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The Somerset Herald.

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Offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can be at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

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HAVING resuming my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will sell I will give entire satisfaction in business by itself promptly attended to.
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HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO
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SOMERSET, PENN'A.

3,000 Gallons
PURE FERMENTED
WINE,
FOR SALE
By A. J. Cauffman & Co., Somerset, Pa., or at the
SUGAR GROVE FARM
This place is one mile north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds to wit:
GRAPE, BLACKBERRY,
CHERRY CURRANT,
ELDERBERRY, WILD-CHERRY
AND CIDER WINE,
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. This wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who want a pure wine.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,
107, 109, 201 and 203 Penn Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ANNOUNCES
That they have received the largest assortment of
NEW SPRING
AND
SUMMER GOODS
That they have yet had the pleasure of offering to the public.
Very Best Values, in every line of Goods,
If you do not come to the City to do your shopping you can have your wants satisfactorily supplied by sending us your orders by mail. We have this branch of our business thoroughly organized, and all orders for either—
SAMPLES or GOODS,
and any information that may be desired, that it is possible for us to give, will have our most careful and prompt attention the same day they are received. In sending your orders state as explicitly as you can what you want.
Do not fail to read our regular itemized advertisements, as they appear from time to time in all of the Pittsburgh daily and religious weekly papers.
RETAIL STORES,
197, 199, 201 and 203 Penn Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

WOOLEN MILLS
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having for the past year or two, been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of
NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY
and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.
I have now on hand a large stock consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to
TRADE FOR WOOL.
Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your
WOOL!
to work up
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,
and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of this county.
I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.
New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to
WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.

JAS. A. M'MILLAN. JNO. H. WATERS
M'MILLAN & CO.,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.
Special attention given to House Drainage and Sewer Ventilation.
ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE
In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

R. C. LANDIS.
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attention.
March 2, 1880.

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank,
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Better and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS.
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
apr 13

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
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WATCHES, CHAINS,
SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,
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HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.
oct 13

GRANDMOTHER

BY ERN E. RENFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled,
And her eyes are getting dim,
So she cannot read her Bible,
Nor follow through the hymn.

Her step is growing slower,
Her voice is sometimes faint,
But it never will get weak enough
To make a sad complaint.

Her hands are sometimes idle,
For knitting tires her so,
But her brain is always busy
With thoughts of Heaven, I know.

She is thinking of her dear ones,
A little way ahead;
Just at the end of the pathway
Her tired feet must tread.

I think, sometimes, as I watch her,
That she sees them, for a smile
Breaks over her face, and she whispers,
"Yes dear in a little while!"

Her face will lose its wrinkles,
And the dimness leave her eyes,
And grandmother will be young again,
In the land beyond the skies.

It always thrills me strangely,
To think of her, standing there,
At the gates of Heaven, knocking,
When her feet have climbed the stair;

And the key is turned in the portals,
The gates swung open wide,
She passes into Heaven,
And the peace on the other side.

To meet her husband's kisses,
And hear him softly say,
"I have waited a long time, darling,
For this happy, happy day!"

Yes, grandmother will be young again,
Though her heart was never old,
When she enters into Heaven,
And treads the streets of gold.

THE SELF-SACRIFICE.

It was a Western home—plain and small—the prairies stretching away from it on all sides in green billows. Near it was a little group of maples, the tender foliage stirring softly in the evening air. There were a few stars out, and low in the west a crescent moon hung, looking for once like a broken ring, one golden half gone.

This thought came to Sarah Vane as she sat in the low porch, with her face resting against her hand. Something in her own heart must have prompted it, for she sighed quickly, while a soft blush stole over her cheeks.

"Everything is divided just so in the world," she murmured to herself, rising, the book which had been lying upon her lap falling to the floor.

She stooped to pick it up, and as she did so caught the sound of a step in the distance. Nearer it came, strong, even and firm, keeping time to a tune melodiously whistled. For a moment the wife stood, book in hand, listening attentively; then a look of disappointment shadowing her eyes and mouth, she went into the house, closing the door after her. But the step came forward just the same, and the tune, as clear and beautiful as the notes of a thrush, filled the air with music.

It was a frank, almost boyish face, though bronzed and bearded, that came homeward that night; just such a one as a mother would have delighted in looking upon because the world had left no traces of evil upon it. The eyes were blue and fearless, and the forehead, protected from sun and wind, was as white as a woman's. Only about the mouth there was a look that would have touched a mother's heart to see, not an expression of sadness wholly, but a grieved look which sometimes comes to the faces of little children.

As he stepped into the porch, still whistling softly, a slip of folded paper lying upon the floor attracted his attention. He picked it up and read his wife's name written in a well known hand upon the back. The impulse was strong upon him to crush it in his hand, but something restrained him; whatever the feeling was that flashed up in his eyes for a moment he had full control of it. He stood for a while with his straw hat in his hands and then went into the house as quietly as though no fierce passion had been grappling hard at his heart. His wife was sitting at the table, and with a simple, "This must be yours, Sarah," he laid the folded paper beside her.

"Thank you," she answered without raising her eyes; and Harry Vane passed on, something very like a sob rising in his throat.

"If she had only looked up in my eyes and said it was from George!" he thought; if there were not something from which she has shut me out I could bear it better.

Wiping his hands and face and brushing back his hair, he looked his wife over with a great yearing, eager look in his eyes, and a great hunger in his heart. He thought of the time when she had welcomed him with kisses—when her arms had clung fondly about his neck—when she seemed to love him! Their lives had been narrowed down to cold, dull routine—all that was beautiful and sweet gone from them.

The husband sat down to the evening meal without a word. Somehow everything seemed terribly real to him that night. Looking about the pretty, tasteful room he saw it as he had seen it before. It stood before him like a living picture, with its home made ornaments, snowy curtains, and neatly laid table. And the wife too—how fair she was in house wifely habits and her ladylike ways! No matter if she no longer loved—if some one else had taken his place in her heart—of all women, she stood to him the fairest and best. He was but a common fellow, after all, with little taste for poetry or books, while George—

His thoughts startled him with their intensity, and he sprang forward so suddenly in his chair that Sarah look up wonderingly.

"What is it?" she asked.

The poor fellow looked into her face with wistful eyes.

"I'm afraid I cannot make you happy," he said in a choked voice. "I—I—what shall I do, Sarah?"

"You can do nothing," she answered in a low tone. "I am as happy as I deserve to be."

He arose from the table and held out his hand to her. She did not place hers in it. She was too honest to play a double game, and she could not show a love she did not feel. He read it all in her white face and startled eyes, and turned away without another word. The next moment he was out of doors walking rapidly toward a small enclosure which lay a few yards from the house. It seemed all the place in the world for him then, and with a great sob he threw himself down upon the grass and laid his head upon his baby's grave. Never child longed for the kisses and caresses of its mother as Harry Vane longed for the touch of the baby's hands and lips at that moment. Broken-hearted, alone, a wanderer, as it it were, and oh, so terribly homeless! he pressed the very gates of heaven to bring back his child. Above him the stars looked down coldly; the wind soughed through the maples and rushed along the prairie grass as if to tell him how barren life lay before him.

When he had lain there a long time he tried to think and plan for the future If he could only think of some plan that Sarah might be free! She could marry the man who was better suited to her then. He had never thought much about divorces, nor tried to solve the social problem which the world has been so busy working out for years, but lying under the stars, with his head on his baby's grave, and the free western wind fanning his forehead and hair, he got straight at the heart of his own troubles.

"If she doesn't love me I have no right to her. My suffering is nothing; her purity and truth is everything," he thought. "She shall never look upon my face again!"

He pressed his cheeks and lips passionately to the dew wet sod, smoothed it tenderly with his hands and then went from it forever. The light was shinning brightly from the cottage windows, but he turned from it resolutely and walked with long rapid strides forward into the darkness.

It was ten miles to the nearest lake town, but he was accustomed to walking and the distance was nothing to him. He only prayed that he might find a boat ready for sailing at the landing; for now that he had resolved to go, he could not brook delay. He knew every inch of the way; he had traveled it many a time when his hard worked horses seemed to need rest more than he needed it himself. It was his way to shield and care for every dumb animal tenderly. When he worked in the fields, the birds flew about his head, hopped at his very feet, instinctively knowing there was nothing to fear from his gentle hand.

The road ran straight along by his own farm; broad green acres well fenced and carefully tilled. How hard he had worked—but, oh, hopefully—looking forward to the time when the land would bring him solid wealth for his labor—when everything beautiful that his wife craved or longed for he could yield her with generous hands. But that was past now; his back was turned to his home and straight before him the green world lay, its arms ever ready to take in for good or evil those who were afloat and astray. As he walked on he took his hat from his head and let the cool wind play over his forehead. It was hot and feverish with pain. Once in a while a night bird screamed above him, flying on through space. Occasionally a dog howled in the distance, and the crowing of barn yard fowls smote on his ear with a lonesome sound.

As he neared the town he noticed a black, low-lying cloud in the south, and thought how frightened his wife would be if a storm should come while she was alone. While he was looking at it a carriage passed him, coming in from one of the prairie roads and rolling rapidly forward. For a moment he stood quite still, his heart throbbing painfully. He did not know what it meant; but, sensitive and keenly alive to every impression that night, nothing escaped him. He ran forward without knowing why he did so, the rumbling of the carriage leading him. It went his own way, too, straight for the landing, and turning a corner he saw a steam boat lying at the water's edge. He was in luck, after all, he though; this was the boat Hero, and almost ready to start. The bell was ringing lustily, but the plank was still out and a few passengers were making their way across it. He hurried on board and got back into the shadows where he could see without being seen. The perspiration was standing in cold drops upon his forehead and face, and he trembled so that he could hardly stand.

He had always been a plain, stright forward fellow, little given to noting the particular phases of his own mind; and now, with no evident senses to assure him that it was, he could not understand why he believed so firmly that his wife and George Way were on board the Hero with him. He had not seen them, he had not heard them, and yet that subtle, indescribable something—call it a new sense or what you will—had felt and recognized their presence.

The steamer glided out into the stream and went sailing smoothly forward, its great lights making a shinning path on the waters. The cloud which had been lying in the south was rising and now covered half the sky, an occasional gleam of lightning darting from it. The wind was rising too, sweeping across the deck in strong, steady gusts. Leaning upon the deck railing Harry Vane watched the rising tempest. He saw the cloud had a redish tinge and that it still hung low. Something like fear thrilled through his heart, not for himself—he was past that—but for the woman he loved, aye, still loved. If he were wrong—if she were still at home and not in the steamer—at home, alone, how dreadful it would be for her; again, if she were in the Hero, if a great danger came to them how might it fare with her?

These thoughts were flashing through his mind when the tempest came in its full fury. The boat was caught up from its course as a plaything is taken in the hand of a child then dashed forward. No sound was heard, no shriek nor cry, nothing but the mad roar of the winds and the terrible crashing of the thunder. Like some goaded, maddened beast the Hero rocked, plunged and leaped, its timbers crashing and breaking, the foam rising in great sheets above and about it. Then, it seemed hardly a moment's time, the wind lulled to a calm, instead of the hurricane's roar was heard the screaming of children and the groaning of strong men.

"The steamer is sinking—to the lifeboats, quick!" some one cried in a loud voice.

And then shrieks followed, and half clad women and children clinging to their mother's breasts, their sweet lips frozen with fear, men helpless with terror, rushed out of the cabins and state rooms to the sides of the sinking steamer.

A few, nerved with superhuman energy, put out the boats and helped the passengers into them. One man stood, tall and strong above the rest, a very Sampson in strength, and bravest among the brave. Bruised and stunned by falling timbers, yet he had been the first to rally the men to their duty; and, now he stood drenched to the skin, lifting women and children into the boats.

They were all in at last and he stood alone. "Come?" some one cried, reaching up a hand to him; there is no time to lose—there is room enough here."

"Are you sure that boat will not be over burdened.

He spoke rapidly and in a low tone, but from the boat below someone gave out a smothered cry. He had no time to say more—a strong hand pulled him forward and the next moment he was in the heavily-laden life boat.

"Let us make for the shore," one man said.

"Move easy if you value our lives," answered another. "The boat is filled to sinking."

Beyond this was silence. Now and then the lightning flashed over them, showing white faces, shivering forms and figures crouched and trembling with fear. In the end of the boat, quite near the brave man who had fought so gallantly to save them, a woman sat, her hands clasping about the arm of a man whose face seemed shrunken and aged with terror. Whatever there had been of beauty in the regular effeminate features, it was gone now, leaving only a weak cowardice. The woman was Sarah Vane, and the poor, fear faded creature beside her, for whom she had deserted her husband, was George Way.

"We shall sink if we go on this way. The boat cannot carry this load," some one said. "How many men can swim?"

"Swim? It would be death to try it," was the answer.

"Then we shall all go down together."

Sarah Vane turned to the man beside her.

"You can swim, George," she whispered in his ear.

"Hush! do you think I want to die?"

She shrank away from him, a look of supreme contempt sweeping over her face. This was her hero, her god, then—but the poorest clay in the time of need. She sprang to her feet. She a woman would show him how to die. Before she could speak her husband's voice sounded, striking down upon her heart full of its old music:

"I will try swimming, gentlemen," he said.

The wife caught his hand in hers.

"I will go with you, Harry"

He tried to put her away, but she clung to him with desperation.

"I am not a coward, whatever else I am," she whispered. "For heaven's sake, let me redeem myself?"

He wound his arms about her and held her passionately to his breast. A flash of lightning revealed them for a second as they stood there clasped in each other's embrace; then without a word they went over the boat's side together.

All in the life boat were saved—and they perished.

Table Corn

With frequent plantings through the season, a dish of boiled green corn can be on the table daily, after the first mess, until late in October. As it is deservedly regarded to be one of the most desirable things that can be enjoyed, there is no reason why people with a small plot of land should not indulge in it. There is now an early variety of sugar corn for the first planting that we have found to be excellent. It is called the "Extra Early Crosby Sugar." A single planting of this is sufficient, to be followed by "Stowell's Evergreen Sugar," which is the best variety for the general crop we have yet found, and have raised it for about twenty-five years. A planting should take place every 10 or 12 days, and the season will require from 6 to 7 crops altogether. The first can be put in now, and followed at these periods into June.

This will give a daily supply until frost in the latter part of October.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Renew Your Lease.

There are times in every one's life when energy fails and a miserable feeling comes over them, often mistaken for laziness. Danger lurks in these symptoms, as the arise from impure blood or diseased organs. Medical advice is expensive and often unsatisfactory. Parker's Ginger Tonic will renew your lease of health and comfort because it restores perfect activity to the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, and purifies the blood, as men and women restored to robust health testify in almost every neighborhood. See adv.—*Advocate.*

Encourage home industry—getting your wife to black your boots.

Mark Twain as a Pocket Miner.

Pocket miners are those who search for the rich spots or "pockets" in veins of gold-bearing quartz. These pockets yeild from $200 or $300 up to $10,000 or $15,000, and occasionally twice these amounts. Sometimes the pockets are in quartz ledges that crop out above the general surface of the ground, but they are more frequently what are called "blind" leads; that is, veins that are hidden under the debris of rocks and soil that has washed or rolled down upon them from higher points on the slopes of the mountains. In prospecting for pockets, samples of soil are taken from the sides of a mountain or hill of promising appearance, one that is traversed by many veins of quartz, and when gold is found on washing out a pan of this, another sample is taken from a point above, and so the particles of gold are carefully traced back to the point whence they started—to the pocket. All pockets that come to the surface, or that have once been on the surface, throw off more or less gold. Often a pocket that contains but $200 or $300 is found to send pown a trail of gold several hundred yards in length. As would naturally be supposed, the gold is coarsest and most abundant near the pocket in which it was produced. A pocket miner may wash a pan of dirt taken from the foot of the mountain, and get but a single "color" of gold, yet it will be for him a good "prospect." An ordinary miner would not give such a mere point of gold a second thought; but for the pocket miner the little glittering particle of metal possesses much significance. He at once carefully examines it with a magnifying glass. At the first glance he can tell whether it is a grain of placer gold or gold from a quartz vein. Placer gold is smooth and shows signs of washing and attrition, while quartz gold is rough, jagged, and frequently bears the impress of the matrix in which it was formed. This peculiarity, however, is not often to be distinguished in very small pieces. The prospector can also tell from the character of the ground whether his prospect is from a glacer or quartz vein. If no washed gravel is seen on the hill, or in the dirt from which it was panned, it is almost certain that the gold is from a quartz vein.

The pocket miner's position among the people of a mining region very much resembles that of the bee-hunter among the people of the frontier settlements in the agricultural regions. The business he follows also has several points of resemblence to that of the bee-hunter. The trail followed by one leads him to the tree stored with golden sweets, and that of the other ends in a pocket of the sweetest gold. The man who becomes an expert bee-hunter remains a bee-hunter the rest of his days, and the same may be said of the pocket miner.

"Mark Twain's" narrow escape from becoming a pocket miner has never been told. It is worth recording, as it gave him the story of the "Jumping Frog," and sent him off along the line of the literary lode and set him to searching therein for "pockets" of fun. In 1865, Mark, weary of Bohemian life in San Francisco, went up into the mining regions of Tuolume county to rusticate with some old friends—Steve, Jim, and Billy Gillis. Jim Gillis was and is one of the most expert pocket miners in California. Although educated with a view to eventually fighting the battle of life as a physician, and though still finding solace in his leisure moments in the works of Greek and Latin authors that repose on their shelves in his cabin, he is booked for life as a pocket miner. The business has charms for him that bind him to it with chains of gold—chains that bind more firmly than those of iron or steel. Show him a particle of quartz gold on the side of the mountain, and if it came to where it was found through the processes or accidents of nature, undisturbed in any way by the interference of man, he will as unerringly trace it to its golden source as the bee-hunter will follow the bee to his hoard of sweets.

Mark Twain found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the Gillis brothers very attractive. He and Jim Gillis took the hills in search of golden pockets, and spent some days in hunting for the undisturbed trail of an undiscovered pocket. Finally they struck a golden bee-line. They were two or three days in following it up, as it was necessary to carry each sample of dirt a considerable distance to a small stream in the bed of a canon in order to pan it out. Each step made sure by golden grains, they at last came to the pocket. It was a cold, dreary, drizzling day when the home deposit was found. The first samples carried to the stream and washed yielded but a few cents. Although the right vein had baen discovered, they had as yet found but the tail end of the pocket. Returning to the vein they dug a sample from a new place, and where about to carry it down to the ravine and test it when the rain began to pour down heavily, and Mark, with chattering teeth, declared he would remain no longer. He said there was no sense in freezing to death, as in a day or two, when it was bright and warm, they could return and pursue their investigations in comfort. Yielding to Mark's entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back, and generally miserable and dejected appearance. Jim emptied the sack of dirt upon the ground, first having written and posted up a notice of their claim to a certain number of feet on the vein, which notice would be good for thirty days. Angel's Camp being at no great distance, while their cabin was some miles a away, Mark and Jim struck out for that place. The only hotel in the little mining camp was kept by Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi River pilot, and at his house the half-drowned pocket miners found shelter. Mark for some years having followed the business of pilot on the Missippi, he and Coon were soon great friends, and swapped scores of yarns. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel.

Among the yarns told Mark by Coon was that of the "Jumping Frog," and it struck him as being so comical that he determined to write it up in good shape; and when he returned to the Gillis cabin, Mark set to work upon it. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mines for the San Francisco *Morning Call.* Mark did not think so much of the frog story after it had received the finishing touches as he did when he first heard it. He gave some other sketches the preference and sent them to the *Call* and other papers. Steve Gillis, however, declared it was the best thing he had written, and advised him to save and publish it in a book of sketches that was talked of. A literary turn having thus been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis cabin, a month passed without a return to the business of pocket mining.

While the days were passed by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the "Jumping Frog," other prospectors were not idle. A trio of Austrian miners, who were out in search of gold-bearing quarts, happened upon the spot where Mark and Jim had dug into their ledge. It was but a few days after they had retreated from the spot in the pouring rain. The Austrian prospectors were not a little astonished at seeing the ground literally glittering with gold. Where the dirt emptied from the sack had been dissolved and washed away by the rain lay some three ounces of bright quartz gold. The Austrians were not long in gathering this, but the speedy discovery of the notice forbade their delving into the deposit whence it came. They could only wait and watch and pray in the hope that the parties who put up the notice would not return while it still held good. The sun that rose on the morning of the day after the Twain Gillis notice expired saw the Austrians in possession of the ground, with a notice of their own conspicuously and defiantly posted. The new owners cleaned out the pocket, obtaining a little over $7,500 in a few days. Had Mark Twain's backbone held out a little longer, the sack of dirt would have been washed and the grand discovery made. He would not then have gone to Angel's Camp, and would never have heard or written up the story of the "Jumping Frog"—the story which gave him his first "boost" in the literary world. Had Mark found that gold he would have settled down as a pocket miner. He would never have given up the chase, and until this day, when gray as a badger, he would have been pounding quartz as Jim Gillis's "pard," in a cabin in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Why Deacon S. Went Behind.

It had got to be common talk of the neighbors that Deacon S., who several years ago lived in Hamilton county, Ohio, was going behind, but no one knew exactly the reason why. The fences were down on his farm; the place was not only covered with weeds, but worst of all, with a mortgage to a considerable amount. One day the hoe was missing, and after hunting it for a long time, Deacon S. called to his son John:

"Where is the hoe, John?"

"Don't know, father."

"Thought I told you to always keep it in its place?"

"Didn't know you had a place for it, father."

Next day the shovel was missing, then the axe. An hour was consumed in finding it—just at that time, too, when Mrs. S. was impatiently waiting for wood to get dinner with. After the axe was found the handle was discovered to have been broken; another hour was consumed in fixing it.

One evening farmer A. come in about dark to sit awhile. After a little conversation, says Deacon S.:

"Will you have something to drink?"

"Well, I don't mind," replied farmer A., if it's handy."

"Certainly it's handy," says the Deacon; and although it was dark, he went to the cupboard and without any trouble put his hand on the bottle. A light was struck, and if some of the inquisitive persons had looked in an hour thereafter they would have found a solution very readily to the question of why Deacon S. was going behind.

Although he had taken several draughts from the bottle, he was careful to put it back in its accustomed place. He could get up in the darkest night and put his hand on the bottle, but he could never find the hoe. This was the secret of Decon S. going behind. Any man who attends to his bottle and forgets his hoe will be likely to go behind.

Turning the Tables.

The race is not always to the swift nor the profits of legerdemain to the prestidigitator. While Herrman, the "Viennese Wizard," was in Buenos Ayres he was invited to exhibit his skill at the residence of the Austro-Hungarian minister, where a large company was assembled. For the sake of imparting additional luster to the occasion a party of five performing Patagonians had been hired to lend their presence. Herrman created vast merriment by playing all manner of tricks upon these artless heathen. He extracted articles of every size and shape from their hair, noses, mouths and ears, but the Patagonians remained strangely composed in the midst of the fun going on around them. And no wonder, for while the magician was disengaging a massive ornament from the thick locks of the leading Patagonian, that accidental Ah Sin took a hand in the game he did not understand and extracted from the wizard's pocket an elegant gold watch presented to Herrman several years ago by the Emperor of Austria. On the following morning when the loss was discovered the Patagonian performers had departed to keep an engagement across the sea.

The Situation Explained.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding a piece of lace to her overskirt and wondering whether she had better pleat it on or full it in, "my dear, who is this Congressman Lock who has just died?"

"What Congressman Lock?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Why, I read in the paper this morning that they couldn't do any business because of the dead Mr. Lock. Did you know him?"

"That ain't a Congressman," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "You read that there was a dead-lock in the Senate. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, and I read it all through, and when I found Mr. Conkling felt so bad about it I thought Mr. Lock must have been a Congressman."

"No, he isn't either. The dead-lock means that the Democrats and Republicans can't agree."

"Good gracious! Have they had another falling out? I should think that Republicans wouldn't fight the poor Democrats any more. What have they been doing now?"

"They haven't been doing anything. Senator Mahone, of Virginia, went over to the Republicans, and—"

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and Mr. Conkling won't have him Confirmed. Though I can't understand why they should interfere with Mr. Mahone's religion. If the poor man want's to join the church I—"

"Who want's to join the church? Who's a church? Think Mr. Conkling's bishop? Got an idea he's an altar? S'pose he's a dod gasted chapel with ivy all over him, a spike fence and a chime of bells? It's Stanley Matthews he don't want confirmed."

"I read about him too," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke. "He's Mr. Garfield's collector, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't. That's Judge Robertson. Mr. Garfield wants Judge Robertson for collector, and Mr. Conkling is opposed to him."

"I don't see why he should be. Though of course, I should suppose Mr. Garfield would rather have a man like Mr. Mahone, who is going into the church."

"Where's your sense?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "What do you want to mix things up for? Trying to make a grab-bag of prominent Americans? Stanley Matthews is a candidate for Judge. Mr. Mahone is a Senator, and Robertson is appointed Collector, but like Matthews, hasn't been confirmed. You can see through that?"

"Of course. I understand that, but I don't see any excuse for fighting the Democrats, unless they think that Mr. Robertson would collect money from Mr. Mahone, and Mr. Matthews would send him to jail. In that case it—"

"In that case it would take you to straighten them out!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "What're you trying to get up now, an idiot asylum? Are you planning for a murder and trying to get up an insanity plea? What d'ye think Robertson going to collect—hens? Got a notion that Matthews is a penitentiary, sitting around to be leased out? Imagine Mahone to be the National debt? Well, they ain't, they're men I tell you—men with legs," and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked out both his own foot handles by way of illustration. "Conkling is opposed to Mr. Matthews and Robertson. He says they shan't be confirmed, but he is a friend of Mahone."

"That's what I didn't see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I am glad Mr. Mahone will be confirmed, though I don't care for Matthews and Mr. Robertson. It will teach them to repent their sins and not fly into the ways of Providence. I'm glad Mr. Conkling is a good Episcopalian."

"Oh! he's a prayer book?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've found him out! Oh, we've got him! all he wants is a red cushion on a rack nailed up in front of him to be a blasted mourner's bench! Didn't I tell you he's a Senator? Do you know what a Senator is? It's something shaped like a pie—a cherry pie! Understand it now?"

"And is Mr. Mahone a Senator, too?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, a new light dawning on her.

"Oh, no, he ain't a Senator!" grinned Mrs. Spoopendyke; he's a lightning rod to keep spooning idiots from falling overboard. Begin seeing into it? And they want him confirmed, so if he finds any dod gasted old female named Spoopendyke slopping into a canal, he'll slam a church on top of her! Got the idea?"

"Upon my word, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Spoopendyke, "you talk extravagantly. Mr. Mahone might fight Democrats, but he never would go round throwing churches at women. I don't know Mr. Mahone, but I don't believe a thing of that kind. As for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson, they know their own business best, but if they have abused Mr. Conkling, I would never read one of Mr. Matthews' decisions, and Mr. Robertson might call here every day for a month and he could never collect the paper bill. I don't think it's right to trust such men with the contribution box, and I know the missionary ladies would never permit him to collect the subscription."

"That's it yelled Nr. Spoopendyke. "There's the science of Government! All you want now is a saloon in the basement to be the National Capitol! What you need is a gas meter and a veto to be an improved White House! When Robertson comes here for the milk bill, you pay him you hear! And when Matthews is Justice of the Peace of Brooklyn, you have Conkling arrested for stealing coal, you hear? That'll fetch it! You've got the idea now! All you wan't to do is to live all summer in the Soldiers' Home to be a complete Administration! If I had your vision I'd get up on three sticks and hire out as a telescope!"

"Of course I'll do as you say," replied Mr. Spoopendyke submissively, "and if Mr. Conkling should take some of our coal, unless it was by mistake, I should feel like complaining of him. If Mr. Robertson comes I will pay him, though the milk is not as good as the first we got. Perhaps Mr. Matthews will fix that when he gets to be Justice. Do you think Mr. Mahone will come, too?"

"Come?" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke; "of course he'll come. He's liable to be here any minute. He's a burglar, I tell you, and he may come over the back fence to-night."

An Incident of Colonel Scott's Life.

Two qualities essential to a successful executive of a constitutional country he certainly had in perfection—courage and self-possession. During the terrible railroad riots of 1877 these qualities enabled him to face and master a situation which would have unnerved a less firm and resolute man, and while they never failed him in emergencies they gave a peculiar and manly charm to the cordiality and simplicity of his manner and his bearing in private life. An excellent story is told of him in connection with an officer of the army who distinguished himself during the civil war by invariably establishing his "headquarters in the saddle" when disaster threatened his command. Colonel Scott, a remarkably fine-looking, and to use a good English word, a distinctly "personal" man, was noted throughout his life for his carelessness of the more elaborate elegancies of dress. When he visited the Southwest officially during the rebellion he was frequently taken for a hanger-on in the army on account of his modest and unpretentious carriage and the negligence of his costume. He had occasion to visit General Pope at his headquarters at New Madrid, Mo. General Pope is greatly addicted to profanity and violence of manner and was particularly so at that time. Colonel Scott entered the headquarters with the remark: "I should like to see General Pope on business."

"See my Adjutant," roared out Pope.

My business is with General Pope in person."

"Blank, blank your business, see my Adjutant, I tell you."

"My name is Scott, and—"

"I don't care whether your name is Scott, or Jones, or Smith, or Brown. See my Adjutant, blank, blank you."

"As I was about to say, my name is Scott, and I wish to see you on Government business. I have the honor to be Assistant Secretary of War."

Pope's demeanor underwent a revolution as he said, in the blandest manner: "I beg your pardon, Colonel; i had no intention to be rude, but there are so many loafers in camp, and they annoy me so much, that I am sometimes put out of temper. Be good enough to take a seat and inform me of your wishes." Colone Scott entered at once upon the business in hand, making no reference whatever to Pope's outrageous behaivor and acting just as if the occurence had not taken place.—*New York World.*

A Tramp's Maxims.

In the hip pockets of an old v