Blown Away.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and little Tom—the children of the station master at Black River Junction, on the Great Southwestern railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black river flowed through the mountains a hundred miles away to the north, and on clear days the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black river met the Southwestern here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station master and his wife and three children lived in the little depot quite happily, but there was not another family within ten mile in any direction.

At times the children thought it rather lonely. There was nothing in particular to be done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while a freight car would be left on the side track, and the children found that an empty freight car made an elegant play-house. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music-box, with the children inside. After breakfast the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one car to the other as soon as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they would be blown away into the prarie, and lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight car on the side track, perhaps they might play in that. The station master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat tail and they all went out to the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown into the sky. The empty car was quite snug and warm, and once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice place; for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a promenade to walk on.

Louder and wilder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car they went on with their play and thought nothing of the wind outside.

Suddenly the car bagan to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping.

"Why, it's moving! somebody's pushing it," said Mary.

"They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out."

"I didn't hear the whistle," said Tommy. "I guess something is pushing the car."

The girl leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station. It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.

"Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away."

"No, no," said Kitty. "We must stay here till the brakeman comes around. I didn't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There isn't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"Oh, it's the wind! it's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out?

The brake-wheel was on the top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to rattle and roar as if dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared fast at the level prairie flying past.

It was of no use.

They all broke down together and had a hearty cry in the car as it rolled on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way.

The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight car, sat in his office nearly all morning.

At last the beds were made and the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondering how the little girls were getting on in their play-house on the track, threw a shawl over her head and went to the platform. At once the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps they could not hear in all this din. Maybe they were inside the car out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen. She wondered if there had been a mistake. Perhaps the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

"The car! The children!"

The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away by the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with its precious load, to destruction. What would happen it? Would it meet a train or run in a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it is wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he oped the door he saw a faint cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same time his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are all blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

"Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east."

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last it reached the platform and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black river and not intended to go in the direction in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped the station-master ran to the engineer and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as being something extraordinay. Take the engine off and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous. Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

Three children lost; blown away in an empty freight car. Some one said, "Yes, go at once. We can wait here till the engine returns." The conductor said he must telegarph for instructions; but someone said, "The wires are down, and the people only cried out the more, "Let the engine go!" so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin that the engine might start.

"Hold on, marm," said a brakeman; "I'll cast her off. You jump aboard if you want to go, too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum."

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and station-master staring in surprise at this proceeding. The station-master did not feel very happy. He had half intended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack," said the engineer to the fireman. "It's no use getting excited, for we're in for a long race."

"It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search for the dear little missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water and come to standstill on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully, and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out ahead over the line. How the engine shook and roared! The indicator on the steam guage trembled and rose higher and higher as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and behind the rails spun out like shinning ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away in a dead calm, and a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep this pace we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman without taking her eyes from the horizon where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already.

"Oh, don't stop," cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine containing two men and a woman startled the station master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There are three children inside."

"Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down grade all the way, but the up grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed and didn't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank; and the water came out in a slender stream while the mother stood looking on, fearful and impatient.

"Good-bye! I'll put up the pipe—heaven help ye!—the up grade——"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot ahead on and over the open prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the ties stretched longer and longer out behind.

Ah! What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead! The engineer took out his time book and studied it carefully.

"Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two mile siding."

How swiftly freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way! Listen! A whistle! The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine slowed down and they could see men leaning out from the other engine as if to speak to them.

"It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main line—road—clear—"

"Thank heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at an instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead at the rate of fifty miles an hour up the easy grade. How long ten minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

Ah! A speck—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down on the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a very lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I."

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come. We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late for dinner. Fire up, Jack."

A Russian Contractor.

The millionaire Nicoli Ivanoyitch Putiloff, who died a few days ago at St. Petersburg, was in many respects an excellent representative of a class of men indigenous to Russia. Up to the outbreak of the Crimean war he was simply a naval officer, devoted to his profession, but, at the same time, on the outlook for any short cut that might lead to fortune. The arrival of the allied fleet in the Baltic afforded him the chance he had long been waiting for. He obtained the contract for the construction of the gunboats that subsequently tried the temper of England so sorely, and within a couple of years had turned out at Constadt by means of an elaborate system of piece work, eighty-one gunboats and corvettes, provided with an aggregate of ten thousand horse power and armed with 279 guns of the largest caliber. It is almost unnecessary to say that Putiloff made a fortune out of the contract, for the epoch of the Crimean war was remarkable, even in the annals of Russia, for the enormity of official corruption. After the war was over he went north and built three iron rolling mills, worked by water power, obtaining from the Finnish government a mining monopoly over an area inclosing 385 lakes and 40,000 square miles. Transferring these to a company, he started with Obouchoff, the huge "Obouchoff steel works" at St. Petersburg, and, after receiving a large sum of money in the shape of subsidies, he sold the concern to the war department in 1873, by whose exertions half a dozen big guns have been turned out, at a cost estimated by the Novosti recently at £1,500,000. Putiloff's next enterprise was the iron rolling mills bearing his name at the mouth of the Neva, where 5,000 men are employed and £640,000 worth of iron and steel rails turned out every year, besides a thousand railroad wagons. This little business was converted into a joint stock concern four or five years ago, when Putiloff secured the contract for constructing the great sea canal from Constadt to St. Petersburg.

Of the 7,500,000 roubles voted for the project, a large proportion is said to have already passed into the pockets of Putiloff and the government officials without either having done anything to show for it. The Finnish rolling mills long ago collapsed, the Obouchoff steel works is a by word for a gigantic government job, the smash of the Putiloff works is daily expected, and it is believed that the colossal fortune of Putiloff himself, ravaged by extravagance, will be found to be in as rotten a condition as the great sea canal scheme at St. Petersburg.

A Plug of Tobacco.

One day last month when trade was dull a grocery clerk procured a piece of sole leather from a shoemaker, painted it black and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap came in and inquired for a plug of tobacco. The piece of sole leather was tied up, paid for and the purchaser started for home. Ht the end of the sixth day he returned, looking down-cast and dejected and walking into the store inquired for the clerk.

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that a new brand?"

"Yes."

"Plug terbacker, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me. It's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the old man. "I knowed I was gettin party old, but I was allus handy on bitin' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at a chaw. I sot my teeth on this one and bit, and pulled, and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept biting and pulling for six days, and thar she ani now, the same as the day you sole her to me."

"Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelt the the counterfeit.

"She's all right; it's me that's failin," exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine cut and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys and get ready for the grave myself."

Here is a speech that can be recited at the picnics to-day with unbounded applause. The Detroit *Free Press* reports it as an address before the Lime-Kiln Club by Judge Affidavi Martin, late of Alabama, but now traveling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook. The Judge said:

"We must not look in de past fur our fucher. No man kin tell what de next hun'erd years will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole grave yards. what em our fuchur? Who kin tell what this nashun will amount to if it keeps on the way it has begun? If any one had tole you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befo' you wid a paper colla' on my nech, you would have set him down as an assassn. Yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben mo' dan dat. For de sum of fifty cents you kin have a brass watch-chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you kin work it on a hoss trade for $50. Ef anybody had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would buton behind what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am born. Ebery time de minit-hand takes a jumy somebody comes ty de front wid a new kind o' stomach bitters or an improved rat-trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill leveled, or a forest cleared. Such of us as kin remember back a hun'erd y'ars realize de change mo' dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in de fuchur will not be surprised to see jugs wid free handles, coffee pots that shet up like a latch-knife, rat-traps dat illuminate de house, an' rockin' cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels." The speaker closed amid cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was given the seat of honor under the Bear Trap.

A Dangerous Weapon.

Small wives are often highly commended by husbands of experience and judgment. There is, also, among men of undoubted taste, a general impression that a small wife is good thing. This does not seem to be a reasonable view of the matter. One cannot have too much of a good thing, and so long as a large wife costs no more than a small one, the former ought, apparently, to be regarded as the better. The origin of the popular approval of small wives is, doubtless, the fact that woman's souls do not vary as the size of their bodies. The same quantity of soul is put into a small woman that is put into a large woman. Of course, the amount of soul in the posession of the small woman seems unusually large when compared with her body, and hence arises the general belief that the smaller a woman is the more soul she has and consequently, the greater is her value. In point of fact, the small wife is of no more intrinsic value than the large wife, and in spite of the praise which is lavished upon her by superficial observers, she is attended with inconveniences which seriously interfere witlf her usefulness.

That wives will carry parasols in sunny weather is universally known. Nothing can induce them to give up this habit, and though in some cases a wife will let her husband hold her parasol, most wives are firmly convinced that no man has sense enough to hold a parasol as it should be held. Now, when a wife and her husband are of the proper proportional height, the parasol is not an evil of much consequence, but when the small wife carries a parasol and walks by the side of her husband, the ribs of the parasol are to a level with his eyes and the latter are brought in eminent danger. This leads to grave disasters, and ultimately estranges husband and wife from one another. When a husband has had one eye totally destroyed and the other seriously injured, he is usually ready, no matter how much he may have loved his small wife, to tell her that henceforth she must choose between him and her parasol. Of course, she cannot, with any self-respect, give up the latter, and thus two hearts that originally beat as one are sundered forever and beat in solitude and grief.

Few people have any idea of the amount of eyes that are annually ruined by the parasols of small wives. In the year of 1879, it is estimated that in the United States alone two hundred and sixty eyes were totally put out, and seven hundred and nine were more or less injured. No accurate table of the number of divorces produced by the same cause has been made, but the fact that about two-thirds of all the divorced men in the state of Illinois are one-eyed gives some idea of the extent of which the parasol in the hands of a wife objectionably small ruins the peace of families.

What is the proper remedy for this giant evil? This is a question which interests every man who has or who contemplates taking a small wife. It will not do to increase the length of the parasol-handle inversely as the height of the wife. There is a certain standard of length for the parasol-handle, beyond which it cannot be increased, for the reason that when the handle is too long the parasol does not cast a shadow which can be kept in position over a bonnet with any certainty. Equally impracticable would be any device for increasing the height of wives, so as to bring their parasols above the level of their husbands' eyes. Already the boot heels of woman are made as high as possible, and if any attempt is made increase their height, woman would be totally unable to walk. Of course, the wise man who is still unmarried, and who knows the dangers that accompany the parasol of the small wife, can resolve to marry no woman whose parasol will not reach at least six inches above the level of his eyes; but the man who is already married to a small wife cannot better his situation by making good resolutions as to the selection of his second wife.

It may be said that the small wife should be required to hold her parasol in such way as not to endanger her husband's eyes. Of course, this is physically possible, but he knows little of the nature of woman who fancies that any wife will submit to dictation as to how she shall carry her parasol. When her husband remarks:

"There, my dear! my other eye is gone!" she merely says:

"How can you be so stupid!" and calmly lays the blame on him.

If requested to keep her parasol out of her husband's eyes, she either flatly refuses and tells him to attend to his own affairs—as if he had no right to feel any interest in his eyes—or she bursts into tears, and says that if he cannot walk with her without insulting her he had better stay at home. The parasol is probable dearer to a woman than any other eartbly thing, and she will carry it in what she considers the proper way, though all the male sex should be blinded thereby.

The only apparent defense against the parasol is to cover the ends of its ribs with large india-rubber fenders. On each end should be placed a sphere of solid rubber of a least an inch in diameter. By no possibility could the human eye be injured by contact with so large and soft a substance, and the husband of a small wife, whose parasol should be thus rendered innocuous, could walk with her in a crowded street in safety. It is evident, however, that nothing except stringent legislation will induce the women of our country to consent to having their parasols decorated with rubber spheres. If merely requested to do so by their husbands, they will unhesitatingly refuse, and in most instances, will assert that the request is deliberately intended to make them rediculous. The legislature, however, can very properly make and enforce laws for the protection of the eyes of male citizens. That a woman should be allowed to carry a weapon that constantly menaces her husband with blindness is a reproach to our civilization. We forbid men to carry knives and pistols, and we should equally forbid women to carry the dangerous and sometimes deadly parasol now in constant use.

Lydia E. Pinkam's Vegetable Compound doubtless ranks first as a curative agent in all diseases of the procreative system, degeneration of the kidneys, irritation of the bladder, urinary calculi, &c., &c. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. For sale by C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Pa.

As we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves, we should see to it that our neighbor is a charming young woman.

Secrets of the Sea.

Sooner or later the poles and Africa must yield their little mysteries to the organization and persistence of modern exploration, and then there will be one thing only to look for—a spot of ground large enough to be inhabited on which humanity has not its representatives. The search may be hopeless, for certainly up to this date the most eccentric and indefatigable globe-trotters have failed to find any such place. The man, woman or child, in this country of free schools, who knows even the existence of the Tristan De Cunha Islands can scarcely be found, yet most maps show them, and in some cyclopedies they are recognizable in the few lines about Tristan De Cunha. There are three islands in the group, which lie in the South Atlantic Ocean, about midway between Africe and America, and nearly on a line drawn from Buenos Ayres to Cape Town. It was on the largest of the group, containing about forty square miles, that the ship Mabel Clark, owned in this city, and sailing from Liverpool to Hong Kong, was driven ashore by stress of weather two years ago next May day; and now Captain East of her Majesty's ship Comus, has just reported his delivery of the presents sent by President Hayes to the islanders who succored the crew. They are one hundred in number, and are chiefly descendants of a certain Corporal Glass, who was one of a garrison placed on the island by England when Bonaparte was imprisoned on St. Helena, 1,500 miles away. The oldest inhabitant is Peter Green, a hale, hearty man, in his 72d year, and the youngest is his great-grandchild, aged a few months. There have only been four deaths in thirteen years, and no death in infancy was ever known among them. The perfect climate is probably the explanation of these facts. The community cultivate about twenty acres, potatoes being the chief crop, and usually get ten or twelve bushels from one of seed. They have 500 cattle, 500 sheep, and any quantity of fowls. The little State is both orderly and contented, and Peter Green is looked upon as the chief, although he disclaims all pretentions to power. Doubtless the fact that nearly a majority of the population are related to him—he had sixteen children—accounts for the estimation in which he is held. Captain East recommended his son, William Green, for the Albert medal, or the life saving medal of the Royal Humane Society, as he greatly distinguished himself on the occasion of the Mabel Clark's wreck. The matter is one for somebody's attention in this country, also. Some years ago the islanders begged some cats from a ship, which, for some reason, stopped at Tristan De Cunha, but the perverse animals preferred rabbits and chickens to exclusive mice, and now they run wild all over the island, while the mice are greater pests than ever. All the islanders want now is a clergyman. The chaplain of the Comus christened five children, who, doubtless, could have waited a year or two longer for the ceremony, but the case of expectant brides and bridegrooms is hard indeed. Contemplative persons without inordinate appetites for letters and newspapers may not find its picture unattractive, but the genius of the age is all for restless competition, and most people will regard such a life as vegetation rather than existence, and will not cease to wonder that human beings should, of their own free will, choose to endure it.—*New York Times.*

You Know Her.

You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched or full and flowsy. Her dress is wet, ill-fitting and of no particular pattern; her slippers are broken down behind; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the backyard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout, "John! can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back, "If he don't get the water I'll take every inch of flesh from his bones?" And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have drooped in maidenly reserve or raised in coquettish light to face the man in the ill-fitting coat? Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his passing pepperminds to her; of his taking her hand in his and squeezing it? But it was so. Many a "God bless you," has been uttered above the bare head, many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now parboiled and blistered and marked with scars from the bread knife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is pecked and red and looks as if would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his new vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. Two lovers are to her "a passel of fools." And, but George is rubbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.—*Danbury News.*

Sticking to Newspapers.

The strong attachment of subscribers to well-conducted newspapers is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper"—words of dread to beginners in business—lose their terror after a paper has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course; meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as hard to break by an outside party as the link which binds old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which has slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes and offices for a few weeks becomes an insupportable privation, and they hasten to take it again, and possibly apologize for having it stopped. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the reader for a journal which makes an honest, an earnest effort to merit its continued support. Hence, a conscientiously-conducted paper becomes a favorite in the family.

A Battle With Buffaloes.

Chicago, July 17.—An officer of the regular army who left Fort Keogh, Montana, ten days ago, arrived in the city on Thursday evening, and is a guest of friends living on Prairie avenue. The officer traveled by "buckboard" from the Yellowstone river to the end of the Northern Pacific Railroad, near the Little Missouri, and thence eastward by rail.

Couriers had arrived at the post before his departure, bringing the latest intelligence from the Crow Indians, who were then absent from the camp, or agency, upon a grand buffalo hunt. The news brought in by the couriers was very exciting. They related that after riding over mountains for two days the Crows came upon a fine herd of buffaloes in a narrow valley near by the Yellowstone. There were four hundred Indians and four thousand buffaloes. The Crows had been forced by fear of starvation to take to the chase, and the keen hunger they were suffering only sharpened their eagerness for a tilt with their old fellow-nomads, the noble bison. The game stampeded down the valley in the direction of the Yellowstone. The chase was hotly followed, half a hundred buffaloes biting the dust before the river was reached. One of the most vehement of the pursuers, who had distinguished himself for bravery in two or three fights with the Sioux, fell from his pony in the midst of the flying herd, and was trampled to death by the frantic beasts.

The Yellowstone, a roaring rushing river even at the lowest tide, was booming with the regular summer freshet, the outpour of the melting snows in the high mountains. When the river was reached the game made a bold stand, and for a time it seemed doubtful which held the mastery; but the incessant fusillade from four hundred rifles, together with the desperate proximity of the formidable battalion, drove the herd in dismay into the roaring torrent. Beside themselves with the excitement of the moment, the Indians urged their ponies into the stream, unwilling that even a flood should spoil their frenzied sport or cut them off from their game. The terrific current, made tumultuous from the huge piles of rock here and there in the channel, whirled buffaloes, ponies and Indians along at a bewildering velocity, until the thousands of beasts were rolling and writhing in inextricable confusion. In the dizzy evolutions of the horses and riders the latter were left to struggle for themselves in the water, and to be jammed to death between the surging mass of drowing beasts. Some who saw the danger in time, and turned shoreward, found safety on terra firma, but those who ventured far enough to be embraced by the sweeping, restless tide, and to become involved in the tangle of struggling animals, were all drowned. The story brought to the post was that thirty Indians and fifty ponies were drowned, besides five hundred or a thousand buffaloes.

Inquiry at military headquarters in this city elicited from Colonel Sheridan the information, corroborative in part of the foregoing narrative, that the Crow Indians had eaten up all their food and had gone out after game. The dispatch conveying this intelligence to military headquarters gave no particulars, but intimated that the Indians were desperately hungry.

A Bad Case—Cured.

Fredonia, N. Y., June 7, 1873.

Dr. M. M. Fenner.

Dear sir:—I have been sick about eight years with an affection by physicians called Scrofula. My throat was a matterating sore. My palate had been eaten out, my nose, face and forehead had discharging sores. My body and limbs had deep eating ulcers extending nearly to the bone. I was reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton. I was in this dreadful condition when I began the use of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic in 1869. I took it nearly a year, though to all appearances I was well within three months after beginning it. I fell as well and strong now as I ever did.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Anna Adams.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Fever and Ague Spleen, Enlargement, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and all Skin Eruptions and Blood Disorders; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Help! Thunder!

A romantic young man asked his sweetheart to take a walk with him by moonlight on the river bluff in East Dubuque, Iowa. She went gladly. When half way up the extension they halted to admire the prospect. Suddenly a stone slipped underneath the young man's feet, and he went down like a curtain stick. He caught hold of some vines which clung to the rocks and hung on for dear life, expecting to fall a hundred feet and be dashed in pieces on the rocks below. The young woman could not pull him up, so she fell on her knees and prayed for him. The young man united with her after this fashion: "Help! Murder! Oh, Lord! I know I'll be all broke up! Now I lay me! Confound it, I forgot! Oh, Jerusalem! I've got to let go gretty quick! Give us some daily bread! Oh, that ain't right! Oh, Lord! Send somebody to help me out of this scrape! Help! Thunder!" At this point he could hold on no longer, but went down. But not a hundred feet. Only a few feet, for he landed on a ledge which neither he nor she had seen in their excitement. A small fragment of cuticle rubbed off his knee was his sole injury.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected—as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For Sale By C. N. Boyd, Somerset Pa.

COPIES

OF THE

Rules & Regulations

GOVERNING

REPUBLICAN

PRIMARY ELECTIONS

OF

SOMERSET COUNTY.

A copy of there rules should be in the hands of every Republican voter in the county. They will be found particularly interesting just at this time, when the first election under the new rules is about to be held. Single copies 10cts or three copies for 25cts.

Save Your Children.

For expelling worms from the system, Sellers' Vermifuge has no equal in this or any other country. "One teaspoonful given to a child of Mr. Bradbury's, expelled 234 worms in four hours after taking the medicine.—Benj. Lytle, Union Township, Pa. Also "expelled 130 worms from my child six years old."—Wm. Sarver, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars. Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS.
WANTED!

A first-class Life Insurance Company in New York wants SPECIAL, GENERAL and LOCAL AGENTS, in unoccupied territory in the State of Pennsylvania. Address MANAGER OF AGENCIES, P. O. Box 100, New York Post Office.

The English Draft Horse

BONNIE PRINCE!

Out of Old Bonnie Prince, Imported from England.

Will serve mares for the season of 1880, viz: The first three days of the week at the stable of Alexander Countryman, in Lavansville, Somerset county, Pa., and the next three days close to Weimer's shop, in Somerset borough, changing alternately throughout the season.

RATES: $8.00 to Insure a Foal.

Payments to be made when the mare is known to be with foal. Any person parting or not attending with an insured mare, will be held responsible for the insurance. Due care will be taken, but no accountability for accidents.

DESCRIPTION:

BONNIE PRINCE is a beautiful dark roan, six years old, stands eighteen hands high, and weighs 2,000 pounds. He has powerful bone and sinue, measuring 13 inches solid bone around the smallest place on fore leg, and 15 inches around the smallest place on hind leg; is well proportioned, with superior action. Was sired by "Bonnie Prince, Sr., who stood in Westmoreland county for several years, and weighed 2,200 pounds. He was imported from England by Washington Healer. Bonnie Prince's dam is a large well formed black mare, half blood, she was sired by "Wax Work, Sr.," imported from England at a heavy expense by the Pennsylvania Stock Importing Company, (Geo. Johnson, agent), was owned by the Westmoreland and Fayette Horse Company, and used to stand at Mt. Pleasant.

Bonnie Prince is nearly full blood and is undoubtedly the largest horse you ever saw. He will weigh when in good condition 2,200 pounds. Bonnie Prince has proven himself a sure foal getter.

Farmers and stock-raisers of Somerset county put or let to Bonnie Prince.

My bay horse "WAX WORK, Jr.," will stand at Wm. Sipler's, Berlin and Friedens, this season.

WM. SUDER, Keeper.

For further particulars address

April 14 ALEXANDER COUNTRYMAN.

SOMERSET COUNTY FARMERS READ THIS:

I have purchased for the season, at a large price, the Draft Stallion Clyesdale, well known throughout Westmoreland County as "SAMSON" or the "Bolt horse," and will stand him for service at the stable of David Lavan, in Levanesville, Somerset County, during the fall season. Season to commence about the 6th of July. Fifteen dollars to insure a mare with foal.

Description.—"SAMSON" is a handsome chestnut bay, about fifteen hands high, and weighs about sixteen hundred pounds, with fine limbs, heavy boned and beautiful in symmetry. He is a sure coll-getter, as can be shown. Farmers should see this horse, as he is certain to please.

W. H. TAYMAN.

Levanesville, June 3, 1880—June 9.

MENTOR.

I hereby give notice that I will stand my fine black Stallion MENTOR, full three quarter blood, at the stable of Josiah Brant, in

Somerset Borough

during the day throughout the season. Morning and evening of each day his services can be had on my farm one and a half miles northeast of Somerset.

MENTOR is a black horse sired by Heffley's Imported English Draft Horse "NIGGER." He is a horse of fine style, with immense strength of bone, and will weigh 1800 to 1900 pounds. There are a number of his colts in this neighborhood for which $75 were offered while they were still classed as sucking colts.

March 24 HENRY KEISTER.

THE

Herald

FOR

1880!

PREPARE FOR THE GREAT

PRESIDENTIAL STRUGGLE!

THAT OCCURS THIS YEAR, BY

SUBSCRIBING FOR SOME

GOOD PAPER

IN TIME!

KEEP YOURSELF POSTED ON THE

EVENTS OF THE COUNTY!!

GET THE COUNTY NEWS.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS

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—AND A—

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We have made arrangements by which this department will not only be EQUAL, but MUCH BETTER than in the PAST!

SUBSCRIPTION $2.00

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OLD TEA HOUSE

TEAS,
A SPECIALTY.

HEADQUARTERS

FANCY and STAPLE
GROCERIES,
FINE TEAS
AND
RARE and CHOICE
COFFEES.

J. R. JENKINS
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OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES

The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!
Guaranteed absolutely pure.
The Fancy French Flog Flour!
Best in the World. Took First Medal at Expositions.
The Celebrated Snow Bird Flour!
For extreme White Bread and Pastry use.
Jenkins' Brown Flour!
In 5 and 10 lb. packages, ready for baking.
The Celebrated Delmonico Coffee
This Delicious Coffee is Unrivaled for a cup of fine Aroma.
The Fancy French Coffee!
A blend of choicest Mocha Coff