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AMES O. KIERNAN, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. He can be found at the residence of his father on Main Street or at the office of Dr. Henry Brubaker.
Sept 6, 1882.

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

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

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Office—one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's Dry Goods store.
Dec 6, '82.

DR. A. G. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

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The Somerset Herald.

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Administrator's Sale
OF
Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises, in Addison township, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883,

at 1 o'clock, the following real estate, to wit:

A tract of land situate in Addison township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 115¾ acres, more or less, of which there is about 30 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow, adjoining lands of Asa Jacobs, Daniel Augustine, Milton Turney's heirs and Philip Turney, having a two story frame house, log barn and other out buildings thereon erected.

TERMS:

One-half cash, one-third after payment of debts to remain a lien upon the property, the interest to be paid annually to Matilda Hileman, and at her death the principal sum to be paid to the heirs of Joseph Hileman, deceased, the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest.

MARSHALL HILEMAN,
Administrator of Joseph Hileman.
mar7

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises, at 1 o'clock p. m., on

Friday, March 30, 1883,

the following real estate, to wit: A tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., containing one hundred and sixty-five acres, more or less, of which there is about sixty acres cleared, ten acres in meadow, adjoining lands of J. W. Burkholder, Mrs. Rhoda Jenkins, D. J. McHaugh & Co., and others, having a story and a half log house, log barn and other out buildings thereon erected; also, a fine cranberry glade on the premises, from which can be gathered from 50 to 100 bushels of cranberries.

—TERMS—

One half cash, balance in six months with interest; ten per cent of the hand money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down.

THOMAS REAM,
Administrator of Jacob W. Younkin, dec'd.
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COMING HOME AT LAST.

The banishment was over long,
But it will soon be past:
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath Winter's cloud and Summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load.
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet, pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep
And wherever true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

—*Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly.*

A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

She was a little thing, and pretty as a picture—great laughing gray eyes, soft brown hair, pink-and-white skin, pearly teeth, and the hands and feet of a fairy.

She sat at the feet of a white haired old lady, daintily holding in her daity hands two caskets—one of antique appearance, containing a set of pearls more than two hundred years old; the other of modern times, scintillating with a superb set of diamonds.

"They are both his gift; but which shall I wear, Aunty, Ruthven?" she suddenly asked, lifting her eyes from the jewels to the old lady's lovely face.

"Do try to think which he would wish me to select. I do want to please him," she concluded with a pretty blush and laugh; "and, since you have been like a mother to him all these years, you ought to know something of his tastes."

The old lady laughed, stroking the silken hair lovingly.

"And have I not been a mother to you all?" she asked; "and have you not had good opportunities to discover his tastes?"

"You have, you dear saint!" cried the girl, drawing down the soft white hand and kissing it fervently. "And I suppose I ought to say yes to the last question, but—but somehow it seems to me I never fathomed Oswald's tastes. Somehow I feel so shy with him—he seems so far, so very far above me."

She spoke with a mingling of tender pride and gentle regret, and the old lady replied hastily:

"Nonsense, my pet; he is not the least above you. Don't spoil him by putting that notion into his head. But let me settle the vexed question. Go down to the library and ask him. You are sure to find him there at this hour."

The girl's lovely face flushed brightly.

"Would you?" she asked shyly, "would you really?"

"Really, my dear," smiled the old lady.

Very prettily, very softly, very shyly, did Leah Gifford open the library door and look into the room. As she had intimated to Mrs. Ruthven, she was a good deal in awe of her grave, handsome lover, and it was something of an ordeal to face him with the two caskets and ask the momentous question.

But as she blushingly glanced into the room, she forgot the gewgaws in her hand.

First a wild surprise dilated the great gray eyes then an awful terror darkened in them; then such woe! such an awful, speechless woe—a woe that set her charming features in the paleness and rigidity of death.

Like a carved image she stood staring at the scene before her, incapable of speech or motion. It was a strange scene for a man's promised bride to gaze upon.

Near the window, plainly visible in the early dusk, stood two figures—the figure of her promised husband, Oswald Liscomb, and the figure of her own twin sister, Rachel Gifford.

The man's cheek rested tenderly against the brown head pressed to his breast, and a torrent of passionate words rushed from his lips—words instinct with tender anguish and pathetic dispair, words that declared only too plainly that one sister possessed his promise, the other his love.

Suddenly a breath fluttered shudderingly across the white lips of Leah. It seemed to arouse her. She took one faltering step into the room and then as quickly drew back and closed the door as noiselessly as she had opened it.

In the hall she paused, staring with a dazed horror straight before her. But the opening door and the entrance of a servant to light the hall startled her into fright.

Still grasping the caskets, she flew up the wide stairway and into her own chamber. Locking the door behind her she sank into a stony despair upon a little couch drawn close to the blazing grate.

"And to-morrow night I am to be his bride!" she gasped in hollow tones. "His bride!"

The caskets slipping from her nervousless clasp to the rug drew her eyes from the ruddy coals.

With clenched hands she sat gazing at them, the image of stony despair.

Time slipped by minute by minute, till an hour had passed. The chiming timepiece and the light tap of her maid aroused her. She arose and opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Leah, I knew you must be all in the dark," exclaimed the girl, "but I did not like to disturb you. Mrs. Ruthven said she fancied you would wish to be entirely alone."

"Mrs. Ruthven was right, Beta," answered Leah. "But now I am ready to be dressed, and you must do your best to-night."

And Beta promised, wondering at the strange sound of the sweet voice and the strange whiteness of the face on which the lights she carried fell.

But no one noticed any change in her when later she descended to the drawing room, dressed for the late dinner.

A touch of rouge simulated the usual lovely damask of her cheeks, and her eyes were like stars in their brilliancy. If her gaiety had a trifle of restlessness in it, no one wondered.

Was not it her last night of maiden freedom?

So the evening passed and the morrow came. By sunset the great house was overflowing with guests. The bridal hour drew on apace:

The hair dresser had just gone, leaving Leah, and her one chosen bridesmaid, Rachel, alone with their respective maids, when Leah, to the horror of the latter, and the undisguised amazement of her sister, summarily dismissed both.

"We will dress each other, my dear," she smiled brightly in answer to the enquiring eyes Rachel had fixed upon her.

But no sooner had the key been turned on the maids, and other possible intruders, than her pretty imperiousnes changed to a startling gravity. Facing Rachel she placed an icy hand on her shoulder.

"I know all, Rachel," she said, calmly. "I witnessed your parting with Oswald yesterday evening, and ——"

"Oh, Leah! Oh, great Heavens!" gasped Rachel, staggering back, her face pallid as the snow swiftly falling without.

She made a movement to fling herself on her knees before a couch at her side, when Leah caught her arm.

"Nay!" she cried, almost sternly, and a little sarcastically, "we have no time for heroics, Rachel!" Then, slipping her hand into her bosom, she drew out a tiny flask of chased gold.

"You see this?" she asked, her tone changing to one of awful meaning, as she pointed to the one word plainly engraved on the side of the flask.

Rachel shudderingly glanced from the flask to her sister's rigid face.

"What do you mean?" she gasped with stiff lips.

"To drain this to the dregs unless you obey me in every particular—to die at your feet!"

"No! no Oh, no!"

"Yes! Listen, Rachel. I utter not a word of complaint—not a word of upbraiding. Oswald only made a sad mistake in giving his boyish heart to me, and with it his trothplight. You, and you only, have the man's heart, and I see that your grave ways suits him far better than my gay ones. Enough for that. Now listen further."

With these words she placed her lips to Rachel's ear, and whispered a few sentences with feverish rapidity. Whiter and whiter grew Rachel's face. At the last word she wrung her cold hands passionately together.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she gasped.

"You cannot?" echoed Leah chillingly. "Very well. I can do this, then!"

As she uttered the determined words she turned the screwed top of the golden flask. Rachel sprang forward and caught her hand with a stifled cry.

"Oh, Leah, you cannot mean it," she breathed, her eyes wide in stony horror.

"Will you consent?"

Again Rachel wrung her hands.

"Oh, Leah, ask me anything else," she moaned.

With a chilling smile Leah dropped her eyes to the golden flask and swiftly turned the top. But once more Rachel's grasp stayed her reckless hand. White liped she gasped.

"You cannot mean to do so wicked a thing?"

"As Heaven is my witness, I do," answered Leah, her voice firm and passionless; "for the last time, I ask you. Answer me quickly."

A low moaning cry broke from Rachel. The next moment two whispered words fell from her white lips:

"I consent."

A hushed murmur of surprise ran through the crowded drawing room, as the bride and her bridesmaid entered. Both wore veils, and over the face of each the veil was closely drawn.

In a few minutes the brief ceremony was ended.

"Salute your bride," smiled the clergyman.

The bridesmaid drew back the thick folds of point lace from the bride's pallid face. For one instant Oswald Liscomb stood as if petrified. The next he bent and, kissed the quivering lips of Rachel! a rapturous joy at his heart and in his grave eyes.

The world accepted the surprise as a fanciful caprice of the sisters, and only Aunt Ruthven knew how one proud heart suffered—the heart of the unloved Leah.

But Time, the great soother, won her back to joyousness, and one sunny morning, two years later, she became the happiest of happy brides, and took the pretty title of Lady Stafford.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.—I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.
HENRY KNOCHE.

HIS PA NISHIATED.

The Bad Boy Gives His Father Royal Bumper Degree.

"Say, are you a Mason, or a Nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery-man as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am; but what set you to think of that?" asked the grocery-man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they cant hurt anybody," says the grocery-man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was sitting on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"O, nuthin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers, did, and said we ought to try and grow up good, so we could join the lodges when we got big, and asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and purtend to nishiate, and pa said it would not do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and teach us to become men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable and carried him up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could bunt the picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, and that there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by youthful knowledge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laughed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage the boys in innocent pastime that was so improving to our intellect. We had sut the goat up in the closet in my room, and he had got over his blatting, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, "cause a woman couldn't keep a secret," and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat: Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge you s prinkle a little kyan pepper on the goats beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees laughing, and I tied a towl around his eyes and then I turned him around and made him get on his hands also, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, that we wouldn't permti no levity, and if he wouldn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door and some kyan pepper in the other hand, I asked pa in low bass tones if he felt as tho' he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go on with the managerie. Then I said to pa that if he decided to go ahead and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following; "Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him bump!" Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he saw the large beer goat rearing up, and he started for it just like a cow-catcher and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got hit, and he grunted and said: "Hell's fire! what are you boys doin?" and then the goat gave him another degree, and he pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder, and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting, and sneezing, and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat hit her, and said; "Howly mother protect me!" and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see ma three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be inishiated, too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blatting and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa come out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and as he didn't know the minister was there, he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill the cussed goat after he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed his people, and none of them sat down but ma, 'cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they was talking religion with their mouths, and cussin' the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all the night, and I hain't been home since; but I don't believe pa will lick me, 'cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat himself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, 'cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Goodby, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the grocery-man said to his brother Odd Fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil, then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to the reform school."—*Peck's Sun.*

How to Develop a Boy's Brains.

An incident in the school life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates our point. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about 14 years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside and espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally, she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished she said:

"Thank you! You have given us a real lecture in natural history and you have learned it all yourself, my boy."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted at this unexpected turn of affairs and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eye. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his faverite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later, he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

A Strange Tradition

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say when the great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water agitated by the first had become muddled, and when he bathed he came out copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out his own color. Then the great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color he gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second unrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind—the means of mutual mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

The question is asked us if there is anything that will bring youth to women? Yes, there is. An income of say $2,000 will bring and number of them.

A Miner's Thrilling Experience.

Thomas Smith, one of the miners at work in the Diamond Mines at Braidwood, Illinois, where upwards of seventy men lost their lives by the mine's sudden inundation, gave his experience as follows:

"I went into the mine about 6 o'clock, and made my way at once to to the "wost dip," about one mile from the shaft. When I arrived at my lay-out I went to work, after making some observation on the strength of the roof, as it is my custom to do. With me there was working a man whose name I do not know. About 11 o'clock we ate our dinner and had just begun to make a new insertion into the seam when the voice of the driver, Joe Keeley, was heard not far away calling out that the water was coming into the mine. I had been in the mine when it was flooded in 1880, and so I knew of the danger that we must run if we stopped to block up our coal, as some of the men did, and so we made for the shaft, a mile distant, at the top of our speed. As yet I had seen no water, and I was just beginning to think I would get out safe when I heard a rushing sound of moving water, and in a few seconds a wave of water about one and a half feet high came rushing around us, compelling us to retire before it to a place not far from where we started, and where another side gallery led to the air shaft. Spurred on by the belief that escape was almost impossible, we ran as hard as we could down the crooked passage, bobbing up and down in the undulating, surface of the roadway. When we were about 200 feet from the main shaft the water again struck us and quickly rose to the depth of three feet, so high, indeed, that it was utterly impossible for us to make any speed. Near the air shaft there are several places where the passage dipped and then rose again, forming a pit between each rise of the roadway. When we reached this place the water was so gigh that we had to swim across the holes, and in doing so we jammed our heads against the roof. Almost fainting from exhaustion, we at last came out at the air-shaft and were helped up the stairs by willing hands. I forgot to say that when I was nearly up to the shaft I came across two boys, who were swimming in the same direction I was going. They cried out to me to help them, for they were tired out; but I knew my only hope was in a rapid move, and so I was compelled to leave them behind to perish." Smith was the last man who ever came out of the mine alive, and he was as happy a man as could be found anywhere.

The Tramp and the Dog.

A big, lonesome looking dog sat at the gate of a house on Cass avenue yesterday, eyes full of tears and his whole body shaking with cold. A tramp, who had neither overcoat nor mittens, and whose bare toes peeped through his boots, was making his way up the street in search of the right kind of a side entrance, when he espied the dog and crossed over and said:

"Well, now, this is an unexpected pleasure! Upon my soul, but I have found one living thing in this town as poorly off as myself. Say, old fellow, where do you hang out?"

The dog looked at him through his tears, but had nothing to say.

"Tough, isn't it?" continued the man. "I look old and seedy, and you are the homeliest dog I ever saw. That strikes a fraternal chord and we meet on a level. I haven't had a square meal for a week, and you haven't seen a bone for the past ten days. Even again, eh?"

The dog shivered and whined and got up and sat down, and the tramp grew closer and said:

"No home, eh? Neither have I. No one to whistle for you? Same here. That's even again. I can warm up my shakes with whisky, while you have to grin and bear it. That's where I've got the dead wood on you. I can talk through my nose and tell fifty pitiful stories to excite sympathy and bring out cold victuals, while you have nothing to say for yourself and must take bones or go hungry. That's another for me. On the whole I'm ahead of you, and although you're only a dog I'm glad of it. It's something to feel that you are one peg higher than an old yaller, homeless, hungry cur. So long, old fellow."

As the tramp started to go the dog reached out and snapped at his leg and then took a run for it.

"Say, there, hold on!" called out the tramp as he wheeled around. "I said I was ahead, but I'll take it all back! You can lunch on my legs, while I'll see this country tetotally busted to New Jersey if I don't die of starvation before I come down to eating dog! Even, old fellow—just about even on the average, and no use of any hard feelings over it!"—*Free Press.*

Must Specify.

"Look out," exclaimed a man over whose face a barber was moving his razor, "you are cutting off my moustache."

"You didn't tell me not to cut it," the barber replied. "With me a man must always specify."

"All right," said the customer. When the barber had finished, the man arose from the chair, approached the artist and gave him a violent kick.

"Look out, you are kicking me," howled the barber.

"You didn't tell me not to kick you. With me a man must always specify."

"What nonsense this is," exclaimed a Gotham belle, looking up from a daily journal. "This paper says that "death has been busy in high places this year, and some of the most prominent men of the country have passed away." Why, I was present at the very last party before Lent, and there was not a leader of the German who was not alive and well."

Help yourself and Heaven will help you.

A Night Run of Cattle.

Last fall a large herd of big steers for market were being driven across the country from Musselshell to Billings, on the northern pacific Railroad, where they were to be shipped on the cars for Chicago. There were about 2,000 head, I should judge the property of a Mr. DeHass, a very young man. One evening a military camp had been made just ahead of the cattle, and on the same side of the creek with them, up which the herd was being driven. A storm was coming up, and the cattle exhibited some signs of uneasiness. Mr. De Hass sent word to the military officer that he had better get his men, wagons and animals on the opposite side of the creek and out of the way, as he feared there was going to be a "night run." The herders were instructed to keep their horses saddled and be ready to mount at a moment's notice. The cattle were very uneasy, getting up, lying down again and shifting about.

At last, about midnight, there came a sharp flash of lightning, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in an instant the whole herd were upon their feet. "Mount and whip out!" cried DeHaas, and the herder who was at the head of the column drove off a few of the leading steers in the direction they were to go. All the others followed and the herd was soon in full flight. The herders made no effort to check or control them further than to keep them going straight; they rode at the head of the column, one on each side of them