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

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

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(Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night unless professionally engaged. Office on Southeast corner of Diamond, over Kupper's Shoe Store. apr22 6tif.

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DR. S. J. MCMILLEN,
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STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Jacob Livengood, dec'd, late of Elklick Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
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 to the undersigned for settlement on Saturday, February 21, 1885, at the house of F. O. Livengood, in Elklick Township.
F. O. LIVENGOOD,
SARAH BROLLIER,
REBECCA LIVENGOOD,
Dec27. Executors.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 37. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1754.

BARGAINS!

To ReduceStock, in order to Make Room for the Purpose of enlarging and Improving my Business house, I will sell for Cash all Goods in my Line at Greatly Reduced Prices for the Following thirty Days.

1½ Gallon Water Bucket	$ 25	2 Quart Sauce Pan	$ 15
2-Gallon Water Bucket	30	4 Quart Sauce Pan	25
3-Gallon Water Bucket	35	2-Quart Car on Oil Can	15
12-Quart Dish Pan	25	4-Quart Carbon Oil Can	25
14-Quart Dish Pan	30	8-Quart Carbon Oil Can	30
16-Quart Dish Pan	35	Queen Carbon Oil Can (Glass)	30
2-Quart Covered Bucket	10	Flour Sifters	10
3-Quart Covered Bucket	15	Long Tea Forks	15
4-Quart Covered Bucket	20	Rolling Pins	15
6 Quart Covered Bucket	25	Towel Rollers	15
3-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	35	Novelty Clothes Wringer	3 00
4-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	50	Knives and Forks (Set of Six)	50
5-Pint Fancy Tea Pot	35	Tea Spoons (Set of Six)	10
6 Pint Fancy Tea Pot	40	Table Spoons (Set of Six)	15
7-Pint Fancy Tea Pot	45	Soap Dishes	1
2 Quart Coffee-Boiler	15	Stove Polish (Four Kinds) Per Paper	5
4 Quart Coffee Boiler	25	Meat Broilers	15
Large Wash-Boiler (No. 9)	1 00	Large Wash Basins	10

The above List contains but Few of the Many Hundred Articles I will Offer for Low Cash Prices for the next Thirty Days. Whether you wish to buy or not, Please Call and Examine the Largest Stock of Stoves, Tinware and House Furnishing Goods ever shown in Johnstown.

FRANK W. HAY,
280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

P. S.—Look For My Name on the Window.

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SHOE STORE
IN THE CITY.
—:o:—
L. STARGARDTER
Has broken through into the next room, which makes it now
THE LARGEST SHOE STORE
In Johnstown.
The place is not completed yet but we are prepared to offer you Bargains in
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
Cheaper than any other Shoe Store in the City.
L. STARGARDTER,
ONE PRICE
OPERA HOUSE
Shoe Store.
212 & 214 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

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 $5 0 00 time lock
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SUCCESSORS TO
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NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch

TUTT'S PILLS
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age
Indorsed all over the World.
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.
TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call up on me and favor me with their patronage.
Yours, &c.,
WM. M. HOCHSTETLER,
Somerset, Pa.
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CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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CATARACT BLINDNESS
is caused by loss of transparency of the lens behind the pupil. Sight is restored 90 times out of 100, by removal of the opaque body. The pain of the operation is never very severe, and under the effect of the new anæsthetic, by simply putting a few drops in the eye, the operation is borne by the most timid. The best possible results are secured in all operations on the Eye and Ear, Room and Throat. DR. G. W. SADLER, 906, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Summit Distillery.
LOCATED DIRECTLY ON MAIN LINE PITTS. DIV. B. & O. R. R., THUS SAVING EXTRA COST OF DRAYING.
Pure Rye, Copper-Distilled Whisky!
Situated on summit of Alleghenies, uses the water from cold mountain springs. This whisky is made by the double-distilled process, and guaranteed perfectly pure and full proof.
Orders filled same day as received.
Special.
In order to give Hotel Keepers and Dealers a grand opportunity never before offered, will contract for the manufacture of Whisky in any quantity from 5 to 50 barrels, giving them the privilege of letting it lie in bond for three years, charging but a small sum for storage.
On hand 150 barrels of Old Whisky, retailing at $2 to $2.50 per gallon.
Write for full particulars in regard to large quantities to
S. P. SWITZER, Supt.,
Jan28. Sand Patch, Pa.

MY CREED.

The world and I no more are friends;
I will not bow to make amends,
For what my life may be;
My outward law my soul propounds;
I, for myself, set metes and bounds,
As seemeth best to me.

I know the laws that bar and bind;
I know the needs of most mankind
Are of a common guild;
Yet I dare not set myself apart,
Dare listen to my honest heart,
Dare follow where it willed.

And I will match my life, the while,
With those who follow, rank and file,
In marching orders bound;
Will measure good against the ill;
And leave decree to whoso will,
In Justice's solemn round.

A SCARBOROUGH SCANDAL.

The season at Scarborough was at its height. The hotels were crowded, and inn-keepers and tradesmen were doing a roaring trade. Not only were there the usual holiday-makers, Yorkshire manufacturers, sprigs of nobility, over-worked city men, with their wives and superabundant children, but the cholera had sent over a goodly contingent of foreign notabilities with high-sounding names, and of more or less distinguished appearance. There were French marquises and counts, German barons, and an Italian duke; there was a Russian prince, there were dozens of wealthy Hebrews of every nationality, "rivaling the sun in Oriental splendor." Many of these personages were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and most of them were exceedingly affable in their demeanor, joining in whatever amusement the place afforded, and dancing away at the periodical assemblages with an energy which, if somewhat misdirected, was obviously well meant. The Miss Mungos, from Bradford, the Miss Shoddys, of Halifax, grew quite fated with the adulation of foreign noblemen, and if it had not been for the advent of the brilliant and fascinating Count Spitzentoff at the Regalia hotel there is no knowing but their affections might have returned to the somewhat deserted Toms, Dicks and Harrys, of their native country. But before the count's superior attractions all minor constellations waned into insignificance. He was young, apparently two or three and thirty; he had lovely teeth and magnificent black hair; he was evidently possessed of great wealth, wore little jewelry, and drove an admirable mail phaeton and pair of horses. With one consent, however, the maidens of Scarborough fell down and worshipped him.

The count was accessible, and speedily made a vast number of acquaintances. He was universally popular, the women all liked him, and the men, though not a little jealous of his success, were forced to admit that he drove well, and played a remarkably good game of billiards. He spoke moderately good English, with a strong foreign accent, and conversed fluently in French with anyone who had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of that language. There were, of course, certain envious persons at Scarborough who hinted broadly that the fascinating count was no count at all, but an individual in a very much humbler station in life. The Baron Von Stefguzz, for instance, insinuated that he had met him before in a gambling hell in Vienna, and that his duties were of a character both menial and disreputable, while the Marquis de Tombola Ferrara said he was a courier; but, as neither of these gentlemen adduced any evidence in support of their assertions, they were universally disbelieved. Moreover, as both the baron and the marquis—and, for the matter of that, quite half of the most eminent personages in the hotel—had very good reasons for wishing that their own antecedants should not be too closely investigated, they were content, as a rule, to act upon the excellent proverb which regulates the conduct of those who live in glass houses. So the count increased in favor with his acquaintances, and became quite a leader in social society. Just when he was at the zenith of his popularity, there arrived at the Regalia hotel an American gentleman, accompanied by two young ladies. The party attracted no little interest. The American was a spare, dried-up looking man of 50 or thereabouts, he had an abrupt, decisive manner, and he gave his orders with the air of one accustomed to be obeyed with promptness and decision. His name, according to the visitors' book, was Julius K. Dexter, and he had scarcely retired to his private sitting room before he was recognized by the hotel gossips as one of the largest and most successful speculators in wall street. There was no doubt about Mr. Dexter's millions; men looked on him with awe and admiration, while needy scions of nobility hung upon his lips eager for the slightest indication of the course of the markets. The two young ladies rather puzzled the company at the Regalia hotel. Mr. Dexter was known to be childless, and he had simply entered his name in the visitors' book as "Julius K. Dexter and party, New York." One of the girls was apparently very delicate; she always went to the Spa in a bath-chair, closely wrapped up, and wearing a thick veil, the other being in constant attendance. The second, who was of a sufficiently attractive appearance, dressed plainly, but well, and seemed to enjoy excellent health. Mr. Dexter himself never alluded to them except as "Clara" and "Annie," and the male visitors grew prodigiously anxious to make their acquaintance. But a week passed, and the foreign noblemen, spring captains, tailors, money-lenders and seedy honorables had not succeeded in attaining the object of their aspirations. Matters were growing desperate, so the count was deputed to devise a scheme which might produce the desired effect.

"Clara, my dear, remarked Mr. Dexter one evening to the invalid, that black-whiskered Italian, brigand-looking chap, who calls himself a count, wants us to join in a driving party somewhere."

"Of course, you told him you'd do no such thing," answered the young lady, somewhat fretfully.

"I said I'd ask you—not that I ever supposed you'd mix with the rag-tag and bob-tail lot of people that are here."

"So you are not going?" said the other girl.

"Certainly not. Why?"

"Nothing, but I thought you might like a change in the monotony," and she arose and left the room.

"I wish to goodness some Italian brigand or nobleman would take a fancy to Annie," sighed the invalid. "Her temper is really unendurable. Italian counts are generally on the lookout for heiresses. Why can't you send her on this expedition instead of me? Nobody here knows that she hasn't got a farthing in the world. We might get rid of her, and what a blessing that would be."

"I am afraid you are getting uncharitable. It would, however, be rather sport to let those hungry fellows think she is an heiress. But, if I take her, what is to become of you?"

"I shall get on. The people are amusing to look at, and Hannah will take care of me. Besides, Anna positively irritates me, I know she thinks nursing such a dreadful infliction."

"Have it your own way, my dear. I'll tell the count that we shall be delighted."

So when the appointed day came Mr. Dexter, accompanied by Miss Annie, and duly mounted on a moderately well appointed coach, was piloted by the triumphant count to a well-known show place, a dozen miles from Scarborough.

Mr. Dexter omitted to inform Count Spitzentoff that the young lady under his charge was not his niece at all, but the daughter of a defaulting clerk, who had committed forgery and then blown out his brains. Neither did he say that she had not a sixpence in the world, nor that he had allowed her to asume the name of Dexter owing to the disgrace which had stained that of her father. The excursion was therefore very enjoyable. The count had asked the Baron Von Stufguzz to join the party, too, on the condition, of course, that he did not make himself too agreeable to the pseudo-heiress; and the rich Miss Mungo and her mother had been invited for the baron's amusement. So, after inspecting some more or less interesting ruins, the party paired off in the grounds, the count, of course, monopolizing Miss Dexter, and the baron Miss Mungo, while Dexter was left to the tender mercies of the chaperon. The latter gentleman had decidedly the worst of the bargain, for Mrs. Mungo, who had formerly been a Halifax milk-girl, subjected him to a cross-examination of the most searching and irritating description, about himself, his fortune, his nieces, the amount of money he intended to leave them, and, in fact, all his most private and personal affairs.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself, my dear," said Dexter to his protege, somewhat grimly, when his torments were over and he found himself once more at the Regalia.

"Immensely," answered the young lady, with emphasis. The count is simply charming, and he is so well off. He has a house in Paris, a villa at Cannes and any amount of estates in Lithuania and the Caucuses."

"A house in Paris and a villa at Cannes?" growled Dexter to himself. "I must make further inquiries."

Miss Annie Dexter once having inserted the thin edge of the wedge by getting an introduction into Scarborough society, gave her guardian no peace until he allowed her to go to the ever-recurring balls, which were the almost daily solace of the young men and maidens at the hotel. She had no difficulty in getting Mrs. Mungo or some other affable matron to look after her, an arrangement which suited Dexter and his niece to perfection, as thereby they got rid of her for the evening and were left to their own devices.

Everybody knows what a Scarborough hotel ball is. The guests of one hotel ask those of another alternately. There is usually a gentleman who officiates as master of the ceremonies, and introduces everybody whether they like it or not. Hence one sees young ladies of title revolving with Hebrew money-lenders, ambitious mamas gushing over their daughters' perfections to the managers of Haymarket restaurants, and respectable British merchants worshiping at the shrine of French ballad dancers and demi-mon-daines. Miss Annie Dexter was not a young lady of very refined tastes, and this sort of thing suited her admirably. Her various chaperons immpressed upon the company that she was the heiress of untold wealth, and Dexter millions made such a sensation that the young lady had half a dozen proposals in as many days. She herself did nothing to enlighten her adorers as to the real state of the case, as she was quite shrewd enough to know that any such statement would materially decrease both their number and ardor. On the contrary, as she generally borrowed Miss Clara's dresses and diamonds, sometimes without her leave, she did her best to confirm the popular error.

After a few weeks of this sort of life the count's attentions became so exceedingly marked that Annie began to expect a proposal daily. The count, however, was a very wary gentleman, and before proceeding to extremities he determined to ascertain from her uncle what the young ladies prospects really were. He, accordingly wrote him, begging the favor a few minutes' conversation in his private room. The American of course, knew pretty well what was coming, but not being over-confident of his own abilities to deal with an ardent lover, he took his niece's advice as to what course he ought to pursue.

"That Polish count, swindler, courier, or whatever he may be, means to propose to Annie, What am I to say?" he began.

"Oh let him have her, by all means."

"But I don't believe he will, unless he thinks she is an heiress, and I don't intend to perjure myself on her account, though of course, I shall give her something when she marries."

"That is a little awkward," said Miss Clara, musing. "We must think it over. Have you made any inquiries about him?"

"Yes, and I have no reason to believe that he is not the man he represents himself to be. He is well known both at Paris and Cannes. And yet I believe he is a fraud."

"That is quite possible; but if he is really Count Spitzentoff, I don't see why Annie should not marry him."

"But he thinks she is worth a million."

"Let him think so."

"I am not going to tell the man a pack of lies."

"I don't want you to," said the invalid, with animation. "Attend to me. When Spitzentoff proposes you must positively refuse to hear it, without a word about her prospects."

"And then?"

"Why, then they will elope of course!"

Mr. Dexter burst out laughing. "Well, that is certainly an ingenious idea. But I am afraid he will ill-treat her when he finds out."

"Oh, nonsense! She is very well able to take care of herself, and you will make her a decent allowance."

So Mr. Dexter went to meet the count, having made up his mind to put his niece's plan into operation. The interview was brief. The count avowed his devotion to Miss Annie Dexter, and formally asked for her hand. Dexter, whose repugnance to the fascinating foreigner, rather increased than diminished, point blank refused to entertain the proposal. The count waxed eloquent and expostulatory; enlarged upon the splendor of his family and the extent of his possessions, went even so far as to produce a number of papers which established his identity beyond all reasonable doubt, and invited Mr. Dexter to come into his private room and inspect a quantity of foreign orders and patents of nobility. But the American was obdurate; and, seeing that all the pleading was in vain, the count went off in a terrible rage.

The next few days were somewhat trying, both for uncle and niece. As soon as Miss Annie heard the dreadful news of her lover's rejection she attacked her guardian with every species of argument and abuse she could invent, and was only pacified by the threat that he would disclose her identity. Failing to make an impression upon him she resorted to Clara, whom she pestered for her good offices and reproached bitterly for having marred her prospects in life.

"My dear Annie," protested Clara, I assure you it has nothing to do with me, I should be delighted to see you the Countess of Spitzentoff. Uncle takes such violent dislikes, you know. If I were you I should elope; he will be sure to come round afterward.

"My dear Clara, what a magnificent idea!" cried Annie, embracing her, effusively.

As the days passed, the love lorn young lady's temper improved materially; the count was as devoted as ever in his intentions, though less obstrusive, and the Dexters, uncle and niece, proposed to take no notice of the affair. The St. Leger week came on, and the hotels were crowded to suffocation. The night before the great race there was a ball at the Regalia of unusual splendor.

"I suppose you are going to night, Annie?" inquired Clara.

"Yes, with Mrs. Mungo; and I have a great favor to ask—perhaps it may be the last," said the young lady demurely.

"What is it?"

"I want you to lend me your diamonds. I am so anxious to look well to night."

"Oh, yes you may have them," answered Clara, smilingly. "Don't forget to leave them behind, though."

"So Miss Annie went to the ball arrayed in Miss Dexter's jewels, and naturally enjoyed herself immensely.

The next day nearly everyone in the hotel went of to Doncaster. The Scarborough air had done Clara so much good that she determined to accompany her uncle. Annie, however, pleaded fatigue and a bad headache, and Dexter did not press her to go. Just before starting Clara entered her Uncle's room.

"Lend me £200," she said laughing.

"What for?" he asked, with a responsive grin.

"Now you know you are not to ask questions, but to do as you are told."

Arriving on the course, Dexter disposed of his niece and began strolling about the ring. Presently he felt a touch on his sleeve.

"I beg your pardon, sare," said some one with a strong foreign accent, "but haf I ze pleasure to address Mr. Dexter?"

"That's so," said Dexter, turning round.

Two men stood before him, one tall and somewhat distinguished-looking, the other shorter, with a sharp, hatchet face and business-like appearance. Dexter fancied he had seen the tall man before. Odly enough he was singularly like Count Spitzentoff, but his whiskers were nearly white and his face was wrinkled and worn, as if from a recent illness. Moreover, he might have been at least 30 years older than the count, but still there was a likeness.

"You are Mr. Dexter," he continued, with much volubility and many gesticulations; "then you know a miserable, who calls himself the Count Spitzentoff and resides at the Hotel Regalia? Vere is he—can you tell me?"

"Hanged if I know," said Dexter, feeling somewhat uneasy.

"Is he not here?" said the stranger, excitedly.

"No, I don't think he came. Ill, or something."

"Hang the fellow!" interposed the short man. "He's given us the slip."

"This sare, is to you a mystery," said the other trembling with rage. "I am ze Count Spitzentoff; that scare brigand is my valet, Juels le Guillon. Look, you, sare, he is a voleur—what you call pique-pocket. I am at Naples; I catch ze accursed cholera; LeGuillon, he pack me to a hospital; I grow worse; he leaves me to die; he go to my hotel; he steal my luggage, my money, my papers—everything; he go off I know not where. But I recover; I get on his traces, wiz ze aid of my good friend Monsieur Ferrett, of Scotland yard. At last I have catch him—is it not so?"

"Dexter was not easily surprised; but he stared at the now infuriated stranger with amazement.

"The devil!" he ejaculated.

"Perfectly correct, sir," said Mr. Ferret. "But we are wasting time. Where is the gentleman?"

"At Scarborough, I believe."

"By jove! I trust he mayn't have got clear off! If I had only wired to the police! But I wanted to collar him myself."

Dexter promptly found his niece, and the whole party returned to Scarborough as fast as a special train could carry them. The real count was frantic at the thought of losing his prey. Ferret was silent and sulky, while Dexter was seriously uneasy about Annie.

"I never meant to let her in for anything like this," he whispered to Clara, who was crying quietly in a corner.

"Where is Count Splitzentoff?" shouted the party in chorus, when they arrived at the Regalia.

"Went to London this morning on important business," answered the manager, and a volley of imprecations burst from the group. Dexter rushed up stairs to his ward's room. The door was locked. He kicked it violently, and there was a faint "Who's there?"

"Open the door!" cried the American feeling thankful that things were no worse.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter!" sobbed the forsaken damsel, "where is Count Spitzentoff? We were to have eloped today!"

"You'll never see him again," said Dexter, savagely. "He's a swindler. By the way did Clara give you £200?"

"Yes, and I g-g-gave it to him to take c-c-care of. And he took Clara's diamonds, be-c-c-cause he said one of the s-s-stones was loose! Oh, gracious, what shall I do?" And Miss Annie went off into a violent fit of hysterics.

"That was a very excellent joke of yours, Clara, remarked Mr. Dexter grimly, as his niece came to the now disconsolate Annie's assistance; but at present M. Jules le Guillon has slightly the best of it.

The Telephone Girl Makes More Mischief.

The girl had been asleep a long time, when somebody called. Looking at the switch-board, she observed that No. 1111 was down and leisurely raising the phone to her ear she softly replied:

"Hello!"

"Hello, ducky," was the answer and she made faces at the key-board a long time before she paid any more attention to him. Then she said:

"Oh, you bald-headed old sinner! What do you want?"

"Dr. Highflyer. No. 2222."

"Hello!"

"Hello, Highflyer! My wife is not very well to-night. She has a severe pain in the back of her neck, and complains of a sort of goneness in the abdomen."

"Got malarial colic I guess

"I think so, what shall I do for her?"

Here the wicked telephone girl switched on a machinist who was telling the owner of a saw mill what he thought ailed his boiler, and the answer to Doidoodles question was as follows:

"I think she's covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it on to the fire-plug and wash her out. I wouldn't be surprised if she is half full of mud, besides the scales. When you get through, fill her up with cold water and build a good fire under her, and if she don't get hot enough to steam well in half an hour I'll eat her!"

The result is that No. 1111 does not now speak to No. 2222, and Dr. Highflyer has had the telephone taken out of his house because he is no longer able to pay rent for it.

A Startling Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief until, he procured a bottle of *Dr King's* New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Disease of Throat, Lungs, Bronchial Tubes. Trial Bottle free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

What One Letter Will Do.

In a recent divorce case tried in the Salem (Mass.) court a queer mistake occurred. The defendant being a man of no property, no attachment could be made, and so, in accordance with the legal usage, one of the papers stated that the officers had attached a "chip" belonging to the defendant. This was erroneously read "ship," and everybody was puzzled by it, including the jury. The consequence was that a verdict for $5,000 for damages was brought in on the supposition that the defendant owned a vessel. The plaintiff was overwhelmed with disappointment when the mistake was made known.

Unspeakably happy—A deaf and dumb bridal couple.

I SPY.

HOW BILL NYE PLAYED IT WHEN HE WENT TO SCHOOL.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy of your school who did the heavy falling through the ice and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it all?

Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break a collar bone when he could attend to it himself.

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which leg is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little early eccentricities which I cannot at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about 2 o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say, "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before two o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts 100, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted 500 or 600, and worked hard to gather in the crowd only to be laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot, I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again, as I did on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day as he was away from home, and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow the vest was too large, and when I slid down that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent, but very uncomfortable position.

I remember it quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Billy Nye, and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "O. I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see ye up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn, and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor who said he didn't want to sell a good barn kicked into chaos to save a longlegged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me James C. Bang is the brevet president of a fractured bank taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods gring slowly but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it, Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctor told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by C. N. Boyd.

A Parissan shoemaker advertises his ability to give expression to the foot. A good many men can do that, and some of them can give it a very severe expression, too.

The use of Iodoform or mercurials in the treatment of catarrh—whether in the form of suppositories or ointments—should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy on the market to-day is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of chronic and acute cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied in each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price fifty cents; of druggists.

LIVINGSTONE'S CIRCUS.

A Rich and Eccentric New Yorker's Strange Performance.

Standing in front of the Hotel Washington one day soon after my arrival in this city I saw a strange sight coming. A rather oddish, but well-preserved man sat upon the high fore seat of an open vehicle, driving six horses—a pair next the wheels and four tandem. Behind were two vehicles, each drawn by six horses, with coachmen and footmen in livery. The coachmen were dressed in the regulation English costume, but the footmen wore green and black short coats, with caps to match, and cream-colored trousers. The old man in front, with his plug hat and peculiar face, handled the reins with skill and spoke occasionally to his gayly trapped and bobbed steeds. His mind seemes to be set upon his work. I said to the porter of the hotel: "what is that? Is it a circus?"

The Italian, who spoke English very well, smiled and said: It is Mr. Livingstone, an American."

Of course, I concluded that Mr. Livingston was some vulgarian who had suddenly struck oil. I found out his whole history soon afterwards, and imagine my amazement when I was told that he was one of the distinguished Livingston family of New York, and a man of brilliant education, speaking several languages fluently. But he is a crank, all the same, and a good coachman.

It appears that he has been living in Florence twenty or thirty years and he has kept up this street hippodrome or street procession all these years. Horses are his hobby, and he spends nearly all his surplus money on them. They cost him, twenty-four head, $10,000 a year. They soon eat their heads off, and the sums the old crank has squandered in this way is a shame. He is now 67 years of age, and old enough to know better. His horses are splendidly groomed and quartered, and give him no trouble as he makes an annual contract with the head coachman, who relieves him of all responsibility. On himself he does not spend $1,000 a year. He takes