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The Somerset Herald.

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What Shall Be Done

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THE BACHELOR.

The Bachelor! The Bachelor!
The man who lives in joy!
Whose cares are few, whose friends are true,
Whose peace holds no alloy;
Who lights his pipe and fills his bowl,
Cries "Fie!" to war and strife—O!
Who takes a sip from ev'ry lip
And leads a merry life—O!

God bless the jolly Bachelor,
Who's ever blithe and gay;
Who, when he won't, my lad, he don't,
And when he would, he may!

The Bachelor! The Bachelor!
The wight who lives alone,
With friends to share his pleasures fair,
But none to bear his moan;
With elbows out, and heels run in,
For lacking of a wife—O!
With lips to kiss, but no lips his,
He leads a sorry life—O!

God help the poorest Bachelor
Warm heart and hair grew gray,
With little joy for aught, my boy,
Save having of his way!
—Richard Stillman Powell in Puck.

"LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE."

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZA.

The man and woman that paced slowly side by side up and down the long, dim hotel corridors might have seemed to the thoughtless observer a typical pair of lovers. In reality she was seeking to pervert, and he to maintain, the administration of the law. She was acting the part that her sex is supposed to have acted toward his from the days of Eve. With an absolute single-mindedness and loyalty of purpose that went further to exculpate her than the plea of ignorance could have done, she was knowingly and deliberately seeking to turn from the way of justice the steps of her companion. Artfully, insinuatingly, she held before his eyes the rosy apple of promise, a prize so alluring that the man beside her felt his head swim and his sense grow dazzled at the mere rising thought.

She had begun with excessive subtlety, made wise by her great need. Only the man beside her was capable of granting her this boon. To her woman's prejudiced vision it was beyond reason that he should remain unmoved. If there was any power to aid her in her glance, her smiles, her tears, if need should be she was ready to make ruthless use of them.

"Do you think, Judge Tresham," she said, "that the law is always right? Don't you believe—I am sure I do—that sometimes in enforcing the exact letter of the law one may commit a great injustice?" She paused, awaiting her unsuspecting adversary's next move; she was too cautious to overstep her mark.

"If you mean in the matter of circumstantial evidence, Miss Boniface," said Roger Tresham, "I quite agree with you." He reddened a little, for any reference to the law was a pain he would willingly have spared her.

"N-no," said the girl, slowly, "I—I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that the law doesn't seem to have any heart. It doesn't seem to take cognizance of misfortune, of—oh, Judge Tresham—" She broke of with a catch in her breath dangerously near to a sob.

Tresham was thrilled and warmed by the intimacy of her appeal at the same time that he was struck with horror at his own impossible predicament.

"Judge Tresham"—she had regained her composure—"will you let me speak of my poor father's trouble? You know all about it, and it will be such a comfort. Judge Tresham, is the law really without pity?"

'God forgive me!" cried the man beside her; "I—I cannot listen; I cannot help or comfort you. Miss Boniface, if things had been otherwise I—you and I, perhaps; but now, as it is—" He stopped helplessly and made a despairing gesture. But Joyce Boniface met his troubled eyes with her own blue unabashed ones.

"Even as things are, Roger," she murmured, "it may not be altogether hopeless. There must be mercy somewhere, even in the law, and surely in the lawyers. Think, Roger, how much I should owe you if—"

Tresham had gone white to the lips; his breath came in gasps. Ten minutes ago he would indignantly have repudiated the idea that she could stoop to influence him by so much as a feather's weight upon one side or the other, far less to bribe him with the glittering promise of what he most desired. Accustomed to viewing things with the eyes of a lawyer and a jurist, he had omitted to take into account the natural prejudices, emotions and failings of poor, weak human nature. He shrank before the thing he knew she was about to utter.

"Do not say it, Joyce," he cried; "do not say it?"

She had faltered a little at his look of horror. "Have I said anything so terrible, then?" she asked, almost proudly. "Is it a crime to help one's father?"

"Hush," said Tresham; "yes. You are a child; you cannot know what you are doing. Your father—"

She dropped his arm. "My father knows nothing of this," she said, haughtily. "No doubt he would be angry if he knew that I had condescended to beg for him. No doubt he will be honorably acquitted without your help." Then she sank into a chair, laid her head against her arm and quietly wept.

Tresham laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "You must not think I don't pity you," he said, softly; "but, indeed I too am to be pitied. I am in a terrible position. When we came here some few weeks ago, you with your unhappy father, and I his luckless judge, all three of us snatching at the legal delays to rest in mind and body; when I met you, and saw how lovely you were, and knew, as—God help me!—I knew soon enough that your smile or frown was the only bar at which I trembled, why, I should have been brave for you and for me, I should have put by the temptation for us both, I should have fled before you."

He paused, but the girl gave no sign; and he went on, brokenly: "Do you think it is only you that suffer? Do you think it is nothing to me to see you like this, and to feel that if honor were not a reality I could save you as readily as I can lift my hand? Yet, living as we do in a world and in a time in which honor rules, I am as utterly powerless to help as if my hands were fettered."

Again he paused, and this time the girl slowly lifted her eyes to his face; then she asked, gently: "Are you powerless, Roger?"

The swift blood surged through the young judge's face; a light flashed in his eyes. He made a quick, involuntary gesture. Joyce Boniface saw and understood.

"I know what you would say," she cried, lifting her head proudly. "Like father, like daughter, you think. "Well you are right. I would save him if I had to lie or cheat or steal." Her voice shook helplessly. "Oh if you could see him as I do—so broken, so changed from his former self! A poor, sick old man, hounded by the law and—Heaven help me!—by the man I love." She was still striving for her father with all the strength she had, and yet now she was not acting.

Tresham uttered a low cry, and losing all his habitual self-restraint, caught her to him

"Roger," she whispered, and it was the voice of eternal woman tempting eternal man—"Roger, you will save him. It is so pitiful. What can a wretched pair of girls, persons we have never seen, matter to us? I know you will be good to him."

In the shock of returning consciousness and conscience, produced by her strange sophistical plea, he could not help a smile at the very womanishness of it all. It was a very wan smile, though, and then he put her from him.

"What a feudal princess you would have made!" he said, with grim humor. "You wouldn't have recommended cake in default of bread; you'd have asked what poor folk, persons you didn't know, had to be in the world for."

He knew it to be very far from a laughing matter, and yet the air of aggrieved surprise with which she regarded him gave him some ado to keep his countenance. As the same time he knew her to be a sweet, true woman. He knew that she would be at much pains to relieve any distress that came within the range of her vision. But the case of her father's unfortunate victims—that was barred out from her contact, hidden by a cloud as dense as prejudice could make it, utterly swept away by the current of her daughterly love. It was without meaning to her, something distant, vague, with which she had not to do. Her mind was incessantly busied with the picture of her wretched father, victimized, martyred, as he seemed to her. There is inherent in women—handed down to them, perhaps, as a legacy from a time when they did not think or act for themselves—a strong tribal bias. From men it has been to a certain extent eliminated by advancing civilization; in women it exists to-day, a living witness of the narrow confines that once held them.

Joyce Boniface spoke now with the fervor of despair. She had risked her highest stakes, and she could not afford to lose. She silenced Tresham with a gesture, and broke out passionately.

"You pretend to be above temptation, to be superior to egotism; and you look down on people that have—blundered as if they were a lower order of creatures. Oh, you need'nt deny it; it's quite true. And all the time you are hard and cruel and unjust—yes, unjust, too. Suppose I were the criminal; just suppose it were I whom you had to condemn would you be so high and contained and self-righteous? Of course not. You are like all the rest. You can see a man suffer, no matter how old and sick and miserable he is; it is nothing to you. But a woman, you say, is different, most of all a lady. Answer me, Roger Tresham; if I were a criminal would you not find some way of acquitting me, some way of settling it with your conscience?"

"God help me!" mused her lover; "would honor carry me through such an ordeal as that?"

He did not speak aloud, but the woman read in his eyes the first sign of wavering. She pressed her point, not in words, for she had used her final argument, but by rising and standing before him, her hands lifted to his shoulders, her face squarely confronting his.

He spoke after a moment, slowly and calmly:

"God alone knows if I should pass triumphantly through such a trial as that, my darling. Even as it is, so strong is your hold upon me that, were there nobody else concerned, I believe I should be induced to show more mercy than justice allows."

He had forgotten her now; he was answering the arraignment of his conscience. "It has never been with me as with many of the young men that I studied among. From the first I felt drawn to my calling by a power too strong for words. Later I received from my fellows a holy office, the duties of which I shall fulfill as well as in me lies. Even for the sake of the woman I love I could not be led into an act of foul injustice, into a decision that would deprive two helpless girls of their rightful inheritance."

She had dropped her hands to her sides, and stood looking at him strangely. He did not heed her.

"There are some old words ringing in my ears, the words of that old song of Lovelace's. You know what I mean:

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'"

He stammered a little with the reluctance of a modern to handle sentiment.

"I had hoped that, for the sake of the strong love I bore you, we might, perhaps, in some future day—"

"Never!" she interrupted, fiercely.

"Whatever may be your decision, I would have you to remember that if I could have yielded to you in this, my love would not have been worth the having." He took a sudden step forward. "Joyce, will you help me in my choice of the only right way, even if this is to be the end between us?"

But she shrank back and hid her face from him. In spite of her he drew her to him and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Then he turned stealthily away.

Joyce Boniface raised her head and looked after him, made as if she would have called him back, then turned instead and sank into a chair.

Half an hour later, Roger Tresham, walking dejectedly to and fro on the deserted terrace, felt two slim hands thrust around his neck from behind, and heard a woman's voice say brokenly:

"Don't look at me, Roger; let me stay like this. But I had to tell you that you're right, and I know it. Oh, I feel like a traitor; but it won't move you—nothing will move you; and I wanted to say I'm proud of you, Roger. I shall feel bitter again to-morrow, and think hard things of you; but just this once I wanted you to know that I stood upon your level and saw the right as you see it, just as God intended I should do when he put this love into our hearts. If things had been different, Roger—But as it is—never! So, dear, this is good-by; but you will remember, won't you, that I rose for one moment and stood before you.—N. Y. Independent.

A New Scheme.

"It was pretty small, and he could afford to be in better business," complained the man who had been taken in.

"I stopped at a cigar store on my way down town the other day, and Jones and a number of others happened to be there.

"Jones had one of those metal tubes for holding dimes. You know how they work? You have to insert fifty dimes before you can get it open. It is an old idea, but Jones was showing it as something new.

"'Greatest scheme you ever saw,' said he; 'beats a savings bank for saving money. Once you have slipped a dime inside it is impossible to get it until you have fifty of them.'

"The one that he had contained twenty-three dimes, and seeing a chance to have a little fun with Jones, I told him that I did not believe any such thing.

"Then Jones riled up and said that he would give me the contents if I succeeded in getting them out without breaking the tube.

"That was what I wanted. I got the cigar dealer to change a couple of dollars into dimes. Then I slipped them one by one into the metal tube until it was full.

"I expected to see Jones wilt and cry for quarter. But he didn't. He only grinned an idiotic smile and watched me try to get the thing open.

"But it didn't appear to be in working order. I worked at it for thirty minutes and then I had to give it up.

"'See here, said I, as Jones put it in his pocket with $1.70 of my money in it, 'how is it opened?'

"'Oh,' said he, 'you lay it on a block and smash it with an ax.'

"But I have one satisfaction. I am not the only one that Jones has taken in."

About Black Bears.

A never-ending discussion among hunters and woodsmen in the mountains concerns the character the black bear exhibits within the cavernous confines of the bear household. Some authorities say that the bear is a mean, selfish fellow, and has no care for its mate or thought of its offspring, and that the moment it becomes a father that moment it quits the family domicile, leaving all there to shift for themselves. A large number, and, it seems, more accurate authorities, contend that the bear is libeled by these detractors, and that Bruin is really very helpful to Mme. Bruin in the first weeks of her motherhood.

Hunters who have watched from concealed spots and through field-glasses the doings in a den of bears, say they have observed many acts of consideration and kindness in the home circle rendered by Father Bruin. He is not only a good provider in a time of need, but is also a jolly, companionable fellow with the cubs. He will play for hours with them, rolling about on the mountain side or among the chaparal. He seems to invite liberties from the little fellows, for they romp over his body, climb on his broad back, scramble between his legs and often scratch and bite him, so that it must take about all the old man's good nature to endure their pranks.

Many she bears in their anxiety to save their cubs have been seen to pick them up in their forepaws and trudge clumsily along. The sagacity of black bears is very often shown in their manner of seeking food. A ranchman in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains, a few years ago, found that a little pig disappeared about every week from his pigpens. The prints of bear's paws told what was carrying away the little porkers, but the pen was surrounded by a paling so strong and high that the ranchman could not imagine how any beast ever got in there.

An all-night watch showed him that a black bear came that way, climbed a livoak tree that grew near, and walking out on a branch that grew over the pigpen, dropped to ground, snatched a terrified pig, and making for the gate, which could be opened from the inside only, made off to the family den, miles away up in the canyon.

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 a 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 or Lungs. Price 50 cents 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.

An American Asiatic Association has been formed. In time probably we shall have the order of the Philippine Daughters of the Revolution.—Indianapolis News.

Poor Young Vanderbilt.

The "Revue des Revues" provides in the current issue an article on New York society which in our ignorance of the subject we assume to be entirely exact. And yet, how many things have occurred and are occurring here of which we never dreamed. Alfred Vanderbilt is, it appears, "nothing less than the eldest son of the king of American railways." It appears, too, that he married "one of the most adorable beauties of the world of the Four Hundred." It appears, further, that his father resolutely opposed the match, and that his father-in-law, "not to be behindhand in pride, completely abandoned the young couple." Here the plot thickens, says "Collier's Weekly." According to the "Revue," il fallait manger—it was necessary to eat. Let us continue to translate. "Alfred Vanderbilt, junior, put in head to show that the son of a millionaire can be a man. He entered at the company of the railways of the New York Central. During two years, one saw him, dressed in the blue blouse of the mechanics, repairing locomotives. Every Saturday the employes and workmen watched him curiously coming to touch his pay at the desk and returning to the very modest lodging which he occupied next to the rotunda of the machines. Never did he let escape a plaint. Never did he make the least tentative to enter in grace near his father, out of fear that one did not attribute to his submission a motive interested. This courage bore fruit. When the old Vanderbilt perceived that it was necessary to renounce taking his son by famine, he opened his arms. The reconciliation is complete since some weeks, and one prepares already at the hotel of the Fifth Avenue the festivals which are to celebrate this happy incident." There is romance, there is news; there, also, is that, which we think we have heard boulevardiers de cribe as kifkif boriko.

Marie Corelli on Suicide.

Miss Marie Corelli has sent her views on suicide to the Kingston Debating Society, in the following letter, reprinted from the London Daily Mail:

"I may state at once that I do not consider suicide justifiable, under any circumstances whatever.

"It is quite true that God has given us free will in the matter of ending our lives if we wish; but at the same time, we must not forget that free-will was not ours when we came into the world. There can be no doubt that we are brought into it for some purpose known only to the Creator, and it is but a coward's act to shrink—nay, shirk—the work He has given us to do.

"The most difficult course is the most heroic; to die is easy; it is but the matter of a few minutes; but to live a life of hardships, toil, privation and sorrow, and to live it well, is the work of a hero. Does not our frail human nature exult and glow when we hear of some grand act of self-abnegation or extreme bravery, or when we read of the splendid acts of bravery and heroism that men have performed ever since the world began? Therefore, arguing a la Socrates, the most difficult is the best to do, and the bravest.

"No; this gift of free-will is a very sacred one. And who knows but what there are invisible spectators of our acts watching as to whether we use it to the best of our ability as soon as we become conscious of the gift?

"If we use that free-will to consummate an act of cowardice (suicide) we immediately state plainly that we care nothing for the precious gift of God which He gave us in the beginning, and what the result of that contempt may be we cannot possibly imagine, save that cowardice is instinctively despised by both earth and Heaven."

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 cts. a bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store Berlin, Pa.

They Didn't Care.

A woman who had been a victim of indigestion and is kept to dyspeptics' diet most of the time, was recently invited to a dinner, which she was anxious to attend.

She went to her telephone and, trusting to a somewhat unreliable memory, she asked to be connected by the ever-obliging Central with telephone 2334. When the connection had been made she began her plaintive query without any prefatory "Is that you, doctor?"

"I want very much to go to a little dinner to-morrow night," she began rapidly, "and do you think it would hurt me if I ate just a taste of soup, and perhaps a little fish, or at least a trifle of game and a bit of salad or ice? I really think my stomach——"

Here she was interrupted by a voice from the other end of the wire.

"Madam," it said coldly, "eat whatever you please. This is the Stretchem Rubber Company."—Youth's Companion.

Red Hot From the Gun

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

Pruning Fruit Trees.

Begin early in the life of the tree to shape it. A young tree should consist of a central leader with the main branches distributed evenly about it, forming a well-balanced head. On no account should a tree be set with a decided fork in the trunk. The point at which a limb should be removed is just at the upper part of the shoulder which will be at the base of each limb where it joins the main trunk. If we cut closely, the size of the wound is increased without to any appreciable extent decreasing the size of the stub. If the cutting is further from the tree, the scar is still the same size and a long stub is left, over which it will take a tree years to grow.

If possible, avoid removing large limbs, and the best way to do this is to begin when the tree is young and prune it systematically and carefully. If it is necessary to remove a large limb, use a saw, cutting in a short distance from the bottom first, then saw down from above, and the limb can be removed without fear of splitting off below. Large wounds should be smoothed over with a knife, then covered with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

In a general way, summer pruning promotes fruitfulness, while, if wood growth is desired, prune in winter. The explanation of this is that great growth and great fruitfulness do not go together. A plant must reach a certain degree of maturity before it will produce fruit and an abundance of plant food at the time the buds are forming is desirable for the best results. Now if, by summer pruning, part of the branch is removed, the growth is checked, and as the part removed lessens the demand for plant food, it can be devoted to the production of fruit buds. If the tree is allowed to go into winter quarters undisturbed at the end of the season, the roots and tops are in a sort of equilibrium, or balance each other. Now if during the dormant period a considerable part of the top is cut off, a strong pressure of sap is brought to bear on the remaining buds and a greater supply of nourishment is furnished for the growth of each. The result is a large growth of wood, and when the time comes the following season for the formation of fruit buds, plant food is not abundant, and few blossoms are produced.

Teaching His Wife a Lesson.

"My wife has a disagreeable habit of leaving her pocketbook in exposed places," said the man who was telling the story. "I have cautioned her more than once that she would lose it if she wasn't more careful.

"I came down town with her the other morning, and the first thing she did after boarding the car was to deposit her purse on the car seat while she relieved herself of the terrible suspicion that her hat wasn't on straight. A movement of her arms knocked the purse on the floor, where it remained until I picked it up.

"I rescued the purse no less than a dozen times before we reached the bargain counter that was the goal of my wife's ambition.

"Events around a bargain counter occur with kaleidoscopic swiftness, and I soon found myself the sole guardian of my wife's purse, which lay before me on the counter where it had been deserted by her in a mad rush for the other end of the counter.

To teach her a lesson I emptied the contents of the purse into my pocket and retreated to the edge of the crowd to await developments.

"It wasn't long before my wife crowded her way out, triumphantly holding aloft a 25c cream jug that she had succeeded in buying for 49c.

"'I didn't know that they charged things here,' I began feebly.

"'They don't,' she answered. 'I have money left for three ice cream sodas and a strip of car tickets.' And she exhibited the contents of her purse to prove her assertion.

"I nearly fainted when it dawned upon me that I had taken the contents from a purse belonging to some other woman.

"I have no desire to retain possession, and if the woman who lost 79c, a postage stamp, three hairpins and a receipt for angel food will call at my office she may have her property."—Detroit Free Press.

An Invalid's Room.

Avoid set figures and conventional designs in the wall paper. The prettiest and most suitable is cartridge paper in delicate, restful tints the border having a light vine-like pattern. Cool green and blue tints are good for patient's eyes, while cream yellow and other sunshiny tints are exceedingly exhilarating.

The screen—that absolute necessity—may be very simple, with enameled pine frame, covered with silk, linen or canvas.

An open fireplace is not only a hygienic measure, ensuring good ventilation, but adds to the cheerful coziness of the ideal room for an invalid.

Other comforts are, a gayly-cushioned couch, a big easy chair covered with flowered cretonne, a stand near the bed for books, magazines and writing appliances and a light basket for odds and ends.

Working Night and Day.

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

It is estimated that since the Christian era began over 4,000,000,000 human beings have perished in war. The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been been $13,265,000,000.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful. Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornwell, Conn.

The M'Laughlin Terrors.

'One of the leading papers of New York printed a story a few days ago," remarked an old reporter according to the New Orleans "Times Democrat," "telling how the typical bad man of the frontier has gradually become extinct. It was very interesting and mentioned a number of noted desperadoes, among others 'the famous McLaughlin brothers, killed in Arizona in 1880.' I happen to know a good deal about these brothers, and they were really very remarkable people. They differed in one important particular from all other western celebrities—they didn't exist. No, I'm not joking. They were unveiled for 1878 for the edification of the numerous 'tenderfeet' who were thronging into the Colorado silver district.

"In those days stories of frontier adventure were in great demand, and the noted desperadoes of the region were used as central figures in hundreds of purely imaginative yarns spun by enthusiastic reporters. The only trouble about it was that the desperadoes themselves would occasionally kick, so it occured to a well known scribbler named Billy Taylor to manufacture a couple of real bad men about whom he could romance with safety. Accordingly he created the McLaughlin brothers, and, just as he expected, they were taken up by the papers far and wide, and their exploits soon became the talk of the west. Taylor presently acquired a wide reputation for nerve by the fearless manner in which he 'roasted' these dangerous men, particularly the younger brother, Silas McLaughlin, who butchered nine cowboys at Santa Fe because one of them stepped on his foot. 'Red-handed miscreant,' 'dastardly assassin' and 'rope-ripe ruffian' were some of the pet names he applied to him, in spite of the warnings of admiring friends.

"Eventually the brothers became so firmly established in the public mind that any doubt as to their actuality would have been scouted, and to this day you can find scores of men all over the frontier who will swear that they have met and conversed with them. I don't know how the story of their death originated, but I dare say some oldtimer concluded that the joke had gone about far enough, and killed them on the same principle that Cervantes finished off Don Quixote."

Decoration Dont's.

Don't give a small room the appearance of over-decoration, even if there are a quantity of new ornaments received as Christmas gifts which are to be given a prominent place to show one's appreciation.

Don't put a gaudy or bright colored carpet in a room where the furniture is dull, old or of neutral tints.

Don't furnish a north room in blue or any other cold color; something of a warm tint should be chosen.

Don't have chandeliers or hanging lamps with rooms of low ceiling, use side brackets or table lamps in such cases.

Don't hang a heavy portiere over a narrow door; generally speaking hangings are out of place in a small house, or with small rooms.

Don't fill the center of the room unless there is plenty of space on all sides; nothing offends good taste so seriously as the sense of being "cluttered up."

"Don't have too much of one kind of decoration in the house; two rooms upon the same general pattern are quite enough—an individual scheme for each apartment is better.

Don't forget that flowers and handsome decorative plants are no more expensive than much of the cheap bric-a-brac and imitation statues; and while the latter will cheapen any room, the former will give an air of refinement and good taste to the most scantily furnished home.

A Pious Slot Machine.

A well-known Union Pacific employe leaned up against the radiator and told the following, says the Omaha "World-Herald."

"Before the slot machines were ordered out there were a number of jack-pot machines about town which paid from 10 cents to $5 when they paid anything. One of these machines stood in a saloon in Douglas street and had swallowed many a nickel without giving up anything in return.

"One afternoon a salvation army girl entered the saloon with a bundle of 'War Crys' under her arm and tackled the men at the bar to purchase copies. The men were liberal, and she sold a number of papers. As she started to leave the saloon, her eyes fell upon the machine, and then said:

"I'll just play one nickel in here for the Lord."

"She dropped the nickel in the slot, pulled the lever and watched the wheels go round. When the wheel stopped a shower of nickels dropped into the pan and spread out upon the floor. The girl stooped down and raked in the shining harvest, and after carefully counting the coins deposited them in her pocket and sauntered out.

"She played one lonesome nickel and raked in $8 70. And that was the only time the machine paid more than a quarter."

Salaries of Presidents.

Very few persons would suspect how small the salaries of presidents of republics are, when the enormous sums crowned heads receive are taken into consideration. The foreigner often thinks the $50,000 salary of the president of the United States is merely a joke, and that he receives ten times as much in reality, but the same foreigner may not know that the French president, in a country where the wealthiest monarchs once reigned, receives only $120,000 a year.

The president of the little Andorra Republic contents himself with a salary of $15 a year, and the president of the Swiss Republic must be satisfied with $3,000.

Say "No" when a dealer offers you a substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is nothing "just as good." Get only Hood's.

Eyebrow Science.

"It's all very well for a girl to plume herself upon her pretty eyebrows," said an expert physiognomist the other day, 'but I, who have been studying character for years, have perhaps a rather different point of view. Eyebrows show character, and the wise man will take note of them when choosing his friends. Eyebrows, for instance, that are wide apart denote a frank, generous, unsuspicious and impulsive nature. When they meet one may be pretty sure that their owner's temperament is ardent but jealous and suspicious. Eyebrows which are elevated and continue in long, sweeping lines over the eyes with a downward tendency indicate artistic feeling.

ARTISTIC SIGNS.

"Straight eyebrows, forming a firmly defined line close to the eyes, denote great determination and will power. Those which begin rather strongly and terminate abruptly without passing beyond the eyes show an impatient and irascible nature.

"Sensitiveness and tenderness are indicated by slightly arched eyebrows, and firmness of purpose and kindness of heart by those which are straight at the beginning and are rather arched at the temples. The eyebrows of people utterly devoid of mathematical power are raised at the termination, leaving a wide space between them and the corners of the eyes. On the other hand, if they are close to the eyes at the end mathematical talent may generally be safely assumed.

"Eyebrows of the same color as the hair show constancy, firmness and resolution; if lighter than the hair they denote indecision and weakness; while if darker we may probably be right in our surmise that their owner is of an ardent, passionate and incontstant disposition.

AN ENERGETIC NATURE.

"An energetic and easily irritated nature is shown by the hair growing in different directions; while short, close lying hair, growing in one direction, indicates a firm mind and good perceptions. An ardent but tender nature is shown by the hair being soft and fine. When the hair of the eyebrows has a downward droop so that it almost meets the lashes when the eyes are widely opened, tenderness and melancholy are betrayed. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes the firmer and more earnest the character while the more remote the more volatile and flighty is the nature of their owner."

The Fate of a Silk Petticoat.

"You know my new rose-colored silk petticoat," said the girl in the seal sacque, embracing her friend whom she had met at the hot chocolate counter.

"The one with the accord