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The Somerset Herald.

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WHOLE NO. 2493.

How To Gain Flesh

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.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.
Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus, \$37,000.
UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$3,000.

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next Door West of Lutheran Church,
Somerset, Pa.
I am now prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

KEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at Lowest.
CASH PRICES...
Adjoining Mrs. A. E. Uhl, South-east corner of square.

Shadow and Light

Blends most softly and play most effectively over a face, giving a delicate glow which lingers on the cheek.
The light that brightens beauty's charm, that gives the finished touch to the drawing room or dining room, is the mellow glow of BANQUET WAX CANDLES.

Get an Education

THE CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LOUIS KAY (Chesnut Co., Pa.)
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS
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Scientific American.

BUT HE DIDN'T.

I knew a man who had the pay that little bit that took a day. He'd just collected a little more, and come right up and fork it over. I heard him say the man he'd bill, and walk right in and get his bill—but he didn't.

A KING'S RANSOM.

A few miles from what was bygone days a thriving town, but now presents nothing but a wreck and a few reminders of vanished greatness, there is still extant the relic of what was once a stately home. Its quaint architecture proclaims its age. Guarded on all sides by giant pines and the interlacing undergrowth of years, it is as completely secluded, as shut away from everyday human contact as the fabled spot where Rip Van Winkle dreamed away his shiftless youth and reposed through what had every indication of proving a trying and troublous time of manhood. Through the rustling remains of what was once an ornate iron railing the hedges, now towering tree-like, thrust themselves in rank luxuriance and the undipped growth of years.

Within a stone's throw of the ruined mansion, but screened therefrom by a grove of moss-hung cedars, stands an ancient mausoleum. Built of what was once glittering white marble, time has changed its hue to a dingy, mournful gray. Small shrubs and weeds, thickly foot-hold in the pining stems of the tomb where sediment has been deposited by wind and rain, make brave show of veiling the sad colored pile in summer, but snipping winds change them to dry, rattling skeletons of their former beauty, that stand as though keeping guard over the last remnant of a proud but fallen race.

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rested upon the bit of stone gleaming upon his young mistress' hand and many conflicting emotions agitated his mind.
Alec was a slave, the son and grandson of slaves, and though his owners were always kind, his work light, and his privileges very many, strange thoughts had entered his mind of late and dwelt there persistently. He would be free, free as his master, to go where he listed, to study and learn. He would go to some land where the conditions of master and slave did not exist. But how? Many sleepless nights had this question not slept, and still so distractingly hopeless seemed its solution.

Without his own volition, not knowing whither he was going, Alec found himself wandering in the neighborhood of the big woods that loomed white and shining in the watery light of a young moon. The moss-hung cedars cast their trembling shadows across it, and the entrance was in fitful darkness. Leaning against the big bronze gates, he peered into the misty recess from which a flood of cool, moist air, heavy with the scent of falling flowers, greeted him.

The judge sat alone in his library. All but he had sought their rooms to find what he had a new and poignant grief admitted, but he desired no rest. His lamp burned dimly on the table, the fire fell low in the grate, and watery gleams, the first harbingers of the new day, filtered through the window into the room. His body was weary, his heart sore, and this new revelation seemed almost too much of sorrow for his heart to bear. In the still hour, just before the dawn, the judge was disturbed by a soft tapping. Again and again, but still it failed to reach him from his library of woe. Then a voice, soft, plaintive, in-breathed, reached his ear and penetrated his consciousness.

She had many suitors, but she hesitated long, gracious equally to all who would honor her with their name and fortune and not a few who would bestow name and title for the happiness of her life and her child, incidentally, sharing her own regal fortune.

Dozens of lovely women, dressed a trifle gaily, as though in women are apt to be, and as they were wont to be at that period, filled the drawing-room and dining-hall of the mansion. Pale-colored silks veiled with wonderful-colored satins, handsome laces veiled with glittering gems, and though there were many jewels of price worth that night, none equalled in beauty and value the magnificent gem placed on the hand of the bride-elect by her mother, an elderly lover. Posing near her mother in the course of the evening, Evelina held up her hand, making the gem flash and sparkle in the subdued light.

ill his mind dwell upon the "king's ransom" shot away from sight upon a dead hand, while he, a living being, full of the possibilities of the keenest enjoyment of life, languished in the "king's ransom" of the living. The thought burned in his mind like living fire, and he experienced the depth of despair. Yet to be possessed of the ring were easy now that he could make no resistance. To enter the vault, to lift the lid from the casket and slip the ring from her hand would be the work of a few moments. Then he would be free—free as his master—forever after.

When the judge comprehended the situation, especially when the abrupt slave produced the missing finger and ring and offered them to her in fear and trembling. Little by little he was induced to tell his story, how he desired freedom, and how his mistress's words suggested a means of obtaining it; how he had stolen into the tomb that night and secured the treasure, even how he intended to fly and begin life anew, free, with the proceeds of the sale of the gem.

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COLONEL FUNSTON'S CAREER.

Wherever There Was an Adventure, He, Too, Was There.
William Allen White, in an interview, gave this story of the career of Colonel Frederick Funston:

"Fred, Funston was a sixteenth century knight, born three centuries too late. He did the best he could to rectify the error of his birth by prancing up and down the frontiers of the world hunting adventures. He got as good an education as the schools of his time could give him, and in 1880 set out for the jousts and the tourney.

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THE PENNSYLVANIA SENATORSHIP.

New York Tribune.
The acquisition of Senator Quay on the charge of conspiracy to make illegal use of public money deposited in the People's Bank, of Philadelphia, has evidently caused little surprise in any quarter. The rather protracted debatement of the jury naturally afforded some reason to think that it might not succeed in agreeing upon a verdict, but after the cross-examination of the expert witness for the prosecution and the rather abrupt closing of the case for the people it is doubtful if anybody really believed the defendant would be found guilty. His friends nevertheless had sufficient warrant for their enthusiastic demonstrations, and they did not permit his habitual placidity of demeanor to be disturbed thereby, he doubtless feels relief as well as satisfaction in the result of the trial.

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Disgraced.

The Pennsylvania Legislature of 1899 disgraced itself and the State. The best act it did in the whole session was when it quit and went home to stay. The session of 1897 has been held up as a horrible example, but it was respectable compared to its successor.

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Rose Culture.

As these hints are meant only for the amateur, who must work on a small scale, only a few rules and suggestions are offered, with all the industry and perfect appreciation of their limitations. In regard to situation—remember, roses will not thrive in a damp, close shady situation. They must have abundance of air and sunshine, rich soil and careful culture. If the soil is poor naturally, it must be enriched and replaced with prepared soil to the depth of 2 feet. If you have no room to be so particular, it will be best to get the soil of a florist. If much needed, it may be prepared by mixing top soil from a field with about an equal portion of good compost, thoroughly worked in. If the soil is sandy, a little clay should be added. By all means avoid patronizing cheaply made street vendors of what appears to the casual eye to be "rich earth," but is, in fact, street sweepings, largely consisting of crumbled asphalt, warranted to destroy anything planted in it.

Whenever practically select your roses from local florists that you may see with your own eyes and obtain any guarantee for it. It is not really safe to plant roses grown under glass before May 1, but field-grown plants may be set out somewhat earlier. Wet the roots thoroughly and pack the soil about them firmly. If this is carefully done these plants will not know they have been transferred, and keep right on growing, though, if possible, it is well to protect them from frost by covering with straw. It is much better to obtain bushes at least two years old. Younger than that the plants are too weak to live through a hard winter, and give but few and poor blossoms the first season. Cut back each branch after blooming; then new shoots will start, and it is only new shoots that bloom.

DISEASES AND INSECTS.

The diseases and insect enemies of the rose are many and obstinate, but not to be discouraging, only those most common and most easily overcome will be noted here. The green aphid generally makes an early appearance, attacking the young shoots in such numbers as to completely conceal the young wood. As fumigation out of doors is not practicable, a solution of tobacco water, made by soaking 1 ounce of stems in one gallon of water, should be applied with a syringe or atomizer. This should be done in the evening, and repeated until the aphids disappear. The red spider is another most destructive insect, attacking the under side of the leaves and destroying the sprouting in a short time if not checked. Spraying with the tobacco emulsion in such a way as to reach the under side of the foliage is the remedy. Daily syringing with cold water in the same way will prevent the appearance of this pest, which also attacks the sweet pea, nasturtium and other garden plants. An ounce of prevention, etc. etc. A good rule for making the tobacco emulsion is here given:

HOW TO MIX THE MEDICINE.

Dissolve one-quarter pound of brown soap in two quarts of boiling water. To this add one pint of oil and mix thoroughly. Then add two gallons of cold water and stir the whole until well mixed. Spray with an atomizer or garden syringe.

Quant Sayings.

It is interesting and instructive to read bright and well-constructed advertisements. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., of Sarsaparilla fame, have been at a great feast and taken everything home with them. They are using a bright selection of quaint old sayings and proverbs as the basis of their advertising, and the result is a series of clever advertisements, wherein the proverbs are neatly turned and paraphrased to fit the subject matter. The public like this breezy advertising, as it reminds of other proverbs and opens up discussion.

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 globe of health, but it changes work into play, and restores the mind to energy, brain-ful into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Disagreement.

Impossible to prepare an accident. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—Monarch over pain.