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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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RED. W. BEISECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ffice, up-stairs in Cook & Beeritz' Block. Somerset, Pa.

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

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

EORGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset Pa.

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

. C. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

D R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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ISAAC HUGUS,
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Somerset, Penn'a.
apr5 1882

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apr5

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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. W. M. 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.

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NEW GOODS!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of LAVANSVILLE and the surrounding country that he has opened an entire new stock of goods in Countryman's rooms, such as are usually kept in a country store, consisting in part of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS for Gents', Ladies and Children: HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, DRUGS, OILS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, WOODENWARE, SALT, FISH, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, &c., &c.,
to which will be added new goods weekly, all of which will be sold as low as the lowest for cash.

COUNTRY PRODUCE
taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.

We have an experience in the business of fifteen years, and by strict attention to the wants of the community and fair dealing, we expect to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Come see our goods, learn our prices, and be convinced.
May30-3m. D. W. C. DUMBAULD.

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Always in stock at the Book Store a well selected assortment of Bibles, Testaments, Gospel Hymns, Christians' Hymn Books and Hymnals, Lutheran Hymn Books, Dictionaries, Albums, Pens, Inks, Papers, Envelopes, Magazines, Novels, Reviews, Blank Books, Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and all kinds of Legal Blanks.
BOOKS OF POETRY,
Books of Travel and Adventure, History, Biography, and Educational Works, Toy Books for children, in fact every thing usually found in a well regulated book store. Headquarters for school teachers and school books and school supplies.
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Of About 100 Acres,
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Yours, &c.,
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SUCCESSORS TO
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SPRING, 1882.
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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,
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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 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

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Good reliable men to act as agents for our
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NEW SPECIALTIES.
together with a full line of nursery stock. No peddling. Previous experience not essential. Live, active men earn good wages. Salary and expenses paid. For terms, address, giving full name, age, previous occupation, and reference, HOOPES BRO. & THOMAS, Cherry Hill Nurseries, West Chester, Pa. may9.

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PURE RYE. COPPER DISTILLED
WHISKY.
This distillery is located at SAND PATCH, on the Summit of the Allegheny Mountains and use water from cold mountain springs.
THIS WHISKEY MADE BY THE DOUBLE COPPER-DISTILLED PROCESS AND GUARANTEED PERFECTLY PURE AND FULL PROOF.
ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.
We have on hand thirty barrels of old Whiskey, which will be retailed at $2.00 per gallon. For information in regard to large quantities, address
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Sand Patch, Pa.
June 5tf.

FARMERS who are interested in Growing Crops
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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE
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E. RIVAL, a Planter at Bayou Sara, La., says: My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of bilious diseases and chills. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. The result was marvelous; my laborers soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

They relieve the engorged Liver, cleanse the Blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act naturally; without which no one can feel well.
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 OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.
(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER
OR
PANACEA

As 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 Kings 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 seen 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 Bros. & Co.,
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THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

There was never a golden sunbeam
That fell on a desolate place,
But felt some trace of its presence
That time could never efface.
Not a song of ineffable sweetness
That ravished the listening ear
Then slumbered in silence forgotten
For many and many a year.

But a word or a tone might awaken
Its magical power anew,
Long after the sweet-voiced singer
Had faded from earthly view.
Nor a heart that was ever weary,
Or tainted with sin and despair,
But a word of tender compassion
Might find an abiding there.

Yet countless thousands are yearning
For sympathy, kindness and love,
And souls are groping in darkness
Without one gleam from above.
There was never a sunbeam wasted,
Nor a song that was sung in vain.
And souls that seem lost in the shadows
A Savior's love may reclaim.

Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness,
Though your deeds may never be known.
The harvest will ripen in glory
If the seed be faithfully sown;
And life will close with a blessing,
And fade into endless day,
Lake the golden hues of the sunbeam
That fade in the twilight gray.

THE WIDOW'S TEST.

'Sybella, you are going to do what a widow generally does when she marries a second time. You are going to make a fool of yourself. Arthur Austin doesn't love you, its your money he wants!'

Thus spoke aunt Margaret, prim and grim, behind her inevitable knitting needles. Her niece, Sybella Ruthven, a young widow, looked at her indignantly.

'Why, auntie!' she said, 'how very naughty of you. And have I no charms that a lover should not be possible to me?'

'But can't you compare this man yourself with poor, dear Reginald, who would do anything to make you happy? I'd rather live on the memory of such love than take a pretence of love like this. Why, your Arthur Austin is too selfish to love anyone but himself, and though, of course, first love stands apart and you can't have Reginald back again, only be sensible for a moment and contrast Mr. Austin with the men you have refused—that fair haired artist, that merry, good hearted German, with a red mouth just made for kissing, and old Mr. Bell, who, if he was seventy, worshiped the very ground you trod upon. I tell you there's neither sentiment nor passion in Arthur Austin. He is an extravagant fellow, and he is lazy, too. He happened to have the kind of looks you like, and so you've been silly enough to turn your back upon good men and held out your arms to him.'

'Oh, auntie! any one would think I did the courting!' said the little widow. 'Hold out my arms, indeed!'

'It's all the same thing,' replied the elder lady. 'You dropped into his arms like a ripe cherry when he held them out, and it's dreadful to me to see you expecting so much, when you'll get so little. A gay honeymoon, perhaps. After that, neglect, the pangs of jealousy, with good reason, too, no doubt, and bitter, life long regret.'

'Auntie, dear, I love him,' said Sybella. 'I used to say no woman could love twice, but this second affection is very strong, and as sweet as if I were sixteen again. I trust dear Arthur thoroughly. If I had not a penny in the world I should be even dearer to him. He often said that he wished I had not. But I'll not be angry with you, auntie; only I'll test him. I'll prove him. You shall own how generous he is, and how fond of me.'

'I trust so,' said the old lady, 'but I don't believe it, and beside, you are already having your wedding dress made.'

But Mrs. Ruthven, as she kissed her aunt good night, vowed that the test should be made.

'He will forgive me when I tell him all,' she said. 'Aunt Margaret is so good that I cannot bear she should not exactly know how good Arthur is also. Dear Arthur.'

Then she ran up stairs, and opening the locket in which she wore his portrait, kissed it a thousand times, thinking of those thoughts that fill the heart of any loving woman who is a promised bride, and which are so pure and holy that while they move her she is a better woman for them.

Great grief had come to Sybella when her young husband was torn from her heart, and she had been very wretched for long years, but the wound had healed at last, and then Arthur Austin had come into her life, suiting her so perfectly, realizing her every dream of what a man should be. Often she wondered how it was that she should ever be so happy again.

Doubt him! Ah! she would not dare to doubt him. But Aunt Margaret should be satisfied.

'You are looking very grave my dear,' said Arthur, as they sat together the next evening.

'A little, perhaps,' she answered. 'I have been worried about something. I don't know exactly how to explain it. But when banks fail, people who have their money in them must suffer, you know, and you've read of the failure of the Cosmopolitan Bank to-day?'

'Yes,' he said. 'You had your money there?'

'If I had not, would it trouble me that it should fail?' she asked. 'To be sure, I have a little beside, but Aunt Margaret and old uncle Reuben must have a home, you know, and I suppose I shall have about $200 a year over all expenses. You'll not have a rich wife, Arthur, after all.'

He paused a moment, then answered, huskily:

'It shall be my pride and pleasure to see that you want nothing, Sybella. I am most glad you have become poor for that reason.'

Then he kissed her and Sybella was happy, but ashamed of herself for putting him to the test.

'You see he is all I thought him, auntie,' she said to Aunt Margaret, when he was gone. 'I shall tell him all to-morrow.'

'No,' said Aunt Margaret, 'wait a week. Promise me that you'll wait a week, Sybella?'

So Sybella waited, and her Aunt watching, saw the signs she waited for, though this loving woman had as yet no suspicion of the truth.

Four days had passed.

It was a bright day, and there was to be a pleasant picnic party that afternoon.

Sybella and her betrothed were among them. They were all old friends and Mrs. Ruthven was in her gayest mood, and chatted merrily with all, perhaps a little more with a shy young fellow of eighteen, who was in the company, than with any other, because of his youth and shyness.

Arthur Austin had begun the day in his usual good spirits, but as it went on he grew gloomier and gloomier, and at last relapsed into perfect silence.

In vain did his betrothed endeavor to cheer him. He scarcely spoke or looked at her, and at last his manner began to have effect upon the whole party. One after the other grew dismal, and the return home was as solemn as a funeral procession.

At Sybella's door Austin lifted his hat coldly and bade her good evening, without even a pressure of the hand.

'You are coming in, Arthur?' she said, softly.

'No,' he answered.

'Are you ill?'

At that he turned sharply upon her, and said aloud:

'No I am not ill. I am not blind, that is all. Nor deaf, either. I have watched and listened to-day at my cost. Good evening.'

'What did he mean, aunt?' cried Sybella, when the door had closed. 'What has been done? I saw nothing.'

'He is pretending to be jealous of young Mordaunt,' said her aunt, quietly. 'Sybella, have courage. He means to quarrel and break it off with you, now that he thinks you penniless. Tell him the truth and he will soon recover from his jealousy. Keep it to yourself, and you will never be able to mollify him.'

And this time Sybella only sighed. But she went to her room and wrote a pretty letter to her lover, begging him to come to her, and when he came she met him with an offer of her lips, which he shocked her by rejecting.

'You know how I have been offended, Sybella,' he said. 'You know you flirted with that boy Mordaunt all day!'

'I did nothing of the kind, I never flirted in my life, why should I begin to do so now? No woman was ever truer than I have been to you, Arthur.'

'I doubt it,' said he. 'I have seen much, and I suspect more, and, since your conduct has alienated my heart from you, we had better part. There is only one way for managing these things.'

Sybella looked earnestly at him. She saw no jealous madness there, only a cool determination to set aside his engagement with a woman whom he had never loved, and whose fortune had been his only object from the first.

And she knew that Aunt Margaret had been right, but she loved him so well, and trusted him so entirely, that it seemed to her as if the knowledge would rend soul from body. She tried to hide her tears, but in vain.

Slowly she drew her engagement ring from her finger and put it into his hand and turned away. At the door a strong hand grasped hers. It was Aunt Margaret's. She led her niece to her room, and returned to the parlor before Arthur Austin had left it.

Standing before him, looking straight at him, she said:

'So, sir, you have been tried in the furnace and found wanting. You know that my niece's loss of fortune is at the bottom of this. Don't prevaricate, you know it is true. I have seen through you from the first.'

'It is not your affair, I believe,' Arthur answered sulkily. 'Of course when a man expects to marry money, he isn't pleased to find himself saddled with a poor wife and her beggarly relations. But of course I was jealous. I've broken it all off with Sybella on that account, and it's her own fault.'

'She has had a lucky escape, Mr. Austin,' said Aunt Margaret, 'but before you go let me tell you a little secret. Sybella has not lost her money. The bank that failed had not a penny of hers in it. And as for the beggarly relation, you mean me, you know, poor Aunt Margaret is worth her $50,000, and every shilling of it is to be left to her dear niece Sybella Ruthven. I warned her that you did not love her. I forced her against her will to put you to the test. And now I see that I was right, and you may go, Mr. Arthur Austin.'

Mr. Austin departed. A month afterward he wrote a penitent letter to Sybella, telling her that he believed himself to have been causelessly jealous, and quoting a good deal from Byron and Shakspeare on the subject.

But the woman who is fooled twice by the same individual must be a hopeless idiot, and Mrs. Ruthven will remain Mrs. Ruthven until some better man asks her to change her name.

A gentleman from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected a number of cures. P. F. HYATT, M. D. Bordentown, N. J.

The corner stone of the first Jewish synagogue in Memphis was laid last week.

I had severe attaks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get a medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER OF WAYNE Co., N. Y.

Chicago eats $3,000 worth of ice cream daily.

LAWYER ROSCOE CONKLING.

His Gain of Beauty, His Modest Attire, His Picturesque Expressions, and His Mannerisms When Speaking—How He Uses Cigars.

From the N. Y. Sun.

Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, as referee heard further testimony on the 14th inst. in the suit of Peter Marie and others against Commodore Garrison to recover Missouri-Pacific Railroad bonds of the face value of four million dollars. Mr. N. A. Cowdrey, one of the plaintiffs, was the witness, and ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling was the questioner during the morning session.

When it is generally known that Mr. Conkling is to appear in a lawsuit in this city, many persons not interested in the suit usually attend the suit. Those who have never seen him before do not aik to have him pointed out to them. His striking features have been for many years a conspicuous mark for caricaturists, and there is so much in them that is distinctive and easily caught by the cartoonist's crayon that a stranger who had seen only the most extravagant of these burlesques in portraiture would easily recognize him. Still, while he has been growing older and handsomer, Mr. Conkling has almost lost some of the features which were the most distinctive, which the makers of caricatures most delighted in, and which they are reluctant to omit from their later efforts.

As youth and beauty sometimes abide in the lithographs of actresses long after the originals have ripened and entered upon that half of their life which they devote to farewell appearances, so do the curled lock upon his forehead, and the showy Venitian beard still remain in the caricatures of the ex-Senator. But the lock has so far disappeared that it is no longer a noticeable feature, and his beard, though extremely becoming has whitened and thinned. His hair is thin and fluffy on top, heavy and wavy at the back, and whiter all over than the powdered wigs worn on the English bench. Mr. Conkling's high forehead is very pale. The lower part of his face is a little browned by the sun. His voice is mellowed somewhat, but its quality in other respects is the same as when he first entered the Senate, and his manner when speaking has not changed. He seems to have grown less fastidious than he used to be in the matter of dress, the difference appearing most noticeably in the set of his trousers, which is not always faultless.

On this occasion Mr. Conkling wore a coat and vest of thin brown material and business cut, light trousers and white gaiter tops. There was a red silk handkerchief in his outside coat pocket. A light-colored necktie was knotted in a square bow under the ends of a cool turn-down collar. He wore a small white stud on his shirt bosom. His watch fob was of medium size and plain in style. As he sat in a revolving chair, facing Prof. Dwight, he seemed almost as cool in temperature as in manner. He held a white linen handkerchief in his hand part of the time, using it only to remove the moisture from his hands after handling documents and books. His hands are small for a man of his size and as white and handsome as a young girl's.

To report Mr. Conkling is one of the compensating features in the life of a stenographer, whether he is making a speech or putting a five-folio question to a witness in a railroad case. He speaks deliberately, distinctly, and always grammatically. When returning to the examination of a witness after debating a contested point, he very often begins with the word "Question," pronouncing it with a marked rising inflection on the first syllable, a marked falling inflection on the second, and with the syllables distinctly separated. When it is necessary for him to preface his question with an explanation of considerable length, he separates the explanation from the interrogatory with the words, "My question is this."

Sometimes he punctuates for the stenographer, as, when repeating a question in this case, he turned to the stenographer and said: "The question is, 'Did you dissent to the fact that a decree'—dash—'an ordinary decree,'" etc. While asking a question which he considers of great importance he leans forward toward the witness, beats off the words with the forefinger of his outstretched hand, nods with each word, and then raises his chin at the end of the question and leaves his finger pointing at the face of the thoroughly interrogated man. Mr. Conkling's conduct of a suit while taking testimony is noticeable for his quiet deliberation, his courtesy to witnesses and opposing counsel, his marked reference to the Court, and the characteristic expressions with which he garnishes his remarks on the minor differences that come up. He spoke in this case of the opposing counsel's "breezy affluence of dash" as a mild criticism of their methods, and once when the opposition seemed to be in an objecting mood, and when one of his disputed questions had been allowed by the Court, Mr. Conkling said to the witness: "Now Mr. Cowdrey, get it in as soon as you can." This was spoken in a way to convey the idea that the witness must make the most of the time between objections. His expressive modulation adds greatly to the point of much that he says, and it is a source of entertainment to those who come in as listeners.

In the beginning of the hearing Mr. Conkling turned to Mr. William A. Beach, who sat at his side, and asked that gentleman whether he had a cigar. Mr. Beach was able to accommodate him. Taking the cigar, Mr. Conkling cut off with his penknife half an inch of the end intended to be lighted, put the smaller piece in his mouth, and said to Mr. Beach: "Now that I have what I wanted of this cigar, I suppose I ought to give the rest back to you." Mr. Beach shook his head, and the ex-Senator pocketed the mutilated cigar.

Mr. Conkling's preference for the tip of a cigar when he feels the need of a stimulus of tobacco doubtless grew out of a habit which he had for many years. The tables, window sills, and the edges of bookshelves in his law office in Utica used to be decorated with cigars strangely mutilated. He would put a cigar in his mouth wrong end to carry it till in his abstraction he happened to remove it, and, when he missed it would take another from his vest pocket and proceed to enjoy it in the same manner. It used to be said in his office that no one had ever seen him light a cigar there or take a cigar in his mouth except by the wrong end.

The Child-Dyke.

Holland is a beautiful country full of green fields, with cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures; but th re are few trees and no hills to be seen.

The ground is so flat and low that two or three times the sea has rushed in over it, and destroyed whole towns. In one of these floods about two hundred years ago, more than twenty thousand people were drowned. In some of the towns that were flooded not a creature survived.

A large part of the water that came in at the time of that flood still remains. It is known as the "Maas," and in one part of it there is a little green island, a part of an old dyke or dam, which is called the "Kinder dyke," or child dyke, and it got its name in this way:

The water came rushing over one of the little Friesland villages, and no one had any warning. In one of the houses there lay a child asleep in its cradle, an old fashioned cradle, made tight and strong, of good, stout wood.

By the side of the cradle lay the old cat, baby's friend, probably purring away as comfortably as possible.

In came the waters with a fearful roar. The old cat in her fright, jumped into the cradle with the baby, who slept through all the turmoil as quietly as ever. The house was torn from its foundation and broken to pieces. But the cradle floated out on the angry sea in that dark night, bearing safely its precious burden.

When morning came there was nothing to be seen of the village and green meadows. All was water. Hundreds of people were out in boats trying to save as many lives as possible, and on this little bit of an island what do you think they found? Why, the same old cradle, with the baby asleep in it, and the old cat curled up at her feet, all safe and sound.

Where the village voyagers came from, and to whom they belonged, no one could tell. But in memory of them, this little island was called "Kinder dyke—child dyke—and it goes by that name to this day; and this story is told to thousands of little people all over Holland as a remarkable instance of God's providence.

What became of this little child when it grew up we do not know. It would be interesting, no doubt, to our young readers to know for what it was thus preserved by God's care, but we have no record. But this story may surely teach us all the important and comforting lesson that God cares for the least as well as for the greatest. The prophet foretold of the Good Shepherd that he would carry the lambs in His arms and nourish them in his bosom.

Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than they are now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is know to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk down east.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons that came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword and it hurts his feelings to have his pencils spoiled. But politeness and business considerations requires him to lend his pencils scores of times a day. And often after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up a stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arms. She picked up the same old pencil and placed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Fabre pencils, but he was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanliness. But we forbear. Surely the one who reads this will never again wet a lead pencil in his mouth.

Children Dying from the Heat.

BALTIMORE, July 9.—Two hundred children under ten years of age died in Baltimore last week from summer complaint and the extreme heat. The malady has greatly abated since the cold wave of last night and to-day.

Three Distinguished Females.

Two young ladies of Terre Haute were returning from California. The parlor car was crowded with passengers. At a small station a woman in showy attire entered and demanded a hole section. It was not to be had, and the conductor, brakeman, porter and cook, who seemed to be impressed with the new passenger's importance, were painfully exercised to know where to put her. The cause of all this commotion was very blonde, very large, very richly clothed and very swell. When it seemed impossible to get her a whole section, or even half a one, she turned to the young ladies and said:

"Will you consent to take the upper berth of your section and let me have the lower?"

"Sorry we can't oblige you," replied one of the pink-cheeked fairies; "but really we prefer to keep the lower berth ourselves."

Then the big blonde straightened herself up threw ineffable contempt and importance into her pale eyes, and said: "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

"No, we don't."

"I will tell you," said the woman of silks and jewels, "I am Mrs. Col. Dunlevy Wickersham." (Mr. W. was known as a very rich man.)

"Are you indeed?" replied the Hoosier maiden. "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

Madame Bonanzas' face said that she didn't, and, also, that she had some curiosity.

"Well, I am Mrs. Grant."

"And I," said her companion, who had hitherto kept silent, "am Queen Victoria."—*Indianapolis Review.*

The Reporter's Primer.

'Who is that Angry looking Man?'
'That, my Son, is a Reporter.'
'Do Reporters always look Mad?'
'Not always.'
'What Ails that one?'
'He has been to a Church Supper.'
'Wasn't he Invited?'
'O, yes. Five of the prettiest Girls in the parish Urged him to go.'
'I should Think he would have liked That.'
'He did. And each of those girls wanted him to give 'my Table a special mention.'
'Did He get any Supper?'
'Of course he did. He bought a five cent Sandwich for a Quarter, and ate it after the Rest got through.'
'Where is he Going now?'
'He is going to the Office to write that the parish Church supper last Night was a most agreeable success. The lovley Faces of the fair Maidens in attendance on the Table were Only rivalled by the Charming liberality with which they Dispensed the finest Viands.'
'Are Reporterr ever Sarcastic?'
'No, my Son, never.'

A Tale of Telegraph Ticking.

A well-to-do young man recently married and started west on his bridal tour. The happy young couple were breakfasting at a station eating house. During the repast two smart Alecks came into the eating-room and seated themselves opposite the contracting parties. They were telegraph operators. By delicate posing of their knife and fork they were able to make sounds in close