The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED 1827

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1900.

I come, I tread the changeful sea of Time
As Jesus trod the waters, I the last
Fair Titan of a dying race and past,
Young limbed and perfect as the bells in chime.

In these two hands I hold the rune and rhyme
Wherefrom man reads his destiny to cast
New hopes upon this ocean's bosom vast,
New conquest and defeat, new good, new crime.

From all the wrecks' wreckage and despond
Strewn black about me over sea and land
Build thou an ark to sail where he has trod.
I leap the last wave's summit, look beyond;
The sun is rising; come, I take man's hand
And lead him one step nearer toward his God!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman in Philadelphia Press.

SAM'S GRANDMOTHER.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Come at last, I see. My dear fellow, I am really glad to see you." It was a handsome young man who spoke the words to another, who had just leaped lightly from a train at a neat village not a thousand miles from—well, no matter where. "It does me good to see you, dear old boy. I didn't half think you would come."

"You can't be more delighted to see me than I am to be here, Sam. Why didn't you think I would come? I wrote you I would."

"Oh yes; but fancy what you had to— Where's your luggage, Jack?"

"Right here—a big telescope and my guncase; you said you had some good shooting about these woods."

"Yes, we have that! Come, bundle the traps right into the buggy, and we'll be off. I dare say Mime has had supper waiting this half hour."

"Up you go, then." Jack Cameron tossed his things into the back of the low buggy, took a seat beside Sam, who already sat holding his lines, and they were off down the smooth road to Woodside, the pretty place, two miles from town, where Sam Dermott lived with his old maid sister, since the death of their father left them the owners of land and property.

"Explain yourself, old man," said Jack, turning to his friend, as they bowled along. "Why did you imagine I would not come?"

"Oh, you were spending your vacation at your brother Tom's, and they had a lot of pretty girls there, and so"—

"Just stop right now, Sam; that is the identical reason I ran away."

"What, from the girls?"

"Exactly. Tom's wife is a regular little match-maker, as you know. She had those girls out partly with that very idea—thinks it is time I was settled, and all that, you see. I got so fearfully tired of their dressing and flirting and making eyes at a fellow, and talking as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths—ah, bah! It makes me sick now! Don't you ever believe I was going to stay there when I could be out here with you and Miss Mime—not much!"

Sam threw back his head and gave a hearty laugh.

"Mighty glad we are to get you on any terms, Jack, lad; but aren't you a trifle hard on the girls? They are not all like that."

"Well, most of 'em are. I'm sick of the whole business. Haven't got a girl waiting for me here, have you? I'll go straight back if you have."

"Then I wouldn't tell you if there was one. But no, there isn't a female soul on the place except sister Jemima and her cook and housemaid, nor very many in the near neighborhood."

"Sure you have not a few coming for a little visit?"

"No, not expecting any. Oh, yes, Mime did get a letter from our respected grandmamma, saying she might drop in on us this week. Nobody else, I assure you."

"Drive on, then. We will let the good grandmamma come if she wants to. She won't interfere with our shooting and fishing. I'm content to stay as long as you'll let me, Sam."

"Then you won't go back to the city grind in a hurry, tell you that! Get up, Dan! Show your heels to our friend, can't you? He's a little dandy, Jack! Cost me a cool two hundred, and I would not look at three for him any day."

The girls were quite forgotten in Sam's pet pony, and before they reached Woodside Jack's face had entirely lost its tired look of disgust with the world in general. Miss Jemima, (or Mime, as she was usually called) was standing on the front veranda to welcome them, and bid them hasten to get ready for supper, or her nice hot rolls would be spoiled.

They were soon seated at her hospitable board, and Jack did full justice not only to the rolls, but to the fragrant coffee, rich cream, fresh home-cured ham and eggs, and all the other dainty dishes in which Mime's heart delighted. After supper they paid a visit to the stables before dark, and laid plans for a drive to Flat Rock on a fishing trip next day. Two or three similar days flew rapidly by, Jack declaring that he would not exchange the good times he was having with Sam for all the girls in the world. Four days after he came Sam was obliged to go to a neighboring town on a bit of law business—he had to be a witness in a land suit for another man—and Jack, not caring to put through a dull day in a country court, intended to spend the time hunting in the woods around the farm.

While they sat at breakfast, or, rather, as they were rising from the table, a telegram was handed to Sam, which he hastily read, and gave an exclamation of vexation.

"Now, hang it all!" said he, "I've got to go on this troublesome case, and here's a message from grandmother—she will be at Hartville this afternoon, and wants me to come over and meet her there."

"Oh, is grandmother coming today?" asked Mime, stopping in the door on her way to the kitchen.

"So this says; and what to do I don't know, unless you will go over, Mime."

"Can't I go?" put in Jack. "I am at the service of the venerable lady for any length of time, and of course, as she is old, and not apt to be very strong, she must not be left alone at a strange place. I'll go for you, Sam, with pleasure."

Sam had turned to Jack with a queer expression on his face, and Miss Mime began to say:

"What? Grandmother? Oh, she's"—

But Sam hastily stepped up to her, said something in a low tone, and then turned to his friend:

"The very thing, Jack! I do wish you would go. You can drive Dan to the buggy and I'll take old Cob to the road-cart."

"All right; I'll go. How shall I know the dear old lady? Can you describe her, as she will not know me, of course."

Sam had his back turned and his voice sounded odd as he replied:

"Oh, the station agent at Hartville knows her. She often comes that way. He will show her to you. Be sure to take good care of her Jack. Ha! ha! ha!"

"To be sure I will. What are you laughing at, Sam?"

"Oh! only an idea that struck me—something about Donovan's case. Good-by, old boy. I'll be at home as early as possible. Don't forget to meet Grandmother Dermott. Good-by. Ha! ha! ha!"

Sam went out, leaving Jack wondering what tickled him so; but as he was not familiar with the Donovan case, of course it might be a very funny one.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon Jack drove up to the little dingy railroad station at Hartville, and hitched Dan to a convenient post. He drew out his watch, and glancing at it, observed:

"Not much time to spare. Train's due now, if Sam was right. Ah, there it comes. Where's that agent? Never mind him, anyway. If only one old lady gets off I shall know it is Sam's grandmother without any introduction. I'd better be near; the dear old soul may need help to get off."

Jack gallantly drew very close to the train as it stopped, and stood waiting for his passenger. Half a dozen countrymen, two women with babies in their arms, and a fat colored woman—nobody else, except a slender girl in a stylish black suit, at whom even woman-hater Jack had to cast a second glance, she was so exceedingly pretty and attractive.

"Where's my old lady," he said to himself. "Something must have happened, for she is certainly not here. I wonder why she did not come."

But as she had not, he was about to go back to the buggy, when he saw the handsome girl standing near him with a perplexed look on her lovely face.

Jack stepped up, lifting his hat.

"Beg pardon, miss, but can I assist you? Are you looking for some one?"

The lady gave him a smile and answered:

"Yes; I did expect some one to meet me from Woodside Farm, but no one is here. Are there any conveyances to be hired at this place do you know?"

"I do not, indeed," returned Jack, astonished. "But I come from Woodside myself. I, too, expected to meet a lady who has not arrived—Mrs. Dermott."

The lady smiled again, and said, brightly:

"Oh, then we are all right. I am Mrs. Captain Dermott, and you must be the friend Sam wrote they were expecting from the city."

"I am Sam's friend, certainly, but—but—there is some mistake," stammered Jack. "I—I came to meet Sam's grandmother, a very old lady."

A merry little laugh was his answer.

"I think there is no mistake, Mr.—"

"Cameron," Jack barely had sense to reply.

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron, then I believe it is all right. I am Sam's grandmother, though perhaps not so old as might have been expected. Did you ever know that Captain Dermott was married only two years before his death? And I was sorry, even if he was an old man, for he was so good to me," she added honestly, a regretful look coming over her sweet face.

Jack made out to stammer again:

"I—I never heard. I did not—I was not—oh, excuse me, miss—madam, I mean—but I am really knocked off my pins, if you will forgive the slang, with this surprise. I was prepared for a white-haired, feeble old lady, who would need help in getting off the train; but not—not this, you see."

Another merry laugh from Mrs. Dermot.

"I wonder Sam or Mime did not tell you better. Why did not Sam come with you?"

"He had to go to Cloverton on somebody's lawsuit, so I took his place. And really, Mrs. Dermott, I am not always such a fool. Pardon me and tell me where to find your luggage. I will see to having it sent out."

"Thank you. There is only one trunk. Here is the check."

She gave it to him and he had presently engaged the wagon to bring it to the farm, had put her into the buggy and was driving back to Woodside, for once in his life almost dumb. He simply could not talk, he was so provoked at himself for making so great a dunce of himself, and at Sam, who he saw had played a clever trick on him.

"I know now what he laughed at this morning," he thought, savagely. "Oh, but I'll get even with him for this, if I have to be his grandfather to do it."

When they had stopped at the door, Mime came running out to meet them.

"You found her, did you?"

"Yes, I did, and I made a big fool of myself, Miss Mime, and I believe you and Sam planned it all, too."

Then they all three broke into a laugh, and when Mrs. Dermott, after she had kissed Mime, held out her white hand and said, pleasantly, "But you mustn't be angry with me, Mr. Cameron, for I was as innocent as yourself. Shall we be friends?"

He could do nothing but extend his own hand and say, humbly:

"It shall not be my fault if we are anything else. I don't care whose grandmother you are."

But when he was alone with Sam that night, didn't Sam catch it!

"I declare, I never thought but what you knew," he said, when Jack would let him speak at all. "Grandfather Dermott married a young girl a few years before he died, and of course by law she is our grandmother."

"She don't look like a girl who would make that kind of a marriage," said Jack thoughtfully.

"It was not 'that kind of a marriage,' as you mean it. Grandfather was alone and needed a woman's love and care. Cora gave it because she pitied him, much more than because she knew that he would leave her a fortune when he died. She's a lovely woman, and might have made several good matches since grandfather went, but she wouldn't listen to them, Jack. She'd suit you to a dot."

"Perhaps I wouldn't suit her, though. Sam, when you saw I didn't know this morning, why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, then, I must confess it struck me to carry out the joke and let you find out for yourself, so I stopped Mime when she was going to tell. Don't be mad, old fellow."

"I won't promise; it depends. I'll tell you what I will do. If she don't say no, I'll pay you up by making myself your grandfather, Sam."

"Go in, Jack! Go in and win!"

Jack did win, for the last letter Sam had from him was written while he was on his wedding trip, and was signed, "Your affectionate and happy grandfather."—Farm and Fireside.

Orders Are to Be Obeyed.

A young man with a decidedly seedy appearance entered the superintendent's office, and placing his hand familiarly upon the superintendent's shoulder accosted him thus:

"Boss, can you gimme a job?"

"What department?"

"Either brakin' or firin'."

"Do you know the Book of Rules?"

"Some."

"Well, let me see how well you are posted. We will suppose you were firing a train that was running from Jersey City to Philadelphia; the engineer would get killed and you would take his place. You would find on his clip that the train had orders to take the sidetrack for another train somewhere in the woods where there was no telegraph office. Now, suppose that train did not arrive there for, say, 12 hours: what would you do?"

"That would be the affair of the conductor, not mine."

"I will take your name, and if we have need of your services we will send for you. Good day."

The next applicant to enter seated himself back of the superintendent and waited for him to break the silence, which he did shortly.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I would like to have a job, boss."

"In what department?"

"Train service."

"Are you familiar with the Book of Rules?"

"A little."

The superintendent then asked him the same question as the first.

The fellow scratched his head, then looking the superintendent square in the eye, he replied: "Boss, if the orders looked good and were positive, I would stay on that sidetrack until Hades froze over."

"Go down and report to Mr. ——, the trainmaster, for duty.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Difference in Bootblacks.

"Did you ever notice the difference between the darky and Italian bootblacks?" said a man about town to a Chicago Inter Ocean reporter. "I say darkies and Italians, because most of the 'shining' in Chicago is done by one or the other. The darkies do the work in barber shops and shoe stores and the Italians run most of the 'parlors.'

"Now, you watch a darky, and if he's alone he'll talk to his customer. If there's two of them they'll chatter together like magpies. And the darky is so full of music and dance that he's got to put them into his work. He'll put in all sorts of fantastic motions and beat out a rude kind of time, as if he were picking a banjo or cutting a pigeonwing. When he brushes you he'll beat you with the whisp broom in the same way.

"Go into one of the Italian 'parlors' and it's as still as a grave. There may be a dozen bootblacks, but not one of them will speak to you or to a companion. They do their work steadily and rapidly, but it's work, and nothing else. Same way with their brushing you. It's as different as a watch service from a cake walk."

Beginning the Year

With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier, taken now, will be your best protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in early spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates from the blood all scrofula taints, tones and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh and every ailment caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

A Mistake.

It costs nothing to be ordinarily polite, even under adverse circumstances, and it generally pays. A passenger in a sleeping car, who was tired and sleepy and wanted to go to bed, called to a man who had just entered the coach and was hurrying through it:

"Say, isn't it about time to have these berths made up?"

"What do you take me for?" angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back. "Do I look like a sleeping-car conductor?"

"No," rejoined the tired passenger, looking up at him, wearily. "You do not. I beg you pardon. My observation is that a sleeping-car conductor is always a gentleman."—Youth's Companion.

In its advanced and chronic form a cold in the head is known as Nasal Catarrh and is the recognized source of other diseases. Having stood the test of continued successful use, Ely's Cream Balm is recognized as a specific for membranal diseases in the nasal passages, and you should resort to this treatment in your own case. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York. Give up prejudice and try it.

Killed His Sweetheart by Mistake.

Last week in a little country churchyard in Cloud county, western Kansas, old Jack Williams was buried—"Laughin' Jack" he was called, though never within the memory of the younger generation had a smile been seen upon his face.

In 1867 Jack Williams appeared in the town of Clyde. Soon after reaching Clyde he opened a livery stable and commenced trading horses and freighting.

He was a jolly fellow, always joking and nearly always laughing. His laugh was worth coming miles to hear. It had a volume like the roar of a cataract.

The claim adjoining Jack's was held by a German, whose family consisted of his wife and daughter. The girl was about 22 or 23 years old. She was fairly good looking and did a full man's work on the farm.

"Laughin' Jack" used to curse the "Dutch outfit" for what he termed their harsh treatment of the girl. He was so bitter that it finally dawned upon the rough fellows of the place that he had more of an interest in the girl than he really ever cared to admit.

Her parents knew nothing of these facts. Her marriage meant the loss of a man on the farm, and it was taken for granted that they would oppose it. So the couple intended to get married on the quiet.

Late one afternoon in the winter of '69 there came up a terrible blizzard—suddenly, as they always come.

That afternoon a cow had escaped from the Dutchman's corral, and it fell to the lot of the girl to find the animal. When the storm burst, the German and his wife sat by the fire, reasoning that the girl would come out all right.

That evening Jack went to his shack to spend the night, getting there for the worst of the storm. He was preparing to go to bed, when his attention was attracted by the actions of his dog. The beast had risen to his feet and appeared to be listening.

There came a lull in the storm, the dog gave a yelp, and, bounding to the door commenced scratching at it. Jack opened the door, and the dog dashed out.

The moon was making a feeble attempt to cast light through the clouds, but as nothing could be made out, Jack was on the point of closing the door when again the yelp of the hound rang out. Grasping his rifle, Jack advanced a few paces from the door. Now he could dimly see on the edge of a ravine near the shack a grayish body moving slowly in the gloom.

That it was a coyote there could be no doubt, and, throwing up his gun, Jack fired. No sound followed the crack of the rifle, but the object disappeared.

When Jack started for town next morning he walked to the ravine to see how his aim had been. An awful sight met his gaze.

Just below the edge of the bank, with pure white snow all about her, ice incrusted in her hair, was the body of the girl he had intended to make his wife, shot through the brain by the rifle which, in his hands, had a record of seldom missing its mark.

The man was nearly crazed with grief and horror; yet, he could not be blamed.

The girl, numbed by exposure, was endeavoring to make her way to his place of shelter, guided by the light in his window. Under the circumstances it was small cause for wonder that he was frantic with grief.

The father considered that he had a grievance, and the day following the funeral he appeared at Jack's stable. He walked over to where Jack was disconsolately sitting on a goods box, and said that as his daughter had been a great help to him, and as Jack had been the cause of her death, he thought that something should be done to make it right, and suggested that if Jack would surrender his land to him he would call it square.

For a minute Jack did not speak, while the loafers in the barn waited with hushed breath.

Pale and trembling, Jack rose from his seat. Pulling a six-shooter, he leveled it at the farmer, and in a voice that began with a choke, he said:

"See here, Dutch! Climb right into that wagon and hit the trail for home, and if you ever mention this matter to me again I swear to God I'll fill your carcass so full of lead that you can't be lifted."

What "Laughin' Jack" said went; the old man turned and left the place.

Jack was never the same after that. He seemed to have lost interest in life, and from that time the old laugh was never heard again.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by all druggists.

Determined to Bag Him.

A story is told in an English paper concerning a country doctor, who was going on his rounds one morning with his gun on his shoulder.

He was a keen sportsman, as are many of the faculty whose practice lies in the places where sports abound, and was looking forward to polishing off a little ground game when his professional visits were over. A friend meeting him, and seeing him with the gun, exclaimed, "Where are you going, doctor, so early in the day, with that deadly weapon on your shoulder?"

The medical man, it is stated, was well known as a crack shot.

"I'm hurrying off to see a patient," he replied.

"Well, said his friend, "I see you are determined not to miss him."

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

Butter and Milk Records—Preparing for Spring Work.

Records of noted cows are not secured solely on account of the individual being of a certain breed. Those who make use of selected breeds also study the best and most economical methods of feeding. The animal is simply the machine for converting food into milk and butter, and it would fail to accomplish the object desired but for the character of the food. When cows are tested for records they are not fed on straw and fodder, and with the view of saving in the food, but, on the contrary the best foods that can be obtained are not considered too good or costly. Grain, clover, pasturage, linseed meal and roots assist, each to afford a variety or change and to promote the appetite and induce the cow to eat as much as she can digest; hence such cows have great digestive capacity and can utilize large quantities of food. The fact that such cows are well bred is simply an evidence that they are from families that have been noted for good records. It is the food that makes the milk and butter, but an ordinary cow does not possess the capacity of consuming and converting large quantities of food into milk and butter compared with one that is pure bred.

When wood ashes are applied lime is unnecessary, as every 100 pounds of wood ashes contain about 40 pounds of lime. Ashes vary greatly, as they are produced from different sources, easily absorb moisture, and their composition cannot be determined without careful examination. The most valuable ingredient in ashes is potash, the proportion being about six pounds to every 100 pounds of wood ashes. Ashes also contain about 2 per cent of phosphoric acid and about 3 per cent. of magnesia. Coal ashes are of but little value. Wood ashes give excellent results on all kinds of crops, especially grass.

A law that would prohibit the sale of calves for food before they are three months old would put an end to "bob" veal and lead to improvement of stock, for the reason that if farmers were compelled to feed their calves to the age of three months they would then give some attention to breeding in order to derive as much as possible from the calves. The scrub bull would soon become useless under such a system and the farmers would find the change greatly in their favor. Many of the infant calves are sold when but three days old and are then unfit for human food.

Early in spring the wheat may be harrowed with a smoothing harrow and 100 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre applied. If the young wheat is sickly in appearance the nitrate will give it a green appearance in a few days and the wheat will seem to take a fresh start. The yield will also be largely increased, and the gain in the straw and grain will not only renumerate for the nitrate used, but will give also a profit on the investment.

Many of the young trees die because of injury when taken up at the nursery. The tops of young trees may be cut back severely without injury, but it is very important that each tree be well supplied with an abundance of roots when they are transplanted.

It is sometimes claimed that a garden becomes too rich and that it produces an enormous growth of vine, with but little seeds or fruit. The difficulty is that the garden contains an excess of some kind of plant food. Rotate the crops or make a garden in a new location, growing corn, potatoes and cabbages successively on the old location, when it may be used as a garden plot again. It is doubtful, however, if a garden can be too rich.

Strawberries can be grown at a small cost compared with the price received, but the better the cultivation and the more liberal the use of fertilizer the lower the expense, as the crop yield will be so much greater. The quality and size of the berries will also be improved, which will give them ready sale. The main expense in growing strawberries is the harvesting of the crop. The best time to apply fertilizer from this time on is in March, the fertilizer to be applied on the plants in the rows. It is best not to work the plants until they finish bearing, as the roots feed near the surface and should not be disturbed. If any weeds appear pull them out.

It is much easier to destroy birds than insects, but as the number of birds is reduced the insects multiply. The wren is a very useful bird and may be induced to remain near dwelling houses if boxes are provided for them, but as they are unable to contend against English sparrows the entrance to the wren boxes should not be over an inch in diameter, as the wren is very small and can protect itself by going where the sparrow cannot follow. Every encouragement should be given birds by feeding them and providing suitable places for their protection and accommodation.

Bisulphide of carbon is used for destroying weevil in wheat bins. Force a tube to the bottom of the bin, pour in about a pint of the liquid, and cover the bin. The gas is heavy and finds its way to every portion of the bin. It is a dangerous substance to use unless care is exercised, as a lighted pipe or cigar will cause it to explode, even when there is no flame. It is destructive of all insect life, but does not injure the grain.

It is not too soon to begin making preparations for the hotbed. The sashes, frames and the saving of the fresh manure for use at the proper time must be considered in advance, as there is always hurry in early spring.

"I was so bad that I could not bear the weight of the bed clothes on me, I tried doctors' medicine, hot baths and patent medicines, all failed until I tried Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer, that cured me." So writes John R. Rowan, Canal Fulton, Ohio.

When all others fail, take Brant's Cough Balsam, it never fails—25 cents. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

The Color of Water.

Many persons have an idea that pure water is colorless, and that the deep blue color of large bodies of water, particularly when their surface are ruffled with waves, is simply the reflected color of the sky. This is true only in part. That even distilled water, clear and transparent as it is when we have it in a small quantity in a glass vessel, is not colorless, is seen when by means of any suitable arrangement a thickness of several feet is looked through. It then assumes a greenish-blue color. The water of ponds and lakes is usually discolored more or less by vegetable and earthy matter held in suspension in it. It is impossible to look down into water thus dyed to any great depth. To find water in its true color we must go to the ocean. A body of sea water, where there is a sandy bottom and the depth is not great, has a bluish-green color when we look directly down into it, thus avoiding as far as possible the reflection of the sky. Foam seen at some distance below the surface is greenish-white. Again, when the sky is gray with clouds and the ocean is wave-covered, it throws off altogether its borrowed hue of blue and appears in its proper garb of green.

This color, like most of the colors which adorn the face of Nature, is due to a partial decomposition of the white solar light by the unequal absorption of its component prismatic colors. When the sun's light falls upon and penetrates this sea water absorption at once begins, acting the most strongly upon its red component. We may observe the result as the light reaches different depths by lowering into the water a white porcelain plate. At a depth of no more than two or three feet below the surface it already has assumed a bluish-green hue, showing that some part of the complementary red color of the light which illuminates it has been absorbed—has been transmuted into heat. As the plate descends its greenish color deepens, until at no very great depth it ceases to be visible.

But while the red component of white light is absorbed by water the most rapidly, none of the light escapes scot free, but eventually all of it is absorbed as completely as light is absorbed by carbon. It has been estimated that even when the sun is pouring down its rays upon the ocean the most directly at noonday none of its rays penetrate to a depth of over two hundred feet. Could a diver descend to that depth he would find himself shrouded in darkness as profound as though he were immersed in a sea of ink. Were it not for matter floating in suspension in this sea water—minute living organisms and air bubbles due to the breaking of the waves, all of which reflect light—the ocean, looked down into, would be as black as the blackest dye-stuff, for in that case none of the sun's rays, having once penetrated it, would return to its surface.

It has been demonstrated repeatly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Tunnel Under Gibraltar.

The idea of tunneling the Straits of Gibraltar is not entirely new, but it is a gigantic engineering enterprise, nevertheless. Some civil engineers speak very positively of the prospective benefits of such a tunnel to France's African colony. A French engineer proves that there is compact rock formation across the Strait, and that the enterprise is no more difficult than the Saint Gothard or Alberg tunnels in the Alps or the Simplon. The tunnel would be twenty-five and one-half miles long, would cost $25,000,000, and the work could be done in seven years, according to his estimate. The Spanish Government has already consented to the scheme. The Moorish Government is being interviewed for its consent. Such a tunnel is not beyond the ability of the European engineers.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—D. A. Doggen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by all druggists.

For His Trouble.

"Hear about the joke on Jimpson?"

"No; what was it?"

"Bet Jaggers yesterday morning he could get a ride to the hospital in the ambulance without anything being the matter with him. Put up ten dollars."

"Well?"

"He called up the hospital, and the ambulance came tearing down. Doctor asked him what the matter was. Said he had a pain; and they shoved him into the wagon."

"Won the bet, of course?"

"Nope—he he."

"Didn't; how was that?"

"On the way to the hospital the ambulance jolted him into nervous prostration. Doctor says he won't be out for three months.

"Ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Panama Canal Work.

Three thousand men are now at work on the Panama Canal; 2000 more are now on their way. Arrangements have been made for the employment of 16,000 men. It will take ten years to complete the canal, with an average employment of 12,000 men all the time. The plan that has been adopted calls for the removal of 24,700,000 cubic metres of earth for the entire cutting, of which nearly one-half is at the Culebra Mountain. The total estimated expense is a little over $100,000,000.

HAD A KICK TO MAKE.

AND HE MADE IT RIGHT TO THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

The Kicker Went About Landing His Protest In a Rather Unconventional Manner, but the Chances Are He Got What He Was After.

"Yes," said the tall, loose jointed man at the telephone, "that's the number I want—229."

"Double two nine?" queried the voice at the central office.

"Well, I don't know that double two nine is any better than the plain, ordinary two, two, nine, but if you insist on that style suppose we say double two single nine and get it exactly right. Hello! Is that Spotcash & Co.'s?"

"Yes," responded the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Is Mr. Spotcash in?"

"Is it something important? He is much occupied."

"So am I. Yes; it's a matter of some importance, and I want to talk to Mr. Spotcash personally. Yes; I'll hold the wire—that is, I'll hold the phone"—

"Hello!" snapped somebody at this juncture.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Spotcash?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"You are the head of the firm of Spotcash & Co., are you not?"

"Yes," was the impatient answer. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"Gwilliams, 1195 Pumpernickel street. I want to enter a complaint."

"What about?"

"I bought an icebox at your store a few days ago, and"—

"Call up the household goods department, confound you! I have no time to spare to look after such things."

"You've got as much time, perhaps, as I have. I haven't any complaint to make to the household goods department. The head of the firm is the man I want to talk to. I bought an icebox at your store a few days ago for $16.75. I might have got it cheaper somewhere else, but that isn't the point. Having bought it and paid for it, I had a right to expect it to be delivered within a reasonable time and in fair condition. It didn't come for four days, and when it did come"—

"Say, you. I employ men to hear complaints of this kind"—

"I have no use for them. You're the responsible man of the house. The system is yours. If it doesn't work smoothly, it is your fault. When that icebox came four days after purchase, one of the castors was missing, the varnish was scraped off the outside surface in more than a dozen places, and it looked as if it had gone through a hard season at a cheap boarding house"—

"If there's anything wrong with it," roared Mr. Spotcash, "send it back! I can't take up my time"—

"Stand a little farther away from the phone, Mr. Spotcash. Your voice sounds as if you had your mouth full of mashed potatoes"—

"Who the devil are you?"

"I think I gave you my name and address—Gwilliams, 1195 Pumpernickel street, next door to Lazarus