The Somerset Herald
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Somerset, Pa.

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

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HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. Office on Southeast corner of Diamond, over Kuepper's Shoe Store. apr29-6tf.

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

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's Store. apr. 22, '75-tf.

200,000 on presents given every. Send us 25 cts. for postage and by mail you will receive free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will earn you money faster than anything else in America. All ab-ut two 200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jan22.

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MERCHANT TAILOR
(Above Heffley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET, PA.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
IS WORTH
$1.000
TO ANY MAN WOMAN OR CHILD
Suffering from
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ELY'S CREAM BALM COLD IN HEAD CATARRH DEAFNESS HAY-FEVER
PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS., Owego, N. Y.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY AND ICE PANS, BOILERS and SHEET-IRON WORK. Second-hand Engines and Boilers on hand. Hoisting Engines and Machinery a specialty.
THOMAS CARLIN,
Allegheny, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 40. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. MARCH 17, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1809.

LIKE HIS FATHER,

He was Afflicted with Stone in the Bladder.

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Duchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. The father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, which had worked so successfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried FAVORITE REMEDY. After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone 3¼ of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of a return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to imperil, that the FAVOURITE REMEDY does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify in letters to Dr. Kennedy, with a warmth and fulness of words which more business documents and testimonials never possess, that "Favorite Remedy," the great specific for blood, liver and kidney disorders, has done for them and their friends.

THE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE.

IN GENTLE, YET EFFECTUAL ACTION,

And its intrinsic merits have placed it at the head of all Family Medicines.

It takes the place of a Doctor, and Costly Prescriptions.

No Household Should Be Without it. It Prevents, as Well as Cures

Nausea, Bile, Colic, Torpid Liver, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Sleeplessness, Lassitude, Foul Breath,

And every disease brought on or aggravated by a Disordered Stomach.

Its half a century of use by thousands has endorsed it as the

—Faultless Family Medicine—

The best Preparatory Medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a Speedy Cure.

"I have not had a doctor in my family for the past year and it is the only year in ten that some member of my family has not been under the doctor's hands, and for this gratifying fact I am positively indebted to Simmons Liver Regulator."
Camden, Ala. "MRS. M. A. WEST."

ONLY GENUINE!
MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
full 25-1yr

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLE. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. FRITTS, Cashier

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $5.00 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed.

M. L. JENKINS & CO.,
BROKERS IN CRUDE PETROLIUM,
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104 Fourth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Oil Bought and Sold on Margins.
Orders by Mail or Telegraph receive Prompt attention.

LOOK OUT! FURNITURE
—AT—
HENRY HOFFMAN'S,
JENNER X ROADS, PA.
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 the hearses for burial purposes—a Black Hearse and a White Hearse, the latter especially for attending Children's Funerals. I keep on hand and at all times Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds, and White Coffins for children. I will also keep in stock a nice line of City Casets, covered, and a small assortment of City prices. Don't fail call on me when in need of anything in my line. I can do as well by you as you can do elsewhere.
oct7-6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!
BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at Ream's Mill, in Drakestown, Somerset County, Pa., on
SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886,
at 10 o'clock A. M., the following Real Estate, viz:
No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Alex. Noah, School House Property, Byerly's heirs, No. 4, and Wm. Ream, containing six acres and seventy-three perches, more or less.
No. 4. A certain tract of land situate as above, adjoining No. 3, Jacob Moon, and others, containing 116 acres, more or less, being well timbered.
No. 5. Situate in the Township, County and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of Jacob Stirner, Henry Kurtz and others, containing 19 acres and 84 perches more or less, this tract being in a good state of cultivation.
TERMS.
One-third to remain a lien upon the land, the interest to be paid annually to the widow of Thomas Ream, dec'd., during her lifetime, and at her death the principal sum to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased. One-third of the balance cash, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, without interest.
JOHN REAM,
Trustee of Thos. Ream, dec'd.
marl0.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John F. Uphouse, dec'd, late of Jefferson 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 all indebted to it to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, March 29, 1886, at the late residence of the deceased in Jefferson Twp.
MAGGIE UPHOUSE,
Executor.
feb17

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet, as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened,
That it left so hard and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange soul-stirring voices
When "the hills break forth and sing;"
Of the happy birds' low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the glooming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the spring-time of her life;
Fair forms rose up before her,
From the midst of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were filled with tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly
And went on her way alone.
One more to her life of labor
She passed, but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, God bless the singer!
And, oh, thank God for the song!"

RALPH'S MOTHER.

He was a cabinet-maker, who worked all day in beautiful sheets of rosewood and black walnut. She was a book folder. They had become acquainted on that stormy autumn night when the wind turned her umbrella inside out and she had to run a half a block after her flying dinner-basket. And then they met once or twice at church and at the bible-class of a sunday afternoon, and old Mrs. Tyson, the minister's wife, asked them both to tea. She had been young herself, and she understood the signs and symptoms. So they were married and hired a neat little flat, furnishing it as best they could.

"Isn't it nice?" said Emmy, "Oh! Ralph, don't you wish we had some one to visit us?"

"It would be company for you, dear," said Ralph Crystal smiling.

"But there's no one that I know of," said Emmy. "Except some far away cousins in Dakota. And I never knew much about them. Oh! Ralph, haven't you any relations?"

His face clouded over.

"I don't know whether I have or not," said he. "Oh, Emmy, God help me! I've left my past behind me."

He had sunk into a chair, with his head in his hands. She went silently behind him and laid her cheek against his forehead.

"Tell me, Ralph," said she, "what is it? Why have you never spoken to me about it before?"

"Because," he answered, "I didn't want to appear like a savage. Although I don't think I have a claim to be called anything else."

"What is it, Ralph?" she repeated.

"I ran away from home when I was 16, Emmy," he replied moodily. "Father was strict and cross with me. I don't say he was right, but now, as I look back to it, I know that I also was wrong.

"I ran away from home and I came to the city to fight my way for myself. And when I had earned enough to make a little home I went back to get my mother out of the atmosphere that wasn't natural to her any more than it was to me.

"I was a fool to suppose that time was going to stand still for my convenience. When I got back to Hickory Falls father was dead and the folks had moved away—no one knew where. Emmy, I can't tell you how I felt when I heard it."

"But, Ralph," soothed the young wife, "you will find her. No one could ever be lost."

"I've tried, Emmy—I've tried my best, and it's of no use," he sighed.

Emmy was silent for a second or two.

"I've always wanted a mother," she murmured half to herself, "and Ralph's mother would be all the same as my own."

After that she scarcely devoted herself to the task of restoring to her husband the dear old mother whom he had loved and lost.

One day this little Mrs. Crystal, being economically disposed, was searching through a second-hand establishment for a coal scuttle and fire-arms.

"I'm not going to pay outrageous prices when I can get a bargain only a little used," said she, thriftily.

"Couldn't I sell you something else, ma'am?" said the dealer, with that insinuating smile which is peculiar to proprietors of second-hand shops. "I've a set of red damask curtains——

Emmy shook her head.

"No," said she, "I need no curtains."

"Half a dozen dining room chairs, then?" suggested the man. "Or a pair of real old-fashioned girandoles with cut-glass drops?"

But Emmy Crystal did not hear what he was saying; her eyes were fixed intently on a certain old bureau of ancient mahogony, darkened with age, almost to the semblance of ebony, with odd, brass ornaments under the draw-handles, and curious claw-legs. Just such a one, in truth, as Ralph was making in the odds and ends of his time at the shop, because, as he said, his mother had a bureau like that.

"Where did you get that bureau?" she asked, quickly.

"Ma'am?" gasped the dealer.

"I mean who sold it to you?"

"It was brought in yesterday from a place out on the sound—one of them little one-horse settlements where they don't have no second-hand emporiums. But I assure you, ma'am," fluttering over the leaves of his ledger, "you won't get it no cheaper by going to the principals. I've bought it out and out."

"I don't wish to purchase it," said Mrs. Crystal. "But I would like to see the person that—that sold it to you."

"There was a lot of other truck from the same place," said the man, "They're breaking up house, I suppose. Oh, I've no objection to give you the address, ma'am. There ain't nothing underhand in my way of doing business," and he wrote off a few words on a slip of paper. "It's an old woman with a hooked nose and a tongue like a mill wheel."

Mrs. Crystal, however, did not allow herself to be discouraged by this unprepossessing description, but pretending to Ralph that she was going somewhere to attend an auction sale for the purpose of acquiring some table furniture, china, cuttlery, and such like, she took the horse cars to Harlem, there changing to another line, which, creeping gradually out among the elms and sycamores, took her to the edge of the Sound, where there was a straggling settlement of little houses around a tall factory. In the farthest of them all—a queer little cabin where the spray sparkled its chimney-stack at the equinox tides, and a row of boats was pulled up on the edge of the sand, lived Mrs. Peter Pepinstall, the woman who had sold the claw-footed bureau to the dealer in second-handed furniture. The minute Mrs. Crystal saw her beak-shaped nose peeping through the crack of the door she knew she had come to the right place.

"Anything pa'tickler a-wanting?" said Mrs. Pipinstall. "Because I'm mortal busy to-day a-moviu'. I'm goin' to live with his folks up in New London, and I've got all the hard things to pack and my boarder to send off to the poor house afore I can set down to rest. If you're a book agent, or one o' them travelin' photograph people——There comes Simon Doolittle's one-hoss wagon now arter my boarder."

She bounced back into the house like an India-rubber ball, but Emmy pushed past her into the carpetless, unfurnished room, where the vivid November sunshine printed off the pattern of the window panes on the boards of the floor with a sort of forlorn glory.

"Is your boarder an old lady?" said she.

"You'll find her in the back room," screeched Mrs. Pepinstall, "settin' all ready!"

And sure enough, in the back room, cowering in the scant warmth of the sunbeams, sat a little old lady in a black silk, quilted hood, snuff colored cloak, and mittened hands, crossed meekly over each other, as if waiting for some expected summons. Her wistful eyes raised themselves piteously in the direction of the new-comer.

"Is it the wagon from the poor house?" she asked. "I'm ready—yes, quite ready. I didn't think I should ever come to this; but I'm an old woman—a very old woman. My money is all spent, and I've neither kith nor kin in the world—and I'm an old woman!"

"I hate to send her to a place like that," said Mrs. Pepinstall, reappearing on the scene with a bandbox and two bundles, "but it's just as she says, her money is all gone, and she hasn't no folks of her own, and what be I to do? His folks up in New London don't want to take in no outsiders."

Emmy Crystal's eyes shown thro' tears. She held out both her hands to the poor little shrunken figure in the silk hood and snuff-colored cloak.

"Come with me," she said softly.

"Who are you?" asked the old woman wonderingly.

"I am Ralph's wife. You are Ralph's mother."

"Ralph ran away," faltered the old woman, her lips beginning to quiver. "I always said his father was too hard on him. Ralph ran away and never came back."

"But you are going to him," said Mrs. Crystal. "Come with me."

"Be you her folks?" said Mrs. Pepinstall. "Well, I never did!"

Simon Doolittle's one-horse wagon drove away from the door without its expected passenger, and the little old woman trudged along to the horse-cars leaning on Emmy Crystal's arm.

"You're not afraid?" soothed the younger woman, as a little shiver went through the doll-like frame of her companion.

"No," said the other, "I'm not afraid of anything any more. I'm an old woman. If Ralph had come back they never would have taken me to the poor house, for Ralph always loved me."

That night when Ralph Crystal came home to supper he called cheerily to his wife from the back room, where he was washing his hands:

"Well, Emmy, what did you buy?"

The old woman started to her feet with dilated eyes, and figure projected breathlessly forward. Evidently she recognized the voice. Mrs. Crystal, with her arm tenderly around the wasted figure, answered:

"Come here and I will show you, Ralph."

And entering the room Ralph Crystal came face to face with his mother.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, groping in the air with slender, withered hands.

"Mother!" he gasped, and then they were in each other's arms.

Emmy stole away with a mist of tears before her eyes.

From that time until the day of her death old Mrs. Crystal sat by her son's hearth, serenely happy, in Ralph's love and Emmy's tender care.

The past and the present were alike a blank to her—she dwelt in the present alone.

"Ralph ran away!" she kept repeating to herself, "long, long ago. But he has come back. I always knew he would come back; and Emmy is here, too, and although I am an old woman, they are good and kind to me."

Draining can be carried to excess, and often, perhaps, on account of certain peculiarities of the soil and surroundings, be of no benefit to the land, but these cases are few, and much more draining could be done to advantage on almost every farm.

Grass growing on nutritious soil is often as good for horses or cattle as poorer grass fed with grain rations.

Riding an Avalanche.

During the great storm in Colorado, two sturdy miners started to ascend one of the mountains with the intention of working a claim that lay near its crest. They made the trip on Norwegian snow-shoes, on which they worked their way up a narrow gulch leading to their property. As they journeyed on, one of them got to be some two hundred yards in advance of the other, and it was while this distance separated them that the leader by an unhappy step overturned a top-heavy mass of snow and started a dreadful slide. he seized hold of a convenient tree and called to his companion to "look out!" The tree was small and bent over under the weight of the moving snow. He let go and started with the moving snow. The long shoes by this time were firmly anchored in the moving mass, and he has hurled along with no power to stop himself by seizing the trees which he passed. Fortunately, he was on the tail end of the avalanche, and thus rode it in safety, with nothing coming behind to cover him up.

When he found he had thus to be an unwilling passenger upon the terrible train, he looked ahead to see what had become of his partner. The latter, seeing that there was no escape on either side, turned heels on the roaring mass and started on a life and death run right down the gulch. Then followed a wild and thrilling chase. The man who was anchored on top of the snow yelled at the man in front to run, while he who was pursued strained every muscle to keep out of the jaws of the death that was close at his heels. The sight would have been amusing if it had not been of such a serious nature. The race was kept up for more than a mile, and during the entire distance the fellow who was on top kept yelling, "Run, you fool, run," and the hair of the fellow who was running held his hat poised four inches from his head while he headed for the valley. Often the rolling snow struck the heels of his shoes, but it did not quite get him. More quickly than it takes to tell it the hunted man dashed out into the valley, and what he thought was safety. The valley however was more dangerous than the mountain, as an unseen gulch crossed it, into which the hunted man fell. Providence, though, was kind to him, for the slide had spent its force, and the snow piled up on the bank over which he had fallen.

When the two were able to look around one was lying at the bottom of the gulch, while the other was seated upon the crest of the snow bank that looked over its edge.

How the Boys had their Letters Franked.

I think it was the next Saturday after the first Bull Run battle our regiment, the Fourth Michigan, was back in its old camp near Washington. One afternoon Senator Zachariah Chandler rode into our camp on horseback. He passed up one street and down another, all the while expressing his opinion on the way the war was being run generally. After he had finished his discourse on the conduct of the war he dismounted and proceeded to shake hands all around. Talking about our affairs he soon learned how hard up for change, even enough to pay postage, some of us were, having as yet received no pay. Learning that we had credit at the sutlers for stationery, &c., he said:

"I'll fix it, boys! you lay in for a few packages of envelopes and I will frank them for you."

He seated himself on a cracker box under a tree, took his hat off, and was soon deluged with yellow envelopes, more than he could have signed his name upon in a day.

"Oh, ——! I can't stay over an hour or so anyway. See here you, and you," beckoning to several, "can't you write that nearly as I do so it will pass? Try it."

Soon several soldiers were installed as secretaries pro tem., and you may well believe a rushing business was done in franking for an hour or so.

On leaving for the city he called back to us, "Now, of course none of you boys will put 'Z. Chandeler, U. S. S.' on the upper corner of a letter hereafter, (and laughingly) at least after the Paymaster comes."

Did we? Oh, no! Why, bless you, 25 envelopes fixed up that way sold for $1. Our cigars and "pop" came high in those days. Well, the Paymaster came in time, bringing specie and the new greebacks. We were always grateful to old Zack for his "sermon" on that Sunday—especially the application thereof.

Ended the Examination.

Jim McSnifter was hing tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam, Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a brice of $50 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat exactly what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would give $50 if I—"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third puson present. Dar wus only two of us. De 'fendant om too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he is talkin 'bout his own reskelity."

"I know that well enough; but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I wus de fust pusson myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words "I will pay you $50?"

"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin' 'bout you payin' me $50. Your name wasn't mentioned 'ceptin he told me ef ebber I got inter a scrape dat you wus de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and jury."

"You can step down."

Too much grain is often sown when seeding and too little grass seed. There are two common errors.

Doctoring Royal Patients.

It was a matter of wonder to many persons in Paris that Dr. Fauvel, the great French specialist in throat diseases, had not been summoned to attend the King of Spain at the commencement of his malady, especially as Dr. Fauvel had always attended Queen Isabella and her children during their residence in Paris for any troubles of that nature. But such a proceeding was forbidden by the strict rules of Spanish etiquette, which prohibits one of the royal family of Spain from being attended by any physician who is not a Spaniard by birth

At the time of the last illness of the young Queen Mercedes there resided in Madrid a German doctor who was especially famed for his treatment of typhoid fever, the disease from which the Queen was suffering. He had recently saved the life of Mrs. J. R. Lowell when she was suffering from a violent attack of that terrible malady. A few days before Queen Mercedes breathed her last her Spanish doctors sent for their German colleague and requested him to prescribe for their patient without seeing her. This he positively refused to do, saying that he must examine into the physical condition of the Queen before prescribing for her. But that could by no means be permitted.

"Then," he said, "let me merely see her—let me go to the door of her room and look at her without crossing the threshold."

Even that concession was refused.

"Then, gentlemen," he declared, "I can do nothing. I will not attempt to prescribe for a patient that I have not even seen."

He withdrew from the palace, and a few days later the young Queen was dead. But the sacred laws of Spanish regal etiquette had been preserved without infringement. A similar affair, but with a different denouement, took place a good many years ago in Russia. The late Czarina, the mother of the present Emperor of Russia, was, shortly after her marriage, attacked with a serious affection of the stomach. Up to that time no physician could approach the bedside of one of his lady patients of the imperial family nearer than ten feet. The Empress grew worse and became alarmingly ill. The Emperor Alexander gave orders that a famous physician called Botkin, of whose skill in such cases he had heard, should at once be sent for. Botkin came, and, to the horror of his colleagues, he walked straight up to the bedside of the Empress and took hold of her wrist to feel her pulse. He was instantly hurried from the room and was loudly remonstrated with on the impropriety of his conduct, being told that his Imperial patient was to be looked at from a distance, and that he must not approach her, much less touch her. Botkin listened in silence to all that the other doctors had to say, but when the report of the consultation was drawn up he refused to sign it. The Emperor, who was exceedingly anxious respecting Botkin's opinion, sent at once for the report, and on noticing that the name of the new doctor did not appear in it he caused him to be summoned at once to his presence.

"Your Majesty," quoth Botkin, frankly, "I cannot pretend to treat a patient that I am not permitted to examine. The Empress is, I learn, in a very critical situation. I think I can save her, but to do so I must be allowed to go to work in my own way."

The Emperor rose from his chair, took Dr. Botkin by the arm and marched with him into the sick room of the Empress and straight up to her bedside. "There, doctor," he said, "examine your patient, and if any one pretends to interfere with you remember you are obeying my commands." The course of treatment prescribed by the great physician proved successful. The Empress was saved, and that particular rule of Imperial etiquette was abrogated forever.

A Chinaman.

Clara Belle, the Cincinnati Enquirer's New York correspondent, who seems to be the confidante of nearly every young lady in her "set" of that city, makes public a private letter sent to her by a lady whom she describes as a stout blonde with golden hair and a sunny disposition:

My story is simply this. I undertook to lead a Chinese laundryman to salvation. I called at his shop and did what I could to teach him English and Christianity. At first nothing would do but I must get him the family washing—they are so mercenary. I got him that and continued my visits. At the next to the last visit he frightened me terribly. He showed me one of my ch——s folded away in a sandal-wood box, which he took up and pressed to his heart. I demanded the garment, but could not get it. I went next time determined to get it or have the wretch arrested. It was too bad. He was getting along so well; could read a primer, and had renounced the worship of idols. But I would have my garment, and I told him so. We were alone in the back of the shop and suddenly it was invaded by at least two dozen Chinamen, half the number with musical instruments, and the rest with grotesque food. A Chinese feast was opened, and much music of a diabolical kind indulged in. I could see I was somehow the heroine of the occasion. Alas! I was soon to understand it. An alderman was shown in and introduced to me. Glad to find a civilized being present I asked him what was the matter. "I am sent for to marry you to the proprietor of this shop," said he. "Ain't you taking a bold step?" Well, I guess he found out what I was taking. I just opened a few flood-gates of wrath at him, walked over and boxed young Ling Qu's ears (that was the heathen I had been teaching), till he crawled under the table, and then I walked out like a tragedy queen. The idea! Just to think of it—the silly fool thought I was courting him all the while I was teaching him he had a soul to save. Ugh!

Jumbo on a Tear.

Jumbo is a sedate chimpanzee and has received a Christian education. Visitors at the museum will have noticed him, as he occupied a cage in the third story of the museum, and was very vivacious at times, showing great strength in shaking the heavy iron bar and swinging with solemn cadence on the flying trapeze. "Jum" is a character and his exploits recently showed him to be a schemer of no mean order. The fastenings of his cage were thought secure, his keeper Lowanda, always taking the precaution to carefully padlock the bars; but woe alas to carelessness! A key was left in the lock and his worthy monkeyship proceeded with great caution and subtlety to unfasten his lock and liberate himself from the dreary confines of the cage. Once out Jumbo, like all true revolutionists, made license of liberty and commenced to free the birds by running across to the other cages; letting out the coatoos, parrots and other rare birds, and stirring them up with a club, as various marks found on the aforesaid birds would indicate. There is a large glass cage in the museum, and on the same floor, in which are kept several snakes of the constrictor species. A Bunson burner, connected with tubing and lighted to warm the occupants, was burning, and the Gallic-looking champanzee thought he would investigate. How it occurred the keeper could not tell, but coming up stairs, he heard the unusual chatter of the feathered tribe, and then suddenly a fiendish yell, that indicated something unusually interesting, and startling. Bounding up stairs a strange sight met his gaze. The monkey had just leaped out of the snake den and a large constrictor was dragging after him, his fangs fastened in the unhappy Jum's stump of a tail. At the sight of the keeper the howling monkey make for the stairs, the snake still clinging to him, sweeping a dozen sleeping parrots out of his way, who set up a perfect pandemonium of screeches at the disturbance. Lowanda says it was worth a man's life to see that chimpanzee go down the stairs and thumping the constrictor after him, who like a bulldog never let up. Hastily closing the snake den and extinguishing the light, Lowanda ran down to the second floor and then began the chase. Over the freak stages, upsetting chairs and smashing medicine and photographs in a way that was a caution; then crossing the hall, leaping the iron grating that separates the crowds from the theatre, the monkey went at a headlong gait, leaving his snakeship stranded high and dry on the wire grating—a wiser if not thoroughly awakened snake. Down into the darkness of the passage went "Jum," and at the bottom of the stairs he collided with a colored girl who was working about the building, and the now thoroughly frightened monkey, chattering and gibbering, clung with might and main to his friend "in need."

Lowanda says he appeared at the top of the landing just as they rolled over, and that the chimpanzee had a lot of bangs and frizzes of African fashion and cut in his paws; howsoever be it, "Jum" was captured and taken back to his den, docile and wheezing slightly from his exertions. When a reporter saw him he was esconsced demurely on his haunches, and at the approach of the newspaper man he cocked his eye and scratched his chinchilla whiskers as much as to say: "Old chappie, it's a cold day when we get left."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Stories of Governor Seymour.

The Utica *Observer* says: Though possessed of a grave turn of mind, the late Gov. Horato Seymour had at times a keen sense of humor, and said many droll things.

Some years ago an incident occurred which at once illustrated Seymour's goodness of heart and his sense of humorous. Driving along the Deerfield road one day he came across a farmer in distress. The latter's wagon had broken down under a heavy pile of wood, his harness was out of kelter and his position was one of abject misery. He had in vain appealed to passers-by to help him. But Seymour was a friend in need. He helped the farmer to repair his wagon and reload the wood thereupon and loaned the farmer a part of his own harness. The Governor then went his way. Afterwards, when the farmer was telling his story, he started his hearers by saying, "I never felt so mean in my life. The wood was stolen from the Governor's wood pile." The joke of it all was that during the whole transaction Governor Seymour knew that the wood was his own, but after giving his side of the story, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he was wont to add; "The poor fellow needed the wood more than I did." It is unnecessary to add that Governor Seymour's wood-pile was never again disturbed by that particular neighbor.

Fingers Before Forks.

The Malady said:

"Such a dirty practice. We say to ourselves, 'What do I know of the history of this fork? It has been in a hundred, perhaps a thousand mouths; perhaps in the mouth of my worst enemy. This thought is very repulsive to us."

"But," said I, "the fork is thoroughly cleaned, or ought to be, every time it is used, first with soap and water, then with plate-powder."

"Ought to be; quite so. But how do you know that your servant does not shirk his work? If you have a lazy servant you are liable to eat with a fork that has not been thoroughly cleaned; whereas, I know that my fingers are clean, for I washed them myself before eating. They are quite as clean as the cleanest fork, and they have two great advantages over it—one, that they have never been in any one's mouth but my own, and another that they are washed by myself."—*Emily Innes.*

Gold worth $30,800,000 was dug from Uncle Sam's rich soil in 1884.

SOILS REQUIRED FOR FRUIT TREES.—The best soil for the production of the apple is a deep, rich, moist loam with a sandy subsoil; although it succeeds moderately well upon any soil not too dry.

The plum requires a deep, moist soil, but there must be no stagnant water in it.

The cherry grows best in a rich, warm sandy loam. If a mulch of leaves, straw or brush is put around them, they will be very much benefited by it.

The quince should be planted in a very moist clayey soil, but one free from stagnant water.

The peach produces fruit of a much finer quality when planted upon light, high land, with a southern exposure. It is also much more hardy and longer lived than upon stronger soil and a more northern exposure.

The grape delights in a high, light, rich, stony soil, and produces its sweetest fruit in the driest parts. On very dry soils a mulch of old hay, leaves, brush, &c., during the month of July and August, will be found very beneficial, but should be removed in September to allow the vines to more fully mature wood and roots before very severe weather.

Currants and gooseberries succeed best in the soil advised for the quince.

Raspberries and blackberries are more hardy if planted upon light, sandy loam, but if large berries are desired a mulch must be used in July. On more moist land mulching is not needed, but the canes are more likely to be be winter killed.

The different varieties of strawberries succeed upon a greatest variety of soils; on moist land the berries are generally larger, fewer in number and of inferior quality, while on lighter land more and sweeter berries are produced, but they will be smaller. To overcome the last difficulty heavy mulching or thorough irrigation must be resorted to.—*Our Country Home.*

Honey Gathered by Bees.

Mr. G. M. Doolittle, well known for his practical attainments in bee matters, in relation to the amount of honey a bee will gather during its natural life, generally less than the season of bloom, says, with a continuous and uninterrupted honey-flow within two miles of the hive, during the time which a bee lives, thinks that a bee might easily gather one ounce of nectar, which would take only 1,500 bees to gather 100 pounds. Of this amount it would take at least twenty five pounds to supply the wants of the colony during the time the bee was living, and unless the nectar was thicker than we get it here, it would take three pounds of this nectar to make one pound of honey. So then we should have twenty-five pounds of honey as the product of 1,500 bees during their life, with an uninterrupted flow of nectar. While this might be possible, yet there are two things which make it improbable, the first being, as already stated, that the honey-flow does not continue long enough, and the second, that the yield would not be sufficient within two miles of the apiary so that the bees could work to the best advantage.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.—The trade dollar is an infidel coin—it has no redeemer.

It is like a dude because it is lacking in cents.

It is like a drunkard because it don't pass at par.

It is like a boy when his father is threshing him, because it is below par.

It is like a laundry—it belongs to the Chinese trade.

It is like a sluggish stream—it will not pass current

It is like a canvasser—it tries to appear honest while it bears a lie in its face.

It is like a lawyer's cheek—it is not a legal tender.

It is like a corner stone deposit—it's base coin.

It is like a policeman's promise—only taken at a discount.

It is like a julep—it needs the mint to make it good.

It is like a doctor—the less you have to do with it the better you will be off.

New York Belle and Boston