LEND A HAND.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand;
Life is made of thorns and crowns;
If you would the latter wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand.

Crowns are alone of gold!
Lend a hand.
Diamonds are bought and sold;
But the crowns that good men own
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand.

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand.
Never in the sunlight glare;
Diamonds never in them shine,
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand.

Hold a light that ne'er shall fade—
Lend a hand.
Beauty, art, hath never made;
For these crowns that good men wear
Everlasting are, as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown—
Lend a hand.
When you see a brother down,
Lead him from the deep, dark night,
Place him in the morning light—
Lend a hand.

—*Guardian.*

A KEY TO THE MYSTERY.

I was but a poor mechanic in those days—a locksmith by trade—industrious, zealous and in love, as many a good fellow before me has been and will be again, I doubt not.

But marriage was a thing of the future, and each time it came nearer it seemed to slip ahead again, and leave poor Emily and me as far from our goal as ever and with fainter hope each time.

I had a mother and an invalid sister to support, and somehow or other locks wouldn't get out of repair, or need repairing in sufficient numbers to enable me to add a little wife to my list of womankind.

Emily was a deft little seamstress, and slowly, but steadily went on earning her wedding outfit saying cheerily:

"Remember the tide in every man's life, John. Some day you'll take it at its full, and fortune will follow."

Bless the patient little woman she did predict the truth.

An order came one day for the repair of a trunk lock in a distant part of town. I wondered a little, as with my bag of tools I hastened to obey the direction, that I had been sent for—such a distance from the place—and whether there were not locksmiths in that neighborhood.

By an odd chance Emily's word came into my mind. Was my tide about to turn.

I found the house—a small, plain cottage, with nothing about it indicative of magic power, but rather suggesting that the inmates were waiting as well as John Rhodes, for the way to fortune.

A sweet-faced girl, refined and well bred, admitted me and with a smile led the way at once to the work she wished done.

It was in the front bedroom—a well worn trunk that had seen its best days and was rather rickety about the buckles and lock.

I set about the repairs at once, as the young lady's manner indicated haste, and while busily employed thought how much better this little five roomed house would suit Emily and me than the very evident superior condition of the fair girl I was working for.

In an arm chair by the window sat an elderly lady who seemed to watch my work with gentle curiosity, and beside her sat the young girl, speaking in a low tone, as if pleading.

"You work hard, sir?" said the lady, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am, from sunrise to sunset," I answered, filing away at the old lock.

"My mother has a great sympathy for workers," laughed the young girl, patting the elder lady's pretty hand, "and thinks I am to be pitied because I belong to the hive of human bees."

I looked at her. She couldn't do hard work, I thought, with those slim fingers and rosy cheeks—music or teaching, perhaps, at the most.

"Never mind, mother dear, my tide will turn some day," she laughed again, as I finished my small job and arose, "and then what a fortune it will lead on to."

She was like my Emily cheering herself with bits of pretty sayings, got out of books, and it made me feel kindly toward her, as if I would like to serve her.

My change came, strange to say, before long. As she paid me my due, which I made purposely small for the sake of Emily's cheering words, she asked quickly:

"Would a lot of odd keys be of service to you? We have such a big bunch that it is only in the way, and we would thank you to take them."

It suited me very well, as I could work them over and save on them, so I took them gratefully as she held them up, jingling, in a big heap.

"Ah," she said, half sadly, "if we only had now the closets and wardrobes and all the locks those keys once fitted, how quickly would our cares fade away! 'Tis hard, hard to be so poor when our loved ones suffer!"

I could not answer for she did not seem to speak to me, but felt still more willing to help her.

She let me out the door kindly.

"I am glad I went by your shop by chance," she said, "and decided to give you a job, for I think you look conscientious. Good bye!"

I went home thoughtfully pondering over this new experience. Was the tide coming in?

As I hung up the tool bag in its place I remembered the keys the young lady had given me, and took them out to see if I could fit them to some locks then awaiting keys.

As I took up the bunch one key struck my notice. The like I had never before seen, and I knew that it was never wrought by a locksmith this side of the Atlantic, but came, no doubt, from strange lands, where they needed such curious things to hide strange doings. It was a flat piece of steel about two inches long, and had four slits in the square end, two on each side.

I wondered what use it had ever served, and if it belonged to the young girl's happier days; but being a slow thinking man, and little given to romance I hung up the key bunch and went to work at my locks, thinking no more of the strange key or the inmates of the cottage.

But the next day I was made to recall them by a strange coincidence.

I was sent for to come at once to a number in a fashionable locality, and on presenting myself at the front door found it to belong to an elegant brown stone mansion, but with an air of solitude about it, as the windows were all tightly closed, save on the second floor.

A colored man admitted me, and without a word led me up stairs to the second story front room. He rapped loudly.

"The locksmith, madame."

The door opened, I entered, the black man went down stairs, and I was left with a sudden nervousness to find out my business in this silent place.

A tall, dark woman, richly dressed, with wild, dark eyes, was walking up and down the room, as if angry, or as I looked closer at her, as if excited by terrible fear of anxiety. She turned on me sharply:

"Have you ever seen me before," she demanded, rather abruptly, passing by a table.

Then my slow mind placed her at once.

"Yes, ma'am, at a hotel, some two years ago," I answered in astonishment.

"You were sent for then to open a box?"

"Yes, ma'am, and couldn't."

"You are sent for now to do the same thing," she cried out, fiercely, and you must do it. I can trust no other smith with the mystery—you look trustworthy."

A second time I was receiving a compliment for my good plain face, and (give credit where its due) to my mother's honest, straightforward training.

I picked up the box, remembering it then very well, also the long hour I worked at fitting keys to its singular lock without success, while the dark woman walked the floor then as now, with savage haste.

I mechanically drew out my keys, and they fell with a crash to the floor, for the first one I looked at was the strange key I had gotten from the young girl, and in a moment I knew that it belonged to this square metal box. And I knew further, by instinct, that great wrong had been done through this strange key and its mystery, and that it had fallen to my lot to detect it.

I heard the tide coming in, now, full and fast: I bent down to pick the keys, and like a flash the young girl's word came into my mind.

"Ah, if we only had the locks those keys once fitted how quickly would our cares fade away!"

I secreted the steel key in my palm, as I held up the bunch to say:

"I need a piece of steel—you see these will not answer—with slits in the square end, to open this box—"

She interrupted me with a quick gesture.

"Yes, yes!" she cried brokenly that is the lost key? Oh, if it had but been mine long ago!"

She began her walk again.

A thought came into my mind. I was determined not to lose sight of the box, and to struggle for it if necessary.

"Will you let the colored man go to the shop for what I need?" I asked half fearing she would order me to go instead.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, quickly.

"I will go down and tell him," I said not wishing her to know what I meant to do.

Hastily writing a few lines in the hall below, and wrapping the key securely in the paper, I gave the man his mistress' order to carry it to its address.

And then I went back to the dark woman, and sat down by the box and waited.

She never ceased to pace the floor, and now and again raised her hand with a terrible gesture.

I thought she was weeping. At last she came to the table.

"What do you think is in that box?" she said, and a wistful tone came in her voice, as if she felt confidence in me and wished to hear me speak.

I felt sudden courage. The young girl's voice was in my ears and made me brave.

"Something that does not belong to you," I said, listening for the black man's step.

"How do you know?" she cried hastily.

The front door surely opened.

"Your anxiety tells me, and—because I have the key which you never owned. That box has been stolen ma'am!"

There were steps on the stairs, but more than one person's. I did not expect my answer to come thus, but in that and all that followed I no more had a part. The end came speedily.

"I did not steal it," came with a shriek from the dark woman as the door opened, and the black man ushered in the young girl and her mother.

Then another cry rang out at sharply,

"Sister?"

"Zoe? At last!"

The young girl drew near me as her mother went up to the dark woman and caught her hands, and handed me the key. I drew the box toward me. The dark woman rushed toward the table, and raised her hand.

"I call heaven to witness that until two years ago, when my husband died, I did not know that he had stolen the box said to contain my father's last will, and truly thought myself the heiress."

She paused a moment in pain, clutching her breast.

"I married a gambler, as you know, but you do not know that I caught his terrible fever, and that my only happiness since his death has been found at the card table.

"I found the box two years ago but not the key. I feared to know its contents, lest it should rob me of the means of prolonging my madness. But at last conscience stung me too deeply, when I found out how poor you were who should have shared our father's wealth, and from which my husband drove you, and I resolved to know the truth at last. Open the box, sir, as by a strange chance it is your right to do."

I obeyed. The curious key slipped in easily, and the lid fell back.

The dark woman raised a folded paper from the inside. Slowly she looked at the young girl, who regarded her with pitying eyes, then at her sister, who was weeping.

"I see you both still love me," she said mournfully, "and that my wild, checkered life still holds your pity. God forgive the wrong done you.

She read aloud the paper. It shared a great fortune between the two sisters. instead of leaving it to one.

I rose to go, feeling that I had no more to do here, but the young girl caught my hand and cried out eagerly:

"We owe it all to you! We must thank you with more than words. Until your note came, asking if the lock that key fitted was of service to us, we did not know it was on the bunch I gave you. So long we had had that key. which grandfather gave me before dying, and no box to open with it, that we grew careless of it, and by chance it got on that bunch.

The sisters were talking and weeping together, and the one was pleading to save the other from her terrible infatuation. But as my story is true, I cannot say she succeeded, for the lonely house and silent black man and dark, fierce woman are still the mystery of the neighborhood.

But the tide led on to fortune for both my Emily and the young girl who cheered their hearts with the quotation, for my wife and I now live in the cottage where I first met the brave girl, who so well deserved her good luck. She comes to me often, and again and again makes me tell the story of my discovering the key to the mystery.

The dark woman still burns her life out with the fever of gambling.

The Superstitions of Engineers.

"What causes, aside from snow storms and accidents, make passenger trains late in arriving at stations?" inquired a *Post* correspondent of Division Superintendent Rawn, of the New York & New England Road, at his office in the Union depot the other morning.

"Well, they are innumerable," said Mr. Rawn. "But there is one cause of delay which is quite curious and almost unaccountable. Like sailors, engineers are very superstitious. I suppose they become so from the comparitive solitude and dangers of their positions. With only a fireman as a companion they are out in all kinds of weather, and I can tell you it is no pleasant thing for a man to ride at full speed on a dark night, peering out of a little window into a blackness made more black by the bright glare of the headlight. On all sides is darkness, and the little speck of monotonous track ahead is all that he can see. Certain engines, like certain ships, get bad reputations, and the men hate to run them. They consider them unlucky, and believe they are bound to kill somebody, and so will refuse to drive them at top speed. This feeling is almost universal among engineers. We have an engine on our road now which the men very much dislike to be assigned to. I was once on a railroad in the west which owned an engine which the men were positively afraid of, it was so unlucky."

On his way up town the reporter called on Mr. Davidson, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Road, and in conversation upon the topic he said:

"Yes, all engineers are more or less superstitious; their calling makes them so. At one time one of our fast trains from New York kept coming into Hartford from two to five minutes late. At first I thought this was due to some material cause, but at last, as the train arrive in New Haven on time, I determined to find out the trouble. On the arrival of the train in New Haven the engineers were changes, and as the time was all right up to that point I knew that time was being lost between there and Hartford. I couldn't understand it, for the road is good all the way and time should be made up over it, instead of lost. I went down there one day and asked the engineer what made him late so repeatedly. He said he didn't know, only the engine wouldn't make time. He had always been a competent man and was thought much of on the road. I got into the cab with him, and after a short distance had been passed found that the engine was not doing its part. I told the engineer to throw open the throttle valve. At first he refused to do so, but when I repeated the order he did so and we reached Hartford on time. After that he was never late because of the engine. The fact was that he had got scared, but after he had been relieved of all apprehension the train came in regularly on schedule time. Once, when I was running a night train between here and Springfield, I had a queer experience. My fireman was a young fellow, who twice, when we reached the bridge over the Connecticut at Windsor Locks, disappeared from the cab. The third time i watched him, and noticed that he had gone into the tender and crouched down in the coal in one corner. When we were well into the bridge I called out to him and he came into the cab with a face as white as marble, and he was shaking all over. I asked him what was the matter, and he said 'There's some fellows up in the rafters there and sometime they're going to chuck rocks at us!' You see the idea had suggested itself to him one night, and being superstitious, he had carried it around in his head until he really believed it."—*Hartford Post.*

Life in the Polar Regions.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until losing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterwards like the crack of a whiplash on the boiling sea. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at 30 degrees above zero to 47 degrees below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is a wind. At 15 degrees below zero a steam, as from a boiling kettle rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls in a fine powder. This phenomenon is called ice-smoke. At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air with a tight continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice that must be carefully removed before one can open them.

The French believe that if a branch of mistletoe is hung in a tree with the wing of a swallow, the birds will fly to it from a distance of six miles.

Home Life of the Czar.

The general arrangement of the buildings, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are strictly guarded. The galleries at Gatchina have long been famed as containing magnificent artistic collections. One which leads to the emperor's private rooms is called the Japanese gallery, and here are assembled a number of curiosities of the highest value, which have from time to time been presented to the great white czar by rulers of China and Japan. The Japanese minister, who was lately presented at Gatchina, and who is a great collector of both European and Asiatic bric-a-brac, stated that there was nothing in the east to compare with this Russian collection, and that it would be impossible to replace many of the ancient and extremely valuable artistic objects that adorn the imperial gallery.

The ordinary sitting-room of the czar is a comfortably, but simply furnished apartment. Little elegance or ornament is noticeable, but a large writing table and other unmistakable signs denote that many of the emperor's hours are here passed in close application to the endless business that devolves on the autocratic head of a system of bureaucratic centralization. The czar is an early riser, and the labors of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the ministers who present their daily or weekly reports, and consulting with them over affairs of the state. It is especially significant of the policy of the present Czar that, while high officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview. His majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khirgiz, sometimes of swarthy Kalmucks or skin-clad Samoyedes, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants who desire to present a holy picture to their great father, and to express their loyalty and devotion to his person. The emperor receives one and all with a stern dignity, which, though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all that approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute, kindly master. This species of self-assertion was a trait in the character of the emperor in his very earliest days. He is devoted to music, and when a boy it was suggested that he might derive pleasure from taking a part in the musical performances of the palace orchestra, the then heir-apparent was delighted at the idea, and it remained to be settled on what instrument he should learn to perform. Characteristically this imperious prince selected the trombone as being the instrument with which he could produce the greatest effect, and, lover of music though he was his performance appeared chiefly to consist in a well-sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the remainder of the orchestra.

Although stern and even overbearing to the majority of those who surround him, Alexander III, has always been a sympathizing and affectionate husband and father. At one o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon if there are no further deputations to receive, or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving, in company with the empress or his sons. In the evening there is often a little music, of which the empress is as fond as the emperor, and her majesty is a good pianist. The Czar retires to bed early, and by eleven o'clock all is silence in the imperial apartment.

During the daytime the empress occupies a room on the ground floor, exactly below the czar's study, with which it communicates directly by a small private staircase. The czarina's boudoir is elegantly furnished, but in a simple style, and with no appearance of luxury, except such as is given by the presence of certain handsome pieces of furniture and *objects d'art*, which remain to testify to the more extravagant tastes of former occupants. The empress is an admirable manager, both of her time and of everything that pertains to the household duties. Her great intelligence and sweetness of manner have given her an extraordinary influence over her husband, and all other persons who are brought into contact with her. The Antchkina Palace, which she occupied as czarina, was a model of household management, and to her initiative is due the commencement of sweeping reforms in the administration of the other overgrown palaces. She is patroness, and takes as far as possible an active share in the management of half the charitable institutions in Russia, and particularly those that are connected with the protection of women and children. Every morning, while the emperor is busy up stairs with his ministers, the empress receives the report from Mons. Delainoff and others, whom she intrusts with the supervision of the various societies in which she is interested. The empress' solicitude for the safety of her husband is well known, and it has been observed that she is never at ease when he is called away from home. The education and care of her children also engross much of her thoughts. The eldest son, the czarwitz, is in his fourteenth year, and resembles his mother in features. He is of an active and lively disposition, and, for one of his years is far advanced in his studies. Russian is always the language employed by the imperial family when they are together, but when the boys are with their teachers they speak French and English on alternate days. Six hours a day are devoted to study by the young princes, but their education is not limited to sedentary studies alone. They are also practiced in riding and shooting, and the czarwitz is, it is said, already a good shot and rides well.—*London Telegraph.*

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T. St-Paul.

A California Trial.

Persons familiar with the early history of this country are well aware of the potent influence of eloquence on the uncultivated masses and how the fervent oratory of Patrick Henry and Clay, and Webster and Corwin, and Crittenden, and Tom Marshall, and those old-time men of the primitive bar of human pleading.

An episode of a similar nature occurred out in the early days of California mining, of which the writer was a spectator. The circumstances were as follows:

A miner had been caught stealing gold dust. That kind of business couldn't be permitted in the mines; forcible examples had to be made of all such offenders. Murder regulated itself; there was a rough code of honor recognized and based upon public sentiment. If the man who killed another had justifiable provocation, he went unmolested; but if he had killed his man without sufficient cause, he probably paid the penalty with his own life the first time a relative or friend of the murdered man "got the drop on him." The only other public offence was theft; that was so contemptibly mean and so vitally effected the interests of the miners and their sense of safety, that they rarely ever failed to string the offender, even after rough courts were established and trial by jury granted.

On this special occasion a bag of gold dust had been taken from under a miner's bunk by one of his working companions, and he had been captured with it on his way to San Francisco and brought back for a quick and effective trial.

"Have you any counsel?" asked the judge.

"No, I ain't got no friends, nor anybody to talk for me; so you might as well cut the chinnin' short and pull me up."

"If you will allow me to act as counsel for the prisoner, I'll say a few words for him," remarked a tall, ungainly miner, who was a stranger at that peculiar "diggins."

"All right, there's the jury. Bring up your client and let him plead to the charge."

The prisoner stood up and admitted the theft, and at the request of the stranger stated the circumstances which had tempted him to take the dust. He had just gotten a letter from his wife in the States, in which she wrote that her mother and one of his children had died and she begged him if he loved her to come home, even if he had to borrow the money of some of his friends, and she would help him to work and pay it back. He also stated that as he had been unable to borrow the money, he had taken the dust with the intention of paying it back when he returned home.

The letters were produced in court to substantiate the truth of his statement, and it evidently weakened some of the jury, but there were stern, unmoved men in the crowd, all belted round with knives and pistols, who knew that any letting up on theft would render gold dust unsafe; besides they spoke up right and left, saying that they got just such letters from home as well; that the same kind of sorrow in their own domestic life came up every day or week to some of them, and the very mutual condition of deprivation and toil should establish a code of honesty above everything else. Of course, said they, the fellow can have his counsel to chin for him but we must graft him to a hub all the same.

It happened, however, that this tall, ungainly old miner who had undertaken the defense, was an old Methodist campmeeting revival preacher, and, although he began very quietly, and cautiously treading on the dangerous ground of talking in the prisoner's defence, the first judge, jury and spectators knew, he had got warmed up to his old work, and, although he had the sing-song style of delivery of those old revivalists, his words rang out with all the thrilling eloquence of Clay and the fervid devotional oratory of a Wesley or a Bascom. One by one the human icicles began to melt around him; one by one began to turn back to their early lives, to their old homes, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, the old church and Sunday school, and all such tender influences. Many a one of them was carried by that peculiar voice and style to his old campmeeting days. It was no longer a mining camp; it was no longer a court room, no longer a trial; it was a camp-meeting, and the old preacher was leading them by still waters; he was reaching down and lifting them up out of the mire and clay; and when he closed and solemnly said, "Let us pray for the soul of the man whom we that are innocent are going to slay," there was not a dry eye in the court room, the writer's included. And that prayer! who can repeat or describe its fervent words for the soul going to its Maker, for the wife and little children waiting in their distant home with love and hopes and tremulous expectation for him who would never return, listening to every footstep, responding to every sound?

Never before or since has been such a trial and such a defence in the mines of California. The judge jury and audience rose to a man and cleared the prisoner.—They did more: they made up a purse and sent the poor fellow home to his wife and children, and he did just what he intended to do—returned the money to them in six months after his arrival at home.

Tribulations of the Funny Lecturer.

When the train rolled away from Kenton, the Jester announced his calm determination to run away from all engagements.

"I am tired to death," he said. "I have talked about six nights every week, ever since the 9th of January; I have set up until one or two o'clock a. m., entertaining people after the lecture, and then been called up for six o'clock trains; I have visited 32 coal mines, inspected 53 coke ovens, gone through 67 iron works, visited 93 schools, admired 118 handsome churches, gorged myself at 120 banquets, walked through 173 wagon shops and 29 pump factories; walked up and down the long streets of 198 towns and admired everything I saw; I have climbed 86 endless hills to gaze at 86 views that 'Bayard Taylor said, when he was here, was far superior to anything he saw in Europe;' I have taken my nose in my hand and lounged through two glove factories, five tanneries and three fertilizer works; three weeks ago I lectured Saturday night, sat up and talked with friends until two a. m., got up to a seven o'clock breakfast, went to church with friends at 10:30 a. m., lunched with some other friend at twelve; went to Sabbath school at 2; sat in the Bible class and made a nice little speech to the children, dined with some other friends at five, attending evening services at 7:30, went to a friend's house after service, and when we broke up at 11:30 because I had to take a train at 4:15 a. m., a good old brother shook my hand warmly and said: "Well, well, we's all glad to have met you. And you have had a good long rest here with us and you'll feel fresh for your week's work." If I felt as fresh as his remark, I would be even as a June cucumber. I have umpired at two base-ball matches, rode a horse race, have written two commencement essays for high school girls, held the cat in my lap (and I love the devil a little better than a cat), heard the children say their prayers and taken a hand at draw poker to please the boys. I don't complain," the Jester said tucking his cap and bells away in his valise. "I don't complain a bit. All the people I have met are lovely and lovable people and they do the best to make me have a good time, but seven good times a week for six months is too much for one man to stand; I am all broken up; I am clean gone, and the setting sun to-night shall see me flying away from the rostrumed field, headed for the National Surgical Institute, Philadelphia."

And headed that way he was, and fly in that direction he did, followed in his homeward flight by a long flight of wrathful imprecations from disappointed audiences and impotent protests of indignant committees and long and importuant bills of expenses from the same, and earnest but unheeded expostulations from the Bureau.

"Let 'em howl," the Jester chuckled as he tucked his head under the Pullman blanket, "let 'em howl; I will sleep with scaled lips from here to Philadelphia, and if any man wakes me up at three o'clock in the morning and asks me to tell him a funny story, I will tear out his quivering heart and feed it to the monkeys at the Zoo. That is the kind of a funny man I am. And the train rolled on.—*Burdette in the Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Miner's Ingenuity.

James McGlynn, a miner in the Hallenback Colliery, at Wilkesbarre in this State, has found recreation and amusements during the spare time of the past nine years in the construction of an elaborate clock. As described by the reporter of the New York *Times*, the clock stands about nine feet high, and is incased in an elaborately carved case of black walnut, consist of 405 pieces of finish. Each of the pieces was turned in the mine by the enthusiastic miner with a tool that would make a cabinet maker smile, being nothing less than a broken saw file.

In addition to the 400 turned pieces in black walnut, which comprise the frame work of the clock, it has 63 moving figures, actuated by machinery, so deftly arranged as to produce interesting historical and Biblical scenes. It is the intention of the miner-mechanic to make the number of figures a hundred as soon as his means, which are rather limited, shall afford such an additional outlay.

The front of the clock shows three balconies, rising above a massive and elegant carved celestal, and upon these the moving figures appear. The lower balcony shows a procession of Continental soldiers headed by a mounted general and marching past, while the old Liberty Bell proclaims its welcome notes of freedom. A sentinel salutes the Continentals as they pass, and just at the moment the door is opened from an upper balcony and reveals Molly Pitcher, with her cannon, which fires with startling and realistic effect.

To show how well the maker of the clock has considered the details of his handiwork, he has placed a small revolving fan in the clock, to be actuated after the firing of Molly's cannon, for the purpose of clearing out the powder smoke. Simultaneous with this the portraits of the twenty-Presidents of the United States pass in panoramic view on a balcony just above the patriotic tableau, of which Molly Pitcher, the central figure, and Thomas Jefferson holds up the Declaration of Independence. The apostolic procession is similar to those hitherto seen in such clocks. The Twelve Apostles file past, Satan appears, and the cock crows in warning to Peter. A figure of justice raises her scales as the form of Christ appears, and during the scene a large representation of Death tells off the minutes upon the bell.

When one sees the clock, the tools with which it was made, and hears the miner's story of how he bought the wood for it bit by bit as he could afford from his spare change, he is sensibly impressed with human possibilities. The figures used in the biblical and historical illustrations were cast by McGlynn in moulds of his own design and there is very little in the entire clock that did not come from his hands. Now that it is finished, he scarcely knows what to do with it.

A Mormon Wife's Death.

The discipline of the Mormon Church was never better exemplified than in the death of the legal wife of George Q. Cannon which took place on Wednesday last. Cannon knew she was dying, but he stayed in Washington to fight to keep a polygamist in Congress, that the Mormon Church might be fully represented in that body. Mrs. Cannon knew she was dying, but telegraphed him to remain at his post. The poor woman, the mother of eleven children, died at the age of forty-six. The Mormon journals tell us she was a consistent Mormon, and was willing to suffer anything for her church. She has suffered very much. As her charms began to fade she saw the man to whom in her youth she had devoted herself, take one woman after another to fill her place, and to share not only her husband, but the property she had helped to accumulate, and found at last that her life and sufferings only resulted in her having a fourth place in the man's heart which she thought, in the long ago, she had entirely won. Come to think, we do not wonder that she telegraphed him to remain in Washington. The poor woman is described as being a thoroughly womanly woman. If that be true, we do not wonder that she desired to be alone as she approached her final release.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

We learn from Messrs. Moore & Humphrey, that St. Jacobs Oil is regarded as the very best selling liniment ever sold, and is giving the highest satisfaction. It has affected many good cures.—*Jackson (Mich.) Daily Patriot.*

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

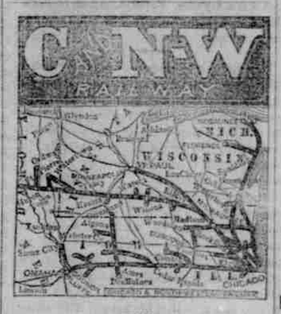
Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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

C N W



—THE—
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN
RAILWAY.

Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the

Leading Railway
—OF THE—
WEST AND NORTHWEST!

It is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in
Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and for

Council Bluffs, Omaha
DENVER, LEADVILLE,
SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
DEADWOOD, SIOUX CITY,

Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all Points in the Territories, and the west. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.

At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. Rys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.

At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, and Chicago and Grand Trunk Rys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.

Close connections made at Junction Points.

It is the ONLY LINE running

Pullman Hotel Dining Cars
BETWEEN
CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist on Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, AND WILL TAKE NONE OTHER.

All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.

Marvin Hughitt, 2d V. P. & Gen'l Manag'r, Chicago.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE ONLY MEDICINE
IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM
That Acts at the same time on
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.
WHY ARE WE SICK?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY WORT
WILL SURELY CURE
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by exciting free action of those organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health.
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
Will send the dry post paid. BURLINGTON, VT.

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

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
Contains
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
And the Purest and Best Medical Properties 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 irredeemable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All these sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

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

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. Mar.16-1yr.

The Somerset Herald!

(ESTABLISHED 1827)

One of the leading Papers of Western Pennsylvania.

IS STALWART REPUBLICAN,

HAS DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION OF ANY OHER NEWSPAPER IN HE COUNY!

It Will Contain the General News of the Day.

he Editorial and Local DEPARTMENTS

Speak for Themselves.

$2.00!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00 A YEAR!
$2.00!

—IN OUR—
JOB DEPARTMENT!

WE HAVE THE BEST FACILITIES WEST OF THE MOUNTAIN.

WE are prepared to furnish on short notice, and at a great reduction on former prices, all kinds of

JOB WORK,

such as:

LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
WEDDING CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
HORSE BILLS,
SLIP BILLS,
POSTERS,
LABELS,
TAGS,
RECEIPTS
NOTES OF ALL KINDS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS, &C., &C.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt and careful attention.

Address,

The Somerset Herald,
PRINTING HOUSE ROW,
Somerset, Pa.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD.

SOUTHWARD.

	Johnstown Depart.	Somerset Arrive
Mail	9:15 a. m.	11:10 a. m.
Local	———	2:00 p. m.

NORTHWARD.

	Arrive	Depart	Depart
Mail	3:00 p. m.	3:05 p. m.	3:10 p. m.
Local	———	6:30 a. m.	6:35 a. m.

The Mail, north and south, runs daily except Sunday.

Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, N. & A. Railroad through passenger trains, east bound, will leave Rockwood at 1:41 p. m., and 11:55 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 3:35 p. m. next day, and 5:00 next morning, and at Baltimore 10:20 p. m., same day, and at 7:40 next morning.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:30 a. m., and 8 p. m., and Washington at 11 a. m., and 9:15 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:04 p. m., and 4:05 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Leave	75 miles to Philad. Arrive
Johnstown Ex.	6:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Pacific Ex.	6:37 a. m.	2:20 p. m.
Chicago Day Ex.	10:28 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
St. Louis Day Ex.	10:42 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Mail	12:12 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
Huntingdon Acc'm.	3:29 p. m.	12:00 a. m.
Cincinnati Ex.	7:12 p. m.	3:05 a. m.
Johnstown Acc'm.	6:25 p. m.	1:00 a. m.
Fast Line	10:40 p. m.	7:35 a. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Leave	78 miles to Pittsburgh Arrive
Pittsburgh Ex.	3:50 a. m.	8:25 a. m.
Cincinnati Ex.	6:31 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
Johnstown	6:52 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Mail Ex.	7:45 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Altoona Acc'm.	10:12 a. m.	8:15 p. m.
Pacific Ex.	1:00 p. m.	8:00 p. m.
Way Passenger	4:20 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Chicago Ex.	8:21 p. m.	3:40 a. m.
Fast Line	9:40 p. m.	5:00 a. m.
Mail	10:15 p. m.	8:15 a. m.

‡ Daily. § Daily except Sunday. ‖ Daily except Monday.

The Johnstown Express, Mail,