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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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E. J. O'CONNOR. J. B. O'CONNOR.
O'CONNOR BROS., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Jan11. SOMERSET, PA.

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Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

ED B. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.,
Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

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J. H. COFFROTH.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to.
Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
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Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

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Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.
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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.,
Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (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 Knepper's Shoe Store. apr22-6tf.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL
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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 furniture store.
Dec. 8, '82.

DR. S. J. McMILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry.)
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DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST,
Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits, Block, Somerset, Pa.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr. 22, 79-tf.

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STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. His table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Cor. Diamond
Stoystown, Pa

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
AND
HATS AND CAPS.
My Stock is all NEW, and has been
SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE.
It consists in part of
Hats, Caps, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Umbrellas, &c.
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.
PAUL L. CASEBEER.
apr22.

Agents Wanted
TO SELL the Finest Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock. Terms Liberal. Situation permanent. ☞Write for Terms.
CLEN BROS., Nurserymen,
mar4-3m. Rochester, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

The Oldest Business House in the City.

You are respectfully invited to call and examine the largest assortment of
RANGES, STOVES,
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER-WARE, KNIVES AND FORKS.
PLATED WARE, ENAMELED WARE, CLOTHES WRINGERS, LAMPS, ETC.,
TO BE FOUND IN WESTERN PENN'A.
Our Goods are Warranted to be as Represented, and PRICES NET CASH, within the reach of all persons needing them.
SMOKE STACKS AND BREECHINGS FOR ENGINES MADE TO ORDER.
TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOBBING
Of all kinds in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware, Promptly attended to at Lowest Rates. Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in Our Line.
FRANK W. HAY,
280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.
P. S.—Look For My Name on the Window.

SAMUEL FOX. JOSIAH WOY.
SOMERSET FERTILIZER COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PURE BONE MEAL
—AND—
DISSOLVED BONE.
These Grades of Phosphates Manufactured and kept Constantly on Hand:
IMPERIAL, - - - - - Ammoniated.
EXCELSIOR, - - - - - Raw-Boned
ACID, - - - - - - - Phosphate
Our factory is now in operation, immediately South of the town of Somerset, on the line of the old Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad. We manufacture none but
STANDARD GOODS
Guarantee all that we turn out. Our Fertilizers are the
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Our foreman, J. A. Johnson, was with Joshua Horner, of Baltimore, for over 12 years. The capacity of our Factory is 10 tons per day. We take Bones in exchange for Phosphates. Farmers and others can make money by gathering up all bones on their premises, and bringing them to us. All we ask is that our Goods
BE GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL,
With any and all others offered in the market. We are here to stay, and our goods speak for themselves. We have first-class railroad facilities for shipping.
☞ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.
In sending your order, address
SOMERSET FERTILIZER CO.,
apr8-3m. SOMERSET, PA.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST,
SOMERSET, PA.
CHRONIC DISEASES a SPECIALTY.
The Purest and Best
DRUGS, OILS, PAINTS, 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.
J. M. LOUTHER, M. D.

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 8 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.
SOMERSET PA.
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. 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 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 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. 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 Jennertown.
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 for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. jan21.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLE. 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 $200 00 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
☞All legal holidays observed.☜

ALBERT A. HORNER. J. SCOTT WARD.
HORNE & WARD
SUCCESSORS TO
EATON & BROS,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SPRING, 1885.
NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for
FANCY WORK,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
☞Orders by Mail attended to with 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,
Somerset, Pa.
mar3

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Henry Heffley'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 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 anaesthetic, 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, Nose and Throat. DR. G. W. SADLER, 504, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"COUTNRY LOVE."

O, "Country Love!" so sweet a story—
To Nature true, portrayed with art—
Shall be rehearsed till Age is hoary,
And find repose in every heart.

As some bright sunset glow at even
A day of storms may supplement,
So is, in thy perusal given,
A solace sure for discontent.

Blest "Country Love!" thy repetition
Has swept the chords of Memory true
And woke, as if by intuition,
The sweetest strains love ever knew.

For, as in some entrancing vision
Of trembling spirit sheen, appears
The light that made the world elysian,
And brightens still Life's changeful years.

Love in a cottage, pure and tender,
In sterling worth may far eclipse
The careless vows in halls of splendor
That fall from giddy Fashion's lips.

In vain the city belle's flirtation
With subtle heart shall humble him
Whose heart revives the radiation
Of "Country Love"—no longer dim.

Affection truest comes unbidden,
As softly as if angels stepped
Into the soul's recesses hidden
And thrilled our being—while we slept.

O, "Country Love!" bewildering fancy!
The picture radiant we see
And dream, in wild extravagancy,
Of "Reuben Grey ond Percy Lee."

MR. WILTON'S OFFICE BOY.

It was now time for the office to close, but Robert Harvey, the office boy, still lingered, though the bookkeeper had told him he could go home.

"You don't seem to be in a hurry this afternoon," said the bookkeeper.

"Do you think I could see Mr. Wilton before I go?"

"What is your errand?" asked the bookkeeper, curiously.

"I thought as I had been here a year to-day, he might be willing to raise my salary."

"I advise you not to ask," said the bookkeeper, shrugging his shoulders "Business is only so so, and you are fortunate not to be cut down."

But Robert had a special reason for preferring his request. His little sister was sick and his mother, who derived some income from making vests from a city tailor, was unable to do as much as usual, and the result was that they were hard pressed for money to buy absolute necessaries. Then again, in a week the monthly rent came due. It was but six dollars, but that seemed a large sum to Robert and his mother.

Mr. Wilton sat in his counting room writing when Robert entered.

"What can I do for you, Robert?" he asked.

"Mr. Wilton, it is a year to-day since I entered your service."

The merchant began to frown. Although he estimated what was conceded twenty thousand dollars, but still they were two thousand dollars behind the profits of the previous year. This annoyed him, for he had confidently expected to do better.

"What then?" he asked curtly.

"I thought you might be willing to pay me a little more salary."

"How much do I pay you now?"

"Three dollars and a half a week."

"A very fair salary for these times, Robert. The fact is, business has fallen off, and I have not done as well this year by a couple of thousand dollars as I did last year."

"Then you can't raise me?" asked Robert, in a tone of disappointment.

"Certainly not. Most men are cutting down wages I won't do that, but I can't advance you. In another year if things are favorable, I will pay you something more."

Another year! It was a long time to wait when money was needed so much. Robert felt that there was no more to be said, and he turned away slowly, his face clouded by sadness. Mr. Wilton watched him as he went out, and felt a little twinge of regret.

"It wouldn't have cost me much to pay him a dollar a week more—only fifty two dollars," he thought. "Still I must consider the principal of the thing. Why should he receive more when I am getting less?"

Mr. Wilton might have considered that to him a small diminution of his large income meant no loss of comfort, or even luxury, while with Robert it is very different. He was not a hard hearted man, but he was disposed to take a selfish view of whatever affected his own interests. The sight of poverty and privation made him uncomfortable, and he therefore made it a practice of shutting his eyes and ignoring them. It did occur to him that Robert's family was probably poor, and he knew that three dollars and a half would not go very far; but, of course, he said to himself, "it isn't for me to worry myself about how other people manage. I should have my hands full if I went into that business." Robert went home slowly. He would have hurried if he had good news to impart, but his application had been fruitless. At last he reached the humble dwelling in the outskirts of the city in which his mother and sister lived. His mother opened the door for him. She noticed the sadness of his look.

"You failed in your application?" she said anxiously.

"Yes, mother. Mr. Wilton said business was not as good as a year ago, and I must wait another year. If he had only added a dollar a week to my pay it would have almost paid the rent.

Mrs. Harvey sighed.

"Well," she said, "there is no help for it. If Alice recovers her health soon, I can do more work for the tailor, but at present she takes a great deal of my time."

"How is she, mother?"

"She feels a little better. She has been asking for oranges, but I had not a cent to spare, and the poor child must go without."

"Mother," said Robert decidedly, "it is very evident that I must earn more money. After supper I go out and see if I can't pick up a little money for extra work."

"What extra work can you find to do, my son?"

"I don't know, but I can look about."

Robert did as he proposed, but returned home after two hours, unsuccessful. "Never mind, mother," he said, I'll try it again to-morrow. If my employer won't raise my pay I will see if in one way or another I can't make up from fifty cents to a dollar a week."

"But it will be hard for you, Robert."

"I'll risk it mother."

The next day was Saturday. According to custom some of the business men in the place closed their stores or offices at four o'clock in the afternoon, to allow their clerks a little space for recreation.

It was in the winter season, and the boys congregated in large numbers at a pond not far from Robert's home, where they had fine sport in skating. It occurred to Robert that he might pick up a little money by putting on skates for young ladies, or inexperienced skaters. By four o'clock he had earned ten cents in that way, and there seemed to be little chance of doing anything more in that way.

"Why are you not skating, Robert?" said Charley Davis, as he was taking off his skates.

"Because I have no skates."

"You may use mine while I am gone home to supper."

"Thank you, Charley, I shall enjoy it."

"I think my skates will fit you."

"Yes, our feet are about of a size."

Most of the boys enjoy their skating so much that they deferred going home to supper, so that Robert had plenty of company when on Charlie's skates he sped swiftly over the ice.

"We shan't have skating much longer, Rob," said Fred Lathrop. "It is beginning to melt already."

"You are right. I think this will be the last chance for the present unless the weather gets colder."

"The ice is quite thin over on the east side of the pond, but still the boys go there. Do you see that little fellow with the sealskin cap?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"It is the son of your employer, Clarence Wilton. He is an only child I believe. His parents idolize him, I am told."

"He seems a bright little fellow. I never saw any of Mr. Wilton's family before."

Clarence Wilton was one of the imprudent boys who ventured out on the thin ice. He was rash and thoughtless, and only laughed when told he was running a risk.

"I only weighed eighty pounds he said, "I guess the ice will bear me."

All at once Robert heard a loud cry. "The ice is cracking!"

The crowd of excited boys and girls were looking on when the ominous sound was heard. All escaped in safety except one, who was further away from the strong ice than dozen voices.

It was quite true. The treacherous ice had given away, and the little boy, after an ineffectual struggle, had broken through. The boys looked on as if paralyzed, and appeared not to know what to do. All except one. Robert had his wits about him and though he knew his own danger he started swiftly for the dangerous spot.

"You'll be drowned!" exclaimed his companions. Robert uttered not a word, but kept on.

He reached the dangerous chasm, and he too was ingulfed, but he had grasped the little boy, and held him up so as to prevent his drowning.

"Bring a rail, quick!" he shouted.

There was a rail on the ice not far away as he knew. Half a dozen boys siezed it and pushed it toward the imperiled boys. Not without a powerful effort Robert managed to pull himself and Clarence out of the icy waters. Both were shivering from their terriblebath. Poor little Clarence was crying with the cold.

They got off the ice as quickly as they could. Near the pond was a hack.

"Get in, Clarence, said Robert, "I will take you home."

"Where to?" aked the driver.

"Where do you live, Clarence?"

The little boy name the street and number.

"Drive on as fast as you can, you will be well pai" said Robert.

"There was a great alarm at the house of Mr. Wilton when the two boys arrived. Mr. Wilton himself admitted them.

Robert hurriedly told the story to his employer.

"Now," he sad, "I will get Mr. Irwin to take me home."

"No," said the merchant, "it is dangerous for you any longer to keep on your wet clothes. You must come in and go to bed, as well as Clarence, and I will send for the doctor."

"But my mother will be anxious."

"I will send a messenger to tell her where you are."

* * * * * * *

It was a week before Robert was able to go back to his place. He was moved the next day to his own house, but had been thoroughly chilled, and severe cold made it necessary for him to remain indoors.

On the day of his return to work he was summoned to the merchants counting room.

"How is Clarence?" he asked.

"Getting well rapidly," answered Mr. Wilton. Then with a voice full of emotion he added:

"We owe his life to you; how can we pay you?"

"I am sufficiently repaid, Mr. Wilton, by the knowledge that he is doing well."

"That may be enough for you, but not for me. Do you remember asking to have your salary raised? How much increase did you expect?"

"If you would give me a dollar a week more it would make me very happy."

Mr. Wilton smiled.

"How would ten dollars a week suit you?" he said.

"Ten times! It is much more than my services are worth!" exclaimed Robert.

"Perhaps; but I propose to pay you that rate. You must remember that your services of the other day outweighs all I can do for you."

"How I should be!"

said Robert, his face glowing with happiness.

"That is not all. I shall to-morrow deposit in the savings bank one thousand dollars to your credit, but I advise you to let it accumulate. When you are of age it may be of service in promoting any business plans you may have."

From that time on capricious fortune [illegible] and all went well with Robert. He was rapidly promoted, and became a trusted and important clerk in the house of Mr. Wilton. He and Clarence are intimate friends, and the merchant encourages the intimacy. He feels that Robert's influence over the younger boy will be beneficial, and no one in his employ is so much a favorite with him as the one who started as an office boy.

Pastimes of Animals.

My dressing-room window looks down upon two small back gardens. My own, where Jack, a sacred seagull, reigns lord of all he surveys (not much, I am sorry to say), and my neighbor's, a little patch of grass with half a dozen standard rose trees in it. Here the first living thing I see this morning is a splendid tomcat, now quite a middle-aged gentleman, but yet apparently enjoying a game with some dead leaves and sticks like a kitten. I was contrasting mentally his light hearted, happy nature with that of a certain poor departed Jim, who, after he grew up, never unbent in play for a moment; when, looking again, I saw a tiny mouse steal away a few feet from under the cat's paw, and my light-hearted theory burst like a bubble; though I am bound to say that this next-door cat has a very sunny disposition indeed, often enjoying a game of romps with his own dog—a thing our Jim would never stoop to. It was nearly half an hour before I left my room, but there the cat was still at play with the mouse, which did not seem either much weaker or less able to run than when I first saw it. Now here is a case of distinct animal amusement and waste of time, the result partly no doubt of well-fed idleness.

Dogs, though notable to squander their time over a newspaper, will spend hour after hour seated at a window, watching all that passes in the street; or, in the evening, regarding a mouse hole—not with the slightest idea of gain or profit, but merely as an agreeable means of passing the time. Then there are the long-continued flight of tame pigeons about our houses, the quadrille of the house fly across our ceilings, the gamboling of gnats, and the hovering in the sun of those bright-colored, two-winged flies we sometimes call drones.

No boy out of school shows his sense of happiness or freedom more [illegible] grass—tearing round the paddock, now stopping for a moment to snort and fill his lungs with the fresh open air, and then with a kick up of the heels, continuing his gallop. These spells of play last longer with some horses than others, depending often upon the length of time the animal has been stable-fed. A horse that is turned out daily merely trots off a few yards, with a merry laugh, before beginning to nibble the fresh, sweet grass. In their stable the amusements of horses too often take the form of wanton mischief, or some such "horse-play" as unhooking a stable jacket and tearing it up, or biting holes in their own clothing, kicking their stall to bits; ect., while a very playful pony has been known to indulge in pulling the feathers out of tame pigeons' tails. Talking of pigeons reminds me of the quantity of small talk, gossip, or scandal indulged in by them and certain other birds before retiring for the night or beginning work for the day. House-sparrows, starlings, and rooks are all verry chatty at these times; while birds who lead more solitary lives nearly always end and begin the day with songs of joy.

Dogs do not chew or smoke. But a dog nearly always keeps a store of favorite old dry bones by him, one of which he loves to bring to the fireside, to pass away half an hour before going to bed gnawing at it: while light-hearted dogs will often end a spell of chewing at their bone with a game of pitch-and-toss with it. I have even known a dog to play pitch-and-toss with a single pellet or shot.

One sees more of the dog and cat and their pastimes than of other animals: but it is likely that in a state of nature most beasts spend quite as much of their life in killing time as do these.—*St. James Gazette.*

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. George V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at C. N. Boyd's.

The housewife's Monday soliloquy—"Aye, there's the rub!"

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50cts. and $1.00.

Trial size free at C. N. Boyd's.

The sure effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are thorough and permanent. If there is a lurking taint of scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it, and expel it from your system.

NEGRO FRAILTIES,

SOME OF THE TRIALS WHICH THE SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPER MUST ENDURE.

Light and darkness, sunshine and shadow strangely blend together all through life and in the negro character the good and evil is indiscriminately mixed up, with the down weight in favor of the evil. In all human natures I question if any can call forth as many petty, annoying, disagreeable traits of character as that of our ebony-hued domestics. Self interest is the ruling power which prompts every action, and the reward to come actuates every proffer of assistance.

I do not speak unadvisedly when I affirm that it is a part of the freedman's religion to dislike the white man and to injure and secretly appropriate his property. Still, underlying their general demeanor there is a species of urbanity, deference and humility which is an outcrop of their policy, and not of their true, genuine good will to "de white folks." Yet I think the negro man is less bitter and possesses more agreeable characteristics than the dusky daughters of our soil, for I will place the sulky, contentious, "freed lady of color" against the entire domestic world for disagreeableness. They can try you to the utmost limits of your patience and exult in your discomfiture and annoyance and maintain their stolid indifference to the end.

It is not generally conceded that the darkey is very apt or possessed of unusual invective genius, yet they combine the two qualities in an unusually exalted degree, for who can deny that where a negro is caught in a very tight place they are extremely apt at inventing a very plausible excuse for being in that place. I have known a "nand" to be caught in the field with a well-stuffed bag of corn on his shoulder to solemnly affirm that he "jis dun tuck dat sack away from a strange nigger an' fo' de Lo'd he was jis dat minute a-gwine to fotch it to de boss." He wouldn't "in no wise steal corn, kase he could get 'nuff jis fo' de axin'."

They cling as tenaciously to a fabricated statement of their own fertile imagination as if it were gospel truth, and as unblushingly as if their characters for veracity were unimpeachable. Perhaps, just at present, I am not in a very charitable frame of mind toward the darkey world, for I am for the twentieth time undergoing the trying ordeal of having my help "seek religion."

This simple statement will call forth the sympathy of many a southern housekeeper and palliate my bitterness, but for the benefit of the inexperienced, I will describe [illegible] more mournful expression than the one which denotes "sulks," ushers in the proceedings. The listless air, pre-occupied manner, tightly-closed mouth, the martyr-like bearing, constitute a picture so fresh and vivid that I shudder even as I write. To smile is indeed a crime of serious magnitude, for which double penance must be paid in the shape of a still more lugubrious expression of countenance. Each and every little reprimand is construed into a "censo," which must be borne by the "seeker" with all meekness—the greater the trials the more complete the victory.

Your work is sadly neglected, "ase" your help "ain't got no hart to work while she is seekin' de salvation ob her soul," and altogether I can hardly determine which is the greater of the two evils, an acute attack of chills, or a prolonged spell of religion seeking."

But all things must end, and early some morning you will be rudely aroused from the blissful matutinal dreams by the soul-freed shouts of your "heart's trial," and be regaled with the pleasing information that "I'se dun cum frew wid de blessid religion ob our Sabior; I's sarched de Lord airly and late, and, fank de High King, I'se dun foun' him; I'se bin to de golden gate, I'se knocked, and I has entered into de kingdom; I is a resirricted sinner, and I is washed as white as snow."

Knowing full well your "help" is far too happy to descend to the sublunary realities of cooking breakfast you mechanically don your own clothes and proceed to the kitchen, while the liberated sinner sallies forth to scatter abroad "de blessed news."

It is just a scene like this, and the enforced necessity of preparing such a meal that suggested this exposure of negro frailties and which prompts the wish that all our work could be done by machinery.

The mere thought is filled with bliss and rest at the same time. I must compromise with my better self by extending to the descendants of our old "uncles and aunties" my best wishes for their future advancement and prosperity, for the kindly remembrances of our childhood "mammies" prompt many kind thoughts for their worthless latter-day representatives.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Forbidden to Marry.

William Flynn, of Pittsburgh, an ex-member of the Legislature, sought to marry Miss Jennie Hood, a pretty blonde of eighteen. He is a Protestant and she is a Catholic, and the parents of Miss Hood objected to a union. The barrier that this difference built between them, however, was not strong enough to keep them apart, for Flynn continued to visit Miss Hood at stated evenings of the week, and the latter was always at home. The parents persisted in their objections, and told him to cease his visits. Finally the wooer was won from his strong conviction and at the end of a five years' course of lectures he consented to be baptized in the Roman Catholic faith.

Of course this capitulation, after so long a siege, was a signal of great joy to the young lady, and she went at once to the episcopal residence, gave word that she had secured a proselyte, and a time was fixed when she might bring the young man and the ceremony of baptism be solemnized. Under the forms of the Catholic religion in cases of this kind, where the convert has no parents professing the same belief, it is necessary that some one shall act in that capacity, become their godfather or godmother and pledge themselves to act in that capacity and keep a guardianship over them through life. This pledge is solemn and binding. At the time set for the baptism the two lovers appeared without attendants and the solemn ceremony was gone through with. When the priest asked Miss Hood if she was to act as godmother the happy young woman readily assented, eager that no technicality should delay the consummation of her wish. When the ceremony was through the young girl told the priest they would shortly come before him to have solemnized a marriage ceremony.

Shortly after, when they wanted to get married, the priest refused to perform the ceremony on the ground that the young woman having become godmother could not become the wife of her convert. The good father comforted them as best he could and offered, as the only consolation at hand, that perhaps a petition to Rome might absolve her from her vows. They waited for two years, but without result, and at last Miss Hood, feeling the injustice of keeping her fiance waiting so long insisted on giving him his release. Since then Flynn has married another lady. The wife lived but a few months after the wedding, and now the petition to Rome is being agitated again, for the young godmother that would have been a wife is still unmarried and otherwise unpledged.

Homeless Men and Women.

In this land there is very little excuse for a homeless man. He is a social tramp. As a rule, he can offer but poor excuse for his condition. But the unmated and homeless woman, whose brow may never be crowned with the days of household authority, claim not our pity, but our esteem, our admiration. Because it is not always her fault that she has no home. Sometimes she hasn't had a chance. And we love these unselfish and devoted lives, which work in single harness, and carry so cheerfully life's burdens and cares, with none of those beautiful incentives to duty which animate the married sister. For she, the patient, cheery gleaner, has never caught the speaker's eye, and to her Boaz can never be more than a brother-in-law. Alone she sings and "gleans and gathers after the reapers among the sheaves," and finds no special grace in the eyes of [illegible] no indulgent reaper strewth her way with handfuls of barley. What she gleaneth she carrieth home and hath for her own, unless, peradventure she hath her sister's husband and family to support. She may never have any cigar stumps to pick off the piano; no pipe ashes to dust off the window sill, no muddy foot-tracks to brush from the hall carpet, no one to whom she can gladly give up the rocking-chair and the new magazine; no one to drag up stairs and put to bed election nights; no one to hide himself behind the morning paper at the breakfast table; no one to get up in the cold winter mornings and build the morning fires; she seems to have none of these joys that make her sister's life a song. Sometimes when I look at one of these lone women, and think that she may not know what it is to see the man who has given her his name for the crown of her love, splitting his eager face over half a pie at a railway dinner station, and holding his disengaged hand over the remaining half to keep some other hungry man from getting it, I pitty her. For she is starving. Not for the pie; oh, no. She can get plenty of pie. But for the love of some true-hearted man. Woman's sympathetic, dependent, trusting nature feeds on love, and her heart, her life, her voice, is never roused to the broadest, fullest capacity for expression and action, until she has blessed and filled some man's life with the measureless richness of her maiden love, and then found some other woman's photograph in his overcoat pocket.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A Dog With a Mercantile Turn.

I was sitting one day in front of a shop in the old Etruscan city of Ferentino. Presently an ill-bred dog of the pointer kind came and sat down in front of me, looking up at my face and wagging his tail to attract my attention.

"What does that dog want?" I asked.

"Signor," he answered, "he wants you to give him a soldo to go and buy you a cigar with."

I gave the dog the coin and he presently returned, bringing a cigar, which he held crosswise in his mouth until I took it from him. Sent again and again, he brought me three or four cigars from the tobacco shop.

At length the dog's demeanor changed, and gave vent to his impatience by two or three low whines.

"What does he want now?" I asked.

"He wants you to give him 2 soldi to go to the bakers and buy bread for himself."

I gave him a 2-soldo piece, and in a few minutes the dog returned with a small loaf of bread, which he laid at my feet, at the same time gazing wistfully in my face.

"He won't take it until you give him leave."

I gave the requisite permission, and the animal seized the loaf and disappeared with it in his mouth.

"He always does like this," said the stander-by, "whenever he sees a stranger in Ferentino."—*Cor. London Spectator.*

A man overburdened with wine is grape shot.

The Desolate Regions.

The Russian explorer, Prejevalsky, said after his recent journey in northern Thibet, that an enormous amount of animal life was supported by the scanty herbage growing on these bleak sterile plains that form the highest plateau in the world, some, 13,000 feet above the sea. He said the wild yaks there must number millions, and that a full grown yak weighs from 1,600 to 1,800 pounds. Nature's chemistry evolves these great masses of flesh from the poor herbage of a region