The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 13. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1782.

The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
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1831.

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MITCHELL WAGON,
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THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR LIVER DISEASE.
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It acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a tonic effect is produced, and health is perfectly restored. The Regulator is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a laxative, alterative or purgative is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!
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ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All legal holidays observed.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Hulda Popey, of —— Postoffice, Westmoreland County, Pa.:

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the Real Estate of Thomas Beam dec'd. at his late residence in Lower Turkeyfoot Township, on Thursday, the 24th day of September, 1885, where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, Aug. 19, 1885. JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Joel Miller, dec'd, late of Elklick Township, Somerset County, Pa.

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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, Sept. 24, 1885, at the late residence of dec'd.

SAMUEL J. MILLER, ELIAS M. MILLER, Administrators.
Aug12.

THE ORIGIN OF "SHEOL."

'Twas "lodge night" in Eden and Eve was alone—
A vision of beauty. The glad stars shone
On her wondrous charms, and with tireless eyes
They studied her form while they studied the skies.
The moon o'er the picture her fair face bent,
And lingered till the last quarter was spent,
But Eve, regardless of moon or stars,
Of blushing Venus or staring Mars,
Of Zephyr's kisses, Aurora's play,
Or the nude design of her polonaise.
Alone in her splendor did patiently wait
With uplifted poker behind the front gate.

But the moon and the stars saw a different sight,
From their lofty arch on that self-same night—
Doubtfully nearing his own abode,
His progress including both sides of the road,
His person bedabbled with dirt and with dew,
With hair in disorder and fig-leaf askew,
Behold Father Adam, coming from town.
He muttered queer things to objects around
And said to the moon so soft and meek:
"G'long, you was full yourself las' week."
And something he ruefully murmured then
Still uttered with dread by the sons of men,
Was heard by the orbs in the listening dome,
'She'ol gimme the devil when I get home!"

W. W. Potter, in the Buffalo News.

HER LOVER.

"What a splendid looking fellow!" exclaimed a brilliant, sparkling brunette, as the door closed after Bertram Roland.

"Positively the handsomest man I've seen in P——. I've a mind to try and cut you out, little Ruth. If it would not be rather uncousinly, I'd be tempted to set my cap."

"I am sure you would succeed, Jem; for in the first place Mr. Roland is not an admirer of mine, that I am aware of; and if he was, after meeting you, I'm sure I should be soon forgotten."

"No, no, you demure little bird. You are just one of those that nestle around and steal into a man's heart so quietly that he knows nothing about it until you have such sure hold that no one, not even the most beautiful girl in the world, could cut you out. I declare you would be a formidable rival. I'm not a bit afraid of those acknowledged belles and beauties; but preserve me from a sweet, gentle, lovely, womanly little girl as a rival," Jem answered, glancing with a well satisfied expression into the opposite mirror. Seldom ever mirror reflected a more beautiful face.

Jem Forrester was truly a girl to charm, enchant, bewilder and render very miserable the man who might win her. Vain, spoiled, capricious and wilful she was, but so wonderfully beautiful that those who knew her could almost forgive her faults because she was so fair to look upon.

"Ruthey, little cox., would it hurt you if I won him?" Jem asked, with an arch look in her dark eye.

Ruth's fair face flushed deeply as she answered:

"It would mortify me to see a relative of mine trying to attract the admiration of any gentleman."

There was a flash from the dark eyes and a look that spoke as plain as words, "I'll pay you for this, my lady."

Little Ruth had told the truth when she said that she was not aware that Bertram Roland was an admirer of hers. But not the whole truth, dear little girl! She would have been the happiest maid in the world if she could have believed that this handsome, noble man, as she always thought him, cared for her. For she had loved him since the first day they met. A few weeks previous, when out walking, she had slipped on the ice and been so severely hurt she could not stand up. In agony she raised her eyes to meet those of Bertram Roland.

"Let me help you," he said in a tone full of sympathy; at the same time with that gentle earnest determined manner that one cannot resist. Ruth Morely's hand was placed confidingly in his. And when he had raised and was still supporting her he said:

"I shall place you as comfortably as possible in the store opposite while I obtain a carriage. Give me your address, please."

He was a stranger, and she in a strange city. But she could, she must trust him. A glance into his beautiful earnest, honest eyes was enough, and Ruth said:

"Mr. Easton's, No. — Sixth street. He is my uncle; I am visiting there."

An expression of agreeable surprise passed over the young man's face.

"I know your uncle, Miss Easton."

"My name is Morely," Ruth said; and taking from her pocketbook her card, handed it to him. And so began their acquaintance. Quite romantic enough, I'm sure. After Mr. Roland had taken Ruth home it was only polite to call and inquire after her health. This he had done half a dozen times; and I think was getting to think little Ruth Morely the sweetest and most lovable girl he knew, when the beautiful sparkling Jem came to visit her uncle, too.

Poor Ruth, her heart was sorely troubled; and she did wish—how could she help it? that Jem had just remained home. Still the gentle, placid face gave no sign of her anxiety. Jem had "set her cap," it was plain to see. Few men could resist such beauty and grace. When bright eyes grow brighter at their approach, and rosy cheeks deepen their hue, does it not please them? It did Bertram Roland. He liked to have folks show their feelings. At times he had been piqued that Ruth received him just in the same way she met Mr. Brownson, her cousin Kate Easton's lover. And when, on two or three occasions, he had carried her the sweetest little bouquets of rare flowers, her "Thank you" was so quiet! Why could she not have said more? raised her eyes to his and let him see that she was pleased?"

He had a mind to see if he could not win better treatment from Jem. Yes, he would, just to see how Ruth would like it, for a while, anyhow. He had no doubt that Jem's heart was given to some lucky fellow long ago.

Little Ruth was not in the parlor one evening when Mr. Roland came, or I think he might have found it not so easy to pass her by, and give to Jem the beautiful flowers. But, when once done, he was in for it. After that the bouquets went where they were appreciated, as he thought.

"For me!" Jem exclaimed, her eyes brightening as she caught the flowers and pressed them close to her lovely face.

"How beautiful! Thanks! I love flowers so dearly, and—and—" her rosy cheeks grew rosier—"I like you ever so much for giving them to me."

She held them long, finding new beauties continually.

"I ought not to keep them in my hands. They will fade. Yet I cannot bear to put them away," she said.

And then, after raising her eyes timidly, pleading to his, she said in a low voice:

"Take them from me. I can resign them to you."

The flowers were taken, the pretty little hand retained and clasped warmly, and Bertram Roland's thoughts never returned to Ruth again that evening.

"Ah! here is the girl for me," said Bertram. "And, upon my word, I believe I might win her. I'm sure she is not wholly indifferent toward me now. Thank heaven, I have in no way committed myself to that little icicle. Either she has no heart to win, or I am not the man to find it."

Triumphantly Jem held up the flowers next morning, and Katie Eaton said:

"You would not have gotten them Jem, had Ruth been home."

"Perhaps not. The future will and must prove that," Jem said, with a saucy toss of her beautiful head.

Poor Ruth! Her vision of happiness was over. She wanted to get away from P——. She was almost sure the sun did not shine as brightly there, nor was the sky so blue as over her own home. Everything was gloomy. She would have run right away had her uncle not been so loving and kind. She did not want to seem ungrateful. Oh! what a trial it was for her, when Mr. Roland came, to sit and see his unmistakable admiration of Jem.

At length every one grew to look upon him as Jem's lover. And Ruthey would steal away soon after his entrance, either to her own room, to shed a few bitter tears, or to the sitting room, to try and forget her love for a while, listening to uncle's merry jokes.

And Jem—did she really love the man she had won from her cousin? Yes; as well as she was competent of loving anybody. Bertram Roland was a man of whose love she might be proud.

Bertram thought himself a very lucky and very happy man. He was almost sure Jem loved him, and he had fully determined to propose and have their engagement proclaimed before the gayeties of the season should begin. He dreaded lest some one might discover his beautiful Jem and contest the prize with him. Just at this point, perhaps, Bertram's good angel took charge of him at any rate his love making was interrupted. A telegram informing him of his mother's extreme illness sent him flying from P—— as fast as steam and rails could carry him. During his absence of two weeks the gay season began. In the papers he saw the announcement of Miss Forrester's debut. He thought she might have waited his return and wondered that she could enjoy those scenes during his absence.

Contrary to the expectation of physicians and friends, his mother's disease took a favorable turn. Soon after she was declared out of danger and convalescent. Then Bertram hastened back to his love.

The evening of his arrival he went immediately to Mr. Easton's, impatient to see his Jem. From the servants he learned the young ladies were all at a brilliant reception.—Hurrying to his hotel, he changed his traveling suit and proceeded to the gay scene, the hostess being an old and valued friend. In the dressing room Bertram met the brother of this lady, a college chum, who after their toilets were completed, said:

"Now, come, Roland, I want to introduce you to the most beautiful girl in the house, although I scarcely think you'd be able to have the honor of a dance. I'm sure her card is made up. I'd venture a good deal that Delavan is down for every round dance."

"Ah, who may the lady be?" asked Bertram, a slight feeling of uneasiness in his heart.

"Miss Forrester, the most beautiful, sparkling gem you ever saw. Come—shall I introduce you?"

"By and by, perhaps. But how is it with you? If I remember rightly, you were wont to worship at the shrine of beauty?"

"Yes, you are right. But with growing years and experience my ideas have changed somewhat. I worship now rather the jewel itself than the casket that contains it. I don't mind telling you, old fellow. There is a little woodland violet there; a little snowflake, more truly speaking, whose smiles I'd sooner win. A cousin of the belle. I tell you, Bert, I'm afraid of these charming, bewitching, bewildering women. They are just the thing we want for the ball-room, and just very apt to get a brother, lover or husband, may be, into a quiet little game of pistols for two. No, no; give me a little girl, whose dear form is only clasped by one; whose hand never lingered in the hand of any man but the one to whom her love and her heart are pledged. Win the love of such a woman as little Ruth Morely, and you'll have it all to yourself. To the man who wins her love this little icicle, as some call her, will melt, I know, and will make the truest, most loving wife. Ah, yes, she is the girl to take to a man's heart and home. But I fear there is no hope for me. Perhaps her heart is won already."

"I've thought so myself," Roland answered quietly. "Why, you know her?"

"I've met her several times, but come, it is growing late."

Before entering the dancing saloon Roland stood hid behind the draperies of a window, and watched Jem.

She was in young Delavan's arms, borne through a waltz. She stood near enough for him to hear her quick breathing as she rested, with her hand still clasped in her partner's; to see her look at this acquaintance of a few days as she had looked at him! Worse than all, to see her pick from her boquet a flower which was pressed to young Delavan's lips, and then pinned near his heart.

"Thank heaven!" he said, "my eyes are opened. This very night, if I had found her home, I should have offered her my heart and hand."

He would have left the scene immediately had not Kate Easton discovered him, and said:

"Do come help me find Ruth? I've been hunting a half hour for her."

Just then their hostess came up.

"You will find your cousin in my boudoir, Miss Easton. She was faint, and I carried her there. She is much better now."

Kate hurried off with Bertram Roland to find Ruth looking pale and very weary.

After considerable persuasion, she permitted Bertram to take her home. The lilttle maneuvering, Kate declared, she knew was dreadfully selfish, but she did want to stay a little longer. And so, a second time Ruth was supported by Bertram Roland's strong arm. He felt her trembling and after the carriage had started said gently:

"You must allow me to take care of you as I should my sister. You are still very weak and cold. I shall wrap you up better. There, now—rest against me, little sister!"

She would say it. No matter what suffering it cost her, it would be so. She might as well get used to it.

"Cousin—" she murmured, scarce above a whisper.

"Never," he answered, decidedly, repeat it. "Never! That is impossible!"

"Never!" came from Ruth's lips, in a tone of mingled surprise and joy.

For the first time the thought entered Bertram Roland's mind that he had been mistaken. That, perhaps, this gentle, timid little girl did care for him. He was perfectly over his blind infatuation. His heart was anxious to return to its true love. After a moment's hesitation he said:

"I've not spoken to Miss Forrester this evening."

"You are hurt. You have heard about Mr. ——"

"No. I'm not a bit hurt, little Ruth. I was rejoiced that Miss Forrester was nothing more to me than a pleasant acquaintance. I had been hurt before I met her—that I failed to win from another some little show of regard. Why did you not keep me to yourself, Ruth? Had you no heart to give me?"

"I keep you? How could I?" Ruth answered, low.

"Oh, you little prude! I know you now. It is only word for word from you. Now tell me, have you any love to give one that loved you the very first hour you leaned upon him? Where is your heart, Ruth? I must find it and keep it, too."

Then the little icicle melted, and dropping her head on his breast, she sobbed in joy and whispered:

"Oh, you have had it all the time! And—and—and you almost broke it when you were loving Jem."

"No, no; you must not use that word in connection with her. I long to see your eyes, my little Ruth, to find what I've looked for so often."

When they were home, and Ruth seated on the sofa, the shy eyes looked up, and Bertram found all he wanted there—love, deep, pure and true.

The next morning Jem, having heard of Mr. Roland's arrival, made a very careful toilet and awaited his coming. She expected a stormy scene with a jealous lover, ending with their engagement. She heard the door bell ring. The servant brought up his card to Ruth.

To Jem's immense surprise, this happy little girl received it as a matter of course, and went into the parlor to see him. An hour after, when she came back, her cheeks were a little flushed, and in her eyes was a light that almost rivaled a brilliant gem that sparkled in a ring on her forefinger. Then the truth was plain, and Miss Forrester knew she had failed to win Ruth's lover. Don't blame her for saying a little spitefully:

"It was lucky for you, Ruth, that Mr. Delavan was in every way a man more to my mind than Mr. Roland."

Ruth was too happy to care for that, and only hoped that it might be so.

How to Bring Good Times.

Economy and the paying of debts have for two years been the order all along the line, until to-day there is less borrowed capital and more capital lying idle for want of place for investment than ever before. What is needed now is simply confidence in the conduct of public affairs. Pesky and petty politicians, whether "horizontal" or upright, should stop their threats about interfering with the business of the country through visionary schemes in the interest of foreign manufacturers and capitalists. They will amount to nothing but disturbing agents, while the Republican Senate stands as a wall between them and mischief.—*Inter Ocean.*

Thus Runs the World Away.

Nurse to fashionable mother—The baby is very restless, ma'am. I can't do anything with her.

F. M.—She's teething, I suppose?

N.—Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while it might soothe her.

F. M.—I? Impossible. I haven't the time to spare. I am just making ready to attend a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric.

A Very Sharp Witness.

Some times a lawyer meets his match on the witness stand. Not long since there was a breach of promise case in an Ohio town. The usual bully-ragging lawyer was there but an unusual witness, in the person of a county school marm, met him.

"Ah, miss," said the lawyer, when she had taken the oath, "will you state your name?"

"Elizabeth Martin," she responded quietly.

"Your occupation?"

"Teaching school."

"How old are you?" he next inquired, with a sidelong glance at the crowd.

"Old enough to know that it's none of your business," she answered, as gently as the ring dove coos.

"Objection sustained!" remarked the Court.

The lawyer's face fell, but he braced up and went on, without a smile.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked spitefully.

"Oh, yes. I heard you damn the Court yesterday on the street for ruling against you, and I knew you were not saying your prayers."

The Court looked at the lawyer, the lawyer looked at the ceiling, and the witness looked at ease.

"Confine the answer to the case, if you please," said the lawyer. "Now will you tell the court if you know the plaintiff?"

"Yes, sir, I know her."

"What do you know of her?"

"More good than I do of a lawyer."

"That's not what I want to know."

"I presume not, sir," continued the witness softly.

"I want to know," shouted the now exasperated questioner, bringing his fist down on the table, "if you know anything about the case before Court."

"More than you do, possibly."

"Well, tell it to the Court, and have done with it."

"Thanks. I know, your honor, that Joseph Hill the defendant, asked Mary Jackson the plaintiff, if she would be his wife. It was done in my presence."

"Indeed! Isn't that rather an unusual way of popping the question?"

"I don't know, sir. I have had no experience. I happened to be present because I came into the room unexpectedly and found the plaintiff sitting in the defendant's lap, and he to show me that she had a right to save the furniture in that way, asked her again to be his wife, as he had already done a week earlier."

"By the way, Miss Martin, how much does the plaintiff weigh?"

"One hundred and forty pounds sir."

"How do you know so exactly?"

"By the weight of course," she smiled and the lawyer went off on another track.

"Did you think the defendant was telling you the truth?"

"Oh, yes; you know he is not a lawyer."

"The witness will confine herself to the facts," interrupted the Court.

"Very well, your Honor, I shall pay no more attention to the statements of the attorney."

"That will do," said the provoked lawyer. "The witness may now stand down."

"May it please the Court," she replied, "the witness would like to sit down."

"The Sheriff will please provide the witness with a chair," said the Court. "She seems to have sat down on everything else in the court-room, and the Court sees no good reason why a chair should be exempt."

The witness smiled placidly and took the chair to await another call to the stand."

A Telling Temperance Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a younger one. The young one took off his apron and started out the door.

"Yo's gwine ter get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I'm gwine to do."

"Go an' git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I was young. When I wuz first married dah wuz a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty an' sebenty-five cents a day outen de dollah an' a half I eahned. Well, den, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood cum in, but de man who kept de likkah shop.

"Gib me ten or twelbe pounds ob op'terhouse steak," he said.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butcha and looked ter see how much money I had left.

"'What do you wan?' said de butcha.

"'Gib me ten cents' wuf of libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now, you go an' get yo' drink. Yu'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de drink will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de ba' eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff in thirty yeahs, and I'm eatin' po'terhouse myself."

Disappointed in the President.

The late Postmaster at May Bloom, Ark., has written a letter to President Cleveland, in which he says: "I don't care nothin' for the money that's in this office. A doldar an' a half a year ain't no more to me than 85 cents is to you, but I don't want to be fooled with. Shortly airter you tuck your seat a man wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in office more'n a year till you would make some big mistake. I bet him a cow. Airter I got your notice tellin' me to get out, I driv the cow over to the feller's house an' told him he had won her. You not only cut a man's pride, but you break him up in bus'nese. I believe you take pleasure in makin' a feller feel bad, an' I don't believe you're much uv a Democrat nohow."

Livery stable keepers should always keep Arnica and Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses. For Sale by C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Pa.

A pair of pants—two tired dogs.

The Origin of Opium.

According to the Bengal legend, there once lived on the banks of the holy river Hanga a rishi, or sage, in whose hut, made of palm leaves was a mouse, which became a favorite with the seer and was endowed by him with the power of speech. After a while the mouse, having been frightened by a cat, at its earnest solicitation was changed by the rishi into a cat; then, alarmed by dogs, into a dog; then into an ape, then into a bear, then into an elephant, and finally, being still discontented with its lot, into a beautiful maiden, to whom the sage gave the name of "Postomani," or the "poppy-seed-lady."

One day, while tending her plants, the King approached the rishi's cottage, and was invited to rest and refresh himself by Postomani, who offered him some delicious fruit. The King, however, struck by her great beauty, refused to eat until she had told him her parentage. Postomani, to deceive the King, told him she was a Princess whom the rishi had found in the woods and brought up. The upshot was that the King made love to the girl, and they were married by the holy sage. She was treated as the favorite Queen, and was very happy; but one day, while standing by a well, she turned giddy and fell into the water and died. The rishi then appeared before the King and begged him not to give way to consuming grief, assuring him that the late Queen was not of royal blood.

Said he: "She was a mouse, and according to her own wish I changed her successively into a cat, a dog, an ape, a bear, an elephant and a lovely girl. Let her body remain in the well; fill up the well with earth. Out of her flesh and bones will grow a tree which shall be called after her, 'Poso,' that is, the 'poppy tree.' From this tree will be obtained a drug called 'opium,' which will be either swallowed or smoked until the end of time. The opium swallower or smoker will have one quality of each of the animals to which Postomani was transferred. He will be mischievous like a mouse, fond of milk like a cat, or quarrelsome like a dog, filthy like an ape, savage like a bear and high-tempered like a queen."

The Fire King.

When Captain Paul Boynton left the water at Oak Point last evening the large crowd present saw him advance toward an object that looked like his counterpart, except that it was white, in contrast to his own suit. The object was Capt. Charles N. Ahlstrom, the "Fire King." At one place in the grounds were a hastily constructed house and tent. The house had a canvas roof, contained four cords of wood and some furniture and was saturated with twenty gallons of petroleum. The tent contained a large tank of water, a force pump and two air pumps. Hose were attached to these at one end, and to Captain Ahlstrom at the other. As soon as the pumps were put in operation the house was set on fire and jets of water seemed to envelop the "Fire King" in a miniature cataract. A strong south wind was blowing, which caused the flames to develop with great intensity and drove the crowds back. Ahlstrom stepped through the door and was lost in a mass of flame. He remained perhaps a minute and then returned and examined the hose. After adjusting this properly he returned into the dwelling and brought out burning tables, embers and other objects amid the plaudits of the crowd.

"My suit is much like a diving bell," he explained to a *Tribune* reporter. "It consists of a double covering of the body in two parts, one for the upper and one for the lower limbs. The inside or lining is of india rubber, air and water tight; the outside of canvas and moleskin. A brass plate covers the face with two openings for the eyes which may be closed. The air is supplied by bellows through hose attached to the dress. The inner suit being air tight, the air escapes at the eye-holes, blowing away the fire and smoke so that I can see clearly. The entire dress is kept drenched with water through another rubber tube from a hydrant or fire engine. The water enters right at the top of the head-dress and is distributed through channels in the upper part of the jacket. I am thus kept cool and my dress made fire-proof."

Assaulted in the Pulpit.

YORK, Aug. 31.—A decided sensation was created in Winterstown, this county, yesterday, by J. H. P. Fulton, a well known resident of the village. Rev. J. F. Schultz, of Shrewsbury, pastor of the circuit embracing Winterstown Evangelical Church, some time ago announced that yesterday he would preach a Grant memorial sermon. Fulton gave notice that such sermon should not be preached in that church. But little attention was paid to his threat, and on Sunday Rev. Mr. Schultz announced his text and proceeded with his serman enumerating great men of ancient and modern times.

Fulton sat quietly until General Grant's name was mentioned, when he sprang to his feet, brandished his arm and cried to the minister, "Stop that!" The preacher continued his discourse and Fulton advanced up the aisle. Great confusion prevailed, which reached a crisis when the angry member sprang in the pulpit and violently assaulted the minister, knocking him down. A rush was made by the congregation to defend the pastor, and in the *melee* one man received a blow from Fulton's fist and another had his clothing badly torn. Order was finally restored and the sermon finished. Fulton will probably be prosecuted. It is said he has left the place. His action has aroused great indignation.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Humiliated Cowboys.

There have been a great many stories told of the reckless daring and abandon of the cowboy. He is an American production, and at the sound of the word cowboy the mind reverts to some Western locality where law and order are unknown, and are supplied by a rude set of conventionalities, the non-observance of which means violence without process of trial. The typical cowboy must be fearless, ready to shoot at a moment's warning, wild in his make-up and language, and ready to perpetrate a joke on a "tenderfoot" at any time.

But there is often considerable bragadocio in the cowboy, and a good illustration of this fact was told a *Sentinel* reporter by a station agent, who had lived in the West for many years and had been in the employ of various railroads in localities where cowboys were numerous.

"I have seen a good many daring deeds performed and course jokes perpetrated by cowboys," said the agent, but I will tell you of a little incident where the wind was taken out of three cowboys by a determined, fearless "tenderfoot." It happened last spring. I was then station agent and telegraph operator for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at a place near the Montana line. It was not much of a place, as it consisted of only a depot, a house or two, and a saloon.

"One morning a traveling man arrived at the depot by stage from up north somewhere. He was below medium height and rather slight, but was very neatly dressed and wore a silk hat. He was traveling for a New York jewelry house. He was about an hour early for the train east, and he op