'fore long," remarked this worthy, with a significant wink.

"Bans!" exclaimed Joshua. "I ain't got nothink to do with no bans, I ain't."

Unabashed by the array of negatives, Joe executed another wink of even deadlier significance, but contented himself with the skeptical monosyllable "G'arn."

This was all that passed at that time, but Joshua went home with the ominous word "bans" rankling in his breast.

He was very silent over his tea, except when a bone went the wrong way. His landlady kept an intermittent watch on him out of the corner of her eye.

"It's about time I give 'im a 'int," she thought. "Time's getting on, and Whitsuntide'd do as well as not."

It was at this moment that Mr. Jebbings, looking up, caught her eye. But for the poison instilled into his mind by Joe Whibble it is probable that he would have seen nothing particular in it. As it was, it seemed to look "bans" at him—which was worse than daggers. Mr. Jebbings choked again, partly from emotion and partly owing to another misdirected fish-bone.

Mrs. Potter sighed a sigh of fond reminiscence.

"I declare, if you don't remind me for all the world of Higson! Wonderful one he were to choke. I've knowed him to go black in the face over a red herring. And more'n once he's brought my heart into my mouth with a apple core. But, for all that, he lived to die in his bed."

As soon as supper was over Joshua slipped out and sought solace and security at the Ham and Chicken. Joe was there, and to him Mr. Stebbings—after the usual interchange of opinions on the weather, the crops and the price of pigs—put a poser.

"S'posin' a wid—that is, a wom—leastways a female makes up her mind to marry a man and he won't have her, what then?"

"As a gin'ral rule," responded the oracle, after seeking inspiration at the bottom of his blue and white earthenware pint mug,—"as a gin'ral rule she marries him all the same."

Mr. Jebbings rasped his chin despondently with the back of his hand.

"Ain't there no way of choking her off?" he asked desperately.

"Depends whether she's single or a widder," replied Joe, with an expression of deep meaning.

"S'pose we allows, just for the sake o' argument, as she is a widder."

"Then," said Joe, slowly and emphatically, "my advice is, 'ook it."

Joshua Jebbings quitted the Ham and Chicken strung up to the pitch of giving his landlady a week's notice. By the time he reached the corner of his road his resolution was oozing fast. There was hardly a vestige of it left as he raised the latch.

The first thing that met his too conscious gaze was Mrs. Potter.

"If it's all the same to you," put in Mr. Jebbings, with considerable trepidation—"if it's all the same to you, I—I'm thinking of leaving you this day week if—if no objection," he concluded lamely.

"Bless us and save us all!" exclaimed Mrs. Potter.

"Goo-good night," answered Mr. Jebbings, executing a retrograde movement in the direction of the staircase. Never mind about getting me a candle, and—I shan't be wanting any supper."

"Here, you come back"—

The words floated after him and had the effect of making him quicken his steps.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" he thought as he bolted himself in. "I wish next week was over and done with, too. Wonder whether she's taking on much?"

"Somebody's bin and put him up to this," reflected the lady. "Well, after all, I dunno's it matters much."

* * * * * * *

It was a four-roomed house, two downstairs and two up. The one for which Mr. Jebbings paid a weekly rent was at the back, overlooking a patch of kitchen garden. There was a pigsty in the farthest left hand corner, and some early fowls were clucking around after early worms. It was a fine morning, and Mr. Jebbings admired the limited but promising prospect in the intervals of his toilet.

"Them peas is comin' on wonderful," he mused. "Reckon they'll soon be fit for picking, and with a b'iled gammon o' bacon there'd be a dinner for the lord mayor. Take her round and give her her doo, she's a fine figger of a woman, though a trifle run to fat, and the best hand at a Yorkshire pudding I've come acrost since I lost pore mother. Wonder what she's got for breakfast? Hello! What's up with the door?"

Then he remembered that he had bolted it over night. He drew back the bolt, but still the door refused to open, though he shook and shoved vigorously. He was glad to hear a substantial tread upon the stairs, and hailed its owner through the keyhole:

"Something's gone wrong with the door. It's stuck somehow so's I can't open it."

"No, 'tain't," was the answer. "It's locked; that's what's the matter with it."

"That's queer," said Mr. Jebbings. I never locked it; not to my knowledge."

"But I did!" was the startling reply.

"I locked it, and the key's in my pocket, and there it's going to stop till you knows your own mind."

And with that she turned and creaked down the stairs again.

"Here's a pretty howdy do!" observed Mr. Jebbings, as soon as he grasped the situation. "Bin and locked me in!" "I'll take and kick that door down, blamed if I won't!" he declared furiously.

So he kicked—kicked hard and recklessly—with the result that in less than half a minute later he was sitting on the floor nursing his foot and loudly anathematizing widows in general, and Mrs. Potter in particular, so that the voice of the latter, speaking outside of the door, took him quite by surprise.

"Yes, you may kick, Joshua Jebbings, only remember whatever damage you does you pays for, and you can cuss'n swear, too, if you finds it helps you any. Hungry, are you? Serves you right. S'pose you thought you was going to carry on jest as you liked, and then sneak off with a week's notice! That's where you made a mistake. I ain't no worm to be trampled on, I ain't. So there you stops till you thinks better of it."

The morning wore away somehow, and the church clock struck twelve. Half past was Mr. Jebbings' dinner time. She'd never care to make him miss two meals. It would be altogether too— He could hear her setting the table. How many was she setting it for? Now the frying-pan was on again A few minutes and Mr. Jebbings began to snuff the air like a warhorse scenting the battle afar. But what he snuffed was not fire and carnage, but liver and bacon. His nostrils curled with rapture.

There was a step on the stairs, a substantial step, that made his heart beat and the stairs creak. It came on and on and stopped outside his door. Mr. Jebbings waited anxiously to hear the key inserted in the lock, but instead there came a thump and a voice saluting him by name.

"Joshua Jebbings, you there?"

"Well, that's good," observed the captive, sotto voce. "How'm I to be anywhere else, I'd like to know, seeing she've bin and locked me in? I only wish I wasn't."

"Dinner's ready."

Mr. Jebbings licked his lips in anticipation.

"So'm I," he replied eagerly, "ready and waiting."

"Ready to have the bans put up Sunday?"

"Bans? Sunday!" in a muffled staccato; then with a burst of decision, "No I'm jiggered if I am."

"Very well, then."

And to his horror he heard the steps retreating from the door and down the stairs to the kitchen. Mr. Jebbings gave way to despair.

"So she means to keep me shut up yere till I give in. Well," taking himself into his confidence, as it were, and speaking in a tone of despondency, mingled with reluctant admiration, "she's a oner, that's what she is. I s'pose," he continued reflectively, "I s'pose she's a matter o' five or six years older'n me and weighs, may be, a couple o' stun more. Ought to be t'other way round if a chap's to have any chance. Bans! Next Sunday!" I should like to catch her at it. I'm sorry now I didn't marry Prisciller Potts matter o' ten year back. She was dreadful set on me at one time, was Prisciller, and then I shouldn't never have been in this fix."

At three o'clock Mr. Jebbings gave up and took to his bed. At four the voice of his landlady drew him from between the sheets and lured him to the window. She was talking to a neighbor over the wall, and her words penetrated his ear with blood-curdling distinctness.

"Yes, Mrs. Kirby, you're right—that rain last week have made the peas come on wonderful. And my hens have bin layin' better'n reglerer than I've ever knowed 'em, and I've got a beautiful side o' bacon left over from my last pig. Altogether, one way'n' other, I've bin pretty forch'nit this year, and I don't fancy all the luck's used up neither. May be you'll be hearing some news 'fore long that'll s'prise you. No, I ain't goin to let it out yet, and 'tain't no use your trying to guess. Anyhow, I must run in now, for the kittle's on the bile, and I seem to fancy a rasher with my tea."

Mr. Jebbings shook his fist at her retreating figure.

"D'ye hear that, now?" he demanded of an invisible second party. "Sausages for breakfast and liver and bacon for dinner, and seems to fancy a rasher with her tea! Why, she's a puffeck horsestretch! Come to that," with hungry sarcasm, "dessay I could fancy one with mine. Durn it, I could fancy a whole pig! Look yer, now, I ain't going to stand this. Bans or no bans, I ain't going to starve up stairs while she gorges herself down. After all, she's a fust rate cook, and that's more'n you could say of Prisciller. And you've got to consider your meals fust, and if she feeds me as well afterward as she's done up till now, may be I won't have much to complain of."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Potter, coming to the door and making an announcement via the keyhole to the effect that tea was ready, received his submission in due form.

"If you've set your mind on them there bans, I dunno's I've anything to say agen 'em."

And this is how Mrs. Potter, late Higson, nee Whelks, came to change her name for the third time.—Belgravia.

A Victim of Telepathy.

There came to me late one night a stranger, in wildest despair, resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him, says Prof. Munsterberg in the January "Atlantic." He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces. I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptom of his cocainism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic system grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks; after 10 days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded. Even when the voices had gone, he for a while felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks, when I had him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

Felling the Great Trees.

The chopper approaches the tree with a plumb-line; if the top does not lean more than two feet in the case of a large tree, or more than four in the case of a small one, he considers that he can fell it in any direction he may desire. He then views the ground, and selects the promising "layout," and the undercut is made exactly facing it. The "undercut" usually extends about one-third through, and then the tree is sawed in from the back to meet it. When the two cuts are within six inches of meeting, the saw is removed, and the tree is wedged up up until the top passes the center of gravity, when it falls by its own weight easily breaking the strip of wood remaining, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine.

Where the surface of the ground is such that it is necessary for the butt and the top to strike the ground simultaneously, the stump is snubbed off at the undercut, which provides a slanting surface, so that the butt has no place to rest, and per force slides to the ground. If the tree needs to be rolled off to one side half the undercut is slanted, and a pile of chips is placed on the flat surface of the other half; the result never fails to manifest the efficacy of this device. Again, by leaving one side of the uncut wood between the undercut and the sawcut thicker than the other, the tree may be drawn considerably away from its natural course.

Two Empires.

Capt. A. T. Mahan contributes a most excellent article to the current number of the Engineering News. It is excellent in the way in which it contrasts the methods of the two great colonizing nations of modern times—Great Britain and Spain. France and Holland as colonizers do not belong to the same class. They have not transmitted their national characteristics to the colony but have rather administered from without.

The close of the nineteenth century sees the United States in virtual possession of the bulk of Spain's colonial empire—a string of islands which practically encircle the globe. There could not be a better contrast in empires. Spain has left her colonies impoverished and half famished; England possesses hers in comparative plenty. Both are the result of administration.

Spain from the very first was inhumanly oppressive to the inferior races, and she spared not even her own descendants in the colonies, for when they became aliens she became to them tyrannical and exacting. She oppressed and extorted; she endeavored to make her colonies pay her own debt, points out the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On the other hand Great Britain has been beneficent to weaker communities. And not only beneficent but she has been strong as well—strong in the quality of men she has sent out to administer and to colonize, strong to protect on land and sea. Her energies have always been directed to the elevation of the races. The conspicuous examples of colonial administration are India and Egypt.

Hoarhound Candy.

A good hoarhound candy may be made at home in the following way: Boil two ounces of dried hoarhound, which can be procured at the druggist's, in a pint and a half of water until the flavor is extracted; that is, for about 30 minutes. Strain until perfectly clear. Add to it three and a half pounds of brown sugar, and boil over a quick fire until the syrup will harden when a little of it is dropped into cold water. Pour into a buttered tin and cut in squares when it is partly cooled.

PHILIPPINE WEALTH.

Probably the Richest Unexplored Territory in the Known World.

"When the islands shall have been fully explored the country will probably be found to be the richest unexplored territory in the known world."

This is the estimate put upon the Philippines in a statement which Gen. Otis has forwarded to the War Department. The maker of it is a resident of Manila, whom Gen. Otis describes as a highly intelligent man. Gen. Francis V. Greene indorses the statement as fairly conservative and thoroughly trustworthy. To the officials of the War Department this description of opportunities explains the information that has recently come of the formation of partnerships and associations among the American soldiers now serving there, having for their purpose various development projects in the archipelago. Considerable numbers of these soldiers have banded together with the avowed intention to settle in the Philippines and engage in various enterprises. Some of these American soldiers will send home two or three representatives to enlist capital in their respective communities. This movement among the soldiers has obtained sufficient magnitude to become the subject of considerable attention from the government. The basis for it is shown in the statement forwarded by Gen. Otis. In the way of encouragement which conditions hold out for enterprise and investment the statement presents the following:

"The River Pasig, dredged out to the mouth of the lake, and with its points cut down to make navigation easy for decent passenger steamers, would immediately attract capital to put on daily morning and evening service. Then the people of Manila could and would avail themselves of the service to pass the nights in the many cool spots fringing the lake. No heat in the daytime would be felt after a cool night. In a very short time Laguda de Bay, twenty-five miles by twenty miles in its greatest dimensions, would be studded over with yachts and pleasure craft of every kind to afford pleasurable recreation to all who could spare the time and expense.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR CAPITAL.

"With capital and enterprise the nearest approach to an earthly paradise is here at beck and call. It is perfectly amazing the strides made by progress within the last thirty years since the province steamers began to run in the islands. Some of the promoters of the enterprise can recall that as late as 1863 it took two weeks or more for one of the small schooners then employed to bring in outside produce a distance of 250 miles to the shipping ports. In 1863 twelve capitalists, principally foreigners, got together a capital of $60,000 to bring out a small boat to make trips to the open ports of Iloilo and Cebu. The result was so perfectly satisfactory that boat after boat followed, until there is at the present time a line of fifty province steamers, large and small, running in the Islands.

"The short 120-mile railway put down by English capitalists gives but a faint idea of what a network of railroads could do, but it is quite enough to show what a profitable investment some roads can be made in this country under a liberal, up-to-date government. That which applies to Luzon applies equally to all the other islands, where the produce in many cases is left to rot in the fields for want of adequate means of conveyance. Roads, good public roads and railroads, would send these islands ahead by leaps and bounds, and material progress would be the sure precursor of the light of civilization.

"Why European governments, who have for centuries been opening up and civilizing the darkest countries, should have overlooked the Philippines without having a look into them, and, if necessary, force reform upon the ruling powers, seems inexplicable.

"Take Luzon first, to give a faint idea of known resources. In the north is a rich and extensive tobacco country, where qualities equal to those grown in Cuba can be produced. Coming south, two Ilocos provinces comprise rich sugar and rice lands. Indigo also can be largely produced, and with more labor be increased in quantities and improved in quality.

"In the long range of mountains, practically unexplored, copper, gold and other minerals are known to exist, and without doubt in considerable quantities. Copper has been worked for many years in the mountains of South Ilocos, Mancayan and Lepanto, want of communication being the great obstacle to mining on a large scale. In this neighborhood we have the District of Benguet, over 4000 feet above the sea level, with a climate not to be beaten in Europe. In winter it borders on frost, and in summer it is never over 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

"There is an extensive pine forest there, and exquisite potatoes and home vegetables of all kinds can be grown to any extent. The Spanish government had arranged to put up a sanatorium there, to save sending invalid troops and employes to Europe to recuperate. A mountain line of rail road for ascent and a short level line to connect with the terminus of the Manila-Dagupan line would take passengers from Manila in about twelve hours to this desirable retreat.

"The Provinces of Union, Zambales, Pangasinan and Bulacan largely produce tobacco, sugar, rice, etc. The Angat mountains, Bulacan and Bosoboso, only a few miles from Manila, produce iron ore yielding upward of 72 per cent of pure metal. These mines have been worked but little. Some iron ore from Angat is stated to have produced 85 per cent. of pure metal. These mines have been worked but little. The latter exists in very large quantities, only requiring capital and enterprise to develop a large production. Lead, silver, gold and coal are to be found in many parts of Luzon. Hemp, sugar and coffee are also produced, the first two in large quantities.

RESOURCES OF OTHER ISLANDS.

"Mindora, close to Manila, is occupied by Europeans only in small spots, and is covered, as are many parts of Luzon, with valuable timber from the water's edge to the mountain top. The variety of hard and other woods numbers about seventy of known good woods. Valuable but undeveloped coal beds exist in Halcom, the highest mountain in the group.

"Romblose is rich in marbles, covered with cocoanut trees, and only partially explored. The Islands of Tablas, Marbate, Burias and Mariuduque, etc., are good timber producers, and also possess excellent pasture lands. The large and fertile island of Panay produces sugar, rice and sapan wood in abundance, and there are indications of petroleum and coal in some places. Owing to a lack of roads, it is next to impossible to bring the produce to the shipping port, Iloilo, unless at an exorbitant and prohibitive cost. This island and its neighbor, Negros, are most promising fields for railways, the port of Iloilo bidding fair to be the principal exporting center of the archipelago at no distant date. In 1850 Negros and Iloilo exported about 600 tons of sugar. In 1897 the production was close to 200,000 tons. Rapid communication would increase the yield four-fold in a short time.

"Cebu, Leyte, Samar and Bohol produce sugar, hemp, maize and tobacco. Excellent cattle are also raised. Cebu is full of coal. In the mountain side of Uling, the outcroppings indicate the existence of millions of tons. A couple of millions of tons could be extracted with very little mining. This is the largest coal bed thus far discovered, and at fifteen miles of railway the mineral can be put down in the port of Cebu at a cost of rather under than over 5 shillings per ton. The coal is of good steaming quality. The local steamer owners have found it to be fully as good as the best Japan lump. With an abundance of cheap labor, coal and iron within reach, many enterprises, having the raw material on the spot, could be at once proceeded with, such as rope works, sugar refineries, cement and brick works, docks, wharves, reclamations, port improvements, dredging, etc., for which there is an unlimited field all over the group.

"Many of the above industries give handsome returns in Hong Kong and elsewhere even after the payment of freight and charges on the raw material imported from Manila, Java, Japan, etc. The island of Mindanao is practically unexplored and unconquered, with the exception of a fringe around the coast. It is timbered from water's edge to mountain top, and produces hemp, gold and coal mines, all of which are unworked."

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 it.

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

Beginning the Year

With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier, taken now, will be your best protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in early spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates from the blood all scrofula taints, tones and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, cartarrh and every ailment caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

A Bachelor's Romance.

"What prevented you from marrying Miss Timmins?"

"I wrote her a proposal which she never received."

"Didn't the postmaster deliver it?"

"No; I forgot to mail the letter."

Discovered By a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking the first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

The wide tires seem to be gradually displacing the narrow, especially for farm work. They should take the place of the narrow on the highways, as the roads can be kept in condition with much less expense where heavy loads are drawn upon broad tires than when narrow tires are used. It is not only for the sake of the highway, but there is a saving in draft upon almost all kinds of road. For work upon the farm there is no exception.

EULOGIZED QUAY.

Speech of Senator Merrick in the Republican Caucus.

"The Republican party has called you into council to-night," said Senator Grady, in calling the caucus to order, "to select a candidate who can command the largest number of votes in a convention to be held two weeks from to-day to represent not only the Republican party, but the State of Pennsylvania in the National Congress at Washington. No more important duty can be imposed upon you during your official term than that which falls to you to-night. I will ask you to address yourselves to that duty seriously, and all of you to aid the chair to ascertain who is the choice of the Republican party here to-night. We, as a party, believe in the rule of a majority, and that the man who shall command the largest number of votes here to-night in this party convention is entitled to the support of all members of the convention of the Senate and House two weeks from to-day. All of you and all your constituents have opinions on this support, and there may be some expression upon it to-night. We will proceed to the duty assigned to us."

Senator Walter T. Merrick, of Blossburg, Tioga county, then arose, and in a speech full of feeling and with much eloquence, placed the name of Mr. Quay in nomination. Senator Merrick spoke as follows:

We have met as becomes the duty of loyal Republicans and in conformity with the long established rules and customs of our party to place in nomination a Republican candidate for the high office, of United States Senator. An office the highest in the gift of Pennsylvania and the second in importance in the United States. Duty to ourselves, our party and our country demands that our best judgment and highest sense of patriotism should be exercised to their fullest extent in the selection of a candidate for such an important trust. Our action will affect not only this great and powerful Commonwealth of which we are so justly proud, but its influence will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

We will select to-night the candidate who should unquestionably be elected United States Senator from the State of Pennsylvania for the next six years. He will be the representative of an empire and he should be a man of the highest attainments and most marked ability; one able to command the confidence, esteem and respect of the people whom he represents and also of his colleagues in the august body of which he will become a member; one who well knows the wants and needs of the farmer, the laborer, the business man, the manufacturer, the miner and all the diversified interests of the greatest manufacturing State in the Union.

One whom years of experience and study have eminently fitted for the position and who is both by nature and training generously endowed with all the qualities of mind and heart that constitute the true statesman and patriot. One whose love of country and fidelity to all her grand ennobling principles and institutions is as enduring as the rock of ages. He should be a man of the people. One whose earnestness and zeal will be exerted alike in the interest of the humblest and the highest in the land. One who in the supreme moments of the Nation's peril, either from arms foe without or ruinous dogmas within, has never once flinched nor faltered in the path of public duty. Who believes in the Republican party and its principles and has an abiding faith in the righteousness of its cause and the necessity for its further existence. Who holds that a sound financial policy and protection to American industries and American labor is essential to the best interest of the American people.

In short, a man who though coming from humble walks in life will maintain the majesty and power of this grand old "Keystone of the Arch," at the Nation's Capital. Such a man it has become my duty and pleasure to name for your consideration to-night. I will name one born and reared within our own borders. Whose early training and education were received in a Christian home from Christian parents and surrounded by all the elevating influence of the Church and whose veneration for its institutions has never diminished. A man who had the moral courage to stand up before the world in the high office to which he had been elected and denounce and prevent an attempted public desecration of the Holy Sabbath.

I will name to you a man whose name is known not only to us, but is familiar in every town and hamlet from the Canadian boundary to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, whose love of country, wisdom, patriotism and courage have been proven on the field of battle and in the council chambers in State and Nation; whose fidelity to the sacred ties of friendship is only equaled by the generous and lofty consideration shown to all fair and honorable opponents.

A citizen whose domestic ties are dearer to him than worldly honors; whose fireside is a typical model American home, and around which clusters a family whose extreme devotion and love for one another appeals to the heart; a home in which the injunction of Holy Writ to "honor thy father and thy mother" comes not as a command, but as a most pleasing duty; where the father, the mother, sisters and brothers are welded in the bonds of paternal and fraternal love, a united happy family. A wise, brilliant, dashing, daring political leader, who has earned the right to be styled as he is, the greatest political general of American politics, who has been to the Republican party another Ulysses to the Greeks, plucking victory from almost certain defeat; a statesman whose broad and liberal views have left their imprint on the legislation of the Nation; whose efforts for the workingmen of the country have brought peace, happiness and comfort into thousands of homes, and his name is to-day enshrined in their hearts as the protector and savior of Pennsylvania industries, who during twelve years of service in the United States Senate wielded an influence second to none.

The soldier who bidding the loved wife and little ones good-by, and commending them to the care of Almighty God, offered his life to his country; to save his country's life he was willing to give his own. What greater sacrifice could any man make? Heroes then sprang from every hillside and valley, wives, families, sweethearts were forsaken to save a Nation and to preserve the liberty our fathers had given us. My candidate was one of those heroes. One to whom the coward's burning blush of shame was and is unknown. Stricken with fever, compelled to resign his command, yet when he learned a great battle was to be fought begged for a place in the forefront of the fray. Death came from behind that stone wall at Fredericksburg, and swept the Union ranks in an appalling manner, and American heroes were laid to rest by thousands. To and fro over that bloody field, where the fighting was fiercest rode this honorably discharged soldier who loved honor and the "Star Spangled Banner" of our country dearer than his own life. Congress placed upon his breast a gold medal for distinguished bravery in defense of his country, and to-night we, in recognition of his splendid services to party and country will honor him with the Senatorial toga. Citizen, soldier, statesman and Napoleon in politics, I have the honor of naming to you the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store Berlin, Pa Guaranteed.

Mason Turned the Joke.

Senator William E. Mason has several friends in the life-insurance business, and occasionally these gentlemen have tried to talk business to him. The senator always put them off by telling the latest funny story, and in time they came to understand that he was a hopeless case and didn't care to take any more insurance. The most eloquent and adroit solicitors had tried their arts on him in vain.

Not long ago an insurance solicitor came to Chicago from the East and associated himself with a firm in which are two of Senator Mason's friends. The new man was very willing and ambitious and perhaps a trifle forward, and so the members of the firm decided to have