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WINE,
FOR SALE
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SUGAR GROVE FARM
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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.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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NEW SPRING
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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
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Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies, Cakes, Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All Goods Fresh, and sold at
A LOW FIGURE.
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I will open out with a full line of the above goods, May 19th.

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aug 18

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Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.
oct 15

THE STORY OF A SILVER DOLLAR.

Well, brat, what dy'er want? Speak up quick." This was addressed to a little girl by a red-faced, blear-eyed, bloated looking man, who bent over a long, dirty bar in New York city, as the child stood on tip-toes and reached up an old broken pitcher.

"Please, sir, I want half a pint of whiskey, and I will pay for it tomorrow, just as true as I live," she replied.

"Git out, yer young she cat, yer can't get no whiskey here onless yer socks down the dough! Dy'er hear!" and he brought his dirty fist down on the rickety old bar so hard, that I thought it would demolish the whole structure.

"Well, I must pay, then, for old mammy told me, if I didn't get the whiskey she'd lick me. Here, sir, is a silver dollar. Oh, dear me—Aleck give it to me afore he fell and got hurt, and I promised I'd never let it go. Oh, sir, I'll pay you this afternoon sure, for I sell papers, and then I'll have lots of change. I hope to die if I won't," and the little pale-faced girl began to sob as the brute growled and swore great horrid oaths and called her bad names.

"She caught hold of me tried to tear me from a red cord which had been run through the hole in my upper edge," and a flood of hot tears burst forth anew.

"Stop yer sniveling, yer young whelp, and give us the dollar, if yer wants the whiskey, for I can't be foolin' all day for a ten cent trade," and as he reached over to grab me from the child's hand a kind looking stranger stepped quickly up and caught the little one by the arm and pulled her back from the brute's reach.

"See here, my little gal, tell me all about it. I remember your face, you sell our paper on the street. Come over in this corner and tell me all about your case." The child looked up into the kind face, and a glance assured her that she could trust the gentleman, for such he was.

Old Riley did not interfere, either, for he well knew that it would not be safe for him to do so, for he knew that the gentleman was attached to a daily paper, and that his visits to the low bucket shop were only professional, and so the little girl was led away to a corner where she was placed on a chair by the kind man, who said:

"Now, little girl, where do you live, and who is mammy, and also who is Aleck? Tell me and don't be afraid, for I will do you no harm." The child thus reassured said:

"Please sir, mammy is a woman who takes care of Aleck and me, and we gives her all the money we makes sellin' papers, which is lots. She lives up three pair of stairs on the next street, and beats us when we don't get lots of money when we goes out. But, sir, I forgot, poor Aleck is real sick. Oh, he is so good. But he will die—will die! and then what will become of me? Oh, dear, deary me!" and the poor little girl sobbed and cried as if her cup of woe was full.

A few words of comfort from her new friend and she stopped crying and continued:

"Me and Aleck al'ays sold papers on the snucks, and when he sold mor'n me, he gave me enough to make up my profits to his'n, and when I sold the most I give him enough to catch up to me, so old mammy wouldn't beat either of us for not doin' as well as 'tother. But she gets awful drunk, and when old Tim, her husband, comes home, he and mammy always has a big drunk, an' then Aleck and me has to get it. Last Wednesday, as Aleck was going across the Bowery, he slipped on a stone and fell and hurt his back, and he has been laid up ever since. The police sent a doctor once, and the doctor said Aleck wouldn't never get well as he had injured his spine. Oh, dear me! what shall I do if he dies?" and the child again stopped and cried.

The reporter again soothed her and she resumed:

"But, sir, I must go right back. Aleck has not had much care except what I have given him. Mammy says she's going to send him to the hospital, as she can't have no broken-backed young ones around her. I work hard and sell extra papers and run errands and manage to hide an orange or some other fruit, or a few crackers which I feeds Aleck when mammy is asleep or away. This dollar Aleck took a month ago. He got this red cord and I put it on my neck and wear it except when I go in the house nights, when I hide in a dark hole where old mammy can't get it. But sir, I must go right back. Old mammy told me if I didn't hurry back, she would lick me. Oh, I must break this dollar which I was keeping to buy medicine for Aleck, and then I will never see it again, and Aleck must go without medicine.

"Don't cry, child," said the good man. "Here is a dime—get your pitcher filled with poison and I will go with you, for I want to see Aleck. He is one of our news boys, and maybe I can help you both. "Get your pitcher at once," and he handed her a dime, when she hurried to the bar, passed up the money and old Riley handed down the broken pitcher with a half pint of that rotgut which has made the slums of New York such a hell of woe and misery. The two then left the place and passed into the street.

The neighborhood was a filthy one. Old and hard used buildings surrounded the street. Hardened looking faces, of both males and females lined the walks or looked out of doors and windows. Children flitted about in the neighborhood who bore hard lines on their pinched faces, and the stenches that greeted the olfactory organs were not at all pleasant.

Then such noises that sped forth upon the stifled air; such horrid oaths or obscene remarks would have frightened a weak hearted person and made him turn back, but the reporter, educated to face the dangers of all earthly hells, clothed in his armor of duty, is obliged to enter into dens of danger, else how could the reading public be informed of what is daily going on under the noses of millions of charitable people. No missionary enters the wilds of heathenism beset with greater dangers, than the metropolitan newspaper reporter; no scavenger enters worse holes of filth than he, and no physician runs greater risks of infectious diseases than that man who, for a small salary, enters the profession as a gatherer of news and occurring events. Beside the statue, in printing house square, of the greatest of journalists, as a companion piece, in honor of one of the greatest public servants, the reporter.

As the reporter, with the little girl at his side, pressed on, he was the subject of remark from the people whom he passed. The locality was one of the worst in the great metropolis. All nations furnished their quota of human dregs to give the street its inhabitants. The brogue of the Irishman, the broad teutonic dialect of the German, the "'way down in ole Virginy" of the Ethiopian. Yes, even the pigeon English of the almond-eyed Chinaman, as well as the swarthy Italian, were all represented in that locality. Out of the street into a narrow alley the reporter was led by the little girl. Through a long hall, lined on each side with doors. A peep into each room as we passed showed the worst and lowest class of humanity. The stench in the long hall was overpowering, and the reporter lighted a cigar and puffed great clouds of smoke all about his head to fumigate the air that he breathed. Up a flight of rickety stairs, that creaked and dismally groaned, as if, like the inhabitants of the building, they were incensed to see a man enter their domain, who seemed to be just from a place where cleanliness and comfort were twin sisters. Then another flight of stairs and the little girl stopped and said:

"Wait a moment sir—I'll see if old mammy is swearing at me—yes, she says, 'she'll kill me when I get along.' Ah, sir, she wouldn't be afeared to do it. She's like a wild beast when she gets mad. What shall I do, for I'm afeared to go in."

"I'll go with you and she will not dare to hurt you," and the little girl pushed the door wide open and entered the presence of the she tiger. Then such a volcano of oths that came from the crater of the old hag's form. It was worse than anything the reporter had heard since entering the locality. The woman did not know that the little girl was accompanied, and she jumped like a wild-cat to grab the child, while the latter, like a frightened deer, flew to the arms of her good friend and the hag stopped suddenly dumfounded. She was evidently impressed with the strangers protection of the child, for she immediately dropped her uplifted claw, the maddening look on her countenance left, and the harsh voice quickly changed as she said:

"Pardon, mister, them 'ere chil'ens is so tryin' to their mothers and natral protecters. Here, Nettie dear, git the gen'leman a chair," and the child flew quickly to obey the order. The reporter then said:

"Madam, I am interested in this little girl. She says her brother is sick and I want to see him. Maybe I can help him."

"You 'elp him! Poor Aleck he's a darlin'—he was allers my mainstay. Wot'll a poor lone 'oman the like of me do without him? Yes, there he is Nettie'll show yer. 'Scuse my feelinx, I loves the deer chil'en so, that I can't help but cry all the time," and as the reporter moved toward the bed, great hoarse sobs came from the woman, as she squatted on the floor and buried her face in the dirty skirts of the filthy calico gown which she wore.

The room was a place where the filth reigned supreme. There was no furniture in it except a broken rocking chair, a three-legged stool and a broken down coal stove that stood on bricks. There were several boxes and barrels about the apartment, and in two corners were piles of rags, which were all the beds the occupants had. On one of the piles was Aleck. As he saw his sister he said:

"Oh, Nellie, I'm so glad you have come. My back aches so hard. I try to keep back the tears, but they come and I can't stop 'em. The bed hurts my side so, but I don't want to complain, but—but—I—I can't help it."

"Here is a gentleman come to see you. See, Aleck, he is a good man. Cheer up my boy, for Nettie'll stay with you now for an hour. Oh, sir, he suffers so much, the poor dear boy, but he never complains if he can help it."

The reporter looked at the two children. They bore the imprint of kinship on their features. The little boy was ten and the girl eight years of age, they said. Their eyes were bright, and as their brown hair fell regularly over their foreheads, pale and wan faces below showed trouble and privations such as so many children have to endure in the great city of the new world. He asked them to tell who their parents were, for he knew the old hag with her coarse and beastly characteristics, was no relation to them, but Nettie whispered and said:

"Sh-h! Mammy would kill me if I should—wait till she goes out," for the woman had stopped her moanings and seemed to be preparing to leave the room, in fact she stepped up and said:

"'Scuse me, sir, I must go and git Aleck some doctor stuff, and Nettie'll see ter yer. By-by chilen, yer old Mammy'll come back pooty soon to her darlins," and she grunted and wobbled from the apartment.

"Now, Nettie, tell me who your parents were, and I will see if I can help you." he said.

"Oh, sir, it is like a dream. I can just remember living in a nice pleasant house. There was a pretty carpet on the floor—the beds were white and clean. The china and silver on the table shone bright as the sun. The curtains on the winders shone white and nice. Aleck and me had lots o' playthings, and our ma was jess like an angel. Oh, sir, as I shut my eyes o' nights and see the sweet the sweet angel, our mother, stoop over our pillow and say a prayer, it seems as if I was peepin' with both eyes into heaven. Papa was a handsome, good man, but I remember when he would be brought home by some men, and then I wondered why mamma kneeled down and prayed so hard to God to help her keep papa from that bad wicked drink. Well, sir, it was but a little while afterwards when we moved into a cheaper house, then we moved again pooty soon into a poorer house, and at last Papa lost his place, and then we moved into a house just on the street over there. Poor mamma began to grow sick and she cried and cried and cried lots, and one day two policemen brought papa into the house. Oh, sir, it was awful, for he was all covered with blood, and when mamma saw him she just tumbled over on the floor and I thought she was dead. Don't cry, Alex, darling, that's a good boy. Nettie must tell the kind gentleman, although it almost breaks my heart to do it. Don't cry cheer up and be a man. Excuse Aleck, sir, the poor boy is so weak like, and he's sick. Well, papa laid like one dead all that day, and next morning, when Aleck and me got up mamma was come to again—but—but—'scuse me, sir—oh, I can't keep back the great big tears—but papa lay in the front room with a white sheet over him, and mamma said he was dead—oh, dear! deary? deary me!! and the two children sobbed together, while the reporter wiped a tear from his own eye.

The kind man soothed them both, and promised them that he would see that they should be moved away from the dreadful place, and then Nettie resumed her story:

"You see, sir, the next day a big black wagon came and several friends of papa's put the coffin into it, and we were put in a carriage, which the friends hired and then papa was taken to the grave-yard. Well, it was awful—awful—and when we got back to our house poor mamma cried and cried, but I remember she used to say—'Oh, if father and mother only knew, but no, they turned me away because I would live with George,' which was papa's name.

"What was his other name, Nettie?" asked the kind friend.

"Oh, it was Simon's, George Simons. Did you know him, sir?"

"*George Simons!* Yes, I knew him, Nettie, and I also knew his wife; and you are their children? Well, it is lucky that I found you both—cheer up little ones, this very day you shall both leave this hole of filth. But your mother what became of her?"

"Oh, sir, I can't tell it. It is like a great naughty dream—I wake up and cry lots o' times in the night when I think of it. She was obliged to move out of her other house and we all come to a great nasty room next door in the hall, and in a few weeks Aleck and I stood beside her death bed, for she did not live long. Old Mammy then took us and when me and Aleck saw our dear, sweet mamma lowered away down in the cold ground we both cried as if we had everything we had. Oh, dear, deary, deary me! Oh dear! oh dear!" and the child could restrain her pent up grief no longer, and while she sobbed, little Aleck joined too, and the room was filled with such tones as only burst out from hearts surcharged with woe, bitter and galling.

"Well, sir," said Nettie, after a few moments, we have sold papers and kept close to each other. Old Mammy has given us what we had to eat; and when me and Aleck have kneeled down and said our prayers, we have prayed to mamma to ask God to take us to her. Now, Aleck is awful sick, and sir do you think he will die? Look at him! Look at him! See how poor he is growing. Oh, I cannot live without him."

"Now, children you must trust me, and we will soon find out what can be done for Aleck. This very day you both shall be taken from this filthy place. Then we will have Aleck examined and cured up if possible. Old Mammy, as you call her, will be here soon, and you must both say that a friend of your father and mother has come for you. Dry up your tears, both of you. Those little eyes are going where they will see sunshine hereafter. Take your last look at the old place, for the children of George Simons will never suffer again as they have. The old woman will be here soon, for I think I can hear her voice, and now both of you must remember that you are going away. No, no, that will not do. Get up, Nettie, you must not fall down at my feet that way; wipe away you tears, and cheer up your poor sick brother. Ah, here comes the woman."

The old hag entered the room and it required only a few words to tell her of the programme. She at first persisted in saying that the children were her own, but the reporter was firm and decided, and a few words, threatening her with the stern arm of the law, and she soon consented to part with the two little waifs peaceably. I will not dwell upon the preliminary movements of the change that followed, but as I remained about Nettie's neck, with her I was removed to the reporter's home the next day.

The children were washed and were given clean clothes in place of the dirty and filthy rags, which they had on. Aleck was placed in a neat, clean bed, and I was gratified to hear the doctor say that with proper care the boy would soon recover. Several gentlemen called to see the children, and from words uttered by them I learned that the kind gentleman, whose name for certain reasons I will not give, had mentioned the finding of the children of George Simons. They all rembered him as a fellow whose genial disposition and sparkling characteristics, like many another in Bohemia, had led him into society where men with appetite for drink are sure to be wrecked. He was, nevertheless, a great favorite, and it was not long before a sum of money was raised to provide for the children's immediate necessities.

But the good and kind friend who had rescued them, soon wrote to the children's wealthy and influential relatives who lived within three hours' ride from the metropolis. It was not long before kinship asserted itself, and when little Aleck had nearly recovered, and Nettie had just begun to gather the bloom upon her cheeks, an affecting parting took place between the reporter and the children, and the two buds rescued from the slums of the great city, soon had a home with their mother's parents. As both were sitting at the feet of their grand parents a few weeks afterwards Aleck said:

"Oh, Nettie, isn't this heaven? Do you think we shall ever have to go to that bad place that Grandma has just been reading about?"

"I don't know—I hope not, Aleck," she replied, "but if we do, I hope they won't have such a cruel and wicked person to take care of us as old Mammy was."

The little girl kept me close to her all the time. I was hanging about her neck attached to a little blue ribbon, and I expected to always remain her companion, but I was doomed to disappointment. A week later the two children were sitting on the front piazza of the house, when two little waifs, a boy and a girl of about their own ages, came up to them.

"Please give us suthin' to buy bread for sick mamma," said the oldest, the lad.

Two little hearts that had drained the same bitter cup to the dregs were touched. Two little responsive sighs leaped forth to meet sighs that seemed to gush out from the little ragged and woe-begone pair who stood at the foot of the steps.

"Oh, Aleck, what shall we do! Grandma has gone out and I hain't got no money. See their little faces. Poor dears," and Nettie turned to Aleck.

"Let's see if we can't get something for 'em, Nettie—but no. I haven't got any money at all, but we must help them for we know what it is to have a poor sick mamma. Nettie, that dollar about your neck! Oh, I see you feel bad, dear sister, but see how we have been rescued. Never mind it. We can now get along without it, and if it saves the mother of these two little ones, I shall bless myself and you because I saved it."

"Yes, Aleck, you are right, as dear as I love the old piece it shall go to these two children, for no one knows how to pity them more than me and you, Aleck. Good-bye, old dollar—there, let me kiss you again. See, Aleck, it has been our companion so long—kiss it brother dear. There, children, go and buy your dear sick mother bread, and God bless you and her too."

The children took me, and as they were going out of the yard they held me up and tears ran down their cheeks, while thanks, hearty and touching went forth to greet the hearts of Aleck and Nettie.—*Whitehall Times.*

Fat Wives.

The people in portions of Africa have many curious customs and superstitions, and among the former may be mentioned the custom of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife Speke thus describes her:

I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions yet pleasing beauty of the fat fair one. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose, stuffed puddings. The chief, pointing to his wife, said:

"This is the product of our milk pots; from early youth upward we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives."

A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all fours. Speke unblusingly requested permission to measure her. This is the result:

Round the arm, twenty-three inches; chest, fifty-two inches; calf, twenty inches; height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more acurately if I could have laid her on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a peice of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat before us sucking at a milk pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary.

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 they 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.*

Disastrous Explosion.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 24.—A well on the David Emery lease, Toad Hollow, was torpedoed last evening and responded by a vigorous gush of gas and oil. The oil fell in a dense spray and took fire at the boiler. In a twinkling the rig and derrick were wrapped in flames. S. R. Hatten, contractor, Patrick O'Hara and A. J. W. St. John were standing on the derrick floor at the time and were terribly burned before they could escape. O'Hara, it is believed has sustained fatal injuries.

Comodore Stockton's Duel.

In an *Independent* article giving some reminiscences of Commodore Stockton, of the American navy, Josiah Quincy says: I now come to the most marvelous dueling adventure in which Stockton was engaged; and this I shall give as I heard the story told by its hero one day after dinner and in the presence of several gentlemen who were lingering about the table.

The scene was at Gibraltar, and there had been a previous duel between Stockton and a British officer attached to the station, who, however, was not the officer from whom the affront to be avenged had really come. There had been charges and counter charges, negotiations and criminations, till finally the American officer in command, put a stop to proceedings by an order that none of his subordinates should go ashore while the ship remained in that port. The lull was only temporary. After a short cruize the Erie retured to Gibraltar, and this time the real offender was forced by the public opinion of his fellows to give the Yankee lieutenant the meeting he had demanded. A guaranty was required by Stockton that the British authorities of the town should not be informed of the duel, with a view to ordering his arrest; and a pledge was given that there should be no interference. "Under these circumstance," said Stockton, "I went ashore without distrust. The flag had been grossly insulted by a British officer, who was now backed up by comrades. I was the only unmarried officer on board the Erie, and my duty was, of course, clear. The governor of the fortress during our previous visit had announced that he would hang any Yankee who came ashore for the purpose of fighting; and, although it was not probable that he would have dared to carry out the threat, he would have been ugly enough had he caught me. It was arranged between our seconds that upon landing, we should be conducted to a retired place where the duel might come off without interference. British honor was pledged to this, and believing it still to be worth something, I was rowed ashore, accompanied by my second and ship's doctor."

The graphic descption of what followed must be given in a feeble outline. The Americans were conducted to a spot near the top of the rock, where they met the opposing party. It then appeared that no immediate fighting was contemplated, for the Englishmen began to enter upon a discussion, and to raise frivolous objections to the recognized code of dueling. Stockton, seeing that all this tended to delay, and suspecting treachery, suddenly declared that he would wave all rights, and fight at once upon whatever terms his opponent chose to exact. After such a declaration no retreat was possible. The ground was measured, shots were exchanged, and the British officer fell wounded. Stockton advanced to inquire into the nature of the injury, and then the wretched man was shamed into a confession that treachery had been practiced, and that instant flight was necessary if his opponent would avoid arrest. Upon this the Lieutenant started for his boat, running at full speed. His way lay through a passage cut out of the rock, which gave access to the beach below. Upon turning a corner, when about half way down, he was confronted by a file of soldiers drawn up to oppose his passage. The officer in command was a pussy little fellow, who seemed to enjoy hugely the discomfiture of his supposed captive. There stood this merry gentleman upon a parapet which guarded the road, and which was raised a few feet above it. His squad was ranged in a line with him, completely cutting off the passage. There was not a moment for delay; the situation was desperate; it could be met only by a resolve as desperate. The officer was off his guard and was chuckling with delight. Now was the instant for a dash. Now stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, and there was yet a chance for liberty. Instead of making the surrender which was expected, Stockton sprang at this cheerful officer. He grappled with him; he got his head under his arm; he jumped with him from the parapet, and in a moment the two men clasped together were rolling over and down the side of the rock. Presently the parties separated, the Englishman rolling one way and the American another. At length Stockton managed to stop his perilous descent and dropped a number of feet to the beach below. Covered with blood and dirt, with his clothes nearly stripped from him, he accosted a gentleman who was taking his morning ride upon the beach, and begged the instant loan of his horse. This request the rider naturally declined. Whereupon he was seized by the leg and pulled from the saddle. His assailant instantly mounted the horse and putting him to his speed made for the boat. He looked up for a moment and saw the soldiers running about in a distracted manner, most of them tearing down the road to cut him off. Stockton, however, reached the boat, gave the order to pull for the frigate and then fainted. He did not recover consciousness until he found himself in his berth on board the Erie.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and most of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did on account of predjudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parent.—*Telegram.*

A joke and a boil are much alike in one respect. We all think they are very funny things when they are on somebody else.

The Use and Abuse of Fun.

What should we be without this gift to brighten our existence on our earthly pilgrimage? A love of fun is most often found accompanied by a cheerful and lively disposition. We can imagine no drearier state than that of an individual who, during the whole of his lifetime, can obtain no fun or pleasure, in the slightest degree, in his daily intercourse with his fellow creatures. But it is a well-known fact that even of the best of things one can have too much.

Even fun has limit, and a more wearisome thing can scarcely be imagined than an individual who, at the most inappropriate times, can not refrain from turning the most commonplace of conversation into fun and ridicule. This is certainly a great failing; but of course there is a graver aspect under which it can be regarded, namely, the love of ill-natured fun. A laugh raised at the expense of a well-meaning person is highly injudicious, and in many cases rarely forgotten. The turning into ridicule of another person's words and ideas is a most uncharitable and hurtful habit, which when long forgotten by the speaker, rankles in the mind of the victim. There is nothing more disagreeable to very sensitive natures than the fear of being made fun of and turned into ridicule, and the very slightest inclination toward this unchristianlike habit will cause the victim of it such pain and shrinking that a less sensitive mind would scarcely deem possible. We should be especially careful of these sensitive ones, especially as one can never tell the harm a careless world levelled in mere jest may do. It rankles in the mind of the sensitive one, and gives a pernicious precedent to the hearers of it. After all, this is a failing which happily is not general, and brings its own punishment; for those few who find real pleasure in giving pain to others by ill-natured and personal fun are rarely well spoken of, even by those who profess to see no harm in it. A sarcastic person may have many admirers, but no real friends, as, directly personal intercourse with them ceases, and when one's back is turned, then one trembles for one's own character. But this is a spiteful and uncharitable fun, only resorted to by those who, disgusted with and weary of the world, can find consolation in the endeavor to convert others to their opinion.

There is one more abuse of fun which is necessary only just to touch upon, and which, while the love of pure and holy things exists, can never become a habit—I mean the danger that one has to guard against of speaking in fun of sacred and holy things, or in any way bringing them into ridicule. It may be that, to a real witty person, the inclination to this irreverent practice has to be more carefully guarded against than to those whose sense of wit is less keen. If a witty speech or joke is on your lips which would turn into the slighest fun or ridicule things only to be spoken or thought of with reverence, let the words remain unspoken, let the witty sentence be waisted, rather than be uttered to fall on some untutored and waivering mind, and prove a stumbling block in that mind for years and years after the words were uttered and forgotten. So much for the abuse of this gift. But, on the whole, much more may be said for than against it; for though it may prove a stumbling block and "occasion of falling" to some few, it is an undeniable blessing to those who, with a constant and ever ready source of cheerfullness and fun, can make lighter daily trials and difficulties, and even afford to help a less hopeful brother or sister on their earthly journey.

Keep it to Yourself.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, all things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguised; but, when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Burry your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew till it was over!"

An Indian Burying Ground.

Several new discoveries of Indian relics have been lately made on the farm of David Sharadin, near Kutztown Pa. There is an Indian burying ground there which is believed to contain the bones of many sons of the forest. A few years ago a number of graves were opened and utensils which had been placed therein were obtained. A coffee kettle and gun found at that time are now in the possession of Dr. Wanner, while the collection of Indian curiosities owned by Eugene Sharidan, of Kutztown, was greatly enriched from the same locality. The fact of there being an indian burying ground in the vicinity creates great interest among the residents of Kutztown, and the scene is frequently visited by persons in quest of relics.

Death of "Commodore" Nutt.

NEW YORK, May 25.—"Commodore" George Washington Morrison Nutt died early this morning at the Anthony House. He had been confined to his room for eight weeks, sick with Bright's disease. Commodore Nutt was 37 years of age, and 3 feet 7 inches in height. He was born in Manchester, N. H. His remains will be taken to Manchester for interment. The deceased was married about three years, and his wife survives him.

How the Coon Presided.

Once upon a time there was a general assemblage of fowls and animals, called together to discuss the question of reform. The Tiger shed tears over the wickedness of the Rabbits, the Hyena wept at the rapacity of the Vultures, and the Wild Cat pressed his paws to his aching heart and sighed over the villainies peapetrated by the Rats and Mice. A venerable old Coon was made chairman of the meeting, and after clearing his throat began:

"My friends, there is great need of reform. We are drifting down to perdition at race horse speed. Speak, brothers, speak, and let us have a full and frank expression."

"I am for reform," said the Tiger, as he rose up. "I see the Coons out every night, stealing corn and raising old Ned generally, and I hope they may be brought to see the error of their ways."

"Reform is my watchword," began the buffalo as he secured the floor, "and I hope the Tigers will commence the good work in their midst. The Tiger who just addressed you has the blood of my slain calf still on his lips."

"It is my opinion," began the veteran old Hyena, "that reform is most needed among the Vultures. They have become so bold that I hardly stand a show nowadays to find a carcass for myself."

"And since men have taken to carrying guns and swords, I hesitate to attack them," said the Wolf. "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that it is the sense of this meeting that men no longer go armed."

"Here what I have to say," pleaded the Wild Cat. "I move that the Panther be censured for eating flesh."

"And my friend the Cow should be forced to let grass alone," observed the Elephant.

"In order to get the sense of the meeting I move that we no longer eat flesh," observed the Deer.

"I move to amend by substituting the word 'grass,'" promptly responded a Wolf.

Amendments and resolutions were coming in like the Pacific Express, when the old Coon in the chair called for order and said:

"My friends, let us begin our reform by routing out the serpents."

"No! no!" protested the Fox. "I lease my cave to a family of Serpents at excellent cash. Let's drive the Worms out of the country."

"But we feed on Worms," chirped a hundred birds. "Drive them out and we'd starve."

Thus they continued, each one anxious to preserve whatever was good for himself, and sacrifice whatever was