The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

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SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new person, and my terrible sufferings have all gone. Life is comfort compared to the misery it used to be." MRS. THERESA HARTSON, Albion, Pa.
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.
AN INTERESTING SKETCH.
Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter Blanche, now 15 years old, was horribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now tipples 100 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies without fear and care. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her."
When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not decide to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. H. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.
Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or can be had of the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

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Leanin' on the Fence.

Leanin' on the fence,
Chattin' with a neighbor,
Givin' rein to sense
On the rights o' labor;
Swappin off o' jokes,
Airin' what is in us,
Ripplin' up the folks
That we think agin us.

Often it gits hot,
Things are said that rile us,
Then, as like as no',
Temper's apt to spile us;
But there's no alarm,
For a guard to screen us
From the torch o' harm
Is the fence between us.

Talkin' over votes,
And the whims o' thinkers,
Polutin out the motes
In a neighbor's blinkers;
Leanin' on the fence,
That is life, my brother,
Chunks o' common sense
Tradin' with each other.

—Danielson's Magazine.

COL. SAMUEL M. JACKSON.

Republican Candidate for State Treasurer.

Colonel Samuel M. Jackson, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, was born on a farm near Apollo, Pa., September 24th, 1833. He was reared at his birthplace, and at the age of sixteen entered the Jacksonville Academy, at Jacksonville, Indiana County, Pa., but before completing his course, the death of his father compelled him to leave school and abandon his contemplated liberal academical education.

At a very early age Colonel Jackson displayed an active interest in military affairs, and when only thirteen he was enrolled as a drummer boy in a company of the State Militia, evincing in childhood those talents which were afterwards of incalculable value to his Country in the hour of her sore distress. For efficient service he was promoted, step by step, until he obtained a Captain's commission, and when the dark clouds of rebellion broke in their traitorous wrath Captain Jackson was one of the first to proffer his services in the great struggle to maintain one flag and a united country. He recruited Company G, or the Apollo Independent Blues, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves and was commissioned its Captain when it was mustered into service. His signal ability as a soldier could not long remain unnoticed. On July 2nd, 1861, he was made Major of his Regiment; on October 28th, he was promoted to the office of Lieutenant Colonel, and on April 10th, 1862, hardly a year after he had donned the blue, he received the sword and commission of a Colonel. The talents of the man were so marked, his character and bearing so distinguished, that advancement in the service was as steady and natural as the flow of the irresistable tide. At the head of a brave Regiment he prove himself a gallant officer, and through the whole of his three years' service was a conspicuous figure in all the campaigns in which his Regiment was summoned to duty. At the battle of Gaines' Mill, Second Bull Run, South, Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and Bethesda Church, Colonel Jackson and his Regiment showed the fighting worth of Pennsylvania blood, rendering particularly distinguished service at South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. At Spottsylvania he commanded his Brigade and so well and ably did he bear himself in this battle that he was breveted a Brigadier General for his gallant conduct. But it was at Gettysburg that Colonel Jackson so eminently displayed his keenness of judgment and powers of command. On the second day's fight his Regiment, just arrived on the battlefield, lay in the front on the slope of Little Round Top, overlooking that terrible Valley of Death from which the Third Corps had been driven back. The supports sent to the relief of the Third were fearfully broken, the enemy, flushed with their success, was steadily advancing with a terrible and resolute purpose to carry the hill. Moments, then, were as vital as hours, there was no time to await orders from superiors, and Colonel Jackson, quick to see and realize the danger of delay, on his own responsibility ordered his Regiment forward, and was at once followed by the commands in his rear. Down the slope they charged, and hurling themselves like thunderbolts, on the columns of the advancing enemy, they fought them foot by foot back across the Valley of Death, regaining the entire field so nearly and irretrievably lost.

At the battle of the Wilderness he again displayed his signal ability to command and his ready power to meet an emergency, however trying. While commanding both his own and the Second Regiment, he suddenly found himself cut off from his Division by a strong force of the enemy. Thus isolated from the Union forces and surrounded by a confident foe, the situation presented but one of two alternatives—death or surrender! But Colonel Jackson had never learned how to surrender; the chance of cutting his way through the enemy's lines, desperate though it was, was promptly and bravely accepted, and at the head of his troops with an unequaled valor, they broke through the rebel forces, and by a circuitous route reached the Union front, where, for several hours they had been given up as lost.

During three years of active hard service, Colonel Jackson won the confidence and respect of his superiors and the esteem and admiration of all within his command, and when mustered out he returned to his home and the quiet pursuits of a business life. To keep warmer and more vivid the memories of his soldier life, its comradeships and past dangers, Colonel Jackson allied himself with Whitworth Post No. 89 G. A. R., of Apollo; Encampment No. 1, U. V. L., Pittsburgh, and the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion. For some time after the close of the war he was engaged in the oil business in Venango County, but in 1869 he returned to his native County of Armstrong and was in the same year elected to the State Legislature and re-elected in the following year. In this position, as in every other that Colonel Jackson has filled, both military and civil, he so won the confidence of those whom he served that, four years later, he was elected to represent the 41st Senatorial district, composed of the Counties of Armstrong and Butler, in the State Senate. At the close of his term of office he was again honored by the offer of a re-nomination, which he felt compelled to decline.

In 1871 he was instrumental in organizing the Apollo Savings Bank, of which he filled the responsible position as cashier until April, 1882, when President Arthur appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the 23rd district. He assumed the duties of this office on July 1, 1882, serving until July 1, 1885, when the first Cleveland administration came into power. In September of the same year he was elected President of the Apollo Savings Bank, which place he has filled up to the present time.

In the many positions of grave responsibility and trust to which Colonel Jackson has been called, he proved himself worthy of the confidence imposed in him. As a soldier, he was obedient and brave; as an officer, gallant and fearless; as a legislator, conscientious and wise. His private life is without spot or blemish. Those who know him best, his friends and neighbors, all speak of his affability, his kindness, his generosity and his manliness. He is a type of manhood in which the best American citizenship is exemplified, and in selecting him as a candidate for the highly responsible position of State Treasurer, the Republican party has made a wise and happy choice. To its duties he will bring a ripe experience, a mature wisdom and a moral firmness that will insure their faithful performance, free from all critism, and we bespeak for him from a united party a hearty and generous support.

HON. D. NEWLIN FELL.

Republican Candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court.

Hon. David Newlin Fell, of Philadelphia, the candidate of the Republican party for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, was born November 4th, 1840, in Buckingham, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, where his ancestors settled in 1704. He belongs to the sixth generation of the family, members of which still live there. He was educated under the direction of his father, Joseph Fell, who was a distinguished teacher and superintendent of the schools of the county, and who, for fifty years, was actively connected with and did much to advance the educational interest of the State. It was wish pardonable pride and jealous care that he assisted and guided his son in laying the foundation for and building up a broad and deep mental and moral education. Upon the completion of his studies, Judge Fell was graduated at the State Normal School at Millersville, Pennsylvania, in the class of '62.

At that time the Union armies were suffering terrible losses in the Peninsula and other disastrous campaigns, and the clouds which so often hang dark and threatening during those three years of awful strife were lowering from day to day. The holiday aspect of the war had long since passed. The many defeats which had overtaken the Union arms gave fair warning to those about to enlist that the war was a stern and awful reality. As soldiers they would be called upon to endure hardship and suffer privation in all its forms and possibly meet death face to face. Their mission was not merely to march gaily to and fro, out of the reach of harm, and returning after a short enlistment, to receive the praise and honors showered upon some of those who had sprung to their country's defense.

It was at this time, with the wounded constantly returning, and with mourning on every side for those who would return no more, that Judge Fell, in the strength of his early manhood, started for the front. With a full realization of the brilliant prospects of success which his education and talents would secure for him at home, he enlisted in Company E, 122d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. This command was recruited largely from students of the State Normal School. The sterling qualities of mind and heart which have since been so freely recognized by his fellow citizens, even at that early day, caused his student associates to elect him Lieutenant of the Company. Four days after being mustered into service this command was at the front and assigned to the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 3d Corps, then under command of General Stoneman, and later commanded by General Sickles.

The most disastrous campaign in which the Regiment took part was that of Chancellorsville, where 135 of its gallant men went down on the field of battle. The college chums and comrades of David Newlin Fell, who went through the ordeal of war with him, testify to his coolness and bravery, his modesty and unflinching courage, and with it all, his generous brotherly care for the comfort of every one of his command. Mustered out after the expiration of his term of service, he again went to his books and studies, and devoted himself assiduously to the science of the law. Again we find him with a preceptor who had a keen interest in his success—his brother, William W. Fell. Passing successfully and brilliantly the examination, he was admitted to the Bar March 17th, 1866, where he soon acquired an extensive and lucrative practice.

His neighbors, early recognizing his abilities, elected him to represent the 20th Ward of Philadelphia in City Councils. The ready grasp and comprehensive knowledge of the details of city government which he here acquired and displayed, suggested his availability for membership on the Municipal Commission, created by legislative enactment to devise plans for the government of the cities of the Commonwealth, and upon which he served with distinguished ability. While still a young man, his ripe legal attainments and sterling qualities of character were recognized by Governor Hartranft, who appointed him, on May 3d, 1877, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas No. 2, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Pratt.

In the following November, as the sole nominee of both the Republican and Democratic parties, he was elected to the same position for the full term of ten years. When this expired in 1887, he was again honored with the double nomination and a unanimous election.

But all the civic honors which have been bestowed upon Judge Fell have never made him unmindful of his old comrades in arms, "the boys in blue." During more than a quarter of a century he has been an active and enthusiastic member of Post 2 of the Grand Army of the Republic. In addition to his services in his Post, he has brought his splendid attainments to the positions of Senior Vice Department Commander and Judge Advocate General of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania. He has a large circle of acquaintances and friends among the war veterans of the Keystone State.

Such, in brief, has been the career of a brave and valiant soldier, an upright and public spirited citizen, and a learned and able Judge. This sketch may well conclude with a tribute paid him by the Hon. George S. Graham, of Philadelphia, upon placing Judge Fell in nomination for the supreme bench, when he said:

"His record in every place of public trust is full of honor and will bear the closest scrutiny. He always acquitted himself well, and won the encomiums of the people. Upon the bench he has created for himself an enviable name. No man is more highly honored and thoroughly beloved among all the judges of our county courts. His learning, his ability, his clear judicial mind, have made him a valued jurist, and his unswerving adherence to right, fearlessness in the discharge of duty, unfailing courtesy, manliness and modesty, have made him a model Judge, and endeared him to our bar and to our citizens generally."

A Word to Mothers.

Do not always be a drudge in your own household. Rest a little whenever you can, and allow some of the members of your family to be some of the work. Have a chair by the stove and when you peep into the oven sit while you look, yes, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of position. While mending have your chair in the coziest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you, if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eyes wander out through the window glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something intersting out of doors. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself, and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child. Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work is more easily done.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Keeping Eggs.

The *Orange County Farmer* finds this in an English paper: "Put two lumps of unslacked lime about the size of your hand into an earthenware pan, pour on by degrees two gallons of boiling water. Soon after you begin to pour the water on the lime the latter will make a startling noise. When this ceases add the remainder of the water. Let the lime water stand until the next day; stir it up well with a stick; place the eggs in the liquid gently one by one, taking great care that every egg is fresh and not cracked. Cover the pan with a piece of board. In a short time the water will be glazed over, but you can continue to add eggs until the pan is full. Small pans are preferable for various reasons. They are more portable and more quickly filled. No cracked egg should find its way into the liquid and become broken. Ordinary care is needed in the liming process, but no attention is demanded afterwards save to ascertain whether the water has diminished and the uppermost eggs become partially dry. If this be the case add lime water. Limed eggs fried and used in puddings, etc., are as good as fresh eggs."

All fruit is said to be most wholesome the first thing in the morning—and surely no fruit is so cleansing and refreshing and very little so delicious at that hour as a big juicy melon, cooled over night and almost cracking open and voluntarily exposing its red heart after the knife has gone partly through it. Such a melon, however, is just as good at other hours in the hot days, for which it seems to be especially provided as a refreshing experience, something more than the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It is no wonder the southern darkies are so fond of watermelons. In these most trying days of the long summer of the south the melon is more refreshing than chill dewdrops on the early morning grass, and to the overheated, overwearied and thirsty soul a good juicy ripe one "comes home to the business and the bosoms" of darkey and white man alike.—*Hartford Times.*

Brooklyn has 90,000 trees, watched over by the Tree Planting and Fountain Society, which brings to justice all offenders against the ordinances for the protection of the trees.

Captain Kidd's Lost Treasure.

If the amount of Captain Kidd's treasure is to be judged by the immense number of different places in which fortune hunters have had absolute proof that it was deposited, the Captain must have been a pretty well-to-do gentleman in his day. According to the local traditions he established bank accounts showing pretty good balances all along the coast from Newfoundland to the West India Islands.

Maine Yankees, with their proverbial ingenuity in guessing, have been among the most frequent, if not the most successful, searchers for these colonial savings institutions, and there is probably not a ten mile stretch on the Maine coast where some one has not searched for this ill-gotten gold. Wood Island, at the mouth of the Saco river, is a favorite hunting ground with the people in this locality when they get the fever, and it has lately been the scene of operation of two men who would rather work an amateur gold mine that follow their natural avocations. These two men, one of whom lives on Ferry road in Saco, and the other of whom resides in Biddeford, are the last ones to get a mysterious clew to this Wood Island treasure, and for the last six months they have been planning how to secure it without the knowledge of others.

One night a short time ago they drove quietly down to the pool in a team and were ferried over to the Island by a boatman, hired body and soul for the occasion. Now these two men are, unfortunately, superstitious, being ardent believers in spirits and ghosts, and their plans might have succeeded had they not been frightened off by one of the latter fraternity, who suddenly appeared to them. They managed to carry off their tools in their retreat, but there is as much gold there as ever there was, for some one else to get. It is understood that there is a number of sheep kept on the island, and it may have been one of these that produced the panic.—*Bangor News.*

Both Honest.

During the Civil War, Miss N——, a high-spirited Virginia young lady, whose father—a Confederate soldier—had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the President but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent, and not betray her sympathy for the South.

They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied. "Yes, loyal to the heart core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated.

When they had left the room, Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuously. "Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be careful? You have only yourself to blame." Miss N—— made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

"Pass Miss N——. She is an honest girl and can be trusted.

A. LINCOLN.

Obedience Appreciated.

An English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious that they should not ride over as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses, so he dispatched a boy in his employ to this field, telling him to shut the gate and keep watch over it and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered in vain. After awhile one of noble presence advanced and said in commanding tones: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—and I command you to open that gate."

The boy lifted his cap, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut. No one is to pass through but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrier lifted his own hat and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."

Gazing Upward.

It has been said that God put the stars in the sky so that men should look up." The men of Gallilee gazed upward when Christ was taken from their sight. It is not a blind following of tradition which leads us. Gazing upward, whether in bright noonday, when fleecy clouds float over the azure, or in the quiet evening, when moon and stars are revealing their splendors, has often the effect of calming the troubled heart. What better preparation for a quiet sleep than a few minutes spent in communion with the Creator through his most brilliant handiwork? Below, there is the restless hurrying to and fro; but yonder there is a calm, rest, bliss. Looking up, let your thought travel from one star to another. God knows each of those worlds, represented by its little point of light, as well as you know your own room. He made that wonderful star, and placed it in the wonderful system to which it belongs, and he made the law which keeps it in place. No one of the heavenly bodies is so far removed from him that he is not ever watching over it and providing for it. Cannot such a God be trusted with the care of his loved and loving child?—*Sunday School Times.*

Engaged and Married.

It is often said that when a girl becomes engaged she is no longer "any good" to her friends. She no longer seems to care for their friendly companionship. But after a year or two of married life she is generally glad to have her old circle of friends back again, and she ought, if she doesn't, to repent in sackcloth and ashes over her period of selfish indifference to the comfort of her nearest and dearest before the lover came into her life.

The loving restraint of her father and mother seems irksome compared to the rhapsodies of her adored, who would die for at a moment's notice. It is singular what a charm this professed mortuary willingness has for a girl, who if she realized the truth would know that the parents who brought her into the world and have reared her with tender care and self-sacrifice to womanhood would far more surely give their lives for her if occasion demanded than man who has known her a few short months or years.

During the period of engagement a girl often seems to forget that the rest of the family have any rights whatever; she appears to think the parlor belongs exclusively to her in the evenings, and regards it as an infringement of her monopoly if others enter it. She disregards the time-honored rule of closing the house at ten o'clock, and keeps her parents awake.

The truth is she is in a sort of dreamland, from which the most inevitable return to the work-a-day world soon enough, so, perhaps, it is best not to chide her too severely.

"Curly gold locks cover foolish brains." But the gold must mingle all too soon with an alloy of silver, and the soft dreaming eyes be surrounded by crisscross thread-like indentations, and the time roll around when her own daughter will follow in her mother's footsteps.

How Do You Treat Your Sister?

"It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be polite to some other fellow's sister; then, why is it some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their own sisters? Many a boy is rude to his sister without realizing it; in other words he forgets to be polite. Then again, he is afraid of being dubbed "sissy" if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for anybody to get into, that of saving one's polite ways for outsiders.

If you meet your sister in the street take your hat off when you speak to her. you would do it for some other boy's sister.

If she ask you a question don't answer it in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she didn't know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't guy her or make fun of her in any way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl.

You can just bank all you've got on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man that is bound to win the respect and affection of everyone.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Help For Tired Brains.

Worried housekeepers with more to do than you know how to accomplish, did you ever try using a helpful little list and letting that little slip of paper save a lot of wear and tear on your overworked brain and bringing about many a result that you would otherwise have failed in if memory alone were to be depended upon?

You know how often you get up in the morning and think "I must do so and so to-day," but when you lie down again at night you realize that in the pressure of other duties that one necessary thing to be done has been forgotten. Suppose now you have a little slate or tablet or a bit of paper hanging in some convenient place where you can jot down as they occur to you the little things that are so necessary to be done yet which so easily slip out of your memory. There is a rat hole to be stopped, the roofer should be notified of the small leak before another rain comes on, that spot to be cleaned off of the husband's vest, and a dozen other trifles that if noted on the list will be accomplished, and you will not be one whit more tired when they are done, and the sense of pleasure at having attended to the right thing at the right time will be a continual source of gratification.

An Intelligent Crocodile.

An Egyptian hunter once came upon three crocodiles by the bank of a river. As soon as they saw him they escaped into the water, and he, going to the spot where they had been, found some of their eggs in the sand. These he put into his hunting-sack and proceeded homeward. But one of the crocodiles had watched him, and after he left, went and examined the place where she had deposited her eggs. Finding them gone, she started out in pursuit of the thief. The hunter reached home, and, with some of his companions, built a fire, roasted the eggs, and had a grand feast, paying no attention to two fierce eyes that were glaring at them from the edge of the water. As soon as the fire had died out the crocodile made a furious attack upon them, but was driven off by their firearms.

After this the crocodile grew ferocious, and attacked all the cattle she could catch upon the river side. One day she came upon a fine horse, as he was drinking in the river, and seized him by the back of the neck. The horse—a powerful animal—threw his head up with such force as to hurl the crocodile on his back, and in his pain and fright, galloped with her to the stable in the village. Here the astonished villagers set upon the crocodile with stout sticks, and soon put an end to her ferociousness.

The first printing office in the United States was established in 1639; the first political paper was printed in 1722; the first daily paper in 1783; the first penny paper in 1833, and the first illustrated paper in 1853.

A statistician gives figures to prove that if the people were ordered to get off of all the rest of the earth, they could all go to Texas, and have plenty of room.

New Cure for Headache.

It is surprising to what an extent mechanical vibrations are now employed to act upon the morbid conditions of the sensitive nervous system, says an exchange. Delboudet, of Paris, has been able to produce local anæsthesia by conducting fine and exceedingly rapid vibrations half way up the roots of the teeth, and to perform the most painful dental operations, that of extracting the living nerves from the teeth, without the patient feeling any pain. Charcot has successfully used the vibratory treatment for certain nervous diseases accompanied by pain, as well as certain mental conditions accompanied by depression.

A very simple form of this treatment is recommended by M. Dourdonki, of Moscow. While he was one day examining a patient who was suffering from an excruciating headache he used percussion of the cranium just as is done for the chest, to ascertain whether any material lesion was perceptible. Two or three minutes after finishing his examination he was greatly astonished to hear his patient say that the headache had completely disappeared. M. Dourdonki has since practiced this method with much success, especially in cases where there was no apparent cause for headache, or when it assumed the nervous form. The percussion must be made lightly, with only one or two fingers, without producing any unpleasant or too pronounced sensation, and the intensity of the taps can be goadually increased. In this way a vibratory massage is administered, which is calculated to remove the distressing symptoms.

It is evident that in many cases this relief can be only momentary, and the cause of the headache must then be discovered, in order that a cure may be effected.

Good Intentions.

Good intentions increase the responsibility for right attainment, and instead of palliating they only aggravate any guilt of listlessness. For every intention of good is a privilege, and every privilege brings its added duty. Good intentions imply high ideals and refined tastes,—ideals which make less difficult the attainment of that better living. The fact that a man has the facilitating guidance of good intentions cannot be taken as an excuse for his neglect to obey that guidance. On the contrary, the severity of a man's condemnation is in proportion to the light against which he sinned, and to the clearness of his recognition of a duty to resist the temptation to which he has yielded. Right determinations may end in failure, but they share none of the responsibility for that failure; good intentions which are never attempted earnestly always will end in failure, and will be a witness for the deeper condemnation of the lack of energy and self-sacrifice which causes that failure. It is right that there should be, in popular parlance, no severer expression of censure, whether it be spoken charitably