The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 17. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1786.

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,
Somerset, Pa.

J. J. O'CONNOR. J. B. O'CONNOR.
O'CONNOR BROS., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA.
feb11.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

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

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

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, P

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.
ly21

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

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

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

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business intrusted to our care will be promptly & faithly attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.,
Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.
All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.
Office on Main Cross Street, next door to Snyder & Co.'s store.
apr9

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

M. J PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
Office, up-stairs in Mammoth Block.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.
Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Somerset, Pa.,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on Southeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store. apr22-1ytf.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St. east of the Diamond.

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. 4, '82.

DR. S. J. MCMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.)
SOMERSET, PA.,
Gives special attention to the Preservation of the Natural Teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baer Block, up stairs. Entrance one door west of Wood's Jewelry Store. oct22-6m.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST,
Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block, Somerset, Pa.

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

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles 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 homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. jan23.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS AND HATS AND CAPS.
My Stock is all NEW, and has been
SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE.
It consists in part of
Hats, Caps, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Umbrellas, &c.
Come and see it. The articles are too numerous to describe. All goods SOLD AT POPULAR PRICES. Don't forget the place. ROOM NO. 1 CASEBEER'S BLOCK.
PAUL L. CASEBEER.
apr22.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Henry Hoffey's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET PA.

FRANK W. HAY.

NO. 2.
Novelty and Eureka
CLOTHES WRINGERS,
We are selling at
ONLY $3.00.

Water Coolers,
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
ICE TONGS, ICE PICKS,
LEMON SQUEEZERS, WIRE DISH COVERS, FLY BRUSHES, CARPET WHIPS, ETC.
Use the Improved
SELF-MELTING WAX STRINGS
For Sealing Fruit Cans and Jars.

Ranges, Stoves and Tinware.

RIDGEWAY REFRIGERATORS.
THIRD SEASON.
A PERFECT SUCCESS.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
These Refrigerators are the Cheapest and Best in the Market.

RANGES, STOVES AND TINWARE.
And a General Assortment of
House-Furnishing Goods.
TIN-ROOFING, SPOUTING,
And General Jobbing,
AT LOWEST RATES.
All Work Guaranteed.

280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.
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 cut at the proper season he year and piled under sheds until thoroughly seasoned. T of 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.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
(East from Court House,)
Somerset, Penn'a.
Manufacturer of
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
BUCK WAGONS,
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
I Employ Only First-Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kindsin My Line Done on Short Notice. PRICES REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE.
(East of Court House,)
apr30-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

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 distentions; 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 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!
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.
jul1-'85-1yr

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

ALLEN'S COCAINE TABLETS
FOR Hay Fever, CATARRH, and Throat Troubles.
CURE NERVOUSNESS, HEADACHE AND SLEEPLESSNESS.
Price 50 Cts. a Box at Druggists or by Mail.
Send for Pamphlet.
Allen Cocaine Mfg. Co. 1234 B'way, N. Y. aug19.1m.

$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 about 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 REMEDY. 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. sep16-1m.

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 7.

A RIVER DREAM.

The blue, blue sky above,
The blue, blue water under,
Two eyes more blue and a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
To lands of light and wonder.

The sunny fields around,
The river rippling by us,
A smile more bright than noonday light;
Our brows with meadow garlands crowned,
And never a care to try us.

A drifting with the tide,
A wind that whispers greeting,
An isle of rest in the faded west,
With only the waves on the shore beside
And two hearts fondly beating.

—*Harold E. Boulton, in Cassell's Magazine.*

FOR LOVE.

Time has laid his hand upon my heart gently, not smiting it, but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations.—*Golden Legend.*

It was a bright, lovely morning in January, just such a one as made the huntsman's bugle-call sound like welcome music. The air was crisp and invigorating, the sky a vast expanse of cloudless blue, and the snowy branches of the trees glistening with a thousand dewy crystals.

A goodly group of rollicking sportsmen had come together for the "meet," and their scarlet coats formed a marked contrast with the pure, untrodden snow, which made meadows and roads for miles around look like a vast plain of fairyland.

Seen in the morning sunlight, it was a picturesque sight, this gathering upon the village green of huntsmen on their pawing, impatient horses, with their well-shaven grooms and baying dogs anxious for the day's sport.

"By Jove, a pretty woman never looks better than on horseback!" exclaimed one of the party, who had been looking very expectantly toward the road.

"And here comes Miss Lestrange to exemplify my theory," he continued, by a young girl, escorted by an elderly man, cantered up to the party.

She wore a dark green riding habit, which showed to advantage the perfect grace of her slight figure. A small velvet hat of the same color, with long, floating plume, heightened the charm of her delicately chiselled features. She responded gracefully to the greetings and compliments offered her, but held out her small, gloved hand only to the young lad who had first spoken of her.

That he and Evelyn Lestrange were old friends soon became manifest, for he rode uninvited by her side as they passed slowly through the village. Arrived at a point still in the outskirts, Evelyn slackened her horse's speed, and contrived to remain a short distance behind the party. Her eager glance had fallen upon a young man who leaned over the gate of the vicarage garden, and who evidently awaited her approach.

The long, sorrowful glance in which their eyes met spoke volumes. And was it by accident or design that the white rose which Evelyn wore in her belt fell at the young man's feet?

Neither the stolen glance nor the movement which followed escaped the watchful eye of Sir Gilbert Hillbank, Evelyn's companion.

His face clouded visibly.

"You look sad this morning, Evelyn," he said, as he looked inquiringly into the depths of her dark, expressive eyes. "Do you fear a lecture next Sunday, from Mr. Selby on the sin young ladies commit who waste their day in the frivolous pastime of fox-hunting, when their young minister friends are debarred from such amusements?"

A flush arose on Evelyn's fair cheek as, with a spirit and dignity natural to her, she replied:

"Mr. Selby never presumes to lecture me. But any advice he might offer, would, I know, be wise and friendly."

"He is fortunate to have so earnest a champion," remarked Sir Gilbert. He was prevented from continuing, as at these words Evelyn rode on hastily and rejoined the party.

The fox was soon drawn from his cover, and everything else seemed forgotten in the excitement of the chase. Evelyn had entered into it with full heart and soul, but just before the master of the hounds had got "the brush," her horse after clearing a hedge, slipped and threw her violently to the ground.

Sir Gilbert was the only member of the party near Evelyn, and on seeing the accident he reined in his horse at once and came to her relief. The injuries she had sustained, though not serious, still were grave enough to render it advisable to send for a carriage so that Evelyn might drive home. Messengers were at once dispatched to obtain one, but the shades of evening began to gather before any coveyance appeared. So Sir Gilbert helped Evelyn into her saddle, and they rode slowly to Airmount—her home.

A strange friendship existed between the rough, generous kind-hearted baronet, and the refined, graceful Evelyn.

That Sir Gilbert was devotedly attached to her was evident, for he lost no opportunity of displaying his affection.

On Evelyn's part there existed no feeling more strong than childlike confidence and warm friendship.

Yet there had never been a declaration of love on the part of the baronet, for he knew that Evelyn would never be influenced by worldly considerations, and had reason to fear that her heart had been already given to Norman Selby, the young clergyman of the parish in which she lives, and he had long determined to discover the truth from lips which still he felt had only to speak to dash his hopes to the ground.

A favorable opportunity now seemed to present itself, as he rode slowly by Evelyn's side through the silent lanes.

"I want to exercise the privilege of an old friend and ask you a question," began Sir Gilbert, abruptly; "the truth, bitter as it is sure to be, cannot be more unbearable than the wretched suspense I have been kept in lately," he continued with a great effort, fixing his eyes searchingly on her blushing face.

"Are you engaged to Norman Selby?"

Evelyn's eyes suffused with tears as she replied:

"I should be if my father did not bitterly oppose it; but Sir Gilbert, I do not care to speak on this painful subject, even to you, one of my oldest and best friends, for my love for Mr. Selby has caused me so much unhappiness."

"But why does your father object to your marrying him?" inquired Sir Gilbert, trying to assume a calmness he was far from feeling.

Evelyn remained silent.

"Tell me your troubles now just as you used to do when we were children together," continued Sir Gilbert.

The warmth and feeling expressed in his tone and the conviction that genuine interest in her welfare prompted his question, caused Evelyn to throw off her usual reserve, and she told him frankly that her father's only real objection to Norman Selby was his comparative poverty. His parish was a small one, and it might be many years before he would be able to offer her a home such as she had been accustomed to. Her father was implicable in his resolution that she should never marry a man who could not do this.

Sir Gilbert listened in silence. He understood how the happiness of two loving hearts was at stake. He plainly saw the whole wealth of tenderness of Evelyn's nature was lavished on Norman, and he further discovered that their attachment has continued for three years hopelessly yet no less faithfully.

Already his unselfish, generous spirit prompted him to try and secure the happiness of the girl he loved, even though that were to give her to his rival.

Arrived at Airmount, he left Evelyn and rode homeward. Conflicting thoughts filled his mind. Strangely enough, he had in his gift a rich living, which he had intended to offer to an old college chum of his, a bachelor, but his conversation with Evelyn had filled him with a new resolve. After a few hours' deliberation he had decided what to do. He sought Norman Selby and, without alluding to Evelyn in the slightest degree, offered him the vacant living of Westbrook, which offer, it is needless to add, was joyfully and gratefully accepted.

Time sped on, mellowing life into ripeness. Here in its course is shed a sorrow, there a joy. Succeeding years had filled the lives of Evelyn and Norman Selby with more of the sunshine of prosperity than is usually acorded to the most favored lot. Norman's talents had been recognized in his new sphere, and the gift of Sir Gilbert turned out to be but the stepping-stone to fortune. It had been succeeded by a still richer living, presented by the hands of royalty itself, and Norman was now a well-known and popular preacher at the English Court.

Evelyn had developed into the highest type of perfect womanhood.

To the grace and loveliness of girlhood were added a ready sympathy and charm of manner which found its way to the hearts of both young and old. A little haughty to her equals, those beneath her in station found in her their kindest friend and she was the first to withdraw the cloud from the lives of those on whom the shadow of sin or sorrow had fallen—hers the helping hand ever stretched forth to encourage.

And Sir Gilbert—what of him?"

He had gone abroad soon after Evelyn's marriage and proved one of the most careless of correspondents—now hunting on the American prairies; now in the wilds of Australia; a roving life constituted his chief pleasure and occupation. At length, wearying of the excitement of travel he turned his face homeward. He yearned for the quiet of an English home, for friendly faces and familiar voices; and, in connection with these longings, thoughts of Evelyn and Norman Selby ever came back upon him. A strange presentiment of an early death, too, threw its shade over his heart. Consumption had been the bane of his family, and he felt now that he also numbered as one of the victims.

So one evening as the setting sun was gilding the handsome vicarage with its floods of golden light, Sir Gilbert stood before it, lost in admiration of the freshness, quiet and beauty of that home—a home in every way worthy of its mistress. Refinement and cultivated love of the beautiful were visible in the tasteful landscape gardening all around.

Words of warm welcome followed his meeting with the happy husband and wife. Both insisted on his making the vicarage his home, that they might nurse him back to health again. So the invalid remained there to be tended by loving hands. Evelyn's children had been taught to love him, and they vied with each other in their eagerness to show their affection. But the old health and the buoyant spirits had gone, never to return. Gradually he grew weaker, and one autumn morning, while the song of the reaper gathering in a plentiful harvest, fell upon Sir Gilbert's ear, his end came, and he passed gently away to that home where good and noble hearts find their true resting-place.

The Cost of Her Beauty.

An old lady over eighty years of age, and who was once a great beauty died recently in Paris, leaving after her a diary in which she endeavors to show the alleged vanity of women. From the age of twenty to thirty she spent three hours a day at her toilet, which foots up for the period one year ninety-one days and six hours employed in dressing her hair, powdering her cheeks and painting her lips. From thirty to fifty the toilet labors amounted to five hours a day, the extra hours being consecrated to covering up the tracks of time, including the obliteration of crows' feet and other necessary filling in and grading. Time, four years and forty days. After fifty her efforts had to be redoubled. To the last she resists the effects of time.

Extravagant Funerals.

The Philadelphia *Times* has the following to say of what has become, if not a national question, at least a very important one:

"We are unodubtedly arriving at that point in our national progress when a sweeping reform is necessary in the matter of burying the dead. The scandal that all men are beginning to fear in connection with the expenses of the Grant funeral is only a larger illustration of smaller instances equal in demoralizing power. It is no secret anywhere that the pomp and ceremony attendant upon the average burial costs twice or thrice what they are worth, and it is equally well known that families who can but ill afford such display from false motives yet endeavor to imitate it. All over the country the same extravagances are apparent, and it is probable a fortunate thing for all people that the Grant exercises made such extravangances particularly conspicuous.

"There is no sense in covering the bier of any man or woman with such tributes of flowers as make us afterwards regard flowers with more sorrow than pleasure. The season of death is not a joyous one and the robing of the death as if for a feast or bridal festival is the most sickening evidence of a thoroughly depraved taste or feeling. And what could be more inappropriate from any standpoint than to close a life that has run its simple and unselfish course entirely away from the strife of publicity with such a service and procession as inevitably lead to an entire forgetfullness of the simple virtues of the dead? The lives of men and women should point stronger morals than the mere burial of their breathless bodies, and the morbid taste for display and newspaper notoriety, if to be suppressed at the brink of the grave. The increasing cost of funerals and the consequent financial worry that comes at a time when men bear it least constitute another aspect of the case that cannot longer be concealed.

"By and by, perheps, it may occur to the leaders who have set these senseless styles, that death and burial should be above fashion. A simple, impressive service, without display at the home, church or grave, or undue lavishness in any way, can but commend itself to all. Who can doubt that all this world would be more in harmony with the dread occasion it would commemorate. If the Grant funeral shall emphasize these facts and bring back the burial custom to somewhat near what it ought to be there will be countless persons to profit, in more ways than one, from the change thus effected."

An Old Doctor's Story.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening.

"One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the way to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating.

"Now, I want a boy of 12, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I wes vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself, He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

"'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said, heartily giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim,' I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; as he left, put his hand on my arm, saying again: "Thank you, my son. You have always been a good boy to me, Jim."

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as you reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you,'

"Im an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love and kindness shown to others. But there is no pang or remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coolness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families the habit of nagging, crossness or ill-natured gibbing gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together.

In the Forest City

Mr. G. E. Bryan, No 151 Putnam street, Cleveland, Ohio, has naturally much experience in sickness,—with a family of seven children, and his doctors' and druggists bills are heavy. He states publicly that he has given Red Star Cough Cure a thorough trial in his home, and finds it to be the best remedy that he has ever used for coughs or colds. It contains neither morphia nor opium, and therefore leaves no depressing effects.

I notice however much a girl struggles when you try to get a kiss, if she hears her pa's step approaching she always lets up on the struggle long enough to nab the kiss before the old man appears.

Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

Marry.

The Detroit *Journal* publishes from an old newspaper, the *Herald*, dated January, 1817, the following, which is good advice for 1885:

"If you are for pleasure—marry!

"If you prize rosy health—marry!

And even if money be your object—marry!

A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his *Sal Polyesesium* or gem of many virtues—his Pandora, or casket of celestial jewels. Her presence forms his best company—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithfulest counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

If you love the Creator, you ought to marry, to raise him up worshippers; if you love the ladies, you ought to marry to make them happy—if you love mankind, you ought to marry to perpetuate the glorious race—if you love your country, your you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it—in fine, if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to one, and glorious angels to the other."

Mr. Dukes' Explanation.

It was a big August meeting in Wake county, N. C., and there was acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of the discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a 'mancipated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner. He had just closed by saying, "Moses an' de chil'un of Israel crossed ober de Red Sea on de ice, but when Phara' an' his lumberin' big chariots come 'long dey broke frue de ice an' dey was all drowned," when a young man arose and said:

"Brer Dukes, will you 'low me to ax you a question?"

"Sartinly; what is it?"

"Well, Brer Dukes, I'se been studyin geografy and geografy teaches dat de Red Sea am in de tropicks and dat dere ain't no ice in de tropicks. What I want to ax is dis: Whar dat ice cum frum dat Moses crossed ober on?"

Brer Dukes cleared his throat, mopped his brow, hesitated a moment, and replied:

"Well, I'se glad you ax dat question. It gives an opportunity to 'splain. My dear young brer, you musn't think kase you war store close an' bin to skule dat you know everything. Dis thing I'm preachin' 'bout toook place long time ago, 'fore dere was any geografys and 'fore dere was any topics."

Petrifactions.

Petrified mummies' eyes are the latest craze for watch charms.

A human body, buried in a Bristol (N. H.) cemetary nine years ago, was removed and found to be petrified.

A petrified snake was recently discovered in a sandstone rock at Portsmouth, Ohio.

A petrified hickory log, four feet long and nine inches in diameter, was found lately about eleven feet below the surface, by workmen making an excavation in Greenboro, South Carolina.

Four petrified shark's teeth, from one-fourth to one-half an inch long, were brought up recently from the Americus (Ga.)-artesian well, which is down some nine hundred odd feet, and has not yet reached a supply of good water.

The petrified wood found in the Rocky Mountain regions is rapidly becoming utilized. In San Francisco there is a factory for cutting and polishing the petrifictions into mantel pieces, tiles tablets and other architectural parts for which marble or slabs is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble or even onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market.

A Confounded Fool.

"Are you interested in the subject of steamship navigation, sir?" said a wheezy old man with a wandering eye, as he took a seat and made himself at home in the private office of a State street business house the other day.

"No, sir, I'm not," said the head of the firm, rather curtly.

"If a man was to tell you that he could build a ship that would cross the Atlantic in 24 hours, what would you say?" inquired the old man, as he leaned forward to catch the answer.

"I'd say he was a confounded fool," responded the merchant, with emphatic promptness.

"Well, sir, I can build that very ship."

"You can?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"Then, sir, permit me to strengthen my previous remark by saying that I consider you a blarned sight bigger fool than my first observation indicated."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because you don't build it; good day, sir."

The old man picked up his hat and slid out.

A Misconception.

"Just one," said the lover, as he stood upon the stoop with his girl, "just one!"

"Just one," said the mother, putting herhead out of the bedroom window above; "well I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near 12, and you'd better be going or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with pain in his heart.

A Chicago firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair.

Cooling the Cellars.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated unless the air admitted is cooler than that within, or at least as that, or but very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the air entering being in motion, appears cool; but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful; it is as pure as the air of midday, and really drier. The cool air enters the apartment and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air of a cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of lime in an open box. A peck of lime absorbs about seven pounds or three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar may soon be dried even in the hottest weather. A bushel of lime absorbs twenty-seven pounds of water and still appears as dry as powder. In this condition it will be very useful to spread over the garden or lawn or about fruit trees, or it may be used for whitewash. This precaution is often necessary in the dairy, because of the prevalence, where air is damp, of mildews and the various forms of mold.

The orange and red kinds of mold especially, which sometimes forms upon the cream, have a most injurious effect upon the butter.—*American Agriculturist.*

Why that Boy got It.

One of the simplest and best illustrations of faith which I remember to have seen in a story told by M. Theodore Monrod. A Sunday school teacher, when teaching his class on one occassion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said:

"I give you that watch."

The boy stared at it and stood still. He then went to the next and repeated:

"I give you that watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the same words and action to each. Some stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously, but none took the watch. But when he came nearly to the bottom of the class a small boy put out is hand and took the watch which the teacher handed to him. As the latter returned to his seat, the little fellow said, timidly:

"Then if you please sir, this watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

The older boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly, I gave it to any boy who would have it."

"O, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you. He believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. I just take God at his word, and trust him. Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, freely and fully offered.

The Wilmot Proviso.

The Wilmot Proviso, which was destined to play an important part in politics, originated at the dinner-table of a political club in New York which met weekly. It was composed of Democrats opposed to the extension of slavery, and among those present on the day in question were John Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden, John A. Kennedy, Isaac Fowler, Andrew H. Greene, and other free-soil Democrats,

Mr. Howe, a western member of Congress, was a guest, he having visited New York to confer with the Democratic opponents of slavery. During the consultation John Van Buren said that the protest against the extension of slavery introduced into Congress was not worded right. He suggested that the exact words of Jefferson in the ordinance of '83 and '87 should be used. This was agreed to. Mr. Howe stated that it would be difficult to introduce the proviso, as the Speaker would not give the floor to any one friendly to freedom. Mr. Tilden, as the chief organizer of the movement to be made, proposed that a ruse should be played. It was agreed that each man composing the little body of sixteen to eighteen freesoilers in Congress should have a copy of the proviso in his pocket. Each should spring to the floor at the first chance and shout, "Mr. Speaker!" It was thought that one of them would be recognized. Mr. Tilden, with other members of the club, went to Washington to aid in carrying out the plan.

At the time agreed upon the Spartan band, each with the proviso in his hand, sprang to the floor and in concert shouted, "Mr. Speaker!" The Speaker was bewildered. He could not ignore the whole crowd. He selected Judge Wilmot as the most moderate of the party, and so the Wilmot proviso passed into history.—*Ben Perley Poore.*

Dogs may not need to have their mouths shut up at this season of the year, but women certainly need muslin.

Cuban Railways.

About the only instance of competion which I have encountered in Cuba, is that between the two lines of railway extending from Havana to Matanzas. In general, railway fare is phenomenally high. The tariff from Havana to Cienfuegos on the southern coast is $16 in gold, and the railway company held a meeting not long ago to ascertain, if possible, why the receipts don't exceed the expenses. But a first-class fare by the longest of the two routes to this city is only $1.10, and by the shortest $1.50. Second and third-class fares are proportionately cheaper. The long route has a train that pushes right through in two hours without stopping, save two or three times at different railway junctions.

Tourists ordinarily make the trip out by one route, and back by the other.

A railway train in Cuba is not such a curiosity as one in India, Burmah, or even Europe. The rolling stock was manufactured in New England, and shipped here a few centuries ago. It consequently has a venerable, but withal familiar look to any one whose experience runs back to the primitive sort of coaches and engines that characterized the early history of railroading in our country.

It is in the third-class coaches that you get the best glimpse of real Cuban life.

You see the negroes and the Chinamen, and the poor Cubans and the Spanish soldiers all mingling on a common level. You see every peasant, black or white, stow some live chickens away under the seat, and you wonder, as I have done a score of times. I have seen two-thirds of the wealthy Cuban passengers on a steamboat take chickens into their first-class cabins. When the train stops at a station of some importance, in rush men and boys with various kinds of native fruits for sale, country cheese, lightning-bugs, and above all, lottery tickets. The lightning