The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 invariably be charged.
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearage are paid up. Postmasters neglecting notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.
Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address
The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the remainder of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

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Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on National corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store. apr22-94tf.

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Dec. 9 '85.

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Gives special attention to the Preservation of Natural Teeth. Artificial ones inserted. All operations performed satisfactory. Office inBer Block, up stairs. Entrance one door west of Weil's Jewelry Store. oct22-6m.

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Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, with the best material inserted. Operations reasonable.

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200,000 in presents given away. Send us 8 cents postage and by mail you will receive free a package of goods of large value that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in 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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(Over Hadley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
☞SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET, PA

INTELLIGENT SOLICITORS Wanted to introduce MARSHALL'S MAGNIFICENT LINE-ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT
Just completed. A perfect triumph of art. Produced by Sr. Newman, Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. M. Evarts, J. G. Whittier and hosts of others, to be by odds the best. It is the finest and largest line engraved portrait ever published. Agents realize handsomely. Value of plate, $25,000. For terms, etc., address HUBBARD BROS., Pub'rs., Phila. Pa.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 44. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1813.

WOODVALE POULTRY YARDS.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
HESSELBEIN & ADAMS, PROPRIETORS.
BREEDERS OF
BROWN LEGHORNS AND LIGHT BRAHMAS.
Eggs for hatching, from first-class stock, $1.50 per 13 eggs, packed in baskets. Orders booked now. Delivered when desired. mar10 3m.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Lev. Fa issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Somerset, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the right, title, interest and claim of Elizabeth Auman, of, in and to the following tract or piece of land situate in Somerset Township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Franklin Frieline, Jonathan Blemiller, Jacob Maust, and Jeremiah Shaulis containing fifteen acres, more or less, with a story and a half Log House, log stable and other outbuildings thereon erected.

Taken in execution at the suit of Valentine Hay, J. R. Uhl and Hugh Auman, for use of John H. Uhl.

NOTICE—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that a part of the purchase money—to be made known at the time of sale—will be required as soon as the property is knocked down, otherwise it will be again exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of the May Term of Court, the time fixed by the Court for securing the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, March 22, 1886. } JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLE. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, 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 $200 00 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
☞All legal holidays observed.☜

SPRING IS COMING
And everyone needs to put their system in good condition, to guard against disease that may give you serious trouble during the Spring and Summer months. Simple remedies are generally what is needed. We carry a very superior stock of ***Drugs and Medicines,*** and guarantee the strictest purity. We make a specialty of filling physicians' prescriptions and family receipts. None but the Purest Drugs dispensed. We endeavor to keep in stock everything that is usually wanted by our many customers, but anything we may not have will be ordered in at once, on short notice.
But to change the subject. You may be ruptured, and if so, we can supply you with ***Trusses and Supporters*** at prices much below those in the city, or, as we do all of our own fitting, can safely say that a perfect fit will be guaranteed. Three-fourths of the Trusses sold do not give satisfaction, because they are improperly fitted to the body. We have a private apartment in connection with our store, for the proper fitting of these goods.
Trusses for men, children and ladies always in stock. If you have had trouble heretofore in getting fitted give us a trial and we will guarantee a fit, or money refunded. Do not forget that we have a most complete stock of **Spectacles and Eye-glasses.** Eyes that others have failed to fit, are the ones we want to try. Always call at my store when in town. You will be welcome, whether you buy or not. If we do not keep what you want, it will be a pleasure to tell you where you can get it.
C. N. BOYD
The Druggist,
MAMMOTH BLOCK, SOMERSET, PA.

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 self older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 2½ bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of trouble, 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 best family medicines I ever used."
T. J. LANIER, Petersburg, Va.
Prepared by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sole Proprietors. Price $1.00.
jul1-'85-1yr

FERTILIZERS!
ATGLEN, PA., FEB. 16, 1886.
I. P. THOMAS:
Dear Sir:—On my experimental plots of cereals, conducted on account of Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society last spring, I used your Tip-Top Bone Phosphate at rate of 250 pounds per acre and produced 69 bushels of oats, machine measure weighing 43 pounds, which equals 92 bushels legal measure. I never before harvested such a luxuriant growth of straw, standing erect some five feet. Your Tip-Top was also used on my corn fields with the same flattering result.
Yours Very Truly,
D. H. BRANSON,
Vice. Pres. Pa. State Ag. Society.
Send for circular of these fertilizers. A live and energetic agent is wanted in every locality unoccupied. Address,
I. P. THOMAS,
CHENEY P. O., DELAWARE CO., PA.
mar3 2m. Factory—Philadelphia, Pa.

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVES
ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.
All Purchasers can be Suited.
MANUFACTURED BY
ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.
AND FOR SALE BY
R. B. Schell & Co,
SOMERSET, PA.
may27-'85-1yr

LEGAL NOTICE.
To Hannah Hyatt, (widow) of Connellsville, Fayette Co., Pa.; Thomas Hyatt, Seward, Westmoreland Co., Pa.; Allen Hyatt, Connellsville, Fayette Co., Pa.; Eleanora, intermarried with James Mountain and Jesse Hyatt, Jr., of Elm, Fayette Co., Pa.
You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Jesse Hyatt, dec'd, situate in the village of Drakestown, Somerset Co., Pa., on Thursday the 29th day of April, A. D. 1886, when and where you may attend if you think proper.
Sheriff's Office, March 24, 1886. } JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Robert Silbaugh, dec'd, late of Addison 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 persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, April 29, 1886, to the undersigned Executors, at the late residence of said deceased.
JEREMIAH SILBAUGH,
Z. M. SILBAUGH,
Executors.

For THE HERALD.

CASABIANCA.

The nigger stood in the cotton patch
Whence all but him had fled;
The whiffle-trees and traces flew
In circles round his head.
Yet greasy, sleek and black he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A nigger of the blackest blood—
A rough, ungainly form.

The mule kicked—he would not go
Without his master's word;
The master, in the grass laid low,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, massa, say,
'Mus' I let dis mule go?"
The master trembled as he lay,
And the nigger hallooed *whoa!*"

"Speak, massa!" once again he cried;
"If I may yet be gone?"
Naught but the whistling hoofs replied,
As fast the mule kicked on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his kinky hair:
He looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave, despair.

He shouted but once more aloud:
"My golly, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast a dusky cloud
In billows made its way.
It hid the nigger from our view,
And filled his shiny eye;
And rose above the cotton, too,
Like clouds across the sky.

There came at last one monstrous kick—
The nigger—where was he?
Ask of those heels that flew so thick,
For, alas! I could not see.
The work-hands all returned at last,
The mule could not be found;
Death held that nigger in his grasp,
Half buried in the ground.

F. H. Z.

A STRANGE GUARDIANSHIP.

MABEL LOUISE FULLER.

I was eighteen, the only girl, and strangest of all, I was an authoress. The circumstances which led to this last named fact were not the ordinary ones.

My mother had died while I was but a baby, and my father had always marked out for me a future of fame, which he imagined could be best gained by my pen. My elder brother and his pretty young wife were of the same opinion, and as my aunt, who took care of me, thought always as my father did, it seemed that, nolens volens, I should be an authoress. Fortunately for the general peace, perhaps, I was not averse to their desire, and after some consideration, I determined to venture upon a story, and on its completion to present it as a surprise to the assembled family. But here I found an unexpected difficulty; what could I, Helen Dare, find to say to a critical and exacting public? At last fortune favored me with a simple solution of the problem. I would tell a little story which had always touched me; one of the simple traditions of my quiet, country birthplace. My heart was in the work, and it was soon finished. Strange to say, it met with much favor, but as I had written under the *nom de plume* of George Percy, it was universally attributed to my elder brother, who tacitly consented to the deception, and at this I was rather glad.

One day however, my father handed me a letter addressed to him and bearing a foreign postmark. I took it with some curiosity, which deepened to profound astonishment as I read it. It ran thus, and was characteristic of the writer:

PARIS, Boulevard des Invalides, 11 August, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—You will be glad to know that your son's reputation as a writer has crossed the Atlantic, and that I consider "Brakesdale" a wonderful book. You probably have heard who I am, being a distant connection of yours on your mother's side. I am an old man, and I have a favor to ask of you. I want you to use your influence with the author of my favorite book to make him accept the post of guardian to my son, for I consider the advice and friendship of the man who could write such a book as invaluable. I do not expect to live very long, and I want to leave my son in good hands when I die. His financial affairs will be managed for him by an old friend when he is of age, and I am willing and able to make it worth wile for you to gain his acceptance to the proposal. Let me know your decision by return of mail.

Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH I. LANGTON.

If the skies had fallen I could not have been more thunderstruck. "Gracious!" was the undignified and feminine exclamation of the author of "Brakesdale."

My father looked reproachfully at me and said: "My dear, there is no cause for such surprise. Of course you'll accept this flattering proposal; and, in fact, I should think it a good idea for us to go to Europe and see this gentleman. I remember my mother's speaking of him as a queer, eccentric old fellow, but withal kind-hearted and loyal."

"But you can't mean it," I grasped.

"Certainly, I do."

"But he doesn't mean me; he says, 'your son' expressly. He means John."

"I beg to differ from you. On the contrary, he mentioned several times the author of 'Brakesdale,' and he says that it is the advice, the invaluable advice that he wants, and as you wrote the book you are the only one who can give it. Just think, my dear, of the poor dying man alone with one little boy to dispose of! You know you always had good success with children, and if you don't take him who will? What may become of him?"

All this had its effect. The picture, to say the least, was rather touching, and I did love children; so I compromised and gave my father the result of my cogitations.

"I'll tell you what we can do." I said at last. "We will accept conditionally. If he will have me without change of sex, I'll come.

"You can't change your sex, of course," said my methodical father, who usually crushed my small attempts in this way; "so we will consider it settled, and your aunt and yourself can get ready to start for France next week," and unheeding my protestations against such short notice, he went away, well pleased with his success.

In due time the trunks were packed, a good supply of toys for my young ward not being forgotten; all was arranged and settled, and then we started. The voyage was a moderately good one, and we found ourselves in ten days' time before the mansion of Joseph Langton. Here an unexpected event occurred. Its owner had died suddenly from an attack of heart trouble, but, having taken my consent for granted, had formally appointed, in his will, the author of "Brakesdale" as guardian to his heir. After a little rest at his house, I asked the imperturbable domestic who attended me where my ward was. She said he had been away, but had returned the preceding evening.

I suppose he made too much noise for the patient, was my mental comment, and that I said taking up a toy cow as a pastport to my ward's favor, "Please show me the nursery." In my pre-occupation I had spoken English, and the French servant only stared. "Montrez moi la—la—chambre de lui," I added, desperately mixing up in my dire confusion the words of this beautiful language in my efforts to be understood. She silently led the way, and I followed, till she reached the room in question; there she knocked and left me. The door was thrown open, and instead of a smiling nurse holding by the hand my childish ward, I beheld a young man, about nineteen or twenty years of age, who looked inquiringly at me. I felt perfectly helpless and clutched the unoffending toy cow so firmly that it turned its head and gave a despairing "moo." Then I said, with an effort, "I think I have made a mistake in the room. Can you tell me where Mr. Langton's son stays?"

"I am his son," he answered, looking at me much as if I had been an escaped lunatic. Yes, my worst anticipations had proven only too true, and the whole situation lay open before me. How stupid of me never to have imagined such a development of the case. How could I ever be the guardian of such a young man as this? It was too preposterous. No; Gerald Langton must look elsewhere for "invaluable advice." I could have laughed and cried when I thought of the sudden termination of my many plans, and then my ward's voice broke in upon my reflections, and at the sound I mentally resolved not to betray myself, and listened with the calmness of despair. He was saying, "Is this my guardian's sister? I heard that you came yesterday. "Yes," I answered, in my same idiotic manner, and then he asked me to come in and tell him about my brother. Oh, that conversation! After the first few seconds all my timidity, or rather, stupidity, vanished, and I talked, talked, talked.

What I said I cannot even remember, but there was a certain humor in the situation as when my ward gravely told me that he especially admired the opinion of a crusty old uncle in my unfortunate book, who thought it very unwomanly to depart from the beaten track, as he considered it, in females attempting to write books. I groaned inwardly and changed the subject by saying, with animation, "I had no idea, Mr. Langton, that you were so dreadfully old." He laughed, and glanced at the toy I still held.

"Then that accounts for your astonishment, and perhaps for the cow also. But my age is more my misfortune than my fault, so I hope you will not deprive me of the pleasure of playing with it, or anything else of the kind you may have brough for my amusement."

Yes if the truth must be told. I began even to enjoy the position, although such thoughts as "unwomanly conduct, unseemly deception, and my father's outraged dignity," would haunt me at times.

My father did not appear that day, and every time I talked with my ward I liked him better and better. He was handsome and intelligent, if showing at times strong prejudices, as in his overstrained opinion of female authors. I could tell, also, that he did not understand my brothers delay in coming, and felt rather hurt by it. That night I had a long argument with my father, which resulted in his promising not to betray me, at least without giving me warning, although he remarked several times that he could not see the sense of putting off what had to be done, or indeed in my minding the position at all. Still, girls were queer about some things, and he would not interfere, since I seemed so determined on concealment. This is all I wanted, for I knew my aunt would second my father's views, and when a month of pleasant companionship with my ward had ensued, I began to fancy that those halcyon days were to continue indefinitely.

Alas for the fallibility of human foresight! Just as I had assured myself that my trouble was ended, at least for some time, I received a letter from my brother, which completely destroyed my peace of mind. In it he said he thought it time to resign the doubtful honor which he held in being generally known as the author of "Brakesdale," and if I had been bothered with all the letters about that old book that he had, so he wrote, I would think so, too. His greatest grievance seemed to be the communications received from all women, who would persist in seeing close resemblance to their dear departed sons, nieces, grandchildren or something else, in the characters of my poor little story. Then there were applicants who wanted to know what the author of "Brakesdale" would have made his hero do in case he had been disinherited by some rich relation whose money he expected, etc. In short, my elder brother most inopportunely handed over all the fame and trouble, and said he had already told everyone whom he had seen that I, and not he, held the enviable position of originator of "Blakesdale," and that he had nothing whatsoever to do with it. He concluded by asking how my ward was getting on, and said he expected to join us during the following month.

"Oh, Brakesdale! Brakesdale!" I inwardly exclaimed, when I had finished reading this letter; "what an old nuisance you have been, and what an incomparable bore you are going to be!" But anathemetizing my devoted story would not help me out of the scrape any, and at last I decided on confession.

But here I was met half way by another unavoidable complication that, like a ghost, arose before me, and showing itself the key note of all my misery. I found I had already reached the stage where I could not bear to face the disgust I felt sure would come upon me when I had told my ward that not only was I an authoress, and as such, unwomanly, but worst of all I had been acting all along under false pretences, and if not indulging in actual falsehood, and taking the chief part in this long course of deception. But, it will do better to tell all, and, indeed I was forced to do so.

I went down stairs and found Gerald standing before the fireplace in the cozy drawing-room. He came quickly towards me and said:

"I am so glad you have come, for I have something to tell you which I cannot bear to keep any longer to myself."

I grasped this last straw of temporary deliverance; it would at least put off the hour of disclosure, and eagerly asked what it was. Then he took both my hands in his and looked into my face. Can you not tell what it is?"

Then for the first time I have noticed his agitation and manner, and I felt the hot blood rush up and crimson my tell-tale face. I could almost hear my heart beat. Was it fear, or joy, or sorrow? I could only look at him, and then he said: "I see you understand. Oh, Helen, Helen! will you not take my love? I know well that I am not worthy of you, but I would try to be so. Oh, my darling, answer me."

Then I, the culprit, in my great happiness, forgot all, and could only whisper, "Yes." The bliss of the minutes that followed! Gerald was softly quoting those dear familiar lines:

"And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love thee, my queen, my queen!"

when I remembered my unfortunate book, and I said: "Would you think just as much of me, or would you consider me very unwomanly, if by some strange chance I, and not my brother, had written Brakesdale?"

"No," he answered readily. "Brakesdale is an exceptional book, and I should only be very proud of you if you had written it. But you didn't write it, did you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I did."

Then what praise from one who is dearer to me than all the world beside. But I had not yet told the worst. Would Gerald take as kindly to the rest of my confessions? I feared not. Then his voice broke in upon my musings.

"What do you think my guardian will say to this proceeding?" he said. "Will he consent?"

"I fancy so," I answered, half laughing; for, if you must be undeceived at last, I am your guardian."

* * * * *

And so my story is ended, turning out well and well and wisely, as all good stories should, for it is Gerald, now my husband, that is leaning over me as I write, and I can never forget that it is to Brakesdale, and to his own dear self, that I owe all the happiness of my life and being.

Things Worth Knowing.

To learn to think and act for yourself.

To respect gray hairs, especially your own.

To waste nothing, neither money, time nor talent.

If you have a place of business, to be found there when wanted.

To spare when you are young, that you may spend when you are old.

To bear little trials patiently, that you may learn how to bear great ones.

To be self-reliant and not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

To keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

To learn to say no; it will be of more service to you than to learn to read Latin.

To do all the good you can in the world and make as little noise about it as possible.

To stick to your own opinion if you have one, allowing others, of course, the same liberty to stick to theirs.

Shot by One of a Band of Thieves.

CLEVELAND, O., April 1.—For months past residents of North Fairfield, a village in Huron County, this state, have been annoyed by the depredations of an organized band of thieves. Late last night Jerome Stevens, one of the leading men of the town, heard a noise in his barn. He went out and found a man carrying off a bag of oats. He pounced upon the thief and a desperate struggle ensued. Stevens is a powerful man and was geteing the better of his opponent, when the latter shot him through the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. The man then escaped. There was great excitement in the village and a Vigilance Committee was organized today. Two men have been arrested on suspicion and both will be hanged if it can be proven that they are members of the gang.

Another Proposed Pension Increase.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The House Committee on Invalid Pensions to-day instructed Representative Conger to report a bill to increase the pensions for loss of a limb below the elbow or knee to $30 per month; above the elbow or knee to $36 per month, and at the shoulder or hip-joint, to $45 per month.

DEATH IN A DORY.

The Living Suck the Blood and Eat the Flesh of the Dead.

HALIFAX, April 7.—A dory with two men living and two men dead on board drifted ashore at Guyon Island, Gabarus, Cape Breton, on Monday. They had been eight days out from their vessel, which wak left on the western part of Grand Bank. The name of the schooner has not been learned. A dispatch from Lusiburg, C. B., gives the experience of those who were in the dory. They got adrift from their vessel, the American schooner Elseem Law, while setting trawls on the Western banks and not discovering their vessel they all got in one dory. After four days out one succumbed through thirst, and on the seventh day another, who had become insane, died. On the eighth day the survivors landed at Guyan Island, where they were kindly cared for by the keeper of the light-house, who sent them here. The body of the man who died first is greatly lacerated. One of the arms is cut off at the elbow, the throat is much torn, and pieces are cut out of each thigh. This was done after the man's death by the other man who died, in order to obtain food and drink.

HORRIBLE DETAILS.

The following further particulars of the experience of the men in the dory of the schooner have been received: On thursday evening Jas. McDonald, the weakest and most thinly clad of the four, began to sink and died. The body of the dead man had hardly grown cold when Angus McDonald said he must have something to eat and drink or he would die also. Despite the protestations of Chisshalm and McEachon he took a knife and cut the right arm off the dead man, sucking the blood and devouring the flesh. He offered some to the others, but they refused, though some hours later Chissholm tasted a piece of the flesh but was unable to swallow it, McDonald having sucked all the blood from the severed arm.

Angus McDonald said he was going to cut the throat of the dead man, but was for a time restrained from doing so. During Friday night, however, while the other two were sleeping he committed the act, and finding no blood cut a piece of flesh. On the following day he became delirious, and before night he died. They got into heavy drift ice, cakes of which they had hauled into the boat and eagerly licked with their tongues to allay their thirst. On Saturday evening they came in sight of Guyon Island some miles off the coast of Cape Breton, but their exhaustion was so great that they were unable to reach it. They tried to sleep through the night, but the piercing cold and heavy sea prevented their doing so. In the morning they managed to get to land.

Saved a Kentuckian's Life.

A Rock Island train had just left Moline, Ill., and was slowly crossing the big iron bridge over the wide waters of the Mississippi, when a tall passenger with a huge mustache and watery eyes looooking out from under a slouch hat jumped to his feet and shouted:

"Conductor! Hyah, conductor! Are we in Iowy yet?"

"No," responded that official, "but what if we ain't?"

"Then stop this train! Stop her, quick!"

"But I don't see any reason why the train should be stopped."

"Stop her, I tell ye! By doing so you can save the life of one of your passengers. I beg of you to stop the train."

The conductor, wondering at the cause of this strange request, hesitated a moment, and then reached for the bell cord. In a few moments the train came to a standstill, when the excited passenger again inquired:

"Are yón sure we are not in Iowy?"

The conductor looked out of the car window and assured his passenger that they were still in Illinois.

"Then," replied the man with the big mustache and watery eyes, "you have saved my life. I thank you. Only a few minutes ago I read this little handbill, which says dinner is now ready in the dining-car, and that no liquors will be sold while the train is running through Iowa. Please, Mr. Conductor, hold your train here two minutes till I run back to the buffet and get my bottle filled. Do the legislative galoots out this way think a Kentucky gentleman could ride clear across the State of Iowy with an empty bottle?"

She Will Dust.

He had a back load of feather dusters as he rang the door bell on Montcalm street east yesterday, and when a woman opened the door about two inches and said that nothing was wanted, he inquired:

"Madam, will you kindly inform me who lives next door?"

"Next door?" she queried, coming out on the step. "Why, it is a new family, and I don't remember the name."

"Lady puts on a good deal of style, doesn't she?"

"Rather."

"I thought so. That's the way with those sort of people; they put it all on their backs. I asked her if she didn't want a duster to dust off her upholstered furniture and bric-a-brac, and she slammed the door in my face. She didn't have any to dust you see. People who have plush furniture and articles of virtu and taste, always want my goods. Pleasant day, madam!"

"Yes. What did you say the price was?"

"Seventy-five cents, madam, and the woman next door is peering through the parlor blinds at us."

"Is she? Well, I'll take one, and if there should be any other invention to dust bric-a-brac and oil paintings you might call around. You may also bring me a box of polish for my silverware."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Boys.

The Montrose Democrat publishes the following editorial on "Our Boys," which might be read with profit by our own citizens:

We understand that among the young people of our borough the question is being seriously discussed as to what means can be devised whereby our young men can pleasurably spend their evenings in an atmosphere of refinement and morality.

This is certainly a most commendable agitation and we hope that good results may follow. To the proposition that some kind of amusement must be provided there will be undoubted unanimity, but right there will, we presume, be found the point of divergence. What constitutes proper amusements has always been a subject for disagreement and if our people of Montrose can amicably solve the problem, they will have done wonders. To some, dancing parties at private houses would seem right and proper, but to others it would be an abomination. The gathering of the young folks from time to time to indulge in games of euchre, whist, muggins, backgammon, etc., would to many be innocent and desirable, but the very idea would be repugnant to others. A reading room would be suggested in some quarters and promptly pronounced too prosy by those who understand the nature of boys. Even the old fashioned kissing games would be frowned upon by some good people. So we might go through the whole list of amusements and there would be objections raised to any proposition which might be made. Bear in mind it is the average boy who is under discussion, not the naturally studious, pious and quiet boy. Boys must be taken just as they are, restless, active, fond of fun and not kindly disposed toward prudery. A boy is a frisky animal and boys will be boys in spite of all. When you try to fit them to a procrustean bed of morals, they will certainly kick and squirm and get away from you. Many persons who profess a deep interest in young men would accomplish much better results if they would peddle fewer tracts, look less austere, get a little closer to the young and make themselves more agreeable.

If a young man wants to play a game of cards, it is far better that he should do so at home, or in a private house with young ladies, than to play in the dingy back room of a saloon. If the boys want to dance a little and will be content to remain in the society of home if they can have a jolly time during the evening, it might be well to indulge them, if it keeps them from the saloon and off the streets.

If you are going to reach out and attempt to catch the boys, don't tempt them with the bait of a straight jacket or hum-drum nonsense, for they won't bite. Fish for them with live bait, something that is toothsome and pleasant, and your endeavors will be rewarded bountifully. Get the young people together often, give them elbow room, don't repress the buoyancy of their spirits, and above all remember that you were once young too.

More Josh Billings.

The man who can wear a paper collar a whole week and keep it clean—ain't fit for anything else.

The mule is a pun on the horse.

Common sense is the instinct of reason.

Success has no pedigree, and only a short creed.

Secrets are mighty poor property anyhow; if you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the money on your investment.

All genuine humor is truth, and that is what makes it so powerful.

What a man can't win with politeness is out of the reach of everything but a club.

Lies are like illegitimate children, liable to call a man father when he least expects it.

In this world there is a great deal of what is called virtue that is nothing more than a vice tired out.

Ridicule that ain't true is a dangerous weapon to use; the handle is sharper than the point.

There are a hundred different kinds of religion, but only one kind of piety.

Living on hope is like living on wind: a good way to get full, but a poor way to get fat.

Many people spend their time trying to find the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into the mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than get in a long argument about the hole they came to fall into.

There are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness, and can't find any time to practice it.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't indorse.

Laziness is a good deal like money: the more a man has of it the more he seems to want.

To pick out a good husband—shut up both eyes, grab hard, and trust in the Lord.

A puppy plays with every pup he meets, but old dogs have but few associates.

If you want to get at the circumference of a man, examine him among folks; but if you want to get at his actual diameter, examine him at his fireside.

Men of genius are like eagles—they live on what they kill; while men of talent are like crows—they live on what has been killed for them.

There are two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—that is, twins.

Love is like the measles; we can't have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

The jealous man is always hunting for something he don't expect to find, and when he has found it he is mad because he has.

When a man begins to go down hill, the whole world seems greased for the occasion.

Eating Glass and Soap.

["By-stander" in Philadelphia News.]

You have all heard of Bill Jones, the glass-eater, and you will probably not be surprised to hear that his silicious gastronomic feats have at last placed him in danger of death. The Divine dispensation gave to billygoats an appetite and a digestive capacity for circus-posters and tomato cans; to roving bovines a fiendish gnawing for the weekly wash; to ostriches an inordinate desire for rocks and iron implements, and to asses a yearning desire for thistles, but glass was never intended as a steady diet for any quadruped, and certainly not for a biped. So when Bill Jones attempted to bluff Dame Nature he was bound to be called—and I believe that he will be.

Toward the close of his exhibition in this city Jones became ill, not on account of his singular appetite, but because he stayed out too late o' nights. He crunched glass every day as usual, but there was a sort of "holler" feeling in his stomach which could not be satisfied. I am sorry to say that Mr. Bill Jones took to alcohol to relieve this uncomfortable feeling, and as a consequence he lost all appetite for such food as ordinary people eat—beef, potatoes, coffee and the like. He was obliged to eat glass every day as usual, and on the Saturday night that he closed his engagement he was taken with slight pains. Physicians were called to attend him at his boarding-house. They worked on him for six hours, without a moment's intermission. One of them told me afterward that he had never in the whole course of his professional experience, extending over thirty years