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JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, 70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y.

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-ly

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.

GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec6-72.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

S. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth House. jan 1.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in Gardner's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c., artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july13

J. G. OGLE ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. march7-75.

C. A. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Office next door south of Schell & Kimmel's Bank—up stairs. apr28-'73

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.

Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, 71-ly.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA.

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WM. H. SNIVELY. April 14th, 1875.

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feb26 D. WEYAND.

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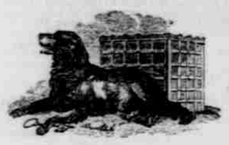

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Miscellaneous.

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Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

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WEDDELL & HOLMES, General Commission Merchants, Warehouse, No. 347 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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For sale by all first class Grocers. may26

"WILL THEY LET ME IN?"

To a little restless, suffering child,
A servant of Jesus came,
And told the story of death and life
In his Master's loving name,
Till the moaning ceased, and she listened to hear
The message of mercy brought strangely near.

He spoke of the love of Jesus
For the children long ago,
And how he longed, in that happy home,
They'd trust him and let him show
The blessed things that he had bought for them,
Better far than earth's richest gem.

He told her too of the happy home,
Where children are never ill,
And asked if she would not like to go.
Gravely with her mother still,
"Will they let me in," was the faint reply,
"To the beautiful home far above the sky?"

'Twas blessed to tell the weary one
That the gates were open wide,
That Jesus' blood had bought a place
For little ones at His side:
That he would receive her and gladly see
Another lamb safe for eternity.

A few short hours and her sun went down;
A little sweet bird was free;
And they laid her down in loving trust
That she resteth, Lord, with thee!
What though in our rollbook we marked her "dead?"
She's dwelling where sorrow and pain are fled.

Ah! Jesus is waiting with outstretched arms,
He would have the children come,
He offers them pardon and blessing now!
By-and-by a palace home.
He whispers, "O, give me thy heart to-day."
He waiteth thy answer—O, say not, "Nay!"

British Messenger.

A LIFE IN PERIL.

BY S. READE BROCKTON.

Many's the slip 'twixt the cup and lip." To the verification of that old adage I owe the fact of my existence being prolonged to the present time, instead of having been cut short off some fifteen years ago.

In the year 1857, I —then connected with a heavy dry goods establishment in New York city—was sent, in the interests of the house by which I was employed, on a business tour through the West, taking in St. Joseph, and several other points in Missouri.

At that time the Kansas fever was at its height. Jim Lane was triumphant, and the more serious border troubles had terminated in the ratification of squatter sovereignty.

On closing up business at St. Joseph, finding myself ahead of my appointments, and with a little leisure, hanging heavily on my hands, I resolved to take a trip into the country across the border, and satisfy, as best I might in the short space allotted me, a certain lively curiosity, which enhanced my interest, in the excitement, the people and everything pertaining to the country.

At that time few protective measures had been established, the settlers in cases of emergency, relying entirely upon their amateur detective, vigilance committees. As might have been expected in such a state of affairs, thievery ran riot, and regularly organized bands of desperate characters drove a flourishing trade upon their "pickings" from the defenseless frontiersmen.

Stock raisers were particularly unfortunate, and many a fine horse, ingeniously gotten away by the practiced experts in rascality, found its way without detection into the Southern markets.

To illustrate the shrewdness of the slippery gentry, not an uncommon practice was to stain the coat of an uncommonly fine animal, so that even his own master, meeting him on the road, would fail to recognize his missing property. The thieves, after getting across the river, had their regular trail through the Missouri bottom, which is a dense forest of cottonwood, and honeycombed with numerous bridle paths. They had a rendezvous at regular intervals along the line, their numbers, their boldness, and skillful devices, making it an exception, rather than a rule, if any unit of the great whole was overtaken by the claims of justice.

I had gained the preceding information, when, on going to a stable to hire a saddle horse, relative to my intended trip, I found that on account of the risks to be encountered, I could only obtain what I desired, by leaving a sum in the hands of the owner sufficient to cover the loss of the animal, in case I was so unfortunate as to lose possession of him before my return.

In short I was obliged to regularly purchase the beast, and for the first time in my life owned a bit of horseflesh.

Setting out then upon my own animal, unincumbered by any luggage except a tourist's satchel, strapped across one shoulder, after the manner of a hunting pouch, I left St. Joseph early in the morning, crossed the river, struck through the bottom across a corduroy road, and after a twelve mile ride came into Troy.

Kansas was at that time very sparsely settled. The squatters generally sat down near the borders of a stream, where they had the double advantage of water and timber, but for the most part, the towns had been started out on the broad prairie, though, save three or four insignificant houses, they were, at the time of which I speak *paper enterprise*, being principally found—on the map!

Passing Troy, I came out upon high, rolling prairie. Eight to ten miles farther, according to my best recollection of the distance, took me across a stream called Wolf river.

Traveling upon horseback at this point in my journey, it began to press upon me in any light but that of a diversion, for, aside from the fatigue attendant upon my unaccustomed exercise, and the execrable condition of the roads, my horse, who, at best had proved himself a hard riding beast, began to show unmistakable symptons of giving out.

My ignorance as to "points" had permitted a worn out hack to be imposed upon me as a desirable saddle horse; though, in justice to myself, let it be said that the outward appearance of the quadruped was a better commendation than his capabilities as a roadster. For a short spurt he might answer very well, but for an all day's trip he was a decided failure, and my briefly planned absence was liable to double, or even treble in extension, if I were forced to depend upon the wind and speed of my new acquisition.

I was just trying to study up some way out of my difficulty when a sound of approaching hoofs struck my ear, and looking up, I saw a man, also on horseback, coming rapidly toward me. As he drew nearer I saw that he was plainly and coarsely dressed like a farmer in his every day clothes, though neither his rustic appearance, nor the plainness of his accourtements could disguise the beauty of the animal on which he rode.

I saluted him as he came up with some question as to the road. He answered hastily, and was pushing past when I stopped him again.

"What is the next town I strike ahead?" I asked.

"Highland."

"How far beyond?"

"Eight miles."

He answered laconically; but turning his head was looking carefully over my drooping steed.

"Do you live anywhere in this vicinity?" I asked, meditating whether, for a compensation, I could not effect an exchange at some farm house along the way, at least until my return.

"Wall, yes. I own a farm the other side of Troy. That's a fine beast of your'n, stranger."

"I was about to remark the same of yours," I replied courteously, though hardly relishing his sarcasm.

"Lightfoot is a trim little nag, now isn't she? he said, with admiring fondness. "I've raised her from a colt and, can't p'int out a thing agin her; but she's too light for my business. I want something heavier. Is that horse of your'n for sale?"

"Well, I really had'nt thought about selling—," I began.

"Stranger," interrupted the man, earnestly, turning and riding up beside me, "that horse of your'n is just a match for one I've got at home. I've been looking for more'n a year to find a mate to him, and here he is, clear to the white fetlock on the off hind foot. S'anger, how'll you trade?"

"What say you to an exchange?" I asked, jocularly. "Make me an offer," I continued, thinking it the best way to conceal my ignorance of jockeying.

Slipping from his saddle, bridle in hand, he carefully examined my horse, prying into his mouth, holding up his feet, and sounding his chest.

"Well, stranger, I've said more'n once that if I ever found a match to old Teke, if 'twas on the road to meetin', and the parson was a riding him, I'd stop and make a trade. I want that horse, and I'll make you a thunderin' good offer; just as they stand, horse, saddle and bridle—call it an even trade. Will you take it or leave it?"

"Take it!" I replied, emphatically, delivering up my bridle.

"Considerin'," continued my companion, "that I hunted more'n a year to make this very match, and considerin' that the boys at home are eternally foolin' with Lightfoot, I'm satisfied to call it an even trade."

Mounting his bargain, he waited until, examining and tightening the girths, I followed his example; then, with a brief exchange of courtesies, each went his separate way, the whole interview occupying little more than ten minutes.

Arched neck, and daintily limbed, my recent purchase carried me like a bird. I put her through her paces; she was kind, free, and true as steel.

I had hard work to put aside the old suggestion: Appearances are often deceitful," and to convince myself that, in spite of the evidence of my own eyes, I had not been in some way egregiously taken in. That any sane person could value the plug I had brought from St. Jo, as an equivalent for the colt I had now under me, seemed almost incredible. Was it possible that like the man who sold a barren field and found that the purchaser had discovered a gold mine under it, I had been bargaining away undiscovered excellence?

My mind steadily reverted to its first suspicion, and as I rode I kept a constant look out for some lurking symptom of "diablerie," which should account for the reckless sale. At last it came, though not from the direction I had anticipated.

I had crossed Wolf River, and was riding leisurely along the prairie, when a sudden scurry of ringing hoofs in the rear turned my attention in that way, and looking I saw some half mile away three mounted men, who had apparently just left the timber bordering the stream, bearing rapidly down toward me.

What a reckless riding people those Kansas settlers were! Their pell-mell gait would have better suited a hurdle race, as compared to the every day jog trot of our eastern farmer.

I was in an unfamiliar locality, among unfamiliar people, and absolute veracity compels me to acknowledge that, remembering sundry accounts of the unsettled state of the country, a decidedly uncomfortable sensation began to creep over me. I unloosened the rein, and my horse struck into a quicker pace.

"They are doubtless," thought I, "some farmer's boys making a trial of speed."

And yet I someway felt a good deal safer when coming to a side track. I struck off into it, thinking to regain the main road when the approaching riders had passed by.

As luck would have it, they turned up the side path also, and came dashing on behind a quarter of a mile away. My horse, laying back her ears, struck into a gallop.

On we sped like the wind, distancing them by every step. An insane desire prompted me to get back into the traveled road, and drawing the bridle rein, I set out across the unbroken prairie. Then for the first time I became certain that I was an object of pursuit. The three horsemen also left the bridle path and followed in my tracks. I saw that they were heavily armed.

Visions of robbery and murder flitted through my brain. I gave my animal her head. My dependence now was upon her speed. In clearing the bridle path she had broken into a dead run, and with neck straight as an arrow, eye wild, and nostril dilated, she ran like a hunting hound, lithe and laying close to the ground.

Instant by instant we gained steadily upon our pursuers. I was just congratulating myself that escape was a thing of certainty, when down went my horse, one foot in a gophe, hole, while I, thrown from the saddle, struck the ground half senseless upon my head and shoulders.

I was barely conscious of being lifted upon a saddle, and a cord being placed around my ankles. Conversation I heard also, but indistinctly, and without a shadow of its purport reaching my dulled brain. After a little I felt myself in motion, but a listless indifference held me in bondage. It was as though all this was happening to another person than myself.

When I began to recover my senses I knew that the three pursuing horsemen had been joined by a larger band. Conversation grew intelligible.

"So you've captured the game!"

"Hale'l be glad to see his mare again!"

"We'll string up one of the cussed gang, at any rate!"

As these chance sentences fell upon my ear, it began to creep through my mind that I had been mistaken for a vastly different personage than the respectable, curious, pleasure-seeking tourist who had set out so ambitiously that morning from St. Joseph.

Undoubtedly in my present appearance, dusty, travel-stained, disheveled, few traces of my former respectability remained to testify for me. My curiosity was likely to be satisfied. Yet could it be possible that I, who so prided myself upon honor and principle, should be mistaken for that lowest of criminals, a common horse thief?

Mortifying suggestion! Yet it was evident that such a mistake did at present exist, and that I was in the hands of a vigilance committee.

As the horror of my situation came home to me, I tried to collect my thoughts and frame some evidence that might obtain my release from this terrible dilemma. I remembered with a thrill of terror, that I had left all my papers behind, and had not even a line to show that I was one whit better than they had taken me for.

They had now come back to the timber bordering Wolf river, from the concealment of which they had first ridden out upon me. Here they halted for trial, and I, bound in the midst of them, looked around upon the circle—my self-imposed judges. Glances of stern, unpitying determination met mine.

They were strong, intelligent, hardy frontiersmen; men of sturdy industry, unswerving integrity, and iron will, persevering in the attainment of their aims, and prompt in fulfilling the claims of justice.

"Gentlemen," I cried "this is a terrible mistake! I am no criminal, but a simple tourist, came to look at the country. My name is D——L——and I am from the firm of King & King, New York city. Rubn & Leigh the heaviest merchants in St. Joseph, can establish the proof of my identify. "Likely you brought Hale's mare from New York city!" was the sneering rejoinder of the leader of the vigilants.

"Gentleman," I replied, earnestly, "I never set eyes on this mare until past noon of this very day. I had her from a man in the dress of a farmer, who said he lived on the other side of Troy. He took in exchange for this a horse I brought down from St. Jo."

A laugh of derision ran around the circle.

"Show us your papers, boss."

"Unfortunately for me" I replied "my papers were left behind with my luggage at St. Jo. If you will take the trouble to go, send or in any wise investigate this matter, I can prove to you the truth of my words."

"That's altogether too thin?"

"He wants to gain time."

"He's a plausible rascal, but he mustn't slip through our hands."

Such were the muttered comments which greeted my story. Heavens! was there no salvation!

A mock trial was held, during which I was proven to have deliberately stolen the mare from her master's stable, run her off, and it is needless to add that my race before the committee, and subsequent seizure on flight, gave a strong coloring of truth to the evidence on their side. For my defence, I repeated and reiterated my former statement, but no credence was allowed me.

A rope was brought forward, and suspended from a neighboring tree.—My hands had been previously tied behind my back. I shuddered as the noose was placed around my neck.—

To be cut thus off, in the prime of manhood, without a farewell word to those I loved, far from kindred and friends, and bitterest of all! to expiate the crime of another—that other total stranger—in a shameful death myself the unfortunate victim of a fatal mistake, what wonder if head and heart were bursting!

My feet were untied from under the horse's belly, and in a few seconds more the horse would have been driven out from under me, when, like a gleam of the star of hope from the folds of a midnight cloud, my eye caught as one of the Vigilantes threw open his coat, a small object fastened upon the lapple of his vest.

With the energy of a drowning man grasping at a saving plank, I wrenched free one hand, and with his eye full upon me, made a simple sign.

The man started and answered it. I gave another which was answered; and still another, a masonic sign in the Chapter.

Then starting breathlessly forward my brother laid a firm detaining hand on each side of the bridal-reign.

"Boys, cut that rope! As sure as there is a Heaven, this man has spoken the truth! I'll stake my life upon it!

A horse thief has never been known to travel the road this man has been over. Criminals are made of different material."

At the close of this earnest though hurried speech, a murmer of dissatisfaction ran through the group.

"It's all right boys; I'll swear 'tis! I know this man. Some of you come home with me to-night, and to morrow we will go down to St. Jo, and I'll prove it. I'll pay all the expenses there and back."

With some reluctance—for it was blind work to them—they took me out of the hangman's noose, and then the reaction was so great, I fainted dead away.

As soon as I recovered, I gave as full description as I was able of the man with whom I had traded horses, and indicated the same direction afterward taken by him, on the strength of which statements, four of the party directly set out in pursuit of him.

Three of the Vigilantes attended me back some six or eight miles farther into the country, to my friends farm house, where the kindest attentions were showered upon me by both himself and family.

His surprise at my not having in the first assemblage at the trial, given the sign, is only to be answered by my bewilderment of mind, which rendered me half incapable of common judgment or reason. I will confess, however, that up to this time I had allowed myself to get rather "rusty," but since Masonry was the sole means of rescuing me from a death at whose bare details I shudder to mention, I have taken both care and pride that there should be not one "brighter" in the Lodge.—But, to resume.

A good night's rest quite built me up again, and when, next day, the four gentlemen accompanied me back to St. Joseph I was able to convince them beyond a doubt, not only of my own innocence of crime imputed to me, but that circumstancial evidence, although a necessary requirement of the law, is not always a reliable test of guilt.

The real offender was afterwards caught and made confession of this and other crimes.

First impressions being usually lasting, I have never again experienced the least desire to set foot upon Kansas soil.

Colonel Crickley's Horse.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They have lived within a mile of each other for five years, and from their first acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of the respective farms revealed the latent flame, and Colonel Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing that the two families did not do to annoy each other.

One evening Mr. Drake the older was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from the market town, whither he had been to sell a load of grain. Sam Barstow was with him on the wagon, and as they approached a grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful mark Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily Drake stopped his team—he glanced furtively around, then, with a queer smile, the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of his wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" he muttered, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation, "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot!" suggested Sam Barstow, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing around again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods instead of twelve, so the e'd be a rare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is I would give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant and before Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old hunter stammered in some confusion,—

"That you Colonel! I—I was tempted to, and, as I said, I'll give you a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and it is a bargain."

Drake felt for his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the hoss worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel I'll do it! Here's your 'X'"

The Colonel pocketed the money muttering, "Hanged if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, and stood up in the wagon, a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barstow chuckled. The Colonel put up his hand before his face and chuckled too.

Crack went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred.

Drake started at his rifle with a look black as Othello's. "What's the matter with you, hey? Fust time you ever sarved me such a trick, I swar!"

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake, "I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that," he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel, "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him in the face as if he liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you are drunk. A horse at a dozen yards—oh my eyes!"

"Just shut your mouth or I'll shoot you" thundered the excited Drake.— "The bullets were hollow I'll swear.— Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty yards and kin do it again. By the old Harr. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars, that I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted.—The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back the two tens, and making an "X" in the bargain, Mr. Drake carefully selected a perfect ball and buckskin patch and loaded his rifle.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate victim of men. His rifle, innocent his ire, with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon.— Meanwhile, the Colonel was rolling, convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the tree.

When Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humor, and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out!" growled the angry old man, "I don't want to here any news; get away, or I'll knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a good trick!"

"Blast you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested, "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for a deer."

"Hang the deer, come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something, so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead."

"Shoot old Roan?" thundered the old man.

"By the old Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"The deuce!" groaned the old hunter.

"And then," pursued Jack, confident the joke part of the story pleased his father, Jim and I propped the hoss up and tied his head back with a cord, add left him standing under the tree, exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho ho! wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocket book and looked at his rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to his boys.

"Yes, boys, it's a joke! but if you ever tell of it—or if you do Sam Bartsow—I'll skin you alive. By the old Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead hoss half an hour at ten dollors a shot."

Dividing the Farm.

A writer says that for a farm of eighty to one hundred acres, upon which the usual rotation of clover, corn, oats and wheat is followed, and stock, chiefly cows, with a small flock of sheep, is kept to consume the bulky portion of the crop, a pasture of twenty acres will be found sufficient. This should be divided into at least three fields. One would be grazed for cattle followed by the sheep—for these should never be pastured together—but the latter being close feeders, may follow the former with advantage, while the former could not find sub