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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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HEARTLESS CRUELTY

It is to delay a poor sufferer into the belief that some worthless liniment will cure rheumatism and neuralgia. Honesty is the best policy in the manufacture of proprietary articles as in all other matters, and the fact that the proprietors of Athlophoros have never claimed for it even all its merit would warrant, is not a failure to do with its wonderful popularity, and the thousands of grateful testimonials received by them show that their policy has been wise as well as right.

Experience has amply demonstrated that mere outward applications are worthless. The disease has its seat in the blood, and any remedy to be successful must deal with the obstructive acid which poisons and inflames it.

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West Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1886.

Years of August 14th, is at hand, and in reply would say that Athlophoros proved the most effectual remedy for neuralgia in the case of my wife that I ever tried. After using half a bottle he was not troubled any more for six months.

HENRY HARRIS.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 10, 1886.

I am thankful that I tried Athlophoros. I had rheumatism seven years, part of the time could not move, but to-day I am well and hearty. I write this hoping some other sufferer may try it.

W. S. FLEMING.

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Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.
Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

HER PRETTY FEET.

One of our fair female readers (whose name we dare not publish) is in the habit of sleeping by an open window during the summer months, and she was asking about the 15 of September one of our young men noticed her pretty feet hanging out of the window. That was the search for him and he found great comfort in dressing the fair emblems with cold water, a sponge, the suddenly withdrew them and upon arising an hour or so after wary found they had contracted a very uncomfortable cold, but found no difficulty in curing it with Wel. De Lesnage Norman Balsam, the greatest remedy known for coughs, colds, whooping cough, croup, asthma, and all pulmonary diseases. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

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SPRING WEAR.
Special value line of all-wool Spring Dress Fabrics at 50 cents. Imported, Plain, and Combination Suitings at $1 and $1.25 a yard.
New English Styled Suitings, in checks and stripes, 36 inches wide, at $1.50.
Extra values in Black Gros Grain Silks—our 65-cent Black Surah Silk, best in this country at the price; also, our $1 grade.
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Bargains in our wonderfully large assortment of new French Satines, Scotch, American Ginghams and American Ginghams.
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Wel De Lesnage Norman Balsam for coughs and colds. C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Who makes the fire and sweeps the floor
And when he thinks his labors o'er
Is always sure to find there's more?
The Devil.

Who earns his bread by sulphurous sweat,
And quickly finds to his regret
That he must stand if he would set?
The Devil.

Who learns the art of making pi,
And when the fortunes isn't high
Just slinks it in the creek hard by?
The Devil.

Who serves the editors, elastic the type,
And smokes a most infernal pipe
That's fifty years been getting ripe?
The Devil.

Who, smeared from head to foot with soil,
Is interrupted mid his toil
And sent to borrow "a galley-oil?"
The Devil.

Who learns, at length, the best to quell
The passions that within him swell
When all the types (note this, ye—)
The Devil.

A BAREFOOTED KING.

The Only King in the Americas—King of the Mosquitos.

BY MEDORA CAUSE.

He lay in a hammock when I saw him first, with his feet hanging over the side, fast asleep. Not a bad looking man, but rather soiled. He wore a white cotton shirt and a pair of pantaloons to match, instead of the royal ermine, and I was told that they were the only garments His Majesty owned. Yet he is the only king in all America. Of course His Imperial Majesty, Dom Petro Segundo, who came up to see us at the time of the Centennial Exposition, is excepted, for he is an Emperor, the Emperor of the Brazils, and has a country nearly as large as the United States. The man I saw in the hammock was George William Albert Handy, King of the Mosquitos, of whom most of you have never heard, as nothing is said of him in the geographies, and the few who ever heard of him have forgotten his existence. But he nevertheless sits on his throne, and his ancestors, many years ago, came near getting a mixed up in a war with England. His grandfather was the immediate subject of "the Monroe doctrine," of which a great deal is heard in the debates of Congress. That was an opinion expressed by President Monroe, that European nations, and England in particular, should mind their own business, and let things on this side of the ocean alone.

The Mosquito Kingdom is a narrow strip of land 200 miles long, on the eastern side of Nicaragua, and fronting on the Caribean Sea. On our maps it is called the Mosquito Reservation, for the United States Government has never recognized the ruler as a king, but if you will get an English map you will find it put down as a "kingdom." The ancestors of George William Albert Handy all have been crowned under the auspices of the British Government, and have always been recognized by it as real kings.

When the Spaniards conquered America they were able to overcome all the Indian nations except two. These were the Araucanian tribes in Chili, the most warlike and powerful of all the savages on the Southern Continent, and the Mosquitos on the eastern coast of Central America. The latter were few in numbers, but very brave.

In the days of the Buccaneers, as the English pirates were called, the harbors along the Mosquito Kingdom were the places of concealment for their swift ships and the booty they captured. The Indians were always friendly, and not only furnished the pirates with food, but helped them in their fights with the Spaniards. There is said to be a large amount of treasure concealed around Blewfields, the capital of Mosquito, and although a great deal of time and money have been spent in the search, no one has been able to find it.

Many of the pirates married Indian wives, and nearly two hundred years ago a Spanish ship loaded with negroes that had been captured in Africa, and were being taken to Cuba for slaves, was driven by a storm to the Mosquito coast, and went to wreck there. The natives killed all the Spaniards, but welcomed the negroes as friends. There were several hundred of them, all men, and they soon took Indian wives, and adopted the customs of the country. In this way the native blood became mixed with the English and African and there are now but few of the original race left in the country. The population has also decreased rapidly, and the inhabitants, who numbered several thousand fighting men when the coast was discovered, has been reduced to only twelve hundred of whom about two hundred are white men, mostly Englishmen.

The British Government has always been on friendly terms with the Indians, and has protected them from the Spaniard. In 1826, after the Central and South American colonies became independent republics, and England was no longer bound by her treaties with Spain to keep off the continent, Robert Charles Frederick Handy, the hereditary chief of the Mosquitos, whose grandfather was an Englishman and whose grandmother was the queen of the tribe, was taken to Belize, the capital of British Honduras, and there crowned king of the nation with a funny ceremony.

He was an ignorant, drunken, degraded fellow, part negro, part Indian, and part English, and was called a Sambo, as that is the name given to the mixed races of the tropical countries. He was almost stark naked when he arrived at Belize, but the officers who had charge of the ceremony dressed him up in an old uniform, and he was so much taken with it that he wanted to go back and show his new finery to his countrymen at once without waiting to be crowned. But the officers would not let him go. One morning he was made to kneel in the barracks, when his head was anointed with oil, and a cheap gilt crown placed upon it. An officer who was present reports that the king was so delighted with the perfumed oil that he wanted more of it put on, and kept rubbing his hands over his hair and smelling of them with the greatest satisfaction.

"The head men of the tribe, who had been brought up with the chiefs were then made to stand up and take the oath of allegiance to their king, after which they were baptized with new and high sounding names, such as Lord Nelson, Lord Palmerston, Lord Rodney, and others famous in English history. After the ceremonies were over, the king and his nobles were given all the rum they wanted, and the next few days were spent in a carousal, in which the officers of the garrison joined. The king was so overcome with this hospitality that he gave away to those present nearly all of his kingdom, and the Governor of Belize, seeing what a far e was being made of the affair, put a stop to it, and ordered the new king and his nobles sent home to their country.

The grants of land that were made under these circumstances were the cause of much trouble afterwards, as those to whom they were made insisted that they should be carried out; and it became necessary for the king to file in the archives of his government the following remarkable confession to get out of the scrape:

"I hereby authorize Mr. Thomas Hedgcock of London, to declare the grant of Blewfields to Captain Peter Le-le-Shaw of Guernsey null and void, in consequence of some very unpleasant circumstances attending the death of my late brother, which appearing very suspicious against the said Peter Le-le-Shaw; and that when I gave said grant I was not compos mentis, but had been, together with my chiefs made inebriated; neither was I aware that my late lamented brother, George Frederick Augustus, had previously given to captain William Smith a similar grant for said territory of Blewfields.

"Given under my hand at Cape Gracias a Dios, this 10th day of May, 1837.

"[Signed] R. C. FREDERICK,
"King of the Mosquito Nation."
"[Witnesses] ROBERT HALY,
PETER COX."

The Governor found much trouble in getting the king away from his new friends, and finally had to have him arrested while drunk, and taken on board a man of war, which took him home. Before he left, however, he was compelled to sign a paper giving authority to a Colonel Macdonald of the British army to manage his government for him, and to act as guardian for his children. Macdonald transferred his power to Patrick Walker, who went to Blewfields to live, and for more than twenty years was the actual governor of the country, while the king gave himself up entirely to dissipation. Walker had good traits, and was mindful of the interests of the Indians, sending many of the young men to Jamaica to be educated under the care of the English bishop there, and introducing some improvements among the people. But he seemed to understand that the Mosquito Kingdom was a part of Great Britain, and got mixed up in a quarrel with the government of Nicaragua, in which the United States took the part of the latter nation, and narrowly escaped a war with England before it was settled.

There were great volumes of correspondence between our Government and the British, and the latter were finally compelled to remove the protectorate it had assumed over the Mosquitos. The Republic of Nicaragua, it was agreed, should look after the interests of the Indians, have control of the part of Greytown, where the proposed Nicaragua Canal is to enter the Atlantic ocean, and pay the King of the Mosquitos five thousand dollars a year. This was a bad thing for the king, as he wasted the money in dissipation; and it has been the ruin of all the royal family since.

The successor of Robert Charles Frederick Handy, the King of the Mosquitos, was his son, George Augustus Frederick, who wasted his life in lazy drunkenness, and never married. The throne descended a few years ago to the son of his sister, the Princess Victoria. He had another sister, the Princess Beatrice, who married an Englishman. Her husband ran away a few years after the wedding, when he failed to persuade the King to divide his five thousand dollars among the family, and the princess does not know whether she is a widow or not.

The present king is not much of an improvement over his uncle so far as his morals or abilities are concerned; and now that the government of Nicaragua refuses to pay his salary any longer, he does not dress or act any better than the most of the natives. He was educated at Jamaica, where he was baptized and received as a member of the church of England, but has since fallen very far from grace. He is about forty years of age, small of stature, and has an intelligent looking face. If he would let rum alone, those who know him say that he would amount to something, but he spends all the money he can get for drink and when it is gone begs more from the merchants and traders of the place, who are glad to give him small sums, and in return get royal favors. The government is managed in the name of the king by an American, formerly from New Orleans, whose name is Cuthbert.

The King lives with his mother, his grandmother and his own family in a shanty that was taken to Blewfields from the United States by some robber hunters and abandoned years ago. The Royal Palace is unplastered, and without any of the "modern improvements" that house owners in this country advertise. It only differs from those of the rest of the people by being built of rough pine boards instead of bamboo poles, is covered with a roof of the same instead of palm leaves and bullrushes, and it has a board floor raise 1 two or three feet from the ground, instead of mother earth. But the thatched huts of the natives are much better for the climate, as they are cooler, and shed the rain in the wet season, which the Royal Palace will not.

His Majesty and the rest of the family either sleep in Hammocks or on the floor, and they always go to bed with their clothes on. Such a thing as a night gown was never heard of, and if the Queen or the dowager should receive a present of one she would doubtless keep it for a party dress, as it would be so much better in texture than the garment she wears during the day. Her costume is invariably a speckled calico gown, such as one woul pay five cents a yard for in the United States, and she never has but one at a time. This dress she wears night and day until it is worn out and often longer; and there is nothing else between it and her skin. More than one garment is considered superfluous, and that is often abbreviated. The ladies of the royal family as well as the men do not have any shoes and stockings, and would not wear them if they had. They go barefooted from infancy to age, and the first ten years of their lives they go barefooted up to their ears. The King wears a white cotton shirt, and a pair of pantaloons of the same material, and is considered quite well dressed. Most of his subjects omit the shirt, and it is more common than otherwise for men and women both to go the year around naked to the waist.

The pigs, the chickens and the babies all stand on an equality in the palace, and it is a question which fares best. The heir to the throne of Mosquito has to struggle for his bread, for he does not sit at a mahogany table and eat with a golden spoon off a silver plate, but has it flung to him as he crawls on the floor, and if he doesn't grab it quickly the pigs or the chickens will get it first. The king does not ride in a chariot nor is he waited upon by lordly looking servants in livery. He walks when he goes anywhere, and hasn't seen any vehicle but an oxcart since he came from Jamaica, nearly twenty years ago. His wife and mother do their own cooking, and use an iron kettle hanging over a fire out doors for every dish, just as farmers' wives in the United States make soap.

His majesty seldom gets a beefsteak, and I doubt if he knows what a lamb chop is; but he is fond of monkey meat, and eats it as often and likes it just as well as we do chicken. And he has an abundance of what we in the United States consider one of the luxuries, green turtle. At Blewfields for a dollar one can buy turtles enough to give a hundred people a hearty meal, and the meat is as delicious as mortals ever tasted.

Besides monkeys and turtles, the king has plenty of oysters to eat, with breadfruit, bananas, and a great many other delicious fruits that we know nothing about, as they are so delicate that they cannot be brought away from the country. He smokes cigarettes constantly, while his wife, the queen, and his mother, the dowager smoke cigars when they can get them. The ladies of the family cannot read, and there is small chance of the little princesses and princes learning, unless they go to the Moravian school.

The Moravians or United Brethren, have several missions in the Mosquito Kingdom, and have done a great deal of good there, and have got many of the Indians to improve their style of living, to wear clothes, to be neat and modest, temperate and industrious. The natives have found out that they can be a great deal more comfortable and happier by adopting the fashions of civilized people, and are now getting anxious to have their children go to school instead of wallowing in the dirt all day.

The Mosquitos have some queer customs. They do not have any wedding as we do but the little boys and girls are betrothed by their parents when they are ten or eleven years old. Thy boy, as soon as his wife is selected, goes to her father's house to live, and remains there until they are married; unless it happens that they do not like each other, in which case he goes to his old home, and his father looks for some other girl. This way has its advantages, as the husband and wife have a chance to get acquainted before they are married.

Their funerals are quite as curious. When anyone dies, the place of burial is at once selected and a cotton thread or cord is stretched from the grave to the house, no matter how far it may be, or what obstacles are in the road. After the burial everything that belonged to the dead person is burned, and if he owned any animals they are killed over the grave, as the people believe the dead need all they had in this world in the other. They never speak of the dead, and do not think of them if it is possible to forget. The belief is that to speak of a dead man will awaken his spirit. The widows and the widowers marry again as soon as they can, often the same day as the funeral, as that they think, will assist them to forget the dead, and it naturally is effective.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Josh Billings' First Lecture.

The late Josh Billings told me once that his first experience on the lecture platform was the making of him. "I had been writing a good deal," he said, and the stuff was pretty well received. At least I thought it was. I got it printed, and a good deal of it was paid for. I imagined I was a little the biggest man in New York, and certainly the best known man outside of the city except Greeley. I had made a scrap-book of my writings, and concluded I would give readings from these. I made an engagement to give such a reading at a small town in New Jersey. I carried my book with me, and put up at the one hotel in great style. The landlord did not seem remarkably overawed by my presence, which was somewhat dampening. I gave him a half dolen tickets for the lecture. When I came on the platform there were but seven persons in the hall, six of them from the hotel, and the seventh a small boy who came in free. When I got back to the hotel I called the landlord into my room and had him bring me all the old newspapers he could find and a ball of cord. I took out my book, wrapped a dozen or so of newspapers around it, and then began winding the cord. I wound that entire ball about the bundle and tied the ends in a double knot.

"The landlord had watched the proceedings intently, and when I had finished my wrapping he inquired what the proceedings meant. I told him I was going back to New York to go to work, and I did not propose to untie that book until I could do so in his town and before an audience that would fill the house. I went back to the city," continued Mr. Shaw, "and struck out on a new lead. Two years after I received an invitation to lecture in this same town. I had been waiting for this. I took out my old book and took it along to see how things looked. When I came on the platform I found an audience so tightly packed that the last man had to leave his cane in the vestibule for lack of room. I took out my book and unwrapped it before them, telling the story as I did so. It was the shutting up of the past and beginning again that saved me—or at least made me what I am."—*Chicago News.*

The public debt of Canada has increased $75 a minute during the whole of Sir John Macdonald's administration, allowing ten working hours a day and twenty-six working days to the month.

A dog case in Boone county, Iowa is now on its sixth trial, having had two before a justice and three before the District Court. The dog is dead.

"They do not say "stomach-ache" in Boston. "Gastric Neuralgia" is the proper word, but it gets there all the same.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

Honest as the Day is Long, but Very Exacting.

"There is not a more curious people under the sun than these same Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. Their ancestors were the pioneer settlers in one of the most fertile sections of Pennsylvania, and the superstitions, customs and antipathies of the fathers are still held by the sons. The war of the rebellion did more to dispel the traditions of the Pennsylvania Dutch than anything in their history; but go among them in the back counties, where their farms are isolated from the towns, and you will find them still firm believers in spooks, witches and charms, and strong in their doubts of the necessity of common schools. They are as honest as the day is long, and the most close-fisted and exacting in a bargain of any people in the world. Driving long distances to market, they will haggle over a dime in a bargain that involves probably the sale of hundreds of dollars' worth of produce, and if assured by going ten miles further they will be able to sell their goods and make the extra ten cents they will not hesitate a moment to take the journey. The extra time and labor they do not take into account.

From the earliest days of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers they have regarded mental service as the duty of women. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see, in passing these back farming regions, the women working in the fields as well as the men, not only hoeing or harvesting, but following the plow or harrow. The idea that women shall have no mission beyond mental labor is well illustrated by the fact that many a domestic drudge in the town families is the daughter of some farmer rich enough to buy her employer over and over again. I have a servant in my house whose father is one of the best known Dutch farmers in Lehigh county, and worth at least $70,000.

"Before the war the old Dutch farmers held to the custom of their fathers, which prompted them never to refuse to extend financial aid to another, and that without exacting written obligation or interest. If one farmer needed a few hundred dollars he went to any neighbor whom he knew had the money. The loan was at once forthcoming, the borrower naming a certain day and hour on which the money would be repaid. If he failed to keep his word he was forever in disgrace, and no one was bound to respond to his request for aid again. Defaults in payment of these unsecured and unremunerative loans were very rare, so sacred was the verbal contract held. The scarcity of money that came with the early years of the war, and the premium that gold commanded, sent speculators through the Pennsylvania Dutch farming regions, and the cupidity of the farmers was soon awakened, and they for the first time began to realize profit from the use of their money. Then the old custom of helping one another without some return of the favor was gradually abandoned, and the bond and mortgage took its place. As the Dutch farmers, as a class, are seldom in need of borrowing, and are suspicious of outsiders in making loans, the existence of fortunes in stockings and coffee pots may be further explained.

"When the common school system was first proposed, although it was the scheme of Pennsylvania Dutch legislators and executives the farmers were a unit in opposing it. After it was authorized by law its machinery in many of the districts of the Dutch counties necessarily passed into the hands of its opponents. Their policy was to establish as few schools as possible, keep them open only a few weeks in the year and employ only such teachers as were willing to serve at the lowest possible wages. Many old timers have not modified their opposition to the common school yet, and will not accept its benefits. The consequence is that there are whole communities where nothing but German is read, written or spoken. It is a characteristic of the race to preserve their language, which is a quaint combination of English and German.

The one great characteristic of the Pennsylvania Dutch is their regard for and strict attendance at church. No matter how far the nearest church may be away, the farmer and his family never miss a Sunday's service. A man may offend against law in other ways and be forgiven, but if he neglects his church he is at once placed under the ban of society. The Pennsylvania Dutch are proud of their party, and they adhere closely to old forms. They are the severest of Protestants. Politicians understand and use his love of church among the farmers and a candidate going among them and making ostentatious show of his church connections, and, being able to quote from the Scriptures, captures the hearts and votes of the simple-minded Dutchmen.

"Probably nowhere else in the country are the social pastimes of the farmers preserved and indulged in to such an extent as they are among the Pennsylvania Dutch. The apple cut, the corn husking, the quilting bee, the old-fashioned country dance, furnish the amusement and recreation to the buxom Dutch maidens and lusty swains to-day as they did to those of hundreds of years ago. The dances are kept up from early evening till daylight. There is no going to bed after a dance. The women go at once to their household duties, and the men to their labor in the field the same as if they had slept as usual, from candle light to candle light, according to the old Dutch custom. Work indoors and out begins as soon as there is light enough to see, and continues until it is too dark to see, winter and summer.

"The Dutch families discourage and disapprove of all marriages that will destroy the purity of their blood, and hence the marriages with any other race are very rare. This accounts for the remarkable preservation of the language, the customs and the traditions of their forefathers among these people, surrounded as they are by influences of the highest modern thought and example. But in spite of their exclusiveness, their tenacious adherence to ideas of a century ago and stubborn resistance to the advance of those of to-day, the lessons in integrity, industry, thrift and thoroughness which they have given have had a most beneficial effect, not only in the region which they have developed, but throughout the state as well, and Pennsylvania is a hundredfold the better for their presence."—*Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express.*

From the Stage to the Pulpit.

Frank R. Lucky, an ex-actor, who recently abandoned the stage to study for the ministry, and is now a member of the Yale theological school told the story of his life to an interesting audience at the city mansion on Meadow street.

"In the early years of my life," said the speaker, "the idea that I would like to enter the dramatic profession was ever present to my mind. It was my one great ambition to be an actor. My idea of the stage was a high one. I thought I would restore the broken image, restore the stage to its lofty place, and all I did was shaped to that end. I went to a university to educate myself, and all my studies were followed up with this object in view. I graduated from the university in 1882, and in the fall I went upon the stage, playing at the Grand Opera House in New York. After a time it began to grow on me that the surrounding influences were operating on me and were gradually preventing me, and this feeling continued to grow on me. I began to feel a dislike—I did't enjoy the life as I had expected to. I was brought up in a very moral family atmosphere, and was never contaminated to a great extent by evil influences of the stage. I do not intend to discuss the morals of the stage here as I have not time, nor could I do them justice. But they are rotten. No man can go on the stage and be pure. I am not going to deep into this thing now, but it is a fact. You cannot lead a consistent Christain life and be a member of the dramatic profession. I could feel the perverting influences of this life gradually insinuating themselves into me. I even got so that I didn't mind going into barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms.

"I did not leave the stage because I was a failure. No, I put all my soul into my stage work, as I would into the ministry or into anything I undertake, and I rose step by step in my profession until I became stage manager of one of the best companies in the country. But this is how I came to give it up. One night while I was playing in the Union Square Theatre I went home to bed. I was in good health, and there was nothing the matter with my digestion. Well, I went to sleep and slept soundly. But in the middle of the night I was awakened the voice of God saying to me: "If you should die to-night what would become of your soul?" I answered, 'Lost,' and then I went to sleep again. It was no dream, though you, if you were there, might not have heard the voice. I heard it and knew it was the voice of God. I sat up in bed, and I know that I was awake. This voice kept coming to me day after day, and night after night, until I couldn't get away from it. It pursued me like a Nemesis, and I had to find an answer. Finally I said to myself that by the grace of God, after I come back with the company, I will never set my foot on the stage again. I was a poor man. I had not saved any money. Actors are great spendthrifts, but it is the wrong kind of charity. It is that that gives without sense or discrimination.

"But I knew the Lord would take care of me. And the next week I had a letter from home, telling how a friend of my father's, inquiring about me and hearing that I, like other actors, would not be busy during the summer, offered me a place at Nantucket Beach. While there I had but little to do but commune with God, and this communion shaped my life. Then I wrote to President Dwight, and, as I fortunately had a collegiate education. While searching among my papers the other day I found an old phrenological chart. I do not believe altogether in phrenology, although there is much in it I think worthy of attention. When I was 16 years old I had my head examined, and the phrenologist said to me: 'Your place is in the Ministry.' At that time I had no thought of ministry; my whole ambition tended toward the stage. Now, isn't that a curious coincidence, if it is a coincidence? That is my story. I told it only for the lesson that can be taken from it.

"In forming my plans I didn't take God into consideration or I could not have gone on the stage. I want to bring out the fact that character is born from the choice of a good or bad aim. The evil elements of the stage were forming for me a wrong character from a wrong choice."

The Noble Red Man.

You can trust an Indian as far as you can see him; the further you see him the better you can trust him.

You have seen my escapes under various noms de plume in the border stories. My principal business has been escaping. Many a time I have left scores of bloody red skins on the plains—with a fast horse.

The Indian does not want much. His grandfathers once owned this country, and all he wants is the United States. He feels that he has been imposed upon by real estate agents too much.

One of the peculiarities of the Indian race is their method of dealing with their neighbors. Instead of throwing tin cans and dead cats over into their yards, they go and wipe them out, and that seems to end all further controversy—on the part of the neighbors at least.

Owing to the scarcity of the buffalo it is no more than natural that the Indian should sport with the cattle on the borders. He must have some fun or he can't laugh. The Indian has rights which a white man is bound to respect. Now there is Geronimo—an ill treated man, if ever there was one—I don't think that he ever killed more than 200 or 300 whites in his life, and here they send him to Florida! They don't want to offend him by hanging him or sending him to the penitentiary.—*Thos. Brown in Tid Bits.*

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

A parlor suit—courting in the front room.

Spring Fashion Notes.

If you want an every-day, useful material there is drap Bernaise, which is striped on an armure design, and is inexpensive. It is produced in a long range of colorings, heliotrope, greens, browns, terra cotta, grays, drabs and pearl, all more mellow in tone than last year.

Manufacturers have employed much ingenuity in devising new ideas as to fabric and patterns; for example, the drap Beatrice, which is striped all over on a fancy ground; and a Fantasie cloth, that shows stars, more light silk threads in contrast with the ground.

Vigoureux is now to be had in eight good colorings; you can distinguish it readily by the upstanding hairs on its surface.

A special fabric has been brought out for tennis—ancilaine, but with quaint mingling of tones, such as cream, yellow, electric and red, sky gray and cream, coral, blue and tuscan, pink and green, forming checks. This stuff is peculiarly well adapted to the purpose, being light as to weight and effective in coloring.

Checks have been brought out in a new style with small stripes for sport and in fancy checks, with and without, the rough spoken intervals, which were recognized as "knickerbocker." In these there are curious color combinations, drab and orange, steel green and red, red and drab. The principal eccentricity, however, lies in th the checks. If you order the Grand Carreau cloth you will be astonished on how large a scale the browns, blues, red, blacks, and whites are blended in one pattern, and in Carreau taffeta brown and red red, blue and brown are so largely in their combinations that a pattern a quarter of a yard in size does not show the whole design. At the present moment business people who are providing themselves with spring goods are buying these large checks largely. There is a great variety in the class of stuffs to be fashionably adopted, and a coarse, loose make is perhaps the most stylish of any—as coarse it more closely resembles a horse cloth than anything else. Plain grades are in better style than twilled ones.

The special novelty, however, is the introduction of chenille, part plain, part frise, on woolen grounds. Many of the stripes show blocks in intervals, and this treatment of woolen stuffs gives richness to them. Rayo Pompadour is a good example, also the Quille Pompadour panels, which cost nearly $5 a yard. In all these fabrics the favorite colorings are browns, reds, drabs, heliotrope, pink, prune, mouse, salon and tabac; the lighter and more delicate shades show up the patterns in a marvelous way.

The velvet checks intermixed with gothic patterns on twilled grounds are also costly. These are made up with plain stuff to match with Velours Victoria, which has silk stripes, frise in the center. Velours Pinnettes is of most feathery aspect, with checks on a silk ground, intermixed with frise.

Violle, the thinnest make of woolen stuff, has been brought out with large silk checks, which give it more substance. Some of the prettiest have beige grounds, with floral chintz patterns between the stripes, and there are a number of washing voiles just the same patterns as the new cottons. They last clean longer, but