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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver, for if the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull, or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirits are depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

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A WARNING TO BASHFUL MEN.

He sat beside her near the stove,
A prey to bashfulness;
To her he spoke no words of love,
Nor sought her hand to press.

No maiden ever had been wooed
By him; the fact was plain,
For silently he sat and chewed
The knob upon his cane.

Sometimes he at the ceiling gazed,
Sometimes his glance would stray
To her, but when her eyes she raised,
He looked another way.

And thus they sat silent till she
Said, "John, I ought to state
That pa and ma are out to tea,
And won't return till late.

"Now while they're absent, do not tease,
But prey remember this,
My hand you must not try to squeeze,
Nor steal from me a kiss."

At once the knob that graced his cane
John from his mouth withdrew,
And said, "I won't; don't think, Miss Jane
That I'd do that to you!"

And deeper silence then ensued
Than had prevailed before;
John vigorously his cane knob chewed,
A frown Jane's visage wore.

And thus they sat till half-past ten,
And when John rose to go,
And asked if he might call again,
Jane curtly answered, "No!"

"Blind Man's Buff."

"At home they called her Mrs. Mordaunt, but here she is better known as Blind Man's Buff.'"

Such was the reply made to me by my friend, Tom Carter, in answer to a question asked with some warmth and enthusiasm as we were leaving the little railway station hard by the Rigi Kaltbad on our way to the bureau of the hotel to make inquiry for bed and board.

A tall, handsome man was at that moment advancing toward us, and on his arm leaned a girl of some twenty summers—a girl in years, but with a certain air and dignity about her which proclaimed her a married woman.

They were a striking and distinguished looking pair; but the man, though strongly built and in the prime of life, moved with a nervous and hesitating step, and now and then he stopped short in his walk until encouraged to proceed by the guidance of the beautiful woman by his side.

"We are indeed glad you have come," said the lady cordially to my friend as she shook hands with him. "Jack is growing very tired of having only poor little me for a companion, and the English here at present are few and far between."

The silent pressure of her husband's arm which accompanied this remark showed more than volumes of words could have done the devotion existing between them. The pair formed a pretty picture—he dark, broad-shouldered, with the limbs of an athlete; she hazel-eyed, and very fair.

I had gathered from my friend's remark about "Blind Man's Buff" that Mr. Mordaunt was blind, but one would not have guessed it from the appearance of his eyes. There was no film upon them; they were soft and luminous. It was only when they turned full upon one's self that one noticed that they were vacant and expressionless. His face in repose was very sad, but at the voice of his young wife a smile would break about his lips that was joyous, tender, full of love, his whole being seeming to change and his face to become transfigured by its brightness."

"What charming people," said I to my friend as we passed on and mounted the flight of steps that led to the terrace of the Kaltbad. "Tell me, has he always been blind?"

"It is a sad story and a long one," said Tom. "I will tell it to you to-night over our evening pipe. It has always seemed to me a species of profanity to relate the story of 'Blind Man's Buff,' save when free from interruption and out of reach of vulgar ears."

In the magnificent *salon*, all white and gold, in which four hundred guests sat down to dinner at the Kaltbad, it was my good fortune to sit immediately opposite 'Blind Man's Buff' and her husband. My interest in them kindled to enthusiasm; and in the tender twilight, as the last hues of of rose-color were fading from the snow-capped Alps in front of us, Tom Carter told me the story of their love.

* * * * * * *

"In August, a year ago," said Tom, as he puffed leisurely at his cigar, "I came to the Kaltbad with Jack Mordaunt, who was an old college friend of mine, and here we both met Elizabeth Dalrymple, more commonly called Buff, for the first time. Jack was a jolly dog then—handsome, careless and gay—and Buff was a slip of a girl, up to every mischief under heaven.

"Mordaunt was not blind then?" I asked.

"Blind? Bless your heart, no! Jack had as wicked a pair of eyes as ever flashed with passion or softened with love. The women smiled on him, raved about him, quarreled over him—all but "Buff" Dalrymple. She snubbed him.

"He does not look the sort of a man to stand being snubbed," said I as there rose before my mind's eye a vision of a resolute mouth, a square chin and a face, the chief charm of which lay in its evident power and self-control.

"It chafed him horribly; but what could he do? Buff Dalrymple's beautiful face had taken him clean off of his balance at first sight. The more she repelled his advances the stronger his passion grew. He would fetch and carry for her like a dog. She would leave her paint box at Kandi, or her shawl at the Kuhm and send the poor beggar back in all sorts of weather to fetch her things she had purposely left behind. Sometimes he was broiled by the sun, sometimes he was drenched by the rain, and his reward was usually a half contemptuous nod of thanks which used to make my blood boil. She was a fascinating little witch certainly, with her hazel eyes and auburn hair; but really I grew to hate her—I did, indeed—she made such a tool of Jack.

"How then did this change come about?" said I, as I thought of the loving pressure of the arm, that I had noticed when I first met the pair.

"Gently, gently; hurry no man's cattle. Let me tell my story in my own way. Miss Dalrymple was an only child and an heiress. Her mother was dead. Her father—a man who had made his money in business and had bought land in more than one country—naturally looked high for his only child, and even dreamed of a coronet.

"At the time I am speaking of there was an Italian Marchese staying here, a *parvenu*, it is true, but a good-looking fellow enough, with a glib tongue, a suave manner and a tenor voice. He was quite a 'new man' in Rome, and the Italians who were here at the same time, and who for the most part belonged to the Vatican party, with old Dalrymple toadied him *ad nauseam*, and Dalrymple used to go about the grounds of the Kaltbad singing the praises of his young friend the Marchese Cilini, to every one he met.

"I think it was to vex Mordaunt rather than from any other reason, that Miss Dalrymple encouraged the young Italian's attentions, for to do the girl justice she had not an atom of her father's vulgarity, and was always unaffected and downright.

"Mordaunt was jealous, madly jealous. He had not a sixpence of his own. He was an artist by profession, and very far from being in the front rank of any school. His pictures were merely pretty; they would not sell; while his father, who was a country parson with a large family of children, could render him no assistance. He knew well enough from the first that in such circumstances, even had the girl herself shown signs of yielding to his hot pursuit, the old gentleman would have considered it almost an insult had he made a formal offer for his daughter's hand.

"The Italian meanwhile was making the running fast. He warbled love songs by the hour, playing his own accompaniments, and fixing his dreamy eyes on Buff, with all that suppressed passion that Italians, beyond all others, can so well feign.

"The Marchese Cellini was an accomplished man. Jack Mordaunt was not accomplished. He could paint a bit, it is true, but he knew nothing of music, and could scarcely distinguish the 'Dead March in Saul' from 'God Save the Queen.' Those musical mornings were a gall of bitterness to Jack. At least he could stand the strain no longer, and he resolved to know his fate from Miss Dalrymple's own fair lips. He spoke his mind with all that fierce energy which characterized Jack's actions and made him idolized by women—by all excepting Buff.

"I was sitting one glorious afternoon, in one of those cosy nooks in the wilderness, reading Ouida's last novel, when I heard steps approaching from the direction of the Kanzli, along the upper path. I had chosen a spot sheltered by the thickest foliage, which hid me entirely from view. There was, however, a gap in the trees above me from which, through a frame in the boughs, could be seen one of the most perfect views to be obtained anywhere upon the Rigi Mountain. The footsteps approached the gap and stopped. For a few moments there was silence; then I heard Mordaunt's voice, in passionate pleading first, and then in profound despair. I did not hear his words. No doubt they were no more fraught with wisdom than those of most lovers are, but his tone went to my heart. There was such a tremor in his voice and now and again a sound that was almost a sob seemed to choke his utterance. Then I heard a little mocking laugh. The footsteps passed and died away, and I knew that Jack Mordaunt had been refused.

"I never knew a fellow so wretched in all my life as Mordaunt was that night. He took me into his confidence. I tried to comfort him, but one might as well have tried to give comfort to the dead.

"I helped him pack his traps, for he could not, would not stay, and the next morning before the Kaltbad world was stirring Mordaunt had departed to another hostelry.

"Mordaunt had no sooner gone than Buff Dalrymple's manner toward her Italian suitor completely changed. She no longer gave him the slightes encouragement; indeed, she snubbed him so unmercifully that his southern nature took quick offense, and there was a very pretty quarrel between them. It ended as such things usually end when a girl permits the attentions of one man to stir the jealousy of another. The Marchese Cellini proposed and was rejected—rejected, too, in such unmistakable terms as to leave no room for a second appeal. He departed from the Kaltbad in a whirlwind of passion. Old Dalrymple was furious with his daughter, and poor Buff herself was as miserable as even Celini could have desired.

"Not long after the Marchese's departure a picnic was organized to some rocks of a picturesque character in the neighborhood of the Klosterli. Mr. Dalrymple and his daughter were of the party, and I went also.

"When we reached the spot where we had intended to lunch we were unpleasantly surprised to find it already occupied by a party of people from the Scheiddeck, among whom was Jack Mordaunt himself. There were many of each set, however, who were personally known to individuals of the other set, and the two parties eventually amalgamated and contributed the contents of their respective hampers to the general meal.

I saw Buff change color when she first noticed Jack among the Scheideck party. He bowed to her, but he did not speak. There was a settled sadness on his handsome face, and his bright, bold eyes looked reproachfully into her's when he raised his hat as he passed.

"Not a word could I get from Buff Dalrymple so long as the meal continued. After lunch a walk was proposed up the hill to the Rigi-Staffel, and it was suggested that on the way we should visit a rift in the rocks where the dark blue gentian and the mountain ash flourished in more than usual luxuriance.

"I constituted myself Buff's escort. She vouchsafed me hardly a word. Not far behind, Jack Mordaunt was piloting the stout relict of a Frankfort Jew, who was bending all her energies to catch Jack on the rebound.

"Presently we came to the fissures in the rocks, a precipitous chasm some forty feet deep, from the sides of which sprang quantities of the coveted blue gentian, larger and finer, it was said, than any that could be found elsewhere upon the mountain. Successive tourists had plucked all the flowers within reach, and the beautiful bells seemed to mock us defiantly from the narrow ledges of rock which no human foot could safely tread.

"The atmosphere had darkened visibly as we ascended the hill. Black clouds were coming up swiftly against the wind. As we neared the chasm where the gentians grew the sky became everywhere overcast, and there was that peculiar stillness in the air which surely heralds an Alpine storm.

"Buff Dalrymple was bending down over the edge of the chasm, vainly attempting to reach a tuft of gentians which grew on a ledge of the rock below. Unable to gather them, she turned appealingly to me. I tried to gather them, but in vain. Even my long arms could not touch their topmost bells.

"'I think I could get them for you, Miss Dalrymple,' said Jack's voice behind us. 'Let me try.'

"'No, no!' cried Buff hurriedly as Jack, grasping a tough bow of a mountain ash which grew hard by, swung himself on the ledge below.

"The mountain ash—all its ruddy glories nodding and gleaming under Mordaunt's weight—had its roots firmly fixed amongst the rocks. It bore the strain and Jack, letting go of the bough stooped to gather the coveted blue flowers.

"'Let me pick them myself!' cried Buff from above, seized with some uncontrollable impulse to let Jack run no risks she would not dare. 'Catch, me, Mr. Mordaunt! I am coming by the same way as you!'

"Before I or any one else could stop her, the reckless girl had swung herself off the rock by the help of the mountain ash, and in another moment stood with Jack's arm around her, by his side.

"The ledge of rock was narrow. Below it shrubs and undergrowth half hid the caves from view. Some of the gentians were already in Mordaunt's hand. I saw Buff stoop to gather the rest. She rose with a goodly bouquet of the lovely flowers. The pair stood facing each other on the ledge, and, as the man offered his bunch of gentians to the girl their eyes met, and a look so loving, so tender, flashed across Jack's face that no woman on earth could misinterpret it.

"'Poor fellow! Buff's hazel eyes and auburn hair were the last sights he saw of this sweet earth. There was a thundering clap like a cannon's roar, then a blinding flash which fell to all appearances right in our midst. There arose around the chasm's mouth a cry of amazement and horror. As we stood dazzled by the lurid blaze we heard the sound of heavy bodies crashing through the shrubs and mountain-ash trees that fringed the sides of the cave. We peered down onto the ledge of rock. Neither Jack nor Buff was to be seen.

"We shouted. For some moments there was no reply. Then at last we heard Mordaunt's voice calling from the depths below—

"'Miss Dalrymple is bruised, but not much hurt. Send help quickly, for I am blind!'

"What horrible chill those last words sent through the terrified party at the cavern's mouth! Some ran off for help in one direction, some in another. The Staffel and the Klosterli were about equi distant. After an hour's suspense, assistance from the Klosteri arrived; a rope ladder was firmly fixed into the ground and dropped over the edge into the cave below.

"I was the first to descend and, as the ladder was strong enough to sustain the weight of only one man at a time, I had several seconds at the bottom of the cave in which to view the situation alone.

"On a mossy boulder sat Mordaunt, his arm around his companion's waist. The blood was trickling slowly from a wound in his forehead; but of this he seemed to take no heed. The girl's hand was clasped in his, her head was pillowed on his breast. The tears were falling one by one from her closed eyes, but they seemed to be tears of joy rather than of pain. Mordaunt sat staring in front of him, through me, as it were, not at me. Then I knew that he was blind.

"What words had passed in that long hour I never asked, I never knew; but I saw that Jack had lost his sight, and in losing it had gained all that he most loved.

"'Is there no hope?' said I, presently, that his sight may be restored?'

"'The English oculists hold out no hope,' he replied; 'but there is a clever German doctor living at Lucerne who has effected some wonderful cures, especially in cases where lightning has been the cause of blindness. It is to be near this doctor that the Mordaunts are here now. Twice a week 'Blind Man's Buff' takes her husband to Lucerne. She never leaves his side for a moment, and she anticipates his every wish. In a measure she feels that she caused his blindness, and she has given him a life's devotion in atonement and in wifely love."

* * * * * * *

A year later I was passing through Lucerne, on my way to Edgelberg, and ot the Schweizerhoff I met beautiful Buff Mordaunt once again—Buff, but no longer 'Blind Man's Buff,' for the German doctor had achieved success, and Jack Mordaunt's eyes, after nearly two years of darkness, were beaming down on his fair young wife—and not upon her alone, but also upon their first-born child.

Flooring a Senator.

Senator Toombs was a large pompous man, with a tendency, not uncommon among American politicians to orate rather than converse in society. He waited for a pause in the discussion, and then, addressing Lord Elgin in stentorian tones remarked apropos of the engrossing topic:

"Yes, my Lord, we are about to resume the torch of liberty upon the altar of liberty."

Upon which our hostess, with a winning smile, and the most silvery accents imaginable, said:

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, senator, for I told my husband that you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you wouldn't have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman."

The shouts of laughter which greeted this sally even abashed the worthy senator, which was the more gratifying to those present as to do so was an achievement not easily accomplished.

THE NATION'S FINANCIERS.

From Alexander Hamilton to Charles S. Fairchild.

Charles S. Fairchild, of New York is the thirty-eighth secretary of the treasury. The first Alexander Hamilton, also of New York, was appointed at the age of thirty-two years. The second, Oliver Wolcott Jr., was secretary from February 2, 1795, to December 31, 1800, was thirty-five years of age when he took the place of Hamilton. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, who was the third secretary of the treasury, was forty years of age when appointed, and so was Albert Gallatin, Dexter's successor. Campbell, Crawford, Rush, McLane, Woodbury, Walker, Bristow and Fairchild, were all between forty and fifty years of age when appointed. Bristow was only forty-one when he was called to take charge of the treasury in 1874, Fairchild was forty-four when he succeeded Manning, and he stands sixth in the order of youthfulness from Hamilton, Dallas, Ingham, Taney, Ewing, Forward, Spencer, Meredith, Corwin, Thomas, Cobb, Chase, Fessenden, McCulloch, Boutwell, Richardson, Sherman, Windom, Folger, Gresham and Manning were each between fifty and sixty when made secretary. It is curious that Sherman, Windom, Folger and Manning were each fifty-four when appointed, succeeding each other with the break only in the case of Gresham between Folger and Manning. Wm. J. Duane, of New York, who was the eleventh secretary of the treasury, and who was appointed in May, 1833, was seventy-three when he took office. George M. Bibb, the seventeenth secretary, was seventy-two when appointed. The other secretaries who took office when they were beyond sixty were Dix, Guthrie, and Morrill, though McCulloch, who was first appointed in 1865, at the age of fifty-seven, was the only secretary recalled after the office had been occupied by other secretaries, and when he was recalled in 1884 he was seventy-six years of age, having been invited to the position at an age exceeding by three years that of the oldest person ever appointed to the place. Gallatin held the office for nearly twelve years, or through the eight years' administration of Jefferson, and part of that of Madison. Crawford served eight years and four months, beginning with Madison and serving through the term of Monroe. Woodbury, who came in under Jackson, remained in office six years and eight months, being retained by Van Buren. Hamilton served five years and five months, and his successor, Wolcott, held office five years and ten months. No secretary since Woodbury has held over the term of the president who first appointed him. McCulloch served four years and four months, and was the only secretary recalled to office after other secretaries had held the place and retired. The shortest term was that of Secretary Philip Francis Thomas, of Maryland, who was called in by Buchanan when Howell Cobb seceded, and who held the office just one month and two days. General Dix, Thomas' successor, held the office one month and twenty-five days, and Gresham held it one month and four days. Baxter was in office four months. Ewing held the secretaryship six months, and Duane was only four months in office. Folger was two years and nine months secretary, and Manning completed his second year with good measure.—*New York Times.*

The Sex of the Satan.

The sex of the devil is no longer in doubt, at least in the mind of one female school-teacher, of whom the Syracuse *Journal* tells the following: There is a young woman teaching in one of the city schools who, if her power of persuasion equals her zeal, will work discord among the sexes, annihilate matrimonial prospects, and produce a decidedly "bearish" effect on the man market. If she were a dominie at Andover she would be on trial for heresy within a week. A few days ago one of her pupils, a snuffing schoolboy, undertook the herculean effort of parsing this sentence: "And the devil shall be chained for a thousand years." The outlook was that his satanic majesty's entanglement would begin before the parsing ended. But the boy finally got the devil where, no doubt, all the listening class and the nervous teacher devoutly wished him. "Da-a-v'l," he drawled, "is a naoun; pro-o-per naoun; third person; sing'l'er number; common gen——" Stop!" screamed the schoolma'am. "Masculine! Always masculine!"

The Cross-eyed Clerk.

During the last Christmas holidays a large firm in —— employed as an assistant clerk a young man who was exceedingly cross-eyed.

The especial duty assigned to him was to act as watchman and prevent the peculation of all sorts of small fancy articles that were lying about the counters for exhibition at that time.

One day a half-grown boy came into the store, and after looking around, pricing first one thing and another, among which were some very nice socks, he finally started to go out of the door.

At this moment the new clerk touched him on the shoulder, and inviting him to come to the back part of the store, said to him, politely, "Oblige me by giving me at once the socks that you have in your back pocket."

"How do you know I have any socks in my back pocket?" demanded the boy, in a bold tone.

"I saw you put them there," said the clerk, very gently.

The boy looked up into the young man's face in utter amazement. "Are you looking at me now?" he asked, earnestly. "Do you see me this very minute?" he asked still more earnestly.

"Of course I do," replied the clerk.

"Good Lord, mister?" cried the boy, with a blanching face; "*here's your socks.*" And with a bound he was out the back door, over the fence, and away, having learned a lesson concerning all-seeing eyes which it is to be hoped he may never forget.—*Harper's Weekly.*

ARE you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Spend less than you earn and you will be rich.

A Farmer Who Changed Places With His Wife.

There was once a man who was so cross and peevish because he thought his wife never did enough in the house.

He came home one evening from the hay field growling and scolding, till the things seemed to fairly glow around him.

"Dear; don,t be angry," said the woman. "In the morning we will change work. I will go out with the hay workers and mow, while you do the work at home."

Yes, the man thought this a good idea, and was very willing to show her a thing or two.

So, early in the morning the woman took the scythe and went out into the meadow with the rest to mow.

The man was there to work in the house. First he made ready to churn, but after churning awhile, feeling very thirsty, he went down to the cellar to tap some cider. While doing this he heard the pig in in the kitchen. He ran up stairs leaving the faucet open. At the first sight of him the pig ran against the churn with very disastrous consequences. When the man saw this mischief done and the pig greedily smacking and sipping the stream that ran over the floor, he was ready to fly off with rage, and entirely forgetting the cider barrel, he punished the pig as best he could. He reached it again in the door and gave it a mighty kick that killed it on the spot.

Now he remembered leaving the faucet open, but on going to the cellar all the cider had run out. He then went to the milk room, and again found cream to fill the churn, for butter he must have for dinner. When he had churned awhile he remembered that the cow was yet in the stable, and had received neither bite nor sup, though it was late in the day.

Thinking that it would take too long to go to the pasture he concluded to put her on the sod roof on which he grew short, green grass. As the hut lay by a steep hillside he thought that by laying a plank from that to the roof, it would be easy to get the cow up, but he dared not leave the churn, for the baby was crawling around on the floor and might upset it; so he took the churn on his back, thinking he would give the cow some water before putting her on the roof. Leaning down to dip water from the well down came the contents of the churn, deluging his head and neck, then dropping into the well.

It was now near dinner time, and as there was no butter he thought of cooking mush, and immediately hung up a kettle of water over the fire.

But now he bethought himself that the cow might fall off the roof and break her legs or neck, so he must go up to tie her. One end of the rope he tied around the cow's neck, and dropping the other through the chimney he went down and tied it around his leg, for the water was boiling in the kettle and he must make the mush. While he was doing this the cow fell off the roof and dragged him up the chimney by the rope. There he hung a prisoner, while the poor cow dangled between heaven and earth, not able to either go up or down.

The wife had waited seven long and broad hours to be called to dinner, but no summons came. At last she thought it was too long and finally went home.

Upon seeing the cow hanging in such a remarkable manner, she quickly cut the rope with her scythe. At the same moment the man fell down the chimney, and his wife found him standing on his head in the mush kettle.

Thus ended the woeful experience of a man who found fault with his wife; and as the type of the "genus homo" is not confined to one nation alone, let every man abducted to similar practice take a solemn warning.

It Did Him Good.

Side by side in the waiting room of the Third street passenger station yesterday sat a nervous little woman and a tall, melancholy man. The woman had a boy about seven years of age who seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit. He would not sit nor stand still. He didn't want apples or candy. He couldn't be coaxed or bribed to behave himself, and his kicking and whining seemed to wear the little mother out. The melancholy man stood it for a little while, but finally felt called upon to observe.

"Madam I know what that child is aching for."

"Yes, so do I," she promptly answered "but I've a boil on my right arm."

"I'll take the job off your hands if you will say so. It is sumthin' I've been in the habit of doing almost every day of my life, for I've had three wives and three sets of children."

The boy set up an extra howl and began kicking her shins just then, and she looked around in a helpless way and said:

"Well, you may try. Not too vigorous but just vigorous enough."

He reached over and picked the child up, laid him across his knee, and the spanking machine started off at about forty revolutions a minute and worked to a charm.

"There—you sit there!" said the old man as he straightened the boy up and set him down. "That's better than all the candy and peanuts in the country, and you'll behave yourself for the next three days."

The boy blubbered softly and sat still, and when the mother bowed her head in gratitude the old man replied:

"Oh, don't mention it. It's the best medicine in the world. Besides, I was a bit lonesome to-day, and it has sort o' cheered me up."

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size sold at 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and Canada.

A BULL AND A GRIZZLY.

Awful Combat Described by an Eye-Witness Up a Tree.

"I suppose the bull started toward the thicket to get a drink at the water hole, but he never got the drink. I saw him push his way into the thicket, and the next instant I could see that he had got into trouble of some kind, and that trouble proved to be a grizzly bear. A fierce struggle followed in the thicket. The tops of the bushes swayed to and fro and I could hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two powerful animals writhed in fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rolled up from the spot. It was not distant over 100 yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulders. But instead of showing any signs of defeat he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. But scarcely had I time to note all this when the bear, a huge, repulsive-looking brute, broke through the opening. He was the most formidable specimen of his kind I had ever seen, and my sympathies were at once with the bull, in spite of his belligerent attitude toward me a few minutes before, but I had my serious doubts about the final result of the combat that began at once.

"That combat was a trial of brute force that no words of mine are adequate to describe. When the bear made his appearance out of the thicket the bull did not wait for his contestant's charge, but lowering his great head to the ground he rushed madly upon the bear. The latter seemed to appreciate the abilities of the bull and summoned all the wariness of his nature to his aid. He waited until the bull was almost upon him and then sprung aside with marvelous quickness, seized his assailant's horns in his powerful grasp and pressed his head to the ground by his great strength and the weight of his enormous body, biting at the bull's nose and tearing the flesh from his neck and shoulders with his long, sharp claws. This position was maintained for at least five minutes, the bull struggling desperately to free his head, but being unable to accomplish it, while the bear put forth every muscle to press the bull's body to the ground. The blood poured from the bull's nostrils in great streams, but the bear had as yet received no apparent injury.

THE BEAR WORSTED.

"Presently both animals paused in their desperate struggle, as each was blown and rapidly approaching exhaustion. The bear did not relax the hold he had obtained on his contestant. As yet during the fight neither animal had uttered a sound except their loud and labored breathing. The cessation in the struggle had probably been of ten minutes' duration, when suddenly the bull made one tremendous lunge, broke the motionless but terrible embrace, hurled the bear from off his head and backed away probably ten paces. The bear lifted his huge form on his haunches and stood ready for the next assault. The herd of cattle had by this time gathered in from the plain and surrounded the combatants moaning and bellowing and pawing up the ground, but maintaining a terrified neutrality.

The bull did not remain at rest a moment after backing away for a new charge, but, rendered furious by his wounds, he gathered all his energies, and with an unearthly cry rushed with impetous ferocity upon the bear. The latter attempted to use the tactics that had served him so well at the first onslaught, but the second charge of the bull was irresistible in spite of the bear's terrific blows with his paws, the grizzly went down in the dust before his crazed antagonist, and vainly tried to defend himself. The bull thrust his horns in under the bear, caught him in the belly with one of the sharp weapons, and with one furious sweep of his head tore the grizzly open until his entrails protruded. Then the grizzly rose