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BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice.
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Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Narrow Escape

Of a Massachusetts Engineer.

Sleep after fatigue and health after disease are two of the sweetest experiences known to man. Fourteen years is a long time to suffer, yet Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., had a miserable life for that period through the presence of a stone in the bladder. He did obtain temporary relief, but nothing more. Last January he called on Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who said, after an examination: "Mr. Lawler, you have stone in the bladder. We will retire *DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY* before risking an operation." A few days later the following letter passed through the Rondout Postoffice:

Dalton, Mass., February 6th.
Dear Dr. Kennedy:—The day after came home I passed two gravel stones, and anything nicely now. PETER LAWLER.

Dr. Kennedy now has the stones at his office, and they are sufficiently formidable to justify the claim that *KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY* is the leading specific for stone in the bladder. In his letter Mr. Lawler mentions that *FAVORITE REMEDY* also cured him of rheumatism. The subjoined certificate tells its own story:

OLD BERKSHIRE HILLS, DALTON, MASS., April 27, 1885.
Mr. Peter Lawler has been a resident of this town for the past seventeen years, and in our employ for fifteen, and in all these years he has been a good and respected citizen of this town and community. He has had some chronic disease to our knowledge for most of the time, but now claims to be, and is, in apparent good health.
CHARLES O. BROWN, President.

$1 a bottle; six for $5. All druggists.
Dr. David Kennedy's "Remedy Beneath," of Rondout, N. Y.—It is not a mere soother, temporarily of pain, but by its alterative action purifies the blood, restores a healthful condition to the diseased organs, and even dissolves and causes the expulsion of gravel and stone from the kidneys and bladder. The testimony of hundreds who have been cured by it vouches for this.

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 for my whole family. Yours Respectfully, "J. M. FILLMAN, Selma, Alabama."

We have tested its virtues personally, and know but 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 all other medicines failed. I think it one of the best medicines I ever used. T. J. LANIER, Petersburg, Va.

Prepared by
J. H. ZELIN & CO.,
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jul2'85-1yr. Price $1.

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EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of all Kinds for FANCY WORK.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
Your Patronage Is Respectfully Solicited.
Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.
ALL READY
—FOR—
SPRING TRADE
MOST COMPLETE STOCK WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.
Colored Silks at 86c. and 95c.; unequaled value. Our 75c. Colored Surahs are the best. Printed India Silks, $2.00 to 75c. Checked and Striped Summer Silks, 50c. to 75c.; not flimsy, worth buying. Checked Louisine Silks, at $1.00. Black Silks, absolutely best values, at $5 to 75c. Black Surah Silks, special bargains. Rhadames, Armures, Silk Grenadines. Low prices for Brocade and Plain Velvets.
ELEGANT NOVELTIES
In Imported Wool Dress Fabrics, from $1.00 up. Kachmyr Sublime, the best plain wool material at 50c. a yard. Cheviots, Homespuns, Boucles, Cloths, all in Spring colorings. Hosiery—Underwear, Muslin, Silk, Lyde and Cotton.
Ladies and Misses Wraps and Suits, Jerseys, coat backs, at $1.00.
Lace Curtains from $1.00 a pair to finest, Curtain Materials of all kinds, Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Seersuckers, Crazy Cloths, Satines, Percales, Linens.
We make a specialty of best and finest Goods, NO TRASH.
OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT sends samples and information.
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Retail Stores,
Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
$1000 Guaranteed Animal Bone Fertilizer.
Pushes Crops and Improves the Land. Send for circular.
Joshua Horner, Jr. & Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Daniel Phillippi, dec'd, late of Upper Turkeyfoot 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 Friday, June 25, 1886, at the late residence of said deceased, in Upper Turkeyfoot Township.
DEDRICK PHILLIPPI,
may2. Executor of Dan'l Phillippi, dec'd.

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvass that throbs, the painter is cinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great [illegible] the symbols of being, but that which is [illegible]bolled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

HOPELESS LOVE.

It was midnight. All the bells were ringing. The chimes were full of joy and re-echoed to a great distance; their brazen voices steadily gained in volume, and the bell-ringers, proud of their privileges of announcing to the faithful the most beautiful festival of the year, sought to outrival each other in the spirit with which they accomplished the work.

Young girls in handsome attire, and all begarlanded, were hurrying to church in joyful bands. They took their places at the further end, behind the youth and old men. Their red bodices, their blue or checkered petticoats, their long tresses falling below the waist, and interplaited with multicolored ribbons—all formed a strangely effective picture. And merriment, the merriment of youth,—frank as the freshness of their complexions, shone in every face. All the tapers were lighted. It was indeed the Great Day,—the day that the Man God,—who suffered for the triumph of truth, and who died for our redemption, arose from the dead.

Therefore it was the day of universal joy, the day of forgiveness of injuries, the day that every one becomes kind; for it was the feast of truth and of Christian love—and peace entered into the souls of all.

"Christ is arisen!" cries the priest.

"Truly he is arisen!" reply the faithful. And everybody kisses.

It was in Little Russia. I had been only two months in the country, and consequently knew very little of the customs, or rather of certain peculiarities in the manners of the Little Russians, which distinguished them from the populations of the central provinces. In Little Russia they are more frank in their ways, and much merrier on joyful occasions than we other Russians are. Women have neither the prudery nor affectation of prudery our Moscovite women have. Therefore I felt quite surprised when the daughter of my host the Cossack Levica, came to me with the paschal kiss.

"Christ is arisen!" she said.

"Truly he is arisen!" I responded, returning her kiss.

But as I had purchased a little presente for her Easter gift—a very modest littlt present, nothing more than a little gold ring,—I dipped it upon her finger and put an Easter egg in her hand.

"See! my little hostess," I exclaimed; "here is an Easter egg—a red egg—and here is a ring for a souvenir."

She looked at the ring. She seemed to be surprised, dumb-stricken, and only after a long minute she asked:

"Is it real gold?"

"Pure gold," I replied.

"But then—why dost thou give it to me?"

"So that thou mayst remember me when I am gone away."

"But a real gold ring—"

"I bought it expressly for thee—keep it as a souvenir of my gratitude for the hospitality I have enjoyed at thy house."

"Well, if it is that way, I am very thankful to thee, young gentleman."

And she left me, that she might adore the holy images.

The priest, preceded by the deacon, who carried in his hand a huge taper, decorated with bright-colored ribbons—passed through the aisles. The priest paused before the images to perform the incense ceremony; then, turning to the faithful, who at his approach separated into groups, he swung his censer, and saluted them with:

"Christ is arisen!"

And all the groups, one after the other, responded:

"Truly he is arisen!"

The priest's candle was decked with a great bouquet of flowers. The Easter hymns rolled out in a burst of joy.

"Christ is arisen! Death by His death is vanquished, and to them that were in the tomb hath He given life! Let the heavens praise Him with joyful praises let all the earth be joyful—let all the universe, visible and invisible, celebrate this great day. Christ has arisen from the tomb—O, joy eternal!"

Mass was over, and the bells began to swing. The Easter cakes were blessed.

"Wilt thou come to eat the Easter cakes with us, or wilt thou go to the priest's house?" asked Marianna, as I was leaving the church.

At thy house, my pretty child. Thou knowest I like not to eat with those whom I know little of."

Half an hour later I was seated at the table in the house of my excellent host, the Cossack Levica, and the family repast was merry indeed.

* * * * * * * *

Day began to dawn, and the sky promised us a lovely spring day. Nobody thought of sleep. Mariana proposed to me to go with her to the village, where she wanted to give some of her girl friends an Easter greeting. We thus made at least a dozen visits, in company, and then, instead of returning to the house, we took our way toward a rather remote farm, where her elder sister resided.

The road we took, which followed the banks of the Desna, was marvelously picturesque. It was a little path, which sometimes skirted rich and beautiful fields, and sometimes lost itself in windings through shadowy thickets. The trees were donning their youthful garb of spring. The acacia had as yet only a few leaves, while the chestnut and the sycamore, much more precocious, were already strutting in their opulent green robes, as if proud of the vigor of their sap. The hawthorne, which grows here among other trees, not in hedges, as it is made to do in more civilized countries, was all covered with a snow of flowers that wafted to us long breaths of perfume. All this beautiful savage nature spoke to the soul and seemed to promise unutterable joy.

At last the sun rose. It was magical! It daintily gilded the hawthorne blossoms, the trunks and branches of the trees and flung my light upon their foliage. And the same roseate gleams sparkled in the clear-blue waters of the river, which flowed all calmy at our feet.

A charm that I cannot explain came slowly over me. My sensibilities seemed strangely intensified; I thought that my perceptions had become more delicate, more subtle than they had been before. Perhaps it was the beautiful but sleepless night that had excited my nerves; "I fancied so at the time; but be that as it may, I know that never again during my life did the sight of a fair landscape under the rising sun fill me with such emotion. I felt like one about to weep.

Then I looked at that beautiful young woman, who, during two long months, had ministered to me with such loving care and kindness, lest I should feel lonely at being so far away from my own home. She beamed with roseate health and youth, with goodness and frankness. In her, and in the splendid scenery that seemed to make a background for her picture, there was summed up for me all the greatest and mightiest poetry of nature.

We walked on slowly without speaking to one another. I do not know if the morning air had intoxicated me, but I felt a lassitude that I could scarcely strive against.

"I feel tired, Mariana," I said to her; "let us rest here a moment; thou madest me run about a little too much in the village."

"Then let us sit down, my young gentleman," she answered.

Mariana had one peculiar grace—her sweet speech. She did not, perhaps, express herself with the elegance of the city women; but the admirable tone of her voice—a voice low, deep, melodious and caressing—lent a great charm to all that she said.

We seated ourselves upon the trunk of a tree that had been recently cut down. She was not much inclined to chat that day. In order to make her talk, I asked her all sorts of questions at random. I even asked her about her husband, who had long been absent on military duty, never suspecting in giving this turn to the conversation I was venturing upon dangerous ground.

"When dost thou expect thy husband to return?" I asked.

"I do not know," she answered me, "if he will soon return. He wrote to me that he would not be long away; but it is now six months or more since I got that letter, and I have not heard any further news of him."

"Thou must feel lonely at home. Were you living long together before he went away?"

"Three weeks only."

"And thou must have cried for him a great deal when he went to join the service?"

She smiled.

"How can it concern thee to know?" she replied.

"Was it any harm to ask thee?"

"No," she answered, after a moment's reflection, "It was not any harm. But dost thou wish me to answer thee very frankly—to tell thee the whole truth?"

"Certainly, or else do not answer me at all."

"Well, then, I will say to thee that I did not cry when he went away. I did not love him. I was married to him against my will."

"And now thou dost not love anyone," I asked, with real interest.

"Yes, I do," she returned, with a smile.

"And may I know whom thou lovest?"

"Thou mayst."

"Then who?"

"I love this ring."

And she held up before my eyes the little gold ring I had given her at the morning service.

"But there is no sense in loving a ring—an inanimate object that cannot speak to thee—that cannot tell thee one wish of the heart?"

Mariana blushed, but made no answer. And as she remained silent a long time, I said:

"Why dost thou say nothing? Is it because thou hast suddenly become dumb?"

"No," she answered sweetly, "I have not become dumb, but I think it is better that I should be silent, for I am very much afraid that all this talk would lead us to nothing good."

"Perhaps thou art right," I answered, a little disappointed. Then rising, I said:

"Let us walk on—let us go to thy sister's."

"Very well, let us go, my young gentleman," she responded, with a little sadness in her voice.

* * * * * * * *

We had another verst and a half to walk before reaching the farm. For some moments we proceeded in silence—occupied with our thoughts.

We came to a little grove of birch trees Suddenly Mariana turned toward me, and looking me full in the face, said, with a blush:

"I would like—I would like so much to tell thee, but I could never dare to tell—still, thou must know it. I must tell thee, because if I do not tell thee I think I should die. Let us sit down here," she continued, in a scarcely audible voice.

We sat down. She seemed violently agitated.

"This is how it is, my young gentleman," she said, very gently, and trembling all over as she spoke. "I love thee; it can only cause thee pain and me much torment; but, for sure, and no matter what happens, I will never give up this little ring which thou didst give to me."

I could not find a word in answer; I held my peace, totally vanquished by the innocence of her avowal. We both felt ill at ease for awhile, but soon a gush of tenderness overcame our embarrassment, and a long kiss made our lips dumb.

Then she rose up, all joyous. We arose and followed the road to the farm. She walked close to me, singing her merriest songs, and looking at me from time to time with her beautiful, caressing eyes.

She seemed quite happy at having confided in me, and at knowing that our hearts understood each other.

At the farm-house we passed a delightful day. We took a boat-ride on the Desna. Mariana, sitting by me, bathed me with her warm breath, and I could not inspire enough of it—so sweet it was.

* * * * * * * *

It was almost midnight when we thought of returning home. The sky was pure, the night was lukewarm—one of those splendid April nights that are full of spring perfumes. The full moon flooded us with light.

When we again came to the little wood of birch trees where I had received her first confession, I proposed to halt a little while.

"But why?" she asked, with a serious face; "we are not yet tired; it is not more than a quarter of an hour since we left the farm."

"Come, Mariana, do let us sit down, just for a minute."

"But what for?"

"Just to please me."

"Very well, we shall sit down."

"Who was it that told me this morning, in this very place, that thou didst love me?"

"It was I myself who told thee so."

And suddenly, with unexpected quickness, she rose and retreated from me.

"Why go away from me? What art thou afraid of?"

"Yes, indeed, I am afraid, my young gentleman; see how I tremble!"

"And hast thou such fear of me?"

"I do not know—I swear to thee I do not know; but see, I love thee too much—I want to run away from thee."

"And whither wilt thou run?"

"Anywhere—right before me."

"If thou lovest me, Mariana, confess at least thou hast a strange way of showing it."

"I swear to thee I have my own way of loving!" she cried, in a voice so insinuatingly sweet that one would have given her his very soul.

"Mariana!"

"Torment me not, my little dove; do not make me suffer. Every day the Good God gives me to live I will thank thee and bow myself to the earth before thee."

"Calm thyself, Mariana—never will I torment thee; I promise it. To-morrow I shall go away in order that thou shalt not have to avoid me."

"In very truth?"

"I promise thee."

"Then—take back thy ring!"

She slipped it gently from her finger, placed it on my lips, gave me a long, sweet kiss, and ran away, crying, through the woods.

I kept my promise—I departed next day.—*Translated from the French by the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Popular Science.

The simplest way in which to measure the rate of plant growth is to mark lines with jet black India ink on roots growing on wet filter paper. There will be found to be marked variations of growth, even when all necessary conditions are seemingly the same. Perhaps these depend on inheritance.

Mahogany and other rare and valuable woods are dug up from muck beds on the estate of Captain J. C. Patterson, at Pensacola, Fla. Prof. Von Filkenhaser, of Norway, who has examined this wood mine, states that the woods referred to are suitable for furniture, and the specimens that have been examined are fully 5,000 years old.

The ornamental Pisonia grandis of Australia has seeds like an elongated barley corn, which are covered with a very sticky gum. This adheres to the legs and feathers of winged creatures that come in contact with it, and makes the plant a natural bird-catcher, no less than a hundred birds having been known to be captured by one tree alone in Victoria.

The quantity of poison conveyed in the fangs of venomous snakes appears to be very small, but of very powerful quality. Dr. Vincent Richards, of Bengal, mentions a krait which quickly killed three men and seriously poisoned a fourth by bites given in rapid succession. He estimated that the reptile carried eight grains of liquid venom in its poison glands, which are smaller than those of the cobra.

Every living, active part of a plant contains a certain amount of water. From many juicy parts ninety per cent. of water can be expelled by drying; many green leaves hold from seventy-five to eighty, while from seeds which we call "dry," it is sometimes passible to drive off about ten per cent. Part of this water is so intimately combined with the plant structure, that, if it is once expelled, it cannot be again taken up so as to restore the plant to its former condition.

A most remarkable instance of the extension of the geographical distribution of a species is found by Mr. J. J. Walker, of the British navy, in a certain beautiful butterfly. Starting from its original home on the American continent, where it is common from the Hudson Bay territory to the estuary of the Rio de la Platta, this butterfly has been spreading, under our observation, into very remote regions. Crossing 3,250 miles of ocean to the Sandwich Islands, it rapidly and steadily continued its course over the whole breadth of the Pacific and far into the Malay archipelago. To the south and west it has appeared in New Zealand Australia. Eastward it has reached the West Indies, the Azores, and within the last ten years has even made its advent in the British Isles.

Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, Mr. G. E. Reardon, Baltimore, Md., writes that he suffered for a long time with rheumatism which yielded to no treatment until he applied St. Jacobs Oil.

No foundation is so small but that heaven may be imagined in its bosom.

Senators' Peculiarities.

Many of these Senators have peculiar habits of amusing themselves while they sit in the chamber. Senator Hoar is always swinging a bunch of keys, and he seems to be uneasy when he does not have them in his hands. Ingalls has two pairs of glasses for his eyes. One is a pair of spectacles which I judge are for nearsightedness, and the other is a pair of gold eyeglasses which he uses to read by. Ingalls is very fond of playing with these eyeglasses. He holds them up by the black string with which they are fastened, and twirls them around between his thumb and finger holding his elbow on the arm of the chair while he looks about the Senate. Senator Mitchell is a great letter-writer, and his desk is always covered with papers. He scribbles away all day, and he seems never to have an idle moment. He never sits still, and bobs from one seat to another, carrying laughter with him, and bringing a broad grin across the jaws of every Senator he meets by his good stories. Mahone is another man who moves about the Senate a good deal. His walk is a sort of strut, and the atmosphere about him seems permeated with the word "game" He has a way of throwing back his head and waving his long beard with a defiant air. He often pulls his beard, grasping a whole handful at the chin, and twisting the hair slowly as he goes downward the full foot of its length. He affects some eccentricities of dress. He is noted for dress. He is noted for wearing clothes of the finest quality, and he occasionally has ruffles on his fine linen shirts. He wears his vest unbuttoned very often, and his coat is cut in the shape of a bell with skirts full enough for hips twice his size.

As I sit here now it is curious to watch the actions of some of these Senators. Cullum, of Illinois, is playing with a string, and Dolph, of Oregon, is tapping his knees with his spectacles. Eli Saulsbury, as tall as Jack's bean-stalk, is walking about the chamber with his hands in his pockets, and Senator George of Mississippi, has one of the ends of his gold spectacles frame in his right ear, and he is using this as an ear-pick. Henry B. Payne is picking his teeth with his knife, and as I look in I note that another Senator, who has been performing the same operation upon his molars, has taken the blade out of his teeth and is cleaning his teeth and is cleaning his finger nails with it. The knife is often used as a toothpick by Senators, and a half hour rarely passes when one or more may not be seen touching their teeth with the cold steel of the penknife.

Evarts, when he laughs, looks very much like the American eagle on a broad grin. I have noted that Senator Hoar reads a great deal in the Senate Chamber and that the books often cover several different languages.—*Carp in the Cleveland Leader.*

A Bit of History.

It was to certain survivors of the ill-fated expedition of Narvaz to Florida that the world was indebted for its first information as to New Mexico. Narvaz, with a few hundred Spanish followers, landed at Tampa Bay, Florida, in 1528. His experience with the country and the natives did not encourage him to make a protracted stay in that region; indeed, it became a question with him soon how to escape from it as best he might with those of his followers who had survived fighting, hunger and disease. With infinite difficulty the Spaniards constructed rude boats and attempted to coast along the Gulf until they should reach the Spanish settlements of Mexico. One of these boats was commanded by a spanish cavalier of renown, Alvar Nunez Cabesa de Vaca, who became the first explorer of New Mexico. His boat was cast ashore with one other on a low island off the coast of Louisiana. Of the Spaniards thus shipwrecked a few only survived the exposure and hunger which ensued, among them, Vaca, who, with three or four others, gained the mainland, and, after varied experiences with the Indian tribes, wandered into New Mexico, became acquainted with the natives of this Territory (who seem to have been of a much superior order to those of the Gulf and Texan region) and finally emerged into Mexico and reached the town of Culican in 1587, about eighty years after his shipwreck. Vaca lived familiarly with more than one of the native tribes of New Mexico, and his account of them and the climate and productions of the country leaves no doubt as to his having been within the present boundaries of the Territory for several years, and there are those in the Territory now who bear his name and claim to be his descendants.—*From the Las Vegas Great Southwest.*

How Postage Stamps are Made.

The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and, in the printing, plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks and passing them to a man and girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing 200 printed stamps have dried enough, they are sent into another room, and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard, and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. Not less than 500,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps to prevent pilfering by the employees; and it is said that, during the past twenty years, not a single stamp has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

No More Lies.

"No, I didn't lose that leg in the war," replied a stranger yesterday, as he leaned up against the cold wall of the post-office. "I used to claim that my leg was shot off at the battle of Antietam, but one day something happened to cure me of lying. I was stumping along the highway in Ohio, and stopped at a farm house to beg for dinner.

"'Where did you lose that leg?' asked the woman.

"'At Gettysburg.'

"'Sit down till I call my husband.'

"He came in from the barn, and I was asked where my regiment was stationed in the battle.

"'In the cemetery,' I replied

"'Oh! Well, my son Bill was in the cemetery, too, I'll call him in.'

"Bill soon came in, and he wanted to know what particular grave stone I took shelter behind. I said it was a Scotch granite monument.

"'Oh,' grunted Bill 'My brother was behind just such a stone, and I'll call him in.'

"Bob came in, and he swore a mighty oath that he was there alone. He sort o' preempted that monument and remembered the inscription to a word. However, to give me the benefit of the doubt, I was asked to name my company and regiment.

"'Company B, Fifth Ohio,' I promptly answered.

"'Oh! Brother Jim was in that company; I'll call him in.'

"Jim came in, took a square look at me and remarked:

"'Stranger, our regiment wasn't within 200 miles of Gettysburg during the war!'

"'I said the twenty-fifth Of course the Fifth wasn't there.'

"'Oh! I'll call in my brother Aaron; he was in the Twenty-fifth."

"Aaron came in, called me a wooden-legged liar, and I was pitched over the fence into the road. They've got this war business down so fine that you can't go around playing roots on the country any more, and the best way is to own right up that you got drunk and got in the way of a locomotive."

One Puritan Brute.

In a Massachusetts town, less than sixty years ago, in a public school the punishment sometimes surpassed in severity any illustrations yet given in Notes and Queries, with one or two exceptions. We state as facts only what we saw with our own eyes. As in the Mayhew School, boys were sometimes required to toe a crack, bend over and place the forefinger upon another crack, and then, with the body tense in every nerve, the master would come slowly along, give a tremendous blow with his cowhide, and with the short jackets worn then, it hurt! He broke a ruler across the back of a boy's hand. More than once he drew back his clenched fist and, striking from his shoulder, knocked boys nearly as large as himself flat to the floor; and one of these boys, now an old man, is still living. He took one boy by the heels, and slinging him round in a circle, brought his head (this was by accident) against a box stove in the middle of the floor, and for a time the boy was deprived of all sense or motion, until a physician came and relieved him. With what was called a crow or crowstick of wood, he went at some boy who had misread some word in the New Testament. The boy darted down under one of the desks and crawled from one to another, now and then catching a blow, until he got near the door, when the master caught him by the collar and threw him out into the street, and forbid any boy to give the sufferer his overcoat or cap, though it was a cold winter's day. On one occasion he whipped a boy with a cowhide, at intervals through most of a forenoon, in order to make him hold out at arm's length a heavy book. The girls in the school, many of them women grown, used to weep and shriek, and cover their heads with their aprons to shut out the horrid sights. This day, the boy's sister, early in the whipping, stood and cried out, "Hold it out, John; hold it out!" but later exclaimed, with her strong English accent, "Don't you hold it out, John, if he kills you!"

The master's desk was a high one, and stood on a platform. One day he called out a boy, made him take off his jacket, fastened his arms round the legs of the desk, and stood and whipped him until the blood ran down and one could place one's fingers in the places in the fleshy part of the arm made by the instrument of torture. We saw the punishment, the blood, the shirt cut in ribbons and the gashes. These facts—and we might add to them—were not a part of the history of slavery nor are they extracted from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but they occurred in Massachusetts free schools, and were substantially without rebuke. The master was sometimes prosecuted at the law. The father of the writer, a leading lawyer at the bar, defended him, and he was always acquitted. He paid the doctor's bills in the last case, and gave the boy's mother a load of wood, for he was her only son and she was a poor widow. He was in many respects an excellent teacher; he kept the school for many years, and gave it up at the last from ill health, much to the regret of the community. He was a Christian by profession, kept up family prayers, but there were some who thought—chiefly the boys—that he was at times unduly severe in the infliction of punishment.—*Boston Transcript.*

French Fun.

In time of need:

"Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?"

"Count on me. I never desert a friend in misfortune."

They were speaking of Central Africa:

"Do those cannibals ever come to Paris?" inquired Mr. Prudehomme of the explorer.

"Sometimes."

"But what do they live on while they are here?"

"Oh, they bring some canned meat with them, I suppose."

Ex-Congressman Weaver, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., considers Red Star Cough Cure a remarkable remedial agent. It contains no dangerous narcotics and costs but twenty-five cents.

Scorn not thy fellow creatures; there is some spark of good yet left in every man, even though he is lying in the veriest mire.

A Queer Adventure.

As I ran, I kept my eyes fixed on Brown, who was acting in a singular manner. After every few seconds his head would disappear beneath the water in which he stood, then it would appear again. He seemed to be struggling violently. As I approached him he threw up his hands and cried out, in accents that haunt me still: "For heaven's sake, Lieutenant, quick, and help me!" I dashed out to him through water up to my waist.

"What is it? What has hold of you?" I exclaimed.

"It's a big oyster, or a big clam," he groaned. "I was wading here, and stepped into it, I expect. Its shell closed—gripped my ankle—and to save my life I can't get away—and the tide will soon be over our heads here!" he added with something almost like a sob. He had been struggling here for fifteen or twenty minutes.

I had heard of the *tridacnus gigas*, or monster clam, of this coast and instantly realized the danger of his situation.

"Courage, old fellow!" I said. "I'll stick by you. Here, hold this paddle and the hatchet."

I then ducked down under the water, and with my hands felt about his foot. The huge mollusk had what might be well termed a death-grip on him. The creature's shell was several feet long, and of proportionate breadth, and the weight of the shell fish must have been at least 300 pounds. The creature was attached to the coral rock by a grisly byssus as thick as my arm. Raising myself, I got breath, then seizing the paddle, thrust the shaft of it between the converging edges of the two valves of the shell, and using it as a lever, attempted to pry the shell apart. But I could not open it. Brown, too, ducking down, seized hold with his hands and pulled with all his strength, but exerting all our power, we could not release the monster's hold. Again and again I threw my whole weight on the shaft of the paddle and at length broke it. By this time the water was up to my shoulders when I stood up. Fully realizing that whatever I did must be done in a few minutes more, else the poor fellow would drown, I snatched the hatchet from Brown's hand, and diving, tried to cut under the shell, to break the creature's anchorage on the rock. With might and main I cut and hacked—then rose an instant for breath—then down