The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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The joy of every well-regulated household centers chiefly from the children. Thousands of affectionate parents do not take care of their children. Through ignorance more than culpable neglect they suffer them to fall sick and die, when knowledge might have saved them to love and home. Dr. David KENNEDY offers his Favorite Remedy "as a sphinxically a medicine for the children—gentle in its action, containing no harmful ingredient whatever, going straight to the Blood, which, when impure, is the seat and source of disease. "Favorite Remedy" is the friend of childhood, and should be found in every nursery in the land. Keep it in your house for your children's sake, as well as for your own. Try it, and you will be glad you saw this article. Make no mistake. The medicine is "Favorite Remedy," and the proprietor's name and address, Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y. One dollar a bottle.
Good Words for a good thing.—Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is exactly what it claims to be, and deserves the praises that are showered upon it by all who have used it. Mr. Israel H. Snyder, of Saugerties, N. Y., says: "My little child was entirely covered with Salt Rheum from head to foot. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured her. This was two years ago."
We are not in the habit of puffing any sort of patent medicines to our columns, but we happen to know Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and can personally testify to the excellence of the medicine which the Doctor calls "Favorite Remedy." And it a word of ours will persuade anybody to use it and thus find relief from suffering no professional etiquette shall hinder us from saying that a word. For diseases of the blood, kidneys and bowels, it has no equal. We would not be without it for five times the dollar that it costs.—Daily Times, Troy, N. Y.
NO. 3.

THE GREAT REGULATOR.
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
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. BERNARD.
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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.
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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."
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oct7-6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Peter Berkey, dec'd, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January 9, 1886, at the residence of the Executor in Somerset Borough. GEORGE M. NEFF, Executor.
dec2.

THE OLD HOME.

"Return, return," the voices cried,
"To your old valley, far away;
For softly on the river tide
The tender lights and shadows play;
And all the banks are gay with flowers,
And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
You cannot find such bloom as ours
In yon bright foreign clime!"

For me, I thought, the olives grow.
The sun lies warm upon the vines;
And yet, I will arise and go
To that dear valley dim with pines!
Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
Untouched by years of change and pain,
Old faiths, that I had counted dead,
Shall rise, and live again.

And still "Return, return," they sung,
"With us abides eternal calm;
In these old fields, where you were young,
We culled the heart's-ease and the balm;
For us the flocks and herds increase,
And the children play around our feet;
At eve the sun goes down in peace—
Return; for rest is sweet."

Then I arose, and crossed the sea.
And sought that home of younger days;
No love of old was left to me
(For love has wings and seldom stays);
But there were graves upon the hill,
And sunbeams shining on the sod,
And low winds breathing, "Peace, be still;
Lost things are found in God."

CAPTAIN MARVIN' WOOING.

A Story of the Year 1700 of as Bold a Puritan as Capt. Miles Standish.

The curious minded used some years ago to search for the quaint inscription that could be traced upon a mouldy stone in the ancient burying ground in old Lyme Regis, known in these later years as Lyme. The memorial, when found, could be decinhered thus:

This Deacon, aged 68, is freed on earth from serving;
May for a crown no longer wait; Lyme's Captain Renold Marvin.

Yet, according to the tale that mothers told daughters for many years more than a hundred, Capt. Marvin found a crown whose gentle blue-eyed wearer ruled him and his imperious will with the peaceful sceptre of love; and this is the tradition:

There were the sounds of breaking branches and the tread of feet that seemed heavily weighed, one afternoon of early September in the year 1700. These noises seemed to be caused by some one laboring severely just within the wilderness that stretched far back into Connecticut colony from the shore of the Sound. The man who heard these ominous sounds peeped cautiously around for an instant and then stared with wonder upon what was revealed to him. He saw coming from the woods another man, half carrying on his shoulder, half dragging and straining at every muscle with the weight, a great black thing that seemed the full size of a well grown ox.

"'Tis Renold," said the man, "and he hath a bear." Then he went up to the hunter.

"A bear. The bear, Renold. The brute that has given us so much concern. 'Tis a monster."

The hunter loosened his hold, and panting with his exertion, seated himself upon a stone. He was a young man, and, though the blood of the beast had stained his face so that the color almost masked his countenance, yet the dark and resolute eyes, the firm-set jaw, and the defiant manner of the man, exhausted as he was, caused the other to look with admiration upon him rather than upon his prize.

"'Tis a monster, Renold. You did not fight it all alone?"

"Why not? Shall a strong man with blunderbuss and knife fear a brute?"

"Many an armed man has been killed by such as this one."

"Bah! None but babes and sucklings. There, I am rested now. 'Twas more difficult to fetch him here than to kill him. You stay here with him. Here, here, my gun and knife. I to go for help to bring him to the settlement."

"Ah, but, Renold, perhaps his mate——"

"Art fearful of a dead brute? Yet I slew him alone. Truly I did. I lie not."

"I know you do not lie. Your communication is always yea, yea, and nay, nay."

"Fear nothing, for I will soon be back."

The young man, without another word, went quickly down the highway, a mile perhaps, until he stopped before a clumsy rough-barred gate set in the stone wall. Then he strode across a meadow, heavy with aftermath, until he reached a well sweep, whose bucket swung high in the air. With the strength of one sinewy wrist, he poured the water, cool as a winter spring, upon his head, and with the other most energetically bathed his neck and face till the skin was almost as ruddy as the stains his late slaughter left upon him.

"There," said he at length; "water for strong men, milk for babes, and rum for the weak and foolish. Then, as he was about to start again, he stopped in a listening attitude.

"What that I hear? Thump, thump. Ah, 'tis Betty, at her loom. I'll speak to her."

He went over the slope whereon the well was and just beyond came upon a farm house whose lean-to roof was pitched against the little mill, so that in coming down he might have walked right up to the roof to the ridge piece. He turned aside, however, and stood upon the kitchen door sill, and then he saw the maid at her loom, though she saw him not. It seemed to please this strong man to look upon her, or upon her quick and graceful motion at the loom, though her face was hidden from him. Then, too, he saw—and wondered why he never took heed of them before—that two long and truly braided braids of hair hung far below her waist, so that, as she sat there at the loom, the ends of them seemed to rest upon the floor. That sight pleased him so.

Soon he spoke, but the shuttle and the loom made a louder noise than he, so he advanced and touched her. She was not startled, thinking some inmate of the house had summoned her. But when she saw this strong man looking down upon her she was confused an instant, with a pleasing confusion, and then she rose and greeted him.

"Renold, you spoke not. 'Twas not seeming thus to startle me."

"I spoke. You heard not. Truly I did."

"Why, what's happened you? See, your garments are rent, and here, why here there's blood, Renold. and there are half-washed stains upon your cheeks. Has there been trouble with the Indians? Are you hurt?"

"'Tis nothing. I, this morning, met the bear that's made havoc here, and I killed him."

"You, alone?"

"Why not alone?"

"Went you alone out to seek him?"

"Yes, at dawn."

"'Twas foolish bravery. And you had a struggle?"

"Bears are not slaughtered like sheep, unyieldingly. I gave him my musket first, and he came at me and I gave him my knife at the heart. But, mistress, you've been busy. Wove you this homespun this morning?"

"Yes. Truly I did."

"'Tis a fine piece. There are no swifter nor truer fingers in all this colony than yours. What are you doing now?"

She had bustled about and now brought him bread and cheese and great brown nut cakes and she said:

"You have eaten nothing. That I know. Eat this, and I will bring you milk."

"You are a thoughtful maid, but bring no milk, water for such as I."

As he began to eat she saw that the sleeve on his right arm wrs badly rent. She saw more. and with a little exclamation, grasped his arm.

"You're hurt, Renold. The bear has bitten you. See, the wound bleeds."

"Oh, 'tis only a scratch by his claws. Let be. Let be, I say."

"But I will not let be. Sit here."

"Will not! None say so to me."

"Nevertheless I say it. Sit there and let me staunch the flow."

He looked curiously upon her, she glanced back, half pleading, half commending and to his great amazement he found that he obeyed her. She soon had the sleeve rolled up, and then she found two long deep scratches from the elbow to the wrist. She bathed them gently, and as she did so he wondered how those small gentle hands of hers could have so much firmness in their touch. He smiled as he so thought, and she knew it.

"You smile. Yet I know you suffer. Do I bungle so that you find mirth in my motions?"

"No, Betty. Twas for something else I smiled, if I did smile. I did think 'Here this little maid hath me in her power; yet with my thumb and finger, thus, I might crush you, so slight and tender are you.'"

"In your power?" said the maid, inquiringly, as she bound a linen bandage on the wound.

"Aye. You compelled me to obey you."

"Why not? Brave men like you are worth the effort of compelling."

"Hey, there, Betty, I understand your philosophy not? but somehow I am content. 'Tis not a displeasing bondage for the moment, and then somehow I did feel healing in the touch of your fingers, so soft are they."

The girl laughed gently.

"Betty, do you compel young Matthew to do your bidding?"

"Him I neither compel nor permit."

"Yet I have heard he is inclined to you."

"Is he?"

"Yes. So I have perceived. He is a well-favored lad, Betty, and a fine wooer I trow."

"What know you of wooing? They do say you have sworn it, neither to woo nor wed, for you will acknowledge master nor mistress."

"They say rightly, Betty. That is my firm resolve, and I am never shaken in my resolution. But Matthew hath resolved to win you."

"Hath he? That is your firm opinion?"

"Would you not favor him a trifle?"

"Is it your concern? Tell me. Is he strong and brave, and very firm?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"That I may know whether to favor him or not. None but the strong and brave and firm, I think, would find favor in my eyes."

"That is well, Betty. Be steadfast to that."

"So I shall. Of that be well assured." She said this with lowered tones and gently bended head, her cheeks suffusing, but the strong man thought she was just then greatly absorbed with her occupation over his wound.

"I must hasten now," said he at length. "I must go to the settlement for help to bring the brute, for he is very heavy. Come. Let me finish my bread and cheese."

"You should not walk so far. You should give the wound some chance to heal."

"But I am going."

"No. I will not suffer it."

"You will not? You?" He laughed almost contemptuously.

She said no more, but when his eyes were not upon her she silently withdrew. A brief time later he heard a horse approaching, and from the window he saw Betty Lee, seated firmly on a sheep's pelt that served for a saddle, and, with her red lips partly parted and a saucy smile in her blue eyes, she said:

"Rest you there, Renold, till I return. I am going to the settlement for you;" and with a word to the mare she flew away.

"That maid hath spirit," mused the discomfited Captain, "slight though she be, and she rides her mare as no woman ever rode. But what! What am I? Here I am again overpowered by her. I slew a ferocious beast this morning, and yet this little child restrains me. 'Tis strange, but 'tis rather pleasing to be commanded by her. I do not seem to rebel. But no more of that to-day, no more."

When the fair Betty came slowly riding back a half hour later, she looked demurely upon him with her blue eyes as he put out his hand for a stepping stone, and thus on one hand bore her like a trifle from the saddle to the ground.

"The men will come at once," she said. He made no reply but led her mare to the shed, and then strode away, with mighty steps, and when she saw him later he was with imperious tones commanding the men to carry a bear's haunch to the old fort at Sayhrook Point and the men obeyed him, too.

For many days Betty saw Renold no more, except in his solitary seat at the meeting house upon the Lord's day. But one day she perceived him, from her chamber window, making his way toward the well that he might drink. Very demurely Betty threw a hood over her fair head, and with a bucket and downcast eyes went to the well herself. He had the bucket to his lips and heard her not, so that she stood within hand's reach of him, be not knowing it. When he lowered the bucket she spoke.

"You will fill it again for me, and I will thank you, Renold."

He turned surprised, and for a moment looked down in silence upon her, his body towering great and mighty above her slender graceful figure.

"You came so stilly," he said, at length.

"As you came when last I saw you."

"Would you try to frighten me, child?"

"Nay, no one ever made you know what fear was, Renold. Then how could I? Yet perhaps you fear me."

"Why say you that?"

You used to come once in a while to see my father. Now you come not at all. You may come, Renold. I will leave the room to you if I alarm you."

"'Twas in my heart to come, but in my resolution to come not; so I came not."

"Why, Renold?"

"Truly, I know not. 'Tis pride to keep away, yet I will not come."

"How are you wounds, Renold?"

"Well, thanks to you. Sometimes I seem to feel your touch upon my arm. 'Tis pleasant. But I must go now, Betty."

"Whither, Renold?"

"To capture a rascally Indian, a dangerous fellow, who doth terrify our people, and they fear him. But I will take him, or he will take my scalp."

She put her bucket down and came forward, laying her hand upon his arm, and looked upon him pleadingly.

"Go you alone, Renold?"

"Aye, why not?"

"'Tis very brave, I know, but 'tis very dangerous. Do not go alone."

"But I will. The Lord hath commanded me to capture him."

"But not alone. You shall not go alone."

"I shall not? Humph! who will prevail against me?"

"I will. Come, Renold, promise me to call your company and select from them some sturdy men; then I will let you go."

"That is nonsense. Come, delay me not." He moved a bit, but the little maid stood quickly in his path, lifting her blue eyes to his.

"You shall not go alone. I—we—cannot suffer you to be foolhardy. All know your bravery. You need not this exploit to prove it."

"Let me pass, Betty."

"I will not."

He looked upon her curiously. A single motion of his powerful arm would have overcome her, but he faltered. Then he said:

"I would I had not met you."

"Why, Renold?"

"Because of your constraint of me. I hate it, yet I like it. Truly I do. I lie not, Betty. And there's the mystery of it. I hate it, yet I like it. Come, it shall be as you say. I will take companions."

"Then I will leave you. You never fail to keep your promise."

When next she saw him he was returning with a captive, a strong and treacherous savage, whom the companions said the Captain had mastered single-handed.

Then many weeks passed till it was the dead of winter, and she knew that he avoided her. One Sunday, after service, he found her, by chance as it seemed, right in his path.

"The Lord be with you, Betty," he said, and passed on."

"Renold! Renold!" she called gently.

"You spoke, Betty?"

"My father is ill, and desires very much to see you. Will you not come to-night? You will find him alone."

"If 'tis to see him, so be it Betty.'

When on that evening he had spent an hour with Father Lee, the old man said, "Renold, the maid hath a sweet voice, and on the Lord's day night she reads the Scriptures to me. Stay you and hear to her."

Then Capt. Marvin, much as he wished to go, wished more to stay, and while thus struggling with himself in unaccustomed hesitancy, the father called the girl. She came, just courtesying with an indifference that pained Renold. Then when her father asked her to read she took the great Bible in her lap, bent her fair head over its pages, and began in soft, but clearest tones to read the tale of Ruth. As she read on, Capt. Marvin forgot himself and all save this sacred tale so sweetly and effectively repeated by the gentle maid. She paused not till she had finished. The she rose, bade them good night, and was about to go.

"Stay, Betty," he said. "Let me thank you. Never was sweeter romance written, but never before knew I that till now."

"'Tis indeed a beautiful tale," she said, "but I almost wonder that you like it. There are others more to your liking.

"What others?"

"Joshua, for instance, the mighty warrior."

"Aye, but I want a strong man to read that."

"Who but yourself should read it then?"

"Would you like me to do so?"

"Greatly."

So he took up the Bible and read with strong, resonant voice, of Joshua's mighty deeds.

"I thank you, Renold. Never before realized I the half of Joshua's valor. I think he must have been somewhat like you, Renold; and now, good night."

"Stay, Betty, the hour is early yet."

"Nay, I think 'tis well I bid you good night."

She had opened the door, behind which were abrupt oaken stairs that led almost perpendicularly to her little chamber under the rafters, and with one foot on the lower step, she turned her head, looking over her shoulder to say good night.

"No, but you must not go," said he, and he arose and went to detain her, seizing her by the hand. Then for an instant the maid struggled, and somehow, in the duration of the struggle, the maid became embraced by his strong arm, so that he perceived the exceeding suppleness of her slight figure; and as her fair head rested for the time of one breath on his broad chest, and he caught the glance, half modest, half amused, from her uplifted eyes, then the strength he gloried in seemed to to depart from him, and the maid, slipping gracefully, quickly from his detaining grasp, fled up the stairway.

The strong man stood there a moment like one bewildered, then he heard the father laughing heartily

"Captain," said the old man 'with all your strength the maid seems stronger than you."

"Truly, she did give me the slip. My head is in a whirl, and my heart doth beat. What strange power hath the maid? I know it not except with her. Bid her come back, neighbor Lee."

"Not to-night, Captain. The girl, I surmise, is better alone. She hath said nay, I think, to-night to young Matthew's avowal, and it pained her to see his grief."

"Yet Matthew is well favored."

"Not for her, I trow."

"I wonder if Matthew ever felt her soft touch, and her head resting for an instant on his breast, though by accident. If so, did it unman him, and take his strength away? I will not wait here here longer, neighbor Lee. I am strangely at unrest. I wonder if the fever is creeping in my veins, I burn so hotly. I will go into the cold air without."

With mighty strides the strong-limbed Captain went down the highway, for he was beset with stranger and more peculiar excitement than he had over known.

"Hath the maid the power of sorcery that she bewitches me?" he mused. "She doth unman me, and I have no strength of mind or body under her glance and voice. Yet strange it is, 'tis pleasurable. Truly it is. I know not the mystery of it. And when she struggled to free herself, and I did perceive her soft touch, with so much strength withal, I tingled, truly I did, to my finger tips; nor was it painful; and when in the struggle her head did rest for an instant here on my chest, I knew not myself at all, but I was unknown and pliant as a vine. Yet I did like it. Though so slight a thing is she I could have grasped her in my big fist, thus, and crushed her, I trow, had she wished it, my fingers would have been powerless."

Then the strong man mused and was perplexed with fascinating perplexity. Then when the bedtime came he read his Bible, read the story of Ruth again, and then repeated his evening prayer.

Suddenly he arose from his knees, his face aglow with excitement. "The Lord hath instructed me! The Lord hath instructed me!" he said. "It shall be done to-morrow." And with that determination he slept peacefully.

Next morning, an hour after sunrise, while Betty Lee sat at her loom weaving busily, she heard some one calling. "Betty! Betty Lee!"

There at the gate, in full uniform, with cockaded hat and sword at his belt, and astride his horse, high-spirited as himself, she saw the valiant Capt. Marvin.

"Come here, Betty, I have a communication," said he.

She obeyed him now, going close beside the horse and looking up to the mighty Captain with inquiring gaze.

He took his hat from his head and, bending to her, said: "Betty Lee, the Lord hath commanded me to marry you."

She searched his eyes an instant, and read the truth in them; then, the rich color tingling her cheeks, her eyes now downcast, she hesitated a brief moment, and then in low but clear tones said gently: "The Lord's will be done, Renold."

He quickly leaped to the ground, and, putting both hands beneath her shoulders, lifted her lightly till her lips met his, and then, holding her thus suspended still, said: "We shall be called in church the next Lord's Day, Betty."

"Your will is mine hereafter," she said gently, and then with a smile added, "but put me on the earth again, Renold."

"Your word is law to me. Betty, I obey." He set her gently down again, and then, smiling, said: 'Now understand I why I have been like a reed in the wind before your wishes. But 'tis very sweet submission, Betty, truly it is and will be while I live."

And the tradition runs that though he became a man of great authority, yet he said truly that her majesty would compel sweet submission from him while he lived.

Sweet on the Apostles.

Little Johnny Fizzletop was in a candy store with his mother. She bought some figures made of chocolate.

"Here, Johnny, are the three graces for you."

"Oh, ma, I'd rather have the twelve apostles; there are more of 'em."—*Texas Siftings.*

Red lamps in the Scotch cities indicate at night that drop-letter boxes are attached to the posts.

Stories Boiled Down.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Two men, while out hunting in Sumter county a few days since, saw a hawk fly from the ground with a black snake in its claws. The bird went up very high and circled round awhile, and suddenly fell to the ground. Upon examination it was found that the snake had wrapped itself around the hawk's neck and choked it. Both were killed by the men.

MIGHT HAVE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN.

It is related of Lord Charles Bereford that during the hot fighting in South Africa, as he was riding back after an engagement, he overtook one of his troopers wounded and slowly making his way on foot. He stopped and told the trooper to get up behind him; the trooper refused on the ground that if he got up they would both be taken by the enemy, but if Lord Charles Bereford rode on alone he was certain to escape. Lord Charles Bereford looked at him a moment and said: 'If you don't get up I shall have to get off and knock you down.' Whereupon the trooper mounted and both escaped.

A FATAL WATCH.

The late Dr. McLean sometimes, in feeling the pulse of his patients, held his watch to his hand and counted the pulsations. On one occasion while doing this his watch stopped suddenly in his hand and his patient, contrary to his expectation, died. He related this to a party of gentlemen, among whom was Davy Harris, a well-known citizen. Not long after Harris was taken sick and sent for the doctor; when the doctor arrived he was a great deal better, and was sitting on the piazza at Major Burt's, where he lived; the doctor felt his pulse, and unconsciously pulled out his watch. Harris, remembering the incident, said: 'Don't pull that d—d watch on me.' The watch stopped; in forty-eight hours he was a corpse.

HE DROVE OFF.

A story is going the rounds of an estimable young gentleman who is something of a practical joker. Not long ago he discovered, while promenading on North Pearl street, Albany, the driver of a closed brougham dozing away upon the box. Our friend, leaving his companion, silently opened the door of the carriage and, closing it with a loud snap, addressed an imaginary person within, and politely doffing his hat, promised to call soon. The driver had meanwhile straightened up, and glancing hastily over his shoulder perceived the wag smiling upon his mistress, as he thought, and when that gentleman looked up at him and uttered the word 'home' he took up the reins and speedily drove off. No one but the lady and the coachman will ever know what transpired after she crossed the threshold of the family mansion.

AFTER A WATCH.

One day recently Jake Tobriner purchased a gold watch and chain as a birthday present to his wife. He laid it down a moment on a chair and went into the next room, and when he came back it was gone. Great was his astonishment on seeing the jewelry so suddenly disappear, and he fully concluded that his wife had played a trick on him, and said nothing. Finally, at dinner, he said the joke had gone far enough, and she had better produce the watch. She knew nothing of it and Jake was beginning to feel rather queer, when he he heard a noise on the stoop and, going out, found the cat with the chain tangled about her neck and trying to get rid of it. He made a grab at it but pussy was too quick and slid under the house, with the elegant watch clattering along behind. Mr. Tobriner got a long pole and poked it about under the house, and after a spell, hearing a noise, saw the cat upon the woodshed with the watch still dangling to her neck. He climbed up with a bowl of milk to get the cat, but she ran under the chicken-house (with the watch of course) and then he poked her with the pole again; but it was no good; the cat was up in a tree too quick, and the air was filled with clubs and bricks for half an hour, trying to bring her bown. Mr. Tobriner finally went to borrow a gun to shoot the cat, when she came down herself, and getting the watch caught in between some boards was unable to get away. Mr. Tobriner got his watch and, strange to say, it was uninjured.—*Carson Appeal.*

TIED TO THE COW'S TAIL.

George Hauck, the brewer, spent a week last summer at a hotel in Hunter, Greene county. One day, on his way to the hotel, after a long ramble through bush and briar, he stopped at a neat-looking farmhouse for the purpose of getting a glass of fresh milk. The kitchen door stood wide open. Mr. Hauck, after knocking, walked in. He saw no sign of life in the room except a sleeping baby in a cradle, which was rocked to and fro by some unseen power. A closer examination revealed the fact that a stout cord was fastened to one of the rockers and run through a hole in one side of the room. Mr. Hauck resolved to follow up the cord and see what the other end of it was fastened to. The search led him to a small barn connected with the house. In it stood three cows, to the tails of which was tied the cord. It being fly time, the animals kept up a constant switching with their tails, thus accounting for the rocking of the cradle in the kitchen. The rest of the family were at work in a field about a quarter of a mile from the house, and Mr. Hauck had considerable difficulty in attracting their attention. He finally succeeded, and obtained a glass of milk.—*Kingston Freeman.*

ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

The will of the Right Hon. John Edward Leveson, Viscount St. Vincent, late of Norton Disney, Lincolnshire, a Captain in the Sixteenth Lancers, who died on January 22 last, at Abou Klea, in the Soudan, was proved on the 22d ult., the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,000. The codicil was made by the deceased after he was wounded; it is written on one of the pages of his pocket army book, following some notes as to camels, sketches, and other military memos, and the book is filed in the Probate Court. The codicil is in pencil, in the form of a letter, but not witnessed. Being, however, written by the deceased himself, he being at the time engaged in actual military service in the face of the enemy, and intended by him to operate should he die, it has full and binding effect in law. It is as follows:

"DEAR MAMMA: In the event of my dying under the operation about to be performed, I should like P'ts. Teaffey, Hosmer and Knight to have an annuity of £15 each. I should like a tablet put in Norton Church, with a small description from 'Army List' or elsewhere, of my military life.

Your aff'te. son, ST. VINCENT.

"To Lady St. Vincent."

That Sausage.

A clergyman in a Southern State was on his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he was passing the house of a widow lady, a member of his congregation, she ran out and stopped him, saying, as they had just slaughtered their hogs, she had put up a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding that, as she had put it in double paper packets, she thought it would not soil his clothes. He thanked her for her kindness and rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket.

All the time he was officiating at the grave a large, half-starved hound kept snuffing around him, sometimes approaching alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the fresh meat. As the deceased was a man of some prominence, there was a considerable crowd collected, and great mourning and lamentation came from the family group; so no one paid any attention to the movements of the animal, but all noticed with concern—for he was beloved by his congregation—the great pallor of the clergyman, and the beads of perspiration standing upon his brow, and they began to whisper to each other that Mr. H—— must be ill.

After the interment they all proceeded to the church, where the funeral sermon was to be preached. Just before entering, Mr. H—— turned round to ascertain the whereabouts of his tormentor, when lo! there he was, not far from him, but the crowd prevented him from approaching too closely. Just at this moment some one gave the poor creature a cruel kick, which sent him off howling. When the minister reached his pulpit—one of those old-fashioned affairs ascended by a short, steep flight of steps—he began to breathe more freely. He was just about to commence his duties when the sexton, a good old man, came noiselessly up the steps with a slip of paper in his hand, which he wanted to give to the minister, but who was unnoticed by that gentleman, though seen by all the congregation. He gently twitched his coat to attract his attention. A thrill of horror passed over the unhappy preacher at the dreadful thought that the dog had entered unseen in the crowd, and was now about to take forcible possession of the sausage before the whole assembly; so, hoping to drive him away, he kicked back cautiously but vigorously, and struck the old man in the breast, who rolled down the steps.

Seeing the look of surprise and alarm on the faces of his audience, he stammered out: "I must explain to you, brethren, what must seem to you my intemperate conduct. A friend came out to me as I was passing her house, with a small package of sausage for me to carry home in my pocket; but ever since I dismounted from my horse, this old dog here"—