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The Somerset Herald,
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. apr22-1871.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 20. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1789.

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LEMON SQUEEZERS, WIRE DISH COVERS, FLY BRUSHES, CARPET WHIPS, ETC.
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THIRD SEASON.
A PERFECT SUCCESS.
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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.

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COMPLETE STOCK
OF
Fall and Winter goods in every department.
Prices guaranteed the lowest for quality.

A grand display of wool dress fabrics, in fancy novelty combination suitings in the newest weaves and colorings, Boucles, Bourettes, Surges, Tweeds. Diagonals, Homespuns, Plaids, Stripes—Homespuns from 40 cents to $1.25 a yard.

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Seal Plush Coats at Special good values for the money—now is the time to shop in these big retail stores of ours.

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RETAIL STORES,
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(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.
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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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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.
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EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
IN
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,
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YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED
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ISAAC SIMPSON,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLES,
PATRIOT ST., SOMERSET. PA.
If You Want to Buy a Good and Cheap
BUGGY,
New or Second-hand, call on me. I also keep constantly on hand a Large Assortment of Fine Hand-made
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Brushes, Lap-Blankets, and everything to be found in a First-class Saddlery. Good Teams and Rifling Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.
ISAAC SIMPSON,
may.13. SOMERSET, PA.

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(MILLER'S MILL.)
MANUFACTURER OF
FLOUR & FEED!
I always keep on hand a large stock of FLOUR CORN-MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, and all kinds of CHOP. Also, all kinds of GRAIN, which I sell at
BOTTOM PRICES.
Wholesale and Retail. You will save money by buying from me. My stock is always Fresh.
ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

[From the Indianapolis Times.]

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

From Mr. Harry W. Olmstead, Proofreader of "The Times."

The following letter is encouraging and worthy of careful perusal, coming, as it does, from so reliable a source, unsolicited. It contains facts of great value:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCT. 12, 1884.
DR. DAVID KENNEDY, *Rondout, N. Y.*
DEAR SIR.—For ten years I have been a sufferer from disease of the kidneys, at times so much so as to make life a burden. During this time several of the best physicians in Indiana have treated me with little or no success, until I had almost despaired of relief. I then tried several advertised remedies, but nothing produced the desired result until a friend who had been relieved induced me to give DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY a trial. I did so. After taking one bottle I began to experience relief. I took another, and was charmed with the result. In all I have taken four bottles, and can truly say I feel like a new man. I am confident I am entirely cured, as it has been several months since I took the last medicine, and there is no indication of a return of the disease. I have recommended your remedy to several suffering friends who have also been relieved. I write this to return my sincere thanks to you for the cure which has been effected in my case, and also desire to say I think suffering humanity owes you a debt of gratitude for your wonderful scientific discovery. I shall do all that in me lies to let all sufferers know where they may find relief, and thereby in some measure remunerate you for the good you have done me.

Wishing you long life and prosperity, and thanking you for prolonging my life, I am,
HARRY W. OLMSTEAD.

Dr. Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the blood, cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder complaints, as well as those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. Your druggist has it; if not, send One Dollar to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. oct4-1t.

NO. 3.
THE GREAT REGULATOR.
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
SLR
Purely Vegetable.
ARE YOU BILIOUS?
The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
KANSAS CITY, MO. W. R. BEKNARD.
Do You Want Good Digestion?
I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as I ever was. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.
RICHMOND, VA. H. G. CRENSHAW.
Do You Suffer from Constipation?
Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a Temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."
Have You Malaria?
I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as the greatest medicine of the times for diseases peculiar to malarial regions. So good a medicine deserves universal commendation.
REV. M. B. WHARTON,
Cor. Sec. Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.
Safer and Better than Calomel!
I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 16 to 20 grains of Calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief, without any interruption to business. J. HUGG.
MIDDLEPORT, Ohio.
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PRICE $1 00.
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CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammon. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste Smell. Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive cure.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

THE SHADOW OF THE CLOUD.

Ripe fields and sunny skies;
A glamour on the distant hills that stand
Like citadels of some enchanted land
Which yet invites our eyes.

A wealth of daisies spread:
A weight of redolence upon the air,
From yonder crab, whose wanton blossoms there
Oppressive fragrance shed.

Here in its sedges deep
A little pool that, full of sweet content
To ripple, wind-swept, 'neath the branches bent,
Lies tranquil and asleep.

High up among the boughs
The feather'd choristers of morn, that strove
To fill the air with ecstacy and love,
Chirp feebly as they drowse,
And all things yield in silence to the power
Of warmth an'l sunlight at the noontide hour.

Unfathomed depths of blue,
And rifted dusky clouds chased by the breeze
Across a sea of azure, which one sees
The veiled sunlight through;
Which darken pond and hillock as they pass
And cast their flying shadows on the grass.

A moment, and 'tis done;
The meadow glows once more with heav'nly light,
A glimpse of gloom whose momentary flight
Shuts out the fadeless sun.

* * * * * * *

How many a seeming ill which casts a shade
Upon life's sunny plains would be allayed,
Could we but think when that it hides the sky,
'Tis but a swift cloud-shadow passing by.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

It was a chilly November night when the train got into Hampden.

Hampden was one of those new, unfinished places which required the brightest of sunlight, the greenest frame of quivering leaves, to make them all presentable. And in the gray, uncompromising medium of the November dusk. Hampden looked dreary enough, with the dark chimneys of the new silk mill rising out of the hemlock woods, the staring Queen Anne depot, the church which bore a strong family resemblance to a child's wooden toy, and the stone quarry to the left, which reminded the thoughtful looker-on of a gigantic fortification in an unfinished state.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Nedley, as she looked around her. "A queer place!"

Her niece, Phebe, was there to meet her, with a box-wagon and a white-nosed old horse.

"Folks can't always choose where they're to live," said Phebe, who was always in a state of antagonism to Mrs. Nedley. "And Hampden is good enough for me!"

"How is Philip?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Philip is well," said Phebe, as she helped the depot-boy to hoist Aunt Nedley's trunk into the wagon.

Philip Barrow was Mrs. Nedley's favorite nephew. She had paid his bills at school, superintended his fortunes, and finally purchased for him a share in the new silk mills.

"He's all I've got," said Mrs. Nedley, "except Phebe, and Phebe and I never did hitch horses together. And I want him to succeed in the world."

But within a few days a new claimant had arisen to Aunt Nedley's protection and tender consideration.

"To-be-sure she is no relation to me," said Mrs. Nedley. But her mother was my dearest friend, and I think I will adopt her 'for my own.'"

And it was scarcely an hour from the time in which she learned that Silvia Grey was an orphan, that she wrote a kind letter to the girl, inviting her to come to the East for a visit.

"If you like it, my dear, there need be no occasion for your ever going back," she wrote. "We are both alone. Let us be companions to one another."

She had waited and waited, and no reply nad arrived; and while she waited a plan had developed itself in her mind.

"If she is her mother's daughter, she can't help being pretty," said Mrs Nedley. "Phil is a handsome lad. She shall marry Phil!"

And this explains Mrs. Nedley's presence at Hampden.

"I suppose you are still keeping house for Philip?" said she to Phebe as they drove along in the chill twilight.

"No," said Phebe, skillfully guiding the old horse down a steep place in the road,

"He boards, eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"No, he don't board," answered Phebe. "His wife keeps house for him."

"What?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"He is married," announced Phebe, very much in the tone in which she might have said "It is a cold evening," or "The train is late."

"Philip married!" repeated the old lady—"married! Stop, Phebe—don't drive a step further! Turn around at once. Take me to the station. I'll return to Concord."

"Ain't you going to see Philip?" asked Phebe.

"Not if he is married," answered Mrs. Nedley, in a choked voice.

"He's got a proper nice wife," pleaded Phebe. "You'll like her."

"No I shan't!" said Mrs. Nedley. "Philip—married! Phebe, if you don't turn around, I'll get out and walk!"

Mrs. Nedley's will was like adamant, and Phebe Barrow was forced to succumb to it.

And so it happened that Phebe and the white-nosed pony arrived, solitary and alone, at the little cottage of the mill superintendent half an hour afterward.

Phil came out into the porch, carrying a lamp in his hand.

Mrs. Phil ran after him with a pink apron tied around her trim waist, and her brown fringe of hair blowing back from her forehead.

"Where's my aunt?" said Phil, as Phebe jumped out. "Didn't she come?"

"She came," said Phebe curtly; "but she's gone back again."

"Gone back again?"

"Yes. She didn't like it because you've got married, so she's gone back by the sight-six train."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Mrs. Barrow, who was a round, cherry-cheeked little woman, wift soft, hazel eyes and a mouth like a red rosebud, "what shall we do? Why didn't you consult her before you married me?"

Phil Barrow broke into a great laugh.

"My dear," said he, "it wasn't her consent I wanted; it was yours."

"Oh! But, Phil, she has done so much for you."

"She's a good soul, but she's eccentric," said the mill superintendent. "Go in, Phebe, and get your tea."

"I'm sure I can't eat a mouthful," said Mrs. Phil. despairingly. "And the biscuits I mixed myself; and the fried chicken; and the White Mountain cake— Oh, Phil! oh, Phil!"

"Don't fret, dear!" said Phil. "My Aunt Nedley has missed a very good supper; that I can tell her."

"But I've blighted your future!" said Mrs. Barrow, tragically seizing the sugar tongs.

"We'll go to Concord to-morrow, and see the old lady," soothed Phil. "She must surrender if she sees you, wifey!"

Phebe chuckled grimly.

"That's all very well," said she; "but you forget that an old lady and a young man don't look at a girl with the same eyes."

"Hold your tongue, Phebe!" said the mill superintendent. "Where's the use of always croaking?"

And then Mrs. Phil began to laugh and Phebe, who, after her crabbed fashion, was fond of her pretty young sister-in-law, laughed also. And, after all, the dainty little supper was eaten and enjoyed, even though Aunt Nedley's face was steadfastly turned toward Concord. Her own fireside had never seemed so solitary and dreary as it did upon that November night.

The maids, gossiping in the kitchen, were called up to re-kindle the dead fire. The tea, smoky and half cold, was served, and Mrs. Nedley was just resolving to go to bed, when Betsey brought a letter.

"Postman, mum, he left it a week ago," said she. "It had fell down back of the letter-box."

"Ah," said Mrs. Nedley, fitting on her spectacles and scrutinizing the seal and directions, "from Silvia Grey. Now I shall have some one to love in Philip's place!"

But she had not read three lines before she flung the letter indignantly on the sulking fire.

"Married!" she exclaimed. "That child! Is everybody crazy to get married, I wonder? And she hopes I'll excuse her, but her husband thinks—Folly and nonsense! What is her husband to me? Betsey, my chamber candle!"

"Bless me, ma'am!" said Betsey. "What has happened?"

"Everything!" exclaimed Mrs. Nedley. "Don't let me be called before eight o'clock in the morning. I almost wish that I could go to sleep and sleep forever!"

And Mrs. Nedley, in the silence and solitude of her own room, fell to thinking to what institution she could leave her money.

She was sitting at her luncheon the next day, with the cockatoo on one side of her and the poodle on the other, when Betsy opened the door.

"Please, ma'am," said Betsy, "company—"

"Betsey," said Mrs. Nedley, severely, "I told you I was not at home to anybody to-day!"

"Please, ma'am," giggled Betsey, "he would come in!"

"Who would come in?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"It's me, Aunt Nedley," said Philip Barrow, "and my wife. Don't be vexed!"

The tall young mill superintendent came in, with his pretty wife leaning on his arm.

"Won't you kiss me, Aunt Nedley," said Mrs. Phil, putting up the rosebud lips "for my mother's sake."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Didn't you get my letter?" said Philip's wife.

"Letter!"

Mrs. Nedley was more convinced than ever that she was asleep and dreaming.

"I wrote you all about it," said Mrs. Phil. "Don't you know? I am Silvia Grey. I met Philip when he came out to Denver to look at the new mill-machinery, and he would be married immediately. He said he was sure you would forgive him, Aunt Nedley?"

"Yes, my dear, I will," said Mrs. Nedley, her face brightening up like the full moon peeping through mistwreaths. "But why didn't they tell me you were Silvia Grey?"

"Philip wanted to surprise you," said Silvia, hanging her head.

"Well, he has surprised me," said Mrs. Nedley.

She went back to Hampden with the mill superintendent and his wife, and slept in the pretty pink-and-white bed-room which Silvia had prepared for her with so much pains; and she praised Silvia's chicken salad and prune-pies, and she even condescended to approve of Phebe's half-completed silk counterpane; for life was all *couleur de rose* for her now.

It is a great thing for a woman of Mrs. Nedley's age to have her own way!—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

A Break in the Canal.

READING, October 15.—On the six mile level near Birdsboro the bank of the Schuylkill Canal was broken away by the pressure of water last night, and the neighboring country was flooded to the depth of several feet. People in houses on the lowlands hurried to their upper floors, and all their furniture and provisions were ruined.

Several narrow escapes from drowning are reported, and one child's life was saved through the heroic exertions of its brother, who plunged into a flooded apartment and came to the surface with the babe in his arms. Families were kept prisoners without food, fire and drinking water for ten and twelve hours. Navigation is entirely suspended, as the water is out of the canal for many miles. Over forty loaded boats, bound for tidewater, are laid up at this point. The level will hardly be repaired this week.

The Relative Value of Woods.

The time has already arrived when a more thorough and intelligent investigation into the nature of the various woods of our native forests and their adaptability to the different uses wherein timber is advantageous would prove extremely valuable. It is indeed strange that the research in this direction should be so meagre, so narrow, and disconnected. There has never been any wide and systematic investigation of the relative qualities of the different species of timber and a comparative summing up of the same. The metals and stones have been exhaustively studied, but we are without any comprehensive or authorative information concerning our timbers. Private investigations have been made in a small way and under differing circumstances which leaves the result obtained at variance. It is astonishing how few, even among those who should know every phase of the subject, really possess any knowledge on the subject beyond the mere fact that for certain purposes certain woods are used with good results. The information of commerce, and, indeed, of manufacture also, on such subjects, is altogether traditional. Certain growths are used thus because they were found to suit the pupose long ago, and there has been, and is, a remarkable antipathy to trying experiments to see if something else which might be had for much less money would not serve as well.

Blessed with magnificent forests, the people of this country have never been obliged to economize in this direction. That which was known to be good was so cheap that there was little present incentive to seek anything else, and it has not occurred that provision should be made for the future. The good timber, so considered, was used lavishly, and that which was tried by some antiquated farmer of a remote generation in the worm fence or some equally decisive test and found wanting was destroyed wholesale. A timber thus found wanting in one thing was condemned for all, and a prejudice difficult to combat grew up on the subject. From time to time it has occurred to men that as certain characteristics unfitted a given timber for one set of uses they might not unfit for, or might even make it especially suited to, other purposes. Such things are known to be true of the metals—of almost every material, in fact, known to the world. The results of personal investigation have been uniformly convincing that the so-called inferior woods were only inferior for certain purposes, and that every species was capable of profitable use in some one or more of the fields of construction or manufacture. The rotting qualities of certain woods for which they have been condemned were found to exist only under certain conditions which could be guarded against by removal from damp, by immersion in water, by sawing thin, and a variety of other means. Certain woods, as the hard maple, which possesses little market value has been found to resist wear much better than the woods hitherto most favored for that purpose. The tendencies of other trees to twist and wasp has been found easy of remedy in woods supposed to possess no great beauty of grain. Condemned trees, as the sweet gum, have proved themselves susceptible of a high polish, and weather boarding and fencing (off the ground) once securely on have worn with pine or poplar. This country is scoured over for stave timber, and yet the red oak has never been tried for the purpose, simply because it was not the habit to make staves out of red oak. No other reason why it should not be so used has thus far been adduced. Millions of feet of swamp oak are yearly destroyed. Straight grained, clear of knots, large in diameter, dense, and tough, it splits easy, makes superior clap-boards, and in a floor gives up grease and stains like marble, yet it is unknown to commerce.

Thus the catalogue of native trees might be run through, and the reader would wonder at how few of them have been decreed valuable. But we are nearing a time when this must change; when timber will be scarce, and the people will awaken to the enormity of the sin of destroying the woods now considered useless. There is in accurate and scientific investigation of this subject a rich field for some man's ambition.

When to Water Horses.

The best time to water a horse is an hour before or an hour and a half after eating. If watered immediately before eating, the temperature of the stomach is lowered beyond the digestive point, and the food is not acted upon till the temperature gets back to where it ought to be. Suppose his master takes him to the watering trough immediately after eating and his stomach is full of food and he drinks a pail or two pails of water. The consequence is that a portion of the food is forced out of the stomach and is swept along into the larger intestines without assimilation. In France some years ago we saw some horses that were going to be killed. They were fed coarse beans, and immediately after they were allowed to drink all the water they would, and were then killed and dissected, and some of these beans were found twenty-six feet distant from the stomach itself, in the intestines.

It Just Fit the Dog.

In a Sixth avenue street car filled with ladies, a ninety-pound dude sat wedged in one corner. At Twenty-third street a fat woman, handsomely dressed, and carrying a little dog in her arms, got on. The little dude struggled to his feet and touched his hat politely, remarking facetiously, "Madam, will you take this seat?" The fat lady looked at the crevice he had left and thanked him pleasantly. "You are very kind, sir," she said; "I think it will just fit the dog."

A Wise Man.

The following anecdote illustrates the fact that the man who is asked to do an unusual thing will expect much more pay than for doing a usual thing that costs him several times the trouble. Some years ago, before the sale of game was legalized and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness. Wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, he directed a servant to call upon Donald Fraser (who owned a horse and cart and made a livelihood by driving peats into the town), and ask him what he would charge for taking the box to Inverness. Donald would not take it under eight shillings. The demand was thought so unreasonable that the gentleman complained to a Scotchman who was shooting with him.

The Scotchman replied that he (the Englishman) did not understand how to bargain with the natives, and that one of them approached in the right way would do the job for much less. Calling Donald, he held the following conversation:

"Guid mornin', Donald! What's the price o' peats the noo?"

"Just auchteenpence the load, sir."

"Very weel, ye can tak' a load into my hoose in Inverness the first thing the morn's mornin'."

"I'll dae that, and thank ye, sir."

The Scotchman then walked on about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round, and said:

"By-the-by, I hae a box tae send; ye can juist pit it on tap o' the peats."

"I'll dae that, sir; It'll no mak' muckle difference."

In this way the Scotchman got a good load of peats, and the Englishman got his box of game sent for nothing.

That Famous Bull.

An old writer says that navigators pay no more attention to a monument erected as evidence of possession than they do "the regulation of the Popes who divided a great part of the world between the crowns of Castile and Portugal"—an observation which is curiously in point at present when we learn that the Spanish claim rests, in part, at least, upon the famous bull issued by Pope Alexander VI. in the year 1493. This celebrated document has often before been used to check the enterprise of roving mariners; indeed, it was once cited as an objection against the acquisitive voyages of our own Drake; but on that occasion Queen Elizabeth plainly told the Spanish Ambassador that "she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of." Her Majesty's shrewdness had anticipated the reasoning of international jurists. In point of fact no weight now attaches to royal letters patent, or charters professing to make a grant of new territory, unless they are followed within a reasonable time by actual occupation, and this gives occasion to the inquiry, "What is proper occupation?" Strictly speaking, occupation can only be complete when the country is placed at the disposal of the occupying State, and this yf course is best achieved when her colonists have settled themselves over the whole area. But how seldom this is accomplished let the history of our own colonies attest.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Bismarck and His Physician.

A good anecdote is told of how Prince Bismarck became the staunch friend of his medical adviser. During a stay at Carlsbad the German Chancellor one day feeling indisposed, sent for the now celebrated Dr. Schweininger, who, of course, lost no time in responding to the call. According to his wont, he began to catechize his patient minutely, so much so that the irascible Prince got angry and said, sharply:

"I shall be glad if you won't ask me such a lot of questions."

Schweininger, nothing daunted, replied quietly:

"I am at your service, Prince, but if you wish to be prescribed for without being questioned I will advise you to send for a veterinary surgeon; he will be your man."

The mighty Chancellor was very wroth, and for a minute or two things looked bad for the daring doctor. But Prince Bismarck did not strangle him. He thought better of it, and composing himself, said:

"Well, question me, then, if you must; I only hope you will prove as skillful in medicine as you are in rude manners.'

The Printer's Devil.

Printing used to be called the black art, and the boys who assisted the pressman were called "imps." As the story runs, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his business. It soon got wind that the "imp" of Aldus was black, and a crowd gathered. Therefore showing the "imp," he said: "Be it known in Venice that I, Aldius Manutius, printer, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made a public exposure of the 'printer's devil.' All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him.' Thus originated the term "printer's devil."

Two Queer Cities.

The State line between Tennessee and Virginia also separates the cities of Bristol, in the former State, and Goodson, in the latter. This line runs for more than a mile through Main street, which is the principal business thoroughfare of both cities.

Bristol and Goodson have a population of twenty-five hundred each and the municipal, county and state governments are entirely distinct.

Teaching with Pictures Tested.

A wan school teacher entered a bookstore near Greenville, Miss., a few days since, dragging after her a small fat boy, who held in one little paw a mutilated "first reader," and with the other wiped his weeping eyes and pug nose.

"Have you any first readers except these?" asked the school teacher.

"Any except these?" repeated the bookman. "Why, ma'am, these are the nice little books I sold you the other day; surely you haven't any objection to them?"

"They have pictures in them, and the boys can't learn anything from them," said the tearful teacher.

"Not learn because of the pictures; impossible! Why, ma'am, the pictures are put there for the purpose of helping the scholars to learn. Allow me to give you a lesson in the art."

Then turning to the boy: "Come, sit in this chair, my man, and let me see if you are not a wise fellow; take your book and begin here on this page; now, look good at the picture, then spell the word."

The boy having cleared away sufficient tears and dirt to enable him see, sat upon a chair with his stumpt-toed boots two feet from the floor, and taking the book, began:

"D-o-g, dog."

"Ah," said the bookseller, "you see, ma'am?" "Now, my man," he added, sitting down and closing his eyes complacently, "now, my man, proceed."

"R-a-t, mouse. "P-i-g, hog," proceeded the boy.

"No, no, not so fast," cried the bookseller, startled. "Why, you see this fellow eating cheese is too large to be a mouse, so we will call him a rat; and this animal eating potato parings is to small to be a hog, so we will call him a pig; understand? Well, go on, then, and look attentively at the pictures."

"P-a-i-l, bucket. I-n-k, inkstand," spelled the boy, gazing at the pictures.

"No, no," cried the bookseller, and began to explain. The explanation lasted some twenty minutes, after which the bookseller said again:

"Understand now? Well, then, go on again, and be sure to look close at the pictures so you will know what they are." The boy began again with his nose almost touching the page.

"V-a-t, tub. Q-u-i-l-l, feather. O-x, cow."

"Stop!" roared the bookseller.

The boy stopped, put down the book, and took up a howl.

"Madame," said the bookseller to the school teacher, "I will order a lot of unillustrated first readers tomorrow."

A Dog's Devotion.

On the morning of which I speak the whole cavalcade, hunters, horses, baggage wagons, servants, and many packs of hounds, were gathered in our stable-yard, awaiting the signal for starting. Horns were sounding, dogs were baying, guns were clattering, eager hunters were laughing and talking, and a general excitement was over all the establishment. Fritz's spirits were extremely high. He sprang up a dozen times and kissed his master's riding-horse, brought his master his whip and boots, and seemed fairly beside himself with joy. But Fritz was not to be of the hunting-party. On the mountains he was out of his element, and only marred the sport; so he was to be left at home. But his master could not bear to tell him this, and determined not to start with the party but make a detour and slip away unperceived. Consequently he had his horse led around to the front gate of the house intending to mount there, but Fritz was so alert and vigilant that it was impossible to elude his watchfulness. So his master took him aside, and said in a low, but impressive tone of voice:

"Fritz, you are not to go with me."

If the dog had been shot I think he could scarcely have fallen to the ground more suddenly, as if deprived of life. It was at the end of a long hall, that communicated the front door and front gate, where the dog had dropped. His master patted him affectionately, passed on and mounted his horse, but Fritz no more moved than if he were dead. His master called to him: "Good-bye, Fritz!" but he lay motionless. The household gathered about him, and tried to comfort him.

"Look up, Fritz, I said. "See! Your master is speaking to you," but he buried his face between his paws and seemed not to hear.

When some one said, "Papa is gone," a low moan burst from the dog, and this finally became a sobbing cry, which did not cease until after midday. It was one of the most piteous sounds I ever heard. We soothed and caressed him, and brought him delicacies we knew he liked, but he was dead to our comfortings and refused all food until, as night drew on, we began to grow a little superstitious, lest the dog's grief should presage some harm to the master. The next day, however, he grew more reconciled, but only recovered his spirits upon the return of his master, whom he was ready to devour with joy.

A Price on Indian Scalps.

The settlers in several of the border counties of Arizona have made the recent Apache outrages the pretext for reviving an old local law which offers a reward of $250 for an Indian scalp. This legislation is akin to the fox and bear scalp legislation of many of the States and is based upon the theory that an indian is a dangerous and destructive wild animal, and not a human being at all. The idea seems to have caught, however, and armed bodies of cow-boys are organizing in several counties for an Indian hunt. In one county the reward has been increased by the Commissioners to $500, and if any Indian killing is done it is probable that proof will be furnished that the scalps were all taken in this county.

The Most Valuable Timbers.

The time is approaching when the culture of timber in America will become an exceedingly profitable industry, as it has been found in the Old