

PECK'S BAD BOY.

"There, now, what is your lip hanging down that way for?" said the groceryman to the bad boy as he came in with an expression on his face of sorrow, such as the groceryman had not seen before.

Manual Arts in Farming.

So far as farming is of the nature of a trade, its successful pursuit requires skill in certain fundamental arts. It is true that the extensive use of machinery has rendered some of these arts comparatively less important.

Some Advice to Young Farmers.

For young men entering upon farming, it is well to understand at once that for a publisher, a merchant, or a farmer to be successful, he must be a man of business.

The Backwater and Slanderer.

We have no sympathy with that class of men whose naturally penny pinching minds can never allow an idea to sear above and beyond the affairs of their neighbors.

More Light in Bars.

Here and there we see the old style barn built by our grandfathers the only window being over the large doors, and this being but a single pane of glass in tight, and the width of the two doors; through this came all of the light which entered the barn, except what came through the open cracks between the boards of the barn.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

52 DIVIDENDS A YEAR FROM \$3.00 INVESTED.

This is what you will receive if you subscribe for the improvements of New York.

The election of this year promises to be one of the most exciting of the century, every citizen should have at least one good paper to furnish him the news.

THE SOMERSET HERALD is recommended to all earnest Republicans, all friends of protection, all interested in the news of the nation, state or county.

Because it is always reliable politically, and says what it means and means what it says.

Because its Court reports are always full, fair and trustworthy.

Because it is the medium used by the people of the county when they wish to let their neighbors know when they have a farm or anything else for sale.

Because all legal advertising appears in its columns, and people are thus kept posted as to what transpires in the management of the affairs of the Courts and County.

Because it is active, aggressive, and always for the cause of its constituents.

Because it always gives all the local news without burdening its columns with unmeaning and uninteresting correspondence.

Because its news columns present all the latest news in an attractive style.

If you have friends who live outside the county, there is no more acceptable present you can send them than a copy of their county paper.

If you have a neighbor who needs a paper recommend the HERALD.

If your children want a paper, subscribe for the HERALD.

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Address HERALD, Somerset, Penna.

1884. SWEEP INTO THE STREET. 1,000 Acres of Land and 100,000 Acres of Forest.

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As, I never said it, said the groceryman, but I had a brother-in-law who had it once, but he cured himself eating snow.

"O, get out," said the boy. "Since my chum has had rheumatism, every old crank has told me a new cure for it, and I think I will try some new remedy on him, as he is a brother to my room, and I see the good doctor who has been brought up amongst rheumatism, and tell him of the new remedy I heard of, and he tells me it is all nonsense, that settles it.

Forty fellows may have the same chance to draw a rheumatic prize, and only one gets it sawed off into him. Now, me and my chum were both in the same draft of air, and both had a right to catch the rheumatism. All I got was wind on my stomach, and I slide down hill first on my sled, and the rheumatism has all blown away from me. My chum went riding in a 'couple,' and he got it. Sliding down hill knocks rheumatism better than eating snow.

Let intelligent friends of rural improvement try some plan to furnish a substitute for the demoralization of the winter months. By racing at the fairs. The kind of competition suggested would provide an interesting series of entertainments at these gatherings, and also stimulate effort in the way of learning useful arts.

In growing market lambs the feeder should remember that the lamb must be sustained on the food eaten by his dam, and not on the milk of his dam. This consideration shows that his food must be liberal and of good quality. The lamb should increase in weight at least one half pound per day if growing for market, and this alone requires a fair ration to produce, and therefore, feeders must deal with suckling lambs with a liberal hand. The ewe must produce a profitable fleece, besides growing her lamb and keeping up her own flesh. We have produced the most satisfactory results in feeding suckling ewes upon the following combined ration: One bushel of oats, nine bushels of corn, with one of flax seed, all ground together into fine meal, and then mixed, at the time of feeding, with one half wheat middlings. Each ewe had of this one and one-half pounds per day, with about the same weight of fine meal, and she gained ten cents. But the hay is not necessary, equal gain can be made of straw, but in that case the ewe should have two pounds of such a ground ration of straw, and if the straw is cut short all the better. A good shelter is supposed in this case, also such growth on lambs as was mentioned cannot be made on any ration, or perhaps on any ration, in cold weather. This small amount of flax seed has a remarkable effect in modifying the heating quality of corn. It keeps the bowels in a healthy active condition, and prevents all danger of garget in the ewe.

The Indians have very satisfactory account of the origin of the Montezuma mosquitoes. The legend runs thus: There were, in times of old, monsters dwelt in the sky and sought to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca river. Their form was exactly that of the mosquito. They were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as they flew toward the earth. Standing on one either bank they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians, as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up, as the story king in the fable gobbled up the frog. The destruction of life was great, that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nation. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed and the monster was destroyed. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcasses decomposed and the particles, vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of mosquitoes, which have filled the country ever since.

Francis Murphy has made 2,500 Bostonians converts to temperance during the last fortnight.

He was a little tiny baby, and we have to handle him just as though he were eggs. Every drop of muscle and drop of blood, and piece of skin about his body is just like mine, and sometimes they take turns aching, and then they take turns and takes it as calmly as though he was a picnic, and never grumbles. He never smiles and never looks over the foot board of his bed, and when I go up and put my hand on his face, and wipe the perspiration off his forehead, the tears come rolling down his cheeks, and he tries to raise his helpless hands, and shake mine, but he can't, and he says, 'Hello, old pard,' and then he shuts his eyes and the rheumatism commences where it left off and goes to grinding him up again. Gosh, if I could pull off my shirt and things and get into his bed and take his place, and let the rheumatism get its work on me for a day, while my chum might go out and slide down hill or kick over a few barrels, and feel bully for a while, I would enjoy it. But you can't change works with a fellow that has got rheumatism. Never had it, did you?

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While the wind from Harlowe river was blowing an E.S.W. breeze, the columns of the elevated railway recently, a Chinaman stood in the one hundred and twenty-ninth street station of the Third Avenue road, clad in the airy profusion of his national costume. Time passed and so did the train; and the Chinese became successively red, blue and purple in color. A staid that was glowing in its brightness illuminated the face of the Chinaman. With that nonchalance, in matters where time is involved, which characterizes the Orientals, he calmly awaited the passing of the train. But the signal for starting had rung, and the brakeman, a burly Irishman, slammed the gate on the Chinaman's feet.

An expression of placid surprise passed over the Chinaman's features. He made no sound, but with a gasp he turned to the right and heaved, he placed his right hand on his breast, his compact shape, upon the nose of the brakeman with sufficient emphasis to make that worthy exclaim: "Ye murthairer! 'ayther! I'll kill ye—ye long clawed rat aye!"

The misery and disgrace of being struck by a Chinaman without being in his power to return the blow with interest, seemed to overwhelm the Irishman. Although the train was moving rapidly away from the station, he opened the gate, jumped off the train and made a dash at his assailant. But the "hayther" had the Irishman's desire to fight. A placid and contented smile stole over his face as he answered: "Es, belly much. Me gootee Hish way. She show me how to fighte."

Advices from South Africa report the death of Cetywayo, the famous Zulu King, of heart disease. Cetywayo, the last of the Zulu kings, died on the 11th of his line, his grandfather, the formidable Chaka, founded the Zulu nation. Between 1812 and 1815 he conquered all the independent chiefs in Zululand and Natal. He did not deprive them of power, but he compelled them to own him as their king. His soldiers were not mercenaries, but his military organization, the most perfect in Africa, was perpetuated by his sons. Sir Bartle Frere called Cetywayo's army "the celebrated man-slaying machine."

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What a miserable, insignificant creature is he who delights in the shortcomings of his friend and the downfall of his neighbor! Yet such is the slanderer and backbiter, who, perverting the truth, robs his neighbor of his honor, and then stands by and looks on, and when he is asked to do anything to help him, he shrinks back and says, 'I am a poor fellow, I have nothing to do with it.'

The country editor has a hard road to travel. He is the reporter, bookkeeper, mechanical superintendent, business manager, collector, mailman, and all in all, the agent of the establishment. His work is hard, his receipts small and his creditors numerous. In a small town an editor has to steer his course so as to avoid giving offense to different circles of society, the religious denominations, the business community, and the general public.

The country editor is always getting ready to abandon journalism for something else, and he carries out his intention. He is generally driven out of the country, and when other methods of getting money are exhausted, he resorts to the legislature. The city editor gets a good deal of fun out of the country editor's work, but the man who bears the burden regards it as a business. And in the best sense it is serious. The little local weeklies scattered all over the country are in a way the backbone of the South. They developed their localities, bring their resources before the public and in a manner educate the side of the churches, schools, progress and reform. Men who live and die working for such objects are public benefactors, and deserve a substantial reward.

Get away from a crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Find out all you can about yourself. Get all your information from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealing; if as your life is as good as a bright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance boy on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Philadelphia as you are at home; if in short, you really are the sort of a fellow that you hope your father, your mother says you are, your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better and purer man. Don't forget this, Clemmas, and it will do you good.

If C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, does not succeed, it is not for the want of faith. He has such faith in Dr. Bosanquet's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Lung affections, that he will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind.

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C. N. BOYD, MAMMOTH BLOCK, SOMERSET PA. BEAVER COLLEGE

AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES. Spectacular Session opens March 27, 1884.

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