### AWAKE.

The sun gets up in the morning
And lifts his stately head;
Open your eyes, my sleepy skies,
The sun is out of bed!
The moon is very timid,
She dare not meet the sun,
With a heigh ho! the stars must go,
And hide themselves one by one.

The sun gets up in the morning,
The world is all alight;
Every tree is full of glee,
Every blossom bright;
Every bird is singing
A welcome to his King,
With a "Well done, beautiful sun!
You glorify everything."

The sun gets up in the morning,
And so must children, too;
How dare you keep so fast asleep.
The sun is calling you!
'Mid all the birds and blossoms
Your merry voices raise
With a hurrah! How glad we are
We have got a sun to praise!

### A FIERY STEED.

For once May gave promise of being a May worthy of the many beautiful songs which have been sung in her praise. She came dancing along after her sister April—who had just left in a shower of tears—with a smile upon her lips and a wondrous rainbow halo on her head.

The young maples began to blush in happy conciousness of her approach, and the delicate pink and the white blossoms on the orchard trees opened their dainty leaves and shyly flung a welcoming fragrance on the soft, clear air.

All through the fields and meadows, the vales and woodlands, and over the hills ran the violets and trailing arbutus and May-buds and daisies and their sister flowers, telling glad tidings of sunny days and moonlit nights and lovely butterflies and sparkling raindrops and busy humming bees, and birds, swinging on slender green boughs, sang in sweet twittering notes to each other:

Neighbor, soon we shall see the roses.

Along a pleasant, winding, lonely country road, with splended great apple and pear trees standing on either side, and the spring flowers dotting the green carpet so thickly that the green is almost hidden, comes slowly on this poet's May day, a diminutive, old, odd looking white horse, drawing a small market wagon filled with household furniture, accompanied by an enormous shaggy Newfoundland dog, and as pretty a country maid as ever milked a cow, or made a pot of golden butter.

The broad-brimmed straw hat she wears shaded a low brow to which clings babyish ringlets of hair the color of glossy, satin-smooth buttercups, a pair of innocently roguish eyes, checks of brown with an underlying tinge of rose, a charming red-lipped mouth, and a firm, round chin.

Across the brow, however, at this moment fits the shadow of a frown, and a look of comic perplexity comes into the sweet young face. The old-looking horse has stopped in the middle of the road and remains perfectly motionless, staring straight before him, save when he bends his head to take a nibble of the flower-thick grass, as though suddenly oblivious of everything under the sun except the tranquility of the June-like May afternoon.

"Oh, Charley! Charley! go on—do! that's a dear!" coaxes the girl coming to his side and gently patting his head with her little brown ungloved hand; but Charley merely whisks a too familiar fly away with his forlorn old tail and makes no further sign.

"Charley, good horse, Charley—oh! why didn't I bring some carrots with me?—Charley, you bad, bad fellow, if you don't go on, I'll whip you sure as you stand there. Come, be a darling." And thus she alternately begs and threatens, Lion assisting in dog language, with an occasional dash at the heels of his obstinate enquine triend, but Charley refuses to be a "darlin," plants his feet more firmly and never stirs; and at last, with an air of resignation, she goes back to the path, seats herself on a rude seat formed by nature of the guarled roots of a mishapen old tree, and waits patiently for at least ten minutes. At the end of this time Charley looks about with a just waked-up expression in his eyes, as if to say, "Dear! Dear! I quite forgot there was work to be done," and starts off with a quick step that gradually becomes slower and slower.

With a sigh of relief the young girl arises and follows—Lion bounding back from the wood, where he has been making hasty explorations, having it in his mind that his mistress is not to be left without his protection for more than two minutes at a time, takes his place at her side—and the perplexed look fades away into a smile that brings to light two rows of pearl-white teeth.

But alas! the smile is premature. In another ten minutes again overcome by the beauty and peacefulness of the day, Charlie falls into a reverie, stops once more, and once more refuses most decidedly to "go on."

And in this manner does that dreadful horse behave for an hour, making short progress and long pauses, until coming to the conclusion that there had been quite enough of this sort of thing, he deliberately drags the wagon to the side of the road, takes up his station beneath a wide-spreading oak and proceeds to munch the grass at his feet, with a look in his eyes that say as plain as words: "From this spot move me if you can."

"Oh, Charley! how can you?" begins the girl, loudly and indignantly following him with her small hands clasped beseechingly. "Oh, you wicked, Charley!"

"Did you call me?" asks a mascular voice, to her great astonishment; as with a light start she turns in the direction of the voice she sees a young man walking rapidly towards her the sound of his approaching footsteps having been completely lost in the inquiring bow-wows of her canine guardian.

"Did you call me?" he repeats.

"No, sir," she replies, blushing prettily, and looking at him with frank, child-like eyes. "I was speaking to the horse. Be still Lion."

"Beg your pardon. I thought for an instant you were speaking to me. It seems that I have the honor of being a namesake of your fiery steed. But you are in trouble. What is the matter? Can I help you in any way?"

"There is nothing very serious the matter," she says with a smile. "We are moving to-day, and father went on ahead a long time ago, having some business to settle with our new landlord, and he must be at this very moment waiting for me at the new house, and wondering what in the world has become of me. You see, we have no boys in our family, and the other girls are younger than myself, and fa[illegible] both thought—this being a very quiet road—that Lion and I could look after Charlie and the furniture, but Charlie, who generally behaves pretty well, has been awfully contrary, and has stopped every few minutes, and the consequence is that we have already been two hours on the journey that should have taken us but one, and there's just as long a distance to go yet; and with Charley—oh, you wicked horse!—standing under that tree, I don't know how we are ever to get to Grasstown.

"It's almost as bad a plight as the old woman was with her pig, when he wouldn't go under the stile, and she was afraid she wouldn't get home that night," laughs the young man—a nice looking fellow he is, with gentleman stamped on every feature of his handsome face. "But suppose I cut you a switch? Perhaps that, used with discretion, might have some influence on the fiery sreed."

"Oh, no, that would never do!" she says, shaking her head emphatically. "Charley was never whipped in his life. He'd be so scared at the very sight of a switch that I believe he'd run away."

"Wouldn't that be a desirable thing under the circumstances?" asks the young man, with a broad smile; the idea of the old horse, whose principal desire appeared to be not to move at all, running away, striking him as inexpressibly comic, and thinking "Bless her kind little heart!" he continues: "Well, since you refuse the switch, I will try how a command in a masculine voice will affect him;" and he commanded "G'long, Charley!"

Charley started, turned his head toward the speaker, recognizing a master, backed away from the oak and went off on a quick walk.

"Well, the idea!" exclaimed his young mistress.

"And now with your permission, I'll walk with you to the end of your journey, for sure if I leave you, Charley will note my absence immediately, and stop under the first tree."

"Oh, no indeed! you must not," says the pretty country maid. "You were going in an entirely different direction. I could not think of taking you so far out of your way. Many thanks for your kind offer, but indeed, sir, I couldn't. Charley will behave well now. Won't you Charley?"

"Good heavens! I never knew my name was so musical before," thinks the young man, and then explains: I was going in an entirely different direction because I missed my train at the last station, and, if I had waited would have two hours for another; but being rather impatient by nature and tempted by the fine day, I set out to walk, my destination being the next village. And now if I return with you I shall have a much pleasanter walk, catch the next train, and lose no time after all. Lion approves of my plan. Don't you Lion?" And Lion, usually very suspicious of strangers, comes and lays his startlingly cold nose in his new friend's hand.

And so the two young people walk along side by side, crushing the pretty flowers under their feet as they go, but Charley, looking back every now and then out of the corner of his right eye to see if the masculine voice is atill there, never falters, but keeps steadily on his winding way. After a few moment's silence the innocent little maid raises her blue eyes—they have been hidden by the long lashes—and says, in a shy voice:

"You said you were going to Daisyville. I have lived there all my life."

"Not a very long time," says the young man with a smile.

"Seventeen years. I was born, and my three sisters were born in the same little farm house we are leaving now." And a tear trembles on the long lashes and rolls down her round rosy cheek.

The young man looks at the tear with pitying wonder.

"And were you very happy there?', he asks.

"So happy," replies the girl, "that we fear we will never be half as happy anywhere else. And" a sudden light breaking over her face—"I believe that is what ails Charley. He knows it isn't right that we should be going to a strange place, and does his best, poor fellow, to prevent our going."

"Undoubtedly," gravely asserts her companion. "But why, if you will permit me to ask are you bidding fairwell to Daisyville?—G'long, Charley," as Charley evinces a desire to listen to the conversation.

"Father didn't own the place. He had it on a long lease, which ran out the very week (a month ago) our old landlady died, and her heir—a nephew—and his mother are coming to take possession of the estate, and they want our farm house for their gardener. When Mrs. Marks was alive her gardener had rooms over the stable, and very comfortable rooms they were, too, and the kitchen garden was just back of the big house. But I suppose the new people are more stylish than the old ones, want their kitchen garden further away than Mrs. Mark's was, and so they take from us our home, and we are obliged to move to Grasstown."

And are your father and mother as much attached to Daisyville as you and your sisters are?" he asks.

"Even more attached to it," she answers, "if that be possible. It almost breaks my heart to see mother's sad face. But I must try to make the new home as bright for them as I can—that is, if I ever get there. Oh, dear! how very unfortunate that Charley should have taken it into his head to be so naughty this day of all others!"

"On the contrary, I think, Miss Grey"—it has transpired that her name is Bessie Grey—"that is the best thing that could have happened."

Her blue eyes and red mouth open in wonder.

"Because"—answering the look—"if Charley had behaved well instead of badly you would have been at Grasstown long before this time, and I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you. And now I am about proposing something which will seem extremely absurd to you, although the wisest thing that could be done under the circumstances. Suppose we turn Charley's head in the direction of his old home and see what speed he will make then?"

"But," looking at him half frightened, as Lion bounds forward with a loud cheerful bark to meet a stalwart old man who comes suddenly around the corner, his hat in one hand and a red silk handkerchief in the other, and who shouts the moment he catches sight of her,

"Why, girl, where have you been? What on earth's the matter?"

Bessie leaves unfinished the "But"—began speech and runs laughing to him, and, taking the hat from his hand, fans him energetically while she explains: "Charley was the matter, father. You can't think how aggravating he's been. He wouldn't go until this gentleman" with another pretty blush—"was kind enough to make him go."

The old man looked keenly at the young one. "And pray where did you come from, and who may you be?" he asked sharply.

"I will tell you where I come from, and how I happened to meet your daughter, at some future time. Meanwhile you will learn from this who I am"—handing a card to the old farmer, on which was engraved "Charles Marks, Jr."

"Our old landlady's nephew and heir?"

"The same, at your service; and having no desire, in spite of my agent's arrangements to the contrary, to begin my life at Daisville by turning so worthy a tenant" (in his heart he added "with so pretty a daughter") "out of the house he has occupied for so many years, I was just proposing to Miss Grey as you made your appearance that Charley should be stopped in his mad career, and once for all be turned toward his old home."

"Are you quite in earnest, dear sir?"

Never more so in my life. Whoa, Charley, poor old boy!" and around went horse and wagon, and off started the fiery steed so fast that they could hardly follow him, Lion leaped a yard in the air, in the exuberance of his delight galloping by his side.

"He's all right," said the old man, his face beaming with happiness. And won't mother look wonderfully surprised when she sees him coming up the lane? I don't know how to thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me, I deserve no thanks," says Charles Marks, holding aside a low hanging tree branch that Bessie may pass under. "And the new gardener?" asks Bessie, looking back at him.

"Will have rooms over the stable. You know you said they were very comfortable."

"But your train?" persists Bessie, with the first gleam of coquetry that ever sparkled in ber blue eyes.

"I'd much rather walk," says Mr. Marks

### Torture of Horses.

Among the every dny torments to which the horse is subjected we will enumerate the following:—1. Abraded breast. 2. Inflamed back from defective saddle or harness pad. 3. Sore mouth from too tight a gag rein, a severe bit, or bot. 4. A sore tail from too tight or illy made crupper. 5. An abrasion under the body, caused by a too light or badly fitted belly band. 6. Irritation of the eyes from blinders being strapped too close together, or on the other hand, are allowed to swing around, first striking one eye then the other. 7. Ears chafed by the brow band being placed too high, or by metallic rosettes with a sharp outer rim, the base of the ear pressing across this at every motion. 8. The excessive fatigue of all the structure of the neck under the influence of the bearing rein. The bearing rein, if made taut and kept so for any considerable length of time, is a source of great discomforture to all horses and an insufferable torment to many. A taut rein can be used with entire propriety on horses of fine easy up carriage, especially while in motion, but if the muscles and the bony structure of the neck extend forward horizontally from an upright shoulder rather than striking out from a slanting shoulder, then the most intense suffering will be inflicted by straining the neck up to an angle entirely unnatural to the animal especially if this strain be long kept up. To strain a culprit up by the thumbs till only his toes touch the ground is certainly one of the severest admissible punishments that can be inflicted upon mortal, and the check rein is undoubtedakly in to it in its extreme application.

### Psalm XXIII.

This Psalm witnesses how close to the youthful heart the consciousness of God must have been which could thus transform and glorify the little things which were so familiar. We can feel, in a kind of lazy play of sentiment, the fitness of the shepherd's life to suggest thought of God—because it is not our life. But it needs both a meditative habit and a devout heart to feel that the trivalities of our daily tasks speak to us of Him. The heavens touch the earth on the horizon of our vision, but it always seems furtherest to the sky from the spot where we stand. To the Psalmist, however, as in higher ways to his son and Lord, all things around him were full of God, and as the majesties of nature, so the trivalities of man's works—shepherds and fishermen—were solemn with deep meanings and shadows of the heavenly. With such lofty thoughts he fled his youth.—*Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*


### Good Advice.

If you keep your, stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order, you will prevent and cure by far the greater part of the ills that afflict mankind in this or any section. There is no medicine known that will not do this as quickly or surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic, which will secure perfectly natural action of these important organs without interfering the least with your daily duties. See ad. f. 16


### An Ice Gorge.

CLEVELAND, O., February 10.—An ice gorge formed between the piers at the mouth of the river to-day. The water rose rapidly, until many docks were submerged and a disastrous inundation was threatened. Cannon were taken on the pier, and thirty shells fired into the gorge, which broke it, and the water is now at about the ordinary stage.


### Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is $3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.—*Post.*

Write to Mrs. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn case of female weakness.

To avoid a mis take always marry a widow.


### Popular Science Notes.

In Brazil, large quantities of the best quality of pottery are being manufactured from the ashes of the hard, silicious bark of the caraike tree, which is powdered and mixed with the purest clay obtained from the beds of the rivers. The ware is said to be extremely hard and smooth and in every respect superior to that made by any other process.

An electric railway is being constructed by Siemens & Helcke, of Berlin, between Lichterfelde and Telton, with a branch line to Grosse Kadettenhaus. A company is also being organized in Paris, France, for the purpose of establishing lines of electric street railways in place of the present system of horse-railways.

M. Lullman, a French Savant, has discovered that an oil can be distilled from American grape-vines which refuses to congeal at a temperature above eight degrees Fahrenheit, while other oils are solid at twenty-seven degrees. He recommends the oil as especially valuable for watch-making and similar purposes.

There are now four comets visible to this earth, through a good telescope, none of which can be seen with the naked eye. The first was discovered by Mr. Schaerbele at Ann Arbor, Mich., the second by Mr. Hartwig, at Strasburg, Germany, the third by Mr. Lewis Swift, at Rochester, New York, and the fourth by M. Faye, of Paris.

A scientific society in Paris has condemned Oleomargarine as a substitute for butter. It is claimed that the fatty particles are absorbed in the oganism in a state of emulsion, and that the absorption of the margarine will not be so favorably effected as that of butter. Another ground for condemnation is that the substitute in the hands of some manufacturers is liable to be adulterated and made unwholesome by the use of impure fats and vegetable oils that are difficult to digest.

A consiberable number of very ancient tombs and objects of antique art have been revealed by a recent land slide on the right hand of the river Simet in Sicily, near the town of Catonia. Investigations having been made, it is generally believed that these tombs belonged to the ancient town of Simeatus, indicated by Pliny and Ptolemy, the situation of which historians have never been able to agree upon. The discovery is of great archaeological importance and will no doubt prove of value in throwing more light on the geological history of the wide valley of the river Simet.

The scheme of Capt. Rondaire for letting the waters of the Mediterranean into the great low-laying basin of the Schatts, and turning the great North African desert into an inland sea, is thought to be inexpedient and impracticable by many scientists and engineers who have been canvassing the matter and surveying the territory. It would take a canal rivaling that of the Suez to attain the end in view, while Looser, Neptha, and other of the most flourishing cities of the Schatt region, would be submerged by the deluge, and as a result, it is feared the large date forests of the Djerid would be destroyed by the production of a change of climate, which would naturally follow.

The wonders of the telegraph are shown in the recent sending of a dispatch of sixty-nine words from Australia to London, a distance of 13,368 miles, the time occupied in its transit being thirty-three minutes. The message was dispatched at 1 p. m., and reached its destination at 3:43 a. m. on the same day, or 9 hours and 17 minutes before the hour of its dispatch. The route of the message was over the lines of the Victorian and South Australian Colonies, the cables of the Eastern extensions, Australasia and China Telegraph Company, the lines of the Indian Government, the cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and the lines of the Egyptian and French Governments.

One who has been experimenting, predicts the day not far distant when seeing by electricity will be looked upon with no more wonder or amazement than the present mode of talking and send off the human voice hundreds of miles, and that instantaneously, by means of the telephone. In fact, the former has actually been accomplished, and the inventor asserts that the electric current takes up and transmits the features of a person, a landscape or writing, as it does modulations of sound, and is confident that when his invention shall have been perfected, it will be an easy matter to take the photograph of a person or landscape though they are hundreds of miles distant. We shall await anxiously for further developments of this invention.

Scientists have for some time been experimenting to determine the virtue of the Australian Fever tree, known as the *Eucalyptus*, in banishing the unwholesomeness of malarial districts, and the results are said to be very satisfactory. In many fever-plagued regions in Southern Italy, Corsica, and Algeria, where, during certain seasons, the atmosphere has been literally pestilential, the planting of these trees has almost literally banished epidemic fevers, and large tracts of low grounds near Algiers, heretofore unoccupied on account of the unhealthfulness of the region, have been transformed through the agency of the fever tree, and rendered wholesome and habitable. Many districts in this country need to profit by the experience of our friends across the water, and through the agency of the *Eucalyptus*, at least diminish in frequency and intensity the fevers and pestilential diseases of their localities.

Mr. Bell, the well-known inventor of the Telephone, announces a new and still more remarkable discovery than that which has already made his name so famous. It is that of producing and re-producing of sounds by the undulations of light. Mr. Bell's new instrument he calls a "photophone," and unlike the telephone, which it is well known conveys sound from one vibrating disk to another by means of wires charged with electricity, the sound is conveyed from one vibrating disk to another by a simple ray of light, without any connecting wire whatever. While the experiments thus far made have been conducted over short distances only, they have been satisfactory, and there is every reason to believe that similar results may be obtained as far as a beam of light can be conducted. The practical value of this discovery may well be imagined to be very great, and the world will doubtless wait with impatient curiosity for further developments.

A new telegraph line has just been completed by the signal service, across the northwestern territories from Bismark, Dakota, to Dayton, Washington Territory, crossing the Rocky mountains at the Sohor Pass. Offices for the transaction of commercial and other business have been established at the following points: Bismarck, Rapid City and Deadwood, Dakota; Boteman, Helena and Deere Lodge, Montana; Spokane Falls, Colfax, Almota, Pomeroy and Dayton, Washington Territory, and Lewiston, Idaho.

A novel method for the taking up and putting off of passengers without the stopping of trains, is proposed by M. Harenz, of Paris, and a railway of that section is preparing to put the proposition to a practical test. A waiting car is provided at every station into which passengers gather before the arrival of the train. As the train passes the station the rear car, which contains only passengers for such station, is cut loose and side-tracked, while the waiting car at the depot is gathered up by a simple device and is coupled on, to act as rear coach of the train to the next station, where the same cutting off and grabbing up process takes place—the motion of the train being but slightly checked at each point.

### Things Worth Knowing.

That a little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

That in icing cakes, the knife should frequently be dipped into cold water.

That clear boiling water will remove ink and other stains from white cloth.

That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping in boiling water about a minute.

That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That oil cloth should be cleaned with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.

That if your coal fire is low, a tablespoonful of salt thrown on it will help it very much.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your clothes will aid the whitening process.

That fresh meat, after beginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

That a spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried beef is an improvement.

That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That boiled starch is much improved by addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little gum-arabic dissolved.

That salt will curdle new milk; hence in repairing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

### How the Thermometer Stood.

When a Michigan avenue car reached Eighth street yesterday morning it contained seven men, two women and a boy. Six of the men seemed to know each other, and all at once one of them remarked that it was the coldest January day he ever saw.

"My thermometer showed seven below when I left home," added a second.

"And mine showed seven," put in a third.

"Then it must be colder where I am," said a fourth, "for mine marked eight."

"It's colder than that," said the fifth. Mine marked full nine," and it was sheltered at that."

"I expect said," said the sixth, pulling his cap down over his ears, "that I got the full sweep of the wind at my house. I looked at the thermometer as I came out and saw it marked ten below."

There was a deep silence for a moment. Then the seventh man got up, removed his overcoat and mittens, and said:

"When I left home my thermometer stood at five below, and it hasn't grown a bit colder since. Now I want to know whether my thermomter lies, or if it's me. You, first man here, how many did you say yours stood?"

"Just five," was the humble reply, although he had previously put it at six.

"Next?"

"About five," said the man who had put it seven."

Each of the six settled on the same answer, and when the last had spoken the stranger turned to the boy and said:

"Bub, do your folks have a thermometer?"

"Yes sir, but father does all the lying about it, and he's out of town this week."

"If the thermometer shows five degrees below zero I'll put on my coat," said the man as he looked down the aisle. "If it get up to six before we get to City Hall, I shall take it upon me to raise the temperature of this car above zero."

The six cast furtive glances at each other, and then began to chew straws and talk about the disgraceful Board of Education.—*Press Press.*


### How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?"

"I a'ways have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." Read about it in another column. f. 16.


### Drowned.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., February 9.—In Warren last night, Christopher McKenzie was drawing Alice Coyle, aged sixteen, on the river, when both broke through. The young man was taken out and resuscitated, but the girl was drowned and her body has not been recovered.

We feel prouder than ever of our Pennnsylvania girls since we heard that one of them in a western county has just killed a bear, dressed the carcass and hung it up in the woods. She says if she can't bang her hair she can hang her bear.

A bust is less than half a length. But when a man goes on a bust, however, he is apt to go to extreme lengths,

### Jimmy's Scalp.

This is the way it happened. I was playing Indian in the yard. I had a wooden tomahawk and a wooden scalping knife and a bow an' arrow. I was dressed up in my father's old coat turned inside out, and had six chicken feathers in my hair. I was playing, I was Green Thunder, and Delaware Chief, and was hunting for pale faces in the yard. It was just after supper, and I was having a real nice time. Mr Tavers came, and he said, "Jimmy, what are you up to now?" So I told him I was Green Thunder, and was on the war path. Said he: "Jimmy, I think I saw Mr. Martin on his way here. Do you think you would mind scalping him?" I said I wouldn't scalp him for nothing, for that would be cruelty; but if Mr. Tavers was sure that Mr. Martin was the enemy of the red man, then Green Thunder's heart would ache for revenge, and I'd scalp him with pleasure. Mr. Travers said that the gentleman was a notorious enemy of the Indians, and gave me ten cents and said that as soon as Mr. Martin should come, and be sitting comfortably on the piazza, I was to give the war whoop and scalp him.

Well, in a few minutes he came, and he and Mr. Tavers and Susan sat on the piazza and talked as if they were all glad to see each other, which was the highest hypocrisy in the world. After a while Martin saw me and said: "How silly boys are! that boy makes believe he is an Indian, when he is only a silly nuisance." Now this made me mad, and I thought I would give him a good scare, just to teach him not to call me names, I began to steal softly up the steps, and to get around behind him. When I got within six feet of him I gave a war whoop and jumped at him. I caught hold of his scalp lock with one hand and drew my wooden knife around his head with the other.

I never got such a fright in my whole life! My knife was that dull it would not cut butter, but true as I sit here, Mr. Martin's whole scalp came right off in my hand, I thought I had killed him, and I dropped his scalp and said: "For mercy sake! I didn't mean to do it, and I am awful sorry." But he just took up his scalp, stuffed it in his pocket, clapped his hat on his head, and walked off, saying to Susan, "I didn't come here to be insulted by a little wretch who deserves the gallows."

Mr. Tavers and Susan never said a word until he had gone, and then they laughed until the noise brought father out to see what was the matter. When he heard what had happened, he did not laugh, but looked very angry, and said that Mr. Martin was a very worthy man, "My son, you may come up stairs with me."

If you have ever been a boy, you know what happened up stairs, and I needn't say any more on a very painful subject. I didn't mind it so much, for I thought my victim would die, and I would be put in jail and hung, but before she went to bed Susan came to my door and whispered through the key-hole that it was all right; that Martin was made that way, so he could be taken apart easy, and that I hadn't hurt him. I'll have to stay in my room all day to-day, and eat bread and water; and what I say is that if men are made with scalps that may come off any minute, if a boy just touches them, it isn't fair to blame the boy.

### The Spread of Diphtheria.

The usually large number of fatal cases of diphtheria, now occurring in New York and Brooklyn, and in many rural districts as well as in our larger towns, call for especial care and intelligence in prventing the generation and spreading of the terrible disease. The following statement of the precautions to be taken where it prevails, is being distributed by the New York Health Department. Everybody should read and attend to its warnings.

Cleanliness in and around the dwelling, and pure air in living and sleeping rooms, are of the utmost importance where any contagious disease is prevailing, as cleanliness tends both to prevent and mitigate it. Every kind and source of filth around and in the house should be thoroughly removed; cellars and foul areas should be cleaned and disinfected; drains should be put in perfect repair; dirty walls and ceilings should be lime-washed, and every occupied room should be thoroughly ventilated. Apartments which have been occupied by persons sick with diphtheria should be cleansed with disinfectants, ceilings lime-washed, and wood work painted; the carpets, bed clothing, upholstered furniture, etc., exposed many days to fresh air and the sun (all articles which may be boiled or subjected to high degrees of heat should be thus disinfected;) such rooms should be exposed to currents of fresh air at least one week before reoccupation.

When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be allowed to kiss strange children nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling childlren to kiss every visitor is a well-contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria); nor should it sleep with nor be confined to a room occupied by, or use articles, as toys taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs, etc., belonging to children having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. If the weather is cold, the child should be warmly clad with flannels.

When diphtheria is in the house or in the family, the well people should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick in dry well aired rooms, and every possible source of infection through the air, by personal contact with the sick, and by articles used about them or in their rooms, should be rigidly guarded. Every attack of sore throat, cough, and catarrh should be at once attend to; the feeble should have invigorating food and treatment.

The sick should be rigidly isolated in well-aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly), and sunlighted rooms, the outflow of air being, as far as possible through the external windows by depresssing the upper and elevating the lower sash, or a chimney heated by a fire in an open fire place; all discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic acid or sulphate of zinc; or upon cloths, which are immediately burned, or if not burned, thoroughly boiled or placed under a disinfecting fluid.

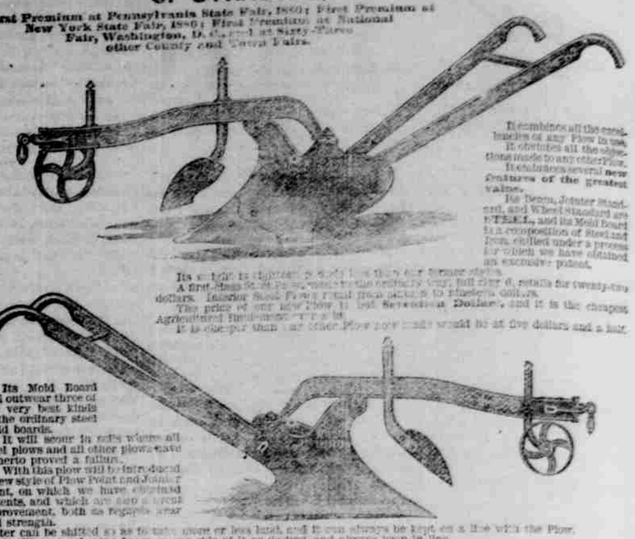
A mother wanted to have her twin children christened "Cherenbim and Seraphim," because "they continually do cry."

When a New York man pops the question he now say "Lets consolidate."


# SYRACUSE CHILLED STEEL PLOW!

## OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

**First Premium at Pennsylvania State Fair, 1880; First Premium at New York State Fair, 1880; First Premium at National Fair, Washington, D. C., and at Many Other other County and Town Fairs.**



It combines all the good qualities of any Plow in use. It obviates all the objections made to any other Plow. It embraces several new features of the greatest value.

Its Beam, Jointer Standard, and Wheel Standard are STEEL, and its Mold Board is a composition of Steel and Iron, chilled under a process for which we have obtained an exclusive patent.

Its Mold Board will outwear three of the very best kinds of the ordinary steel mold boards.

It will scour in soils where all steel plows and all other plows have hitherto proved a failure.

With this plow will be introduced a new style of Plow Point and Jointer Point, on which we have obtained Patents, and which are such a great improvement, both as regards wear and strength.

The Jointer can be shifted so as to make more or less land, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.
The wheel will run under the beam on the side of it as desired and always keep in line.
The beam is adjustable for Spring or Fall Plowing, and also for two or three horses.
The handles can be adjusted to accommodate a man or boy on the same Plow.
It is the Lightest Draft Plow ever made.
Wooden beams are going out of use because they shrink, swell, and warp, and never run two seasons alike. Iron beams are the heavy.
Malleable beams become demagnetized and bend, which is worse than to break.
A Steel beam is the necessity of the day. It is three times as strong and very much lighter than any other style.
When we say a Mold Board is chilled the Farmers know it is so.
We do not palm off on them a composition of various metals and call it chilled metal.
We want agents for this new Plow in every town in this state.
We can give but a very small discount to them, but we will pay the Railroad Freight.
We propose to place this Plow in the hands of the Farmers as near the cost of manufacture as possible.
It is the best Agricultural Implement ever sold. It is the cheapest.
Persons, therefore, who are not willing to act on the principle that "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling," need not apply for an agency.
No Plows on commission. All sales absolute.
We make Right and Left Hand Plows of all sizes. Also Side Hill Plows.
☞ This is the only Steel Chilled Plow in the World.
Steel costs several times more than Iron. But this Plow, full rigged, by giving small discounts, can be sold for Seventeen Dollars. Compare this price with that of any Iron Plow ever made.
Where there are no agents, we will, on receipt of Seventeen Dollars, send a Plow to any Railroad Station in the state, and pay the freight. Address

**SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.**

**J. F. BLYMYER, Agent,**

Feb. 16 SOMERSET, PENN'A.,



THE BEST REMEDY FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency, and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is of acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as is careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it. The test of half a century has proven its certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

**PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,**
**Practical and Analytical Chemists,**
**Lowell, Mass.**
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
**Somerset, Pa.**



**Profitable Reading for Everybody**

Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired out by the constant toil and worry of your work, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

**PARKER'S GINGER TONIC**

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

**PARKER'S GINGER TONIC**

If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

**PARKER'S GINGER TONIC**

If you are enfeebled by disease, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

**PARKER'S GINGER TONIC**

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and combines the best curative properties of all.

**It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.**

Buy a doc. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

**Parker's Hair Balsam.** Elegantly Perfumed, Perfectly Harmless.
**The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing**

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.
**It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair** to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
**Somerset, Pa.**

September 8.



**HOP BITTERS.**
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
**THEY CURE**
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
**$1000 IN GOLD.**
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
**Somerset, Pa.**



D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE & PRICED SEED ANNUAL FOR 1881

Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1000 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address,
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Jan. 19



# Somerset Herald

FOR

1881!

ONE OF THE LEADING REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Subscribe for the HERALD.
Subscribe for the HERALD.
Subscribe for the HERALD.
Subscribe for the HERALD.

Two Dollars a Year.
Two Dollars a Year.
Two Dollars a Year.
Two Dollars a Year.
Two Dollars a Year.
Two Dollars a Year.

HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY.

The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper.
The Best Family Newspaper,
The Best Family Newspaper.

It will contain all the General News of the Day, besides giving full accounts of the proceedings of Congress and the State Legislature by its able corespondents. As for the Editorial and Local departments they speak for themselves.



# THE JOB DEPARTMENT

We are prepared to furnish at short notice and on reasonable terms all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY JOB WORK,

SUCH AS

CARDS, CIRCULARS,
BILL HEADS, SALE BIL