

Somerset Herald. ESTABLISHED 1827. VOL. XLVIII. NO. 5. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2502.

# The Somerset Herald

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**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

is a food medicine for the baby that is thin and not well nourished and for the mother whose milk does not nourish the baby.

It is equally good for the boy or girl who is thin and pale and not well nourished by their food; also for the anemic or consumptive adult that is losing flesh and strength.

In fact, for all conditions of wasting, it is the food medicine that will nourish and build up the body and give new life and energy when all other means fail.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

**THE First National Bank**

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$37,000.

UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$3,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AMOUNTS

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SECURED

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

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**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.

**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

**J. D. SWANK.**

KEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE!

MEN'S BOYS', WOMEN'S, GIRLS' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, OXFORDS AND SLIPPERS.

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at lowest.

...CASH PRICES...

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

SOMERSET, PA.

**Shadow and Light**

Bleed most softly and they dried effectively even the most obstinate hemorrhoids by water douches.

The light that brightens beauty's cheek, that gives the finished touch to the dimpling smile or clinging tresses, is the magic glow of BANQUET WAX CANDLES.

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.

Manufactured by STANLEY OIL CO. Sole agents everywhere.

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Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.

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Branch facility, varied course, good library, modern apparatus, information free.

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**SEEM' THINGS.**

I ain't afraid of snakes, or toads, or lings, worms, or mice, or any other thing I think are awful nice.

I'm not afraid, I guess, an' yet I hate to go to bed.

For when I tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said, I sometimes get a "Happy dream" and take away the light.

An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night.

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door, sometimes they're in the middle of the floor.

Sometimes they're walkin' round, sometimes they're creepin' like they never make a sound.

Sometimes they're as black as ink, an' other times they're white.

But the worst an' no difference when y' see things at night.

Once, when I licked a fever an' had just moved on my street.

An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat.

I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row.

Adornin' 'em all cross-eyed an' primin' at me.

Oh, my! I was so skeered that time I never sleep a minute.

It's a long time when I had I see things at night.

Lucky they ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!

Bein' I'm a boy, I'duck my head an' hold my breath.

An' I ain't, oh, sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' I promise to be better an' I say my prayers night.

Gr'm'm tells me that's the only way to get it right.

When I've been wickid an' see things at night!

An's, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,

I try to keep the tempter's voice 'at urges me to sin.

An' when they're pie for supper or cakes 'at 'a be my'n!

No, no! I do not pass my plate 'er them things twice!

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—Eugene Field.

**A TRAGEDY THAT FAILED.**

With a thunder-storm muttering among the hills, and a dozen loads of hay in the cock on the big meadow, it was a scene to have attracted the attention of any one who was passing. A man could be spared from the hay-field that afternoon; so Cleyly Maynard, the hired girl, was instructed to harness old Sorrel and fetch home the young artist, who had written that he would arrive on the four-o'clock "mail."

Cleyly was only too glad to go. Like most farm help, she looked upon any variation of the everlasting routine of daily labor as a blessing to be thankful for. The four-mile ride to the station through the woods and along the river was in itself infinitely preferable to an afternoon in the kitchen and mill-room; and then there was the added pleasure of gratifying one's curiosity about the new boarder and how the company home of a young man who was also a genius—provided you looked at him from the right level. And although pretty Cleyly had been for two years engaged to Amos Doxey, the hired man, she had not yet sufficiently subdued her girlish sensibility to be unimpaired in a denure and innocent way of the romance of riding four miles alone with a young man who could paint pictures, and who lived in the city.

Perhaps Amos, with love's clairvoyant insight, had arrived at this conclusion of Cleyly's feelings, for, as he denied himself his customary second place in a denure and innocent way of the romance of riding four miles alone with a young man who could paint pictures, and who lived in the city.

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It did not seem to very much concern Mr. Blake, the summer boarder, whether his natural ways proved agreeable to others or not. He went and came in a quiet manner, going out almost every pleasant morning to sketch or paint, and spending his afternoons at home, reading, writing, or at work with brush and palette in his room. But whenever Cleyly went around, a close observer might have noticed that Mr. Blake was absorbed in his book or his picture than at other times. The girl's face was beauty evidently caught his fancy. His artistic temperament could not help responding to the charm of form and color embodied in her face and figure.

"By Jove! what a model she would make!" he said to himself one day, as through a vista of orchard trees he saw Cleyly hanging out the week's weekly wash. "I'd like to paint her in that very attitude—and, by Jove, I will!"

"I'll get my pad and ask her to let me sketch her while she hangs out Amos's checked shirt."

Thus it came about that Cleyly crept into a good many of the artist's pictures that summer. At first the girl was reluctant. It made her feel awkwardly ill at ease to pose, and besides, she wasn't sure about his being just a hired man. Then there was Amos's how it did disturb Amos! She couldn't help smiling over that sometimes, it was so foolish. But the young artist's flattery and the irresistible way that he had about him, combined with that shy vanity which is as natural to a young woman as strutting to a pigeon, gradually overcame the girl's objections, and she yielded to the strange new delight of recognizing in herself an artist's inspiration. What romantic, almost incredible joy for this young girl, who had always admired pictures above everything else in the world, to find herself the heart and soul of an artist's best creations! Was it not even better, she reflected, than the power to produce a picture, this real power and privilege to be the picture itself?

As the weeks sped by, Cleyly became more and more absorbed in this new

and wonderful romance that had come into her life. It opened up an unimagined world to the long country country-girl. To be able to contribute something to art—and something so rare and precious as an ideal—surely this was grander and sweeter than anything she had ever imagined for herself. She lived in a world of visions from morning till night; and every time she stepped out under the sky, away from the dingy farmhouse and its duties, she seemed to be walking upon the air. And yet not once did she seem to realize that the young artist himself formed any part of the fabric of her dreams. It was the art that she served, art that she worshipped, and art that she was beginning to love with such a passionate, absorbing devotion.

But Amos looked upon the infatuation of his sweetest with other and more practical eyes. When she would bring him some of Blake's sketches of herself to admire, he would turn away with a shrug of the shoulders and an inarticulate exclamation, half of contempt, half of mental anguish. But Cleyly never detected the anguish, and it simply made her like him the more. "Ah!" said the artist, and for some minutes he relapsed into silence. The twilight slowly deepened in the woods as they jogged along, and louder and more insistent swelled the chorus of insect voices. "He doesn't like me so well since I told him I was a hired girl," mused Cleyly, bitterly. She did not know why she should care, but she did.

Some small animal glided across the road in front of the horse, and even old Sorrel shied a little.

"Shan't I drive?" asked the young man, laying his hand on the reins.

"No, thank you," replied Cleyly, firmly. "I'm used to driving, and used to the horse. And, besides, I know the road better than you do. There isn't any danger."

Her companion laughed. "I didn't imagine there was," he said, with an amused look at Sorrel. "Pardon me for offering to relieve you. I did not know that you were accustomed to driving."

Cleyly cast a side-glance at the young man's face. She could not make out whether he was laughing at her or not. What a strange man he was! And yet rather interesting.

Amos was leaning over the fence watching for them when they finally appeared, dragging slowly along through the shadows. He opened the gate for them, and as they passed through, Cleyly said, with perfect frankness, and without any attempt at privacy:

"I couldn't help it, Amos. He didn't come when he said he would."

"No; I missed my train, and had to come on the next," added the boarder.

"But, thank Heaven, I've got here at last. Are you ready?"

"No," said Amos, curtly. "There's Mr. Judson just coming out on the porch. I'll bring in your luggage."

Cleyly went into the house with a curious intermixture of feelings—partly amusement, partly exaltation, partly regret. It was a new and not altogether unpleasant sensation to her to feel that her lover was jealous of her relations, even of her flirtations to another man. It amused her to think that Amos should be so sensitive and so foolish. But she was sorry that he had suffered her account, even while she felt that she had done nothing the least bit wrong. As for there being any reason for jealousy—that, of course, was absurd.

The young artist proved to be a very agreeable summer boarder. He was always courteous, easy to please, appreciative, entertaining and lively. Mrs. Judson liked him because he was always on time to his meals, praised her cooking, both by word and deed, made no extra work even in the small way of putting up lunches, and could talk intelligently of Jersey cattle, which were the pride of the good woman's heart. Mr. Judson liked him because he smoked choice cigars and shared them generously, and was a good companion to talk with on the porch after supper. Cleyly liked him, well, she couldn't tell just why. And Amos disliked him for the same excellent reason.

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The wagon was heavily laden with great bags of material for a single horse to draw, one would have thought.

It turned into a side street, and half way down the block again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable juggling on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheel had made the rise and settled down to level ground. At the barn door it was necessary to turn the wagon around completely and back in. Surely, one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there remained, says the American Farmer.

"Back man up, Jim!" said the man, pulling lightly on the reins.

The horse braced his front feet and shoved.

The wagon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled. "Back!" he commanded.

The horse put every muscle to the test. "Back!" the wagon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

"Back!" the command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood and the wagon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the wagon without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands and patted him between the eyes and said: "Good, old Jim! You did it, didn't you? I knew you would."

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's cheek.

It is pleasant now and then to see such things.

"Dorothy has quit making me uncomfortable by telling me that my hat wasn't on straight."

"What stopped her?"

"Every time she did I told her she had too much powder on her nose."

Chicago Record.

"I owe my whole life to Borcked Blood Bitters. Scrofulousness overcame my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Charles Hutton, Berline, Mich.

played upon her affections. Whether or not she wronged him in this, Blake pitied her now from the bottom of his heart. He realized what a different creature was this uncomplaining, artless, trusting country maiden from other girls with whom he had flirted, or tried to flirt.

They went up separately to the farmhouse after it had grown dark. Cleyly would not let Blake walk with her, but he followed her afar off, compassionately watching. He was really anxious lest the girl might do herself some harm.

But, to Blake's surprise and relief, nothing startling happened. During the next few days the three parties to this heart tragedy moved about their accustomed duties like automata. The faces of Cleyly and Amos were that of blankness and the feeble waxy gleam of Cleyly's moonstone ring was gone. But beyond that one might not have suspected that anything unusual had happened. And on the day which he had set with Mr. Judson the artist was driven to the station by his host, with all his luggage, including the speckles and finished studies of Cleyly. Amos had gone off to search for some stray cattle that afternoon, and as Cleyly did not come out to say good-by, no one thought it worth while to speak to her.

Fifteen years later Cyril Blake, who had in the mean time made fame and fortune in his branch, was moved, and chiefly by curiosity, and partly by some lingering urgency of conscience, to make a summer pilgrimage to the little country village where he had met so long ago the fair original of his famous "Maud Muller." As there was now a "hotel" in the village, he chose to go there as the place where he was most likely to have attention called to himself.

The first man he met on entering the hotel office was Amos Doxey, grown ample in proportions and comfortable in appearance.

"Wal, I declare! Seem 'f I'd seen you before," remarked the sturdy landlord, as he shuffled to the counter and picked up the register for his guest to sign.

The landlord hesitated for a moment; then he dipped the pen and wrote with a bold hand, "Cyril Blake, New York city."

"Now do you recollect me?" he asked, quietly.

For a moment the brow of the landlord darkened and his firm lips twitched. Then he got control of himself and extended his hand.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "Glad to see you, Mr. Blake."

"Honestly?" asked Blake.

"Yes, honestly. Wait a minute."

He opened a door in the back part of the office and called, "Cleyly!"

Almost immediately a comely, matronly woman came bustling in. The face was the same as that of Blake's admired "Maud Muller" only stronger, riper, and stamped with firmer lines of character.

"Cleyly," said the hotel-keeper, with the bluntness and commonplaceness of a man long past his days of sentiment, "here's your old friend, Mr. Blake. I thought I'd like to see him."

For a moment the face of Mrs. Doxey blazed scarlet. Then she came forward and offered her hand, as her husband had done. "We made it up, you see," she said frankly, nodding toward her lord.

"Yes, got married a month after you left," added Mr. Doxey. Couldn't run any more in his harness.—James Buchanan, in Harper's Bazar.

**SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE.**

**Enriching the Soil While Deriving a Profit.**

Scientific farming means more than that is generally understood by the term. Farmers are prone to suppose that scientific farming is practiced by a certain class of experimenters only, and that ordinary farming is a different pursuit. The fact is that scientific farming simply means the best system that can be put in practice. It is not founded on theory only, but upon careful and laborious investigations of the methods in general use. Every farmer should consider himself as a scientific experimenter and should also aim to improve his farm and everything upon it. Improvement is the foundation of success in farming, and no rules can be promulgated that can be made to apply to all farms. The best farmers are those who make their farms pay without decreasing the fertility of their soils, for when the soil becomes impoverished a large proportion of the capital invested in the farm goes with that which leaves the farm. One of the great advantages in dairying is that there is a large amount of material brought on the farms—such as bran, linseed meal, cottonseed meal, gluten meal, etc.—which substances not only replace the elements removed in the beef, milk and grain, but the manure heap, which is deposited the plant food of another season. The scientific farmer is he who does not fail to purchase the low-priced feeding materials, make a profit therefrom and enrich his farm at the same time; yet he may know very little of what is termed "science," though his methods are really scientific and based upon practical experience.

**SKILL IN FARMING.**

More skill is required to properly manage a farm than any other occupation, as farming includes many different branches of business; and, while some are more successful in growing special crops. Gardening includes the forcing process, while fruit-growing requires a knowledge of insects and varieties. In fact, there is no limit to the field of the farmer's usefulness, and the farmer who becomes an expert in any particular line follows scientific methods just as surely as he who studies and observes in some other direction. If the farmer succeeds by the adoption of the surest and most profitable systems he should be all the more willing to theorize and endeavor to further improve his practice. Farming at the present day is rapidly drifting to that point at which the farmer must be a specialist and give his attention to some particular line. The dairyman who has devoted the greater portion of his time to the improvement of breeds and the production of superior milk, but that life with its duties and pleasant diversions, shall be immediately resumed by all. I wish to be taken to St. Luke's church, and there the burial service read over my remains, and do especially request that none but my family shall see me after death. I ask as a special favor that these desires be called out to the letter, and trust my family may be spared any trouble in so doing."

**Star-Gazing Interrupted.**

A young man in Manhattan has a telescope, and every night at 10 o'clock he gets it out and stares at the stars. Recently his older brother gave a party, and when, at 10 sharp, the astronomer drained his glass and sped away to explore the heavens, the host, annoyed at such an abrupt withdrawal, said:

"He doesn't look at the stars, you know, that's bluff. He looks at his girl's window. Stud puts little notes there and holds a card so that the light falls on them, and he reads the notes through a telescope, the yep!"

The beer had been flowing freely for two hours, and on hearing this news the guests decided that it would be a good thing to yank the deceitful stargazer away from his instrument and read the girl's notes themselves. They did this, but the young man took it very hard, and they had to look him up in the cellar. While he kicked and shouted and swore down there the girl's first bulletin was read. Her note was on a hill a mile away, but the note was quite clear. She said: "Good-night, my graceful boy." This message sounded funny to the recipients, and they yelled it through the door at the prisoner, who carried on outrageously when he heard it. The next message was: "Sweetheart, dream of me." More followed, there were ten in all, and they grew warmer as they proceeded. The messages were shouted as they came, into the cellar, and terrible noises answered them. The prisoner had to swear he would forgive and forget all before he was released.—Philadelphia Record.

**Story of a Slave.**

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. 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.

**Remarkable Rescue.**

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

**Only Proper.**

"A dog is man's true and faithful friend," remarked the young woman who passed to a haughty-looking mastiff on the head.

"Yes," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "It's only man's best friend when we go without meat on the table an' shoes on our feet to save up money for him a dog, 'tain' no mo'n de-cent fob dog to reciprocate."—Washington Star.

**The Savage Bachelor.**

"I can't understand," said the Sweet Young Thing, "what Kipling meant by half devil and half child."

"Nor I," said the Savage Bachelor, "when I'm phrases mean essentially the same thing."

In the meanwhile the small boy boarder continued to play that the hall was a railway and he was a freight train.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Victorious Defense.**

"Dorothy has quit making me uncomfortable by telling me that my hat wasn't on straight."

"What stopped her?"

"Every time she did I told her she had too much powder on her nose."

Chicago Record.

"I owe my whole life to Borcked Blood Bitters. Scrofulousness overcame my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Charles Hutton, Berline, Mich.

**How to Can Berries.**

In selecting berries for canning or preserving, be sure that they are ripe, dry and freshly gathered as possible. Berries that have laid over night are not worth the trouble of handling. See to it that cans to be used are sterilized, top and all, and that the water is entirely new. If preserved according to the American custom, allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of berries, or pound for pound, if preferred. Do not allow the berries that are to be canned to stand in the sugar, as it extracts the juice and toughens the berry. Place the fresh fruit into the cans, shaking down well, but not allowing the berries to become crushed. Have ready a hot syrup made of sugar and the juice squeezed from other small berries, and slowly pour the hot syrup over the fresh berries in the jars, leaving an inch of space at top. Have ready a common wash boiler half full of water that is about the same temperature as the cans holding the hot syrup. Set the cans on a wooden rack fitted to the bottom of the boiler, and place straw or kitchen towels between the cans to prevent their knocking together. Put the covers on the cans, but not the rubbers. Bring the water in the boiler to a boil, and as soon as the syrup in the jars rises, showing the contents to be scalding hot, lift the jars out on to a dry board. Fill each jar mingling full with the scalding syrup left in the saucepan, put on the rubbers and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. Tighten again when cold, wrap each can in paper, and set in a cool, dry cellar, where the temperature does not rise above 70 degrees. Put up in this way which closely resembles the celebrated Wisconsin process, the berries will keep for years, retaining color and flavor.

**Farm Telephoning.**

I have a line connecting my residence with ten miles distant as run over one and one-half miles; one-half this distance I simply connect with ordinary bar wire fence, part of balance of way with a barb wire running loosely over an old rail fence, the balance through woods and across roads and gateways on a No. 12 wire nailed to trees, and the covers on the rack set on the line. Simply stapled to posts, trees, etc. The phone is similar to Blake, but cost me some less. Have had line in daily use over fourteen months and not a cent for repair, save renewing battery material occasionally. Has never failed to work, no matter how hard the weather, save for a short time, when one battery froze up. We had to take it off, and then found that we had yet a pretty fair service with battery on one end only. Would not do without it for ten times the cost.—N. W. Adler, in Farmers' Advocate.

**He Fooled the Surgeons.**

All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering six months from Cecal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Army Salve, the surest Pain Cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 50c per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

**A New Mother's Puppies.**

A. W. Gienah, of Sioux City, Ia., recently purchased a sitting of eggs and placed them under an old hen in his hen house. In the same hen house lived a terrier. A few days ago the animal gave birth to eight white puppies, and they were placed in a box in the corner. To the astonishment of the owner, his hen left her thirteen eggs and placed herself in full charge of the puppies. She has been cuddling the tiny pups under her wings, and will allow no one to take them away without a great fight. The mother of the pups is in friendly relations with the hen, it would seem, for she lies on the floor and seems to have no objection to the foot of her mother. At the same time the expensive sitting of eggs spoiled.

**The Appetite of a Goat**

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All who would know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, give a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25 cents at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

**A Tidy Church.**

The smallest church in actual use is in Luffington, Sussex. It is about 16 by 20 feet in the interior, with very thick buttressed walls, and so much is occupied by a disproportionate pulpit that only about thirty worshippers can crowd into the room. It was built in mediæval times.

**Two Mothers' Bibles.**

Late last evening a tolerably well-dressed young man entered a junk shop with an exquisitely bound volume. The dealer gave him in return for the book 10 cents. He had sold his mother's Bible for 10 cents. He had written later another man, who had the same place and bought that very Bible. It was worth something more than 10 cents. "My mother," he explained, "gave me just such a book two years ago, and this one looks to have been used considerably. When she sees it she'll think I've been reading it. That's why I want to buy it."—Knoxville Sentinel.

**David Won't Be There.**

It seems to be a fact that Brother Martin was in earnest when he announced the other day that he did not expect to attend the State Convention. Uncle "Rash" Hackett won't be there either, and some of the other boys who have been training with the Martin machine will find it convenient to be absent. Things are not going exactly right with the Martin combination. When David went to Harrisburg and joined hands with Contractor Flinn to destroy the principle of majority rule he had an idea that the whole State would rise in his support and follow after him as his great leader. The State has arisen, but in just the opposite way. He has been looking over the field in Philadelphia and he has discovered that one of the sixty-four delegates to be elected he could not possibly control over fifteen including himself and Uncle "Rash." To turn up at Harrisburg with less than one-fourth of the delegation would leave Brother Martin looking high up on the board. He does not propose to make a showing of his strength, or rather he does not care to display his weakness. And so he will permit his foes to run the convention, and he will send to Harrisburg a few gentlemen who will be entirely harmless and who will fall in with the declarations of the majority without a murmur.

It is very wise David; very wise indeed. He has made his little fight, and he has lost. The best that he can do is to screen his weakness from the public as far as possible, and hope for the better times that will never come.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Philadelphia Woman's Will.**

The following extraordinary clause is contained in the will of Sarah Jane Lefferts, who died recently in Philadelphia, leaving an estate valued at \$1,000:

"I desire to be buried in a nightgown, and before closing the casket that a small blanket be laid over me. I request that no flowers be used on the outside of the casket, but only a pair of palms, and that if my grave shall be decorated with cut flowers or greenery, I prefer that a very small box, plain stone be used to mark my resting place. My name inscribed thereon, with year of birth and death, without naming day or month or using the words 'born and died.' I desire that black clothes shall not be worn by any member of my family after the day of my burial, but that life with its duties and pleasant diversions, shall be immediately resumed by all. I wish to be taken to St. Luke's church, and there the burial service read over my remains, and do especially request that none but my family shall see me after death. I ask as a special favor that these desires be called out to the letter, and trust my family may be spared any trouble in so doing."

**Star-Gazing Interrupted.**

A young man in Manhattan has a telescope, and every night at 10 o'clock he gets it out and stares at the stars. Recently his older brother gave a party, and when, at 10 sharp, the astronomer drained his glass and sped away to explore the heavens, the host, annoyed at such an abrupt withdrawal, said:

"He doesn't look at the stars, you know, that's bluff. He looks at his girl's window. Stud puts little notes there and holds a card so that the light falls on them, and he reads the notes through a telescope, the yep!"

The beer had been flowing freely for two hours, and on hearing this news the guests decided that it would be a good thing to yank the deceitful stargazer away from his instrument and read the girl's notes themselves. They did this, but the young man took it very hard, and they had to look him up in the cellar. While he kicked and shouted and swore down there the girl's first bulletin was read. Her note was on a hill a mile away, but the note was quite clear. She said: "Good-night, my graceful boy." This message sounded funny to the recipients, and they yelled it through the door at the prisoner, who carried on outrageously when he heard it. The next message was: "Sweetheart, dream of me." More followed, there were ten in all, and they grew warmer as they proceeded. The messages were shouted as they came, into the cellar, and terrible noises answered them. The prisoner had to swear he would forgive and forget all before he was released.—Philadelphia Record.

**Increasing the Profits.**

In ordinary farming with field crops alone there is much to learn. The simple rotation of the crops of to-day is scientific farming compared with the system practiced fifty years ago, when the land was made to produce the same kind of crop every year, or when a grain crop was followed by another, as it is now well understood by all progressive farmers that the constant cropping of the land with one or two grain crops in succession results in exhaustion of the soil, because such crops require the same elements of plant food. Every system of cultivation that does not bring to the farm something from an outside source leads to impoverishment, but the farmer knows how to gain nitrogen by using clover in his system of rotation, and he thus follows scientific methods, because experience proves such to be correct. He is aware that narrow-leaved crops, such as wheat and rye, should be followed by broad-leaved crops having broad leaves, and he uses plants that require nitrogen in order to destroy the weeds that would injure sowed crops. He also rotates, so as to take advantage of the crops that are produced above the ground and those that yield roots, and those that prove the least exhaustive are followed by those of opposite characteristics. Every time the farmer studies and plans how to produce at the least cost and for the largest yields he is using "science" as an aid, and every year farming is becoming more scientific.—Philadelphia Record.

**Story of a Slave.**

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. 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.

**Remarkable Rescue.**

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

**Only Proper.**

"A dog is man's true and faithful friend," remarked the young woman who passed to a haughty-looking mastiff on the head.

"Yes," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "It's only man's best friend when we go without meat on the table an' shoes on our feet to save up money for him a