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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 2517.

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.

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OLD-TIME HUSKING BEES.

Memory often takes an outing. From the present passing show, I recall the husking bees and the scenes of long ago. Back into the fun and frolic of the rural sports and games, I picture charmingly beautiful. There were our younger days, and the husking bees, and the country huskings.

On the old barn floor we'd gather, boys and girls and older folks, hearts as light as daisy flowers, lips all ripe with rustic jokes. Air just sparkling with our laughter as the hours onward sped. Until every color'd mither of the shadows overhead. Seemed to quiver and tingle as a high-keyed fiddle string.

Now and then the air was riven with a shout 'til 'twas the dead, telling that the fates had given some glad cause an ear of red. Then would come the kissing struggle 'Mid the husks upon the floor. After which the girl would struggle to slip closer than before, blushing to her finger tips. From the three corners of her lips, how the happy picture flung.

With us through the floating years, of the way the toll-scarred fingers scratched the pebbles from the ears. Of the flashing buttons hanging 'Round, and casting flickers o'er merry dancers who were banging their feet on the barn floor, as the fiddler jived his bow. Muscularly to aid his.

Every day I hear the ringing of some dear old rural ode, Melody of youth-days ringing To the top of our mountain side, And my loving fingers wander To that happy wifely face That I learned to love back yonder In the far most country place. She is all the world to me. Found her at a husking bee. Denver Evening Post.

A LOST SOUL.

"How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale; Is there no sin here more than fantasy? What think you on't?"—Hamlet.

It was a chance remark, and one that is often made concerning an intelligent animal, but its effect upon my friend Sidney Darrow was singular. His shoulders twitched nervously, and his hand went up to his throat as though something choked him.

For some strange reason that I call Wodan. A moment before he had left his accustomed place on the rug in one corner of the room and had come to my side to receive the caress which at intervals through the day he seems to find necessary to his happiness. As I smoothed his wrinkled forehead and patted his soft, large ears, I observed with what trustful affection his grey eyes beamed upon me.

It was then that I remarked to Sydney Darrow, who sat near at hand, carefully watching us through the smoke of his pipe: "Does it not seem to you sometimes that Wodan has a very human look?"

And my friend made answer with the peculiar motions which I have described. "Wodan! he left my side and walked away back to his rug. I saw and watched his movements with half closed eyes, his hand still clutching his throat. When the dog had lain down, my friend turned his gaze upon me.

"Don't—don't ever say that about Wodan again! It will make me hate him." He was plainly much stirred, and the seriousness of his appeal was not to be repudiated. Presently, before I was ready to make any reply, he separated the heavy beard that covered his chin and neck, disclosing a deep, zigzag scar.

"See here," he said, "I never showed you this." "What made it a burn?" "No. Let me tell you the story."

There was a period of my life, some years ago, that I spent on my uncle's ranch near San Juan Capistrano. At that time the raising of sheep was one of the chief industries of Southern California, and much of the land in our vicinity was devoted to pasturage.

About half a mile from my uncle's house, in a lonely canyon, stood the hut of a herder—built of adobe, replete with blankets, cushions, grain and small, yet in every way so well suited to the solitary habitation that one might think he had constructed it about himself, as the antelope does his shell. He was a tall, hard-featured Basque, with a great, shaggy, black beard, haggard features, and eyes that you could not look into without a shudder. Do you understand what I mean? He was one of those wild beasts of men whose faces seem but once live always in your memory, and when sleep will not come, they show themselves—baldness masks as they are—through your tightly-closed eyelids.

The trail of the canyon passed within a few yards of the hut, and my duties in it of the ranch—frequently led me in that direction. When not away towards the hills with his flock of sheep, the herder usually stood or squatted motionless in front of his hovel. A few feet away from him crouched his dog, his pair, man and beast, stared at me from the moment I came in sight until I passed among the live oaks beyond, making no movement, save a slow turning of the head, and offering no response to my salutation. At last I came to pass the hut, but never without a vague sense of dread.

I learned from the men on my uncle's ranch that the Basque was considered queer, or, as they expressed it, "looted." They said he was in the habit of talking to his dog as though it were a man, and that even his fellow countrymen avoided him.

Crazy he may have been; a drunkard he certainly was. At frequent intervals he appeared in the town with a large, black demon, which he carried away filled with liquor of the sort that makes maniacs.

One afternoon as I came down the canyon I heard the yelping of a dog, and, approaching the hut of the Basque, I beheld a sight that filled me with anger and distress. The fellow had hung up the dog by the hind legs against the side of the house, and was beating him with a stick. I did not stop to think much of con-

sequences. I did as you, or any man who has ever known a dog, would have done. I jumped from the saddle, and, drawing my knife as I ran, cut the animal down. Then I turned and faced the Basque.

"I suppose he thought I was armed—while I was not for he did not take up the gage of battle, but stared at me fiercely out of bloodshot eyes. The dog hobbled away to a short distance, shook off the reata with his legs were ensnared, and, crouching low, watched us.

"Come," I said in Spanish, "why should you kill your dog? You have drunk too much aguardiente. To-morrow you will be glad that I saved his life."

He emitted a strange sound through his teeth and lips. It was very much like the snarl of a wolf.

"If you do not care for the dog, will you sell him?" I asked. "No," he replied with an oath. "I will not sell him. I mean to kill him."

"Very well," I said. "If you wish to take the animal's life, shoot him, but you shall not beat him to death."

The Basque turned toward the hut, muttering imprecations alternately against the dog and myself. When he came to the door he called to the dog: "Demon! Come here!"

The animal eyed him, but did not move. The herder disappeared from view in the dark interior of the hovel.

I remounted and continued on my way down the trail. I had gone about a hundred yards, when suddenly there was a crashing in the chaparral behind, and I wheeled hastily around to discover the dog. He had followed, evidently for the purpose of making my acquaintance, and to thank me for the rescue.

I called to him and patted the side of my saddle, meaning that he should come where I might touch him. He started to obey, but as he approached nearer my horse gave a violent snort and began to shy away from him. The act surprised me not a little, for the animal was a stolid old bronco that rarely started at anything, least of all at a dog. The dog stopped his advance and watched us, still I struggled to bring the horse nearer to him and to calm his very evident terror. But my efforts were unavailing, though I used my whip and spur and threw all my strength on the bridle. The horse would not allow the dog to touch him.

Well, I said, "I will take him myself, since you will not. But if I ever learn"—here I instinctively looked down into the dog's face as though speaking to him—"if I ever learn that he has killed a sheep I shall have him shot."

"A bad dog," he reiterated, slowly. "Very bad," I said, "I will take him myself, since you will not. But if I ever learn"—here I instinctively looked down into the dog's face as though speaking to him—"if I ever learn that he has killed a sheep I shall have him shot."

He was considerably larger than the average collie. I imagine that he must have had some Newfoundland, or, perhaps, St. Bernard blood—the sheep dogs of California are rarely of pure breed. His hair was short, curly, and black as night. He looked steadily at his handler, and looked steadily at me during all the time that I was occupied in making this survey, and when, at last, I spoke to him, he lifted his ears a little, but made no other movement.

"Demon!" I said; "is that your name—Demon?" At first I thought that the name had been given him because he was dark in color, as the popular belief palates an evil spirit. But a moment later, when my eyes rested upon his, I saw—or perceived—that I had been misled. This was not a dog, but a man, and a man of a peculiarly human appearance. He was a tall, hard-featured Basque, with a great, shaggy, black beard, haggard features, and eyes that you could not look into without a shudder. Do you understand what I mean? He was one of those wild beasts of men whose faces seem but once live always in your memory, and when sleep will not come, they show themselves—baldness masks as they are—through your tightly-closed eyelids.

Several months passed. One morning, as the men went toward the corral, one of the men employed on the ranch came to me and said: "I believe that something has happened to that crazy Basque shepherd. His dog came here last night and closed his eyes."

"What, Demon?" I said, and as I spoke the animal came running up. I patted his head and talked to him, but he jumped about uneasily, as though he were anxious to be gone.

"I suggested to you that we should ride to the canyon, and mounting, we followed the dog out into the road. He ran along several rods in advance of us, looking back occasionally to make sure that we were coming. When the canyon was reached, his pace slackened, and some distance from the hut he stopped and fell in behind us.

"He dreads a calling," said I. From the trail we walked to the hut, and receiving no answer, we rode to the door and looked in.

There lay the Basque in the middle of the floor, his arms outstretched, and his head thrown back—dead.

An unclean-for corpse is always a demon-shaped object to look upon, but something had happened to this one that rendered it impossible for me to give it more than one quick glance. I hastily turned my horse's head away, and rode over toward the spot where the dog was crouching. The man, more resolute than I, dismounted and went into the hut. When he came out again he said: "I covered it over with one of those sheepskins, so it wouldn't scare any one else. His bottle was lying near him, and I guess he may have drunk himself to death. That was probably done by coyotes, or may be by a mountain lion."

We rode to town, where we gave notice to the authorities of the man's death, and also to several of his countrymen. In talking with one of the latter I asked what disposition would be made of the dead man's sheep and dog.

"The sheep," answered the man, "were not his; he had sold them to the butcher. As for the dog, nobody wants the brute."

"Why not?" "The dog," answered the man, "was not his; he had sold them to the butcher. As for the dog, nobody wants the brute."

"Very well," I said; "then I will take him."

No objection was made, and Demon passed into my possession. My uncle had several hundred sheep, which were tended by an old native Californian and his son. I took Demon to them and offered his services in the care of the flock. To my surprise they refused. I urged the matter, and finally demanded the ground of their opposition. At last the old man said: "He looks like a sheep killer."

"Yes," I answered, opening the dog. He exhibited much surprise. "Another sheep was killed last night," he said.

"Well," I replied, "that merely proves what I have said—that Demon is innocent."

"Yes, of course," said my uncle, looking doubtfully at the dog. He went to the window and inspected the fastening.

"Impossible!" he said. "For him to open it!" I asked; "of course."

My uncle threw the blind back, and pointed significantly at the flower bed below. The plants had been crushed down and the earth displaced, and round about were numerous dog tracks.

"That was not there yesterday," he said. "My room was on the ground floor, and from the window to the earth was only two or three feet. Had the blind been open the dog might easily have climbed out and in again, but it had been locked all night. I turned and looked at Demon. He was watching us stealthily, with the expression in his eyes that I know and dread.

My uncle made another examination of the fastening of the blind. At last he said: "I am convinced that the sheep-killer is not Demon. There is no dog in existence that could manipulate that crooked hook to open the blind. Those footprints were left there by some stray animal."

The conviction seemed inevitable, and I agreed with him. At the same time I was resolved to try the experiment again, and watch the dog more carefully.

That night I shut Demon in as before and closed and fastened the door and blind. There was a full moon, which made the landscape bright as day without, and it occurred to me just as I was about to put my lamp that I could throw open the upper section of the blind and admit the light. It fell in a broad, white square directly across the mat where the dog lay, and after I got into bed I found that I could watch him easily without turning my head upon the pillow.

Then I discovered that he was watching me. There was nothing unusual about that—only his eyes were strangely bright.

I tossed about in the bed for a time, but he never moved. At last I determined to deceive him into the belief that I was asleep. I closed my eyes, and presently, by a careless movement, drew the lace edge of the pillow-slip across my face. Thus I could watch him and yet conceal the fact that my eyes were open.

When I had lain in this position motionless for perhaps ten minutes, Demon suddenly lifted his head and turned to one side. Plainly he was listening—for what, I could not imagine. He put his head down, and for another ten minutes did not move. Then gradually and noiselessly he rose to his feet and came toward the bed. A little distance away he stopped and listened again. Evidently he did not hear what he had expected, for, after standing a moment, he returned to his corner and lay down.

Suddenly I found the explanation of his strange conduct. He had listened to my breathing that he might determine if I slept.

Resolved to deceive him if possible, I began slowly to lengthen my respirations, and to breathe with a soft sound and force. At the end of a few minutes I saw that I was succeeding in my design. A second time he rose with perfect stillness and came to the bed. His face wore an expression of devilish cunning, so utterly foreign to his customary mien, that under other circumstances I should have failed to recognize him. A swift flash of satisfaction gleamed in his eyes, and he turned to the window to make his escape.

His motions were slow and cautious, reminding me of a cat rather than a dog. I had expected him to make some slight noise in unhooking the blind, for I doubt if myself, with my life in hazard, could have accomplished it inaudibly. But there was no sound to be heard in the room except that of my own slow, steady respiration.

I think it must have taken him five minutes to draw the hook. Then the blind was swung back quietly inch by inch, and his way was clear.

He stood for a moment with his forepaws upon the window sill and looked back at me. As he did so I felt again the same strange impression of terror that had overwhelmed me the first time my eyes had met his in that lonely canyon. For an instant I held my breath, and had he continued to look, he must have discovered that I was not asleep. But now with a sudden yet noiseless leap he went out of the window.

It was several minutes before I ventured to move. At last I rose and went to the window, far away where the moonlight fell upon the side of the hill, I could see a small piece of darkness sizzling swiftly along. It was Demon on his way to the sheep pastures.

I scarcely know what impulse sent me, but I went to the closet in my room, took down a large navy revolver, and when I got back into my bed slipped it underneath my pillow. I did not then, and I will not now, confess to my real fear of the dog—that is to say, physical fear. There was a dread—a vague, indistinct horror—something unexplainable that I really feared in his eyes. But had I really feared him I should have closed the blind, rendering his return impossible.

I lay still and watched for an hour. The nearest clock, I knew, could be reached in a few minutes, and his return might be expected at any time. I drew the lace over my eyes again, and listened for the sound that should indicate his approach.

Suddenly a great black head appeared at the window—materialized, as it seemed, out of the darkness of the night. In the moonlight, red light gleamed like coals of fire. The moon shone clear and full on his face, and I could plainly see the blood and foam with which his jaws were covered.

He climbed slowly into the room. Then, with an ingenuously that was even more than human, he drew the blind shut—noiselessly—and fastened it in place.

He gave one quick glance at me, and went over to his corner. Through the network of the lace I watched him, while he licked the blood stains from his feet and washed his face and neck, with the motions and attitude of a cat. I grew faint with the horror of it all, and at last forgot the part which I was playing and ceased to counterfeit the respiration of one who sleeps. Even when Demon suddenly started up, looked at me and listened, I did not notice my mistake.

Then he came nearer to the bed—a few feet away—and glared at me out of those terrible eyes.

That was the moment in which I saw the thing and understood it all. You will not believe it—I don't ask you to—but I saw that that creature's eyes down into the lost human soul that occupied its body.

It was the soul of a murderer—the destroyer of the drunken Basque in his lonely hovel, the slayer of the sheep—now, at last, throwing off all disguise.

With a strange, half animal and half human cry the thing sprang at my throat. I threw up my hand and it missed its aim, the teeth closing only on the revolver, and it rolled over dead.

The wound was not serious, but it left that ugly looking scar. There is another scar that the experience left, which is probably much larger—if one could see it. I mean on my memory.—Charles Dwight Willard, in The Argonaut.

Reed and Culberson.

There is one man in Washington for whom Tom Reed has a wholesome regard. That person is Judge David B. Culberson, who was formerly a member of Congress, and who is now engaged upon some legal commission here.

When Reed first entered Congress he was upon his own application, Judge Culberson was chairman of the committee.

"I thought I'd get you one day," said Mr. Reed in telling the story, "and I began to expound some law to the committee. Then Culberson lighted me. He told me more law in thirty minutes than I had learned in thirty years—and I resolved then and there to get gray more when Culberson was around."

Judge Culberson was a deep thinker. He is regarded by all his colleagues as one of the most profound men who ever sat in Congress. He is, however, entirely oblivious to his personal appearance. He rather shuffles along the street with his head well down into his shoulders, and his grizzled hair out. This was much a picture of him as he walked along the aisle in the Grand Opera House one evening. Speaker Reed and his wife were in a box.

"Who is that fierce-looking man?" she asked. Reed turned and saw Culberson.

"Why," said he, "that's Judge Culberson—the greatest lawyer in Congress."

"I declare," said she; "he doesn't look it."

"When I go over to the cold country I am going to get a lot of clothes to bring back with me," said a well-known Windsorite, who went abroad recently.

"Oh," said his brother, "if that is the case, I have a header who is a tailor in London, and I will give you a letter of introduction, and write him telling him to use your right."

In course of time the traveler stepped into the tailor shop in London and presented his letter of introduction. He gave a warm handshake from the tailor, who said he had received a letter from his brother telling of the traveler's expected arrival, but could not understand part of the letter. The letter, when produced, read: "Dear Brother: The bearer, Mr. —, is from our place and wishes me to get a lot of clothes in London. He has all sorts of money. Soak him. Yours affectionately."

The part of the letter that could not be understood was the concluding sentence: "The traveler, of course, understood the Americanism, but managed to keep his face straight while he gave a favorable construction. He saved the laugh until he could have it on his American friend.—Chicago Evening Ocean.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh poisons every breath that is drawn into the lungs. There is procurable from any druggist the remedy for the cure of this trouble. A small quantity of Ely's Cream Balm placed into the nostrils spread over an inflamed and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation, cleanses, heals and cures. A cold in the head vanishes immediately. Sold by druggists or will be mailed for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

To brighten and clean windows, put a teaspoonful of ammonia to every pint of tepid water, wash well with a sponge or soft rag, then dry with a clean cloth, and polish with a leather or an old silk handkerchief.

"I believe," writes Dr. C. Robinson, Tiro, O., "that Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer is the greatest medicine on earth for nervous troubles. I know whom I speak for, for I cured me when the doctors failed." For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

The fellow who begins by lending an ear to his neighbor is apt to end by losing his head completely.

Cures crop, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch or pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, effective.

A Kentucky Story.

Lexington has a citizen who must be trying to beat the record of Baron Munchausen as a prevaricator. His name is Jerome B. Frazier, and here is a sample of his soaring fancy taken from the Lexington Argonaut:

"I am a very fond of domestic animals and fowls, and the possessor of a fine, intelligent fox terrier, who answers to the name of Fanny. I attended a sale some months ago and bought a Poland duck. I brought her home and put her among the other poultry in the yard. In a few weeks I noticed that Fanny and Miss Poland were on good terms with each other, and in a few weeks they were inseparable. Finally Miss Poland thought she had loaded long enough and went on sitting. Fanny made regular visits to her and seemed to take great interest in the proceeding. The duck rarely left the nest. After sitting for about a week she sickened and died. Fanny seemed almost heart-broken over the untimely death of her friend. The evening of her death I missed Fanny from her accustomed place in the yard and began a search for her. I found her in the duck's nest with the eggs underneath her. The next morning I visited the poultry house and found Fanny still covering the eggs. I concluded not to disturb her, but wait results. This continued for some weeks, and at the end of the usual time allowed for incubation I found that six lively ducks had become citizens of the poultry yard. Fanny seemed proud of her success as an incubator. The little ducks followed her as I walked about the yard, and I noticed that she was very fond of them. The strangest part of this story remains to be told. Fanny is a remarkable bird, and these little ducks developed into the finest rat killers I ever saw. I am willing to match these six ducks against six terriers for \$100 to \$1,000 a side in a rat-killing contest, and I will win the match."

Birds that Crack Nuts.

There is a wonderful cockato in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea. It is as large as a full grown pheasant, and it is of a jet-black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch in it.

Now, the favorite food of this cockato is the kernel of the canary nut; but there is wonderful ingenuity required to get at it, for the nut is something like a Brazil nut, but it is ten times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it. It is quite smooth and somewhat triangular in shape.

The cockato might throw the nut down, but it would not break; or it might hold it in its claws like parrots usually do with their food, and attempt to crush it, but the smoothness of the nut would cause it to fly out of the beak. Nature appears to have given the possessor of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers, for the cockato takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill and by a carving motion of the sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws and biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch on the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill and prevented from slipping by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sharp nip or two in the notch breaks off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and biting off a long, sharp point of the kernel bit by bit.

This is a wonderful process, for it is quite clear that without the leaf nothing could be done, and it proves how certain structures in birds are made to do certain parts of their work.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

Hen That Goes Rattling. Mr. John Hamilton, of Wilmington, according to the Morning News, has a Plymouth Rock hen which is fast acquiring a reputation as a rat-killer. Some weeks ago one of the men about the stable found a nest of young rats, and after killing them threw them into the yard, where presently it was noticed that this particular hen was eating one of them, apparently with great relish.

After that she was standing under a manger beside a rat-hole. She would remain there for hours. Some of the men thought she was "broody," but one of them declared that she was watching for rats. The idea seemed ridiculous, but it turned out to be true.

A while afterward Mr. Hamilton one day heard a great squawking in the stable, and on going out to see what was the matter, found the hen holding in her beak by one of its hind legs a live rat, about one-third grown. Some of the other hens seemed to be trying to get the rat away from her, but she ran off with it, all the while shaking her head violently from side to side to keep the squirming rat from biting her.

Finally, some of the farm hands drove the other hens away, and the Plymouth Rock, left to herself, put down the rat, and when it tried to get away, pounced upon it, and with blows of her beak soon killed it.

"Deeds are Fruits." Words are but leaves. 'T is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story. The many wonderful cures effected by this medicine are the fruits by which it should be judged. These prove it to be the great, unequalled remedy for dyspepsia, rheumatism, scrofula, salt rheum, eczema and all other ailments due to impure or impoverished blood.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, mild, effective.

GREAT SALT LAKE DRYING UP.

Irrigation Using Up the Waters that Supply it. From the Chicago Tribune.

Before another century years is out the Great Salt Lake, the mysterious, tideless inland sea, cradled four thousand feet above the level of oceans, may have disappeared into the air. For three decades its shore line steadily has been contracting. Its depth continually growing less, until to-day its ultimate destiny is written so lightly that none deny the approach. The declaration that the waters are being wafted into the atmosphere is no figure of speech. Evaporation is the foe which in certain course of time, under prevailing conditions, is going to transform the vast expanse of water into a huge salt plain.

Agos ago, thousands of years, the geologists say, Great Salt Lake, then a sea covering the greater part, possibly the whole, of the great basin, began to subside, but strangely enough, the agency which now is hastening its disappearance is distinctly of human origin. Of more astonishing purport still, the Mormons, who made the valley of the Jordan widen from a narrow strip of green to miles on miles of fields of unexpected fertility, are themselves the people who have sacrificed the lake. That they may exist, that their rich farms may continue to bear, that deliberately are cutting off the source of fresh water supply of the mountain sea. Stagnant and helpless, the lake is coming to lie at the complete mercy of a pitiless sun.

Not many years ago geographers and descriptive writers took a fancy to express the belief that the Great Salt Lake was fed by the waters of the four rivers which empty into it, but by hidden springs at its bottom. As long as no one took the trouble to question the assertions they were accepted as facts, and by many persons are still credited. If there were springs at intervals along the bed of the lake it would not matter so much whether the rivers continued to pour their contents into the basin, but no springs exist. They were called into the pages of text-books and into the accounts of travellers to explain why the lake is so exceptionally salt. It sounded much better to say that nature, by one of its freaks, had opened up the crust of the earth at this point and sent volumes of briny water bubbling forth, something like the water in the