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The Somerset Herald

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1883

WHOLE NO. 1648.

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LITTLE AH SID.
Little Ah Sid was a Chinese kid—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.
Jolly and fat
Was this rollicking brute,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braced his cuss
As his father used to
In Cincinnati far away.
Once upon a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon
A humble-bee flew in the Spring.
"Melican butterfly!"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catches and pull off an wing."
Then with his cap
He struck it a rap
This innocent humbler-bee—
And put it in his jeans;
In the seat of his jeans;
For a pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine
In a state that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was broad as sin,
"Me mashes 'um butterfly sard."
Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bog
He was heading so stung
In the folds of his loose fitting dung.
"Viva Kikyo!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly upon that spot.
"Yes! Yek-a-kian!"
Dum dum Melican man—
Um butterfly much hot!"

HER LAWYER LOVER.
It had been a long-ull ry journey.
An August sun blazed in the heavens—
The sea of gently waving emerald corn along the track of the railroad swayed to and fro, and the forest trees seemed to droop in the intense sunshine.
Miss Bavage was going to be married. Miss Bavage had recently inherited ten thousand dollars from an uncle in the cabinet-making business, who died at the good old age of two and seventy years, and Lawyer Fox, who was the executor, had been smitten—or at least he said he was smitten—with the nature charms of the heiress.

Lawyer Fox himself was not very young, nor had he been altogether successful in business. But he was tall and stout, with a commanding presence, a deep bass voice, and a general acquaintance with the three-syllabled words, and had oftentimes stood him in the best of stead. He had made solemn court to Miss Bavage—and Miss Bavage had smiled and blushed, in a middle aged sort of a way, and confessed that Mr. Fox was not altogether indifferent to her.

"But, la," said Miss Bavage, "what a fool I be. And me past thirty!"
"Is not the full blown rose sweeter than the bud?" gallantly demanded her swain.
"Nonsense!" tittered Miss Bavage.
"Sweet one," persisted the ponderous lawyer, "I beseech you, keep me no longer in suspense!"
"Won't folks laugh at me?" said the ex-milliner dubiously.
"What care we, Belinda, for the laugh of the vulgar?" Lawyer Fox assured his timid client, "as long as there is music in our hearts?"
"But I'd calculated never to marry," hesitated Miss Bavage.

"A bad promise is better broken than kept."
"And I am told," added Belinda, "that never ain't to be depended on."
"My Belinda, your experience shall be widely different," said the lawyer.
"Well," said Belinda, "I don't know but I'll risk it!"
So she set the finger of the little bow windowed house on Main street, chaffered with the widow Pennypick for her stock of satins, ribbons and bonnet frames, put her gray cat in charge of old Miss Hurley, and gave her conveyance to little lame Lucilla Hyde, and forth she packed her trunk and set forth to meet Lawyer Fox at Albany.

"Folks will make such a sight of us if I get married at Barletown," said Miss Bavage; "and as the lawyer calculates to go to Boston on our wedding trip, I'll be so much dearer on our way if I meet him at Albany."
So Miss Bavage told Mrs. Pennypick old Miss Hurley, and Lucilla Hyde that she was going to Albany for the wedding dress, and quietly gave them all the slip.

A railroad journey in August, even if matrimonial bliss is at the other end of it, is not without its drawbacks. Miss Bavage was stout, and her face got red, and her curls lost their twist, before they were two hours out of Barletown.
"After all," said the bride-elect, wiping the dust from off her face with a plaid silk pocket handkerchief, "it ain't such a luxury to travel."
The pale little woman in the other half of the seat murmured her assent to her remark.
"Have a peppermint drop?" said Miss Bavage. "You appear to be faint."
"Not faint, thank you," said the pale little woman; "only very, very tired."
"Then have a seeded corky," said the benevolently disposed Miss Bavage. "I know they are good, for I made them myself."
"Oh, I can't eat; thank you just the same!"
"Traveled for?" said Miss Bavage, looking with pity on the white face and eyes that seemed to swim in tears behind the shabby blue veil.
"All the way from Wisconsin," answered the lady.
"Bless and save us!" said Miss Bavage. "I have only come from Barletown!"
"Indeed!" said the stranger.
"Going any distance?" hazarded Miss Bavage, whose New England situation stood out strong in the question-asking.
"To Albany," was the weak response.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Bavage, with a flap of her handkerchief in the direction of a particularly aggressive blue fly. "That's just where I'm a goin' myself."
"Do you know anything of the city?" asked the western lady, a little coquetry.
"No more than a tom cat does of Latin grammar," answered Miss Bavage, more emphatically than elegantly. "But, there, anybody as has a tongue in her head and the full use of her limbs needn't be at any loss, I guess."
"Do you know where the Stanwix Hall is?" asked the stranger, still with the same wistful look upon her face.
"Well, I declare!" said Miss Bavage, "it does beat all! Just where I am a goin' myself!"

"The little woman put aside her blue veil, and looked pleadingly in Miss Bavage's full moon face.
"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "I am in such a need of a friend, and you look good and true-hearted, as if you might be trusted. May I tell you my story? May I depend on you to help and direct me a little, when we get to the great, great, noisy city?"
"Be lieve me, Miss Bavage, with emphasis, "Give me a chance, that's all I don't know you from Adam, but if I can help you, I will."
"I am going there to meet a gentleman," said the lady lowering her voice.
"So be!" said Miss Belinda, while the tip of her nose turned a deep mahogany color—her especial way of blushing.

"He was engaged to my daughter," said the western stranger.
And the parallel ceased. Miss Bavage rubbed her nose and chewed a peppermint drop and stared very hard at her companion.
"My darling was not strong enough to come on by herself," said the lady. There she sits on the opposite side of the car. She is very delicate, with dark eyes and dark hair, and Western malaria—and when she heard that her lover had deliberately engaged himself to another lady, who had a little money she fairly broke down. "Take me to the depot," she said. "Let me see the lady face to face, and I know he will be true to me."
"Humph," said Miss Bavage, thinking of the many perfections of Lawyer Fox. "If I had such a poor example of a lover as that, I'd let him go and sing, 'O, be joyful, to get out of his way!'"

"Ah, but she loves him," said the western woman, simply.
"I don't see but that makes matters worse still," said Miss Bavage with a sniff.
"So I telegraphed him to meet me at Albany," said the woman. "I let him five minutes. Of course, I can't compel him to be true to his word—but it is one last chance for Mattie."
"He must be a mean scamp!" said Miss Bavage, putting another peppermint drop into her mouth.
"But it ain't none of my business, except that I'll give you a helping hand where I can, seeing you're a stranger on this side of the continent."

And when the train steamed into Albany, the girl in the blue dress beckoned to a hackman, and invited the stranger—whose name she had by this time ascertained to be Gildersleeve, and her pale little daughter, to take a seat with her.
"To Stanwix Hall," she said.
But at this moment a party from casting its very substantial form across the hack door—Lawyer Fox's own.
"My own Belinda," said he, in deep tones of unutterable emotion, "you suppose that I would allow you to marry another man?"
"Why," shrieked out Mattie Gildersleeve, straining herself into sudden animation. "It's Gustavus, as I live! Mother, look?"
"Gustavus, as I live!" cried the pale little widow, coloring a rosy pink.
"Oh!" said Miss Bavage, turning quickly from mother to daughter. "Is this the man who jilted you?"
"Let him deny it if he can," said Mrs. Gildersleeve, not without certain dignity.

"I'm sure you are quite welcome to him," said the ex-milliner. "I don't want no second handed lover."
"Gustavus! Oh, Gustavus!" piteously appealed the teacher, "you do love me still! Only say that you love me still!"
"I thought we had put an effectual end to this boy and girl nonsense," said Lawyer Fox, turning all sorts of colors. "I telegraphed for you to come!"
"But we never got your telegram," said the pale little widow, wringing her hands.
Miss Bavage glanced at her watch. "Hum—ha!" said she. "Ten minutes of three. Well, ladies, I'm glad you've found the right man at last, and I only hope you'll nail him down to his promises. As for me, if I step around 'em, I can't tell before the Widow Pennypick has taken down my sign. For every body is happier for being busy and I am going back into trade again. Of course, folks will talk, but jab it they'll do that anyhow! Good afternoon, Lawyer Fox. If you have any business arrangements to conclude with me, I refer you to Judge Bartlet of Barletown."

And so Miss Bavage vanished from the scene "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and was seen no more.
Whether Lawyer Fox married his pallid little first love or not depends on the tale, but Lab it they'll do that anyhow! Good afternoon, Lawyer Fox. If you have any business arrangements to conclude with me, I refer you to Judge Bartlet of Barletown."

"The youthful, cool, beauty and lustre are gradually restored to gray hair by Parkers Hair Balsam."

BOYS GETTING MARRIED.
A Georgia Editor's Lecture to Callow Lovers.
The sparkers are looked upon by parents generally as a nuisance, and often they are right. Nine-tenths of the sparking is done by boys who have not got their growth, and they look so green that it is laughable for the old folks to look at them. They haven't generally an extra shirt, and they are no more qualified to marry than a steer is to preach. And yet marrying is about the first thing they think of. A green boy without a dollar, present prospective, sparking girl regularly and industriously, and talking about marrying, is a spectacle for gods and men. He should be reasoned with, and if he will not quit it till he is able to support a wife and to know whom he loves, and before they own a cook stove, or put in a convent erected on purpose for such cases. Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society of girls without any yokes on their necks. They marry and have children before they are two trousers; they are proprietors of two trousers, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old.

Occasionally one or two such unions turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young fellows sparking and marrying before they have got all their teeth, we suppose the little cases would be in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen house. But they are a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls enough to go around, and then they begin to get in their work early; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and the wife has to make a long run of it, and the husband has to get up in the night and go after a doctor; so frightened that they run themselves out of breath, and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too. It is about this time that a young man marries the wife of a cuss, and so far as he is able around to bed water and bring in the bath tub, and goes whooping after his mother or her mother, he turns pale around the gills, his hair turns red in a single night, and he calls high heaven to witness that if he lives till morning, he will turn over a new leaf and never marry again till he is older. And in the morning the green looking "father" is around before a drug store is open, with no collar on, hair sticking out all over, his eyes staring, his nose running, and waiting for the clerk to open the door so that he can get some saffron to make some tea. Less than a year ago he thought he was the greatest man that there ever was anywhere, but as he sits there in the house that morning, with his wife sitting crossly and shiny, and his trousers frayed at the bottom, and his coat patched at the elbow, and the nurse puts in his arms a roll of flannel with a baby hid in it, he holds it as he would a banana, and as he looks at his wife, he thinks there is not a provision in the house to feed a canary; a lump comes to his throat, and he says to himself if he had to do it over he would leave that girl at home to grow up with her mother, and he would wait till he had \$6 to buy flannel and \$8 to get a doctor.—*Living Down (Ga.) Gazette.*

An Excellent Plan.
When a girl is ten years old, she should be given certain household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with the money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a little for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a pre-ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older, these household duties should be increased, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and severity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.

Masked Men.
SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 22.—About one o'clock this morning from eight to twelve mounted and masked men rode up to the Montano Station, on the Central Pacific road, 35 miles west of Ogden, seized a white and a half dozen Chinese section men, and locked them in the tank house. They then awaited the arrival of the east-bound express train. Two of the highwaymen jumped on the engine and ran the engine on the side track. The remainder of the gang seized the train cars and locked them also in the tank house. They then attacked the express car, but were met by a fusillade from T. M. Ross, express messenger. Some thirty shots were exchanged when the robbers, finding resistance more spirited than they expected, decamped. No one was killed or wounded.

A Bison Hunt.
Lieut. Neville Chamberlain sends to the Field the following description of an encounter he had with a bison in the woods of the Mairajah of Mysore:
"I had no companion, so I took with me one of the local sikaris named Kampa, and another man to carry my spare rifle. My battery consisted of a double barreled eight bore rifle and a double barreled twelve bore rifle. I took the eight bore myself, and giving Kampa my twelve bore I tramped up the hill through the grass. Out of a sudden I saw a bison just in front of me some twenty yards off, and was just moving behind a clump of bamboo, when I fired, the point of his shoulder with the eight bore. A great stampede took place. The smoke hung in the long grass—which as I knelt was nearly up to my neck—and I could not see to give him the second barrel. I ran forward and could see nothing, so I stopped, I opened the breech of the rifle, threw out the empty cartridge, and was in the act of loading a fresh one, when from behind a small thicket clump of bamboo, some five yards from me, and about thirty feet from the bison, I saw a man. I heard a loud roar. Kampa sprang out: 'Kartu!' (bison) and vanished; and at once the bull came charging down on me. I only had time, as I charged myself at me, to spring behind a small tree on my left. He charged me, and I fired, cutting a large slab of bark out with his horns, and turning almost in his own length, was at me again. This occurred four or five times, but my attention was so fully taken up in dodging him that I could not get the rifle ready for use. To make a long story short, it ended by my catching my feet in a crevice. I fell over backwards, and as I rose he ran in and tossed me. One horn, I suppose his left one, ran clear through my breeches and flannel shirt, tearing them to ribbons, and so far as I can remember, I seemed to sit on his head, while his other horn passed under my right arm. He threw me a long way, and I fell on my back under some bamboo, the rifle dropping out of my hand from the shock of being tossed. I was a great deal shaken, and out of breath, but I think my first thought was that now he would leave me if I would lie still; but he ran up again and stood over my body, shaking his huge head over my chest. I thought then that it was hopeless. I got up and did nothing but lie on my back, and my eyes were closed. I was lying on my back for five minutes with my feet on one eye, which I could just reach when his head was down. He shook his head and pushed me back with his nose. I managed then to get on my feet, and I ran as fast as I could with my heavy hobnailed boots, and he commenced sparring at my legs with his horns. I did my best to keep them off of my legs, but got a few bruises on the shin. This began to be monotonous. I then knew that if I did not find a way out, I was a goner. I saw a pair of pants. He was still standing over me when I got in a volley of hobnailed on his nose, shouldered at him, and sat up to his arm again; then, to my intense relief, he gave a yell, and went crashing off down hill. I never saw the bull again."

A Convict's Trick.
Not long ago the convicts in the third tier of cells in the east wing of the prison at Jackson Michigan smelled fire, and as they raised an alarm shrieks were heard issuing from cell No. 69, occupied by a life man named Isaac Van Anken. The guard on duty happened to be on the ground as quickly as possible, which he found filled with smoke, while the flames enveloped the grated entrance. Owing to the expansion of the iron door by the heat, difficulty was experienced in opening it, but when it was opened, the convicts were seen to be performing their duties as usual. The guard, who was a convict, was looking for the flame. Meanwhile his cries of agony were terrible for he was being literally cooked, and as he about upon the corridor he would have gone over the railing to the stone floor, but for the guard. He was held by the arm and said his headlong spring. He was shockingly burned about the face and all over his body, and as he was being taken to the hospital repeatedly cried:
"I want to die! I have been a bad man; I deserve this!"
He lingered about twenty-four hours when death put an end to his sufferings.

The Plain of Death.
Nearly every one has heard of the Journey of Death ninety miles wide, located in the western part of New Mexico. It is a plain covered with grass and delightful to the eye, but where for some years entirely devoid of water. The soil was of a peculiar porous quality, but would not hold the rain that fell on the surface. It was the great bugbear of emigrants traveling through the Southwest, hundreds of whom with their cattle have perished of thirst within its confines. Some individual, however, went over it prospecting for gold, and finally after expending some thousands of dollars, succeeded in striking an abundance of water in a well dug about midway of the plain. He had some fifty or a hundred men, and took two bed quilts at \$3 a piece, and let dot giffin go.—*Wall Street Daily News.*

Had It Yet.
One of the old veterans of West street was the other day giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks, about to be married, and in closing his counsel he said:
"Directly after the ceremony there will be a banquet of course. When your wife turns over her plate she will find a check for \$50,000 under it."
"Do you really think so?"
"Oh, yes, my friend, it is the prevailing style nowadays. The check will be passed around, and finally given to you to pocket."
"And the next day I will draw the money on it?"
"Oh, no, you won't."
"Why not?"
"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dot of yourself by rushing to the bank."
"But I thought—"
"No matter what you thought, save the check to frame and hang up. When I was married thirty years ago my wife found one under her plate. I've got it yet. I thought so much of her father to mortify his feeling, and I know he has always respected me for it. That's all my son. If you run short on your bridal tour telegraph me."

Useful in the Family.
We usually leave it to doctors to recommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering that we cannot say too much in its praise.—*Salem Argus.*

Do Not "Stuff a Cold."
We may have heard of childhood the foolish, absurd and philosophical description of "stuff a cold and starve a fever," both of which may be wrong to a certain extent, since the appetite is generally a good guide. If hunger, real hunger—not a "sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach," or a "faintness," indicating from overtaxing the stomach—if real hunger is but the true call for food, the indication that is needed to repair the waste of the body, it seems plain that the absence of such hunger, with a strong distaste, a nausea and a loss of taste, is the best evidence that a food should not be taken. In a fever, if the food is any other form of disease, I repeat, hunger, real hunger—not pains of discomfort from disease—is the best evidence imaginable that food is needed, while its absence is equal evidence that no food is needed. It follows, therefore, that an actual retention of poisons by the closing of the pores, absolutely imperatively demands immediate attention as a means of preventing disease. No cold should ever be regarded as "slight," since such, if the lungs are weak, for example, may attack the weak part, resulting in a violent disease, if allowed long to continue. To neglect a cold, particularly if one has weak parts, as the lungs, liver, or bowels—the cold always attacking weak organs is as unwise as it is for a man to neglect his horse, when, slightly on fire, awaiting the alarm and help from the engines.

To stuff such a cold, to force food when not desired, therefore, is one of the worst forms of neglect, a foolish waste of vital energy. It must tend to augment most, if not all, forms of disease. "Stuffing" and gluttony are always unfavorable to a natural condition of health.—Dr. J. H. Hunsford.

He Missed That.
Just before the Michigan Third Infantry entered upon the red hot fight at Fair Oak, a private in one of the companies stepped forward to his captain and said:
"Captain, are we going to sail?"
"I expect we are."
"And some of us will get killed?"
"Like as not."
"Then I'd like to speak to the chaplain a minute."
"What for?"
"I'm not prepared to die, Captain."
"But you can't leave your company. You must take your chances, whether you are prepared or not. Remember, I seemed to sit on his head, while his other horn passed under my right arm. He threw me a long way, and I fell on my back under some bamboo, the rifle dropping out of my hand from the shock of being tossed. I was a great deal shaken, and out of breath, but I think my first thought was that now he would leave me if I would lie still; but he ran up again and stood over my body, shaking his huge head over my chest. I thought then that it was hopeless. I got up and did nothing but lie on my back, and my eyes were closed. I was lying on my back for five minutes with my feet on one eye, which I could just reach when his head was down. He shook his head and pushed me back with his nose. I managed then to get on my feet, and I ran as fast as I could with my heavy hobnailed boots, and he commenced sparring at my legs with his horns. I did my best to keep them off of my legs, but got a few bruises on the shin. This began to be monotonous. I then knew that if I did not find a way out, I was a goner. I saw a pair of pants. He was still standing over me when I got in a volley of hobnailed on his nose, shouldered at him, and sat up to his arm again; then, to my intense relief, he gave a yell, and went crashing off down hill. I never saw the bull again."

Breaking a Merchant's Heart.
It was a clothing dealer on the Bowery, and as the slab sided young man opened the door he rubbed his hands over each other and said:
"Come in my friend. I guess you've been looking for an overcoat. Try on one of these."
"Thankie I've got about \$80 in my pocket, and I thought—"
"Ah! Missie, you've come to the right place. How you like a new overcoat?"
"I've got about \$80 in my pocket, and I was looking for—"
"Take this gray for \$14. You never had such a bargain in all your pore days."
"As I was saying, I've got about \$80 and I want to buy a pretty fair one."
"Here is one all wool for \$12—shump right into it."
"A pretty fair one, with silver-plated handles," continued the young man.
"I've got 'em! I'm der official dealer in all New York who keep safe coats, with silver-plated handles."
"I don't mean overcoats."
"No!"
"I mean coffins! Let's see your little tail styles."
"My friend," whispered the dealer, as he took his arm, "I don't keep coffins. When I realize dot I had \$80 in your pocket, and I had no giffin to sell, I feel dot I might as well giffin dot mad struggle for riches. But some pity on a broken hearted man, and take two bed quilts at \$3 a piece, and let dot giffin go."
—*Wall Street Daily News.*

A White Barbarian.

A gentleman from Hailey, Idaho, came to the Coroner the other day. Having recently sold his claim he had plenty of money and went in for style—plug hat and a blue silk hawkerchief with one corner sticking out of the pocket of his new dandy coat. He walked into the Coroner's office, and when the Coroner rang for dinner he snatched into the dining-room with the rest of the fashionable throng. Everybody looked at him, but he didn't mind it, and went on eating for his soup. When while waiting for his soup. When that came he bent so far over his plate to suck it in with the sound like the gurgle of a bathtub-exhaustor that his plug hat fell off his head and rolled across the table against the wall. The Coroner's tourist. With a grin the Coroner half rose, reached over and recovered it, and placed it on the well oiled and recently barbered head. He attacked the trout with his fingers, and despised the use of any other utensil but his own. Pending the arrival of the fish, the gentleman from Hailey placed both elbows on the table and surveyed the company with great affability and self-possession as he conversed his fork into a tooth pick. Then he lifted his plug hat and went on eating for his soup. When he scratched the same gentleman with his four pronged toothpick. When engaged on the beef his hat fell off again and rolled across to the Eastern lady, who had grown pale. Presently the gentleman from Idaho made use of the only kerchief, and made use of the only glass, and probably Hailey, provides. The plug hat fell on the floor this time, and when he had recovered and replaced it, he sat alone at the table. He looked surprised at the guests jacking one another to get out of the door.
"Fire?" he asked of a transfixed waiter.
"No," gasped the man.
"No! What's the row, then?"
"He had enough, I suppose," replied the waiter, with a winking look.
"Mittity matty eaters, pshaw to me, and cussed queer manners about gettin' outen a room. Give us another chunk of beef—poor fool for the horns, if yer kin."
Presently Landlord Lanak appeared with a coffee face and bulging eyes. He walked rapidly up and touched the arrival from Hailey on the shoulder.
"You seem to be having a pretty good time," said the landlord, refraining from gushing his teeth.
"Well, that is so, boss. You sit down here and whack up a bottle of wine at my expense. Oh, I've got a pocketful of rocks, and don't you forget it. Say, do you happen to know any likely gals that's out of the mawry? I'm here on that boy."
"Well, that is so, boss. You sit down here and whack up a bottle of wine at my expense. Oh, I've got a pocketful of rocks, and don't you forget it. Say, do you happen to know any likely gals that's out of the mawry? I'm here on that boy."
"Do you know, my friend, what it costs to stop at this house?"
"No, an I don't yer. I've got the tin tin, but what's yer finger, jist for luck."
"The hundred dollars a day."
"How much a meal? This is my fact."
"Nothing for a little lunch like this."
"With a long sign of returning life the fish man from Hailey got his feet and made unsteady for the door. He sat the remainder of the day in the waiting room of the depot with his hand behind him as if on a pistol, and fled on the evening train.

Pastimes for Ladies of Leisure.
Can you guess, asks a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, what is the most fashionable amusement for young women of wealth and leisure? Dressing like dolls. That is to say, they make toys of little girls—sisters, nieces, cousins, anything in the shape of a little girl will do, if she is comely. This is suddenly becoming a rage in certain circles. I know an only daughter who, having no girl relatives, uses the 3-year-old offspring of one of her papa's poor tenants, a pretty little chit, on whom she placed costly costumes with all the adornments of a fashionista. The child is quite as fashionable in Kate Greenaway garments, and my lady takes delight in dressing her two or three afternoons a week she is arrayed in something novel and take out for a walk or drive. Of course that will not last long, and in certain circles, she is returned to calico. It is not rich for rich women to divert themselves in any such way, nor is there any excuse for it, now that it is fashionable to do art needle work.
Some ingenious girls of my acquaintance are quite as fashionable in caps, muffs and cuffs by sewing together fancy feathers from the wings and breasts of native birds, which they fasten to their silk or muslin, line with satin and edge with a border of feathers, arrange as a fringe. Decorating with feathers, in fact, is greatly in vogue for amusement. Some are wearing collars and small muffs of dark velvet bordered with their own hands with feathers; those of ducks, peacocks, etc., being employed. The plumage intended for trimming hats and muffs is also purchased and taken to pieces to fancifully decorate other articles of wear.

Had It Yet.
One of the old veterans of West street was the other day giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks, about to be married, and in closing his counsel he said:
"Directly after the ceremony there will be a banquet of course. When your wife turns over her plate she will find a check for \$50,000 under it."
"Do you really think so?"
"Oh, yes, my friend, it is the prevailing style nowadays. The check will be passed around, and finally given to you to pocket."
"And the next day I will draw the money on it?"
"Oh, no, you won't."
"Why not?"
"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dot of yourself by rushing to the bank."
"But I thought—"
"No matter what you thought, save the check to frame and hang up. When I was married thirty years ago my wife found one under her plate. I've got it yet. I thought so much of her father to mortify his feeling, and I know he has always respected me for it. That's all my son. If you run short on your bridal tour telegraph me."

Useful in the Family.
We usually leave it to doctors to recommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering that we cannot say too much in its praise.—*Salem Argus.*

Breaking a Merchant's Heart.
It was a clothing dealer on the Bowery, and as the slab sided young man opened the door he rubbed his hands over each other and said:
"Come in my friend. I guess you've been looking for an overcoat. Try on one of these."
"Thankie I've got about \$80 in my pocket, and I thought—"
"Ah! Missie, you've come to the right place. How you like a new overcoat?"
"I've got about \$80 in my pocket, and I was looking for—"
"Take this gray for \$14. You never had such a bargain in all your pore days."
"As I was saying, I've got about \$80 and I want to buy a pretty fair one."
"Here is one all wool for \$12—shump right into it."
"A pretty fair one, with silver-plated handles," continued the young man.
"I've got 'em! I'm der official dealer in all New York who keep safe coats, with silver-plated handles."
"I don't mean overcoats."
"No!"
"I mean coffins! Let's see your little tail styles."
"My friend," whispered the dealer, as he took his arm, "I don't keep coffins. When I realize dot I had \$80 in your pocket, and I had no giffin to sell, I feel dot I might as well giffin dot mad struggle for riches. But some pity on a broken hearted man, and take two bed quilts at \$3 a piece, and let dot giffin go."
—*Wall Street Daily News.*

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