THE STAGE DRIVER'S WIFE.

Four bay horses dashed in fine style up to the door of the inn, pulling behind them the gorgeous red stage, which swayed and reeled and rocked in a fashion that made the more nervous passengers wince and shiver.

Hollister threw his reins to the stable boy and went into the house. He was a bluff, big-fisted fellow—rather rough looking in his wolf skin overcoat and big-visored cap. Nobody ever doubted the kindness of heart under that unpolished exterior, however.

Now, as he tramped through the big hall on his way to the bar room, he paused at the sight of a female figure in one dim corner, with her face dropped into both hands, and her whole attitude one of sorrow and despair. The figure was slender and young, and clad in a well-worn gray suit, and the hands on which the brown head was bowed were white and delicate.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Are you in trouble? Can I be of service to you?"

Then the girl looked up, and Hollister recognized the daugter of a man who had been at the inn for several weeks—a man whom the driver had no hesitation in classing as an adventurer and a blackleg.

He had pitied the girl on that night when he had first seen her—when he had brought them out from the city; for she seemed a lady with her quiet ways and her wistful eyes, and not at all fitted for a life of Bohemianism, such as her father was leading her.

She looked up, and meeting the expression of kindliness in Frank Hollister's clear gray eyes, she struggled a moment for self-control, and then burst into tears.

Frank squared his broad shoulders before her in order to screen her from the curious gaze of any one who might pass through the hall and waited in silence.

Presently the girl raised her head once more, looked at him with tear-stained eyes, and said, with quivering lips: "I am in trouble, sir. Yours are the only friendly words I have heard to-day. My father—" here a crimson flush dyed her fair brow—"my father has left me; where he has gone I do not know. I am absolutely alone among strangers, and our bill here is unpaid."

For one instant Frank looked at her doubtfully, and then, with a sudden rush of self-shame and chivalry, his hand went into his breast pocket and drew therefrom a big leather book.

The girl made an indignant gesture and looked at him with wide-opened, haughty eyes.

"Sir! I scarcely expected such an insult."

Whereupon Frank began a hurried indignant repudiation of her insinuation. He insult a woman? He had the dearest mother and the sweetest little sister in the world, away off there in Eastern States, praying for him!

Praps I ain't so dainty in my choice of words, as I might be, lady. I am a rough fellow at the best; but I am dreadful soft-hearted where a woman is concerned. If you choose to look on me as a friend and a straight man—one that never goes back on his word, you shant be disappointed. Now then how can I serve you?"

The big pocket-book had disappeared and the girl's face softened at his rough gallantry. She extended one little hand frankly

"Forgive me, sir; I know that you are all you seem. I cannot accept any pecuniary aid from you or any one. The landlord has offered me a situation as table girl. I shall accept it and in that way pay our indebtedness. Thanks for your kindness. I shall not forget it."

With a little flirting smile she slipped past him and went swiftly up the dark stairway, while the driver proceeded to the bar-room, where the men were talking, laughing, smoking and drinking.

Here Hollister listened to a detailed account of the disappearance of Colonel Pressy, interspersed with various comments concerning him and his daughter Cora.

Pressy was stigmatized as a cheat, a villain, and a sponge—anything and everything they called him but an honest man. There were some expressions of sympathy for the girl, but it was easy to see she was not liked. Miss Pressy had held herself too far aloof from every one in the house to win the approbation of this free and easy western community.

One loutish-looking fellow leaning against the bar rail, remarked, with a sneering grin: "That gal's a mighty stuck up little critter—reckon she won't put on any more airs with me!" and he sent a stream of tobacco juice in a very skillful manner straight into the mouth of a spittoon which occupied the centre of the room.

Hollister, who had been a silent listener until now, crossed leisurely to this marksman, and, striking him a light blow upon the shoulder, said, evenly and distinctly: "Look here, Jerry, you don't want to talk any more like that about Miss Pressy."

"Goin' to marry her, Frank?"

"I except to," replied Frank coolly, as he turned to select a cigar from the case.

There were no more insinuations against Cora Pressy in his hearing. The daughter of an unknown adventurer, no matter how thorough a lady she might seem, and the sweetheart of the jolly, keen-eyed, strong-armed stage driver, were two different persons, and when the lonely girl entered upon her new duties the next day she was surprised at the kindness and consideration of all about her.

Frank did not try to weaken the impression his words had made. He knew that it would be her surest protection; now that her natural protector had deserted her.

Two or three eventful days went by, Cora filling her new situation with satisfactory promptness. Every night, on the arrival of Hollister's stage, she was left to wait upon him in the dining room.

She felt an instinctive confidence in this big, blunt, sun-burned fellow. There was a bond of sympathy growing between them which she had no desire to break.

One day, twenty miles down his route, Frank heard a bit of news which worked him into a fever of impatience. Never had the whip curled so sharply over the flanks of his sturdy horses; never had he made better time than on that day, when it seemed to him but a snail's pace. At last, however, the stage drew up before the inn whose roof sheltered the girl who, in a few short days, had grown inexpressibly dear to the driver.

He held a hurried consultation with the hostler which resulted in the latter agreeing to drive the stage on to its destination for a certain sum of money.

Then Frank went into the long dining-room, and seating himself at one of the small tables in a secluded corner he waited for Cora Pressy.

He flushed to the roots of his crispy curling brown hair as he smiled at her. She noticed it and wondered silently, thinking, meanwhile, that he was not such a bad looking fellow, with his broad brow, honest eyes, and firm lips.

"Miss Cora," he said, rather awkwardly; "I would like to have you ride out with me this evening, if you will. I have something of importance to tell you," he added hurriedly, growing redder than ever with embarrassment.

Cora looked at him wistfully. Was it something about her father? But she dared not put the thought into words—there were to many about. So she merely bowed her head in acceptance of his invitation and went away.

Half an hour later she was tucked in a trim little cutter beside him, dashing over the white moonlit road, and anxiously waiting for him to reveal the matter of importance at which he had hinted.

But Frank was curiously silent for a long while. It seemed to Cora that he would never speak. At last, with a sudden effort, he said: "Miss Cora, you've known me only a few days, but you've seen enough of me to know that I a am blunt-spoken fellow, so I hope you won't be upset by what I am going to say. I am not much of a gentleman, but I haven't any very bad habits, and make a fair living, and—and—well, I want a wife, little gal, and I love you. If you'll have me I'll do my prettiest to make you the happiest woman in the country."

Cora smiled up at him through tear-filled eyes, and this gave him courage to slip one arm back of the cutter and draw her closer to his side.

She murmured something about being almost a stranger to him; but Frank growing wonderfully bold, pressed with his lips the lids over the girl's dark eyes and queried: "Do you love any other man?"

"No;" she answered honestly enough "I believe you are the best man I ever knew."

Whereupon Frank kissed her again, upon the lips this time, and made a second proposition, to which, at first, she would not listen. But the will and energy of her earnest-hearted wooer carried the day, and the result was a call upon a justice of the peace; and when they re-entered the inn that night the girl was Cora Pressy no longer, but Cora Hollister, and Frank's face was radiant and triumphant.

In the dingy waiting-room an excited crowd was gathered.

Frank endeavored to hurry his wife past the doorway, but her quick glance caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

"Father!" she cried, and stepped into the room.

"Yes, there he was, haggard and disheveled, with bloodshot eyes and unshaven face. He might have been fine-looking once. There was just the ghost of a debonair an about him still, despite his wretchedness. An officer guarded him on either side.

"What has he done," cried Cora, with pallid lips.

Some one in the crowd answered brutally enough: "Killed a brother gambler twenty miles back. They are taking him through to the city."

Then the poor little wife went into a dead faint, in her husband's arms, and he carried her up stairs with his brown cheek against her white one.

All night he watched beside her while she went from one deathly swoon into another. At last in the gray morning she smiled sadly into her husband's eyes and whispered: "Do not be troubled. I will go away."

"Not if I can help it," answered Frank with a grim set of the under lip. Then all at once he put his head down on the pillow beside her and began to cry like a two-year-old baby.

With her slender hand she stroked the man's big curly head, and talked to him in a sweet, weary way that went straight to his warm heart.

"Dear friend," she said, "I know how unselfish you are, but I will not allow you to make such a sacrifice. You shall not share my shame."

"Look here, little woman, I knew all about this yesterday morning; that's why I was in such a rush to get married. I knew they would bring Colonel Pressy through here, and I knew if I did not make sure of you then, that I should never get you. My darling little wife," he went on kissing her hair, and eyes, and lips, "thank God nothing can separate us—nothing but death."

And looking into her husband's eyes, Cora knew that here was her safe home and shelter forevermore.

My reader would set me down as an unsatisfactory story teller where I to omit the sequel.

Col. Pressy committed suicide a month later in his prison cell.

Frank took his little wife away to his eastern home, where she lives a contented little matron, proud and happy in her husband's love and the possession of a cooing, bright-faced baby.

What He Owed to His Wife.

"I suppose I might as well destroy this," said the tailor disconsolately to his wife, taking the bill due him from one of the deacons of the church to which they belonged.

"Not a bit of it," returned his wife. "Give it to me."

The next Sunday morning when the plate was passed round for subscriptions to pay off the floating debt she dropped the bill in it, and before the middle of the week it was paid.

"Marriage is a lottery," remarked the happy tailor as he pocketed the money, "but I advise every man to take the chances."

"Buckwheat Cakes and the Measles."

When a young man had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife,—"What have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?"—he received the brief and suggestive reply,—"Buckwheat cakes and the measles." We have the report of a case in our mid; not where measles was in the bill of fare, but where sciatica rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: "The senior of this firm was attacked with sciatica rheumatism in December last, and for four weeks could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling no worse for his recent affliction The inference is convincing.—*Rochester Sentinal.*

Holstein Cattle.

This breed of cattle is being disseminated very widely throughout this country. "They now hold," says the Boston *Cultivator*, "and are most likely to hold, for a long time to come, a prominent position among the dairy stock of the country, notwithstanding that they are superseded by the Swiss, the Jersey and the Gurnsey as butter stock, and by the Shorthorns for beef. But if desired both for beef and milk, or milk alone, or cheese and milk, they have no equals. If you are looking for a cow which will produce largely of dairy products, without consuming a corresponding amount of fodder, we hardly think you will find it among any of the known breeds.

Judge Fullerton, of New York, has a farm in Fairfax county, Va., on which he raises no other cattle, of which he has about one hundred head, probably unsurpassed by any other heard in this country. Prof. Sheldon gives the following history of the introduction of the Holsteins:

"The race of large, improved black and white cattle, known in America as Holstein cattle, are animals, imported from North Holland, or the neighboring provinces, having been selected there with the greatest care in reference to purity of blood and the fine qualities of each individual animal. Previous to, and some time after 1871, Mr Winthrop W. Chenery, of Belmont, Mass., was the principal, if not the only, importer of Holstein cattle for purpose of improvement. In March, 1881, about ten persons to whom Mr. Chenery had previously supplied one or more Holstein animals each, at his suggestion united with him in an association called the Association of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle, with a constitution and by laws, and a register of all the pure-blooded animals of their race owned by them. The principal objects of their association was, and is, to keep and preserve a register of such animals known to be of pure blood, and of their progeny, including future importations.

At that time the persons uniting in the association knew of no name by which this race of cattle were generally known in Holland and the neighboring provinces. They had been usually called 'Dutch' or 'Holstein' by Mr. Chenery and his associates. In 1864 Mr. Chenery was requested by the Department of Agriculture at Washington to contribute an article upon the cattle in question, for publication in the commissioner's report. The paper was prepared and forwarded to the department, with the title of 'Dutch Cattle.' In due time the article appeared in the commissioner's report with title changed from 'Dutch' to 'Holstein cattle.' This circumstance, together with the fact that no other name more appropriate could be suggested, decided the question of names, and 'Holstein was adopted

"Since then the association has increased its membership to include about fifty persons. It has published four volumes of the Holstein Herd-book, and has the manuscript prepared for the fifth volume, about six hundred thirty bulls and about eleven hundred and twenty cows, distributed among more than three hundred owners residing in nearly all the states of the United States (the larger herds being in Massachusetts, New York and Illinois) are registered. Large additions to the number of Holstein cattle in the United States are being made by importation, as well as by the natural increase. They are easily acclimated and grow as large as in their native country. The descendents of animals imported by Mr. Chenery fifteen years ago are equally as fine as the best selection made in Holland this year. The bulls are gentle and docile, and excellent workers in the yoke. The cows are large milkers, exceiling in that respect all other breeds. They are easily fattened, and males often attain a weight of two or three thousand pounds, females generally ranging from twelve to twenty hundred pounds. There is a considerable demand for both males and females for breeding purposes, enough to take up all the importations, amounting to more than four hundred in 1879, and the natural increase, at prices affording a reasonable profit both to importers, breeders. It is a noticeable fact that half-breed heifers, sired by Holstein bulls, generally bring twice and often three times as much as the grades of any other breed will sell for; and this fact is perhaps the most reliable indication of the estimation in which Holstein cattle are held by American farmers who have had experience with them.

Channel Island Cattle.

At Herkness' Bazaar, Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 16, there was sold a number of valuable Jersey and Guernsey cattle. The cattle were brought from the Channel Islands by Edward P. P. Fowler. There was quite a lively competition among the buyers, and the bidding was spirited. A Jersey heifer, Valentine, was sold to John H. Small, of York, Pa., for $1420. Mr. Morrell, of Chicago, bought Eclipse, a fawn colored Jersey heifer, for $160. G. E. Hosh, of York, bought a dark colored heifer for $300; and Clark and Jones, of Baltimore, bought Carlos Juno, a heifer, for $260. A beautiful gray farm heifer, known as Fillpail Carlo, excited competition, and was finally knocked down for $550. Hatty Sterling, dropped January, 1880, to S. J. Sharpless, Thornbury, Chester county, for $550. "Flos," S. M. Felton, Thornton, Delaware county, $330. "Syrenette," S. J. Sharpless, Thornbury, $380. "Jessie," Robert Thompson, Elam, Delaware county, $125. "Lilian," to same, $65. Among the Guernseys sold were "Peggy 2d," to E. E. Forsythe, Media, $280; "Minnie of Guernsey," F. M. Etting, Concordia, $380; "Minnie 2d of Guernsey," to same, $180; "Harwick," bull calf, R. Thompson, Elam, Delaware county, $55; "Flora of Catel," F. M. Etting, $250.

A Terrible Storm.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 16.—Arkansas City was visited by a terrific storm late Wednesday night. A special says two houses in the north end of the town, belonging to Major John D. Adams, and occupied by negroes, were blown down. None of the inmates were injured. A house situated near the Arkansas City Hotel, occupied by two negro families, was lifted from its foundations and was sent floating with the current in the back water. At considerable risk, Captain D. O. Hemingway, managed to reach the imprisoned inmates and conveyed them to a place of temporary safety. The city calaboose was blown from its foundations, and this morning floated on the water. Several other house were injured by the storm.

The æsthetes speak of work as unleisure.

An Eternal Tooth.

During the latter half of the thirteenth century after Christ the foundation of the Dalada Malagawa (Temple of the Tooth) was laid, and the edifice on completion became the depository of that tooth which is the sacred relic of Buddhism and palladium of Ceylon. It still contains, in a costly sanrine, the tooth before which hundreds of devotees bow down and make offerings daily. Buddha died B. C. 543 years, and when his body was being cremated a priest snatched one of his canine teeth from the flames. He conveyed it in accordance with an ancient prophecy, to what is known as Calingapatam, on the northwestern coast of the Bay of Bengal, where for several centuries it was regarded with great veneration. But, finally, a prince of the province became indifferent to the relic and neglected to make the usual offerings.

Unbelievers immediately cast it into a pit of burning charcoal. To the astonishment and chagrin of its enemies, say the Buddhists, the tooth resisted the flames and remained unscathed, emitting in the meantime rays of light, which ascended to the skies, illuminating the whole universe. Being then buried in the earth and trodden down by elephants, it mocked such futile efforts and released itself by springing from the soil in the centre of a lotus flower, which circumstance is now commemorated by its forming the centre of a golden lotus blossom in the temple of Kandy. Being placed on an anvil and a ponderous hammer raised for its destruction, the relic sank into the iron and remained safely preserved from the effects of the blow.

The demons then declared that the tooth must be one of their own gods', as a relic from any other source could not possibly work such miracles, and the King therefore directed them to prevail on the god to whom it belonged to remove it from its close imbedment in the anvil. This, after various incantations, they failed to do, whereupon the relic was handed over to the Buddhists, to prove the truth of their faith in its connection, a feat which they accomplished in a trice by making an offering to Gawtama Buddha, who not only relieved his much persecuted member from the iron, but caused it to spread such effulgence about the place that all the unbelievers present were converted.

The Portuguese are said to have destroyed the tooth in 1560, and the story goes that the present cuspid is an artificial one, but the Buddhists have firm faith in it.

Major Forbes relates that the relic is a piece of discolored ivory nearly two inches long, slightly curved, and one inch in diameter at the base, tapering off to a blunt end, and it not a pure artificial production it probably is the canine tooth of some carnivorous animal. It is kept in a square, hermetically closed apartment, near the centre of the temple, the doors being secured by heavy padlocked bars. It rests inside of six silver gilt caskets, one outside of the other in succession, on a silver table, surrounded by rich silk hangings.

A Little Sparrow's Faith.

The railroad station is not intended as a lodging house, yet it has a lodger every night. This little lodger is an English sparrow. Opposite a large lamp at the corner of the building, up in the outer corner of the awning, on the inside, is a round hole an inch and a half or two inches across, partially through the board, put there for no one knows what. Into this hole each and every night may be seen this sparrow snuggled closely away, protected on all sides from the cold winds, safe from cold and harm, and apparently sleeping. The numerous trains that come and go, the crowds of people that gather at the depot with every train, the scream of the whistles, the ringing of the engine bells, the rattle of the wheels over the rails—none of them disturb him in the least. The glare of that lamp full into its resting place, or the gaze of curious eyes all the night until midnight, cause no sign of perturbation in its peaceful little breast. He may be watched steadily for hours and won't wink. He knows he is safe there, and he attends to his own business strictly, letting the outside world take care of itself. In the day-time he is away, getting his living, but one among hundreds of sparrows hopping about and picking up what ever they may find, but at night he perches himself in his resting place, as if there was not another sparrow in the world, and ere he falls asleep looks calmly down on the busy scene low, perhaps with a measure of contempt for the rush and bustle and care of humanity. He did have a nest there, but when the awning was painted the ruthless hand of improvement destroyed the nest. However, his love of locality is strong, and he sticks to his old home, putting up with less comfortable accommodations for the sake of remaining there.

Pruning Shrubs.

The *Gardner's Monthly* gives in substance the following good practical directions for pruning ornamental shrubs on the approach of Spring: Indiscriminate cutting back will not answer the desired purpose. Distinction must be made between slow and vigorous growers, and between those which bear flowers on old wood and those which flower on new growth. Such as grow too strong to flower well should be lightly pruned; and in the same indivinal the weakest shoots should be cut in more severely than the stronger ones. Lilacs and the Philadelphus bear flowers on the wood of last year, and to prune them much now destroys the flowering; while the Altheas and others which flower on the young wood cannot be too severely cut in.

One Experience From Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, and when I told them what had helped him, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—*The Mother.*

When a man is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman she opens the door to be sure no one is listening outside.

Hiring Farm Machinery.

Much has been written on both sides of this question, and still it is unsettled which is the most economical, to own expensive machinery or hire it? We all know that there are quite a number of expensive machines that average farmers find it convenient to use, that can be used only a few days in a year. In this class belong the reaper, binder and mower, the grain drill, corn planter, threshing machine, and hay rake. These are the most expensive, and as a rule, are only used by each individual farmer for a few days at a time once a year; and taking them together they are costly, and to keep them all entails a heavy expense upon every farmer. In the case of threshing machines, the steam machinery has to a great extent settled the question in favor of hiring, but in the case of drills and reapers, the question is still open. The one great benefit of being able to get your own work done when you want it done is a very strong argument for the hirer to overcome. A majority of farmers are ready to sow wheat at the same time, and do not care to wait, when a few more days delay may give a change of weather, when the farmer may be forced to be a week or ten days later than he would have liked. What is true of drilling wheat is true of planting corn. When the proper time arrives, every go-ahead farmer wants to plant, and does not want to wait when often a few days delay may prove the main cause of the entire failure of the crop. And with cutting wheat we meet the same difficulty. Wheat should be cut at a certain stage of ripeness to make the best yield and the heaviest grain, and can only cut earlier or later at a serious loss—more than most farmers care to risk. As a rule farmers who own machines always insist on securing their own crops first, in sowing or planting their own grain first and then he may be willing to hire his machinery out to any one of his neighbors who apply. I have always held the opinion that with the class of farmers which owns or rents small farms that owning macrinery in partnership is much the most economical; but where an extensive farm is carried on, taking all things into consideration, the ownership of whatever machinery can be profitably and economically used, is much more economical than running the risk incurred by hiring. In many cases three or four farmers may own an interest in a self-binder, and by exchanging work, reduce the cost of harvesting a crop of wheat or oats to a minium, and run very little if any risk of loss from delay in cutting at the proper time, and more so with drills and planters, while on extensive farms the failure to cut at the proper time of one crop may be a loss of sufficient amount to cover the cost of the machinery; and the same rule applies to other machinery.

The Haunted Car.

Well's Fargo & Co.'s express car, No. 5, is said to be haunted. The messengers on the run between San Francisco and Ogden have been exercised over the fact for some time, and when the car was sent to Sacramento several weeks ago to be overhauled and repaired, they all expressed much satisfaction, and were firm in the belief that the car-builder would kill the ghost and return the car to the rail tree from all demoralizing influences. In this they were disappointed, for the messenger who left San Francisco Tuesday night was visited by the unseen power and put to a deal of trouble. The ghost came in and tumbled the boxes of freight about, tolled bells, and made sweet music, and called the messenger by name. The last trip the car made before it was taken from the track, the messenger heard strange noises on the roof. His thoughts were on his duty, and he came to the conclusion that robbers were awaiting an opportunity for entering the car. He cautiously opened the door and took a look at both ends, but found everything quiet. He could see nothing unusual and returned, closed the door and was walking back to the mailing-table when down came a box of cooked shrimps and a bandbox. The freight was ranted about and finally left in the same place. The mysterious din was indulged in until the train was nearing Terrace station, in the eastern part of the state, and the messenger had about made up his mind to take to the sage-brush, when all was still again.

On one occasion when they had a corpse in transit, the head and trunk of a man's body was seen to rise up from the casket, take a look around the car, calling the messenger by name, and then vanish. The car was in the train several years ago when an accident occurred just west of Truckee, killing Conductor Marshall and an express messenger, and since that time these mysterious noises have been frequent, much to the discomfiture of the occupants. The express boys say car No. 5 is known to all the company's employes, and they all tell the same story for the truth.

A Playful Horse.

A citizen who has been casting around for a family horse for some weeks past, was yesterday induced to take a ride behind an animal which was for sale. The horse started off with a jerk which made things crack, and the citizen called out:

"What do you call that?"

"That's only his playful way," replied the owner. "He'll settle down in a minute."

While a "settlement" was being looked for the horse made three or four lunges and tried to run, and the citizen exclaimed:

"Is that playfulness, too?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Hang tight to the buggy and don't be afraid."

The horse eased down a bit for the next few rods, but suddenly started up the street on a dead run, kicking in the dash-board as a warning of what was coming.

"You don't call that playfulness, do you?" cried the citizen as his hair began to lift his hat off.

"N-o—not—exactly!" grunted the other, as he pulled on the lines. "This is a leetle bit serious, this is, and if you think you can climb over that hind wheel and find a soft spot in the pavement, we'll call this sale off."

Killed While Fast in a Switch.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 15.—Charles W. Hornberger, a brakeman, aged 28, got one of his feet fastened in a switch at the West yard early this morning, and before it could be extricated he was run over by a shifting engine and instantly killed.

The Discouraged Man.

A newspaper once contained an advertisement for a man to fill a certain position, which concluded with "No discouraged man need apply. There was deep, worldly wisdom in this for discouragement is a terrible drawback in fighting life's battle. The discouraged man is defeated in advance. He carries failure above with him; he faints when he needs most to be strong; he falters where decision is most needed; he halts where he ought to hurry forward; he cannot stand up under the strain and burden of the race. It is hard that it should be so—harder still that so little real sympathy is felt for discouragement. The world does not need such a man, and has little mercy for him; and so he falls into the ranks of the unsuccessful, while he of right hope, who is yet new in the struggle, who has not supped the bitter cup of disappointment and found out that all is vanity and vexation, strides before him and is accepted where the much tried man fails. There is something contagious in a buoyant, happy, energetic spirit, which carries those who come in contact with it away, and success is as often the result of this strong animal force as of perseverance and continued effort. All the experience in the world will not carry the man of deep discouragement successfully through an enterprise.

Ravages of Disease in South Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM, March 15.—Since Monday cases of small-pox have been developed in twenty-one families in addition to the twenty-nine families reported up to noon on that day. There are now, it is stated by the physicians, about one hundred invividual cases within the borough limits and a few in the suberbs. At a joint meeting Monday night of town council, school board and health board vigorous measures for checking the disease were ordered and were put in force yesterday. Persons working in the iron mill in whose families small-pox exists are not allowed to return to work after visiting their homes. A rumor prevailed yesterday that Lehigh University had been closed, by order of the faculty. It had its origin, no doubt, in the fact that a number of students, at their request, had been allowed to leave South Bethlehem and secure other quarters, on account of the proximity of the disease.

How to Make Less Noise.

Rubber cushions under the legs of the work bench. In a certain factory the hammering of fifty coppersmiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion. Kegs of sand or saw dust an applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or saw dust are first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block upon which the legs rest, and around the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or saw dust. Not only all noise, but all vibration and shock are prevented; and an ordinary anvil, so mounted, may be used in a dwelling house without annoying the inhabitants. To amatuers, whose workshops are usually located in dwelling houses, this device affords a cheap and simple relief from a great annoyance.

The Earthquake in Costa Rica.

PANAMA, March 8.—An earthquake is reported in Costa Rica extending from Cartago, at division ridge between the two oceans, to the Pacific coast. Three churches and a number of dwelling houses were ruined in Cartago. In San Jose, Alejuela, Grecia and San Ramon public and private buildings were shaken down or otherwise damaged, and in Pantarenas, a port on the Pacific, the upheaval occasioned some damage. The famous volcano Irazu, which has been quiet for years, although with fires eternaly smouldering in its crater, is credited with this unwonted disturbance. No loss of life is reported.

Killed by a Mob.

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Mar. 13.—On Saturday night ten or twelve masked men rode into Linkville, where H. C. Laws, charged with murder, was in the custody of Deputy Sheriff, J. F. Lewis and Justice Wright, awaiting examination The officers were in Greenman's Hotel with the prisoner, when the lynchers entered the hall and were ordered to halt. They refused, and Deputy Sheriff Lewis fired his revolver, slightly wounding one of the party. The lynchers returned the fire, killing the Deputy Sheriff and wounding Justice Wright. They then left without taking Laws. Intense excitement prevails.

Murdered by a Colored Women.

MACON, March 15.—William A. Evans, a merchant of Summerfield, six miles from Macon, was murdered in bed last night by a negro women named Emma Johnson, alias Carrie Massey, to whom Evans had kindly given a night's lodging. Her object was robbery, but the groans of the dying man brought assistance, which prevented its consummation. The woman was arrested and brought to Macon. At Summerville the officers were surrounded by a mob of white and colored people, but by strenuous efforts lynching was prevented.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

For the past two years I have been troubled with leucorrhœa and female weakness, which at times has been so great that I could neither eat nor sleep. I wore one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads and it cured me.

MRS. H. JEROME.

It is a conceded fact that cannot be denied, Peruna is supplanting all other medicines.

A very necessary matrimonial band.—A husband.

Moonbeams are the strongest timbers used in building castles in the air.

The only physician we have had in the family for three years is Peruna—the best.

The wearing of costly jewelry is said to be going out of fashion, but brass watch chains are still prominently diplsayed.

If heaven was a circus tent many persons would try to steal under the canvass without paying to go in.

When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a tie vote.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

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It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

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Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *Retains its full strength in all climates.*

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.

HAY-FEVER

Sold by Somerset druggists.
mar1 ELYS' CREAM CALM CO., Oswego, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Harriet Snyder hereby gives notice that she has made application to the Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania for a warrant for 14 acres of land, in Stoneycreek township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Joseph Snyder on the north, east and south, and lands of Martin Brant on the west.
mar1

The Somerset Herald!

(ESTABLISHED 1827.)

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD.

SOUTHWARD

	Johnstown Depart.	Somerset Arriv.	Rockwood. arrive.
Mail	9:15 a. m.	11:30 p. m.	11:40 p. m.
Local	———	7:00 p. m.	7:20 p. m.

NORTHWARD

	Arrive.	Depart.	Depart.
Mail	8:30 p. m.	8:50 p. m.	8:55 p. m.
Local	———	6:30 a. m.	6:35 a. m.

The Mail, north and south, runs daily; the Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, P. & O. Railroad through passenger trains, east bound, will leave Rockwood at 1:41 p. m., and 11:56 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 2:50 p. m., same day, and 6:20 next morning, and at Baltimore at 10:50 p. m., same day, and at 7:40 next morning.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:20 a. m., and 8 p. m., and Washington at 10:40 a. m., and 9:15 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:04 p. m., and 4:25 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Leave.	275 Miles to Philad.	Arrival
Johnstown Ex. §	5:45 a. m.	Departs	3:20 p. m.
Pacific Ex. ‖	6:37 a. m.	stops	3:20 p. m.
Chicago Day Ex. ‖	10:28 a. m.	flag	6:2 p. m.
St. Louis Day Ex. ‖	10:48 a. m.	stops	6:45 p. m.
Mail ‖	12:12 p. m.	stops	11:20 p. m.
Huntingdon Acc. §	3:20 p. m.	stops	.....
Cincinnati Ex. ‖	7:13 p. m.	stops	3:15 a. m.
Johnstown Acc. §	6:23 p. m.	stops	.....
Fast Line ‖	10:46 p. m.	.....	7:35 a. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Leave.	78 miles to Pitts'gh.	Arrival.