Somerset Herald

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Somerset, Pa.

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Sept 6, 1882.

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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.

R. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.
apr. 22, '70-tf.

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Jan 4, '82.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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Frank W. Hay. ESTABLISHED 34 YEARS. John B. Hay

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The CHAMPION GRAIN SEED DRILL,
With Detachable Fertilizer.
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Made in FOUR STYLES, all sizes for Dairy or Factory use. Their Superiority demonstrated. Their Success without a parallel.
They are SELF-SKIMMING. Five Gold Medals and Seven Silver Medals for superiority. Use less ice. Make better butter.
DAVIS SWING CHURN, EUREKA BUTTER WORKERS & PRINTERS, and full line of butter factory supplies. Send postal for circulars and testimonials.
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REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town, $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. dec29-1y

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
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jy12-1y

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A Blood Purifier—this medicine is highly recommended for all manner of chronic or old standing complaints. Eruptions of the skin, such as Pimples, Blotches and Rashes, Ring Worms, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood. With this rare medicine in your house you can do without Salts, Castor Oil, Citrate of Magnesia, Senna or Manna, and soon the whole of them, and what is better, it may be taken with safety and comfort by the most delicate woman, as well as by the robust man. It is very pleasant to the taste, therefore easily administered to children. It is the only vegetable remedy existing which will answer in place of calomel, regulating the action of the liver without making you a life long victim to the use of mercury or blue pills. It will open the bowels in a proper and wholesome manner.
There is nothing like Fahrney's Blood Cleanser for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; for nervous diseases, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Bilious Fever, and all derangements of the internal viscera. As a female regulator it has no equal in the world.
"An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure." The PANACEA will not only cure old standing and malignant complaints, but is one of the best preventatives of such disorders ever offered to the world. You can avoid severe attacks of acute diseases, such as Cholera, Smallpox, Typhoid, Bilious, Spotted and Intermittent Fevers, by keeping your blood purified. The different degrees of all such diseases depend altogether upon the condition of the blood.
Be sure to ask for FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER or PANACEA, as there are several other preparations in the market, the names of which are somewhat similar.
Dr. Geo. G. Shively & Co.,
Successors to Fahrney's Bros. & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
mar28 WAYNESBORO, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Joseph Rhoads, late of Jenner Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, May 19, 1883, at the residence of the deceased.
LEVI BERKEY,
Administrator.
april4

BE WHAT YOU ARE.

H. E. RANDALL.

Whatever may be the attractions
That art to your person can lend,
Remember that people will find you
To be but yourself in the end.

If wanting in beauty of person,
Don't think to supply it by pelf;
Although you may greatly correct it,
You'll never be aught but yourself.

Or if you should lack education,
Don't boast what you can't comprehend;
Let all see your true station,
And be but yourself in the end,

Then do not endeavor to be more,
Or know more than God has designed;
'Twill only increase your annoyance,
And show the true state of your mind.

Whatever may be your position,
You'll never advance very far,
If, slighting your present condition,
You strive to be more than you are.

You may, it is true, by deception,
Gain a short season of trust;
But, sooner or later you'll find that
The season will end in disgust.

Be on the alert for improvement,
And if you advance very far,
You'll find that you're always respected
For being just what you are.

MANY LIVES LOST.

Men, Women and Children Killed by a Great Cyclone,

SOUTHERN TOWNS DAMAGED.

Hundreds of Houses Swept Away and the Inmates Either Crushed to Death or Maimed, in Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—A violent storm, accompanied by several cyclones, swept through the State of Mississippi Sunday afternoon and night, causing heavy loss of life and property. It came from the Northeast to the Southwest, visiting nearly every town, but as the wires are down in many places, it is impossible to give the exact number of lives lost and the property destroyed. Enough is known, however to render it certain that sixty-five persons were killed and three hundred and eighty wounded, a large number of them mortally. This is the loss as given from towns in telegraphic communication with New Orleans. How many persons have fallen victims to the tornadoes in the interior and backwoods districts, it is, of course, impossible to say, but the number is believed to be large. The loss of property is still more difficult to arrive at. Nearly two hundred houses were blown down, and many of them destroyed, and much corn and other crops swept away. A moderate estimate would place the damage to property at from a half to three-quarters of a million of dollars.

The storm extended throughout the state, and nearly every town suffered more or less, the heaviest sufferers being Beauregard, with twenty-six persons kill and one hundred wounded; Wesson, with sixteen persons killed, and eighty wounded; Aberdeen, with fifteen killed and fifty wounded; Caledonia three killed and ten wounded; Starkville, two killed and thirty wounded. and Freetown, its negro suburb, three killed and twenty wounded. Tillman, West Point, Meridian and other towns also suffered heavy losses, principally in property, although some few lives were lost.

WESSON AND BEAUREGARD.

WESSON, Miss., April 25.—A terrible cyclone passed over this place and the town of Beauregard, one mile above, about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The wind for the past three days has been blowing a gale, and lowering clouds indicated a storm. Its approach was known for some minutes by deep rumbling sounds, windows in dwellings shaking with violence and many people thinking it was an earthquake. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed with alarming force and vividness.

As soon as the storm had somewhat abated and the people bgan to look about, loud peals of church bells were rung out. People were seen running in all directions toward West Wesson. The rain meantime was pouring in torrents. Reaching Peach Orchard Street, an indescribable scene was witnessed. This street is lined with a large number of houses in which the operators of the Mississippi Mills are domiciled, and here the greatest destruction occurred. People were seen on all sides sobbing, and the groans of the wounded beneath the ruins were perfectly appalling. Dwellings were torn to atoms, and the pine forest just beyond was blown out of existence.

The work of removing the dead and extricating the wounded from the ruins quickly began. About this time Calvin Reed, living in the vicinity, died from excitement. Drs. Sexton, Rease and Butler were soon upon the scene, and did all in their power to relieve the suffering of the wounded. The latter were removed as soon as possible to houses which had escaped destruction, but several dead bodies lay out in the violent rain for more than an hour. The citizens did all in their power for the injured, and a special train from McComb City and Brookhaven arrived early in the evening, followed by considerable additional help from Magnolia and Summit.

There are conflicting statements as to the number of lives lost, some placing the figure at thirteen, and others at fifteen. Thus far it is impossible to give a more complete list than the following, though the victims are chiefly mill operatives:

KILLED.

Mrs. Causty, and her two children.

Several children of J. E. Gibson, one of whom was found crushed under a chimney.

Ten bodies mangled so as to be unrecognizable.

One little boy was found in the woods, several hundred yards away, unhurt. Two or three children are missing. One hundred and fifty or two hundred dwellings have been blown down, and the escapes from some of them were miraculous. The number of people with broken limbs is estimated by the physicians at seventy-five.

Beauregard, which is only a mile above here, lay in the direct path of the cyclone. The scene there is appalling, and the town is a mass of ruins with scarcely a house standing. Uptorn trees lay strewn on all sides. Two brick stores of Thompson & Co. and M. Daniels & Co., the largest in the place were swept away and the timbers were scattered for miles around. Even out in the country two miles and a half, dwellings were swept away. The railroad depot was carried away, and not a sign of it now remains. The following is a list of persons killed and injured:

KILLED.

Milton Story; Mrs. Benton; Capt. Lawkin, wife and child; J. O. Williams; Dr. Luther Jones and family, six in number; Miss George Mitchell; Rev. J. Greer, Crystal Springs; Mr. Keating, of Wesson; Miss Lulu Benton; John Ferrell; Mr. Sandefer and wife; Willie White; Three negroes, names unknown.

WOUNDED, SOME FATALLY.

John Ross and wife; Morgan Jaynes; Mrs. Westerfield; Isaac Bloom; M. Daniels and son; Mr. Turnbull, of Brook Haven; John Holloway and wife; John Wilcox; A. J. Ferguson and family, numbering ten; Dr. Pierce, wife and child; Henry Clay; Mr. Levison; Charles Eldridge; Charles Lane; E. T. Robertson; Ruth Hegden; Colat Hamilton; Mr. Moody and wife; Jennie Belton; J. F. White and wife; L. Dunn and wife; William Parker, wife and child; Mrs. Peets; Mrs. Ferguson.

E. A. Burke, manager of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, was advised of the cyclone at 4 o'clock Monday morning, while in New York. He at once instructed the employment of four physicians and the purchase of medical supplies to be sent by special relief train from New Orleans to Beauregard and Wesson; also that a call be made for assistance, the *Times-Democrat* heading the list with a contribution of $500. The suffering is very great, and assistance is needed. On the Natchez and Columbia Railroad the town of Tillman was destroyed, Mr. Baggett killed, and Calvin Phillips, Miss Covington and Miss Baggett slightly injured. On the Vicksburg and Meriden Railroad the town of Lawrence suffered terribly. The reports from other places and from the country show that the storm was widespread, and very destructive. Telegraph lines were blown down for miles.

TRACK OF THE STORM.

NEW ORLEANS, April 23. The *States'* Beauregard special says: The cyclone came from the northeast, and was wide enough in its scope to cover the entire town. From Beauregard it passed Southwesterly, skirting the rear part of Wesson, destroying nearly twenty houses. The cyclone lasted only about fifteen minutes, but that short time seemed ages to those who passed through the terrible ordeal. The roar of wind, the crash of houses, the peals of thunder, and the glare of lightning, mingled with screams of women and wailing children, curdled the blood and caused the stoutest hearts to stand still in wondering awe, and then, when the wind, rain and thunder had ceased their tumult and the lightning's glare had subsided, another and no less horrible sound greeted the ear.

The moans and groans of the dying and wounded mingled in sorrowful unison, and were borne upon the winds a solemn dirge from the dead. Strong hearts are bowed by grief, and sorrowing souls bewail the loss of those who but a few hours ago were enjoying health and strength. A pall of mourning encircles the entire town, and dark clouds of sorrow are lowered over almost every habitation. Wives husbandless, children motherless and fatherless, mothers and fathers childless, is a picture upon which the shadows of griefare, alas! but too plainly depicted. without even the semblance of any coloring of hope to relieve this picture of death and destruction.

ELSEWHERE IN MISSISSIPPI.

A terrific gale from the Northwest struck West Point, accompanied by torrents of rain, and the largest hail ever seen here. The Court House, Lawyers' Row, the Central Hotel, the Cotton Exchange office and Flanagan Hall were all unroofed and materially damaged. No lives were lost.

RED LICK'S EXPERIENCE.

The tornado passed about a mile east of here, causing some loss of life and great damage to property. The track of the storm was 200 yards wide. Everything in the track was swept away—dwellings, cabins, trees, fences and cattle. On Ross Place, a mile from here, the storm leveled quarters and fences, killing one colored child and injuring several persons. Only one house remains standing. On the Killingsworth plantation a great many cabins were blown down, and much damage done to crops and fences. In one cabin were five people, who say the walls and roofs of houses were lifted and carried away, leaving the people standing unhurt on the floor.

CLEARING AWAY THE WRECK OF THE CYCLONE.

NEW ORLEANS, April 24.—The latest reports received from sections of Mississippi visited by the cyclone on Sunday show that eighty-three persons were killed and about three hundred wounded, many seriously. The loss of property is unprecedented.

At Beauregard to-day all was bustle and confusion. Gangs of men were at work getting out goods from wrecked stores and scores of ox teams were hauling recovered property away. The homeless people had gotten together their remaining effects and were moving them in wagons and carts, and a construction train was engaged receiving the debris of the broken box cars. The relief committee was actively at work issuing rations and distributing clothing. In making the rounds among the wounded very sad scenes were witnessed, and the groans and moans were heartrending; but particularly touching was it to see little children, numbers of them scarcely more than babies, who did not understand at all, and with pain and mystification had got beyond their years and were heroic. Scarcely a murmur was heard from the little ones, and none complained. But one little girl of three years wanted its mamma to "tome and fix my arm"—a poor, battered and bruised little arm. No one could fix it but mamma, and mamma was in the next room, all unconscious of her baby, hurt unto death. There was a five-year-old boy whose face was bruised and battered, and whose head was gashed by an ugly wound. He was unconscious, but even with his brain clouded and not knowing where he felt pain, he moaned and rolled in bed. He and the little girl were the only babies heard to murmur or complain.

A special telegram from Jackson reports ten persons killed there. A special from West Point says that two cyclones passed over Clay county Sunday. Both were terrific, leveling houses, fences and trees, spreading death and destruction in their paths. Near Hohenlinden thirty persons were reported to have been killed, and at Pine Bluff seventeen fatalities were reported. A number of persons were killed in different parts of the county, but how many is not yet known. A deed was found in the country that had been carried fifty miles by the wind. The afflicted and distressed are being cared for by the more fortunate. No estimate of the loss of property can yet be made, but it is very great.

The cyclone passed through Monroe county, destroying lives and wounding many persons seriously, and carrying away everything in its path. A suburb of Aberdeen, containing twenty-five or thirty colored families was absolutely wiped out, three of the negroes being killed at once and two others have since died from their wounds, while twenty-five are under treatment, many of them in a precarious condtion. The county jail is converted into a hospital.

DESTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

The cyclone in Barnwell county, S. C., cut a path three-quarters of a mile wide through the Saltkehatchie swamp. The residences, negro cabins and outhouses were swept from numerous farms. Most of the owners lost all of their furniture. Thos. Creech was blown against a tree with great violence, but not killed. William Still had two children seriously hurt, one of them having its skull fractured.

Reports from Crawford, Georgia, show that considerable damage was caused by the storm. A number of houses were blown down and many were injured by lightning. There was great loss of property. There was a negro killed near there.

The family of Josephus Root, in Carroll county, were drowned in the Chattahoochie by the Sunday night freshet. The Savannah, Griffin and Northern Alabama Railway was damaged to the extent of $40,000. There was an unprecedented overflow in Carroll county, and much damage was done to the crops.

TORNADOES WHICH CAME UP AND DISAPPEARED RAPIDLY.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The officers of the Signal Bureau state that the report of the tornado having swept across Mississippi, Tennesse and Georgia is misleading. The tornadoes in these states had no connection with each other, and were different storms. They were small local tornadoes separated at different points, as the great storm advanced from the northwest by its meeting the warm current from the south. These local tornadoes are always liable to occur as the offshots of a main storm and are not, as have been represented, themselves storms moving over the country for any distance. They spend their strength and disappear, as in this case, in the immediate neighborhood where they originate. The Signal officers say that the great storm which has been sweeping across the country from the Pacific coast since the 19th inst. is over, and clear weather is indicated. It is thought that the winds will veer to the south, and that the temperature will rise rapidly and bring sunshiny days to the northwest. There is a faint suspicion however, of another storm upon the Pacific coast some distance to the south of the starting point of the late disturbance, but it is too soon yet to tell what it will develop. It may pass off on the ocean or into Mexico or may disappear altogether. Should it develop into another trans-continental storm it may delay the opening of spring in the Northern States another week.

Too Many Collections.

"How do you like Episcopalian service?" asked Jones.

"Never heard it," replied Fogg.

"I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. It was quite early, and so I began reading the service. I didn't read far, though, before I found it would never do for me. So I came out."

"Why, what was the trouble?"

"Too many collections."

"Too many collections?"

"Yes. On almost every page it said 'collect.' One collection is all I can afford to respond to. It must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalian."

Little collars with hem-stitched edges are very fashionable.

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, will you do me a favor," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he sat down on the soap box and put his wet boots on the stove.

"Well, y-e-s," said the grocery man, hesitating, with a feeling that he was liable to be sold. If you will help me to catch the villain who hangs up those disreputable signs in front of my store I will. What is it?"

"I want you to lick this stamp and put it on this letter. It is to my girl and I want to fool her," and the boy handed over the letter and the stamp, and while the grocery man was licking it on, the boy filled his pockets with dried peaches out of a box.

"There, that's a small job," said the grocery man, as he pressed the stamp on the letter with his thumb and handed it back, but how are you going to fool her?"

"That's just the business," said the boy, as he held the letter to his nose and smelled of the stamp. "That will make her tired. You see, every time she gets a letter from me she kisses the stamp, because she thinks I lick it. When she kisses the stamp and gets the fumes of plug tobacco and stale beer, and limburg cheese, and mouldy patatoes, it will knock her down, and then she will ask me what ailed the stamp, and I will tell her I got you to lick it, and then it will make her sick, and her parents will stop trading here. O, it will paralyze her. Do you know that you smell like an old glue factory? Gosh, I can smell you all over the store. Don't you smell anything that smells spoiled?"

The grocery man thought he did smell something that smelled rancid, and he looked around the stove and finally kicked the boy's boots off the stove and said. "It's your boots burning. Gracious, open the door! It smells like a hot box on a caboose. Whew! And there come a couple of my best lady customers." The ladies came in and held their noses, and while they were trading the boy said, as though continuing the conversation:

"Yes, pa says that the last olemargarine I got here is nothing but axel grease. Why don't you do up your axle graase in a different kind of a package? The only way you can tell axle grease from oleomargarine is in spreading it on pancakes, Pa says axle grease will spread, but your alleged butter rolls right up and acts like lip salve, or ointment, and is only fit to use on sores—"

At this point the ladies went out of the store in disgust, without buying anything, and the grocery man took a dry codfish by the tail and went up to the boy and took him by the neck. "Golblast you, I have a notion to kill you. You have driven away more custom from this store than your neck is worth. "Now you git," and he struck the boy across the back with the codfish.

"That's just the way with you all," says the boy, as he put his sleeve up to his eyes and pretended to cry, "when a fellow is up in the world there is nothing too good for him, but when he gets down you maul him with a codfish. Since pa drove me out of the house and told me to go and shirk for my living. I haven't had a kind word from anybody, My chum's dog won't even follow me, and when a fellow gets so low down that a dog goes back on him there is nothing left for him to do but loaf around a grocery or sit on a jury, and I am too young to sit on a jury, though I know more than some of the beasts that lay around the court and get on the jury. I am going to drown myself and my death will be laid to you. They will find evidence of codfish on my clothes, and you will be arrested for driving me to a suicide's grave. Good bye. I forgive you," and the boy started for the door.

"Hold on here," says the grocery man, feeling that he had been too harsh, "come back here and have some maple sugar. What did your pa drive you away from home for?"

"O, it was on account of St. Patrick's Day," said the boy, as he bit off half a pound of maple sugar and dried his tears. "You see pa never seen ma buy a silk handkerchief but what pa wants it, 'Tother day ma got one of these orange-colored handkerchiefs, and pa immediately had a sore throat and wanted to wear it, and ma let him put it on. I thought I'd break him of taking everything nice that ma got; so when he went down town with the orange handkerchief on his neck I told some of the St. Patrick boys in the ninth ward, who had the green ribbons on, that the duffer that was putting on style, was an Orange man and had said he could whip any St. Patrick day man in town. The fellers laid for pa, and when he come along one of them threw a barrel at pa, and another pulled the yellow handkerchief off his neck, and they all yelled "hang him," and one grabbed a rope that was on the sidewalk where they were moving a building, and pa got up and dusted. You'd a didé to see pa run. He met a policeman and said more'n a hundred men had tried to murder him, and they had mauled him and stole his yellow handkerchief. The policeman told pa his life was not safe, and he had better go home and lock himself in, and he did, and I was telling ma about how I got the boys to scare pa, and he heard it, and he told me that settled it. He said I had caused him to run more foot races than any champion pedestrian, and had made his life unbearable, and now I must go it alone. Now I want you to send a couple of pounds of crackers over to the house, and your boy to tell the hired girl that I have gone down to the river to drown myself. and she will tell ma, and ma will tell pa, and pretty soon you will see a bald-headed pussy man whooping it up toward the river with a rope. They may think at times that I am a little tough, but when it comes to parting forever, they will weaken."

"Well, the teacher at school says that you are a hopeless rebel," said the grocery man, as he changed the crackers to the boy's pail. "He says he has to learn you out to keep you from reducing the morals of the other scholars. How was that?"

"It was about speaking a piece. When I asked him what I should speak, he told me to learn some speech of some great man, some lawyer or statesman, so I learned one of Colonel Bob Ingersoll's speeches. Well you'd a dide to see the teacher and school committee, when I started on Bob Ingersoll's lecture, the one that was in the papers when Bob was here. You see I thought if a newspaper that all the pious folks take in their families could publish Ingersoll's speech, it wouldn't do any hurt for a little boy, who ain't knee high to a giraffe, to speak it in school, but they made me dry up. The teacher is a republikin, and when Ingersoll was speaking around here on politics, the teacher said Bob was the smartest man the country ever produced. I heard him say that in corcus, when he went bumming around the settin' 'em up nights, 'specting to be superintendent of schools. He said Bob Ingersoll just took the cake, and I think it was darn mean in him to go back on Bob and me too, just cause there was no 'location. The school committee made the teacher stop me, and they asked me if I didn't know any other piece to speak, and I told them I knew one of Beecher's and they let me go ahead, but it was one of Beecher's new ones when he said he didn't believe in any hell, and before I got warmed up they said that was enough of that, and I had to wind up on "Mary had a Little Lam." None of them didn't kick on Mary's Lam, and I went through it and they let me go home. That's about the safest thing a boy can speak in school now days, either "Mary had a Little Lam," or "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star." That's about the average intellect of the committee. But if a boy tries to branch out as a statesman, they choke him off.

Well, I'm going down to the river. and I will leave my coat and hat by the wood yard, and get behind the wood, and you steer pa down there and you mill see some tall weeping ove them clothes, and maybe pa will jump in after me, and then I will come out from behind the wood and throw in a board for him to swim ashore on, Good-bye. Give my pocket-comb to my chum," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery as follows; "Pop corn that the cat has slept on, cheap for pop corn balls for sociables."—*Peck's Sun.*

Reading Funny Articles.

Did you ever notice a woman read a humorous article in a newspaper? No. Well, she invariably has some crocheting or fancy work with her, and she will pick up a paper, lay it out flat on a table and start in, holding her work in her hand all the time. She reads a short ways in the article and becomes interested; she drops her sewing languidly into her lap and bends over the paper intently; as she reaches a funny sentence she draws her chair closer to the table and places her left hand under the paper. Then she continues, and as it becomes more interesting her right hand slowly slips under the other side, she reads and her eyes becomes rivited on the article, her whole mind is centered on it and she thinks of nothing else. Then, as it becomes more and more ludicrous, a twich about the eyes is noticed, and then a smile, and when it becomes excruciatingly humorous she laughs aloud, buries her face in the paper and convulses herself as if she had never laughed before. After this spasm is exhausted she again assumes a sober mein and proceeds with the reading; again the twitching smile and roars, and so on to the end, when she suddenly exclaims:

"Isn't it just splendid?"

How different with a man; he sits down, cigar in mouth, grabs a paper in both hands, tilts back his chair, throws his feet on the table and launches right in as if nothing in the world demanded attention save this article. The silence of the room is broken by a gruff ha, ha, and you look at him and think he would shake himself apart. Without interruption of any kind he finishes the article and lays down the paper with a smile and says: "It's the best thing I ever read."

A Provoking Parrot.

In one of the prettiest streets in West Philadelphia is a pretty girl who is the owner of a bright and talkative poll parrot. A few mornings since the lady stood at the window drinking in the pure, crisp air. Polly's cage stood in the same embrasure, but the lace curtain made it scarcely distinguishable from the outside. On the opposite side of the street sauntered two young bloods, enjoying their after-breakfast cigarettes. Admiring glances were cast toward that window and that pretty girl, when suddenly they were startled by a clear "Good morning, gentlemen!" They had not seen the rosy lips move, but of course it was the "divinity" who had spoken; no one else was about. The youths saw the opening to a delightful flirtation and were just considering the next move, when the voice again spoke; this time, "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, gentlemen?" fell upon their ears. Wouldn't they, though, and hasty strides were being made toward the charming face and winning voice, when the lady drew aside the curtain disclosing mischievous Polly in her gorgeous cage, who continued to call after the disappointed youths after they disappeared down the street, "Won't you kiss me? do; ha-ha-ha!"

Hop Bitters Co., Toronto.
I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me. I am well and able to work, and eat and sleep well. I cannot say too much for Hop Bitters.—Simon Robbins.

In spite of the electric boom, gas continues to be no light matter when the bill comes in.

Nothing is sillier than a silly laugh.

The Great Cattle Ranches of Texas.

The Northwest Teas Cattle Raisers' Association has been in session for three days at Fort Worth. The organization has a membership of 233, who own from 1000 to 60,000 cattle and represent a grand total of 1,400,000 cattle. There are several who can boast of the ownership of from 40,000 to 60,000 head, and fourteen who lay claim to over 20,000. Among the first the North to embark in the ranching business in Texas were the Harrold Brothers, who went from Bloomington, Ill., in the fall of 1875. The aggregate of their possession amounted to $43,000. This sum they invested in Greer and Tom Green counties, starting out with 4,300 cattle. To-day they are the the owners of 50