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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 22. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1896. WHOLE NO. 2363.

—THE—
First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
—o—
Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $24,000.
—o—
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UNANSWERED.

Why is it the tenderest feet must tread the
roughest road?
Why is it the weakest back must carry the
heaviest load,
While the feet that are surest and firmest have
the smoothest paths to go,
And the back that is strightest and strongest
has never a burden to know?

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon
dim with tears?
Why is it the lightest heart must ache and
ache for years,
While the eyes that are hardest and coldest
shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest
has never an ache to fear?

Why is it that those who are saddest have
always the gayest laugh?
Why is it those who need not have always the
"biggest half,"
While those who have never a sorrow have
seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive
and struggle to live?

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones
that are never expressed?
Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones that
are never confessed,
While the thoughts that are like all others
are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds worth little praise are the ones
that are published well?

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its sister
a sigh?
Why is it the strongest love is the love we
always pass by,
While the smile that is cold and indifferent is
the smile for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to and worship is only
common clay?

Why is it the friends we trust are the ones
who always betray?
Why is it the lips we wish to kiss are the lips
so far away,
While close by our side, if we knew it, is a
friend who loyal would be,
And the lips we might have kissed are the lips
we never see?

Why is it the things that we can have are the
things we always refuse?
Why is it none of us live the lives, if we could,
we'd choose?
The things that we all can have are the things
we always hate,
And life seems never complete, no matter
how long we wait.
—Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.

AN ENTANGLEMENT.

There was a delightful perfume in the room, and for a few moments Mr. Ovey fancied that the operation had been fatal, and that, contrary to his expectations and the opinion of his friends, he had passed from this earth. Even his glance with half-opened eyes at the pretty nurse did not destroy the fancy, for she might well have been an angel—if angels have ruddy golden hair, big, forgetmenot eyes, clear, colorless skin and coquettish white caps. A moment later he saw the foot of the bedstead and gave a sigh.

Nurse Greenhalgh — Hetty Greenhalgh—jumped up.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said in an eager whisper. "It was a splendid success, and you'll soon be as sound as a roach. It was a most elegant operation."

Mr. Ovey sighed again—a happy sigh. "And I'm really alive and going to get well?"

"Rather. You will be out and about in no time."

"How jolly!" he said. "It's a jolly thing to be alive."

They both laughed quietly.

"What a lovely scent!" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it comes from the flowers. What friends you must have! We've enough fruit and flowers to stock Covent Garden with."

A contented smile, with a gloss of vanity on it, played on his white face—a face handsome in cut of feature, kindly in expression, with a suggestion of weakness in the mouth that was slightly blurred by age—early middle age.

"One doesn't know how many friends one has or how few till something serious happens."

She nodded. "But, oh," she remarked, "I'm afraid that you've been a terrible flirt."

"No. I protest."

"Hush! You must not tire yourself. Go to sleep."

The nurse came to the head of the bed, rearranged the pillows gently, poured something into a glass and gave it to him, and he went to sleep immediately. She stood still for awhile looking thoughtfully at his pleasant face and then crept away. Her arm as she passed a table grazed a splendid martinware jar that held some lovely roses. She frowned, yet certainly she was not hurt in the least.

Herbert Ovey slept like a judge on a summer afternoon. He did not awaken until next morning.

"Are there any letters?" he said to Nurse Greenhalgh when he had finished his breakfast, before which his man had managed a sort of picnic toilet for him.

"Oh, a lot," she answered, "and all from ladies. Oh, you—but doctor said you were to see no letters till further orders."

"It doesn't matter. They're only polite inquiries of no importance."

Miss Hetty smiled, and with a little frown said, "More fruit and flowers have come. See here." She handed him a splendid bunch of lilies. He glanced at the card attached to it by a white silk ribbon. On it was written: "With ardent hopes for a speedy recovery. From Mary."

"Who is Mary?" he asked. "I don't know."

"I'm sure I don't," replied the nurse rather tartly. "Look at the back of the card; see, 'Stonewall Cottage, Weybridge.'"

"Why, it's Mrs. Bower."

"Then she called here three times and wanted to come up and see you," said Hetty, "and said she'd a right to."

"Oh, bother the woman," answered the invalid.

"Look at these wallflowers and forgetmenots, 'With Kate's kindest wishes. From Ridgmount Mansions.'"

"That's Miss Hemming. Has she"—

"Oh, yes, she's called. There's been a flock of them—Miss Campbell, Miss Goring, Miss Smythe, Miss Johnson, as well as your widow and Kate—and I've had such trouble, and two of them came together and glared at one another, and they've tried to bribe John to show them up here, and one of them, a girl with tousled hair, was awfully rude and offered me—But good gracious! What's the matter?"

He looked as if he had just seen a ghost or a whole shoal of ghosts.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "The letters!"

"The letters? What letters?"

"The letters I wrote. Ring for John."

"Calm yourself," she said as she rang. "Calm yourself"

"You don't know. It's too fearful!" John entered.

"Here, John—the six letters I wrote just before the operation and told you not to post unless I—unless it went wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say yes, sir, you idiot! Where are they?"

"Oh," interrupted the nurse, "I saw some letters on the desk. I thought they'd been forgotten and posted them.'

"Merciful heavens!" groaned the patient. "You've ruined me! And he fell back fainting.

* * * * * *

Herbert Ovey was one of the lucky children of fortune. His father was a builder, with an average knowledge of building, and had as partner a brother gifted with a genius for finance. By daring speculation in land in the city and ingenious, almost rash, maneuvering of other people's capital they had built a magnificent collection of warehouses, sold the ground rents, paid off the mortgages and realized a large fortune, his share of which he invested very soundly in house property in a rapidly growing suburb. Herbert, an only child, had been brought up luxuriously, and after a fairly successful career at Eton and Cambridge became an able member of the bar—not absolutely idle, for he got a small rating practice owing to his father's constant fights with the assessment committees. The fortune came to Herbert when he was 30, and during the next nine years he passed a pleasant life, spending his £10,000 a year in traveling, hunting, fishing, buying bibelots and pictures. Society, in the popular sense of the term, he avoided on account of the husband hunting tactics of mothers and daughters, for he held matrimony in horror since he had noticed how little happiness his father had got out of the life in which the "poor old boy" was cruelly henpecked.

Yet when Herbert was approaching his forty-first birthday he began to feel lonely, to wonder whether, after all, it was not worth while to run the risk of getting a bad wife in the chance of securing a good one. So he took a house in Park lane and soon had abundant opportunities of studying the girls and women likely to accept a charming, well educated, interesting man and £10,000 a year. Most of them fell out of the running quickly. The residue were the half a dozen already mentioned. The odds were from about 2 to 1 against the widow to 10 to 1 against Miss Campbell.

Certainly the widow was very dangerous, and upon two occasions, but for an interruption, Herbert would have proposed to her. In each case, after the danger had passed, he felt uncertain whether he was glad or sorry. It cannot be suggested that he was in love with all or any of them, but his loneliness and want of human interest in life preyed upon him, and every one of the six had some charm or quality that appealed to him.

Fortunately they belonged to different sets. He was considered a flirt in the literary circle, where he met Miss Hemming; in the artistic, where Miss Smythe was famous; in the sporting, of which Miss Goring was a leader; in the politico-economical, over which Miss Johnson reigned; in the simply aristocratic, dear to Miss Campbell, and in the theatrical, which considered Mrs. Bower a star. Yet none of his pursuers knew of a rival out of her own circle.

Matters jogged along, his danger growing greater every day, till suddenly his illness declared itself. It is needless to give any details of the malady which threatened his life and led the profession, after much discussion, to decide that he must undergo a severe operation. The family physician told him that, though the chances were in his favor, he ought to make his will. The day before the operation he sent for his solicitor and asked him to add a codicil to a will already made, as he wished to leave £1,000 to his old schoolfellow.

When the lawyer asked him if there were any more legacies, he became thoughtful. He knew that Mrs. Bower would be disappointed if he died, and also that she was not rich. He felt too, that perhaps she might think he had trifled with her, so he said, "Put Mrs. Bower down for £2,000 free of legacy duty."

"Any other?" inquired the solicitor.

The thought of Miss Hemming came into his mind, then that of Miss Campbell and others, consequently he left £1,000 to each of them.

When he was left alone, Mr. Ovey began to consider seriously what he had done. To his nicely sensitive feelings there seemed something of impertinence in the matter. Moreover, he suddenly remembered that each would read of the other legacies and perhaps guess the rather comical truth. He would get contempt—possibly hate—instead of gratitude. Then a happy thought came to him—a letter would set matters straight.

He began by writing to Mrs. Bower. He mentioned the legacy; told her that twice he had meant to make a proposal but accident had stayed him; spoke pitifully of himself and the idea of dying without having tasted the joys of married life and wound up with tender hopes that she would cherish his memory. Then came the turn of Miss Campbell, but he was already tired of his task—he hated letter writing—so to save himself trouble he simply copied out Mrs. Bower's letter. In the end he adopted the same course, with all the others.

His conscience, quickened by fear of the operation suggested to him that the letters were untrue, but he satisfied himself by the thought that really he was quite fond of them all; so he addressed the envelopes, sealed up the letters, gave them to John and told him not to post them unless he died of the operation.

* * * * * *

When Mr. Ovey came round, he was in a frantic state. He had the letters brought up and read them aloud grimly. All the six treated his letter as an offer of marriage, subject to his recovery, and all accepted him. He burst into hysterical laughter at the idea of being engaged six deep, declared he would take the lot to Utah and marry them, and he suggested sarcastically that the nurse should join the party, as one more or less would make no difference. He made the poor girl cry by his reproaches. He determined to die and said that it was his duty to his six fiancees to get himself buried, so as not to give undue preference to any one. The upshot was that he became delirious, and for weeks there was hardly more than an interval between him and death.

Nature, aided by the wonderful nursing of Hetty Greenhalgh, pulled him through. When he came to his senses—a mere wreck of a man—he found Hetty by the bed. She had grown hollow cheeked, and her eyes, by reason of the dark lines below, seemed larger and more brilliant than before. For a week he said nothing of his troubles, the delirium seeming to have wiped them from his memory. He lay still, gaining strength rapidly, and apparently did nothing but gaze languidly at the pretty nurse, to whom, however, he rarely spoke.

At the end of the time he suddenly made the remark:

"Where are the flowers?"

"What flowers? Oh," she said reddening, "they've left off sending them—or fruit."

He looked round the room. "Oh, but there are some pretty roses, and I've just had splendid grapes. Were they from Mrs. Bower?"

"No, not from any of them."

Noticing her blush, he said sharply, "Did you get them?"

"Yes," she answered nervously.

"Have you hired a van to hold the letters?"

"It's hardly necessary."

"Surely," he said, "my half dozen betrotheds have called and written each day?"

"They haven't called and have only written once since—since that day. To tell you the truth, you're free."

"Free!" he said eagerly. He noticed that she blushed again, and strange, vague thoughts passed through his mind.

"Yes, free."

"But how?"

"I mustn't tell you yet."

"But I will know."

"Oh, no! Wait till you are stronger." John entered the room.

"John, why do you walk like a funeral mute? What's the matter?"

"Do not tell him him," interposed Hetty.

"I order you, John."

"Well, sir, I think it's your ruin has drove off the baggages—begging your pardon, sir."

"My ruin?"

Miss Greenhalgh opened her purse took out a newspaper cutting and read: "'Re H. Ovey.—A receiving order was made to-day against H. Ovey. The debtor is of independent means and possessed of a large amount of house property. His insolvency is attributed to Stock Exchange speculations. The assets are estimated at £200,000, the secured creditors are for £150,000 and the unsecured £137,656,—Oh, I can't go on, I'm so sorry.'"

The sick man gravely said, "Bring me the letters."

He opened them and read one after the other. Miss Hemming expressed regret that reasons which she explained unintelligibly and at great length caused her to withdraw. Miss Smythe had mistaken mere sympathy for the love without which matrimony is intolerable and felt that it would wrong him, her and another if she carried out an engagement entered into through vexation with "another," who had since been pardoned. Miss Johnson had changed her views after reading a certain novel, which she found excellent in principle if execrable in writing, and must decline the offer of Mr. Ovey. Miss Goring was sure she could not give up hunting and would be a useless burden as a poor man's bride. Miss Campbell's parents objected on the ground that his father had been in trade. Mrs. Bower alone came out well with a bold letter, saying that she merely accepted him to give him pleasure and comfort when in danger, and of course withdrew as soon as he was out of it.

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Ovey. "To think that women are so"—

"Not women—some women," interrupted the nurse timidly.

"Humph!" he replied. "A little while ago they were all after me, and now"—

"I don't think we are all so bad," she answered with some stress on the "we."

"You don't? Do you fancy you could name a girl who would be true to a ruined man?"

"No one," she responded, "unless he told her first that he loved her. You needn't feel my pulse. I am not your patient."

He carefully adjusted his first finger on her wrist and answered: "I'm curious to see how it is working. I understand pulses. Now, if I told the girl that I loved her?"

"Well, but you haven't."

"If I say that I have lain awake during a week gazing at a beautiful girl who has nursed me from death to life, who is sweetness, goodness and purity"—

"But you have not."

"But I do, Hetty. Can you—do you care about me?"

She turned her head away.

"The pulse is at fever pace," he said.

"Isn't that an answer?" she asked.

"If you will, I'll get a special license. We can be married here and then go to Riviera."

"A special license!" she exclaimed. "Oh, the extravagance of poor people!"

"Poor people! Oh, the newspaper," he laughed. "That refers to my cousin Henry, you goose."

"I am so glad I didn't know—that I was mistaken."

"So am I," answered Mr. Ovey.—Edward F. Spence, in Windsor Magazine.

Looking for the Treasury.

As a Washington Star reporter crossed Twelfth-st. the other morning on his way up Pennsylvania-ave. a man, like a hundred men one can see in Washington any day in the week, and who can not always be detected until they name their play, stopped him.

"Excuse me," he said, with a half familiar air, as if he had been used to asking people to excuse, "but can you tell me where the treasury building is?"

It was such a relief to the reporter that he was not to be held up that he softened at once.

"You're going the wrong way," he said; "it is back up the street."

"Well, I'll bedinged," laughed the man, and turned around. "I reckon," he added, "that you wouldn't mind letting me walk on the same side of the street with you and kind of pipe me off when we get to the joint? I wouldn't know it if I saw it."

This was a style not agreeable to the reporter, but he couldn't well refuse a civil request like that.

"Certainly, you may walk on the same side with me," he said, and started walking faster, the man half trotting after him.

"I reckon," he said, "there ain't any places along down here where a hungry man could get a bit of victuals, is there? I haven't had a nibble since last night at supper."

The reporter knew it was coming, and he wasn't surprised, but he thought to be struck for a whole meal was asking rather much of a stranger, so he hedged.

"There's a place up street here two or three blocks where you can get a cup of coffee and a sandwich for a dime," he said tentatively.

"I've wondered a good many times why it was a man had to go hungry in this world," said the man, "when he could get a filling for a dime or even less. Or go dry when beer was only 5 cents a glass."

This was also to be expected, but the reporter couldn't exactly reconcile the philosophy and the beer.

"May be," ventured the reporter, "it is because they haven't the price."

"There may be something in that," he admitted with apparent reluctance, and then carefully ran his fingers through his vest pockets as if feeling for last week's salary.

"Don't you think that most of those who have such hard luck deserve it?" said the reporter, who felt that if he was going to pay the bill he might as well get something for it.

"I suppose they do; and still it ain't every poor devil that starves because he ought to," and he hitched his trousers at the belt and made as if he would get a little closer to the reporter.

"Have you ever been hungry?" he asked with a wolfish suddenness.

The reporter sighted a lunch place ahead and got his dime ready.

"Well, no," he said. "I can't say that I have been that hungry exactly."

"Well, I am right now," laughed the man, "and I'm going straight up here to this hotel and get a four dollar breakfast. Come and go along with me. I guess I've got the price," and he took a roll of bills out of his inside pocket three inches in diameter, and the outside one had a capital C on it, which made the reporter's eyes pop out so that he forgot all about the dime he had ready.

The reporter thanked him and declined.

"Ta, ta, then," he said as he disappeared toward the breakfast. "I reckon that treasury building will stay where it is till I come back, but just the same I'll not hurry on that account."

Consumption in its advanced stages is beyond power of man to cure. It can be prevented, though, by timely use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

The Vanderbilt House.

The handsome home of Cornelius Vanderbilt on Fifth avenue is receiving new decorations. Groups of classic figures are being carved upon the porte cochere.

The driveway reaches the house by dipping under the massive porte cochere.

About the columns which support the roof of this are now scaffolds upon which are models of classic groups of men, women and children. Stonecutters, under the direction of a sculptor, are copying the figures with chisel and mallet upon the sides of the great pedestals which support the columns.

The groups when finished will cover the sides of the pedestals, except on those nearest the house. They are six in number and will be in bas-relief. Music, literature and art are some of the pleasures which the groups symbolize. Each group will be an art gem itself.

The house has long been regarded as one of the handsomest in America and is artistic within and without. Even the massive iron fence which surrounds the grounds in which the house sits is a work of art and cost thousands of dollars.—New York World.

How to Prevent Croup.

SOMETHING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUNG MOTHERS. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to take it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiarly rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Benford's pharmacy.

Live Frogs in Rocks.

The fable of the barnacle goose has long ago been discredited and almost forgotten; but other fictions of zoology are longer lived. We often hear to this day that a living frog or toad has been found by quarrymen imbedded in solid rock, where it must have lain since the formation of the rock, countless ages ago.

These statements have been widely believed, and even men of science have endeavored to account for them by saying that the frog and the toad are animals of singular powers of sustaining life in untoward conditions; that they hibernate during each winter, and that on being enclosed in the rock perhaps when actually hibernating they have simply continued their long sleep until the time of their release.

Of course, the explanation is absurd; for, even in a state of hibernation, the wear and tear of life, though reduced to the lowest possible amount, still continue, and must within a measurable time exhaust the animal economy unless nutrition be supplied. Besides, all animals—and the frog is no exception—have a limited term of life, beyond which their existence can not endure; so that the very idea of an animal's surviving under any conditions through a period many thousands of times longer than nature allows to it is simply absurd.

No doubt frogs have been found by workmen when removing rock from quarries, and no doubt the men have firmly believed that the frogs have been imbedded in the rock; but then, the workmen must have been mistaken. There was no need, therefore, of a cruel experiment to prove what was already certain; but the certainty has nevertheless been established by several cruel experiments. The late Dr. Batland was at pains to bury a number of frogs alive. Some of them were immured in stones; others in plaster; and the result was that none of them survived the second year of their sepulture.—Our Animal Friends.

A Horrid Superstition.

We all know a horrid custom of the past, which was that of human sacrifice in conjunction with the erection of building or the construction of a bridge. It was supposed that no such superstition was discovered among the Dravido-Tibetan races. A correspondent writes to Nature that this belief does exist.

There was a ridiculous story rife in Bengal not so long ago that the Queen of England, for some purpose unknown, wanted the heads of five children from each village. All the villagers hid and were prepared to fight for their children. It took months before the people could be made to believe how utterly absurd was the story. After a while it was found out that the report of children having been wanted arose from the fact that a foundation was to be built for a great railroad bridge. It was discovered that among the people living in the past it had been the custom to sacrifice a victim when anything of importance in the way of building was undertaken. Then the stories of former ages, when these acts were carried on, had not passed away, and they remain in folklore. At least the dread of the Bengal coolies was based on tradition.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Where the Telegraph Fails.

There was a man who lived in London many years ago who had once been elected member of parliament and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was quite an infidel as to new discoveries and the new sciences, being perfectly satisfied that if the world should turn over all the water would spill out of his well and only giving in to steam locomotives by slow degrees.

But all the vials of his contempt were poured out upon the idea of a telegraph, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come "the green" over him in that way, for he had been an M. P. Finally a highroad was built, and one day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of his house and to stretch the wire. His exultant neighbors promptly asked:

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of telegraphs now?"

He was concerned, but died game. Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said:

"Gentlemen, when I was in parliament, I gave this subject my very attentive consideration, and I said then, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small bundles, but it never will take a cotton bale—never!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's, drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Spain.

When the young men of a country fly from it, to avoid serving it, as 40,000 of them have fled from Spain; when the Government of a country is unable to borrow the money essential to its support, as Spain is unable to borrow the needed sum of $200,000,000, when the army of a country fails, after twenty months of campaigning, to gain any success over a body of insurgents one-fifth its size, as the 200,000 Spanish troops in Cuba have failed; when the Generals of a country bring disgrace upon their military titles by deeds of dishonor, as Weyler, Melguizo, and other Spaniards have brought it; when a country represents oppression and corruption, as does Spain; when it expends all its strength in mad efforts to destroy the liberties of its colonial subjects, as Spain has vainly expended hers in Cuba; the ruin of that country must be at hand.

Spain, once so proud, is perishing in disgrace. Once a conqueror, she has suffered, and yet suffers discomfiture. Once the richest country in the world, she is now impoverished. Once the ruler of America from Florida to the furthest south, she fights for the only remnant of it left to her, an outlying island. She sowed the wind and reaps the whirlwind. She went up like a rocket and has come down like the stick.

Yet Spain is as supercilious and insolent as ever she was. When driven from Cuba and Porto Rico, her last foothold in the New World, she will leave behind her there, as she left behind her elsewhere in America, a name to be long and deeply detested.

One Got Two Baths.

There is a family over on the Westside in which there is a pair of twin girls. They are 5 years old, and resemble each other so marvelously that only the mother can tell which is Gladys and which is Grace.

On Saturday night, just before bedtime, the mother issued the order for baths. The older children took theirs, and along about 9 o'clock it was the turn of the twins. They were undressed and waiting.

The mother took Gladys into the bathroom and gave her a thorough scrubbing. Then she allowed the mite to play in the water a few moments, and after that put her on the rug, dried her, powdered her and put her nightie on.

Just at that time the grocery boy came and the mother had to run downstairs and take provisions. After she had put everything away she came back, grabbed up a twin and took her to the bathroom. The little girl did not say much. After she was bathed she scampered back to her bedroom.

There was a whispered consultation between the twins and they both began to laugh as loudly as they could:

"What are you youngsters laughing at?" asked the mother, as she came into the room.

"Nothing," they protested between giggles.

"But you are," insisted the mother.

"Well," said Gladys, rolling about on the floor in merriment, "you gave me two baths and didn't give sister any."—Buffalo Express.

Catarrh Means Danger.

Because if unchecked it may lead directly to consumption. Catarrh is caused by impure blood. This fact is fully established. Therefore, it is useless to try to cure catarrh by outward applications or inhalants. The true way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures catarrh by its power to drive out all impurities from the blood. Thousands of people testify that they have been perfectly and permanently cured of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Ruling Passion.

"Yes," said the charitable lady visitor, fussily, as she was being shown over the orphan asylum. "I should like to adopt a little boy, if you have so many of them. Now, there is a very pretty one, over there in the corner. How about him?"

"Oh, he is not a good little boy at all," replied the superintendent, discouragingly. "He is always getting into trouble. Why, he's been marked down twice to-day!"

"Marked down, you say?" said the charitable lady visitor, quickly. "I'll take him."—New York Journal.

That Catarrh is a Local Affection

of the nasal passages, is a fact established by physicians, and this authority should carry more weight than assertions of incompetent parties, that catarrh is a blood affection. Ely's Cream Balm is a local remedy, composed of harmless medicants and free of mercury or any injurious drug. It will cure catarrh. Applied directly to the inflamed membrane, it restores it to its healthy condition.

On the Retired List.

Among the political bric-a-brac which will now pass into disuse are these:

"The enemy's country."
Boy orator.
Rabbits' hind feet.
The record-breaking family of voters.
Debs.
Pitchfork Tillman.
"The crime of '73."
"The American peasantry."
"Sixteen to one."
Marion Butler.
J. K. Jones.
The Post's rubbish heap.
Faked telegrams.
"The poor man's money."
"The plutocrats of Wall-st."
"Coercion."
Tom Watson's letter.
Wolfert's Roost.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or