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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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J. J. O'CONNOR. J. B. O'CONNOR.
O'CONNOR BROS., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
1885.

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S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.
1792

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Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
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HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, County and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.
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And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa. will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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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,
HOMOEPATHIC PHYSICAN 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. apr22-84tf.

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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. 5, '82.

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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 Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

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 home. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jan22.

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THIRD SEASON.
A PERFECT SUCCESS.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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THE CELEBRATED
MITCHELL FARM AND SPRING WAGON.
ESTABLISHED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.
I have now on hand and offer for sale, at greatly reduced prices for the next ninety days, the very best
WAGON FOR GENERAL USE,
Manufactured in the United States—made by Mitchell, Lewis & Co., Limited, Racine, Wisconsin. Any person acquainted with the superior points of the Celebrated
MITCHELL WAGON,
Which I am now selling, will certify to my statement that they are the VERY BEST Farm Wagon made. They are in general use now in nearly every country on the face of the globe, and are adapted to every variety of climate. It is acknowledged by all to be the best proportioned, best ironed, best finished, and lightest running wagon made. I present a few facts that should be read by every farmer, about the Mitchell Wagons:
1st. Great care is taken in selecting only the best timber that grows, which is cnt at the proper season of the year and piled under sheds until thoroughly seasoned. 2. The thimble-skeins are much heavier than any other skeins in use and are, therefore, less liable to break. 3. The hubs are dodge-mortised, which makes the strongest and most durable wheel that can be constructed. 4. The patent box-coupling, used only by this Company, prevents the wearing and weakening of the axle. 5. The MITCHELL WAGON stands to-day at the head and front of all competitors, and is known far and wide as the strongest and most durable, unequaled in quality and finish, and "monarch" of the road wherever known and used. Don't fail to give me a call, and see the wagon for yourself! Remember, for the next NINETY DAYS I am selling these wagons at greatly reduced prices. It will pay you to buy of me and to buy now! Prices furnished on application.
GEO. W. SNYDER,
NEW BUILDING NO PATRIOT, NEAR MAIN CROSS STREET.

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Manufacturer of
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
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SPRING WAGONS,
BUCK WAGONS,
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
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My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel. Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
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YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
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ALLEN'S COCAINE TOILET
FOR
Hay Fever,
CATARRH,
and Throat Troubles.
CURES NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, AND SLEEPLESSNESS.
Price 50 Cts. a Box at Druggists or by Mail. Send for Pamphlet.
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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR LIVER DISEASE.
Symptoms: Bitter or bad taste in mouth: tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done, debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes, a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, it allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
An Effectual Specific For
MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA, COLIC, MENTAL DEPRESSION, BOWEL COMPLAINTS ETC., ETC., ETC.
It is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and causes the bile to act on 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!
THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!
See that you get the genuine with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHIL'A, PA.
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(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 use of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
☞All legal holidays observed.☜

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 H. MILLER,
Aug12. Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Josiah Mowery dec'd, late of Somerset Twp., 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 or before Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1885, at the late residence of deceased.

SAMUEL SNYDER,
W. S. MOWERY,
aug5. Administrators.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

BY G. W. CROFTS.

"She is not dead, but sleeping!"
'Twas thus the master said,
As eyes were dim with weeping
Around her snowy bed.

And as those words were spoken,
"Maiden, I say arise!"
The sleep of death was broken
And oped were beaming eyes

Oh, none the joy could measure
Of mourning ones that day,
As on their hearts their treasure
Once more in beauty lay.

How warm those kisses given
On lips and forehead fair,
Of her who fresh from heaven
Again breathed earthly air!

And he still lives who brought her
Back from those gates of gold;
From springs of living water,
From founts of joy untold.

He lives the same in power;
The same Redeemer blest;
He gilds the darkest hour.
And gives the weary rest.

Oh, parent broken hearted,
Above your sleeping child,
Whose light seems all departed
And life a desert wild!

By faith behold Christ taking
Your darling by the hand,
And joy in her awaking
Within the better land.

—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

LOVE-MAKING.

"You are an old fool, Kingsbury!" said Mr. Madison, rapping the bowl of his meerschaum pipe against the edge of the chimney-piece to empty it of the silvery crust of tobacco ashes.

"Forty-seven last week," said Major Kingsbury smiling. Is that such a venerable age?"

"To think of marrying a young girl—yes! Do you suppose she really cares for you?"

"She says she does!"

"Only a caprice—only a caprice, Kingsbury depend upon it. What does a child of seventeen know of her own mind?"

Major Ralph Kingsbury was silent but his grave smile betokened quiet reliance upon the affection of the beautiful young girl who had promised to be his wife.

"Of course," added Mr. Madison, vindictively, "I might know better than to expect you to take any one's advice on the subject. There's no fool like an old fool, I've all my life heard."

"I am much obliged to you," said Major Kingsbury, smiling. "But you will come to my wedding?"

"Oh, of course—on exactly the same principle that all the friends and relations attend at a Hindoo widow's suttee."

And Mr. Madison filled his meerschaum a second time and began meditatively to smoke.

Major Ralph was silent also. Somehow the words of his old college friend had left a drop of bitterness in his heart. Was it true that pretty Ida Casserly was too young to unite the fair current of her life with the stronger, deeper stream of his own more mature destiny? Was it possible that she had allowed herself to be influenced by the remembrance that he was a rich man? Why had he never thought of these things before? Surely they were sufficiently evident. And he sincerely wished that Nicholas Madison had held his tongue.

"She's pretty, I suppose?" said the latter abruptly, after a long interval of silence.

"Yes," Major Kingsbury answered.

"What style? Dark or fair?"

"Very fair, with golden curls, and eyes as blue as the bluest summer heaven you ever beheld!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Madison, nodding his head with a sort of gloomy mystery. "And are you fool enough to believe she loves you?"

"Madison!" said the Major, with some irritation in his voice and manner, "suppose we put a stop to this discussion. It may be very agreeable to you, but I confess that it annoys me not a little."

Madison laughed a chuckling laugh.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said he.

"Only, if anything should happen, you will, at least, do me the justice to remember that I warned you."

Major Kingsbury did not answer, but he could not help thinking to himself how very disagreeable these "old friends" were.

When Mr. Madison had smoked out his meerschaum for the second time, and gone, he sat for a moment or two gazing into the red gleams of the anthracite coal fire.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed aloud, rising and giving himself a shake, as if he would shake off this strange mood of misgiving. "What should a sour old bachelor like Nick Madison know about a young girl's heart? I must make haste, or I shall miss the last up train to-night, and Ida made me promise I would come without fail! Dear little Ida!"

And he opened a small velvet box that he carried in his pocket, and glanced admiringly at a tiny pearl cross that lay therein.

Ah, it was quite evident that Major Kingsbury was very much in love indeed!

The scarlet billows that closed over the keel of sunset had long since faded into orange, when Major Ralph climbed the hill that led up to Rose Villa, the summer residence of Mrs. Casserly and her three pretty daughters, just where an occasional gleam or two in the Hudson could be caught, through bowing masses of elm trees, cedars and drooping willows.

The wide veranda was empty and deserted, but at the sound of the bell, Bridget, to whom the Major's countenance was familiar, met him with a broad smile.

"The young ladies is out in the garden, sir!" said Bridget. "Will I call 'em?"

"Oh, no, certainly not!" said the Major. "I'll join them out there!"

And he smiled to himself at the idea of surprising Ida among her flowers, the fairest blossom of them all.

They were out on the lawn, planting new flower-beds for the ensuing spring. At least so the Major concluded, as he advanced, under cover of the hedges of lilac spires, whose green wilderness effectually sheltered him from view. Until drawing sufficiently near to hear their voices he formed an entirely different inference.

By nature Major Kingsbury was one of the frankest and most honorable men alive, who could have cut off his right ear sooner than have entertained the idea of listening. But there are circumstances which alter the whole tide and current of our lives, and our major, with all his chivalrous ideas, found himself standing stark still to catch the words uttered by the unconscious damsels on the lawn.

Ida Casserly stood just where the dying light shone full in her face, as lovely a young creature as heart could imagine, with eyes and hair like violets and sunshine, and a rose-red mouth all wreathed in smiles. Her white dress, just relieved by a scarlet cashmere scarf, fluttered softly in the evening breeze, and she held a bunch of vivid scarlet salvias in her hand.

"Why, Ida!" Kate Casserly, her younger sister was exclaiming. "I am astonished at you! I thought you liked the major so much!"

"The major!" Ida echoed, with a contemptuous motion of her pretty head. "A horrid, old fashioned thing! Well enough when you can't get anything else, but——"

"Then you really prefer Alexander?"

"As if there could possibly be any comparison!"

Major Kingsbury felt the angry scarlet rise to his cheeks, while a sharp pang of jealousy shot through his heart. Who was this "Alexander" for whom Ida Casserly expressed so decided a preference?

"Well, cried Flora the youngest of the three sisters, "I don't think you were one to throw over an old favorite just because a later novelty has appeared!"

"Don't be sentimental, Flo!" cried Ida, with a little grimance which made her mouth more like a ripe cherry than ever. "I tell you I won't have the major about the place any longer!"

Our hero stood appalled. What baleful influence had changed his shy, delicate Ida into this resolute vixen? He was no Petruchio, to undertake the "Taming of the Shrew," and he bit his lips.

"Alexander by all means!" cried Ida, waving her little straw hat around her head exultingly. "Alexander and the admiral!"

"New friends," bitterly thought the Major, as he turned away and noiselessly retraced his steps.—"Madison was right; she never could have cared for me. Well. I am glad I have found it out before it was too late. Alexander—Alexander—If I knew who the villain was, I would punch his head for him."

And Major Kingsbury just succeeded in catching the last down-train for New York by running himself into a violent perspiration.

The first person he stumbled over as he entered the hotel corridor was Nicholas Madison.

"Hello!" ejaculated Madison. "Thought you had gone love-making up the river?"

"Give us your hand, old friend!" said Kingsbury, impressively. "You were right—about—about what we spoke of this afternoon. I have been a fool. But I don't think I shall repeat the experiment."

And he passed a wretched and sleepless night, alternately raging at Ida Casserly's treachery, and the wondering who "Alexander" and "Admiral" could possibly be.

The next morning brought a little, scented note in Ida's handwriting.

"How have I offended you?" it ran. "You came last night, but you went away without seeing me.—What has gone wrong? Surely you will not deny me the opportunity of pleading my own case? I shall be at home this evening again.

IDA."

"She's right," said the major. "Of course, she never can be anything to me again, but I ought certainly to allow her the chance of explanation."

Major Kingsbury took the evening train once more. Ida was waiting for him on the veranda this time.

"Ralph!"

Her pretty pleading eyes—her outstretched hand! Ralph Kingsbury would have been either more or less than a man to have resisted them.

"What has offended you, Ralph?" she asked, piteously.

"Tell me," he said, still striving to speak sternly. "Who is Alexander?"

"Alexander."

"Yes, and the Admiral!"

"Ida looked at him, as if she believed him to be crazy.

"Ida, I accidentally heard you talking to your sisters on the lawn last night. You distinctly stated that you preferred the before mentioned gentlemen—and that the Major was—was——"

Ida burst into a merry peal of irrepressible laughter.

"Stop, Ralph, stop!" she cried. "I understand it all; I remember it now! Yes—I did say so!"

"You did?"

"And I mean it, too, Ralph!" she added, with eyes that sparkled roguishly. "But you misunderstood the matter altogether. We are going to have a new border of tulips—the 'Duc Major' is an ugly brown, old-fashioned bulb, and 'Alexander' and 'The Admiral' are beautiful double yellow varieties! Look at Vick's catalogue for yourself, if you don't believe it."

Major Kingsbury's face had cleared up as radiant as a spring morning.

"What a goose I have been, Ida!" he cried, rapturously.

"Of course you have been, my dear old darling!" said Miss Casserly.

And when they parted, the pearl cross hung round Ida's neck, and the day for the wedding was set! Mr. Madison was scandalized when he heard that his friend was determined to persist in his infatuation.

"But there's no accounting for these things!" quoth he.

Miss Casserly changed her mind about the tulips, however, and for Major Kingsbury's sake, the ugly brown tulip still keeps its place in the bulb-bed! although 'Alexander' and 'Admiral Kingsbergen' are planted in the places of honor!

Save Your Seed Corn Now.

The selection of seed corn should be made while the corn is standing in the field. It is then that its progress in growth may be noted, as also its productiveness and adaptation to the climate in which it is grown. Seed corn should be selected from special plants. The farmer should inspect every portion of the field, and mark the stalks containing the ears desired. Only those who have given this mode of selection their attention are aware of the advantages of annually selecting the best ears on well-grown stalks. A field of corn in Nelson county, Va., ten years ago, which was inspected by a committee from Philadelphia, yielded at the rate of 160 bushels per acre, the stalks containing from four to seven ears each; and yet this had been obtained simply by selection. The corn had also been adapted to the soil, and though giving such good results in that locality proved a failure elsewhere. The farmer had a variety of corn best suited to this purpose, but which possessed no advantages to farmers in other sections, which should convince those interested of the importance of selecting seed corn on the farm instead of depending on others.

Prolific corn is not always desirable on some farms. Unless the soil is fertile such corn will not fill up in the ear as it should. The climate and soil must correspond with the quality of the corn in order to secure satisfactory results, and hence it is sometimes unwise to resort to new varieties without testing them in a few rows. One of the difficulties to be encountered with seed corn is its proper preservation through the winter. Dr. Sturtevant has given much of his valuable time in experimenting as to the best methods of so doing, and is of the opinion that no corn should be used for seed unless it has been thoroughly dried, and if necessary, dried in the kiln. The manner of preservation of seed seems to have strong influence upon its vitality. Corn seed thoroughly dried at a temperature of from 70 to 80 degrees germinates better than seed not so carefully managed, but it is better to dry the corn at 100 degrees, and keep it in some place of even temperature and free from dampness.

Although corn will not ordinarily germinate at a lower temperature than 48°, according to experiments made, yet, when dried at a temperature of 100°, grains have germinated at 41°, though slowly. The difficulty in a majority of cases is due to the corn not being sufficiently dried before being laid away for the winter. When the selection is made in the field, as it should be at this season, the corn may easily be cured by keeping it in a room containing a stove. It should not be harvested, however, until fully matured, and only the best formed ears chosen. Should it be desired to change the seed, as is often recommended, do not discard the old variety, but plant a few rows of some suitable kind among the rows from the old seed and let a cross be made by fertilization, but care should be taken not to make a radical change. Cross the flint varieties with a flint variety only, and under no condition mix yellow and white corn. All that is necessary is to grow and select your own seed-corn, crossing it occasionally with the same kind of corn from another farm, but it is not advisable to procure seed from a distance unless certain it is suitable to your soil and climate.

The Client Appearing for His Counsel.

A good story is told of a famous lawyer of the Essex Bar, well-known as a politician, and even better as a wit. He was in early days defending a man charged with illegally selling liquor, and the facts were all against him. The prosecution proved the sale of a pint of whisky, and found that he charged an extra price for it, saying it was Saturday night and that was the last drop of whisky he had in the house. The poor prisoner seemed to have no witnesses and no friends, and he stood there bloated and boozy, the picture of dissipation and degradation. The 'Squire was, however, equal to the occasion. Turning to the jury he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I shall detain you but a minute. Prisoner, look upon the jury; jurors, look upon the prisoner. That is all. Now gentlemen, if you can say as honest men that after looking at my client you believe he is a man who would sell the last pint of whisky that he had in the house, why, then, convict him!" There might have been a flaw in the argument, but the jury acquitted the prisoner.

Superstition in Russia.

Two curious cases of superstition are reported from Russia. The other day a coffin was seen floating in the Dulester. It was brought ashore and found to contain the corpse of a man whose feet had been cut off. A peasant explained the case as follows: His uncle having died some time previously, several peasants claimed to have seen his ghost walking about, and an old woman predicted that there would be no rain while the corpse remained in the cemetery. So it was dug out, the feet cut off to prevent the ghost from walking about, and the coffin set adrift on the river. The second case shows that the belief in witchcraft still exists. A great drought in Cherson was attributed to the evil agency of two women who were regarded as witches. They were officially called upon to produce rain by June 17, and when this failed they were ducked in the river. The "switches seemed to enjoy this, and remarked that now they would refuse rain altogether. This raised such a disturbance among the populace that the women had to be protected by the police.

The Poor Man's Chance.

Here is Burdette's little sermon on the comparative chances of the poor and rich: "My son, the poor man takes about all the chances without waiting to have one given to him. If you give him any more chances than he takes, he will soon run the Ohio man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. But for the poor man this world would have cast anchor 6000 years ago, and be covered with moss and barnacles to-day like a United States man-of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a grocery; Edgar Allen Poe was the son of a strolling player; John Adams was the son of a farmer; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty; Milton was the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln a keel boatman, and common farm hand, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a prince; be glad that you didn't strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee or your elbows are glossy, there is some hopes for you, but never let me again hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of and kind, has no chance; he deserves to have none; but the poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are. Put Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere, and in about fourteen years Jacob will not only own about four-fifths of the cattle, but he will have married about one-half his partner's family. Go to, my son, let us give the rich man a chance."

His Looks Deceived.

He did not look like a joker. One to look at him would have said his soul was so lost in thought that he did not care two cents whether the sun sets at noon or at ten o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting-room at the railway station (New York), walked up to a woman whose husband had gone out about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired—

"Your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, turning rather pale.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair, hadn't he."

"He had: oh, what has happened?"

"Couldn't swim could he?"

"No! My husband is drowned! My husband is drowned!" she cried.

"Had on a silver watch chain?" continued the stranger.

"Oh, my husband! where is the body?" she grasped.

"Do not excite yourself, my dear madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Dear Thomas! my Thomas! let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not excited. Is that your husband across the street at the peanut stall?"

"Yes; that's him; that's my husband she exclaimed joyfully. "But you said he was drowned."

"No, madam I didn't; but I saw him buying peanuts, and I believe it my duty to inform you they are not healthy at this season of the year."

He walked away, and she stood there and bit her parasol, and stared after him like a managerie on wheels.

They Won't Stand It.

"Yes, come in after a hired man," said the old farmer, as he sipped his root beer on the market yesterday, "but I've got disgusted and shan't try very hard to find one."

"What's the matter with the hired men?"

"Too high toned and important. "Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plow so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths. At the end of the week he quit. He said that labor was ennobling and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his taste."

"Yes."

"Wall, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going to work, and he quit at the end of a fortnight because we didn't have a pianner in the house. Why, that chap never got up till 7 o'clock, and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every evening.

"The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bedroom windows. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted me to paint all the roofs red and put pea green on the corncribs. He suggested a hog pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the wind-mill to milk the cows. I discovered him writing poetry in the corn field, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his boots and sent for a coupe to bring him to the city."

Threw Her Child Under an Engine.

BUFFALO, Sept. 4.—About noon today Mrs. Mary Miller, of 136 Cart street, killed her child by throwing it under a Lehigh Valley Railroad locomotive. She then tried to commit suicide by throwing herself under the train. The child, about 4 years old, was instantly killed. Mrs. Miller's arm was hurt so that amputation will be necessary. It is expected she will recover.

A Mother's Tact.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with doll-rounded scissors and some old magizines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet," so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cozy chat. Mamma knew this but she knew that a few minutes would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he had considered a marvel beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and, half crying, he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"I will," and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with no jar on the nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pieces, mamma," said, Josie after a while.

"Well, get your horse, wagon, and play those bits of paper are wood and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire and put them into the kindling box; play that's the woodhouse."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load until the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.—*Christian World.*

He Was Unfortunate.

A venerable old tramp entered an Austin business house and said to the proprietor:

"I am the most unfortunate man in the world. Please do something for me."

"I don't know who you are," replied the merchant. "You may be an impostor."

"Here is a certificate from Parson Jordan, of Galveston, that I am a hard-working, honest man, who has been unfortunate."

"A certificate from Parson Jordan, of Galveston?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir; here it is," replied the mendicant, handing the merchant a paper. The merchant looked at the paper and said:

"Parson Jordan, of Galveston is my brother. I know his signature very well, and his signature on that certificate is forged."

"Just as I expected," whined the mendicant. "I told you I was the most unfortunate man in the world. Just think of me coming the brother of Parson Jordan, of all the people in the town, and showing him that forged certificate, when there is not another man in Austin who knows his signature."

City and County.

Real estate agent say that there is general inquiry after small farms to purchase by persons who reside in the city who desire to move to the country as the better meansfor making a living where work is plenty and wages are good. The city is a desirable place to live for those who have a living to make by manual labor, but in times like the present, when so many people are out of employment, the mind instinctively turns to the country, where if a man has but a few acres of land and a house to live in he can make himself and family secure from want. If a man now-a-days owns a little farm of ten acres, not to heavy mortgaged, he can make a comfortable living from it for a goodsized family. On that land he can keep a horse and cow, two or three pigs, poultry in abundance, besides raise vegetables, corn and wheat enough for use, and have some to spare. A man in this condition may not grow rich very rapidly, but he is at least independent and need never be distressed about where the next meal is to come from.

Society Note.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of Austin, hires a colored man of about eighteen to clean up his room, fill the lamp, and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said:

"Boss, our blackin' am done out."

"What do you mean?" growls the sordid employer; "everything belongs to me, and nothing belongs to you. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darkey promised to comply with the request. On the following Sunday the boss happened to meet the colored menial, accomplished by a chocolate colored female pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day, quite a number of his friends being present.

"No, boss, dat's not our chile; dat's your chile, I'se nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

Shot Dead.

GREENSBURG, IND., Sept. 2.—Sheriff Walsh, Marshall Clemans and two assistants started yesterday in a carriage to find and arrest Barney Connor, a local desperado. The two first named were armed with shotguns. They met Connor on the turnpike and ordered him to halt. He sprang toward a fence and put his hand to his hip pocket, when Marshall Clemans fired at him, killing him instantly. There were seven warrants out for Connor's arrest, one of which was for participation in a shooting affray.

Henry C. Tracy, a young farmer of Oneida county, N. Y., committed suicide a few days ago in consequence of the low prices of hops. He should have gone to Saratoga. He would have found the price of "hops" high enough there.

CONFLUENCE, Sept. 8.

For the HERALD.

The defeat of the Democratic party in 1860 was the overthrow of the principles of that party, and they can never again enter into the issues of future political contests with the exception of the issues growing out of the question of the tariff.

As a party of principles the Democratic party has long since ceased to exist. The hitherto favorite doctrine of the Democratic party, such as the supremacy of the States over the general Government, all the laws for the protection and extension of human slavery, and the old state bank system of finance are among the things of the past and can never be resurrected again. What ever good has been accomplished by the overthrow of those political heresies, has been brought about by the Republican party and against the most determined opposition of the Democratic party.

The emancipation of the slaves, the amendment to the constitution, forever making it unlawful to hold slaves in the United States. The issuing of green-backs, as a necessary war measure, to put down the rebellion, the reconstruction of the rebellious states so as to recognize the supremacy of the General Government, has all been the work of the Republican party, and against the protest of the Democratic party. While it is true that the Democratic party has recently been elevated to power, it is to be remembered that it was brought about, not for the purpose of endorsing any principle that has been set up by the Democratic party or from a lack of faith in the ability of the Republican party to control the destinies of the nation, for the Democratic party did not even attempt to question the ability or even the principles of the Republican party but admitted that there were really no issues at all between the two great parties; as much as to say that the Republican party has been right and is still right on all questions of public policy; but they demanded a change so that they might see the books, pretending that the Republican party under its long lease of power had become corrupt and that by an organized system of fraud had robbed the Government of hundreds of millions of dollars, and that a change was absolutely necessary to maintain the public credit by turning the rascals out. A long continuation of power by any one party was claimed as dangerous to the public welfare and would lead to corruption in the public service and finally overthrow the design of our Government.

All manner of charges of corruption were made against the Republican party excepting treason. Now the books have been in the hands of the Democratic party for over six months and the money has been counted, and nothing found wanting.

Everything has been found in order and in its proper place, and properly accounted for. The predictions of corruption have turned out to be fal