The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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he Somerset Herald

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Somerset, Pa.

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Come and see it. The articles are too numerous to describe. All goods SOLD AT POPULAR PRICES. Don't forget the place. ROOM NO. 2, CASEBEER'S BLOCK.

apr22. PAUL L. CASEBEER.

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TO SELL the Finest Fruits and Ornamental Nursery Stock. Terms Liberal, Situation permanent. Write for Terms. GLEN BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. may27-3m.

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PURE BONE MEAL

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DISSOLVED BONE.

These Grades of Phosphates Manufactured and kept Constantly on Hand:

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PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST,
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CHRONIC DISEASES a SPECIALTY.

The Purest and Best

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, &c., &c., &c.,

Kept constantly on hand, and sold at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Store and Office on Main Street, three doors East of the Somerset House, Somerset, Pa. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Call and inspect my stock.

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FARMERS,

IMPROVE YOUR STOCK!

The Imported Clydesdale Horse,

BARON,

Will stand for the service of Mares throughout the season of 1885, at my farm one mile west of Stoystown.

TERMS.—$15 to insure a mare with foal, payment to be made when the mare is known to be with foal. Any person parting with or failing to attend with an insured mare will be held responsible for the insurance. Proper care will be taken, but no accountability for accidents.

DESCRIPTION.—Baron is a beautiful dark bay, imported from Scotland 3 years ago, weighs 1800 pounds, is 16 hands high, and possesses good bone and sinew, a fine temper, and is a splendid mover.

JOSIAH ANKENY,
mar11-3m. OWNER AND KEEPER.

H. BOWERS,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,

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Having taken charge of the property and fixtures of the Bakery formerly conducted by Albert Recke, and refitted and refurnished the same, I am now prepared to furnish the public with everything in my line. Meals furnished at all hours, on short notice, and at reasonable rates. We have constantly on hand the choicest

CROCERIES AND CONFECTIONS

And are prepared to furnish parties, balls, picnics &c., with everything in our line. Give us a call.

H. BOWERS.
mar11.

Summit Distillery.

LOCATED DIRECTLY ON MAIN LINE PITTS. DIV. P. R. O. R. R., THUS SAVING EXTRA COST OF DRAYING.

Pure Rye, Copper-Distilled Whisky!

Situated on summit of Allegheny, uses the water from cold mountain springs. This whisky is make 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 125 barrels of Old Whisky, retailing at $2 to $2.50 per gallon.

Write for full particulars in regard to large quantities to S. P. SWEITZER, Supt., jan28. Sand Patch, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jesse Witt, late of Jenner Township, Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration 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 Saturday, the 20th of June, 1885, at the office of the undersigned in Jennerstown.

HENRY RAUCH,
may13. Administrator.

200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work up trade their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. jan22.

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All legal holidays observed.

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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.

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,
mar3 Somerset, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Holler's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET PA.

CATARACT BLINDNESS

is caused by loss of transparency of the lens, behind the pupil. Sight is restored 20 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. Send for Book and Testimonials. DR. G. W. DARBY, Oculist, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
to let his Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a
fiery dart from his brow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the
world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that
palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with
ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
with the fiery breath of Hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't
somebody rise and tell?

Who does the steps of the toiling saint, and
digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time
wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course
the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil
alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring
lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the
overlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to
the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day
spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course
the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who
carries his business on.

AN OLD MAID.

A lowering morning which made one wish for the Sunny South or for Italy, or any place which would make one feel happier than could this dismal morning in Wisconsin. And then to think that this train could not make connection with the eastward bound train! It is hard enough to stop at such a miserable little junction at any time, but to spend three hours here this dark morning must prove the very refinement of torture. There are a dozen passengers who must wait and who prepare to make the best of their stay here. One couple, evidently just married, find the clouds of a very rosy color, and they walk out of the smoky old depot to make a tour of the town, talking eagerly the while. Two young fellows wander uneasily about reading all the old tattered posters, glowing inducements to go West, and ancient time-tables, which invariably decorate the stained walls of a country depot. These young fellows finally utter exclamations of impatience at the dreary monotony, and go across the street to the hotel, hoping to find something there more congenial to them. Two ladies at once took their departure for the hotel, and other people stroll out about the depot, and there are left two persons, a man and woman, who, after a little time settle themselves to reading to pass away the weary moments. He reads his paper, she her book, and, occasionally, woman-like, she casts a look at her silent companion, wondering what loved ones are awaiting his arrival and whether he is impatient to greet them, or if he feels a man's stoicism in regard to it; wondering, too, how it is that each woman thinks the masculine lives connected with hers so full of manly graces and beauty in those rugged features? Then she turned her gentle eyes toward the window and looked out at the dreary landscape, looked with eyes which saw not outward objects, but were introspective solely. An old maid, commonly supposed to be the type of discontent and unrest; but here, evidently the type failed, but this face expressed the utmost of content. Life had been filled with much of sorrow for her; all her bright plans had failed of fruition; one after another she had bidden good-by to them and had turned bravely again to face the coming of a new future, a future to be peopled again by her bright fancies—the old fancies all dead and gone from her existence except as they lingered in memory. An old maid she is, so far as years go, but no home is happier than her little ideal home. She has filled its rooms with bright little faces eagerly calling to mother and the dream-father is strong, earnest, helpful and loving. Her dream home is happier for many a fine lady's real home; although she has not pictured any grandeur about it. Oh, no, she dreams that the carpets are fading from much sunlight and worn from the tread of many little feet, that there is much planning to make both ends meet, but she has imagined unselfishness can make all trials in regard to ways and means seem very slight indeed.

Her companion in this depot is an elderly person, a stout large man, with keen eyes, and a mouth at complete odds with his eyes, not belonging to them apparently. Often eyes do not harmonize in coloring with the rest of the face, but generally expressions are strongly akin. This man has a sensitive mouth, one with a mournful droop to it. Those who looked at him caught themselves wondering which would conquer—keen, hard eyes, or sensitive mouth. He gave a quick look at the thoughtful face near him, and said abruptly: "Not a very pleasant arrangement, this."

A quick flush passed over the gentle face before him—flush which his keen eyes noted instantly and understood—a flush which told of the girlishness yet left to this lonely woman.

"Not that it matters much to me where I am," he continued. "Life can't give me anything harder than I've had."

"That is a hard thing to say," she said, in her timid way.

"A true thing, though," he responded, and the corners of his sensitive mouth dropped a little more. "I feel as if I had nothing left to live for. My wife died a year ago and—" here the voice broke.

Distress ever calls some souls out from their reserve, and here was such a one, and she said quickly:

"Ah, but you have all those vanished days and months and years to remember, all the loveliness of her life to think of now."

"How did you know her life was lovely?" he queried, a little sharply.

She hesitated a moment and then said simply:

"It must have been, or you would not miss her from your living so much," a tribute to the manly worth in the face she saw before her, which was keenly relished by the owner of the face. He sighed, and then looked for a time out of the smoky window, then said: "After all, life is a strange muddle," and, receiving a look of understanding in response to this sentiment, he went on: "We don't know what is right to do, and yet we're punished by fixed laws if we don't do the right. That doesn't seem just to me."

"Oh, but it will come out straight in the next life," she cried, eagerly.

"I don't know whether it will or not," he responded. "I haven't seen the next life yet, and I don't know what it is like—don't even know if there will be a next life. I only know that we are hedged in and around in this life."

"But surely the next life will take away all the rough places of this," she said, "it will make us understand all that seems so strange about this, and—there must be a future life; God surely would not put us into this life and let so much go out of it incomplete. That seems to me the strongest reason for a future, that so many die with their life work only begun."

"Is that a reason or a hope with you?" he asked.

She hesitated and did not answer, and just then one of the restless young men who had been a fellow passenger of theirs, came in and glanced casually at the two.

That glance made her self-conscious and a blush dyed the delicate face, and she turned, in a delicate way, the pages of her book, as if she were determined not to let the passenger get possession of her wandering thoughts again. The young man passed out of the station, and the elderly one rose and walked carelessly about the room, knitting the shaggy brows occasionally at some troubled thought. The three hours passed, and 1 o'clock came, and a train came. "Can I assist you?" he asked gently, reaching out a hard, brown hand for some of the numerous bundles she was carrying. She handed some to him and followed his sturdy footsteps to the train. They wondered a little why their fellow passengers of the morning were not in greater haste, but forgot them presently in the bustle of departure. He secured a pleasant seat for her. A few minutes of waiting, of idle watching of the dark landscape, so soon to be among remembered things, and the train moved slowly out of the town, and as it moved away another train steamed in. She looked curiously at the second train, but remembered that this was a junction and did not obey her first nervous impulse, which was to go to her whilom protector and ask him if he were sure they were on the right train. She forgot the train soon and watched the stern, set face and felt sorry for him, and wished he might feel as sure of the future as did she. Soon the conductor came, and she watched him as he made his way toward her. When he reached her protector as she already called him in her inner consciousness, that individual gave a quick start at some words uttered by the conductor, after examination of his ticket. A troubled look settled upon his resolute face, and he conversed earnestly with the condutor a few moments, then glanced at her and rose and came to her.

"I told you," said he, "that we don't know what is right, and then we get punished by unalterable laws and here is a speedy illustration of the fact, only that I feel now that I might have known the right if I had taken pains to inquire. We are on the wrong train."

She looked deeply troubled, but said, after a moment:

"How can we get back?"

"It is no use to go back to that junction. We might as well go on to Chicago now and go from there; it will really take not much longer, and as you trusted to my leading in the first place, I will, if you will let me, see you safe out of this trouble."

"I am used to taking care of myself," she said, but her lips trembled a little.

"Where are you going" he asked, and upon receiving her reply added:

"I am going beyond there, so it will be no trouble to me to see you safe. I will telegraph your dilemma to your friends at the next station; we shall reach Chicago in two hours and the conductor tells me we can immediately take another train back so that really the worst of it will be the four or five hours in the train."

He remained sitting with her and chatted lightly for a time, till her mind was somewhat diverted from the unpleasantness of her situation. Gradually they wandered to deeper waters and talked again as they had earlier in the day, of the problems of life, and into these queries and answers of theirs crept ever and anon a bit of the personal history of each. He learned what a desolate life hers seemed to be, he learned, too, what a sweet, cheery courage must underlie her whole being that the desolateness should have been so ignored, and he grew ashamed of his own repining over a lot which had much of brightness in it.

When the train drew into the great depot at Chicago he felt that he had learned to know a pure soul, and she felt deep pity for the lonely life opened to their view, and as they took the other train, which was to take them rapidly to their destination, each felt a regret that a few hours more would part them. He sat silent for a long time after this, wondering if he dared do the thing he wished. He was lonely, set adrift in the great world by the death of his wife, and he wanted a true womanly heart to sympathize with his. Could he do better than ask this lonely woman, who had no kith or kin in the world to share his lot with him? Could she do better than take him, she who evidently had summer land in her heart and could make a bit of brightness wherever she was? Each surely needed the other. He asked her if she knew anyone in his own town, and finding that she did know a person residing a few miles from him, he took his resolution quickly.

"I have a good farm out there," he said, "one hundred and sixty acres under improvement, house and outbuildings all in fine shape. You can find out all about me from Mr. ——" A moment he hesitated as he saw that she did not realize what he meant; then he continued earnestly, looking down into the clear eyes lifted so fearlessly to his: "I feel as if I were looking into the eyes of my wife. Am I mistaken?" The last words were breathed rather than uttered, and then she understood, and the bright color mounted over the delicate features once more, and she said quietly: "Do I look so much like your wife?"

He was baffled, and for a moment knew not what to say, then rallied and said:

"She has gone on into the future. I don't know what or where that life may be, and I am lost and lonely without her. I want that which has gone out of my life, and I believe you can supply that want. You are alone in the world, and I can make your life pleasanter, I am sure."

It was a temptation, such as only homeless ones can understand; but, after a moment she shook her head, and then, reading the questioning look in those keen eyes, she said, while the color deepened in her face:

"I loved once, and have loved ever since, and it would not be right for me to marry any one, feeling as I do."

The door opened, and the brakeman called out the name of the place where she was to stop, and the next moments were spent in gathering together her belongings.

He helped her off the train, and grasped her hand heartily as he stood one instant there, and said:

"I shall always remember you and your happy ways of looking at life, and your faith will help me;" and then he swung on to the slowly moving train, and she walked away into the gloaming, a tear or two falling as she thought of the lonely days to come.—*The Current.*

He Wasn't Dead.

A good story of Judge Bond, of the United States District Court, is told by one of his Western friends. It occurred in Boston, in 1877. The two went to call on a medium. They were shown many wonders, and at last the Judge was told to write a list of names on a slip of paper, which being done he was instructed to run his finger down the list and stop when the accustomed rap on the table was heard. When he got to the middle of the list a violent blow was struck upon the table. Thereupon a long conversation ensued between the Judge and the materialized spirit, in which were rehearsed many astonishing facts (most of which the Judge had ingeniously managed to drop in the opening of the conversation with the medium. Finally the exhibitor suspected something, and the "spirit" abruptly departed.

Then the Judge fell into a brown study, from which it was difficult to arouse him. Suddenly looking up, he said with the most admirably assumed tone of astonishment and conviction:

"This is the most remarkable thing I ever dreamed of. I almost doubt the power of Omnipotence to equal it."

"Ah," says the medium, "I can show you greater things than that."

Further conversation ensued in a similar strain, when Judge Bond burst out with:

"But I tell you, sir, I challenge the Almighty to do such a thing. Why, sir, can you believe it? I left that gentleman not twenty minutes ago on the steps of the Parker House!"

At this the medium became naturally furious, and exclaimed:

"I told you to write the names of the dead men on that list."

"No," replied Judge Bond, with a look of childlike simplicity, "you did not; you told me to write the names of friends, and I did so. There isn't the name of a single dead man on that list."

It is needless to add that the Judge and his friend departed without ceremony.—*Baltimore American.*

A Lawyer's Opinion.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest."

Trial bottle of this sure cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases may be had Free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store. Large size, $1.00.

The Care of a Watch.

A watch should be oiled once a year and cleaned at least once in three years. If a jeweler tells you that there is very serious trouble or a break in your watch, which will cost several dollars to get repaired, ask him to take the watch "down" and let you see the trouble. It is better to wind your watch in the morning than in the evening, since, if you wind your watch and expose it to cold, the chilling of the tightly wound main spring may break it. Frequently empty out the dust that accumulates in your watch pocket. It will not injure a watch or clock to turn the hands backward.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be promptly and thoroughly corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. As dinner pills, and as aids to digestion, they have no equal. They cure constipation.

Horses in Battle.

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the field, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads, and the tumult behind, before and around them, caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near any of the stray horses already mentioned they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock took place.

At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald having unhorsed an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which, apparently, its master was commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which McDonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

To Buy a Wife in China.

San Francisco has a model Chinaman. He is well educated, and bears the name of Alphonso. "It costs more to marry in America than in China," said he, with a sigh, to the writer, recently.

"How so?" queried a questioner.

"Why, in China," replied Alphonso, "I buy a wife all at once for so much; but American men, they pay in a great deal of money for long time, and then are not sure of their wives."

"How do you make this out?" I ventured to ask.

"Why, in China, I never see my wife, and my wife never see me. No chance to spend money. Here young lady walk down street with you and say: "What beautiful oranges!" You stop and ask fruit man how much they worth. Fruit man he charge you too much. He knows you pay anyhow, cause lady see you and think you mean. Then you take her to a party. Mebbe you pay for carriage; mebbe when you get to party she say she dry; mebbe you get ice cream; you pay again. Then pretty soon she dance with some one else. Then, mebbe, you feel tired. P'haps you have work to do next morning. She have no work to do, she lie abed. Mebbe she tell you she don't want to go home just yet. She tell you to go, she go home alone. Mebbe you get angry and you go home. Next day you feel sorry. You buy tickets high price for theatre, and you ask her to go. She say she sorry, but she did not know you ask her to go; she promise to go with other man. You left. And so you lose all money you pay for oranges, ice cream, carriage, and tickets high price theatre. Mebbe you not married three years. Spend money all time, Mebbe three, four men spend money all time on one girl. More cheap marry in China; pay all at once.

Married People Would be Happier

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it a great mistake.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has just dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who during the honeymoon wouldn't let her carry a sunshade.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

Well, Now!

A woman must manage to dress well on seventy-five cents a week, and she mustn't be vain, and she must be kind to the poor, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meetings, and be ready to dress dolls and make tidies and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washwoman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same holy passion at sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while they are in use, and she must keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever mistrust there were toes in the stockings when they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away on the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted for them an hour, he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel, and demand "what in thunder has she done with his boots?" She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man was never known to shut a drawer. It would be as unusual as for a hen to go in swimming for recreation.

She must go to bed first in cold weather, so as to get the bed warm. Her husband, if he is a wise man, should never ask her to do this. Oh, no; but he sits to "just finish this piece in the paper," and waits until she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. Ah! there are a great many tricks in the trade of living together. A woman is expected to take care of the baby, even after the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half dozen. And if he doubles up with the colic, or trials of cutting teeth, or the necessary evils of mumps, or measles, or whooping-cough, and scarlet fever, and rash, and throat distemper, and short sleeves, and bare legs, and pins sticking into him, and too much candy, and bad temper, why, her husband tells her that he "does wish she would try and quiet her baby," and he says it, too, as if he thought she alone was responsible for its being in existence, and as if she was considerably to blame for it, too.

And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman is always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her on the lounge, with a shawl over her, or coddles her to death as a man has to be coddled under the same circumstances.

We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of being a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why, just let him pin on a pound of false hair, and get inside a pair of corsets, and put on a pull-back overskirt, and be a woman himself, and see how he likes it.

A Soldier Dog.

Jacob is dead! All old guardsmen will hear it with grief. He was crushed to death yesterday in front of the King's palace in Amalienborg square under the heavy wheels of a truck, which, with official zeal, he was trying to turn from the forbidden gate. It is five years since Jacob was officially enrolled in the guard. Up to that time he had been a volunteer putting in his whole time with the men, inspecting the sentries and warning too inquisitive strangers away, but when the dog-catchers caught him and took him to the pound the regiment clubbed together and bought him a license, and ever since a regular tax of a few cents per man has been levied yearly for Jacob's benefit. He was jealous of his prestige, and usually allowed no other dogs in the square. The routine of his life was that of his regiment, with the exception that he breakfasted regularly with the King, who rarely forgot to bring him a bone from his morning meal. If he did forget it or was late, Jacob let him know it was breakfast time by barking under the palace window until he was heard and fed. The rest of the day he browsed about the guard-house, where the soldiers shared their lunch with him. Unlike most other dogs, he was a democrat by instinct, and preferred the company of the privates to that of the officers, whose quarters he condescended to visit only at long intervals and after much coaxing. From a profane civilians hand he would accept nothing. It was the uniform which was the one all-absorbing question of his life. His best friends among the guardsmen he treated coldly in civilian's dress, and the day after the men had been told off on home leave he would take no notice of them on the street. But he looked upon a new recruit with friendly approval. In summer, when the men had daily swimming exercises, he would go along and stay by their uniforms, permitting no ununiformed stranger to approach. Into the water he was never known to venture.

Henceforth Jacob will live in the guards as a tradition. He died in the guard house half an hour after he had been crushed under the cruel wheels, surrounded by his sympathizing comrades. This morning he was borne to the barracks, and at the palisades in the parade ground, adjoining the King's garden, he will be buried with military honors.—*Copenhagen Nationaltidende.*

Mr. Sharphawk, of West Randolph Vt., took out a policy of insurance on his factory one day recently. While he was in the act of paying the money that made the insurance valid, the fire bells rang. "How funny if that should be my place," said Mr. Sharphawk. And sure enough, the property destroyed was the Sharphawk property—insured in the nick of time.

The best posted traveler is a letter.

Description of Jesus.

The following is a translation of a dispatch written by Publius Lentulus, President in Judea to the Roman Senate, concerning the Redeemer, the original of which is preserved in the Vatican at Rome.

"There hath appeared in these our days, and is at present living among us, in Judea, a man of singular virtue, whom they call Jesus Christ. Of the Jews he is accepted and believed to be a great prophet of truth; but his own disciples adore him as being descended from the immortal God. He raiseth the dead to life, and cureth all manner of human maladies and diseases by the word or touch.

"In stature he is tall and of perfect form; his countenance and air sweet and reverent, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair is of a color that would be difficult to describe—something resembling the color of the ripe chestnut—from the crown of his head to his ears, whence downward it is more of unt or golden hue, and falls waving and curling into ringlets, and spreads itself into graceful profus