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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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LONG SUFFERING
From Stone in the Kidney.

It is by no means strange that Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., should have received the following letter. By reading it you will see in one minute why James Andrews was thankful:

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
DEAR SIR: Until within a recent date, I had for several years suffered greatly from gravel, called by the doctors Brick-dust Sediment. For about a year past this sediment has not passed off in the usual quantity, but has accumulated, causing me untold pain. Having heard of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, I tried it, and after using about one and one-half bottles, I yielded a stone from the bladder, of an oval shape 7-16 of an inch long, and rough on its surface. I send you the largest piece, that you may see of what it is composed. Since then I have felt no pain. I now consider myself cured, and I cannot express my thankfulness and gratitude for so signal a deliverance from a terrible disease. You have my consent to use this letter, should you wish to do so, for the benefit of other sufferers.
Yours truly, JAMES ANDREWS,
No. 10 Marshal St., Tita'Hill, Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex, "Favorite Remedy" is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing.

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JULY BARGAINS!

We want to reduce stock in all Departments during the month of July, and have made great reductions throughout our stores. Readers of this paper, no matter where they live, will find it greatly to their advantage to send for samples forthwith.

We keep Black Silks, Colored Silks, and Velvets; Wool Dress Goods, Summer weights; Cotton Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Underware Gloves, Embroideries, Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Thin White Goods, Linens, Lace Curtains, Millinery, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ladies' and Childrens' Suits and Wraps, and Mens and Boys' Furnishing Goods.

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Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.
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AN OPEN LETTER.

LEWISBURG, PA., MAY 24, 1886.

MR. C. N. BOYD, SOMERSET, PA.
Dear Sir:—In testifying to the merits of your Mandrake Liver Pills, words fail me in expressing my just appreciation of their good and curative properties, as well as the unspeakable benefits I have received from their use. For a speedy and effective cure for liver disease, they are unrivaled. As a blood purifier they surpass all known remedies. It may truthfully be said that their action upon the liver is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their salutary influence. I heartily recommend your Mandrake Liver Pills to any one suffering from liver complaint.
Yours, C. L. DELAUTER.

The above testimonial came unsolicited and is all the more appreciated. These pills are among the best made. They are not a patent remedy, as the formula is on every bottle. Try them. You will find just what you want. Call at my store, where you will see the finest stock of Drugs in the county. Goods the best and prices lowest.

Respectfully, C. N. BOYD.
Mammoth Block. SOMERSET, PA.

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jn14-3 THEO. B. NOSS, Ph. D.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Kauffman, deceased, late of Conemaugh Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration of 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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, August 2, 1886, at the late residence of the deceased.

ISAAC L. YODER,
June 2. Administrator.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Beffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

YESTERDAY.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
The heavens were bright, and the earth was fair;
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way—
Love's dreamy music filled the scented air;
A thousand wild flowers trembled round our feet
We saw the lilac boughs above us sway;
And heard the woodlark singing high and sweet,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
With lips apart and hair of russet brown,
You came, dear heart, across the flower-decked way,
Sweeping the grasses with your trailing gown;
Upon your cheek there was a wild-rose glow,
And in your eyes there was a sunset ray;
You came with arms outstretched—you loved me so,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
A soft breeze stealing from the sunny south
Blew from your brow the tangled fringe away,
And wooed the kisses from your crimson mouth;
The bough caressed you as you came along,
The red sun kissed you with its parting ray,
The wood-lark praised you in his happy song,
Yesterday, darling—but yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday;
Ah, me! ah, me! but yesterday is—dead;
The flower still shines across the flower-decked way,
And still the wood-lark warbles overhead;
But in the shadows of a great despair,
I weep, dear heart, upon the weary way,
For love's bright dream, that made the earth so fair
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

MY YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

"I never will call her 'mother!' I never will love her! And there's no use in arguing the matter with me, for I tell you that my mind is made up!"

I stamped my foot passionately on the floor as I spoke, and I could feel the hot scarlet flush suffusing all my face.

My father looked vexed and disconfitted, but he laid his hand very kindly on mine.

"Isabel," he said, caressingly, "for my sake I think you will try and overcome this unfounded prejudice against one who is as good and gentle as she is beautiful."

I turned suddenly away without a syllable of reply, and buried myself and my tribulations in the shadiest and most retired walk of the garden. But even as I leaned over the hand-rail, mechanically fixing my eyes on the whirl of the musical waters below, a light hand touched my shoulder, and I started to find myself looking directly into the face of my beautiful young step-mother.

"Isabel!" she said, softly.

"I did not expect to see you here, Mrs. Farnham!" I said, coldly. "I had supposed that at least in one part of my father's grounds I should be free from unwelcome companionship."

"Will you not believe that I love you, Isabel?" she replied, while her wistful, violet eyes and trembling lip would have melted any heart less marble-cold than mine.

"These private theatricals are quite unnecessary, madam," I answered, frigidly. "I can hardly be expected to yield a child's reverence to a mother scarcely older than myself."

"I do not ask for any such feeling on your part, Isabel—but I would plead for a little love."

"It is quite useless. The memory of my own mother—" and here I stopped short, with a choking sensation in my throat.

My step-mother returned to steal her arm, so fair, plump and round in its translucent muslin sleeve, around my waist.

"Dear Isabel," she whispered, "your father treasures the recollection of his first wife none the less tenderly because he has taken pity upon my desolation and friendliness. And—"

But I stopped to hear nothing further. I was determined not to love her, and it gave me a sort of unquiet, guilty exultation to see that my perverse conduct had power seriously to embitter the happiness of both herself and my father.

Before I never had given thought or care to my personal appearance; now I studied the trivial details of dress, with a special regard to outshining my step-mother.

"At all events," "I thought to myself, "I am more beautiful than she is."

I read, studied, and cultivated my mind with renewed energy; people should not say that Mrs. Farnham was more intellectual than her step-daughter. I strove to render my manners as gentle and fascinating as possible.

"Isabel," he said, "you are improving very much of late, and remind me more than ever of your dear mother. If only you could try and grow a little more fond of Estelle—"

I turned haughtily away, with some careless remark about the matter.

So that weeks and months passed away and we, the inmates of the household, dwelling beneath one roof, were yet as far apart in heart and nature as if continents divided us, or seas rolled between.

* * * * * * *

"Not small-pox, surely!"

My step-mother's voice reached me as if through the medium of distance, faint and soft, although she was sitting at my side. I tried to speak, but I could not. I strove to raise my hand and beckon, but I was powerless as a baby of a day old!

"I fear it is," Dr. Dayton's voice answered, "and I can give you but little hopes of your husband, although Bell's vigor of constitution and youth may enable her to weather the storm!"

Was my father, then, sick? And what blighting influence had cast its spell over me? I tried to remember, but my memory was a blank. And with the instinctive effort to repel my step-mother's hand, as she laid a bandage, dipped in some cooling lotion, on my brow, I seemed to drift away upon the tideless sea of dreams.

When I recovered my senses—months afterward, it seemed to me, although it could have been but a few days—Dr. Dayton was still standing by my bed-side, and close by the window sat a single figure in black—its face turned away.

"Who is that?" I asked, huskily, pointing toward it.

"Mrs. Farnham," he answered.

"Why does she wear that black dress?" I ventured, after a few moments of silence.

"My poor child," he gently responded, "Your own mother is no longer alone in Heaven! He left you his blessing—and one day you will assuredly meet him again."

"Was—was it small-pox?"

"Yes," was the reluctant reply.

"And I have been ill, too?"

"Very ill, my poor girl—so near the valley of death that its shadows all but encompassed your life."

"Bring me a looking-glass."

I stared breathlessly into its crystal depths. Thank heaven—I was pale, worn, haggard, but not scarred with the hideous prints of the disease I had been battling with.

"How does it happen that I am not marked?" I asked, with a deep respiration of thankfulness.

"Through your step-mother's unremitting care, day and night! Isabel, you ought to love her very, very much, for if ever guardian angel dwelt in human form, she has been one to you!"

Was my heart molded out of adamant, instead of mortal flesh and blood? For I hated my step-mother still. I thanked her, it is true, but her gentle sigh told me that she was not deceived by the empty form of words.

I was just convalescing sufficiently to sit up, when Colonel Tresselyn came to our house. He had been an old school friend of Estelle Raymond's, before she married my father, but it so chanced that I had never seen him.

He was tall and handsome, with large, dark eyes, a rich brown skin, and a face and figure like the sculptured representations of Apollo! And the soft, Southern grace of his manner was as fine as it was attractive to me.

The first day that I knew I had fallen in love with him, was the day I first fancied his manner had a deeper shade of tenderness than its wont toward my step-mother.

The light flashed blindingly, bewilderingly in upon my soul. My beautiful, hated step-mother—she was not then content with stealing from the motherless girl a father's treasured love, but she must fain take also away the dearest jewel of a woman's life, the heart of a man she loved most dearly.

I had recourse to my usual panacea for a sore heart—solitude! I sought the lonely depths of the autumn-tinted woods, to think and dream, and burn in upon my heart the passionate consciousness of my own grief and isolation. And I could not have told whether I had been there hours or only minutes, when voices in the leaf-shaded aisles beyond, were floated gently to my ears—my step-mother's tone, mingled with the sweet, deep accents of Colonel Tresclyn. They did not know I was there, but I had neither the spirit nor the pride to reveal my presence.

"It is useless, Ralph," Estelle's sweet voice spoke. "I know that I am still young in years, but such things as love and marriage are over for me!"

"And you will not be my wife?"

"No, Ralph—but it is not that I do not esteem and respect you!"

"You send me away from you!" he said, in a somewhat piqued tone.

"There you are wrong again, Ralph. I would fain keep you by my side, as a dear and valued friend. Ask Isabel to be your wife—she is young and beautiful, with rare richness of nature, and a heart which will appreciate you as you deserve. As Isabel's husband you can scarcely fail to be happy, or—"

And here the growing distance between us, and the rustle of the leaves drowned their receding voices, and I sat there with exultant throbs in my heart! Ought I to have been indignant? Should I have spurned the adulation which had been laid first at another's shrine? I can only answer that I—I loved the Colonel!

In that hour my manner as well as my heart altered toward my step-mother and on the evening when Ralph Tresclyn asked me to be his wife, I went to her and told her of it, with my arm upon her shoulder and my heart pressed close against her's!

"I am so glad, Isabel!" she whispered. "And not alone that you and Ralph are to be happy, but because I think you have finally learned to love me."

"I do love you, mother!" I whispered, softly.

"Mamma!" I said, carressingly, one day, when we had just returned from our wedding tour, "I wonder that you did not like him?"

"Did I ever tell you, Bell, that I did not love him?"

"Are you in earnest?"

"Just thus far," she answered, "That I might have learned to love him as a wife, had I allowed myself to do so. But, Bell, there were two obstacles in the way—your dear father's memory, and your happiness. I read your heart, dearest, and I knew that Ralph needed only to do so, too, to love you as you deserved!"

"And you have sacrificed yourself for me!" I exclaimed, almost reverentially, as if there was something saint-like in her gentle beauty.

"It was no sacrifice, Isabel. Any fleeting fancy I may have felt has vanished long ago, and I am happy in your happiness!"

And so the unselfish, steadfast love of my stepmother conquered my willful nature at last!

The White House.

Most people believe that the $50,000 a year which the President gets as his salary is the sum total. This is a mistake. The estimate of the amount which congress is to appropriate this year lies before us, open at the page relating to the President. We see that $36,084 is asked for him, in addition to his salary of $50,000, to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks. His private secretary is paid $3,250 his assistant private secretary is $3,250, his stenographer $1,800, five messengers each $1,000, a steward, $1,200, two door-keepers, who each get $1,200, four other clerks at good salaries, one telegraph operator, two ushers getting $1,200 and $1,400, a night usher getting $1,200, a watchman who gets $900, and a man to take care of the fires who receives $804 a year. In addition to this there is set down $8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets and the care of the President's stable. And further on, under another heading, there is a demand for nearly $40,000 more. Of this $12,500 is for repairs and furnishing the White House, $2,500 for fuel, $3,000 is for the green house, and $15,000 is for gas, matches and the stables. The White House, all told, costs the country, in connection with the President, considerably over $125,000 a year—*San Francisco World.*

A trying position—That of Judge.

The Plains of Colorado Drying Up.

A Denver (Col.) special in the New York *World* of July 17 says: The great plains are hot and parched, and daily they are becoming more like the veritable desert of the pioneer days. Not for many years has there been such a scarcity of water in Colorado, and especially in the region of the Platte. Vegetation is becoming brown and crisp. The grass is withered, wells are drying up, irrigation ditches are dry, crops are burned up by the intense heat, cattle are dying, and at some points on the plains the people are almost perishing for water.

Pitiful are the tales told by the ranchmen of crops destroyed, cattle perishing and their families in great danger of suffering. Reports from the eastern parts of Arapahoe and Weed counties, near the Colorado and Kansas line, represent a terrible state of affairs. This section seems fated to disaster and misfortune. Last winter it is estimated that 100 people lost their lives near the State line in the snow blockades and terrible storms that prevailed. Now they are scourged with an intense heat that is bringing ruin and disaster. No immigrants for many years have suffered such extremes of heat and cold as they. Induced by the favorable reports of the rainfall of the two previous years, and influenced by the commonly accepted theory that the rainfall is each year increasing and the rain centre moving westward, hundreds of new settlers have attempted raising crops without irrigation, but the present season has been a very unfortunate one, not only are their crops totally destroyed and their stock dying, but the unfortunate ranchmen and their families are in some places suffering for water to drink. Nothing but misery is ahead of them, and unless relief of some kind is soon obtained it is said that they will be obliged to move away or perish. Cattle are choking with thirst, and often the poor brutes are seen standing at the dried-up watering places with tongues lolling out of their mouths.

In some places the wild animals are becoming tame, even the antelope, the fleetest and the most active animal on the plains, in some instances have been so exhausted from thirst that they have easily been captured by boys from the ranches. The reports from all the ranchmen confirm the statement that unless water is procured the suffering among cattle will result most fatally, and that the loss to ranchmen will be immense, as those little bunches are in many cases all the ranchmen possess; to lose them would be most disastrous. In fact, as one ranchman expressed it, it is a matter of life and death to them. The great stock ranges, which it had been hoped would escape, are now becoming brown, and the leading stockmen are beginning to feel apprehensive. The cattle have suffered more in the southern sections, and many have perished.

About 100,000 head have been rushed through the State from the dry regions to the ranges of the Northwest. The Rio Grand River has a good volume, but the Arkansas and Platte Rivers are low, and in some places the Platte is now but ankle deep, below the great irrigation ditches, and many troublesome questions have arisen over the irrigation problem. In many places along the Platte the ranchmen are armed, and will fight unless they obtain their rights. The big ditch companies are monopolizing what little water there is, and the feeling is very bitter. There have already been several encounters, but no loss of life has yet resulted. Representative ranchmen from the plains have just held a convention in Denver, and say if they cannot have water by peaceful means they will take it by force. "Water, water! give us water," is the cry that comes from the plains.

Governor Eaton has just given an audience to a committee of ranchmen, and is devising means for a fair distribution of the water, and it is hoped that he will succeed. Unless something is done there is danger of bloodshed. The great ditch monopolies are guarding their ditches with armed men, and the ranchmen, hundreds of whom are now secretly organized and armed, say that unless relief is soon given they will cut the canals.

Denver is feeling the result of the drouth. The city's water supply comes from the Platte, and the Water Works Company has issued a request to all citizens to be as economical as possible in the use of water, and especially for lawn purposes. Some of the small towns to the east of Denver are supplied with water from this city, and were it not for the water shipped to them on the railroads the inhabitants would soon perish of thirst.

Story of Macaulay.

A singular reminiscence of Macaulay, the English historian, appears in the New York *Critic*. The writer was sitting in an old, low-ceiled tavern in London, the floor of which was sanded and two feet below the level of the sidewalk. A large man with a round, pale and heavy face, but bright eyes, entered and sat down at the next table. Directly a waiter placed a big plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale before him. These he consumed, and then sat upright, resting his hands on a heavy cane, and evidently engaged in deep thinking. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, "tipped" the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar, and passed out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. "Oh, no, sir," said he. "That's nothing unusual with 'im, sir. Why he's broke maybe a 'undred glasses since he's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as he got mad at something 'e was thinkin' about." "Who is he?" "Lord Macaulay, sir."

We have just found why the performers in "The Mikado" walk and dance so stiffly. It is because they have Japa-knees, and can't bend them well.—*Evansville Tribune News.*

In Jamestown, N. Y., they call out the fire company and turn the hose on a man when he whips his wife. This, no doubt, makes him feel very much "put out."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Most women are clothes observers.

Too Busy For Business.

A traveler landed at a wayside tavern early one morning, and after sitting around without discovering any signs of breakfast until an appetite like a mustard plaster began gnawing, he walked up to the landlord, who was behind the counter bent nearly double over a newspaper, in which he was tracing the lines of a thrilling romance with his forefinger, as he puffed away at an old cob pipe.

"When do you have breakfast?" he said.

The landlord groaned, but did not look up. The traveler raised his voice a notch or two, and repeated:

"When do you have breakfast?"

The man behind the bar never moved. The traveler thumped on the counter with his knuckles to attract attention, and again said, much louder than before:

"When do you have breakfast?"

"Heh!" said the landlord, with his face still buried in the newspaper.

"When do you have breakfast?"

"Most every day."

"Is this one of your lucky days?"

"Heh?"

"Are you going to have breakfast today?"

"I reckon more'n like we will."

"Do you suppose it will be ready soon?"

"I don't s'pose nothin' about it."

"What's the reason you don't?"

"Coz I don't know."

"When do you generally have it?

"When the coffee biles."

"Has the fire been started yet?"

"I don't know nothin' about it."

"What's the reason you don't?"

"Cos I don't care a cuss."

"See here, old man, ain't you the landlord?"

"I reckon mebbe I am."

"Well, then, I'd like to have you tell me who's running this tavern?"

The old man raised his head, gave the stranger a look that made his flesh creep and said:

"Well, sometimes the niggers run it; sometimes the old woman gives it a whirl; sometimes the cussed thing sorter wobbles along for itself, and then again sometimes I give it a hist myself, and every once in a while some lantern-jawed, knock-kneed son of a tiger like you comes along, and wants to try his hand at makin' it spin; but about the time he gits to shootin' his mouth too free he takes a notion to go out to the horse trough and soak his head, and after that he's allus meek enough to mind his own business for a spell. What is the name of Tom Scott do you want, anyhow? Can't you keep your coat on till I strike the end of this yere piece? I want to find out what the blazes they're goin' to do with that old pirate I've been worryin' about for the past two months, now that they've ketched him at last. You're not ridin' on the keers now, so what' the use o' being in a sweat?"

Just then a darkey stepped into the backyard and began pounding a joint of stovepipe with a broken broom handle.

"Does that mean breakfast?" inquired the stranger in a humble voice.

"I shouldn't wonder a durn bit," returned the landlord, as he plunged into his paper.

What Made Him Feel So Bad.

"John do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of key holes out of the window, so that you might find one large and steady enough to get your latch key in?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes dear."

"And still another night when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes dear."

"John do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the past week?"

"Have I, dear?

"That's all; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. The idea of a man of your age—but, John, why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be too severe. After all, you did come home sober two nights."

"Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad."

And then the meeting adjourned.

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their Eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina is fatigued; but that is not often the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eye-ball, and the muscles of accommodation which surround the lens of the aye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the eyelids, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Rest is not the only remedy for a fatigued eye, but also the use of glasses of sufficient power to render unnecessary so much effort to accommodate the eye to vision.

Gobelin Tapestys.

In the famous manufactory of Gobelin tapestry, which belongs to the French Government, are produced large and beautiful by woven pictures, and the great merit of the work is that it is done entirely by hand, no machinery being used. The operation is very slow, each workman putting one thread at a time in its place, and faithfully copying a painting in oil or water colors, which stands near him as a model. If, in a day, he covers a space as large as his hand, he considers that he has done a very good day's work.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Sagacious Mare.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity of a mare has come to our notice. John Fletcher owns a mare, which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had retired, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time he got up and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed, but she immediately returned, and, if possible, increased her demonstrations. He again went out, and the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy, then ran on a few yards before him, continuing neighing; then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off; struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten her off. As soon, however, as he turned toward the house she returned and tried in every way to prevent him from doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact he hadn't noticed before, as it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on, keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field, where she stopped at an old "prospect" hole. On coming up with her she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it, and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neighbors, and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out, the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy. And afterward, when the men had got out of the hole, she came up to Mr. Fletcher and, placing her nose upon his shoulder, gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason?—*Virginia City Mountain.*

A Stray Craft.

A baby cart, which was occupied by a child about two years old, broke loose from its moorings in front of a dry goods store on Monroe avenue yesterday, and went sailing along for about forty feet and brought up against a dry goods box. Some boys came along, observed the situation of the cart, and stopped to size up the occupant.

"Pull his hair and see if he has got any grit," suggested one.

His hair was pulled. Tears came to his eyes, but he did not holler.

"Let him bite your finger," suggested another. "I'll dare any boy in the crowd to put his finger in the little feller's mouth."

The defy was accepted. A dirty finger was inserted, and the baby sucked at it in a melancholy way, and seemed to be thinking of the long ago.

"Give him a marble and see if he'll swaller it," piped a little kid.

A great big dirty marble was fished out of a boy's pocket, and put in the baby's mouth. He bit at it and rolled it around and finally spat it out.

"Try him with terbacker and see if he knows how to chaw," advised a freckled faced boy.

The only one in the crowd who had arrived at the dignity of "chawing" bit off a piece of pig and was about to offer it, when the mother came running down the street and broke into the crowd and bestowed a kick or cuff upon each one before they could get away.

"You young villain!" she shouted, as they halted in the middle of the street.

"Who's a villyun!" demanded the biggest boy.

"You are!"

"Humph! Do you think we never saw a kid before? He never cost more'n three cents at the outside, and you are doin' ten dollars' worth of hollerin'! Let's stand around, boys, and gin him the whoopin' coff."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Long Ride on Steerback.

Oxen can be readily trained to be governed by a bridle and to carry a rider. When a boy we had an ox broken thus as well as a horse. This was of course done for the novelty of it, as there were plenty of saddle horses on the farm. The Fort Worth (Tex.) *Gazette* gives the following: "An old gentleman named Jones rode from Oak Grove, fifteen miles from here, to a neighborhood forty-five miles south of here, on Wednesday to notify his daughter that her mother was dangerously ill. He did not ride a wild and untamed horse of the pampas, nor ride in a chariot, but mounting the hurricane deck of a two-year old steer made the trip of sixty miles in sixteen hours. He started on his return this morning before the sun was up, his daughter accompanying him, riding a pony, while the old gentleman contented himself with his faithful bovine. The party arrived at Fort Worth at 7 o'clock last night, and after some simple refreshments and a little rest proceeded on their way, intending to make the remained of the journey by midnight, thus accomplishing 120 miles in forty-eight hours on steerback, a feat never before performed."—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Phenomenal Boy.

A Georgia paper says there is a boy in Putnam county, a son of Jefferson Lee, ten years of age, who, owing to the peculiar nature of his skin, has never been known to sweat a drop of perspiration in his life. Another phenomenal feature connected with the boy is that he has only four teeth, and he had these when born, having neither cut nor shed any since his birth. He is very much affected by the seasons. In the summer he gets exceedingly warm, and is compelled, in order to live at all, to keep his head and body wet with cold water, and falls off to almost a skeleton, but when winter comes and cold weather sets in he is enabled to dispense with his bath and grows fat. He is said to be a sprightly boy, with plenty of sense.

Nobody believes in the lockout system if he has forgotten his night key.

The Derivation of Words.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: Some words of our language in common use puzzle us when we seek their derivation, and the pages of neither Webster nor Worcester, so far as I can discover, afford us any help.

The derivation is curious of the common word blanket. When Edward III. ascended the throne of England he almost immediately declared war against France, and shortly after prepared to invade her territory. But the sinews of war were wanting, and so the monarch appealed to his loving subjects. English money bags, however, were not then so plethoric as they have become since, and little coin, comparatively, was in circulation. The people loved their young and valiant King, and the war was a popular one. The English raised large quantities of wool, which they sent to Flanders for manufacture. It was determined to devote the wool crop of that year toward defraying the expenses of the expedition. After the more valuable portion had been used there was a quantity quite unfit for the Flemish looms. This was bought up by one Sir Thomas Blanquette, who had it woven into a coarse but warm material, and patriotically presented it to the King as a contribution to the comfort of the soldiers and as a covering for the horses of the nobles and knights. This material was named Blanquette, or Blanquet, from the name of the donor, and we now spell it blanket.

Caterpillar.—Many New Yorkers are perhaps ignorant whence the pest which was combatted by that other pest, the English sparrow, derived its name. About the time of the *sol disant* Virgin Queen a kind of cake composed of fine flour, honey and spice, was in high favor; they were called "cates." In "The Taming of the Shrew" *Petruchio* puns upon the name of his prospective bride:

* * * My super-dainty Kate,
For dainties all are Kates &c.

The purveyor of this dainty was called, from the name of the confection, a 'cater,' or, more recently in a wider signification, "caterer." The insect in question was a destructive raider on the wheat which furnished the flour to the cater, and hence it was called "a cater-pillager." It does not require much ingenuity to see how "cater-pillager" became "caterpillar."

Perhaps some of the good people of Wall street would like to know the origin of the words penny and sterling. It appears that there lived at one time in Germany a brace of beggars, pretended cripples. Both these adventurous beggars are said to have once formed a part of the Council at Dantzig, but to have subsequently lost their property and been subjected to the severest privations. The oldest of these gentlemen, known by the name of Thomas Penny, was exceedingly disliked by the people, and on one occasion in a grand row he was literally thrown out of the window into the street, by which he became a veritable cripple. It was currently reported of him in Dantzig that he had there