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

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DR. S. J. ROMILLER, (Graduate in Dentistry) SOMERSET, PA., Gives special attention to the Preservation of Natural Teeth. Artificial ones inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Beerits' Block, up-stairs. Entrance one door west of Weyl's Jewelry Store. apr22-6m.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE.
Situated two miles west of Stoystown, along the Greensburg and Bedford turnpike, containing 7 acres and good water. A new dwelling and stable, with room for two cows and one horse, and other outbuildings thereon erected. A young orchard containing 150 apple trees and other fruits. Consideration, $625. Terms.—Half cash when deed is delivered, and the balance in annual payments of $100 each.
LEMON B. MILLER,
march 17-4t. Stoystown, Pa.

LEGAL NOTICE.
And now March 15th 1886, notice is hereby given that on July 15th 1886, M. A. Gross and Robert C. Ross, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Gibson, late of Addison township, deceased, filed their petition asking to be discharged from said trust and that it will be so decreed at an Adjourned Court to be held on April 5th, 1886, unless cause be shown to the contrary.
Register's Office, March 17, 1886. CHAS. C. SHAFER, Clerk.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 43. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. APRIL 7, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1812.

Fearfully Common.

Kidney Complaints Among Both Sexes and all Ages.—A Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling in the rapid increase of kidney diseases among the American people within a few years past. Many cases peculiar to certain classes tend to produce and aggravate these troubles—as, for example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated on the exceptional success of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy," in arresting and radically curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of this, like the following, are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of other sufferers whom he desires to reach and benefit. The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you, or to some one whom you know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes, and those interested may find Mr. Crawford at his place of business on the corner of Main and Union streets:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 22, 1884.
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
DEAR SIR:—For more than ten years I had been afflicted with kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find my well older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 2 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—is the only thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "FAVORITE REMEDY" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others.
Yours &c.,
LYMAN CRAWFORD.

BILIOUSNESS
May be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Purely Vegetable.

TESTIMONIALS.
To all suffering from Sick Headache and Biliousness:
"Have been a victim to the above for years, and, after trying various remedies, my only success was in the use of SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, which never failed to relieve me in 12 hours, and I can assure those suffering from the above that they would be greatly relieved by its use. I speak not for myself, but my whole family.
Yours Respectfully,
"J. M. FILLMAN,
"Selma, Alabama."

We have tested its virtues personally and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

BILIOUS COLIC.
"SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR cured me of a case of long standing Bilious Colic after other medicines failed. I think it one of the most family medicines I ever used.
T. J. LANIER,
Petersburg, Va.

Prepared by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sole Proprietors. Price $1.00.
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—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 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, Casket 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.
oct7 6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY and ORE PANS, BOILERS and SHEET-IRON WORK. Second-hand Engines and Boilers on hand. Hoisting Engines and Machinery a specialty. THOMAS CARLIN, dec30-1yr. Allegheny, Pa.

WHAT THE EARTH THINKS.

I am threatened with a comet,
With the all-absorbing sun;
Told that I shall slowly burn out,
As my own fair moon has done;
Warned of coming conflagrations
That will seize me unaware;
Can I fear annihilation,
After what I daily bear?

Pelted constantly with hailstones,
Fiercely shook by hurricanes,
Thrown by whirlwinds topsy-turvy,
Nearly drowned by constant rains,
Growled at day and night by thunder,
Pierced by lightning everywhere,
Nipped with frosts until I scarcely
Know if I am round or square.

Out all night in freezing weather,
Under tropic suns all day,
Dug and struck with plows and shovels
Scratched with harrows every way,
Beaten down for streets and highways,
Galloped over day and night,
With steam engines, burned and scalded
Kept in a continual fright.

Deeper wounds than these I suffer—
I am mined and bored and hit,
Torn by dynamite and powder,
Blown to pieces; bit by bit,
I've seen comets without number,
And they always keep their sphere;
It is man that makes me tremble—
Restless, curious man, I fear.

For I know some day or other
He will find a stronger "force,"
Wondrous chemicals discover,
And the end will be, of course,
I shall have my shattered remnants
Blown away like any feather,
Yet I have one consolation—
Probably we'll all go together.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

MISS BASHBY.

A $500 PRIZE STORY.

"The old Bee-hive is a-goin' to be tore down," said Keturah, as she placed a plate of buckwheat cakes on the breakfast table.

"The Bee-hive torn down!" said mother. "Why, Keturah, who told you?"

"Jones's boy, when he kem to borrer the wheel barrer. He says, says he, 'There a-goin' to tear down the old Bee-hive;' and time enough, too, says I; It hain't been fit for human creetors to live in this long time."

"Edward," said mother, "have you heard anything of this?"

Father slowly emerged from the depth of his morning paper. "What! Oh, the old Weatherbee place! Yes, I believe the town has decided that it is unsafe to live in, and so better be torn down."

"Poor Miss Bashby!" said mother. "What will become of her?"

"Poorhouse, most likely," answered father, dreamily, again absorbed in the stock list.

The old Weatherbee house, or the Bee hive, as it was called, stood on a hill just at the outskirts of the village. A winding lane led up to it from the main street, a lane that in summer was a tangle of blackberry and sweet-brier bushes, with here and there a gnarled oak tree leaning against the old stone wall. People said that it was once a pretty avenue that led up in gradual windings to the fine house on the hill.

But the once fine house was now a dilapidated old building, and only a cart track wound up the hill among the tangle of neglected trees and shrubs. It was a two-storied, squarely-built house, with huge chimneys and small diamond paned windows. A flight of stone steps led up to the front door, and a long L connected the main house with huge barns and outhouses.

But the windows were broken, a part of the main roof had fallen in, and only two rooms in the L had been habitable for many years. There Miss Bathsheba and her invalid sister, Miss Patience, had lived, dependent for their daily bread on the pittance the two earned by plain sewing and the kindly charity of the neighbors.

Miss Patience, who, Miss Bashby often scornfully declared, "hadn't a bit of Weatherbee pride in her," received gratefully the assistance of friends, but Miss Bashby could not forget that she was a Weatherbee, and accepted what was given her more as her right than as a gift.

Often mother sent us children up the long lane to the old house, with some little delicacy to tempt the appetite of the invalid. I dreaded, yet was half glad to go. The old house, and the two tall women with their queer, old-time ways, had a strong fascination for me.

As I stood on the worn steps, knocking at the door, and heard the slow tread of Miss Bashby echoing down the long passage, I felt like placing my basket on the door-sill and running away.

"What do you want, child?"

"Please Miss—Miss Weatherbee—mother sent you this."

"Oh!" said Miss Bashby, calmly, as she lifted the snowy napkin, "jelly! It looks nice; I hope it will taste as good as it looks. Tell your mother that the last she sent was a little too strong of lemon; I hope this is better."

Then the soft voice of Miss Patience floated out through the doorway; "Is that you, Sadie Allen? Tell your mother, dear, that we are very thankful for her kindness." Then Miss Bashby shut the door with an emphatic bang, and I knew, as well as if I had heard it, that Miss Patience was receiving a lecture, repeated for the five hundreth time, on her want of pride.

At last one day, poor Miss Patience, weary of life, slipped out quietly, and was laid to sleep with the rest of her grand family in the great Weatherbee tomb.

I have no doubt Miss Bashby sorrowed long and bitterly for her sister, but the tears she shed, if any, in secret; no one ever saw her weep. An extra bow of black on the old-fashioned bonnet; a sterner set to the thin lips; a few added crow's feet under the cold gray eyes—that was all.

And now this house was to be torn down—not fit to live in—but what could be done with poor Miss Bashby? Not many of the neighbors had any sympathy for her, but mother's tender heart was touched. "If she has to go to the poorhouse, it will be the death of her," she remarked.

"Oh, children, don't you think we ought to ask her to spend the winter with us? I can't bear the thought of her going to the poorhouse."

"Why, Mother Allen!" was the universal exclamation; "how can we?"

"Oh, I don't like her," said Ned, gruffly; "she is so horribly proud."

"Oh, mother," I said, "do you really think we ought? Isn't there some other way?"

"Never mind," said mother pleasantly; "we will say no more about it. Perhaps it wouldn't be best. I shall not ask her unless you are all willing."

But the next day there were signs of capitulation among us. Strange to say, our big boy, Ned, was the first one to surrender.

"See here, mother," he said, "I don't want to be mean. Let her come.. I can stand it if the rest can."

Will said quietly, "Poor old thing. I don't care, if Ned doesn't."

When Keturah heard of it she exclaimed, "The Lord love us! Comin' here? Not if I know it! Now, Mis' Allen, do be reasonable! I've lived with ye more'n fifteen year—nussed most all the children—helped fetch 'em through the whoopin' cough, measles and etcetery, but as for havin' that mean old creetor,—"

"Keturah!" said mother, warningly—then the kitchen door was shut, and only the occasional sound of mother's pleading voice and Keturah's angry sniffs came to us from the scene of battle.

When mother came out of the kitchen some half an hour later, we knew by the quiet smile on her face, and the subdued rattle of dishes from Keturah's domain, that the latter was vanquished.

So the very next day Miss Bashby came. We gave her the south bedroom, and had an open fire, and a cosy arm chair beside it, ready to welcome her. But if an idea that she would show any gratitude had crept into our minds, we were doomed to disappointment. Hoping that she would say that she was pleased with her room, I walked softly by the door and glanced in. She was standing by the dainty bed, closely examining the sheets and pillow cases.

"H'm, h'm," I heard her mutter "cotton, all of 'em. Gentlefolks used linen in my day," and then she sighed heavily.

The autumn days went swiftly by, and the cold, snowy days of winter came. Miss Bashby had been with us two months, and we got on very well. Keturah was most patient of us all, and won golden opinions from mother.

The boys were courteous and respectful, but said very little to Miss Bashby. I think they were half afraid of her. Little Joey we tried to keep out of her way altogether, as the only time she ever visited her room she said she din't like little boys. But the gaze of her large, round spectacles, and the sharp click of her knitting needles, had a curious fascination for the little man, often when he was unusualy quiet, on hunting him up he was found just outside Miss Bashby's open door. Once, on coming to take him away, I heard him ask solemnly, with his brown eyes fixed on her wrinkled face

"What makes you look so, Miss Bashby? You is all wizzled up. Is your skin too big for you?"

One day in January, a cold, clear, frosty morning, there came a letter saying Aunt Mary was very ill.

After a hurried consultation, it was decided that mother should start at once for Brunswick, where Aunt Mary lived, and that father should accompany her

After many hasty directions to Keturah and me, they started to catch the early train. Mother's last words were, "Be kind to Miss Bashby."

For a few days things went very well. The boys were less unruly than usual; Miss Bashby was quite amiable for her, and Keturah was as as sunny as a May morning. But alas! the peace was of short duration.

One morning, in going down the cellar stairs, Keturah slipped and sprained her ankle. It was very painful, and poor Keturah, with many gasps and groans, could do nothing but lie helpless on the kitchen lounge and give directions about the work.

"Keturah," I would question, as, with sleeves sollied up and a long apron on, I went resolutely to work, "how much molasses do you put in the gingerbread?"

"Oh, Miss Sadie," Keturah would groan, "only to think of me a lyin' here like a log, and you, such a little spindlin' creeter, a doin' my work. Oh, dear!"

"But Keturah, do tell me how much molasses, or I shall never get this gingerbread done!"

"Oh land. Bring me the jug, and I'll measure it for you. Goodness, child, not that two quart bowl. What are you thinking of? It only takes a cupful. Oh, Lord! To think of Keturah Skinner ever comin' to this pass! and so on during the entire day.

Miss Bashby was particularly disagreeable just at this crisis. No wonder she complained of the cooking. Poor Keturah, lying helpless on the lounge, couldn't see to everything, and so the bread was heavy, the pie crust like dough, and the coffee a very unsettled beverage.

The boys, good fellows, laughed and joked about it; said they never enjoyed anything so much in their lives. But Miss Bashby—she said nothing, but the gesture of disgust with which she pushed her plate away at table, and gathering her shawl about her, marched majestically to her room and shut the door, was worse than all we had to bear. Poor Keturah, with her promise to mother fresh in her memory, could only shut her mouth resolutely and groan.

One bright, cold Wednesday afternoon, Keturah, whose foot now allowed her to hobble around a little, was helping me finish the kitchen work, and Miss Bashby was safely shut up in her den, when Will and Ned rushed pell mell into the kitchen, with a loud demand for Joey.

"Just let us take him on the ice a while. We won't keep him long. It is such a splendid day; the ice is as firm as can be, no danger at all. Get the little chap ready, there's a good sister, and hurry up about it; we can't wait."

With a questioning look at Keturah, which she answered with an emphatic nod, I hastened to get the little cap and mittens and gray ulster, while the proud owner of these boyish garments danced and pranced and wriggled with delight, till I could scarcely get them on, and I only had time for a word of caution before a grand rush was made for the door, and Joey was off in high glee.

"Old doctor Wilbur is a hitchin' up his team," said Keturah, as she glanced out of the window for a last look at the retreating boys. "I guess some of them poor trash over to Hingham's corner is took sick again. They always send for doctor Wilbur, 'cause he always comes when they send, and he never charges nothing. Them kind is mighty cute."

Smiling at Keturah's philosophy, I hastened my work of getting the kitchen tidy.

But hark! What was that? Loud shouts, followed by an ominous silence, and then a wild, confused murmur of steps and voices. Keturah and I gazed at each other in dismay. Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Will, with cap and coat off, with disheveled hair and face as white as death, staggered into the room and flung himself into a chair with a groan.

"Will!" said I, breathlessly.

"Will Allen," gasped Keturah, rushing to his side and tearing his hands away from his face. "What is it. Tell us, quick."

"Oh!" groaned the poor boy. "Oh mother! mother. And you left him in my care. Oh, poor Joey!"

"What about Joey? Oh, Will, what has happened to Joey?"

"Drowned," said Will, desperately. "Went down through a breathing hole. They fished him out, but oh, dear, he's dead. They're bringing him home——"

There was a tramping of feet outside the door, and a crowd of men and boys entered, one among them bearing a dripping, half-frozen burden in his arms.

Was that our Joey?—the little white face set and rigid, the small hands hanging helpleesly down, the brown eyes closed, and the long hair, wet and shiny, flung back over the dripping clothes.

"Poor little chap! said the burden-bearer, in a choking voice. "I guess he's done for. Ye see, he went under so far, and we couldn't"——his voice grew husky, and he turned away his face.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" wailed Keturah. "What shall we do? Somebody run for the doctor—somebody get something to give him—somebody"—and she wrung her hands helplessly.

No one moved. The man still held his dripping burden; the crowd waited, awed to silence. I stood like a stone, my head whirling, my senses fast leaving me, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

"What's all this?" said a sharp voice, and Miss Bashby's head was thrust in at the door.

She took in the situation instantly.

"Keturah Skinner," she said, in a commanding voice, "take the child and carry him into my room. Sarah Allen, take the scissors and cut all his clothes off as quick as you can, and wrap him up in blankets. Will, stop crying, and run up stairs and get the brandy. Jim Spooner, run for Dr. Wilbur as fast as you can—he's just started for Bingham's Corner—run across lots and head him off. Dead? He shall not die. Hot water, Keturah; hot bricks, everything hot! Now clear out, every pesky one of you (turning to the crowd); you can't do any good here."

Oh, how we worked! we rolled the poor little body in blankets; we applied hot bricks and hot water; we rubbed the icy limbs.

Ten minutes went by—twenty. "Oh, Miss Bashby," I sobbed, "he never will wake! never!"

"Hush, child!" she said, and her voice was softer than I had ever heard it, "I think we shall bring him to. There, I do believe he breathes a little—don't stop a minute, keep right on working. Yes, I'm sure of it."

Oh, what a moment of suspense that was! Surely he breathed. "Oh, God, only let him live."

"Yes," said Ketura, hysterically, "just as sure as you're born a sinner, he's comin' out of it!"

When the doctor came, Joey, though still apparently unconscious, had shown unmistakable signs of life.

"Well done, Miss Bashby," said the doctor; "you saved the youngster's life this time. But it must have been a pretty hard fight. They tell me he was under this water several minutes."

All day and far into the night we watched by Joey's bedside. Poor little fellow, how like a ghost he looked. Strange to say when he become conscious and could speak, he would have no one but Miss Bashby about him. He motioned us all away, and nestled his curly head down on her spare shoulder as if it had been the softest resting place in the world.

How thankful we were, and how easy the daily tasks seemed. Ketura forgot her lame ankle entirely, and went about singing Methodist hymns in a low, hushed voice, interrupted now and then by a spasmodic choke and a hasty application of her cotten handkerchief.

When Joey was able to sit up what a jubilee we had, though the laughter would melt into tears occasionally at sight of his little pinched face.

Should we write to mother about the accident?

We held a consultation and decided not to do so.

"She'll hear of it, perhaps," said Miss Bashby, "so you better say he fell into the pond, but is all right now." So that is what we wrote.

As Joey grew better, Miss Bashby took up some of her irritating ways again; but do you suppose we minded them?

"If she was forty times as irritating," said Will, "I wouldn't say a word. Only think what would have happened if she hadn't been here." And the recollection being too much for him he began to whistle to choke back the tears.

"Law!" said Keturah, smiling, "do you think I care for her grumbling? she might scold enough to take the roof off and I wouldn't mind! She's a smart one, though, ain't she? How she did take hold of things! Why you and me was no more use, Sadie Allen than them shovel and tongs. 'Twas Miss Bashby."

When we tried to thank Miss Bashby, she only said, shortly, "Oh nonsense, child I knew just what to do; had done it once before when brother Joshua was fished out of the river—forty years ago that was—forty years ago," and she turned away with a sigh. I said no more, but I thought mother will know how to thank her.

Joey though a little pale and languid, was singing about the house in his usual sunshiny way by the time mother came home.

Poor Aunt Mary was dead and buried, and the tired look on mother's face, and the added lines of care on her brow, told of the trouble she had been through. That evening as we sat in mother's room, clustering about the open fire—Miss Bashby, with the everlasting knitting in her hands, sitting bolt upright in the big arm-chair—Joey cuddled up in mother's arms with his drowsy head laid lovingly against her arm, and the boys and I sitting on the rug at her feet—we told the story of Joey's drowning and how Miss Bashby brought him back to life.

All through the recital (told excitedly by each of us in turn,) mother sat without speaking a word, the light of the fire shining on her face, showing how it paled and flushed as the story went on.

The tale was ended, and still she spoke no word, but her head was bowed over Joey's sleeping form, and her cheek was pressed lovingly against his.

Then suddenly she arose, lying him gently on the bed, came and knelt by Miss Bashby's chair, and drawing the poor old wrinkled face down to her own, kissed it lovingly. Then we children crept softly out of the room, leaving them together.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mountain Lions.

LANDER, Wyo., April 1.—Mountain lions have been very numerous in the Big Horn Mountains all winter, and their depredations have cost the stockmen Big Horn heavily. Sheep have been killed on the open prairie at all hours of the day, and the very correls have been invaded and colts and calves carried off. Numbers of the bold and savage raiders have been killed, but their forays still continue. The great strength and daring nature of the mountain lion is well exemplified by a late hunting adventure of Mr. John Luman, a leading stockman of the basin, and Mr. A. A. Conant, of oil fame. They had wounded a very large Big Horn, or Rocky Mountain sheep, and were on the trail through the blood-flicked snow. The chase was headed for the almost impenetrable "roughs" of the Medical Creek, and the trailers pressed eagerly forward, afraid of losing their quarry in the Medicine labyrinths. At last the stricken Big Horn was sighted, straining bravely through the snow in his efforts to reach a place of refuge. The hunters gained rapidly, and Conant was already speculating on the chance of a shot when the air resounded with the wild yell of a mountain lion. The wounded sheep at once halted and gave vent to its terror in pathetic bleats. It had not long to wait its fate. From an overhanging of rocks there shot down a long, lithe and powerful body, and the mountain sheep died in the clutch of the mountain lion.

The hunters now pushed forward more eagerly than ever, hoping to secure both the lion and the sheep. The lion raised himself from his prey and boldly watched his coming foes. In a moment, however, he seized the carcass of the sheep, and swinging it lightly across his shoulders, moved off easily under the enormous burden. A short retreat brought him to the edge of a frightful chasm, fifteen feet in width. With the sheep still astride his shoulders the lion cleared the chasm at a bound, and his tawny length disappeared in a dense juniper thicket on the other side.

Thus audaciously robbed of the game for which they had so eagerly toiled, the baffled sportsmen retrod their steps. Just before reaching their camp they heard from a tangled juniper thicket the sound of loud and eager baying. Luman at once said that "Towser," his camp dog, had brought some "varmint" to bay, and the hunters sought the spot. In the center of the thicket they found "Towser" at the foot of a twisted juniper tree, in the crooked forks of which crouched a huge mountain lynx. Luman at once said that "Towser" himself should kill the "varmint." Accordingly the savage cat was punched from his perch by means of a stout pole, and landed in front of Towser in decidedly fighting temper. For some time the savage conflict was evenly balanced, and the cat and dog gave and took with equal good will and fortune. Stimulated by his master's voice the brave dog finally fastened a grip upon the cat's throat that no effort could break, and in a short time the lynx died, fighting to the last gasp.

Messrs. Luman and Conant were out for a week, and during this time shot three elk, five big horns and eleven deer, the latter being both black and white tail.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Seriously, is the dog star a Skye terrier.

A BIG WHEAT FARM.

A Farm of 75,000 Acres—How it is Cultivated.

Mr. W. F. Dalrymple, of Dakota, with his brother Oliver, is owner of the largest wheat farm in the world. In response to inquiries made by a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express* while in that city recently, he gave some interesting particulars of how his farm is managed. The farm consists of 75,000 acres, on 32,000 of which wheat was grown the past season. It is in the valley of the Red River of the Forth, on the west side of the river, in the northern part of the Territory; and if estimated in oblong form, it would make a strip of land 16 miles long by five broad.

"In addition to its being cultivated by the most improved machinery," said Mr. Dalrymple, "the farm requires, at certain seasons, between six and eight hundred men to aid in plowing, harvesting, threshing and moving the wheat. We own 500 horses, which are also used on the farm, and in the busy part of the season we employ about 300 more. The yield averages twenty bushels to the acre. It is sown in the spring and taken off in the fall. The kind is that known as No. 1, hard spring. It takes 175 self-binders to cut and bind it, and 25 steam threshers, running during the harvesting season, to thresh it. These machines will average 1,200 to 1,500 a day. The seeding begins April 10, and the harvesting three months later. It is sown with the aid of horses and machines. The farm is divided into subdivisions of 2,000 acres each, and each is managed by a superintendent. All the superintendents are responsible to a general manager, and all report to him daily. This is done not only by means of horses and buggies, but also by telephone, for a telephone wire connects every part of a division with its headquarters, and each division headquarters is connected by telephone and telegraph with the general manager's office. The latter is connected by telegraph with the main telegraph lines of the country. Water is carried through galvanized pipes to all the headquarters by means of elevated tanks fed from the river by windmills. There are six railroad stations on the farm, on the Northern Pacific and the Manitoba railroad. The headquarters of each division includes a large boarding-house, a dwelling-house for the superintendent, a barn to accommodate seventy-five horses, and a large granary, and numerous outbuildings.

"The valley of the Red River is something enormous. It is 300 miles long, by 40 or 50 miles wide. Ten years ago the whole country along the west side, where we are, was unoccupied, there not being 1,000 acres under plow for a distance of 200 miles, either up or down the river. Now it is substantially one vast wheat field, settled, occupied and improved. A number of towns of from 1,000 to 2,000 each, have sprung up, and are rapidly growing. Fargo, on the river, has reached a population of from 10,000 to 12,000 in a few years. The river is navigable from Fargo to Lake Winnepeg. At Fargo it is like the Chicago river, about 200 feet wide. We have a steamboat and seven barges that run to Duluth, on Lake Superior, in connection with the farm. The land on each side of the river is rich, fertile soil, and rises less than a foot to the mile as it recedes from the river. A little timber is to be found along the river, the trees being of oak, maple and ash, but it only extends inland a few rods. There are two railroads running up and down the valley its whole length. The nearest Indians we have are the Chippewas, who have a reservation fifty miles east of us. But they are quite friendly, and in fact the country is as safe from an Indian trouble as are any of the more settled States. The spring we went out there, nine years ago, I remember that Gen. Custer and his men passed through the valley on their way to the Black Hills, and a company of scouts was raised in the valley to accompany him. The Indians had been moved from the valley a short time previous to the west side of the Missouri, to a reservation about 200 miles from us.

"It is no colder in winter than at Minneapolis and St. Paul. The winters are cold, yet the effect is no more severe than where the mercury is 15 or 20 degrees higher, because the atmosphere is so clear and dry. Spring opens so that farming begins by April 15 and closes about November 15. This compares well with New York and Pennsylvania. The winters are more severe and continuous than here, but are much longer. We do not have as much snow as falls 500 miles south of us because of the dry atmosphere. The summers are warm and pleasant, the air pure and bracing. The territory will compare well with Minnesota and Iowa as to all the elements of productiveness. Our staples are wheat, barley, oats, flax and roots. Native grasses flourish well and can be matured in the smaller varieties.

"Game and fishing? Plenty of both. Among the game are wild ducks, prairie chickens, deer, antelopes and elk, all of which are to be found in abundance up and down the valley. It used to be a great hunting ground for buffalo, and in places the ground was found fairly white with their bones, so much so that we had to cart them away. An interesting instance of what we get hold of once in a while is that of two large elks which a resident of Fargo captured. He yoked them together and drove the team about the town for some time. They had immense horns, twice the size of any deer's, and called forth no end of attention. They were finally sold at St. Paul for a large price at the State fair."

Second thoughts are always best. Woman was an afterthought of creation.

Advertising is a good deal like making love to a widow. It can't be overdone.

The Girl that Everybody Likes.

Girls, you needn't be beautiful to become general favorites. The plainest girl I ever saw was the favorite in my native town. Everybody liked her. Beautiful? O no, she is not beautiful—that is outside, but inside she is an angel. Nobody thinks of calling her beautiful. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry, fun-loving bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself, and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with each other as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly, so no one can call her a flirt; no indeed, the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she.

"Do girls love her, too?"

Yes, wonderful to relate, girls like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans or assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Charlie and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie until their little difficulties are all patched up and everything goes along smoothly, thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch, she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us.

"Then she finally gets married?"

Yes. A young man comes from a neighboring town after a while and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman everybody likes.—*Eli Perkins.*

How "It Seems to Read So" Originated.

"An old tavern-keeper in one of our pine-wood towns," said Senator Ransom, of North Carolina," "was a rough, half-pious, wholly honest man, who utterly declined to bet. But one of his guests, a professional gambler, could not live without some excitement of the sort. One day he insisted on laying a bet that the name on a sign across the street was spelled without the "r" it needed to make it a name. Every one could see that the "r" was there, but he would bet, and finally the landlord took him up, and of course the man lost. He stayed on, however, a week or two, but finally packed his bag and called for his bill. The place was too slow for him. The landlord gave him the bill, $160. The man looked at it, and then said:

"Do you ever read the Bible, landlord? Were you piously brought up?"

"Oh, yes! I know my catechism now, and I read the Bible—more or less."

"Do you know the story of Samson?"

"Well, I guess I was brought up on that. My mother told it to me when