The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.

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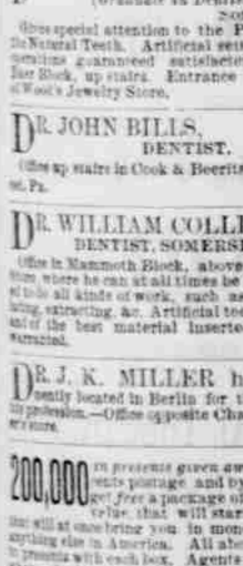

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Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. PICES REASONABLE, and

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Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Seives for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.

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Wholesale and Retail. You will save money by buying from me. My stock is always Fresh.

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I Continue to manufacture, at my old stand, all grades of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, which I sell just as cheap as any other dealer in Somerset County. I will also take orders for any City made Furniture my customers may wish to purchase. I keep sample-books at my place of business, from which selections can be made.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of Undertaking business attended to with care. I have two hearses for burial purposes—a Black Hearse and a White Hearse, the latter especially for attending Children's Funerals. I keep on hand at all times Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds, and White Coffins for Children. I will also keep in stock a nice line of City Caskets, covered, at a small advance on city prices. Don't fail to call on me when in need of anything in my line. I can do as well by you as you can do elsewhere.

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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 Riding Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.

ISAAC SIMPSON,
SOMERSET, PA.

may13.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been duly appointed by the proper authority to make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the personal property and real estate of Jacob B. Critchfield, hereby gives notice that he will discharge the duties of said appointment at his office in Somerset, Pa., on Wednesday, December 9, 1885, at 1 o'clock P. M., when and where all persons interested can attend if they see proper.

G. R. SCULL,
nov18. Auditor.

AMPUTATION OF THE LEG.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Elsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. The family physicians refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion, and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAVORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system, and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your Druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

To Keep the Blood Pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the Blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

NO. 3.

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

SLR SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Purely Vegetable.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Billious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
KANSAS CITY, MO. W. R. BERNARD.

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.

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I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 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.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE $1 00.

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THE

Century

FOR 1885-1886.

THE remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that Magazine a regular circulation of

MORE THAN 200,000 COPIES MONTHLY.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number are:

THE WAR PAPERS,

BY GEN. GRANT, and others.

These will be continued, most of them illustrated, until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. Gen Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. Gen. McClellan will write of Antietam, Gen. D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Gens. Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fights between the Kearsage and the Alabama, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year. Serial stories by

W. D. HOWELLS,
MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,
AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Howell's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave Songs and Dances, including negro serpent worship, etc.

Special Features

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. Minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

Short Stories

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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Will be kept up to the standard which has made THE CENTURY engravings famous the world over

Prices. A Special Offer.

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A free specimen copy, (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions and supply numbers according to our special offer or remittance may be made directly to

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The Farmer's Lime Company, Limited, will sell at their kilns, or load on cars,

GOOD LIME

At 8 cents per bushel, or deliver it as Low as the Lowest to all Railroad Stations and Sidings in the County, and on the Berlin Branch much lower. Satisfaction Guaranteed. It is the Gray Ferriferous Lime, which is known by Practice and Science to be the Strongest and Best for Agricultural Purposes. All orders promptly filled.

Address, HENRY S. WALTER.
dec24-1yr Garrett Somerset Co., Pa.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Wm. A. Brubaker, of Peoria, Illinois, Joseph Brubaker, of New Cambria, Kansas, Kate, intermarried with Thomas Fearl, of Cambria County, Pa., Lena, intermarried with Chas. W. Slater, residing in Ottumwa, Iowa, Maggie Witt and Minnie Witt, of Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa., children of Mary intermarried with David L. Witt, Sarah, intermarried with Jeremiah Walter, of Geistown, Cambria Co. Pa.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Monday, the 14th day of December next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Abraham Brubaker, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Sheriff's Office, Nov. 4, 1885. JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

Wanted on Salary.

EXPENSES PAID:—Salesmen for the HOOKER NURSERIES. Established 1835. All the newest and best sorts of fruit and ornamental trees, vines, etc. Send for Terms.

H. E. HOOKER COMPANY,
Sep23-2m. Rochester, N. Y.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow,
For to-morrow will prove but another day
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forcast the trials of life,
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor!
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track
For the travelers near the valley;
That up, far up, on the other side
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation;
And build from the rise to the set of the sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
And there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

—*Phila. Times.*

BLUE BELLS.

OR THE BOOTBLACK'S STORY.

M. MORRELL.

One fine morning, as I was leisurely walking down Main street with no particular object in view, my attention was attracted to a little bootblack. Some one in passing had dropped, or carelessly thrown away a small bunch of blue bells. My attention was first attracted to the little fellow by his stooping to pick them up, but what was my amazement to see him tenderly kiss them, and then carefully fasten them in the buttonhole of his faded jacket. My curiosity was aroused. I made up my mind to quiz the boy, so I walked up to him and asked him for a shine. I looked at the boy carefully; he was very small and very poorly dressed, he was pale and thin, and the large blue eyes looked as if they were full of unshed tears.

"Half a dime," he said, when he had put a fine polish on my shoes.

I took out a quarter, and said, as I balanced it on my fore-finger, "Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers," pointing to the bells in his buttonhole.

He put his small hand over the flowers and gave a quick gasp.

"No, sir; I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a blue bell."

"And why not, my little man?" I inquired.

He looked at me so piteously that I was almost sorry that I had asked him. I put my hand on his head, and said:

"Excuse me for asking. You need not tell me unless you wish to, and you can keep the quarter besides."

He looked up at me a moment and said:

"I like you, and if you care to listen I'll tell you."

"Of course I am anxious to hear why you love the blue bells."

"I will commence at the first and tell it all to you, but first let us go down there and sit down," pointing to some dry goods boxes not far from where we stood.

We went, and after seating ourselves on a small box behind some larger ones, where we would not be observed, he took the blue bell bouquet in his hand and began by saying:

"It is just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the blue bells would never come," and then he stopped and put his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out some horrid sight, I did not interrupt his reverie. Presently he took down his hand and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some fine property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born, for we have always been poor as far back as I can remember. Mother says that father drank up the farm, the oxen, horses, sheep, cows, furniture and everything else. We got so poor mother had to go out and wash by the day to get food for Bess and me to eat. We lived in a little log house, a quarter of a mile from anyone; it was about half a mile to town. Mother used to walk to town every day except Saturday, to wash for somebody. On Saturday she washed for ourselves and ironed on Sunday."

"Sunday is the Lord's day. Your mother certainly didn't work on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, sir; she had to. Mother said the Lord made six days for the saloon keeper and one for himself, but he forgot to make a day for the drunkard's wife. She said the saloon keepers had confiscated the Lord's day, but she had hoped the Lord would consider her circumstances and forgive her for working on the Sabbath. She said if there were no saloons she would not have to work on Sunday. There were just four of us, father, mother, Baby Bess and Willie, that's me."

"So your name is Willie, is it? but go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, mother was away all day, and sometimes she would not get home until after dark; she was not very strong, and sometimes she had big washings, and sometimes we didn't have much to eat, because the ladies mother washed for didn't have the right change, or would forget to ask their husbands for it. Mother always hated to ask for money after she had earned it, she said it did seem as if they ought to know that she needed the money, or she would not wash for it, and it generally happened that when one didn't have the change none of them did, so sometimes we got awful hungry while we were waiting for folks to pay us."

"Why didn't your mother ask for her money? it was her's after she earned it."

"She was afraid to, for sometimes they would get mad and say she didn't half wash their clothes, and then they would hunt up a new washwoman. It was one of those weeks when nobody had any change; it was Friday morning, and we had had very little to eat on Thursday, and on Friday morning there was only a pint of corn meal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she woke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father; he was in town on a big spree; he was awful cross when he was drinking, and it was not safe for him to get his hands on us, so we always hid when we saw him coming, if mother was not at home. Little Bess would nearly go into fits when she saw him coming home drunk. "Don't let Bess cry if you can help it, Willie; I'm afraid that I won't get home until after dark to-night, Mrs. Gray always has such large washings, but I will come as soon as I can, and I will bring home some provisions, for I must have some money to-night, or we starve.' She kissed baby Bess as she lay in the cradle, and then kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister.' Bessie slept a long time that morning, and I passed the time in sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said the first thing, 'Baby is so hungry, Willie, get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie," I said, "and let me put your dress on, and then we will eat breakfast.' I had not eaten a bite, nor had mother tasted food before leaving home, and I was awful hungry myself. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her; but when we sat down to the table, and then she just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out: 'Oh, Willie, I'm so tired of corn bread and molasses, I can't eat it. I want some butter and meat." 'Don't cry, Baby,' I said, stroking her curly head, 'mother will bring home something to-night.' 'Try to eat,' I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then she left the table. I ate a small piece of day corn bread; I thought maybe she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat what we had. It was a long day to both of us. Father had not come home, and it was nearly dark. We were sitting on the door step and Bessie began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night.' 'Don't cry, Baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course she will,' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of blue bells into Bessie's lap. 'Oh, how pretty,' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes down on the pretty blue bells. 'Come, Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She got up and stood on the door-step with her face towards the house. I stood behind her and tied the blue bells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one when some one jerked me off the bottom step. It was father; he was drunk; and I knew by his looks that he was almost crazy with drink. He pushed me aside, and stood between little Bessie and me. Bessie turned to run, but he caught her and said, 'You have been crying: what did Willie do to you?' She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do anything,' she gasped out. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me, or I will shake the breath out of you.' He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm, 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.' He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at that table; there is plenty to eat, and good enough, too, for such a brat as you, and he shook her roughly. She began to cry and I tried to put my arm around her, but he pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything, I will give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond where we got our wash-water. It was a lovely place in summer, and a splendid place for skating in the winter; the water was as clear as a lake, and it was surrounded by green grass, and several large trees grew near the bank. It was only a short distance from the house. Bessie hushed her sobs, but she looked awful scared. I followed close behind father. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he exclaimed, as he reached the edge of the pond, and he walked right into the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened. He waded about knee deep. Then he took Bessie, and putting her feet under one arm, he put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hadns and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby,' just as the curly head went down. I begged father to take her out, but he would not listen to me. I waded around, and tried with all my strength to raise her head out of the water, but father held it down. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, and then all was still. I begged father to take her out. I prayed God to save Bessie's life, but all in vain; God was far away, and did not hear me cry, at least it seemed to me so. It seemed hours to me when father at last lifted up Bessie's white, dripping face. I called her name franticaliy, but the blue lips did not move; she was dead. Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't be hungry for a while,' he said, as he laid her down. I was so stunned that I neither moved nor spoke, until I saw the blue bells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away; it seemed as if it were dear little Bessie's sweet dead face drifting away; I could not bear the thought, so I waded out after them; the water was up to my arms, now over my shouleers, still the blue bells were just beyond my reach; the water touched my chin; another step, and I caught them, and just then I heard mother call, 'Willie, oh Willie! where are you?' I looked for father, he was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie, oh, Willie,' came mother's voice again. I was out of the water now, but so weak I could hardly stand. I called out, 'Here, mother, here at the pond.' Father gave one mad leap into the water; he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and taking father's old straw hat, I placed it over her dead face to keep mother from seeing it. In a few moments she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak. She lifted the hat off of Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie; tell me quick.' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I finished, shriek after shriek rent the air. She stood with clasped hands over Bessie, and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot. Father had drowned himself; his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery alongside of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac from the moment she uttered the first heart-rending cry over her dead baby. I put the blue bells in a little box and hung them around my neck; but after the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself the box was still around my neck; here it is,' and he drew from his bosom a small box, which upon opening, revealed a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet little baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom. Then he looked at me straight in the eyes and said:

"Please, mister, don't ever vote for whisky. It killed my father and dear little baby Bessie, my only sister, and it locked my mother up in a mad house. Please don't vote for rum."

And I, man that I was, drew the bootblack down and kissed him, and said:

'God helping me. I will never vote for license or whiskey men again."

Big Nuggets of Gold.

In the winter of '49 the writer of this saw and handled the largest piece of gold that had yet been found in California. It weighed twenty-two pounds and nine ounces, and was estimated, by careful weighing in water and otherwise, to contain five pounds of quartz, the rest being pure gold. The finder sold it for $5,000, and it was subsequently sold in San Francisco for $10,000. It was found at Sonora, then known as the Sonorian Camp, by a lazy old Mexican "greaser," who was rooting about in holes and pits that whites and others had dug out and abandoned in the outskirts of the town. As soon as he found it he washed it off, took it to the nearest "monte" bank and lost $500 on it as soon as he could conveniently. He had lots of fun in a short space of time for the $5,000, which they allowed him for the nugget. In this connection the Grass Valley *Union* of October 10th prints the following: "Louis Blanding says the generally accepted statement that the largest nugget ever found in California was worh a little over $21,000, is an erroneous one. He says that J. J. Finney, 'Old Virginia,' found a piece of gold about six miles from Downieville, Sierra County, on the 21st of August, 1857, that weighed 5,000 ounces. The gold of that vicinity was worth $18 an ounce, which would make the value of the nugget some $90,000. This would make the Finney nugget the largest piece of gold ever discovered, so far as accounts go. Heretofore the Australian nugget, found in the Ballarat gold-fields, has been considered the largest. It was valued at $60,000. Finney, or 'Old Virginia,' as he was familiarly called, afterwards went to Washoe when the first silver discoveries were made there, and from him the town of Virginia took its name. The man who discovered the largest nugget in California mines and gave his name to the richest mining camp in the world, died in extreme poverty."
—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Would Look Dudish.

"Yes, sir," said an enthusiastic citizen of a new western town, "we've got a right smart town, stranger. Why," he continued, impressively, it's only six months old, and it's got two hotels, forty-eight beer saloons, twenty-seven gamblin' places, four drug stores, to say nothin' of grocery and clothin' stores." "Any churches?" asked the stranger. "Any what?" "Churches." "You mean them buildin's with a long p'int stickin' up in the air?" "Yes." "No, we hain't got any of them. Thar was some talk about buildin' one, but we finally allowed it would look too dudish."

PARLOR WHISK BROOM.—A pretty whisk broom holder can easily be made. Take a small ronnd Japanese fan, cover both sides with pretty cretonne, fastening at the handle; cut a narrow strip of pasteboard, say two inches wide and four or five inches long (according to the size of the fan), cover with cretonne, fasten the edges of the strip in the centre of the fan, far enough to admit the broom. Twist ribbon around the handle, leaving a little loop at the top to hang it up with, put a bow of ribbon at the handle, where the cretonne is fastened. If desired, one can be put at the handle.

How She Reformed Him.

"Does your husband go to the lodge, Mrs. Gibberick?"

"Well, he just don't. I broke up that little game quite a while ago."

"Why, how in the world did you do it?"

"Well, whenever he started for the lodge I went with him as far as the skating rink, and told him to call for me on his way home. It only took a few doses to cure him."

The Restlessness of Old Age.

Those who have been much with the aged have observed in them a chafing against the infirmities of their years, which expresses itself in restlessness and a desire to change. They grow weary in the inactivity which succeeded the busy time when they bore the heat and burden of the day, and sometimes they wander here and there, dropping in to visit a friend or talking with a chance acquaintance trying thus to while away the tedious hours. In mistaken kindness and unkind affection, we often oppress dear, aged people by our very care. They dislike supervision. The tender watchfulness which to us seems due their physical feebleness, as well as for a fit return for their care for us in earlier days, is by them resented as restraint. It annoys them. Then, too, we try to take all the work out of their hands, and that they don't like. Nobody who has been active and useful enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf.

Grandfather's step is uncertain and his arm less vigorous than of old; but he possesses a rich treasure of experience, and he likes to be consulted. It is his privilege to give advice; his privilege, too, at times to go into the work with the youngest, renewing his youth as he keeps bravely up with the hearty men not half his age.

Grandmother does not want to be left out of the household work. When the days come around for pickling and preserving and the domestic force is pressed into service who is so eager and full of interest as she? It is cruel to overrule her decisions, to put her aside because "she will be tired." Of course she will be tired; but she enjoys the fatigue and rests the sooner for the thought that she is still of some use in the world.

To those whose homes are honored by an aged parent, we would say deal very gently with those who are on the down-hill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they are now. You too are "stepping westward." Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall into the hands that long for it. Only let it be of their own choosing, and cease to order them as if they were children. A hoary head at a fireside is a crown of glory to the house in which it dwells. The blessing of the aged is as a dew on the pasture, as the falling of sunlight on a shadowy place.—*Home and Farm.*

Why the Senate Laughed.

Judge David Davis, when he ponderously presided over the Senate, preserved the manners of the bench and ruled in an arbitrary manner never before witnessed at the capital. One of his annoyances was a debate protracted after his usual dinner hour, and when the time arrived he would look around imploringly for a motion to adjourn. If no Senator made the motion, he would boldly mumble out:

"The Senator from —— (indistinct) moved to adjourn. Those in favor say yes; those opposed, no. The Senate stands adjourned till 12 o'clock to-morrow."

This assumption by the presiding officer was tacitly permitted and enjoyed by some of the other Senators, who also liked to dine at an early hour.

One day Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, had risen to debate on an important bill which was under consideration, when Judge Davis, who wanted to go to dinner, looked toward the other side of the Senate chamber, mumbled out his motion, and declared it carried. So the Senate adjourned to the astonishment and vexation of Ingalls.

"Mr. President," he exclaimed in the distinct enunciation for which he was so celebrated, "I am astonished."

Davis bringing his portly person well up before him so that it overflowed the Vice Presidential desk leaned over, winked and chuckled out deliberately:

"So'm I!"

This is said to have been the only time in which the whole Senate indulged in loud, unanimous and long continued laughter.—*Boston Budget.*

The Green-Eyed Monster.

"My dear," observed Mr. Grap, as he came in a little late for supper, "I am sorry that I couldn't get here sooner, but I stopped on the way up to get some tickets for the theatre."

"You ought to know better than to waste your money in that way, Mr. Grap."

"Yes, my dear, but I got them for Mary Anderson."

"You did, hey! You got some tickets for Mary Anderson? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Grap. Here I am left at home to work my hands off while you go out and buy tickets for Mary Anderson."

"But, my dear, I was going to take you to see Mary."

"I don't want to see her, and you ought to be ashamed to tell me that, it's bad enough for you to go and buy tickets for her."

"But, my darling—"

"Look here, Mr. Grap, I want to tell you one thing. If you mention that woman's name to me again you'll be sorry for it. You needn't try to explain, for I won't have it. Mary Anderson, hey! I suppose you gave her the tickets?"

"No, my dear, I—"

"Then the best thing you can do is to put them in the fire."

"But, my—"

"See here, John Grap, if you don't put those tickets in the fire you'll regret it."

And John goes and puts the $5 worth in the stove, mentally resolving that the philosopher was right when he divided mankind into two varieties of fools.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth.

G. W. Benford & Son.

After the Honeymoon.

Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not the happiest, though it ought to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some very unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other happy as possible for all time.

Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like glass soon broken. Of course, the enthusiastic tempestuous love of courting days will not long survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel toward each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.

Gen. McClellan's Romance.

A very interesting story was told about a year ago about McClellan's first meeting with his wife. He married her, you know, in 1860 and the relations of the two during the last quarter of a century have been the happiest. Mrs. McClellan accompanied her husband everywhere and was a helpmeet in the true sense of the word. She was very proud of her husband and was very sensitive to any ridicule of him. He met her in a church in Baltimore in 1860, one cold Sunday morning. He was then traveling through the United States on a health tour and had reached Baltimore on Saturday night. The next morning he left the hotel and went to the nearest church. The usher took him up to the front and seated him in a pew which was already occupied by a very handsome young lady. The sermon was prosy and Mr. McClellan devoted himself to casting sly glances at his seat-mate. He concluded that she was fair. As he caught a fuller view of her he decided she was beautiful, and when at last he saw her features and her eyes looked into his he felt that he had met his fate. As they passed out of the pew the young lady blushed under McClellan's admiring gaze. He followed her home and found that she lived in one of the handsomest houses of the city. On inquiry he found that this house was owned by General R. B. Marcy, the father of one of his schoolmates at West Point. McClellan at once called upon young Marcy and through him obtained an introduction to Marcy's sister, Ellen. He began to pay her attentions and found upon acquaintance that she improved. His love was reciprocated. They were engaged, and in May, 1860, they were married.

Only a Ribbon.

In one of the London hospitals about a year ago, an assistant surgeon became interested in one of his patients, a poor child of ten, suffering from hip disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her fingers, playing with it, and at last giving it up with a weary sigh, turning to watch the sunlight creeping over her bed as she had done for months. That afternoon the doctor, passing a shop, bought a long soft ribbon, of an exquisite rose color, and gave it to little Katie. She was breathless with pleasure, smoothed it out, held it up, soft and shining, in the sun, and looked at the friend, speechless with tears of ecstacy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor a week later that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it, folded in paper, under her pillow at night. It was found necessary, after two months, to perform a capital operation on the child, one, which if unsuccessful, is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table she cried for Dr. S——. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed. "Send for him," said the surgeon, and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in. He held one of Katie's hands, the other was clenched tightly over a pin roll, which dropped from her grasp, during the operation. When the effect of the ether passed, she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S——. "Ribbon," she whispered. He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katie smiled happily into the face of her friend and hugging the bit of faded silk fell asleep forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty and pleasure and loving kindness.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mr. C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, who is always looking after the interest of his customers has now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Coughs, Colds, Pains in the Chest and all Lung Affections. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Samples free.

Dubuque Lumber Company.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Nov. 27.—The lumber cut in this city the past year was as follows: Standard Lumber Company, 23,000,000 feet; Dubuque Lumber Company, 16,000,000 feet; J. S. Randall, 6,000,000 feet; Knapp, Stout and Co., 5,000,000 feet.

How Tom Ochiltree Won His Spurs.

Thomas Ochiltree, the famous texan raconteur, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day, listening to some fellow comrades in the late war relating their hair breadth escapes. After they had spoken of narrow escapes in certain battles, Tom spoke up and said that he won his first golden spurs under General Dick Taylor.

"It occurred in this way," he said. Everybody gathered nearer with a dry grin to listen. "One day General Taylor ordered me to take charge of a battalion of cavalry and go and feel for the enemy and place them. I put myself at the head of the column and started. We came to a large, open field and rode nearly half way through it. I suddenly discovered the Federal army on the edge of the field ahead. I rose in stirrups and ordered a charge. I was in front, and pulling out my sword and putting spurs to my horse, I dashed forward at the enemy. My idea was to route them by our bold charge. I suppose I had galloped a quarter of a mile, yelling the slogan and cheering, when I turned in my saddle to see how my battalion was aligned. Horrors! I was alone in front of an army of 50,000! I caught sight of my men a mile back retreating at full speed. I saw the whites of the enemies' eyes and heard their guns clicking. But I was not hit. Not a bullet struck me."

"How did they miss you?" asked a veteran.

"They didn't shoot. My daring act paralyzed them. You've often seen an army panic-stricken, haven't you? Of course you have."—*New York Mail and Express.*

A Dakota Diana.

The wife of Marxuis de Mores is a handsome little brunette who is one of the best rifle shots in the West, and who rides a well as she shoots. She is the daughter of banker Von Hoffman of New York city, and is a namesake of her aunt, the famously beautiful Medora Ortmes who will always be thought of as the second wife of the late Sam Ward, who won her while she was already the betrothed of a rich young Frenchman. Mme. de Mores has recently been with her husband keeping him company in the Bismarck jail. As before remarked, she is an expert with the rifle, and when at home delights in sharing the wild and free life of her husband. On a recent hunting trip to the Big Horn mountains, out of the six grizzly bears bagged by the entire party, this little lady, alone and unaided, shot and killed four. On the plains she rides and shoots faultlessly, galloping over the prairies like mad on her well trained buffalo pony, an eagle plume in her hat, and a rifle slung from her saddle. She looks the very picture of wild beauty. In St. Paul or other cities she is the richest and most tastefully dressed woman you will see, and one can scarcely realize that the delicately gloved hands which hold the lorgnett or move the fan so gracefully can also check a plains' broncho in his wild flight or send a bullet speeding true to its mark.

A Big Snake Story.

On Wednesday, learning through Thomas O'Neal, of this town, that a party of woodchoppers, while felling a tree the day previous near the old Smith Ashley rancho, Pacheco, and some three miles from Concord, had discovered an enormous snake, the dimensions of which aroused our attention, we immediately repaired to the scene of the discovery. There stretched before us lay an object, the body of which was snake like in proportions, measuring fourteen feet seven inches long, three feet around the largest part of the body, and tapering gradually toward the tail. The head resembled that of a crocodile, a row of large, pointed teeth lining its jaws, the upper jaw extending forward from the anterior angle of each eye; the skin was light colored, spotted with black; a coat of hair, in places twelve inches long, extending in a continuous line from head to tail; and its body being ornamented with eight pairs of short webbed feet. The entire monstrosity would weigh about 200 pounds. The discovery was made after the tree fell, which was found to be hollow, the reptile crawling from it, which so scared the woodchoppers that they fled to town, leaving hats and coats behind. Its general appearance was that of the amphisbæna, a genus of saurians that abound in South America, and which live mostly on small insects. But how this particular creature came in this vicinity is for the servants of California to study up. We are sorry the reptile was killed, as it might have adorned the interior of a menagerie. However, we should suggest that the officers of the California Academy of Sciences dispatch one of its experts to determine the species of the reptile.—*Concord (Cal.) Sun.*

The Impending Crisis.

He got a letter out of his box at the postoffice yesterday, which he hurriedly read and indignantly threw on the floor. On second thought he picked it up and placed it in his pocket, but he was still red in the face, when a friend queried:

"From your tailor?"

"I wish it was," was the reply. "No, it's blackmail."

"How?"

"Why, its from a friend who got married a few years ago. I had an invite to his wedding, and I had to take a present costing $25."

"Of course."

"Then his first anniversary occurred, and it cost me twelve dollars more."

"I've been there, old fel."

"Then he had a boy baby born, and our set had to whack up on that. I guess he named that cub after at least thirty of us."

"I see."

"Then came his birthday. Then his wife's birthday. Then the second anniversary. Then the cub's birthday."

"Exactly. And now?"

"Well, his mother-in-law has come to live with him, and this is an invitation to come around and leave a $7 rocking chair on her 65th anniversary."

"And you'll go?"

"I'll have to go or be ruled out of our set, but I'll have revenge. There's seven of us in the family, and I'll be hanged if we don't go at it and hold an anniversary or something every two weeks for the next ten years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The man who has to endure all the agonies of solitary confinement is the clerk who works for a firm that does not advertise. It's the next thing to being buried alive.

Is it correct to speak of a sick lawyer as an ill legal man.