The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXI. NO. 50. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. MAY 23, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1663.

The Somerset Herald

Terms of Publication.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BEISECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

P. Y. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset P a.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, P

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

ED B. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

M. J PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business intrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, P will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Somerset, Pa., Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa., Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

ISAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. apr1882

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block next door to Boyd's drug store. apr5

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M. D. JOHNSTOWN, PE'A. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Luther & Green Block, 295 Main St.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

LARUE M. HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Somerset, Penn'a.

JAMES 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.

ED. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON 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, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of the Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture 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.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond Stoystown, Pa

MEN WANTED To canvass for the sale of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses, etc. No experience required. Good salary and all expenses paid. Address, J. H. Bowden & Co., Rochester, N. Y. mr14

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above Henry Heffley's Store.) LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET, PA.

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

HAY BROS.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware Manuf'y,

No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Pa.

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER

RANGES, STOVES and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS IN GENERAL

At Prices Less than any other House in Western Pennsylvania.

Special attention paid to Jobbing in Tin, Galvanized Iron and Sheet-Iron, Sugar Pans, Steam Pipe, Hot-Air Pipe, Roofing, Spouting, Stacks of Engines, and all work pertaining to Cellar Furnaces. Estimates given and work done by first-class Mechanics only. Sole Agent for Noble Cook, Johnstown Cook, Spears' Anti-Dust Cook, Excelsior Penn. In House-Furnishing Goods we offer Coal Vases, Toilet Sets, Bread Closets, Cake Boxes, Chamber-Pails, Knives and Forks (common and plated), German Silver Spoons, Britannia Spoons, Tea Trays, Lined, Iron and Enameled Wares, Brass and Copper Kettles, Meat Broilers, Oyster Broilers, Egg Beaters, six different kinds, Bread Toasters, Plated Britannia and Wire Castors, Iron Stands, Fire Irons, and everything of Ware needed in the Cooking Department. An experience of thirty-three years in business here enables us to meet the wants of this community in our line, with a good article at a low price. All goods sold WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED or the money refunded. Call and see the Wares; get prices before purchasing; no trouble to show goods. Persons commencing House-Keeping will save 25 per cent. by buying their outfit from us. Merchants selling goods in our line should send for Wholesale Price List, or call and get quotations of our Wares. As we have no apprentices all our work is Warranted to be of the best quality at lowest price. To save money call on or send to

HAY BROS., No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.

HERE IS THE PLACE!

J. M. HOLDERBAUM AND SONS

NO. 4 BAER'S BLOCK,

A Complete Assortment of GENGRAL MERCHANDISE consisting of

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS!

A Large Assortment of

DRESS GOODS AND NOTION!

MENS', BOY'S & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

HATS ,BOOTS AND SHOES!

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS!

Queensware, Hardware, Glassware,

GROCERIES.

All Kinds of Window Blinds and Fixtures, Wall Papers, Umbrellas, Satchels and Trunks, Churns, Butter Bowls, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, Toledo Pumps, Farm Bells, Corn Planters and Plows, Cultivators, and WAGONS!

THE ROLAND CHILLED PLOW,

The CHAMPION MOWER & REAPER,

The CHAMPION GRAIN SEED DRILL,

With Detachable Fertilizer.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SONS',

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

COOLEY CREAMERS.

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 CHURNS, EUREKA BUTTER WORKERS & PRINTERS, and full line of butter factory supplies. Send postal for circulars and testimonials. VT. FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business, I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c.,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar8

TUTT'S PILLS

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Hair and Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

CHARLES. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS. Cashier.

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed. dec7

PATENTS

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts attended to for MODERATE FEES.

We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in PATENT BUSINESS EXCLUSIVELY, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own State or county, address—

C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD,

SUCCESSORS TO

EATON & BROS,

NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

—IN—

Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c, &c.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. mar8

FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER OR PANACEA

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, Sal Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Pain in the Breast, 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, Small-pox, 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 Bro. & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS WAYNESBORO, PA. mar29

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. dec20-1y

AN ALGERIAN LION STORY.

How I came to be sitting, in very good company, one glorious September evening, in the little moonlighted garden of the hotel at Algiers is neither here nor there.

My companions about the round table, which was garnished with slim bottles, glasses and piles of cigarettes, were all Frenchmen—three old Algerian colonists, the fourth, an ex-Lieutenant of the navy, who had exchanged a life on the ocean wave for that of a hunter in three-quarters of the globe.

Before dinner I had picked up in the *salon* Du Bhaillu's gorrilla-book, which I had never seen before, and saying something about this turned the conversation in the garden upon wild beasts and the hunting of them.

Some wonderful stories were told, especially by the ex-sailor, though not a bit more wonderful than many one hears from old Indian sportsmen.

For the matter of that the most extraordinary sporting story I ever heard was told by—of all men in the world—a hare hunter, who capped therewith a snake and elephant narrative, quite unique of its kind.

Presently a short silence, caused by the uncorking and tasting of a new bottle of Hermitage, was broken by the eldest of the party, who had not said much before. He was a good looking man of fifty, with a beard grayer than his head, and a merry twinkle in his eye. What he said I shall repeat, for the sake of clearness, in the first person, just as he told the story himself:

"The adventure of which I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened to me a good many years ago. It was my first serious interview with a lion. Like most serious things it had a comic side, too.

"I was a young man, then, and had been some half dozen years in Constantine, farming in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I made on board ship coming out from Marseilles.

"Our business was corn and cattle raising, and we did very well together until my partner died of fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my ground into this province, Algiers, push toward the frontier, and get a grant of government land and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition.

"I say I, but I should say we, for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

"First, there was your humble servant; secondly, there was my horse Marengo, and a better never looked through a bridle. He was bred between a Barb sire and an English mare belonging to the Col. of Chasseurs, of whom I bought him in town when his regiment was going home. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of his body was all bone and muscle. His temper was as good as his courage was high; me, he would follow about like a dog, but he had one failing, and that was an insuperable objection to the close proximity of anything, except one thing, that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipeds were all very well, but multiply the legs by two, and he let fly immediately, and never missed his aim.

"Such was Marengo.

"Thirdly, there was Cognac, the faithfulest, the most honest, the oddest, and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was more like a terrier than anything else, with a short, yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears, and a very short tail. The shrillness of his bark pierced yopr ears like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if let alone—baffles description. During the 14 years I had him he seldom left me day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and when tired get up and sit in my wallet. The great pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite them in their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity he and Marengo were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

"Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground I thought I had decided on a location and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas eastward into Constantine.

"It was about eight o'clock one morning, when I had been some two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road ran, on to a sandy plain dotted with bushes and scrubs.

"I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck when suddenly he gave a tremendous shy that pitched me clear off.

"The next minute, with a horrible roar, a lion sprang right at his head.

"I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but as Marengo wheeled short round like lightning on his hind legs the streaming reins caught the brute's fore paw and, as it were, tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, but the throat latch broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away among a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse that he paid no attention to me lying defenseless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up for lost—for his chances against the lithe brute among the trees seemed hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across. In the centre of this Marengo took his stand with his tail toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulder, watching him.

"He stood quite still, except for the slight shifting of his hind feet and lifting of his quarters, which I knew meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so, too, for he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his game, and pivoting on his fore legs still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon with a roar the lion made his spring; but Marengo lashed out both heels together, with such excellent judgement of time and distance that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all of a heap to the ground, where he lay motionless. Then with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels away he galloped through the grove out on to the plain and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead, or at any rate quite hors de combat, and was just running to pick up the bridle and follow Marengo, when he sat up on his haunches. This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and mouth wide open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eyes and changed expression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The outermost tree was large and low branched. To it I ran and up it I scrambled, and had just perched in a fork about fifteen feet above terra firma, as the lion arrived at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red hot coals for eyes, his long, nervous tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body tured to wire, and his great paws protruded, he chattered at me as a cat chatters at a bird out of reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering he stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, smelled it patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket pistol, double barreled, and what in those days we called a breech loader, that is the barrels unscrewed to load, and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball—but for a lion besides, the beast was too far off.

"Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Cognac?

"I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him it would, I knew, be soon all over with the poor little fellow.

"All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful and familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking Cognac's voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the deuce was he?

"The lion appeared utterly astonished, and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when from some hole among the roots of the tree there popped a small yellow head with long ears.

"'Down, down, Cognac!' I cried in my agony; 'go back, sir!'

"A cry of delight, cut short by a piteous whine, was his reply as he spied me, and then, dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked defiantly,

"With a low growl and ruffling mane, the beast charged at the little dog.

"Back went Cognac into his cave as quick as a rabbit and stormed at him from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for Cognac.

"But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was plain he was well around a corner or that the hole was deep enough for his safety.

"All the same, to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that was more than I could stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his blood shot eye. He shook his head and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded back.

"Cognac immediately shot forth his head, and insulted him with jerking barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again, and after a bit he lay down further off and pretended to go to sleep. Cognac barked at him till he was tired, and then retired into his castle.

"Reloading, I found that I had only three bullets left, and concluded to reserve them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile the time I smoked a pipe or two, sang a song, and cut my name, Cognac's and Marengo's on the tree, leaving a space for the lion's, which I determined should be Wellington.

"I wished he would go away.

"Having some milk in my bottle I took a drink, and should liked to have given some to Cognac.

"The lion began to pant, with his red thorny tongue hanging a foot out of his mouth. He was as mangy and disreputable looking brute as ever I saw.

"By and by he got up and snuffed the air all around him, and then, without as much as looking at me, walked off and went deliberately down the road.

"Slipping to the ground I caught up Cognac, who had crept out directly, and, after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. That light green foliage—willows, water! Had the cunning brute sniffed it out?

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a branch. The lion disappeared around the bushes. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave Cognac a drink of milk and a few bits of bread, for which he was very grateful. Of course, it was no use to begin a race against a lion with only two hundred yards' start in any number of miles. The tree was better than that.

"All the same, he was gone a long time, perhaps he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head around the corner again, making straight for us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed Cognac and threw a little more cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch, Cognac retired growling into his fortress, and the beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before.

"He looked quite cool and comfortable and had evidently had a good drink.

"Another hour, and he was still there.

"While I was wondering how long he really meant to stay, and if I was destined to spend all night on a bough like a monkey, and on very short commons, he got up, and walking quietly to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound, sprang up at me with all his might.

"He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance.

"His coup having failed, he lay down right under the branch I was on, couching his head on his paws as if to hide his mortification.

"Suddenly the thought came into my mind: Why not make a devil and place it on his back? I dismissed it as ridiculous, but it came again. As we have all, including our English friend here, been boys, you know what I mean—not a fallen angel, but the gun powder devil.

"Good! Well, it seemed feasible—I would try it.

"I had plenty of powder in my flask, so pouring some into my hand, I moistened it well with spittle and kneaded away until it came out a tiny Vesuvius of black paste.

Then I formed the little crater, which I filled with a few grains of dry powder, and set it carefully on the branch.

"My hands shook with excitement; I could hardly hold the flint and steel, but I struck and struck—the tinder ignited—now Vesuvius!

"Whiff! whizz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plumb on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not know what had happened; then with an angry growl up he jumped and tore savagely at the big fiery flea on the back of his neck, which sent a shower of sparks into his mouth and nose.

"Again and again he tried, and then raved wildly about, using the most horrible leonine language, and no wonder, for the devil had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a hundred hornets. His back hair and mane burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror.

"Then he went stark staring mad, clapped his tail between his legs, laid back his ears, and rushed out of the grove at twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the ravine.

"Almost as mad as the lion, with joy, and feeling sure that he was gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as hard as I could, with Cognac barking at my heels. By and by I had to pull up, for the sun was still very hot, but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for Marengo, who would not, I knew, go very far from his master. Presently I spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and whinnying with delight, he trotted up and laid his head on my shoulder.

"In my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end around his nose, and, catching up Cognac, mounted and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

"There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, and by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our suppers goes without saying. And that, gentlemen, is my story."

We agreed it was wonderful.—*All the Year Round.*

What Surgery Can Do.

The London *Lancet*, in publishing its record of the progress of medicine in its many departments during the last year, gave some of the more prominent points connected with surgery. Some of the operations seem almost miraculous, and were regarded as impossible previous to experiment. No region of the body is now considered beyond the scope of surgery. Its most marked triumphs relate to the internal organs and cavities.

What has rendered the operations comparatively safe is the use of antiseptics—fluids that prevent putrefaction in the wounds. Hitherto carbolic acid has been the chief agent used. But this proved more or less dangerous—sometimes fatally so—in other directions. A much safer and equally effective substitute has been found in what is called eucalyptol, which is obtained from the eucalyptus tree.

Abscesses of the liver have been freely and successfully cut into and drained. Large parts of the stomach have been cut out, including even the pylorus, which is the more highly organized part of the stomach that shuts in the food until digestion is carried to a certain extent and then opens and pours it into the intestines.

Entrances have been made thro' the walls of the stomach for the regular introduction of food in cases where the gullet has been closed by disease.

Two pieces embracing the entire circumference, the one about three inches in length, the other five, have been cut from the large intestine—the colon. In all cases the divided parts are brought together and sewed, the stitches becoming soon absorbed after the healing is complete.

Considerable progress has been made toward ascertaining the exact spot where the brain and nervous system may be affected, thus facilitating the reaching of disease.

It has been found that bone can be successfully transplanted and aid in the formation of new bone, and more wonderful still, that sponges can be grafted into a large wound, and be a porous support for the granulations—the new flesh particles—while they are filling the cavities. The sponge is believed to be gradually absorbed.

THE BAD BOY.

"I guess your pa's losses in the silver mine has made him crazy, hain't they?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he come in the store with his eye winkers singed off, and powder marks on his face, and began to play on the harmonica, as he sat down on the end of a stick of stove wood, and balanced himself.

"Oh, I guess not. He has hedged. He got in with a deacon of another church, and sold some of his stock to him, and pa says if I will keep my mouth shut he will unload the whole of it, if the churches hold out.

"But what was he skipping up stairs for the other night with his hat off, grabbing at his coat tails as though they were on fire? I thought I never saw a pussy man run any faster. And what was the celebration down on your street about that time? I thought the world was coming to an end,' and the grocery man kept away from the boy, for fear he would explode.

"O, that was only a Fenian scare. Nothin' serious. You see pa is a sort of half Englishman. He claims to be an American citizen, when he wants office, but when they talk about a draft he claims to be a subject of Great Britain, he says they can't touch him. Pa is a smart man, and don't you forget it. There don't any get ahead of pa, much. Well, pa has said a good deal about the wicked Fenians, and that they ought to be pulled, and all that, and when I read the story in the papers about the explosion in the British Parliament pa was hot. He said the Irish was running the whole world. He didn't dare say it at the table, our hired girl would have knocked him silly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, 'cause she is an irish girl, and she can lick any Englishman in this town. Pa said there ought to have been somebody there to have taken that bomb up and throwed it in the sewer before it exploded. He said if he ever should see a bomb he would grab it right up and throw it away where it wouldn't hurt anybody. Pa has me read the papers to him nights, cause his eyes have got splinters in 'em, and after I had read all there was in the paper I made up a lot more and pretended to read it, about how it was rumored that the Fenians here in Milwaukee were going to place dynamite bombs at every house where an Englishman lived, and at a given signal blow them all up. Pa looked pale around the gills, but he said he wasn't scared. Pa and ma were going to call on a deacon that night, that has lots of money in the bank, to see if he didn't want to invest in a dead sure paying silver mine, and me and my chum concluded to give them a send off. We got my big black injy rubber foot-ball, and painted "Dinymight" in big white letters on it, and tied a piece of tarred rope to it for a fuse, and got a big fire cracker, one of these old fourth of July horse scarers, and a basket full of broken glass. We put the foot-ball in front of the step, and lit the tarred rope, and got under the step with the fire crackers and basket, where they go down into the basement. Pa and ma come out the front door, and down the steps, and pa saw the foot-ball, and burning fuse, and he said "Great God, Hanner, we are blowed up," and he started to run; and ma she stopped to look at it. Just as pa started to run I touched off the fire cracker, and my chum arranged it to pour out the broken glass on the brick pavement just as the firecracker went off. Well everything went just as we expected, except ma. She had examined the foot-ball, and concluded it was not dangerous, and was just giving it a kick as the firecracker went off and the glass fell, and the firecracker was so near her that it scared her, and when pa looked around ma was flying across the sidewalk, and pa heard the noise and he thought the house was blown to atoms. O, you'd a died to see him go around the corner, You could play crokay on his coat-tail, and his face was as pale as ma's when she goes to a party. But ma didn't scare much. As quick as she stopped against the hitching post she knew it was us boys, and she came down there, and maybe she didn't maul me. I cried and tried to gain her sympathy by telling her the firecracker went off before it was due, and burned my eyebrows off, but she didn't let up untill I promised to go and find pa. I tell you, my mam ought to be engaged by the British government to hunt out the dynamite fiends. She would corral them in two minutes. If pa had as much sand as ma has got, it would be warm weather for me. Well, me and my chum went and headed pa off or I guess he would be running yet. We got him up by the lake shore, and he wanted to know if the house fell down. He said he would leave it to me if he ever said anything against the Fenians, and I told him he had always claimed that the Fenians were the nicest men in the world, and it seemed to relieve him very much. When he got home and found the house there he was tickled, and when ma called him an old bald headed cowyard, and said it was only a joke of the boys with a foot-ball, he laughed right out, and said he knew it all the time, and he ran to see if ma would be scared. And then he wanted to hug me, but it wasn't my night to hug and I went down to the theater. Pa don't amount to much when there is trouble. The time ma had them cramps, you remember, when you got your cucumbers first last seson, pa came near fainting away, and ma said ever since they had been married when anything ailed her, pa has had pains just the same as she has, only he grunted more and thought he was going to die. Gosh, if I was a man I wouldn't be sick every time one of the neighbors had a back ache, would you?"

LUDINGTON, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.—H. T. Alexander.

The Boy Who Drinks.

A mother residing in a small city at the north writes to know if the *Sun* can't say something that will induce her daughter to quit keeping company with a young man who gets drunk every time he takes the girl to a party. If a mother cannot say anything that will induce the daughter to give up an escort who insults her, a poor weak newspaper cannot do any good.

The girl has got the fever too bad, if she will not break off an engagement with such a young man. The girl should look about her, and make inquiries, and see if she can find a case in the experience of her friends where such a man ever made a decent husband. She will never find such a case. A young man may sow wild oats and get it up his nose, and be as full as a tick at times, and reform, and become a square, useful citizen, and a good husband, but he will never get on a spree in the presence of the girl he loves.

The mere fact of a young man taking a girl to a party or a sleigh ride, and getting drunk and humiliating her, and causing her to depend on others for escort home is one evidence that he has no respect for her, and she should break off her engagement and cut him entirely.

If she puts up with such insults now, before she is married, when she is his wife he will be liable to leave her to look out for herself, and he will get drunk from habit. Twenty years ago there were hundreds of young fellows in this State who thought it was smart to take respectable girls to dances and get drunk, and let the girls ride home with somebody that kept sober. The girls would be vexed at the time, but as the boys were rich, and went in good society, the girls got to looking on the sprees as good jokes, and they would laugh about it. We know some of those girls to-day who are earning a living for children by hard work, while the smart fellows who got drunk have filled drunkard's graves, or have left their wives and are wanderers on the face of the earth. If a young man loves a girl as he should to marry her, a look of disapprobation from her at any act of his, will be enough to break him of any habit that he has that she does not like. If the words "Please don't drink, Charley," from the lips of Charley's girl is not enough to spoil his appetite for benzine, "Farewell, Charley, forever," should be the last remark she should ever make to him.

Marrying men to reform them has never been a successful enterprise on the part of women. Girls are worth too much unmarried to sacrifice their lives to beat sense into the head of any man on God's footstool. Too many girls take the chances of marrying a young man who has an uncontrollable appetite for liquor thinking that the surroundings of home will wean him. Such a man does not wean as easily as a calf. He will go home only to sober up, and then only when the other places are closed. Five years of such a married life will make a middle-aged woman of the sweetest dispositioned girl that a mother was ever proud of. A girl will marry such a man hoping that next year he will be better; but next year he will be worse.

The nose will begin to get red, the eyes bleared, the clothes carelessly worn, and the wife who would have been such a happy wife and mother, with a husband that had sense, becomes ashamed to look at herself in the glass, and had almost rather have a fit of sickness than to be visited by any of her friends, for fear her husband may give them away. Whisky may be all right in its place, and we hope it is, but the place for it is not in the stomach of a young man who contemplates matrimony, and the girl who takes such a man for life, for fear the young men will be all gone, makes a fool of herself, and she will regret it as long as she lives. There are sure to be sober boys enough for all the girls, and there is no need of marrying a drunkard, and the girl who does so against the advice of her mother, will deserve all the unhappiness she marries.—*Peck's Sun.*

Just Like 'Em.

Two ladies, who were bound somewhere in company, yesterday entered a Woodward avenue car together, and no sooner were they seated than both made a dive for their purses.

"Oh, let me pay!" pleaded one.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it!"

"Oh, do now; I have just the change."

"Oh, but I have tickets."

"Yes, but you paid the other time."

"But you can pay some other time. Here,—!"

She was hurriedly searching through her portemonnaie, but didn't seem to find anything.

"I told you I had—!"

And the second one began a search in a wild manner, emptying out pins, needles and buttons, but found no money.

"Why! I do declare!" gasped the first.

"Strangest thing I ever saw!" added the second.

"I'll pay for both," observed a man on the seat opposite, and he marched up, fumbled through his pockets and held out a battered quarter to the driver. The latter would not take it, and the man marched out and slid off the platform in the most solemn manner, and at the next crossing the ladies said they had taken the wrong car, rang the bell and got off.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—ague, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

Laura Bender, a young girl of North Pine Grove, has become crazy from the effects of having her fortune told. The fortune-teller predicted that she would shortly commit su[illegible]

Miscellaneous Items.

Gov. Pattison has been invited to deliver the address at Allentown on Decoration Day.

The immigrants into Canada for four months of the present year numbered 22,255.

Nine culprits were whipped at the post in Wilmington, Del., Saturday, for various offenses.

There were fourteen deaths from yellow fever in Havanna during the week ended Saturday last.

On the 16th inst., M. G. Beeson, member of the Indiana Legislature, cut his throat at Richmond with a pocket knife.

Philadelphia has about one hundred millionaires within its limits. Anthony Drexel heads the list, with $13,000,000.

The commissioners of Adams county have offered rewards for the capture of persons that start fires in the mountains.

Col. A. K. Dunkle, the retiring Secretary of Internal Affairs, proposes to locate in Mexico and engage in railroad enterprises there.

The increased acreage of wheat in North Dakota and the Red River Valley is estimated at 25 per cent. The weather has been very favorable.

The gentlemen's spring style hat for general wear will continue to be a black, blue or brown Derby of medium height, with wider brim and binding.

Rev. Charles Steck, a former Johnstown minister, has left the pulpit for the stage, and on Saturday inaugurated his dramatic career in Indiana in "Hamlet.

All the saloons in Wilkesbarre, 250 in number, were closed on Sunday, owing to the efforts of the "Law and Order Association." The cigar stores were also closed.

The wheat crop authorities of San Francisco now state that the harvest will be the greatest California ever had. The present indications are it will possibly make it the banner State.

A jury in Armstrong county has returned a verdict for E. S. Golden against the estate of J. E. Brown, a millionaire of Kittanning, for $30,000. His claim was for services rendered.

Thomas Walsh, of Chicago, who whipped his wife to death with a leather strap, and pleaded guilty, was sentenced by Judge Barnun on Tuesday to thirty-five years in the penitentiary.

Congressman Kelly, from whose mouth a tumor was removed several days ago is doing as well as could be expected, and his physician states that he will be able to leave his bed in a few days.

There was a terrific hail storm on Monday evening at Terrell, Texas. There were no casualties, except the killing of a few stock. A stone found two hours after the storm weighed half a pound.

The shoemaker's lockout at Cincincinati is enforced against all members of the Trades' Union. So far no disturbance is reported. Between 3,000 and 4,000 employes are deprived of work.

Miss Bragg, a niece of General Bragg, residing a Bonham, Texas, one day last week saturated her clothing with coal oil, then applied a match and was fatally burned. Cause, protracted ill health.

In a quarrel last week on a train of the Cincinnati Northern road, bringing a picnic home, a general shooting and cutting affray occurred, about twelve miles from Cincinnati. Five men were seriously wounded.

A new counterfeit five dollar gold coin has made its appearance. It purports to be a coin of the United States struck at New Orleans in 1843. It is heavily plated, and is forty-nine and one-half grains light.

It is charged by the Clearfield *Citizen* that the Colony that started for Montana under the leadership of two men from Centre county, a few weeks ago, has been swindled in the purchase of sterile farming lands. Many of the Colonists have returned home.

William Connors, aged 26, who shot and killed two men and cut two others during a drunken quarrel at Glenmary, Tenn., yesterday, was lynched last night. After he was hanged his body was riddled with bullets by the coal miners.

A dispatch says that the President has accepted another fifty mile section of the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana. This section which was recently completed extends from the five hundred and fiftieth to the six hundreth mile of the road west of the Missouri river.

Advices from just received from the Cariso mining district, Western Texas, say immense deposits of chloride and horn silver have been discovered in the section of country lying between the Pecos river and Rio Grande. Surface croppings of horn silver are said to be the richest on the continent.

The highest county seat in Pennsylvania is Somerset, it being 2,106 feet above the level of the sea. Philadelphia is nearest the sea level, it it being only 32 feet above, while Norristown, Montgomery county, is only 75; Sunbury is 144; Williamsport, 525; Lock Haven, 556; Bellefonte, 744, and Clearfield, 1,086.

General Grant arrived last Monday morning with the remains of his mother, accompanied by Mrs. M. J. Cramer, his sister and James F. Casey, brother-in-law. The burial took place in Spring Grove Cemetery without ceremony. Gen. Grant and sister go to the old home in Clermont county this evening, and will return to New York tomorrow.

A telegram from Virginia City says the divorce suit of Theresa Fair vs. Senator Fair came up in the District Court yesterday morning. At 12 o'clock the court met, but all reporters were excluded. It was soon known that the decree of divorce had been granted as prayed for, and that the plaintiff had been allowed $4,250,000 in money and United States bonds, the family residence in San Francisco, and also the custody of the three minor children, Virginia, Theresa Alice, and Charley. The custody of the eldest boy, James Fair, was awarded to the defendant. Senator Fair arrived yesterday morning from San Francisco on business connected with the sale of the Brunswick Mill and the pending transfer of the Yellow Jacket Mine to the Sharon party. The transfer of the entire business will take place about the end of the [illegible]