The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

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Somerset, Pa.

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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. apr22-1tf.

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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. 1, CASEBEER'S BLOCK.
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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:
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Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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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, if 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, ETC., BOWEL COMPLAINTS 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 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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See that you get the genuine with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by
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SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHIL'A, PA.
jul1-85-1yr.

$500,000 A YEAR.
Statement of the American, National & U. S. and Canada Express Co.'s., Troy, N. Y.
The strength of Rome lay not in her multitude, nor in her grain-laden fleets. These were elements of strength, but her never-failing resource lay in the self-control and discipline of the Roman soldiers. Discipline—it is the very soul of all the wonderful meaning possessed by the word "veteran." Mr. Benedict, of Troy, is a veteran in the express business. "Thirty-three years," he said to your reporter, "I've stood at this desk." It is the discipline of years of experience which gives him the position he holds in the trust and esteem of these three great corporations. "We have a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been absent from this office hardly a month in all that time, although I must confess that many times I've worked here when suffering great pain, for I have been troubled all my life with biliousness and dyspepsia. My system had become so reduced and weak that I had no appetite, and my digestion wholly disordered. I've tried various remedies, but almost two years ago I happened to hit upon Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REEMEDY. After using only one bottle or so I began to feel stronger in every way. The great difficulty has been with my digestion, but this seems to regulate it perfectly. I have, sir, great faith in Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. I have bought and given a great deal of it to the poor around here; those, you know, who have no money to buy medicine of any kind, for there are a great many troubled with bilious diseases and suffer on without aid. I always keep FAVORITE REMEDY in the house. I consider it the best medicine for the blood in the market. Well, I must attend to this matter for the Western part of the city. Say, you tell the Doctor I am coming down to Rondout to see him in August. I want to know him." I left the veteran, still at his post, rejoicing in health, and grateful to Dr. Kennedy. sept8-1m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Polly Alwine, dec'd, late of Conemaugh 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 Thursday, the 8th day of October, 1885, at her late residence.
ISAAC L. YODER, Administrator.
se 2.

THE WOOD GIANT.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco River,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said: "The giants old
Are lost beyond retrieval,
This pigmy growth the axe has spared
Is not the wood primeval.

"Look where we will o'er vale and hill
How idle are our searches
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed oaks,
Centennial pines and birches!

"Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They root in sunken vessels.

"This shorn and wasted mountain land
Of underbrush and bowlder—
Who thinks to see its full-grown tree
Must live a century older."

At last to us a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,
Revealed the Anakim of pines
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before,
Below, the lake's green islands,
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed
Before the oldtime giant!

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and praise
Such monarchs of the wildwood?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill grove's spaces,
And hoary bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard this needles' mystic rune,
Now rising and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns of sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder,
Blithe sparrow, sing the summer song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wind of summer, waking
For hills like these the sound of seas
On far off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his still green branches,
When winds shake down his winter snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

—*New York Independent.*

AN IMAGINARY RIVAL.

"'Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,"

trilled Susie Ford, as she scoured away on the pantry shelves intent on getting her task done betimes, for hadn't "Cousin John" promised to drive her to C—— that afternoon, and Susie dearly loved to go to C——, especially when pleasant, kindly Cousin John handled the reins.

Susie was a bright little body, not particularly noted for beauty, unless clear, blue eyes, a goodly quantity of reddish-brown hair and a happy disposition constitute that desirable quality. She was an orphan and had lived here on the farm with Aunt Esther Holmes ever since her mother Aunt Esther's only sister, had died, leaving her a helpless little infant dependent on the kindness of relatives.

Aunt Esther never regretted having taken the little Susie to her heart and home. Her bright face and sweet voice were a cheerful innovation on the quietness that generally prevailed at the farmhouse. And Susie, naturally affectionate, loved her home and every animate thing upon it, from Aunt Esther and her stepson John down to the little chicks and guinea fowls which she fed every morning.

Late in the afternoon Susie was safely ensconced on the front seat of the dearborn, with cousin John beside her, a basket of eggs on her lap to be exchanged at the store for tea and spices, and a basket stowed under the seat to hold the results of their shopping. "Now, don't forget to call for the mail, John, aad don't upset Susie," was Aunt Esther's parting injunction. For Cousin John, dear reader, was a student and dreamer, "just home from college," Susie would have proudly informed you, and was apt to go about with his head in the clouds, to the risk of his own and other people's safety.

The air was sweet with the scent of orchard and field, the dust was nicely laid by the recent rain, and Susie enjoyed her ride to and from the little country town to the full. She transacted Aunt Esther's numerous commissions at the corner store carefully, while Cousin John called at the postoffice and bargained with the proprietor of the general book and news stand for some second-hand volumes.

At the tea table that evening, while Aunt Esther and Susie were discussing the afternoon's purchase, John looked up from the letter he was reading and asked: "I say, mother, do Boldt's take boarders?" "Why, yes, I believe so. What makes you ask?" "Nothing particular, only Ed. Thorne tells me here that his mother, his sister Nettie and Miss Longstreet have secured board there for a month or so—in fact have already taken up their quarters there." "Which means," said Aunt Esther, smiling, "that John and his beloved books will have to say good bye to each other, as anything like quietness within a mile of Ed and Nettie Thorne is something not to be thought of."

Susie wondered, girl like, if Nettie Thorne was pretty, whether Cousin John admired her, and hoped she would see them all soon. Her wish was gratified the next day.

She was busy mixing biscuit for tea when she heard the sound of wheels, and looking from the window saw a fine team, driven by Mr. Thorne, rattle up to the gate in great style. In a moment cousin John, who had also heard the wheels, hastened out and greeted the party warmly. They heard him invite them, especially pressing the ladies, to come in and stay for tea; but they declined, Ed Thorne adding mischievously: "Draw it mild old chum. As a ruls these girls never refuse anthing; but I suppose they don't want to frighten your mother too muoh just at first."

Miss Longstreet told him to mind his horses and not their conversation or some one else would be frightened, and so with laughter and many charges from Ned to come up to see them, they drove off. And this was but the beginning of a series of driving and pleasure parties inaugurated and carried out in the weeks to come. Susie was always included in the invitations, but somehow she did not enjoy them very much. She and Helen Longstreet became very good friends, but she always felt abashed by Nettie Thorne's exuberant spirits and gay manner. In most of their parties Ed Thorne was almost the shadow of the stately Helen, and Cousin John always watched after Susie's comfort, but somehow Nettie seemed to have the pleasure of his company most of the time.

All things come to an end, and so the pleasant summer days slipped by and Mrs Thorne and the young people were preparing for their flight city-ward. Aunt Esther had promised Miss Longstreet to let Susie spend a few weeks in town with her and preparations for the visit were now hurried forward, but Susie took but a languid interest in them. She puzzled Aunt Esther sorely—with nothing apparently the matter with her, yet she seemed to be losing her color and was listless and indifferent; even the shopping for the proposed visit seemed to give her but little pleasure.

It was the eve of Susie's departure for the city and her new Saratoga trunk (a present from Cousin John) stood strapped and ready in the hall. She had been for a walk through the orchard, and as she was coming back by the lane she met him hunting for her. "Why, here is my little redbird," he said, gayly with a suggestive pull at her hair. "I have been searching high and low for you, and had about reached the conclusion that you had departed for parts unknown by yourself, without waiting for the morning."

"Hey little one, is that so," with another pull. Susie did not answer there seemed to be a lump in her throat and she could not.

"See here," he continued, "how do you like my farewell gift?"

"I think it is lovely," said Susie, finding her voice; "so large and roomy, and just the thing every way."

"Large," said cousin, in a puzzled tone' "and roomy; why child, where are your eyes?"

Susie looked up and then stopped short, with an exclamation of pleasant surprise. Cousin John held in his hand a slender gold chain, from which depended a beautiful dead gold locket.

"There, take it," he said, it won't bite you."

She took it from him and sprung the catch, and then stopped short again. In one side he put Aunt Esther's picture, in the other his own smiled up at her.

"I did not want you to forget your home folks, you see," he said, "you will be meeting such charming people at Miss Longstreet's."

"That will never be," exclaimed Susie, vehemently.

"No, I think your affection for Aunt Esther is as enduring as the hills, but poor me, you see, that's the rub. I suppose you will learn the ways of most city girls and become quite a heart breaker, in fact, be initiated into the mysteries of the charming art known as flirting," he continued, with fine disgust.

Susie looked at him in surprise.

"Don't mind me, dear," he said in his usual tone, "your going away has spoiled my temper."

"If you don't want me to go I won't," Susie said, flatteringly.

"What? and lose all the fun and the sights? No, we are not so mean as all that. Only don't forget us quite," opening the gate for her and then stopping short at a glance at her face. "Susie!" he exclaimed, but Susie hurried on. He caught up to her. "Susie, wait one moment. I had not intended to tell you this for awhile, not for a year, perhaps, you are so young, but I cannot help it. Susie, dear, I love you, love you dearly; answer me, do you care anything for me?" But Susie turned her head. "It is as I thought; I have spoken too soon; I have frightened you," he said.

But Susie turned at this and said, "Not too soon, but too late."

Cousin John paled. "Too late?" he asked; "it is some one else, then?"

"No, but I thought you loved some one else, and that some one Nettie Thorne."

"Nettie Thorne!" he exclaimed. "A madcap like Nettie Thorne! No indeed. Why, she is engaged to be married herself, and was when she first came here. Her intended husband is even now returning from his trip abroad, where he has been on business connected with his firm. Susie, my darling, is that your only objection to me?"

And Susie's blushing face told him it was.

* * * * *

Susie went to the city and enjoyed her visit extremely. Before she returned home Nettie Thorne was married, and strange to relate, Susie acted as bridesmaid on the auspicious occasion. There is some talk of a double wedding to be next winter, the interested couples being Ed Thorne and Miss Longstreet, and our hero and heroine, that is, if Aunt Esther's consent can be gained by the latter.

If your hair is turning gray, don't use the poisonous dyes which burn out its life and produce many diseases of the scalp. Ayer's Hair Vigor is positively harmless, and will restore the natural color of the hair, stimulate its growth, and bring back its youthful gloss and beauty.

All About Teeth.

"A woman with fine teeth and a sweet breath cannot be ugly," was a saying of Jean Jacques Rosseau that modern dentists never tire of quoting. Beautiful, white, even teeth never fail to attract admiration to their possessor, while a mouthful, or even two or three protruding teeth will mar the highest type of beauty. Some otherwise pretty mouths are rendered unsightly by an overabundance of teeth which are so crowded as to overlay one another, and if the upper lip be short, the effect is anything but agreeable. Others have too long upper teeth that are known as "squirrel teeth" and make it difficult to keep the mouth closed. With the present perfection in dentistry the first defect can be readily corrected by extracting one or more of the teeth loosening the others and turning them in a natural position. Nothing can be done with "squirrel" and "hog teeth" but to replace them with false ones, which are nowadays better than the original, and besides being perfectly comfortable defy detection. All cannot have perfectly white teeth, for there is as much difference in the shade of enamel as there is in hair, but soiled, unkept teeth are an abomination. Whether false or natural the same care is necessary to neatness no less than health.

The most common disease of the teeth is tartar, a calcareous deposit due to the excess of lime in the saliva and a lack of care in cleaning. This annoyance has received the most careful consideration of medical dentists, and there are almost as many theories current as there are students. Some enthusiasts on the subject of germs uphold the theory of animalculæ. They advance the argument that the insect is supplied with tentaculars or feelers which enable it to grasp and gather in the sediment contained in liquid and some solid foods, just as the coral appropriates the lime of salt water. These zoophytes make their habitation on the part of the gum which projects up between the teeth. It is noticeable that in certain localities where hard or mineral waters are found, the people are more troubled with tartaric teeth than those who consume soft water. While many erudite students hold to this theory, the common belief is that particles of food are allowed to collect on the flap of the gum overlapping the back of the teeth forming a lodgment for the lime in the saliva.

Said a dentist: "It takes some little time to clense the teeth properly—that is, using freely the vertical movement instead of the horizontal, and going over the whole set twice at least, the last time with clear water, to remove any jot of tooth-powder that might have been left. As for the brush, we always recommend just as hard and stiff a bristle as may be used without making the gums bleed. Irritation will not hurt them, but it is not safe to rupture them. On the other hand, a soft bristle is little better than nothing, for the hairs bend under pressure and fail to clean the surface to which they are applied.

Disease of the gums and injury to the teeth from spurious dentifrices are not common, but there is danger nevertheless to be apprehended by some preparations. Nearly all powders contain borax, an element that is very cleansing, but deleterious to the gums and teeth. Strong tooth-soaps are highly injurious on account of the powerful alkali they contain. Charcoal should never be used unless subjected to great pressure and intense heat. It is cleansing, refreshing, and considerable of an antiseptic, but a pernicious enemy to enamel, for it cannot be pulverized so fine as to obliterate the needle-like fineness of the fibres. Salt is to be preferred to carbon, as the crystals are soluble, but it is not sufficient for the requirements. It leaves the mouth refreshed and stimulates the circulation, but if the gums are sensitive it is apt to smart them. It is a safe rule to repudiate any powder or compound, no matter how cleansing it may be to the teeth, that leaves the mouth parched and drawn. The best dentifrice known to science is a combination of orris root, English prepared chalk, and pulverized eucalyptus leaves, which any professional pharmaceutist will compound.

The teeth are not intended to be used as nut-crackers, nor for breaking thread and tearing cloth. Acid spoils the enamel; even lemons are injurious, though women rub the peel on their teeth and gums to make the one white and the other red, which use, Cazenave says, produces caries, that cruel enemy to the mouth. Hot as well as cold water is injurious as a wash; tepid water is better the year round.

Everybody smokes in Holland; that is, every male body. Walk the streets of Amsterdam early in the morning and observe the most diminutive office boy sweeping the sidewalk, polishing the doorplate, or cleaning the windows, with a six inch cigar in his mouth. It is no uncommon thing for a boy ten or twelve years old to address you seriously: "A beetye yuur mijn heer as u peleeft." And sober gray-haired men give them the desired light and on. I have seen a boy not fourteen years of age dining with his parents at the table d'hote at the Amstel Hotel, light a cigar when the waxed tapers were passed, as they always are in Holland immediately after desert, and calmly puff away, much to the astonishment of the British matrons and British papas present.

An exchange says some go to church to weep, while others go to sleep. Some go their wives to please, their conscience others go to ease. Some go to hear the preacher, others like the solo screecher. Boys go to reconnoiter, girls go because they oughter. Many go for sage reflections, precious few to help collections.

A painting is called a rare work sometimes, because it isn't well done.

When a man gets tight on whisky he has to take the corn-sequence.

Train Talk.

"Well, Jonny, my little man," said the Sunday-school teacher, as he took a small boy on his lap in a crowded car, "did you have a nice time at the picnic?"

"Naw," replied Johnny, with a look of disgust mingling with the pie-stains upon his innocent face.

"Did some one act rudely to you?" inquired the teacher, "or were you sad because your poor little sick sister had to stay at home?"

"Naw," Johnny replied again; "didn't have no fun at all. Me an' Tommy Jones climbed inter a tree an' cut the rope of a swing so Bill Wilson an' his girl would kerflop inter the mud, but Bill he got onto us in time to save hisself. That sphiled de hull proceedin's fer me. Never had no kind o' luck at all at them picnics."

"I see," observed a traveler from Minnesota, "that farmers down East are beginning to put up lots of barbed-wire fences. I can't see what they want of wire fences in a country where there is so much timber?"

"Well, you just go down to New York and try farming and you'll find out," spoke up a farmer from the East. "I spent $430 last year putting barbed wire fences on my farm, and I calculate that I've saved the whole amount this season."

"Saved it—how?"

"Why, in time of hired men. A hired man will sit down on a rail fence to rest every time he comes to the end of a furrow, but a barbed wire fence—well I guess not."

"Yes, sah," said a colored passenger in the smoking car, "I argue dat a black man can get 'long jus' as well as er white man if he'll only work and 'tend to business. Now, dare's me and my wife. We live in Inyunnapolis, an' make money an' save it, too, ebry yeah. Fo' yeahs ago we started up in business, an' by close 'tention we've built it up so's we now run it day an' night, sah, an' we's doin' right well."

"What is your business, uncle?"

"Laundry business, sah. My wife she takes in washin' in de daytime, an'—an'—"

"Well?"

"An' I—I takes in washin' durin' de night."

"Yes," said a red faced man in the smoking car, "I'm a temperance lecturer. If I do say it myself I've made a good reputation down in Kentucky, where I live. By the way, I heard the breakman say the next stop was for dinner. Will you take a drink with me?"

Certainly. But I thought you said you were a temperance man?"

"So I am. I always take a drink before meals and one before going to bed; but if a man don't do worse than that he is a good temperance man down where I live. Here's looking at you!"

"Fast trains are getting to be all the rage," observed the conductor to an acquaintance, "but I guess our 'limited' is still the fastest one in the business."

"Oh, no," said the passenger, "nearly every day I take a train that runs so fast your 'limited' couldn't keep up with in five seconds."

"What train is that?"

"A train of thought."

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah, hain't carryin' any this yeah, sah."

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, sah, they's sca's this seasum. Last winter was so cole an' stormy that it was mighty tough on de geese."

"Hi, there!" exclaimed a country passenger to the train boy, "come here."

"What do you want?"

"Bring me one o' them ere *Pa and Ma Gazettes* we read so much about."

To Destroy Sorrel, or Sour Grass.

All of the advantages of summer fallowing upon sandy, or light gravelly soil, may be secured not only without loss of element of fertility, but with essential gain in this respect. It is now September. The field may be plowed and sowed to rye without manure, or with two hundred pounds of super-phosphate to the acre. This will soon start and make a fine growth, and in six weeks or two months, according to season, may be plowed under, thoroughly harrowed, and sowed again to rye. This will make a fair growth before winter, and start rampantly in the spring. About the middle of April, when it stands a foot high (not higher), turn it under, harrow well, and sow oats. When the oats are a foot high, they must be turned under, whether the ground is moist or dry. One should not wait for rain to make plowing easy. The ground may be well harrowed every third day, three or four times, and sowed with buckwheat, which should be turned under when it comes into full blossom, and the harrowing repeated. A sufficient quantity of humus will have been corporated with the soil, to make it possible to plow and harrow after this, once in three weeks, until the last of October, when rye may be sown with timothy or orchard grass, seeding with clover in the spring. A top-dressing of one hundred bushels of gas-house lime, made very fine and spread evenly upon the snow in the early winter, would be a decided advantage. After this treatment, the land may remain in grass without trouble from the sorrel, but it should be topped dressed after mowing the first season, and occasionally thereafter, with fine compost.

Scrofula, and all forms of scrofulous diseases, are rapidly purged out by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The reason why the world grows no better is because each one is trying to convert his neighbor and neglects himself.

An Eloquent Tramp.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at the door of one of the finest residences in Austin, and was received by the lady of the house, who expressed some curiosity to know what he wanted.

"Please, mum, give me a dime to get a glass of bread—'scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I hain't got no money," the lady replied.

"Ain't got no money? Then, madame, you should move into a cheaper house, so you will not deceive the humble tramp by the gorgeousness of your residence. You are living beyond your means. Economy is wealth."

"Now you clear out of here or I'll call my husband."

"Cut down your expenses, madame—cut down your expenses, or sooner or later your husband will be in my fix. I had just such a wife as you, and that is what has brought me to the condition I am now in. Reduce your expenses, madame, and some of these days you may have a dime—a whole dime—which may be the means of preventing some hungry, thirsty fellow-mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter, a coin of the value of twenty-five cents, that will upholster the clouds of his despairing soul with a silver-plated lining and his stomach with bock beer. Fair lady, good bye."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Confessions of a Smoker.

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very sillv, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit; the smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog, I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescription.—*Bob Burdette.*

A Reminiscence of Grant.

One Sunday last summer, before Gen. Grant's disease was discovered, he sat on the ocean porch of his cottage at Long Branch. The friend who was with him happened to speak of Garfield, when the General, who was suffering from the effects of his fall on the eve of the previous Christmas, said:

"Do you know, as I have been obliged to sit day after day, waiting the slow recovery of my injury, I have often thought of poor Garfield as he lay at Elberon, looking wistfully out on the ocean and waiting the certain but slow and tedious approach of death. In such a dying it seems to me a man must suffer all the torments of the damned—to know that death approaches, and to feel so utterly powerless and impotent in its face! Between such a lingering death and a sudden death, any honest man, prepared to meet his Maker, would infinitely prefer the latter."

The General's words made only a light impression at the time, but were quickly remembered when his disease was developed.

Making Up for Lost Time.

Two colored friends, meeting on Austin avenue, held the following joint discussion:

"So you has luff Kurnel Yerger, has yer?"

"I has luff him, and ef I goes back to him I hope sumpfin may bust me wide open."

"I s'pose he wasn't pleased wid yer?"

No, sah; he wur satisfied wid me in eb'ry respec', and so was I pleased wid de kurnel in eb'ry respec' 'ceptin' one."

"What was dat?"

"He tole me nebber to 'tossicate myself 'ceptin' when he wus sober, bekase one ob us ought to be sober 'bout de place. I agreed to dat ar, an' kep' waitin' an' waitin' for my turn to quit bein' sober, an' it haint come yit. He's got de fust sober bref to draw yit, so I tole de kurnel I couldn't stan' dat game no moah. Dat's de same as heads I win tails you lose, so I luff him, an' now I'se gwinter make up for lost time.

When last seen Gabe had been so successful in making up for lost time that he was showing a policeman the way to the lockup.—*Texas Siftings.*

Feet Down.

"Charles," said a sharp voiced woman to her husband, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway car?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't, but don't you remember that it was that pair of slippers I presented to you seven years ago last Christmas—the Christmas before we were married—that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we went to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you wasn't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young, unmarried man sitting near by immediately took his feet down from a seat.

It takes half a life-time to do anything better than any one else can do it, if it is only pitching pennies at a hub.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted. For Sale by C. N. Boyd.

Curing a Jealous Man.

On the boat going up the river the other day was a couple of whom everybody soon took notice. It was plain enough that they had had a row, and that the wife was mad as a wet hen. When she had taken a seat the husband walked up and down and glowered at everybody and seemed to murmur threats of vengeance. On the deck, sitting by himself was a red-shirted, big-fisted giant of a chap about forty years of age. Presently the woman gathered up her parcels and walked over and shook his hand and sat down beside him and began a cheerful chat, explaining, however:

"My husband is very jealous of me, and I want to bother him."

"All right, marm," replied old Hercules. "Just chatter and chin to your heart's content, and I'll larf and slap my leg where