The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 21. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1686.

The Somerset Herald

Terms of Publication.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if 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.

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Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

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Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Lutker & Green Block, 290 Main St.

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Has had a professional experience of more than thirty years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Dibert's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
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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.

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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, '79-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.

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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.
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Stoystown, Pa

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

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

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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.

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.
mar5

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 60 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All legal holidays observed. dec7

The display of our Ready-Made Clothing and the Low Prices arrest the attention and wonderment of every passer by and visitors to the city must not forget to reckon our stock among the sights worth seeing. To the "can't-get-aways" we say, Send for Samples.

A. C. YATES & CO.
Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
sep5.

ALBERTA. 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.
mar4.

ESTABLISHED 1880.
Fisher's Book Store.
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.
Chas. H. Fisher,
Cook & Beerits Block.
jan17

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

SOMERSET CIGAR FACTORY.
J. K. COFFROTH,
Proprietor.
—:o:—
I am constantly manufacturing Choice Brands of the
FINEST C CARS,
And make a SPECIALTY of
HAVANA TOBIES,
the very best in the market.
OUR HAND-MADE STOGIES
Are unexcelled for excellence. These STOGIES and HAVANAS give the greatest value for the money of any Cigar Manufactured.
None but the purest and best TOBACCO used, and all CIGARS manufactured by me are warranted to smoke.
ORDERS FROM
Retail Dealers Solicited,
which will receive prompt attention. I can compete in prices with City Factories.
—:o:—
In connection with my manufacturing I have a First-class Retail
Cigar & Tobacco Store
In which are kept all the Superior brands o
CIGARS, CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES, STEMS, TOBACCO POUCHES, &c., &c.
S Doors East of Factory on Diamond,
Somerset, Pa.
july25.

LIME! LIME!
The Buffalo Valley Lime Company, limited, will sell, until further ordered, unslacked lime at the following rates:
At 9 cents per bushel, loaded on cars at kilns; at 10 cents per bushel for any quantity less than a car load; at 11 cents per bushel delivered at any station on the Berlin Railroad; at 12 cents per bushel delivered at Meyersdale and Rockwood; and at 12½ cents per bushel delivered at all other railroad stations in Somerset county, including all those on the Somerset & Cambria Railroad. Payment can be made to the following persons:
John L. Savlor, at Friedens.
W. H. Koontz, at Somerset.
Harrison Snyder, at Rockwood.
Frank Enos, at Garrett.
Samuel J. Miller, near Meyersdale.
We must depend upon lime as the basis to fertilize our soil. Order it now and have it ready when needed. Order from Frank Enos, Garrett
nov22

COURT PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS, the Honorable WILLIAM J. BAER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial district, and Justice of the Courts of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and WM. COLLINS and SAMUEL SNYDER, Esquires, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the county of Somerset, have issued their precepts and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, at Somerset, on
Monday, November 12, 1883,
NOTICE is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done; and also, they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset county, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.
JOHN J. SPANGLER,
Sheriff.
sep5.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Rosina Zimmerman To Valentine Hay } In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Pa., No. 68, April Term, 1881. Voluntary Assignment.
The undersigned Auditor, duly appointed by the Orphan's Court of Somerset county to make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Somerset borough on Saturday, the 24th day of November, 1883, when and where all persons interested may attend.
JOHN R. SCOTT,
Auditor.
oct31.

LEGAL NOTICE.
To Rachael Heinbaugh, (widow) James Heinbaugh, of Lanark, Carroll Co., Ill.; Sarah, intermarried with Jeremiah Folk, of Elklick twp. Somerset Co., Pa.; Nancy, intermarried with Stephen McNair, of Casselman, Somerset Co., Pa.; Matthias Heinbaugh, of Lanark, Illinois; Jonas Heinbaugh, dec'd, leaving a widow, Mary Ann Heinbaugh and four children, Rosa, Hannah, Sarah and Jonas Heinbaugh, and David Heinbaugh, of Somerset county, Pa.
You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Samuel Heinbaugh, late of Addison Township, Somerset County, Pa., dec'd, at his late residence, on Thursday, the 6th day of December, A. D., 1883, where you can attend if you think proper.
Sheriff's Office, Oct. 31, 1883. JOHN J. SPANGLER, Sheriff

BUTTERCUPS.

Jennie was watching the cows come home
Down by the meadow bars alone
And her eyes were as blue as her bonnet;
Jenny was only a farmer's lass
And she let down the bars for the cows to pass
Out of the waving, blue eyed grass,
With the buttercups sprinkled upon it.

Jennie was watching young farmer Payne
Picking a butter cup out of the lane,
Stephen was strong and merry.
"Jennie!" she heard her mother call,
But there at her side stood the farmer tall,
And her cheeks grew red as a cherry.

"I'm coming, mother!" she turned to go,
But Stephen stood in the path below,
And there went Daisy, and Bess and Flo,
Over into the clover.
His arms were strong as her waist was slim
"I'll keep you till every cow gets in,
Or tell me the name of your lover."

"Jennie! Jennie! 'tis getting late,"
Came mother's voice from the farm house gate,
But Jennie was slender and could not mate
With the tender strength of a lover,
And who could do a single thing
With a yellow buttercup under their chin,
But nestle the great strong arms within
And grow as red as the clover.

"Maybe 'tis Ben,' then she blushed again,
"And maybe 'tis only Stephen Payne—"
Then the dark crept over the meadow lane,
And buttercups a sprinkle—
Not a single sound in the dusky dell
Save the tinkle of Daisy's silver bell
"Tink-a-ink-a-tinkle!"

For mother's voice and bars forgot,
The cows are into the meadow lot
Knee-deep in the dewy clover.
Jennie and Steve come slowly up
Her soft chin yellow with butter cup,
His handsome face flushed over.

"Where are you, Jennie? 'tis late and cold,"
"We're coming, mother,' said Stephen bold
"The cows got into the meadow,
We stopped to drive them slowly up.'
Then he sisly hid the buttercup,
And kissed her again in the shadow.

—*Modern Argo.*

THE RIVAL DOCTORS.

'What was the most interesting case in your long experience, Doctor?'

It was at a little entertainment given in honor of Dr. Tourniquet's retirement from practice—an event we younger aspirants felt inclined to celebrate with no small satisfaction—that the foregoing question was put to the guest of the evening.

'I think,' said the old gentleman, 'about the most interesting case I ever had was the first.'

'Would you mind relating it?'

'Not at all. Whatever secret there once was about it, all reason for keeping it has long since passed.'

'It is now nearly fifty years,' he continued, 'since I presumed to settle here, and enter into competition with old Carver, whose dazzling gilt sign, emblazoned with his name and professional designation of 'Physician and Chirurgeon'—Curmudgeon would have hit the mark more clearly—had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of lighting fools to dusky death. He never passed me without a scowl, and never spoke of me but with contempt. His evident purpose was to nip my pretensions in the bud. I should never have a case if he could help it. I began to lose heart at last, and was seriously considering the advisability of giving up the struggle and leaving the headstrong population to old Carver and their fate when one night I received a hurried call to attend a gentleman who had just had his leg broken.

'Mr. Loammi Furneval, the individual referred to, was a respectable middle aged bachelor, for some time thought tobe particularly attentive to Miss Berencla Potts, a maiden lady of fortune, and nearly his own age. In attempting to board a moving railroad train, he had missed his footing and fallen so that one of his legs was run over and completely crushed almost to the knee.

'They carried him home on a stretcher, and, as usual in such cases, messengers ran for all the doctors in the place—that is to say, in the present instance, for old Carver and myself.

'We arrived simultaneously.

'It is a compound comminuted fracture of the tibia and the tibula!' said old Carver, pushing forth to take possession by first getting his ugly paw on the injured limb, which he fumbled roughly throug the clothing.

'It's a case for immediate amputation,' he added, opening his case of instruments.

'I shall not require your services,' spoke up Mr. Furneval, with considerable energy for one in his condition. 'I prefer placing myself in the hands of Dr. Tourniquet.'

Everybody looked astonished, and old Carver's face grew blacker than a thunder cloud.

'Your blood be on your own head!' he croaked ominously, and bundling up his instruments he banged the door behind him.

'I wish to be left alone with the Doctor,' said Mr. Furneval, when old Carver had gone; 'if assistance is needed it can be called.'

'Everybody withdrew but the patient and myself, and there, alone and single handed, I did everything the case required.'

'You don't mean to say you amputated the limb without assistance?' said a fidgety little M. D., across the table.

'No; you see Mr. F., as I have said, was keeping company with Miss Potts, and thinking he might be better able to walk than to hobble into her affections, we decided against amputation, and proceeded accordingly.

'Next morning I met old Carver on the street. He was in the habit of passing me with a frown without speaking, but this time he stopped.

'How's your patient?' he inquired, with a sneer.

'Doing finely,' I replied.

'Your first amputation, I suppose?'

'Neither first nor last,' I said; I didn't amputate at all.'

'I suppos you know the leg's smashed to splinters?'

'I do.'

'And you haven't amputated?'

'No.'

'And don't intend to?'

'No.'

'Better go to the undertakers and order a coffin, then.'

'He's busy on one of your last victims, I believe,' said I, hurrying along.

'For nearly a week my patient saw no one but myself and the servant who carried up his meals.

'Then a few friends were admitted to cheer his confinement, which he bore with admirable patience. In six weeks I removed the splints, and the next day Mr. Furneval was walking out as well as ever. My fame was in everybody's mouth. Even old Carver could find nothing to carp at, for he had everywhere circulated the terrible nature of the injury, and predicted the patient's speedy death. My practice soon exceeded my most sanguine hopes, and old Carver's whilom patrons flocked to me in such numbers that he shut up shop and retired in disgust.'

'Was the limb really as bad fractured as at first supposed?' inquired the fidgety little doctor opposite.

'Quite—ground almost to powder, you might say.'

'And gave no signs of lameness afterward?'

'No more than before—there had previously been a slight hitch in that leg, but I think there was less afterwards.'

'Wonderful!' exclaimed the little doctor.

'Not at all. You see, and there lay the secret, the injured leg was of wood, and we replaced it with a better one.'

THE BAD BOY.

"Say you think of about everything mean there is going, don't you," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to show that his black eye had been cured. "The minister explained to me yesterday how you caused him and your father to lay and soak in the water for about three hours, one hot day last summer, in the lake, and they both blistered their backs. The minister says the skin had not stopped peeling off his shoulders yet. What caused you to play such a mean trick on them?"

"O, it was their own fault," said the boy as he looked with disdain on a watermelon that was out of season, and had no charms in October. "You see, the night the sociable was at our house, the minister and some of the deacons were up in my room which they used that night for a smoking room, and while they were smoking they were telling stories about what fun they had when they were boys, and I remembemr one story the minister told about finding some girls in swimming once, and stealing thir clothes, and making them wait till night and then a girl had to fix herself up with newspapers and go home and send a wagon after the rest of the girls. The minister thought it was awful cunning, so when the church had the picnic last summer on the bank of the lake, I remembered about it. Beats all, don't it how a boy will remember anything like that? Well, after dinner I saw pa whisper to the minister, and they took a couple of towels and a piece of soap, and started off up the lake about half a mile, and I knew they were going in swimming. Well, it don't take me very long to catch on. I got an overdress that one of the girls had been wearing to wash dishes, and a shawl, and stole a hat belonging to the soprano of the choir, and a red parasol that a girl left under a tree, went down in the woods and dut on the clothes, over my pants and things, and when pa and the minister had got in the water and were swimming around, I put up the parasol and tripped along the shore like a girl picking flowers and when I came to the stump where they put their clothes I didn't look toward the water, but acted tired, and sat down on the stump and began to fan myself. You'd a dide to see pa look. He crawled up on the beach, in the shallow water and said, "Elder, do you see that?" The Elder looked with hisself all under water except his head, and said "Merciful goodness, squire, we are in for it. That interesting female is going to sit there and read a novel through before she goes away." I peeked through the fan and could see all thay said, while I pretended to read a novel. They swam around and made a noise, but I was deaf, and I thought it wasn't any worse for me to sit on the stmp than it was for the minister, when he was a good little boy to steal the clothes of the girls. I stayed until I got tired, and didn't hear them when they hollered to me to go away, and after a while they got water soaked, and had to do something, so the minister broke off a piece of a tree and dressed himself in it, and came up towards me, and said, "Madame excuse me for troubling you, but if you will go away while I get my clothes, I will take it as a favor." I pretended to be insulted, and got up and walked off very indignant, and went back to the picnic and returned the clothes, and pretty soon they came up, looking as red as if they had been drinking and the picnic was ready to go home. Somebody told pa it was me, but I don't know who it was that give it away. Anyway he chased me clear out of the woods with a piece of sapling. That was the time I told you I was too tired to ride, and walked home from the picnic. Pa has forgiven me, but I don't believe the minister ever will. Don't you think some of these pious folks are awful unforgiven?"

"O, people are not all as good as you and I are," said the grocery man, as he watched the boy making a sneak on a bunch of Grapes.—*Pecks Sun,*

Starting to Run to the Fire.

It was in Lowell, Mass. An alarm of fire was sounded, and the engine was rapidly driven out of the engine house. One of the horses took fright pranced wildly about, and ran the engine against the brick door frame. Chief Engineer Hosmer was severely bruised and two of his ribs broken. For three weeks the physicians doctored him. Then a friend brought him some Perry Davis's Pain Killer. On being rubbed with this, he was soon well. Best liniment in the world.

To Look Upon, and to Become.

Any one who gazes intently and appreciatively upon some beautiful landscape, or some rare work of art, gradually comes to partake of some of its characteristics, and to absorb something of its nature. There is a spirit within him that responds to the beauty, or sublimity, or delicacy upon which he looks that claims kinship with them, and that is awakened and developed by his continued and earnest gaze. If this is true, concerning what appeals to us through the eye of the body, it is even more true in what we view with the eye of the mind. Whatever we give our attention to constantly and thoughtfully, that we shall gradually come to resemble. Perhaps there are, in our complex natures, many undeveloped germs, which are only brought into living existence by contact with special external influences which coincide with them; at any rate, it is certain that we soon grow into close affinity with whatever we pre-eminently think upon.

Take the young child in his mother's arms, for example; as he gazes upon her face he drinks in its expression, all unconsciously, into his very soul. The loving smile, or the angry frown, the bright and cheery look of hope, or the fretful or sullen aspect which he beholds are gradually imprinting themselves upon his features; and the dispositions which give birth to these outward tokens are as surely taking root in his character. Soon he comes under other influences and gains other impressions. Not only home with its powerful cord is drawing him into likeness with himself, but outside forces are now at work. Teachers and playmates, studies and amusements, are moulding him hour by hour, or rather they are awakening within him the corresponding parts of his nature, and fostering them into growth and development. Presently he launches forth into the world, full, perhaps, of enthusiasm as to something he is to accomplish or gain; full of hopes and plans as to how he will exert the power which he feels within him. Still, however, though he imagines it not, he is acted upon even more forcibly than he can possibly act upon others; for he is but a single factor, while a thousand are ever pressing upon him with resistless energy, and making him what he is.

Although it is a serious question with every one what he will *do*, it is even a more weighty and important one what he will *be*. What a man *is* underlies and determines all that he *does*, and more than this, it decides upon the character of that large and widespread influence which continually emanates from his very presence. And what he *is* greatly depends upon what he *looks* at. No one is able wholly to control the influences that shape him; many of them are beyond his reach to withstand, but every one may choose which of them he will encourage, which he will cling to, upon which he will lay the emphasis of his life, upon which he will allow his thoughts to dwell. The influence of companionship, for instance, is a most potent one. We can never escape it. But we *can* select for our more intimate friends those who command our respect and are worthy of our confidence. There are some persons to whom we instinctively look up, and others upon whom we as naturally look down. Whichever we place within our constant view, we grow to resemble, and so it comes to pass that "a man is known by the company he keeps."

The *press* is a powerful forming influence, which presses on us from every side. We can no more shut ourselves faom it than from the atmosphere, yet here also we can select our intimates. We can decide whether the papers, periodicals and volumes that enter our homes and engage our attention are such as beckon us upward to heights of intelligence, purity and wisdom, or such as draw us down to the frivolous, the lax or the corrupt. *Thought* is a constant, though silent agent in making us what we are. It is with us in every waking hour. Yet we have the power to cherish one class of thoughts and to dismiss another, to encourage those that lift us up and restrain those that drag us down. We can never stop thinking any more than we can stop breathing—but as we can, in a measure, control the quality of air which we breathe, so to a great extent we can determine what we will think about. It is quite as needful to turn away from evil or unworthy or puerile thoughts as from books or companions of the same sort, and it is possible to occupy the mind so fully with what is good, noble and uplifting, that there shall be no room nor desire to harbor what is false, low or injurious.

We all look earnestly toward the *future*, and here also we grow into unison with what we look upon. Whatever we picture to ourselves as our dearest aim, and dwell upon with hope and anticipation, we generally secure, and in the process we become attuned to it. Whether it be wealth, or fame, or the good opinion of a party, or the attainment of some special excellence or the promotion of a reform, or the establishment of an enterprise, we shall partake of its character. The difference between men is largely determined by the difference between their ideas. One looks upward and he grows; another downward and he withers. One fixes his gaze upon knowledge, chooses intelligent society, good reading and rational thoughts, and he becomes more and more enlightened and clear sighted; another desires ease and indulgence, prefers inferior company, trashy books and shallow thoughts, and he sinks into ignorance and mental vacancy. One cherishes visions of goodness, looks up with reverence to the truth, admires generosity, nobleness and righteousness, and keeps them ever in sight—he becomes more and more allied to them and grows in virtue; another looks with satisfaction upon wickedness, error, meanness and wrong, and by long familiarity he becomes accustomed to them and shares in their nature.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Let us then remember that we are building up our characters and our lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we voluntarily put ourselves. By continually looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction.

Rembrandt and His Work.

The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar, pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness and earnestness make his pictures masterprices, and we cannot turn away from them carelessly; they attract and hold us.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one cannot speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about 500, and his engravings about 400, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the gallery of the Hague.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who has loved everything that God has spread out before us in nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Man Who Tried to Imitate the Western Style.

'Look here!' roared a tall chap, attired in a broad brimmed hat and an insolent air, as he approached a railroad ticket window. 'Look here, you, I want a first class ticket on the top shelf car to the other end of this line, and don't you forget it! See this!' and he developed a horse pistol and stuck the muzzle through the window.

'I see it,' replied the agent, calmly. 'I'm looking right at it. Now what can I do for you?'

'Didn't you hear me bark a few minutes ago?' demanded the tall man. 'Didn't you hear me compliment you with an order for the best youv'e got in your workshop there? Have I got to put a bullet in there to make you comprehend that I'm waiting here for the upper row of preserves? Must I take the blood of another station agent on my hands before I manage to get what I want? Throw me out the most embroidered ticket there is on the line of this road, or I'll commence to make vacancies.'

The agent carefully closed the window, stepped out the side door, picked up the tall man, set him down again on his head, whirled him around three or four times and then kicked him under the gate and out into the middle of the street, where a policeman gobbled him and hustled him off.

'Am I awake?' asked the tramp, rubbing the dust of the conflict out of his eyes. 'Never mind about that, am I alive?'

'What did you want to bother the man for?' demanded the policeman, hauling him around by the collar.

'I didn't want to bother him, I only meant to scare him. I hadn't any money to go to the island; so I played the western man on him, just as I have seen it written up in the funny papers. I say, either those papers are the darndest liars on the continent or I missed the combination on the gag!'

And they locked him up to think over which might be the case.

Kissing goes by favor, and is very often quite costly in the long run. The value of a kiss has more than once been made the subject of judicial deliberation. A St. Louis kiss is not worth much, but Chicago kisses are very often held at exaggerated figures. The time has come, however, for the exercise of reason in this as in all other matters. No young woman can get a corner on the market—there is too much competition. A jury in Northampton county, Pa., has just broken the ice in this business, and decreed that kisses are worth a cent apiece. A young lady who testified in a breach of promise suit that she had been kissed by her recent lover 100,000 times, was promptly awarded $1,000. It must be remembered, however, that a cent apiece is the wholesale price. At retail kisses should come much higher.

A scientific journal explains "why a man can't fly." In a great many cases it is because he is grabbed by the minions of the law before he can escape with the funds of the bank. But there are times, however, when he succeeds in flying.

Women in Journalism.

The nature of the work to be done is not changed by the fact that it is a woman who undertekes it. It may be done better, more delicately, more shrewdly, more honestly, but it is the same work and requires the same qualities, whether the worker be a man or a woman. There are, indeed, some special branches of labor upon a newspaper, such as that which relates to the dress of women, to needle and other work of the kind, with which women are naturally more familiar than men, and women will therefore treat them more satisfactorily and intelligently. But "a woman's duty upon a newspaper" is substantially the same with that of a man.

Perhaps the most conspicious and noted of women who have been employed in journalism was Harriet Martineau. For some years she wrote editorially for a London paper. Her articles were upon the current questions of the hour—the policy of the government at home and abroad, the characters of eminent public men, and the various problems of political economy. There was no editorial contemporary of Miss Martineau's who was more fully equipped for the office of public censor, and the volume of obituare biographies which was collected from her contributions to the paper are as admirable and vivid as any which appeared in any journal of the time.

There was, however, nothing which Miss Martineau selected to do, or which was suggested to her to write, which could be defined distinctively as a woman's work on a paper. She wrote articles not as a woman, but as an editor, as Mrs. Somerville studied astronomy not as woman, but as a schoar. If the Easy Chair may take an illustration close at hand, it would say that any woman who is anxious to know what is a woman's work upon a paper or in journalsism has only to turn to the *Critic*, a weekly literary journal in New York. The *Critic* is edited by a woman, but it depends for the just and we hope assured success which it has acheived upon the ability with which it is edited, upon the tact with which public sentiment and interest are perceived, and upon the skill with which the books for review and the writers of the review are selected.

Bone Manure for Manures.

An English paper in commenting upon the subject, remarks that the Cheshire farmer, by the free use of bone manure laid on the grass lands, makes his farm, which at one time, before the application of bone manure, fed only twenty head of cows, now feed forty. In Cheshire two-thirds, or more generally three-fourths, of a dairy farm are kept in perfect pasture, the remainder in tillage. Its dairy farmers are commonly bound to lay the whole of their manure not on the arable, but on the grass land, purchasing what may be necessary for the arable. The chief improvement besides drainage consists in the application of bone manure. In the milk of each cow, in its urine, in its manure, in the bones of each calf reared and sold off, a farm parts with as much earthy phosphates of lime as is contained in half a hundred weight of bone dust. Hence the advantage of returning this mineral manure by boning grass lands. The quantity of bones now commonly given in Cheshire to an imperial acre of grass land is 1,200 to 1,500 weight. This dressing on pasture land will last seven or eight years, and on mowed land about half that period.

How a Butterfly Came.

Late in September a lady saw a worm upon a willow leaf. It was about two inches long, and as wide as her little finger. Stripes of black, green and yellow went around its little body.

The lady carried leaf and sleeper home. She took willow leaves for it to eat, put them in a glass dish and tied lace over it.

In just one week her guest was gone, only a lovely green bag was left. It was just one inch long, was made very neatly, and looked like a little bed or cradle. No stitches could be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord.

Gold and black dots like tiny buttons were on it. His old clothes were near by. He had pushed them off in a hurry. The new home was made fast to a bit of cloth. Almost six weeks the little sleeper lay in his silken cradle. Early in November he burst the pretty green hammock, and then the old home turned white.

A lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings, with stripes of black like cords, on them, and a feathery fringe of white for each stripe.

On the edges of the wings were white and yellow dots. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange tinted velvet.

All these changes were in less than two months.

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which costs you but 50 cents, and is sold by C. N. Boyd.

A Johnsville young man concluded to sprinkle red pepper on the floor of a dance hall "just for a joke." The joke was carried out—and so was the young man. The latter, however, was not carried out so quietly as the former.

Is the scarcity of American tailors and American mechanics of nearly every guild an indication that America has begun to import artisans rather than the commodities of their manufactures? The disposition of the American youth to avoid a trade at all hazards, is anything but a good omen for the future.

Preserving Salt Meat.

Much of the corned beef and salt pork put up by farmers becomes tainted or completely spoiled during the summer and fall. The injury is not caused by using too small an amount of salt. As