The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $1.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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VOL. XLVIII. NO. 9. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2506.

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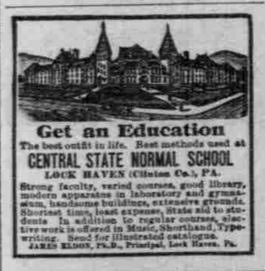

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THE ORIGIN OF "DIXIE."

I wish I was in the land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'.
Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus:
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hoo-ray! hoo-ray!
In Dixie Land we'll took our stand,
To lib and die for Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will de weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber.
Look away! &c.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He looked as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away! &c.

His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaber.
But dat did not seem to greb her.
Look away! &c.
Will run away; Missus took a decline, O,
Her face was de color of bacon rine, O.
Look away! &c.

While Missus libbed, she libbed in clover,
When she died, she died all ober.
Look away! &c.
How could she act such a foolish part, O,
And marry a man to break her heart, O.
Look away! &c.

Buckwheat cakes and stony batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter.
Look away! &c.
Here's a health to the next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us.
Look away! &c.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow.
Look away! &c.
Den hoe it down an' scratch yer grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble.
Look away! &c.

The original song, "Dixie Land," was composed in 1859 by Daniel Decatur Emmett as a "walkaround" for Bryant's minstrels, then performing in Mechanic's Hall, New York. Mr. Emmett's experiences were varied, and part of his life had been spent with the circus. He had frequently heard the performers make the remark, "I wish I was in Dixie," as soon as the northern climate began to be too severe for the tent life which they followed. This expression suggested the song "Dixie's Land."

It made a hit at once with the playgoing public of New York, and was speedily spread to all parts of the Union by numerous bands of wandering minstrels, who sang and danced to it. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," and ere a week had passed the whole city had taken it up, and the darky on the street corner and the banker in his office were both humming it contentedly. A New Orleans publisher saw possibilities in the music, and without the authority of the composer had the air harmonized and re-arranged, issuing it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling then existing in the chief city of Louisiana.

"Dixie" would, doubtless, have met the fate of hundreds of other "popular" songs but for this. The original words, which are printed at the beginning of this article, rapidly gave way when the war broke out to the thrilling battle-song composed by Gen. Albert Pike, of Arkansas, and they have since become almost lost to view. Several sets of words were, from time to time during its popularity, set to the music, which, doubtless, is from the Scotch. The words of the war-song thrilled the South before and during the war and to-day occupy a permanent place among the immortal songs of the land. The first verse is typical of the entire eight:

Southrons, hear your country call you,
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united.
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!
Chorus: Advance the flag of Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The word "Dixie" was brought into national prominence and usage by these songs, and, no doubt, perpetuated by the war-song, the air of which is to-day dear to every Southerner. Previous to their advent the word had been used to indicate the Southland only by a few, and in no sense was the term familiar, or its usage general. There can be no denying this statement; but the general impression concerning the origin of the word "Dixie" existing outside of the South and in many parts of it is incorrect. Naturally the popularity of the word created interest concerning its origin. The fact that the term was used to indicate the States south of the Mason-Dixon line has led to the general acceptance of the statement publicly made some years ago that "Dixie" sprang from "Dixon." The argument was based mainly on the alleged similarity of the two words, Dixie and Dixon, and pointed out that the expression "Dixie Land" gradually grew out of "Dixon's land," a term which, by the way, was never in use. As a result, the real root of the word has never before been made known.

It is often difficult to trace such a word back to its first usage and firmly establish its origin; but the arguments in the present instance, however, are both conclusive and convincing, and leave no room for reasonable doubt that the term "Dixie Land" sprang from the ten-dollar note, "Dix," issued by the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, which had such an unprecedented circulation for a number of years previous to the war. The story is not a long one, and in addition to its historical significance, it can not fail to be of much interest, for the word "Dixie" has grown into general usage, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

In the days of State banks their notes suffered a discount in other States, owing to the opportunity offered to counterfeit, for with such a large variety in circulation, it was difficult to identify them and to discover whether they were genuine or "wildcat." Some idea is gained of what this identification meant when you learn that a paper called the Bank Note Reporter was published for the sole purpose of describing the rates of the most reputable banks, some 1,400 in number, to aid in the identification of their notes. In consequence the managers of every State bank did all in their power to enlarge the circulation of their banks. It enabled them to increase their loans, and, with currency widely distributed, the dangers attending a "run" were materially lessened.

C. W. Cammack, Teller of the Citizens' Bank in Louisiana, was instrumental in achieving for that bank the prestige of a larger circulation than any other bank of the South, if not of the country. He encouraged new accounts by sending out handsomely bound books of deposit and check books with the name of the depositor engraved upon the checks. The innovation aroused a desire to secure the books and brought business. Every new account afforded an additional avenue for currency to the interior, as remittances to planters and storekeepers were of frequent occurrence. But the manner in which the notes of the bank were brought into almost national circulation was by inviting the steamboat men to bring their freight bill checks to the Citizens' Bank for payment. These bills aggregated from $3,000 to $10,000, and they were generally paid by check on some one of the numerous banks or banking houses of New Orleans. It was a decided innovation and a great saving of time and labor to the collectors, who in the past had been obliged to present each check at the particular bank upon which it was drawn.

In this way, as was foreseen by Mr. Cammack, the steamboat men became of great service to the bank, as the major part of the sum of their collections was carried out of the city to be disbursed throughout the Mississippi Valley in payment for fuel, wharf-boat dues, stores, wages, port charges, etc. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were taken out of the city every week by packets bound for points on the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers and their tributaries, the Wabash, Tennessee, Arkansas and Red. In this manner, throughout the wide territory from Pittsburg, Pa., St. Paul, Minn., and St. Louis, Mo., to the Gulf, these notes were kept in constant circulation until they became better known than those of any bank in the South, or in the Union, and the circulation of the bank mounted up to four or five millions of dollars, then an unprecedented sum.

The following clipping from the Commercial Bulletin of New Orleans gives an idea of the bank's credit:

"The extraordinary success following the reorganization of the Citizens' Bank, the unparalleled pinnacle of fame, the remarkable extent to which operations have reached, the great advance in value of the stock, the steady increase of its already vast business have attracted a large share of the attention of the moneyed men of the country."

During the panic of 1857 the bank withstood a two days' run upon it and came out with flying colors, while others fell all about it. This established its credit so firmly that one of its notes was as good as a national bank note is to-day.

The bank was known both as the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana and La Banque des Citoyens de la Louisiane. The denominations were also printed in French and English; five, *cinque;* ten, *dix;* twenty, *vingt;* fifty, *cinquante;* one hundred, *cent;* one thousand, *mille.* It will be readily seen that the French names of any denominations but ten were unpronounceable, and no one attempted it; but the ten, "dix," seemed to attract the eye and to meet a public demand, always existing for something unique, unusual. As a result, the $10 notes of the Citizens' were seldom, if ever, referred to in any other way than as "dixes." And, besides, it was the most natural way in the world to identify this particular note. The denomination, too, was a convenient size for the steamboat men to meet their obligations with, not too large or too small; and of the many thousands of dollars taken out of the city every week by the river boats a very large proportion of it was in "dixies." In consequence these notes had a much larger circulation than any other notes issued by the bank, and ere long the expression, "A dixie note," or a note from the "Dixie Bank" was very common among the large number of people everywhere who were familiar with the currency. This was the most natural thing in the world, for the word "Dix" is prominent on the front of the note, and so much so on the back that the observer, in a hasty glance, would see nothing else.

A common, almost universal expression used by the steamboat men, when leaving from the "up river" country for New Orleans, in answer to inquiries as to their destination, was: "We're going South after dixies," or going to "Dixie land."

Gradually the Southern country began to be known along the river ports as "Dixie land," because so much money came from it. From this beginning the word has grown to general usage, and to-day it is synonymous with the South everywhere.

Mark Twain, when a pilot on the Mississippi, doubtless handled many "dixies," and, like others, wished he had more. Among the steamboats on the Western rivers at the time were the Henry Choutesu, Republic, Diana, Chenoworth, W. M. Morrison, Magnolia, Shotwell, Ohio Bell, Queen City, Alex. Strader, B. J. Adams, Eclipse, Belle Key, Robert I. Ward, Grand Duke, Hiawatha, Fortuna, Glendale, Alvin Adams, Indiana, Kate Adams, Judge Torrance, John Simonds, Caroline E. Watkins, C. B. Church, Concordia, Natchez and Princess.

Every survivor of those days who was connected with any of these boats, and many of the older residents of the ports where the boats touched, will tell what blessings came to them from "Dixie land" in the fifties.

Farewell, my notes, and wheresoe'er ye wend,
Shun gaudy scenes and be the poor man's friend;
You've left a poor one; go to one as poor,
And drive despair and hunger from the door.

—Herbert L. Jillson in New York Sun.

Man, married to woman, is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draweth his salary and in the evening, behold! it is gone. It is a tale that is told. It vanisheth, and no one knows whither it goeth. He riseth clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnambulent paregoric with which to soothe his infant posterity! He cometh forth as the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gate of the city with one suspender. Yea, he is altogether wretched.—Robert J. Burdette.

His Fair Maiden.

Ah, dear old Pietro, man never had a truer, better friend! Do you remember, Pietro, those happy days you and your master spent in the pine woods of Louisiana? Have you forgotten the little one-room cabin almost in the very heart of Tickfaw swamp, where we dwelt all alone so long—just you and I?

One morning in early spring I took down my gun and commenced to clean it. Pietro lay in the corner watching me. He knew as well as I what my every movement meant.

It was a glorious morning. The air was filled with the perfume of yellow jasmine, wafted down from the tops of the tall trees. No matter in what direction I looked, wild flowers met my eye.

It was indeed an earthly paradise, that quiet little nook in the swamp. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the scene save now and then the splash of some fish or animal in the dark water over there.

Sitting down on the upturned root of an ancient cypress tree, I prepared to rest a while, and enjoy the scene to my heart's content—to live in paradise just for once.

I don't know how long I had been sitting there when, hearing a rustling in the tangled vines behind me, I turned my head. The picture that met my gaze will remain engraved upon my memory so long as life lasts.

My eyes were dazzled by the girl's indescribable beauty. I turned them away as I would from the sun, then looked again.

"Thou seemest surprised, young stranger. Verily I do bethink me thou takest me for a spirit. Thou art tall and strong, young man. Surely a bit of a girl has not frightened thee out of thy wits."

"No, fair creature," I replied, "I am not overcome from fright so much as by surprise."

"Look thee, stranger, is not this truly a lovely kingdom, and as such should it not have a ruler? That being true, why should not I be its queen? My home is just two miles away through the swamp, and we call it Jasmine Bower. Oftentimes when time hangs heavily I turn my footsteps to this spot. An hour spent here among these flowers drives away all care and puts me in a good humor with the world—my little world. What brings thee into my kingdom? Speak!"

"I am but a wandering hunter, fair lady. I and my dumb friend here," patting Pietro on the head, "live back there across the bayou all alone. We started out this morning for a hunt. Sitting down on that upturned root, I gave myself up to thought, while Pietro seized the opportunity to take a nap. Hearing a rustling in the vines behind me, I turned my head, and I beheld the most beautiful creature that e'er met the gaze of man, and—"

"Nay, nay," the girl interrupted, with a frown, "say not those words, I pray thee. If thou wouldst not anger me, speak not again of my poor beauty"—

"Pardon my hasty words, Miss"—

"Call me Laurine."

"I did not intend to offend. Forgive me, I crave."

"Thou art forgiven," she smilingly replied, again showing her perfect teeth. "But thou art my prisoner. I claim thee because thou hast entered my kingdom without royal permit. At home I have two brothers, who, too, are mighty hunters. There is not a deer, bear or turkey in all of Tickfaw swamp, the haunt of which they do not know. The rarest fishing places they can find on the darkest nights. Come with me, my stranger prisoner, and my giant brothers shall give thee a lesson in woodcraft. Come, and I grant thee I will prove a most merciful queen. Follow me."

She started off along a path that led to the right, Pietro and I closely following.

Entering a high-arched gateway, we passed on through a wilderness of flowers, from the modest blossoms of the wood to the rarest specimens of the world. I could see at a glance why the place was called Jasmine Bower, for in every direction that fragrant flower could be seen.

Laurine ushered me into a beautiful room. Here and there soft-seated settees were temptingly arranged, and vases filled with flowers stood on a table near a window. Everything about the room, from the paintings on the wall to the well-filled bookcase, betokened refinement and taste.

Presently she returned and placed before me cake and wine and bade me partake.

Just at this juncture I heard heavy steps in an adjoining room. In a moment the door opened and in stepped two as fine specimens of manhood as ever met my gaze. Each was more than six feet tall, and strong as an ox.

"These are my brothers," said Laurine, introducing us. "I told this gentleman, whom I met in the swamp, that you were mighty hunters, and would show him where to hunt and fish."

Many were the hunts we had together in the depths of the dark, wild swamp, and many were the quiet smokes we enjoyed at night in my little cabin.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not go to the Bower, and on each succeeding visit my love for Laurine grew stronger. I could think or dream of nothing else save the beautiful girl. At times I would catch myself talking of her. Pietro would glance up into my face with a look of wonder and injury. I believe in my very soul he knew what my trouble was, and more, I believe he was jealous.

One morning—I had known the girl three months—I took particular pains with my toilet, making myself as presentable as possible.

On reaching the Bower I went direct to the cozy little parlor, expecting to find Laurine there. Picking up a book, I had just begun to read, when my attention was attracted by the rustling of skirts in the hallway outside the door. Just as I arose Laurine entered the room.

She was not alone. By her side, with his arm about her waist, was a dapper little Frenchman, whom I had seen several times in New Orleans.

"What does this mean, Laurine?" I demanded.

Just then Pietro gave a loud bark. I awoke with a start.

It had all been a dream.—Nashville Banner.

Champion Swimmer.

"We've got the crack swimmer of the world up our way," said a gentlemanly liar from Gloucester, Mass., who was in Washington last week. "His name is Joe Endicott, and he's a sailor. Last year Joe was an A. B. on a bark down in the South Atlantic. He got into a row with the skipper of the ship when it was right in the middle of the ocean, 2,932 miles from nowhere, and the skipper, careless man, lost Joe; that is, he pushed Joe overboard. Joe got back to Gloucester 20 days later; swam, he said. There were low-lived, suspicious folks up in Gloucester that claimed Joe must have been picked up by some fast steamer, but that couldn't be so, for Joe told me himself that he swam. Well, the skipper who had pushed Joe overboard from the bark pulled into Gloucester harbor with his ship a couple of months later, and when he found Joe Endicott there ahead of him his admiration for Joe's swimming ability knew no bounds. He offered to match Joe against any man in the world when it came to long-distance swimming. Paul Boyton, the famous long-distance swimmer, heard of the skipper's challenge, and he turned up in Gloucester to see about it.

"The skipper offered to bet Boyton $1,000 to $500 that Joe Endicott 'ud beat him out in a long-distance swim and Boyton took the bet. The match was arranged. On the day when they were booked to start Boyton turned up on the dock with his fancy swimming togs on, but Joe Endicott appeared loaded down with a lot of waterproof bags tied all over him. There must have been 100 pounds' weight tacked to Joe this way.

"'What are those things?' asked Boyton, the famous swimmer, pointing to Joe's water-tight bags.

"'Provisions,' said Joe.

"'Provisions?' asked Boyton. 'For who?'

"'For myself,' replied Joe. 'Got only a months' provisions along with me. Not taking more than that, for I can get all I want when I make the South coast of Africa.'

"Boyton's eyes stuck out until you could have knocked 'em off with sticks," concluded the gentlemanly liar from Gloucester, "and he declared the match off. He knew that he was up against too hard a proposition in Joe Endicott."—Washington Post.

He Lived on Grass.

William Edwards, a miner hailing from New York, is in the Rossland Hospital, Vancouver, a living example of the astounding fact that a man can eat grass as an exclusive diet for 18 days and live to tell the tale. Edwards was employed to do some work on Sophie mountain, a very wild part of British Columbia. He camped on the mountain with two companions. His companions left him alone for the day, and Edwards thought he would clamber up the mountain side for a short distance. He could not find his way back to camp. He went around and around in circles. He struck a trapper's empty lodge and slept there for the first night. For the next three days and nights he wandered listlessly in a circle, always coming back to the empty cabin.

On the third night he killed a beaver by tumbling a huge rock on it. He screamed aloud with joy, as he fell on the ground to tear it to pieces. As a monster cougar stalked up to his prostrate form and sniffed at him Edwards screamed with fear, and in his crazy rage and fright struck the beast in the face with his fist. The cougar snarled viciously, made a grab at the freshly-killed beaver clutched in Edwards' hands and made off with it. Edwards prepared for the end and made his will. Grass, roots and weeds made up his diet during the rest of these awful 18 days and nights, half the time of which Edwards crawled on the ground. On the eighteenth day his toes were off his bleeding feet, his clothing in rags, barely covering his almost bare bones.

Edwards was again visited by the panther, who sat on his haunches blinking at the dying man, evidently waiting for him to shuffle off before he devoured him, but toward evening the panther pricked up his ears, sniffed the ground, and dashed off in the darkness. The animal had scented another human being, this time with a gun. Edwards shouted feebly, and before many minutes William McQuarry, a trapper, was bending over Edwards with a whisky flask.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and, with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed.

During the past eighteen months nearly one hundred American locomotives have been built for foreign roads. They have been sent to England, Russia, Finland, China, Japan, Mexico, Chili and Peru. They are of various sizes and designs, and both coal and wood burners. The builders are the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; Roger, of Paterson; Schenectady Works, of Schenectady; Richmond Works, of Richmond, and Brooks, of Buffalo.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Care of House Linen and Other Valuable Suggestions.

The care of house linen is frequently the subject of much discomfort to the house mistress. Stains, early and unexpected signs of wear and tear, incomprehensible slits for which no one will be responsible, all these, and many more accidents, give cause for complaints without end. Even if precious articles, such as embroidered pillow slips, dainty sheets, etc., are put away carefully when not in use, they still have a knack of turning yellow, so that, in short, the life of the linen storekeeper is by no means a happy one. For all these evils, however, there is generally some simple remedy. Before suggesting any, however, it might be well to remind those upon whom the care of the linen devolves to give some thought to apparent trifles, but which, when neglected, may have very unpleasant results. One of the most important points is to guard against body or house linen being sent to the laundry with pins sticking in them. This has often been the cause of serious accidents to those who wash the clothes and whose livelihood depends on their work. Moreover, such neglect also produces in the newest material tears which are not always easy to repair. As a rule, the mending should be done before things go to the wash. This is especially necessary where starched articles are concerned; this substance and the "getting up" stiffen the linen, pull the damaged part out of shape, and makes subsequent repair most difficult. Another sore point is the transient life of a button. Whether dress shirt or humble nightdress be concerned, the button disappears, or breaks in half, or folds itself into hobgoblin shapes, defying recognition, and the temper of the victim suffers accordingly. Now, is this matter, the progress of civilization is much to blame. Before mangles and ironing machines were invented there was still hope for the useful article in question, and much could be done were the laundry-maid careful. Still, there is some art even in such a prosaic matter as sewing on buttons, which may help to relieve the difficulty. The ordinary operator makes a knot in the cotton, passes the needle through the material from the under part, and cheerfully accomplishes her task. The stronger the thread the more satisfied she will be. But when the garment is dealt with in the 'wash,' and ironing time comes round, the knot upon which the work had depended forms a hard lump, which can not possibly resist the heavy and sharp sides of the iron, the latter cuts it off, or certainly impairs its strength, and the wearer is left buttonless.

The moral is obvious. Start sewing from the outside, or from the inside before putting on the button; the latter, being fairly tight, will protect the knot, and the smooth thread at the back will not be cut. Finally always use pearl or hard buttons in preference to linen ones; the latter are the least lasting of all.

With regard to storing, the cupboard must be very dry, and nothing should be put away into it until it has been so thoroughly aired that every vestige of moisture has disappeared. If the things are not regularly used they must be taken out periodically, and hung out before the fire or in the sun. Should the linen show signs of turning yellow, wring it out in some lukewarm soap and water, then dry and store away again.

As to actual washing, here is a most useful hint for home laundries (the quantities given are small, but can be increased according to requirements: Allow, say, two and a half gallons of water, 1 pound of yellow soap, and four tablespoonfuls of petroleum (paraffin oil). Boil this together for at least half an hour. When this mixture is lukewarm, use it to soak the linen overnight. This can most conveniently be done in the copper boiler itself. In the morning, light a small fire underneath, and bring the contents slowly to a gentle boil, which must be kept up for half an hour. Remove the linen, wring it out, and then wash it a little in the usual way. Rubbing, soap, soda, and labor will be wonderfully economized by this simple process, and, of course, the wear and tear of the linen is greatly lessened. If, in following these suggestions, the linen were carefully sorted, only the soiled or stained articles would require actual washing. The others would merely need rinsing, etc.

Knitting wool can be made color fast by soaking it in a strong solution of salt and water, taking it out after a few minutes' immersion and hanging it up till dry. It can then be used, and the garments made will never fade when washed. The same result is obtained by soaking the wool in strong vinegar and letting it dry without wringing.

In conclusion, one word of advice concerning a most objectionable drawback to the best of lamps. This is the "sweating" produced on the outside by the oil, however good its quality may be. This not only soils the hands in carrying the lamps, but produces a most unpleasant smell the moment the lamp heats. Make a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and silicate of potash; pour some of this into the oil container of the lamp, which should previously have been scalded out, well cleansed and dried. Move the lamp about carefully, so that every part of the inside shall be moistened with the mixture. This can then be stored in a bottle for further and similar use. Leave the lamp in the air till the container is thoroughly dry. The potash and glycerine form a slight coating, through which the oil cannot penetrate, and the objectionable oozing is entirely obviated.—London Queen.

"I know what I am talking about," said J. H. Hutchings, Bancroft, Mich., "when I say Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer is the best; it cured me after all others failed." It cures the worst cases of nervous prostration. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Proposal to Tear it Down for the Stone it Contains.

Four or five companies, European and American, are said to be interested in the proposed tearing down of the Great Wall of China, says the New York Sun. The wall happens to be in the best state of repair in districts that are most accessible and populous, and it is believed that building stone from the wall will be worth fortunes to those who may secure the concession to tear it down. There are supposed to be fully 4000 million cubic feet of masonry in the great structure, which has a total length of about 2000 miles, including its many windings and the double and triple lines of wall that are constructed at some places.

In the end the wall was a failure, for it could not keep out of China the hosts of Genghiz Khan, who swept over it and conquered the country in the thirteenth century. After that time the wall ceased to have any strategic importance, but for fourteen centuries before the great conqueror lived, the wall had well served its purpose. It stretched all along the northern frontier of China and none of the hordes of the north had been able to pass it. Day and night for centuries Chinese guards were mounted on the towers that overtopped the wall, and they always gave timely notice of the approach of an enemy. Garrisons were stationed at every gate and natural passage through the walls, and towns sprang up at these encampments, many of which became important market places. Thus the wall really helped China to develop into a strong nation, for during the process the great barrier was of much assistance in keeping outside barbarians from molesting the country.

Time has left its marks upon this hoary monument of China's early civilization. The climate is severe, and the fierce winter blasts from the Mongolian plains, alternating with hot winds from the south in the change of the monsoon, are enough to crumble the best of masonry. A good deal of the earliest wall has undoubtedly disappeared, and from century to century much of the structure was repaired or entirely rebuilt. In the course of this work the lines of the wall for long stretches were wholly changed, and the work of different generations is apparent in the various architectural aspects of the structure. The eastern part of the wall, north of Peking, is supposed to have been the latest to be repaired and rebuilt, and it is now in a very good state of preservation, while for stretches farther west it has disappeared entirely.

The Chinese are much given to walls. The word for city in the Chinese language means a walled town, and the law of the empire requires that every city be surrounded by a wall of specified height. This law, however, is not strictly observed, and the walls around many cities have been allowed to crumble and afford no protection whatever. It happens sometimes that a city fears an attack, and then there is a great bustle at the walls, for a large force of men is put at work repairing them.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

How Edison Learned to Chew.

"A long time ago, when I was a mite of a boy," said Edison, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, "I, with two other little fellows, had saved up a lot of scrap iron and tin and zinc, which we meant to sell when the holidays came around. There was a large boy in the neighborhood (I think he must have become a bunko steerer afterward,) who knew of our hoard. One day when he had been in swimming he came to us and said:

"Say you fellows, if you will give me that tin and iron and stuff you have I'll teach you how to chew."

"The proposition struck us as being very fair, particularly as he agreed to furnish the tobacco. Well, we were quite willing, so he brought some Canadian cut down to the sand bank by the river. He divided the stuff into three parts and gave us each one. Then he said:

"Now you must do exactly as I say, and you must do it right away, or you'll never learn to chew."

"Now then," he shouted, "hold up!"

"We held it up."

"Put it in your mouth!" he yelled.

"We put it in."

"Chew!" he hissed dramatically.

"We worked away at a great rate."

"Swallow it!" he screeched.

"We gulped it down, and then that young rascal fairly rolled down the bank with laughter, while we soon rolled down the other side, sicker, I suppose, than any of us had been in our lives before or since. One of the boys nearly died, and they had a very serious time with him.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents, at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Guaranteed.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

Useful Hints.

The falling out of ornaments embedded in wood, where a visible screw is not desirable, is frequently very troublesome, and a renewed gluing in rarely obviates the evil, if it is omitted to dip the metal pieces previously in weak nitric acid for about half a minute, says a German contemporary. Such a bath with subsequent drying, imparts a moderate roughness to the metallic surfaces, which makes the glue "seize" much better. The glue employed must be exceedingly viscous and never brittle. It is prepared as usual and receives a small addition—about a teaspoonful—of