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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.
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Persons have been known to gain a ***pound a day*** by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at lowest

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Adjoining Mrs. A. E. Uhl, South-east corner of square.

SOMERSET, PA.

BOIL IT DOWN.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
When your brain its coin has minted,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down;
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the trimmings,
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

—Selected.

STORY BY THE JUDGE.

While several of the old court benchers were in the county court house in New York city the other day, discussing a famous poisoning case, the one called judge inquired: "Should a lawyer defend a man charged with murder when he knows the man to be guilty?" This question led to an animated discussion, which, after some two hours was brought to an end by the judge suddenly exclaiming: "Do you see that man?"

The benchers turned their faces in the direction indicated by the speaker just in time to see a tall, lank man in shabby attire leave the building.

Before a word was spoken by any of the curious benchers the judge said, as though musing to himself, though in a tone loud enough for the others to hear:

"Strange that I should see that man just at this moment, and when we were discussing a question that he could have answered. His life, like mine, has been a failure, but thank God! my regrets, though many, can never be as bitter as his are. He ruined his career as a lawyer by defending a man who had confessed that he was guilty of murder."

"Tell us the story," exclaimed the one known as the proctor.

"He was ruined," began the judge, "by his ambition."

"Ambition," suggested the solicitor, with a genial smile on his kindly, clean-shaven face, "is responsible for much good and much evil. It is ambition that has made wrecks, legal driftwood of many of us. We have dreamed of great deeds in our profession, we have builded fairy castles in the air, while others have by hard work succeeded. I for one——"

"The story! the story!" exclaimed several of the benchers.

The judge, thus urged, told his story: "Some fifty years ago it was that I entered the small courthouse in a small town in the western section of New York. Court was in session, and the hush that had fallen upon the crowd in the room was oppressive. Nothing was heard at that time but the ticking of the clock and the breathing of the spectators. The presiding judge was looking up some legal question in the law books before him. The rapt attention of the jurors and the eagerness of the counsel caused me to realize that a trial of more than ordinary interest and importance was in progress. I asked a bystander what the cause on trial was. He gazed at me in surprise for a moment, and then exclaimed, "You must be a stranger in these parts?"

"I am," I replied. "I have just come here from New York city to file a complaint in an action of ejectment."

"This," replied my informant, "is a murder trial, and there, he pointed in the direction I was to look, "is the man who will certainly hang."

"I looked at the prisoner at the bar. He was a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five years of age. There was something in the expression of his pale face that convinced me of his guilt.

"While the trial judge turned over page after page of the law books, I learned the details of the crime.

"I learned that in his house on the outskirts of the town, one morning, two months before the day of the trial, John Peterkin, a wealthy old man who had been, it was said, in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house, was found murdered, shot in the back. The murdered man had been seated when he was shot, for his chair was overturned just as he had fallen from it. Peterkin, who was about sixty-seven years old, lived alone with his niece, a pretty girl about eighteen years old. She it was who discovered the murder. When she had sufficiently recovered from her alarm, the niece, Mary Peterkin, aroused the neighbors.

"At first it was thought that the motive of the crime had been robbery, but when the police discovered that the safe, the door of which was unlocked and half-way open, contained $1,750, and that the old man's watch had not been taken, that theory had to be abandoned. For several days the case was a mystery. Then it came to the knowledge of the chief of police that Hasdall Renidder, the only son of a widow, whose father had been postmaster of the little town, had been seen around the house and had spoken unkindly of old Peterkin. Renidder was arrested.

"When I had learned this much," said the judge, "the trial judge, whom we will call Blank, looked up from the legal books and said: "I will admit the testimony objected to."

"While Judge Blank was reviewing the law questions I looked at Mary Peterkin. She was seated in the rear of the courtroom, and was an exceedingly pretty young woman, the pallor of her refined face illumined by large blue eyes. She was in deep mourning, which but enhanced her beauty.

"Proceed," exclaimed Judge Blank.

"The witness on the stand—a police officer—then testified that he had found a small revolver with an ivory handle in some bushes just outside of the window of the room where the crime had been committed.

"Were there any marks on that revolver?" asked Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner—the man I just pointed out to you.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What were the marks?"

"The initials M. P.," replied the witness.

"Did you ascertain who owned that pistol?" asked Lawyer dash.

"Yes—Mary Peterkin."

"An exclamation of surprise went around that little courtroom. Mary Peterkin started up in bewilderment and then fell back into her chair.

"Silence in the courtroom!" exclaimed Judge Blank.

"With a face paler than that of either the prisoner or the niece of the murdered man, Lawyer Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, said to the witness, 'Step down.'

The next witness called was a woman who had formerly been employed by old Peterkin as a housekeeper. She was exceedingly nervous, and her voice trembled when she swore to tell the truth There was a malignant expression on the face of the counsel for the prisoner when he asked the witness:

"Do you know Mary Peterkin?"

"I do," was the reply.

"She is the niece of the murdered man?"

"She is," replied the woman in a whisper.

"You once lived with the dead man and his niece?"

"I did."

"Did uncle and niece ever quarrel?"

"Must I answer that?" asked the old woman, turning to Judge Blank.

"You must," sternly replied the judge.

"Yes, they quarreled," faltered the witness.

"What about?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"She—Mary—wanted to marry a man her uncle did not approve of."

"All eyes were turned toward Mary Peterkin, who, with an expression of horror on her face, sat crouched up in her chair. Every one in that courtroom seemed to realize that the testimony already adduced against the prisoner at the bar was as nothing compared with that just brought out against the girl. The prisoner at the bar was pale and trembling, and, I thought, an object of abject misery. Then the thought flashed across my mind that he might be innocent. It was evident that Lawyer Dash was struggling with himself when he asked the next question.

"Did you ever hear Miss Peterkin threaten her uncle?"

"I heard her say once that she wished he was dead," replied the witness.

"With a moan of anguish Mary Peterkin fainted. The prisoner started forward, and, despite the efforts of the bailiffs to restrain him, exclaimed:

"This is a shame. I am guilty, and that man"—pointing his finger at Lawyer Horace Dash—"knows that I am."

"What does this mean?" asked Judge Blank, addressing the prisoner's counsel, who was leaning on the table, and seemed about to faint.

"I don't know, your honor," replied the lawyer, who was seen to press his hand to his heart.

"Let the trial proceed," said Judge Blank, "and don't let that woman," indicating Mary Peterkin, "leave this room."

"Stop!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I withdraw my plea of not guilty. I am guilty."

"For a moment silence, oppressive silence reigned supreme. Finally the judge said: "Do you appreciate your position? That I can pass sentence of death on you?"

"I do," replied the prisoner, with a defiant look at his counsel, "but I would like to say a few words."

"Proceed sir," said Judge Blank.

"I committed the crime, your honor, but not from desire for gain. It was done in a moment of anger, just anger, and for the sake of my dear old mother. Years ago my mother, so that she might pay some debts I contracted while in college, mortgaged her farm—the home where she was born, the home that she went to as a happy wife, the home where I was born—to old Peterkin. Each year since then she paid him usurious interest. Finally there came a day when he would not renew the mortgage. That was the day I killed him. I pleaded with him, but in vain. He insisted he would foreclose the mortgage. He called my mother a vile name. I saw the revolver on his desk, picked it up and aimed at him. He wheeled around in his chair toward his desk, and the bullet entered his back."

"While he was telling this story the prisoner several times pressed his hand to his left side and moaned as if in pain.

"Have you anything else to say?" asked Judge Blank.

"Yes. I want to say," explained the prisoner in gasping tones, "that after I had retained that lawyer"—pointing to Horace Dash—"I told him I was guilty; that I wanted to plead guilty. He forbade my doing so—said it was a splendid case. He would acquit me and cover himself with glory. He said he would ask no fee. I urged that I was guilty, but he said he could clear me. I consented to the plea of not guilty.

"Again the prisoner placed his hand to his heart and with an effort said: "I could not save my life at the expense of an innocent person, and that person a woman. I am guilty."

"He sank back into a chair, and Judge Blank turned to Horace Dash, the prisoner's counsel and asked:

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"I did my duty—my plain duty," said the lawyer. "As I understand it, it is a lawyer's duty to defend his client and to acquit him as best he can——"

"Not at the expense of an innocent person," remarked Judge Blank.

"I maintain it is," replied the lawyer. "Although a prisoner may confess guilt he may be innocent. He might be insane when he confessed. He might be actuated by a desire to save, at the expense of his life, a guilty person. He might——"

"I am guilty!" shouted the prisoner. "I did it. I did it. I——"

"He fell backward on the counsel's table, gasped, and, after a few convulsive movements, attempted to rise, fell back, twisted half around, and his soul passed to a higher tribunal. Judge Blank, after ascertaining that the prisoner at the bar was dead, said: I accept his plea of guilty."

The teller of this story then added: "The man who so strangely passed before me to-day was the prisoner's lawyer. He never prospered at the bar. His career was ruined with the case which he hoped would earn him fame."—L. C. P. in New York Evening Sun.

A Senator's Cheap Suit.

Some months ago Senator Hawley sent a messenger for one of the committee clerks of the Senate. When the clerk reached Senator Hawley he was somewhat astonished to have the old man ask:

"How much did you pay for that suit of clothes?"

The clerk was so surprised that he did not answer until the Senator repeated the question, when he said:

"Fifteen dollars."

"That's what I heard," said the Senator. "Where did you get it?"

The clerk told him, and stood expectantly wondering if he was to learn why the Connecticut statesman was taking such a great interest in his clothes. The inquisitor relieved him by saying:

"Every time I go to England I hear a lot of bragging about their three pound clothes. I am tired of it. I am going to wear a suit just like the one you have on and show them that we can make as good clothes for $15 a suit as they can."

Senator Lodge is also now touring Europe in a $15 suit of clothes. To look at the clever Massachusetts Senator one would suspect him of being the most exquisitely dressed man in the Senate, says the Detroit Journal.

As a matter of fact, the members of what is sometimes known as the "Millionaires' club" are rather fond of buying cheap business suits. One of them told the writer that he bought his suits of a concern in New York that manufactured to order 60,000 of these suits a year. The manufacturer said that he made less than $1 apiece on them.

Worn by Blue and Gray.

"Thirty years ago," says the Rev. David Macrea, of Dundee, Scotland, now in this country, "I paid a visit to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson at her home, and was presented by her with the overcoat which her husband wore when he received his death wound. It was a heavy rubber-faced garment, and the fatal bullet hole and stains of blood were plainly visible. I took the precious relic of the great Confederate hero back to my home in Dundee, Scotland, but en route to New York I met General Howard, of the Federal army, and told him the story. He was immensely interested, spoke warmly of General Jackson's military genius and superb courage, and finally wound up by saying: 'Well, Mr. Macrae, since you have this overcoat, I think I will have to give you the one that I wore in the same battle. I am not ranking myself with Jackson, but I want you to have a souvenir of both sides.' So he gave me his uniform coat embellished with the Federal brass buttons and shoulder-straps. I thanked him heartily, and after I reached home I had them both placed in the fine public museum at Dundee. There they have hung all through these years, the blue and the gray, side by side, one bullet-torn and bloody, the other bright and whole. I propose on my return to have the two coats transferred to the museum at Edinburgh."—New York Tribune.

How to Live to a Hundred.

Are you anxious to live to be one hundred years of age? If your ambition lay in that direction, here, according to a physician, is the outfit you require:

The right parentage. You must have parents and grandparents who lived long.

A body of medium size, fairly plump. Good chest capacity is more important than height.

A quick, springy, elastic step.

A bright eye and clear color.

A symmetrical head of medium size, set erect upon a firm neck.

A regular, even circulation of the blood. You shouldn't be troubled by cold hands or feet.

Slow, inaudible breathing, without nasal obstruction.

Sound sleep, without frequent dreams.

A clear voice, neither rough nor hoarse.

A keen appetite, which is nevertheless satisfied with a moderate quantity of food.

Perfect digestion, shown by freedom from headache, giddiness, heartburn or such troubles.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Vanderbilt's $2,000 Dog.

A large St. Bernard dog, for which W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., paid $2,000 on Thursday, and which was to have been shipped to Newport broke its chain in the baggage room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where it was fastened temporarily, and bit Patrick Traynor, a porter, in the arm. Several other porters chained the dog up again after a scuffle. Trainor was hustled into a cab by Mr. Vanderbilt and taken to Bellevue Hospital, where the wound was dressed. He afterward went home. Mr. Vanderbilt gave Traynor a $50 bill and promised to defray any expense to which the injury might put him. On returning to the hotel Mr. Vanderbilt sent the dog to the S. P. A. to be chloroformed.—New York Sun.

HOW HE SAVED SEWARD FROM THE ASSASSIN.

Major Robinson's Story of The Tragic Event.

Major George Foster Robinson, who was nearly cut to death in his heroic effort to protect Secretary of State William H. Seward from the assassin's knife, on the night of the murder of Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865, is an orange grower in Pomona Valley, California.

This is his own account of his share in that night of horrors, as he told it to a New York World correspondent:

"I had been confined in the hospital for several months by a gunshot wound in my leg. I was nearly well, and had asked to be detailed to some employment. About April 11 I was sent as a nurse to the sick room of Secretary Seward.

"You will recall that on the day of Lee's surrender Seward was seriously hurt in a runaway accident. His arm was broken, his jaw fractured, and his body bruised. Surgeon General Barnes had charge of the case.

"The evening of April 14 was beautiful and clear. Secretary Seward was much better. Early in the evening an informal meeting of Cabinet officers took place at his bedside.

"A little before 10 o'clock, when the Secretary was sleeping easily, the house was closed for the night. Mrs. Seward had gone to her room. Frederick W. Seward, second son of the Secretary, had retired. Miss Fannie Seward, a daughter, and I sat in the sick chamber on the third floor. Miss Seward was near the bed, where her father lay propped up. About 10 o'clock the voice of a man was heard in the hall. The colored porter had seen a tall young man on horseback dash up and hasten across the sidewalk to the doors of the residence.

"'I am an assistant of Dr. Verdi,' said he rapidly,' and have been sent with medicine for Mr. Seward. The doctor compounded it and I've orders to see him myself and tell him how to take it. I must see him at once.'

"The porter answered that he had orders to admit no one. The stranger repeated the demand and gained the vestibule.

"'You stay here while I see Frederick Seward about this business,' said the colored man, starting up the stairs. The stranger followed impetuously at his heels.

"Miss Seward heard someone coming heavily up the stairs and remarked in a whisper upon the carelessness of anyone who would so noisily approach a sick chamber. At the top of the stairway Frederick W. Seward met the supposed messenger, who repeated what he had told the porter.

"Frederick Seward answered that he would see if his father was awake.

"There came the sound of blows and a scuffle. Not a word was spoken. I sprang from the chair and threw open the hall door and saw a tall, powerful, beardless young man about to open it himself. Back of him was Frederick Seward, covered with blood from wounds in his head. The stranger jumped through the door at me. I saw a knife flash in the feeble light. He dealt me an awful blow on the forehead with the knife. I fell backward, while blood started down my face and beard.

"In a second the stranger, wearing a long, light overcoat, a slouch hat and cavalry boots, thrust aside Miss Seward, who had been calling for help. He pounced upon the bedside nearer us, but further from the patient. The assassin now had his broken navy pistol in his left hand and a long, heavy knife in his right. He half knelt on the bedside, leaned over, and placing his pistol on Secretary Seward's chest, struck madly and frantically. It was done so quickly that the telling makes it seem slow.

"I saw (a thousand times quicker than it takes to tell it) the assassin strike at the Secretary's head and lay open a gash in his cheek and neck.

"Then began a terrific hand-to-hand grapple. The assassin gave me a deep cut in the right shoulder as I pulled him from the bed. A second later he gave me another. He turned on me with the ferocity of a tiger, while Secretary Seward rolled off the further side of the bed.

"Miss Seward had pushed up the window in the sick room and had hysterically screamed 'Murder! Murder!' and then had shrieked in the hall for help.

"One who has never experienced a hand-to-hand conflict for life knows nothing of what a thrilling moment that is. We waved back and forth in tight embrace. All I saw was my desperate big antagonist and that knife blade. I grasped the assassin's right wrist. He ceased for a second his stabbing tactics and tried to throw me.

"My wounded leg gave way and I partially staggered. The assassin snatched at my throat. The despair of the moment brought back my full strength and I tipped the villain somewhat off his feet, and urged him a few feet toward the door.

"While we were in a fierce grapple, he trying to cut or stab me, I felt some one taking hold of me from behind. It flashed through my mind that here was an accomplice. I made another awful effort to gain the mastery. Another swerve of our bodies and I saw in the dim light that it was Major Augustus Henry Seward in his nightgown. He had heard his sister's shrieks, had come into his father's room to find, as he first thought, two drunken soldiers scuffling in the darkness.

"I called to him: 'Hold that man's hand; get that knife!' But the Major reached around me from behind and got his hands on the assassin's shoulders to push him through the door. Against the woodwork of the door the man gained a firm footing. Like lightning he freed himself from my grasp and gave Major Seward several stabs about the head and shoulders.

"He bounded down the stairs. Mr. Hansel, a messenger in the State Department, was running downstairs to get help, having been roused by Miss Seward's screams. The fellow overtook Mr. Hansel half way down and gave him a slash down the back, then went out of the front door like a rocket, leaped into his saddle and was off in the darkness.

"The whole affair occupied probably not over three minutes. When the assassin was gone I turned to find Secretary Seward on the carpet and his daughter bending over him. We turned up the gas and gave attention first to the Secretary. He was bleeding profusely. We lifted the patient to his bed and found that his heart still beat. Frederick Seward was staggering about the room in a dazed condition.

"While we were washing the face of the Secretary he slowly opened his eyes and whispered: 'Call the police; get a physician; close the house.'

"When Surgeon General Barnes came he was followed by men high in authority. The surgeon showed deep anxiety when he came into the sick room.

"'How badly is the Secretary hurt?' he asked.

"'I can't tell. You can best tell yourself,' was my reply. 'Badly, I think.'

"The surgeon general came to take my place. He moved close to my side.

"'Don't say anything, but President Lincoln has just been shot at Ford's Theatre,' he whispered.

"'Where's Stanton and Johnson?' whispered I.

"'What do you mean?' he said.

"'Why, this looks like a scheme to kill off the leaders of the government.'

"Surgeon General Barnes left the bed and went into the hall. He spoke to some one there. Then he came back and said in an undertone: 'Thank God, they're safe!'

"I was taken back to Douglas Hospital the next day. It was months before my wounds healed."

His Telephone Frozen.

"East 547, please," said Frank B. Bowman, as he spoke in the telephone in the office on Main street, East St. Louis, yesterday morning. He received no answer, and after moving the hook up and down several times he inquired what was the matter. Still no answer, and as he moved the hook up and down again his bell rang violently.

Again he asked what ailed "Central.' After waiting in vain for a reply, during which time his bell continued to ring, he replaced the receiver on the hook and sent his clerk to the telephone exchange with a note to Manager Vaughan. Mr. Vaughan responded in person. He examined the telephone closely and then took the receiver from the hook.

"Hello, Central?" he said. Central did not hear, and after working the hook up and down he, too, was treated to a ringing of the bell.

"There is something wrong with the receiver," said he, and pulling out some tools began taking it apart. A moment later a loud and hearty laugh rang through the office. Mr. Bowman walked over to the telephone and inquired if he had located the trouble.

"No trouble at all," said Mr. Vaughan. "There is only a thin sheet of ice over the transmitting film."

Some one had used the telephone for a long time the evening before, and the moisture from his breath condensed on the transmitter film, resulting in freezing it fast. This stopped the vibration, and, accordingly, the Central operator could not hear the person speaking.—St. Louis Republic.

Speed on Railroads.

In point of speed the steam railroad locomotive has made tremendous strides in recent years, and its highest records to-day are not likely to stand any great length of time, in view of the constant development of new and improved methods of construction.

The present limit of speed of a locomotive, built especially for the purpose of making extremely fast time, on the best lines and of the best materials now available, is not, says the New York Press, over 120 miles an hour, according to Arthur J. Wood, associate editor of the Railroad Gazette. Mr. Wood says:

"Under ideal conditions—such as a level, straight track, a perfect roadbed, no wind, curves or obstructions of any kind—I believe a locomotive can be produced that will run at the rate of 120 miles an hour, but not more than that. A speed that great would have comparatively little commercial or practical value, except for unusual demonstrations and tests.

"The fastest time authentically recorded for a railroad locomotive is a rate of 102 miles an hour, although claims have been made for other locomotives of 110 and 112 miles an hour. A slight rising grade would be sufficient to reduce an engine's speed capacity to a marked extent, and it would therefore be necessary to have the ideal conditions that I mentioned to enable the locomotive to accomplish the limit rate of 120 miles. But this speed could not be sustained for any considerable distance."

A Will in a Trawling Net.

While fishing off Carlingford Lough, on the Irish coast, recently the trawler Bournemouth, of Milford Haven dredged up in the net a bundle of papers sealed and tied with red tape and perfectly intact.

The skipper brought them to port, and handed them to a gentleman, who found that they purported to be a will in favor of a Miss Mary MacDonald and had reference to estates in Ireland.

About ten years ago a claim was made to the estates in question, which are said to be worth $55,000. The claim failed because the necessary documents were missing.

It is believed that the papers fished up from the lough are the ones wanted, and investigations are being made with a view to handing them over to the proper authorities.

Diphtheria, sore throat, croup. Instant relief, permanent cure. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

The Retired Burglar.

"They tell me," said the retired burglar, "that nowadays people put babies in cribs to sleep; that they don't rock 'em in cradles any more, and that may be so. I suppose it is; but they used cradles years ago, when I was younger. I shall never forget seeing a mother rocking one once, when I was on one of my professional visits.

"You know, I thought I heard somebody sort of crooning as I went up the stairs, and I halted and listened and thought I could make it out; and when I got up on the floor above, at the head of the stairs, I could make it out plainly enough—a mother singing to her child, and I could locate, too, the room that the sound came from," relates the New York Sun.

"The hall was dark; there was only the faintest sort of a turn-down light coming from the room where the singing was, and I thought I could pass the door without being seen because I could see her easy enough right through the hall, bending over the cradle, and it never occurred to me that she might look up, because I didn't think she'd hear me or that she could see in that light if she did.

"But as I was going past the door absolutely noiseless, but looking in as I passed, I saw her bending over the cradle, as I had expected, and rocking it with one hand, but her head now slightly raised, and, as I could dimly see by the outline of her figure in that light, looking across the cradle toward the door, where I was passing. And as she looked, still rocking the cradle with the other, she held up her right hand with the palm toward the door, and the singing was stopped and she was saying very softly, to whoever was passing:

"'Sh——,' meaning, 'don't wake the baby!'

"Then I could see, when I had tiptoed past, right through the hall, just as easy as I could before that right hand dropping to the cradle again, or drawing up the coverlid of the child, perhaps, and I could readily hear her crooning again, just as I had before. Now that I had passed she paid no more attention to me than if I had never existed. Her heart was in the cradle; and all she asked of anybody was that they wouldn't wake the baby.

"Now, what could a man do under such circumstances? Nothing I reckon, except what I did do. After I had stayed there in the hall; on the other side of the door, a minute I started back; this time she didn't look up. I have no doubt, if she saw me or heard me at all, instinct told her I was going."

A Fugitive With a Fortune.

"There died in Kansas City, Kan., the other day," says George Martin, "a quiet, unobtrusive, modest, and never boastful citizen. He came from a Pennsylvania regiment in 1864, and he became a messenger for the Holliday Express Company, running from Leavenworth to Santa Fe. W. H. Bridgens, the messenger referred to, on one of his trips had $100,000 in greenbacks strapped about his person and secreted in his clothes. There was no one but him and the driver in charge of the coach, and for days they proceeded along their lonesome journey without seeing a human face.

When yet many miles from Santa Fe they were overtaken by a howling band of Indians and a fierce battle was fought. Bridgens and his companion exhausted their ammunition and continued the fight with their knives. Finally they succeeded in unloosing their horses from the stage, and, quickly mounting them, fled through the timber. The savages gave chase and succeeded in separating the two men, but did not capture either of them. Mr. Bridgens still retained his treasure, but he lost his way among the crags and canyons, and it was more than two weeks before he found his way to the house of a white man. During all this time he subsisted entirely upon berries and herbs. His long absence caused his employers to believe that he had been robbed and killed by the Indians, and before his return they had made good the money they had given up as lost. When Mr. Bridgens returned with his precious burden still intact they were amazed, and so grateful were they that they presented their young agent with a handsome token of their appreciation."

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens, the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Safe Either Way.

"I suppose you regard yourself as sure to win," said the friend.

"Absolutely," was the answer. "I can't lose. If I'm elected, I'll make no end of money, and I've bet enough on the other candidate to more than even up my expenses in case of my defeat."—Washington Star.

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 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Farm News and Views.

Crimson clover and rye should now be well advanced. It does not pay to cut the crimson clover for hay at this season of the year, as grass will soon be plentiful, and later hay crops can be grown to better advantage. Plow the crimson clover under and plant the land to corn. By so doing the cost of fertilizer will be reduced, as the crimson clover will supply all the nitrogen needed for the corn. After the corn is "laid by" it will pay to then broad-cast cow peas between the rows, working the seed in with a cultivator. By harvesting the corn and removing the crop to the barn to be shredded, and then turning the pigs on the cow peas, they will not only grow rapidly, but will be fat enough to kill without the aid of corn. All kinds of stock, including poultry, will find a larger share of their food in the corn field by this plan, and there will be no cost for harvesting the cow peas, as the stock will attend to that duty. It is simply making the land perform extra service without loss of fertility, as the crimson clover and cow peas will assist the land, and the animals will drop manure on the field.

Heifers frequently come in as milkers when 2 years old; in fact some are much earlier, but 2 years may be placed as a fair limit of time in raising a heifer and she may cost as much as $26, but the cost will be less than the price of an ordinary cow bought as a fresh one. No one, however, should raise a heifer unless with the view of improving the herd. To raise a calf with no breeding is to take the risk of having a worthless cow. When the calf is