The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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DR. H. S. KIMMEL
tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main [illegible] of the Diamond.

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 [illegible] store.
Dec 5, '82.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
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Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits Block, Somerset, Pa.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
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Sept 8 1882.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.
apr. 23, '79-tf.

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ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed. dec7

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Adam Yoder, late of Summit township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on the 22d day of March, 1884, at the house of the Executor in said township.
ELIAS A. YODER,
Executor.
jan30 1884.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John P. Putman, dec'd, late of Middlecreek township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, March 8, 1884, at the late residence of said deceased.
SILAS PUTMAN,
Executor.
jan23.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will send you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 every evening. That all who want to work may test the business, we will make this unparalleled offer: To all that are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc. sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. jan23.

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The two-story frame Homestead of the late Peter Meyers, dec'd, situate on Meyers Avenue, accompanied by four acres of ground, a large old-fashioned Garden, plenty of Shade and Fruit Trees, splendid Barn, good outbuildings, Ice House, etc., plentiful supply of hard and soft running water. The house in elegant condition, 10 large rooms, 4 convenient halls—a place well adapted for a boarding house or hotel.
For particulars apply to
MISS R. E. MEYERS,
Meyersdale, Somerset, Co.Pa.
jan30t.

MARYLAND FARMS.—Book and Map free, by C. E. SHANAHAN, Attorney, Easton, Md. feb27.1m.

NOTICE.

My wife, Sarah, having left my bed and board without just provocation, the public is hereby cautioned not to trust or harbor her on my account as I will not be responsible for any debts of her contracting.
DANIEL SECHLER,
Turkeyfoot Pa.
feb13-6t.

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feb27-1yr.

BRIDGE SALES.

The Commissioners of Somerset County will offer to let at public outcry, on the premises, to the lowest and best bidder, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1884,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the repairing of the old abutments for a Combination Bridge, over Casselman river, near Jonas Lichty's, in Elklick township, Somerset County, Pa., where the public highway leading from Meyersdale to Salisbury crosses said stream. At the same time and place they will sell the old bridge.

—ALSO—

On THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1884, at 12 M., the building of one new abutment for a Combination Bridge over Coxes' Creek, near Milford Station, Milford Township, county aforesaid. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' Office, after the 27th of February.

—ALSO—

Sealed proposals for the superstructure of a Combination Bridge over Casselman River, near the house of Jonas Lichty, as above described, will be received at the Commissioners' office up to 10 o'clock A. M., FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1884, said superstructure to be placed on abutments 125 feet apart.

—ALSO—

For a Combination Superstructure of a Bridge over Coxes' Creek, near Milford Station, as above described, to be placed on abutments 80 feet apart. Proposals received up to the same time as above. The roadways of both bridges will be 12 feet.

ADAM S. SHAFFER,
JOSEPH HORNER,
H. W. BRUBAKER,
Commissioners.
Attest:—
D. J. HORNER, Clerk.
feb20.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Josiah Dively, late of Salisbury Borough Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, March 12, 1884, at the late residence of said deceased, in Salisbury Borough.
M. L. DIVELY,
Executor.
jan23.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT, Portland, Maine. jan23.

TO VENNOR.

Vennor, you miserable old frawd!
A settin' down an' writing lies,
An' makin' out as how
That you'r a proffett!
You awt to be ashamed!
A purty proffett you air—
A makin' 'onest farmers think,
In Minnesoty, that they
Cood raise green pees an' cabbig
In Janivary, an' cood feest
On cowcumber an' lettis,
An' sich like gardin sass,
Ah' plow, an' haul maneur,
An' in thair shurt-sleeves,
Set around on fences,
A whittlin' an' a hawdin' pollytix
Awl winter. An' here the merky
Has got 'way down so low
It's frose, an' busted
My forty-cent thermometer!
You miserable, contemptible,
Old frawd; you'd better quit
A-makin' almanax an' go,
An' hire yut to a seckshun' boss,
To shovel snow!
You ask "ef you'r to blame
Bekaws it's ben so cold!"
Of course you air!
The weather-clurk wuz mad,
Bekaws of your a-tryin'
To run the thing!
An' fur the last six weeks,
He's ben a turnin' of the crank,
An' sendin' down
These Manitoby waves,
An' awl the time he's been a laffin,
An a-pokin' fun at you;
While you, you miserable old frawd,
Her ben a posin'
As a weather proffett
An' a makin' of yourself
Redicklus.
You tho't as how you'd git
Your name in history,
Alongside of Elishy's, ez a proffett;
But it'll be remembered,
Along with your mild winter,
An' broken, busted, old thermometers,
An' frosted heels, an chilblains,
An' handid down,
To fewter generations
Jest as a frawd!
Bekaws, that's what you air!

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

RUTH'S LEGACY.

When Rodney Craig came home from the army with an honorable record and an empty sleeve, people wondered if Ruth Gerrish would marry him. A man with one arm gone, and that his right one, they argued, was only part of a man, and Ruth was a girl who could have her choice among the most eligible young men of her set. She had had offers enough to make her the envy of less fortunate girls, or girls who considered it fortunate to have offers of marriage, and she had refused them all til Rodney Craig came. Then she accepted the proposal he made because she loved him. But, when he asked her hand in marriage, he had been a man with two strong hands. Now he had come home with but one. Therefore some people wondered what she would do. But some, who knew Ruth best, never doubted the course she would pursue for a moment.

"It would be just like her to marry him," said those who looked on such matters from what they considered a common sense stand point. "She's such a queer girl."

"Of course she will marry him," said her most intimate friends. "The loss of his arm will not keep her from doing as she has promised, for she loves him."

One day shortly after his return, Rodney Craig came to her, and as he stood before her with his empty sleeve folded across his breast, he said:

"When I won your promise to be my wife, Ruth, I was a strong, two-armed man. I felt equal to a giant's work for your sake, because of my love. Now all that is passed. I am what men call a wreck, for the arm I depended upon is gone. I have no right to hold you to the promise you gave me then. I give you back your promise, Ruth."

She came to him, and looked up gravely into his face.

"Do you love me, Rodney?"

"God knows I do," he answered.

"Then I refuse to take back the promise I gave you," she said, and put her hand in his, while her eyes were bright with a woman's steadfast love and truth.

"But, have you thought of the change?" he asked. "Think it over well, dear. With my two arms I could have made your life one above all want, even one of luxury, after a little, perhaps. But with one to depend on I shall hardly be able to win for you the position in life I had hoped for. Think of that, Ruth."

"I have thought," she answered, "I can work and help you, Rodney, unless you want me to break it for some other and better reason than the one you have given."

"You know why I have said what I have," he answered. "I want you, I need you, and without you I must be a lonely, sorrowful man, but I felt that I had no right to ask you to make such a sacrifice for me."

"I make no sacrifice," she said, bravely. "We need not mention the matter again. I told you I would be your wife, God willing, and I see no reason why things should not be as they would have been if nothing had happened, if we love each other. I would marry you, Rodney, if there was only enough left of you to hold your heart."

After that there was no more said about breaking the engagement. But he would not consent to marriage until he had secured some employment. He had made application for a clerkship under the government, but it began to seem as if it might be a modern case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. Once in a while he got a letter from the department at Washington, saying that it was quite probable that he would secure the position as soon as the proper action could be taken; the matter had been referred to such a bureau, and would be reported on soon, or it had been turned over to such an official, and his application would receive attention in its turn.

So the weeks lengthened into months, and he waited, and hoped, and heard nothing definite, and the time when he would be in a position to marry Ruth seemed as far off as ever. She would have married him the next day if he had been willing. Work for those we love is pleasant, and she would have been glad to show him how much she could do with love as an incentive.

One day a letter came to Ruth from her Aunt Martha.

Miss Fielding lived in a little village up among the Berkshire hills. All that Ruth could remember about her was that she had always made her think of some of the old mountains to be seen from the windows of her New England home, because she seemed as steadfast and unchangeable as they did. There had been some family trouble. What it was Ruth did not know. But Aunt Martha, who had some of the Puritan stubbornness in her make-up, backed up by the Fielding pride, had very little to do with her relatives. Therefore it was not at all to be wondered at that Ruth and her mother were surprised when Aunt Martha's letter came.

"I want you to come up and see me," she wrote. "Come and stay at least a month. That is, if you can stand it that long, with a lonely old woman in a lonely old house. I will try to make it pleasant, but I suppose I have forgotten how to do it. I shall expect you, so do not disappoint me. Come as soon as you can, and don't waste any time in getting ready. We don't care for style here, and fine clothes would be wasted."

"I wonder if she thinks I have such things," laughed Ruth. "Her advice is wasted, so far as that goes. Shall I go, mother?"

"Yes, I think you had better," answered Mrs. Gerrish. "She must be very lonely. Poor woman! She's had a great deal of trouble, and a good deal of it she made for herself, but I suppose she could not help it; it was the natural result of her peculiar disposition."

"I can't see what she wants me to come for," said Ruth. "I haven't seen her since I was a little bit of a girl. I wonder she didn't send for one of Aunt Lucy's daughters. They visited her last summer, you know."

"She's got some plan in her head, I'm sure," said Mrs. Gerrish. "She always has, when she invites any of her relatives to visit her. She did not invite Lucy's girls, and I presume she was offended at their coming without being asked. But since she has seen fit to ask you, I think you had better go, and do all you can to make it pleasant for her. I used to like her, but I always felt afraid of her, and I'm rather glad she didn't include me in her invitation."

So Ruth went to Aunt Martha's, and was welcomed in that lady's grim fashion. Her kiss made Ruth think of one of the old mountains departing from its usual dignity and saluting one of the little hills.

"I am glad you thought it worth while to humor an old woman's whim," said Aunt Martha. "I could have had any one, or all of Lucy's girls, if I had wanted them, but I didn't. They were too good last summer. To my face, that is. I knew they called me a horrid old thing behind my back. But you aren't like them, Im sure. Your mother and Lucy never seemed to be sisters. Lucy always seems to be making a kind of calculation, whenever I see her, of how many years I'm good for yet. I don't know—" with a chuckle—"as it will make much difference with her whether I live one year or fifty. I don't know but your mother thinks just as much about what may come of my dying as Lucy does, but she don't show it as much if she does."

"My mother, I am sure, does not expect to be benefitted in any way by your death," answered Ruth, proudly. "You do her an injustice, if you think otherwise."

"Very likely," answered Aunt Martha, and then the conversation was diverted into another channel.

Ruth was not long in finding out why Aunt Martha had invited her to visit her. One of her nephews was coming to visit her; her favorite nephew, to whom she intended to leave the greater share of her property, and she had planned that he should marry Ruth.

"I always liked you," she said, in one of her confidential moods. "I've not seen much of you since you were a little girl, but I've heard of you. You've been good to your mother. Lucy's girls were willing their mother should slave herself to death to get them finery and folderols. If they could dress well that's all they cared about. I know all about you, and know you're a good girl, and, I hope, a sensible one. John will like you, I'm sure."

Ruth dreaded to tell her aunt the truth, but she felt as if she ought to do so at once. It was better to be frank.

"Aunt Martha," she said, with a little frightened catch of her breath, for she was afraid the old lady would be terribly offended at the failure of her plans. "I'm engaged to be married."

Then the worst being over, she went on to tell her aunt all about it, and succeeded in making her lover into a great hero, in her own estimation, if not in Aunt Martha's.

"So you are going to marry a man with one arm, and as poor as poverty?" said the old lady, grimly.

"Yes, if nothing happens to prevent it," answered Ruth, bravely. "We love each other, and will get along some way. Love's better than all the wealth in the world, I think, and so does Rodney."

"Humph!" said Aunt Martha, and there the conversation ended.

John came. He and Ruth were good friends at once. Aunt Martha was pleased to see it, and hoped her plan might yet be made to work.

"She waited for two or three weeks before telling John what she had set her heart upon. He heard her through in silence, and she felt sure there would be no opposition as far as he was concerned.

Then she went to Ruth again.

But Ruth was inflexible in her determination to be true to her promise.

"I have promised to marry Rodney Craig," she said firmly. "I shall keep my word. Not all the wealth in the world would tempt me to break my promise to him, because—I love him."

That afternoon, when she walked down the orchard path with John, he told her what Aunt Martha had said in the morning, and they had a good laugh over the old lady's plans.

"I didn't tell her that I was engaged to be married," said John. "But I am. I don't mind telling you, Ruth, and I'll show you my girl's picture."

And Ruth repaid his confidence by telling him about Rodney.

"I declare, it's almost too bad to disappoint her so, after all," he said laughingly. "But I don't feel quite willing to give up my own plans for hers, and I see you don't. I'm afraid she'll be disappointed, but I don't see how we can be blamed."

"We ought not to," said Ruth. "I like you well, but I like Rodney better—in a different way, you know, and I rather think I will run the risk of Aunt Martha's displeasure and take the consequences, be they what they may."

Aunt Martha seemed to have satisfied herself that there was no use in trying to do anything more about carrying out her pet project. She never mentioned it to Ruth again.

When Ruth went home her aunt kissed her after the same grim fashion of her welcome, and told her she should expect to see her again next summer, if nothing happened.

Something did happen, something that will happen to all of us, sooner or later.

Aunt Martha had not expected to go so soon, and none of her relatives had thought of her dying for years to come. But the call came for her suddenly, and she went away in the darkness of a winter night, and there was no coming back from a journey like hers.

Ruth and her mother went to the funeral. They went out of respect for the dead, and not because they expected that she had even remembered them in her will.

But when the funeral was over, the lawyer invited them to tarry till the will was read. She had requested that such of her relatives as attended her funeral should listen to her last will and testament.

To her nephew, John Hunt, she bequeathed the sum of thirty thousand dollars. To her niece, Ruth Gerrish, she gave her Bible with all therein contained. This was the sum and substance of the document.

Ruth took her legacy, which was found in Aunt Martha's room, securely tied up, with "Ruth Geerish" written on it, as the will had stated, and they went back home.

Lucy and her daughter were indignant and disgusted, and they did not hesitate to say so, as they left the quiet little village behind them.

"I wouldn't have touched the old Bible," said Aunt Lucy to Ruth. "If she couldn't give me nothing better than that I would never have taken the trouble to bring it away."

"I did not expect even that," answered Ruth. "Aunt Martha was under no obligation to remember me in any way."

"But to think of a woman who has thirty thousand dollars to give away, and does not give one cent to her sisters, whom a small sum would help a great deal, but gives it all to a nephew, who really does not need it. It's a shame," declared Lucy. "Martha was always bound to be contrary, and I believe she hated her own flesh and blood. I wouldn't be unchristian enough to let an old grudge keep me from doing my duty, I think."

"Martha's money was her own, to do as she pleased with," said Mrs. Gerrish. "I'm sure I didn't want it."

"I wonder who has the homestead?" asked Lucy, suddenly. "The thirty thousand left to John was in bonds and notes. Nothing was said about the place. I hadn't thought of that before. Perhaps it was sold to some one before her death."

"Quite likely," said Mrs. Gerrish.

That night Rodney Craig came to see them, and Ruth told him of her legacy.

"I have not opened it yet," she said. "Hold it on your knee, Rodney, while I untie the string."

She removed the wrapper, and Rodney removed the old and time stained book. As he turned the pages something fluttered to the floor—a paper written over in a quaint, stiff hand, as if by one not much used to handling the pen. Ruth picked it up and read:

MY DEAR NIECE RUTH:—"I believe the woman who is true to the man she loves, when he is poor, and hasn't but one arm, is an honor to her sex. If you had been willing to marry John and given up your lover, I should have despised you. As it is I respect you, and as a token of my respect, I give you this old Bible, and all you will find in it, and pray you will be as happy as you deserve to be. God bless you and yours is my earnest wish.

MARTHA FIELDING."

Then, of course Ruth had to explain to Rodney what the allusions in the letter meant. How his eyes shown when he knew the sacrifice she had made for his sake. And he began to say something about it, in a broken voice.

She stopped him.

"I made no sacrifice at all," she said. "I didn't do it for your sake—I did it for love's sake."

The Bible slipped from his knee to the floor as he put out his arm to draw her close to him. As it did so, some folded papers slipped out from between the pages.

He picked them up to replace them.

"What are they?" asked Ruth. "Let me look at them."

She took them, and opened them.

"Oh, mother, Rodney," she cried, excitedly, "they're deeds!"

And so they were. The old homestead and the farm, a mile or two away from the village, were left "to my dear niece, Ruth Gerrish." To avoid all delay and trouble, Aunt Martha had had the deeds made out before her death. A slip of paper wrapped about them said that her lawyer, Mr. Jeffries, could tell Ruth anything she might want to know about the property. She could take possession at any time.

"On, we're rich," cried Ruth, with shining eyes. "Dear Aunt Martha! She must have loved me, for all she seemed so cold. Her heart must have been kinder than any of us thought. How happy she has made us. I hope she knows all about it."

And perhaps she did. Who knows? Who shall say she did not?

"It never rains but it pours." So runs the old adage, and it came true in this instance. Next day a letter came to Rodney from the publisher of a paper in the village where Aunt Martha had lived and died. He wanted some one to take the position of editor, at a liberal salary, considering the amount of work to be done. Miss Martha Fielding had advised him to write to Rodney Craig, tendering the position. Would he come up and talk the matter over?

Rodney went. So did Ruth.

And they are living in Aunt Martha's old home to-day, and happiness dwells with them. And the woman to whose generosity they owe so much is kept in grateful remembrance.

A Man Who Beat a Gas Company.

I have a friend in the clothing business who denounces his gas bill as exhorbitant and sometimes comes to my office to see about it. He lives in a palatial residence on Eighth street, and when he came in last week and handed me his bill I saw at once that it was an unusually small one for such an establishment as he keeps up. Being somewhat familiar with the arrangements and number of burners in his house, I determined upon catching him at his own game, and showing that he was indebted to the company for more gas even than the bill called for, but he was too much for me. Taking the bill from him I said:

"Well, Mr. ——, you have a burner in the cellar."

"Yes Sheneral, dare's a purner in the cellar, but, holy Moses, who efer heard of lightin gas in de cellar."

"You have a laundry?"

"Laundry! Laundry you say! Who efer heard of people vashing py gaslight?"

"Well, you have burners in the kitchen, haven't you?"

"Yes, day are dare but ve nefer use 'em; we haf five-o'clock dinners."

"Well don't your servants use any in the evenings?"

"Vell, I'll tell you, Sheneral, ve haf the vorst hired girls you efer seen. They are nefer in the house; day are out all times of night after dark."

"How about the dining-room?"

"Didn't I tell you ve haf five-o'clock dinners, and the childrens always plays in dark?"

"Well, there's the sitting-room?"

"Sitting-room! Ve nefer light the gas there; ve always sits on the front schterr."

"Well you surely have light in the hall?"

"Vy, vould you vant to preak a man up?"

"Well there's your handsomely furnished parlor?"

"Yes, ve haf nice parlors and ilegant furnisher, but ve haven't had a visitor for ofer a year."

Becoming discouraged, I skipped the other apartments in the house and came to a point where I thought I would be sure to catch him, and I asked:

"How about your bed chamber? You surely use gas in that appartment?"

Imagine my chargin when, after a moment's hesitation, he answered:

"My ped-chamber? Vy, I tells you, Sheneral, ve haf burners there, but ve nefer use 'em. My vife, she is a very modest voman, and always goes to bed in the dark."

He got a rebate.

A Bride in a Tree-Top

Captain McCoy, of the Ariadne gives full particulars of the fearful experience of a bridal party in the storm opposite Rockport last Tuesday. Ira Zenor went from Rockport to be married to Miss Shryock, whose parents live opposite. J. G. Daugherty, who of late years has been running the ferry, took the groom and his friends, accompanied with a two-horse carriage, across the river on his ferry boat in the morning. Everything went well, the ceremony was performed and the day passed pleasantly until about 5 P. M., when the party, with some addition, started to return. They consisted of Mr. Daugherty and his wife, Ira Zenor and his bride and ten other ladies and gentlemen.

After crossing an overflowed field they reached a clump of trees on the edge of the river bank, when the storm struck the frail boat, overturning it. The party clung to the trees and remained in the branches two hours, when they were rescued by a colored man and a skiff. They remained at the colored man's house until morning, when they righted their ferry-boat and went to Rockport, thankful to be alive. The weather was so cold the clothing of the sufferers froze on them, and it is wonderful that no lives were lost.

An Opinion.

There were eight or ten of them seated on the grocery steps as the stranger came up, and one of them led off with:

"Yes, gentlemen, the village needs capital, and needs it bad."

"That's so," added the second, "what we want here is money."

"Yes, we want capital to develop things," sighed a third, and so it went down the line until every one of the lot had expressed his opinion that capital was wanted. The last man looked up at the stranger and added:

"Don't it seem that way to you?"

"It does, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What would be your opinion of the way capital ought to be invested here?"

"Well, my plan would be to lay out the first $5,000 in bar soap, crash towels, barbers' shears and kicking machines!" was the firm reply, as he prepared for a run of half a mile to the depot.

My Neighbor and I.

I am mad at the man on the southwest corner of the block, and he is mad at me, and it's all on account of nothing at all. We bought a mantel and a grate just alike and costing the same price. We had tiling just of the same pattern, laid down by the same man. For five years we were like brothers. If I had a sick horse, I consulted him. We went over to his house to play old sledge, and his family came over to my house to play croquet. I'd have turned out of bed at midnight of the darkest night you ever saw and walk d twenty miles though mud thirty feet deep to bring a doctor in the case of sickness and I'm certain he'd have done fully as much for me.

In an unfortunate hour my brother-in-law from Chicago paid me a visit. He said the mantel was very handsome and the grate a beauty, and added:

"But you want a brass fender."

"No!"

"Certainly you do. It will be an immense improvement."

A day or two after he returned home he sent me a brass fender from Chicago. He not only sent it as a present, but paid the express charges. Some one told the man on the southwest corner that I had a brass fender.

"It can't be!"

"But he has."

"I'll never believe it."

"But I've seen it."

Then he is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. Some folks would mortgage their souls for the sake of showing off a little!"

When this remark was brought to me I trned red clear back to the collar-button. I called the southwest corner man a liar and a horsethief. I said that his grandfather was hanged for murder and that his oldest brother was in State Prison. I advised him to sell out and go to the Cannibal Islands, and offered to buy his house and turn it into a soap factory.

The usual result followed. He killed my cat, and I shot his dog. He complained of my alley, and I made him put down a new sidewalk. He called my horse an old plug, and I lied about his cow and spoilt a sale. He got my church pew away by paying a higher price, and I destroyed his credit at the grocery. He is now maneuvering to have the city compel me to move my barn back nine feet, and I have all the arrangements made to buy the house next to him and rent it to an undertaker as a coffin wareroom.

Heavy Life Insurance.

Mr. Hamilton Disston, the millionaire manufacturer and president of the Florida Land and Improvement Company, is carrying a heavier line of life insurance than probably any other man in the United States. He has $400,000 in force upon his life in the regular companies, while he is good for several thousand additional in many mutual concerns. The only man who is regarded as his rival in this is ex-Senator George K. Anderson, of Titusville, this State, who is reported to have about $400,000 upon his life.

In explaining how this was done, Mr. Disston said to a reporter recently:

"One day an insurance agent said to me that he would like to have the distinction of being able to say that he had placed the largest individual life insurance of any agent in the United States, and proved to me that it would be a profitable business operation, and so I told him to go ahead.

The bulk of the insurances have been placed within the last few years and are scattered among thirteen companies of unquestionable responsibility. In order to maintain this enormous insurance Mr. Disston pays to the various companies who are carrying him $20,000 in premiums per annum.

An agent of an insurance company said:

"This insurance of Mr. Disston may look to be enormous, but it really is not. It is impossible for some men to insure to an amount that would begin to compensate their estates for their death. Now Mr. Disston is worth $200,000 a year to his estate, and this insurance of $400,000 would be but a slight comparison to his worth as a money-maker."

Another heavily insured Philadelphian is J. B. Stetson, the hat manufacturer, who has $300,000 on his life.

The reporter was shown a list of prominent people who are insured to the amount of $40,000, there being among them Cyrus W. Field, the capitalist and ocean cable owner; Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*; Cornelius Vanderbilt, 3d; J. B. Brewster, the New York carriage builder; John Gill, of Baltimore; Charles Parrish, the coal operator of Wilkesbarre; P. H. Glatfelter, the paper manufacturer of Spring Forge, and J. L. Hollenback, of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Captain Dyer, the well-known sword-fisherman, of New Bedford, struck a fish once off Normans Land that turned and rushed at the boat, sending it's sword through the thick planking into the iron ballast, where it was broken off. The most remarkable case, illustrating the force of there fishes, is that of the Plymouth whaler, Fortune. In her a sword was found that had gone through the copper sheeting and an inch board under the sheeting, a three-inch plank of hard wood, the solid white oak timber 12 inches thick, then through another two and a half inch oak ceiling and finally into the head of a barrel of oil, where it remained.

A caterer in Buffalo cooks angleworms. He feeds them on milk for a few days, dusts them with flour, and drops them into a pan of burning oil or fat. They are served in drawn butter with a little lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce.

Advantages of the Jersey.

Let the Jerseys increase, because:

1. Jerseys make more butter annually compared with the food they eat than any other breed.

2. Jerseys make better butter than any other breed—better grain and better flavor.

3. Jersey milk is the most profitable, because it contains more butter per quart than that of any other breed; its cream rises quicker, and its butter comes quicker.

4. Jersey butter brings from two to ten cents a pound more than any other, as a rule, throughout the United States; hence on ninety farms out of one hundred, where butter is a specialty, the introduction of Jersey blood will change butter making from a dead loss to a net proft.

5. Butter farming is more profitable and healthful and refining than truck farming, beef-farming, poultry or pig raising.

6. For every cent lost on account of the Jersey's smaller carcass, there are two cents gained on account of her better butter and larger annual yield.

We want Holsteins and Ayrshires for the general milk and cheese supply; we want shorthorns and Herefords for their beef; but the country wants the Jersey for their butter. So let us have an end to the opposition which this breed has met with for forty years. He who specializes wins. The "general-purpose" cow is an impossible animal. Let each farmer decide whether all circumstances point to a beef, a milk or a butter breed, and choose his stock accordingly.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A HARD EGG.—A commercial traveler jumped from the train at a small station and shouted to the proprietor of the lunch counter to give him a hard boiled egg and a piece of mince pie.

He ate the pie hurriedly, and was attempting to break the egg when the conductor gave the signal for starting.

"What in great Caesar's name is the matter with this egg?' he yelled.

"Is it rotten asked the proprietor.

"Rotten? no, but I can't make any impression on it, and here I am, as hungry as a wolf and the train half way out of the yard," and he made a dash for the back platform of the rear car, which he just succeeded in reaching.

"Well, I'm blowed," said the proprietor of the lunch counter, poking it with a knife, "If I didn't give the young man a China nest egg."

Don't Spill the Milk.

"There is no use crying over spilled milk," says the old saw. If you are not only bald, but have no life in the roots of your hair, there is no use crying over that, either. Take both time and yourself by the forelock while there is a forelock left. Apply Parker's Hair Balsam to your hair before matters get worse. It will arrest the falling off of your hair and restore its original color, gloss and softness. It is a perfect dressing withal, clean, richly perfumed, cools and heals the scalp. mar12.

ANOTHER OLDEST MAN.—The oldest man in the world—unless he is lying, which is rather more probable—is a colored man who was before a New Orleans police court the other day for a breach of the peace. He said his wife had been "gallivantin" round town wid a lot of ignorant niggers late at night, and he went to try the same racket to make her jealous. They met—they fought—he was arrested. "How old are you?" asked the judge. "Well, I donno persackly, but I 'members when dey wuz diggin' de Tombigbee river."

In the United States Treasury the "scrub women" alone get over $13,000 per year, though, as there are 75 of them, it is easy to see that their salaries are not munificent. They go to the Treasury building in the afternoon, just as the clerks and other employes are leaving, and as soon as they are out of the building set to work to sweep and scrub and dust the whole building, and are done their duties within a couple of hours.

After a young lady gets to be—say eighteen—she grows old very slow. Very few of them advance two years in a whole century. Now here is Miss Susan B. Anthony, for instance, who has just turned 21; Mary Anderson, who has been 19 these 11 years; Marie Van Zandt, who has been 22 for more than a quarter of a century; Miss Chamberlain and Miss Dechtan, each of whom has been on the sunny side of twenty for a number of years, and intend remaining there as long as ever they can.

Everybody Knows It.

When you have the Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin eruptions of any kind, and the Piles, that you know without being told of it, C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, will sell you Dr. Besanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which affords immediate relief, and is a sure cure for either of the above diseases.

The Greensburg *Argus* drops into poetry as easy as falling off a log. The latest is, "Beautiful blizzard, blithe as a bee, ears, toes and nose are waiting for thee. Fret not thy gizzard, tone down thy gall, we will look out for thy cyclone call. Wizen-faced snow wizzard, fresh from the west, go to the north pole and give us a rest."

"Mamma, what are twins made for?" asked a little girl the other day. Her precocious elder brother replied: "So that cannibals may eat philopenas."

England allows children to work in stores when ten years old, but from that age until fourteen they must go to school half a day.

A man never sees the last of a pair of ready-made boots bought for him.

Oil took a tumble last week, and prices are away down.

Young ladies are painting pictures of frogs. They are so suggestive of leap year.

The man who takes medicine goes in for internal improvement.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-four will be a lively year in the way of politics.

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.

With the disappearance of snow comes dirty streets.