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SOMERSET, PA.

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DYSPEPSIA.

IS that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fiber and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a dozen dyspeptics, no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspeptics of active mental power and a bilious temperament are subject to Sick Headaches; these, feeby and phlegmatic have Constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to gloomy forebodings. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper.

Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,

The Underlying Cause is in the LIVER,

and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

THE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

IT WILL CORRECT ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, EXPEL FOUL GASES, ALLAY IRRITATION, ASSIST DIGESTION, and, at the same time

Start the Liver to Working, when all Other Troubles Soon Disappear.

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise use Simmons Liver Regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised." —WM. M. KEBOE, Fort Valley, Ga.

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Respectfully, BIESECKER & SNYDER.

B. & B.

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Special values in each of the 52 Extensive Departments in our store, offered each season. We do not mean by this a few special values offered as a catch-penny business, the selling of goods below cost to create the impression that all our goods are sold proportionally cheap, etc., etc.; but *Real Live Bargains, THE VERY BEST VALUE* for the money, which can be had in any Dry Goods Establishment in America.

To offer such values at all times to our customers has been our aim and this has been our line of policy right through. We mean to continue it and hope to succeed in our efforts still.

A Question of Value represents a *matter of pence*—a gain or loss.

To most of us this is a matter of considerable importance and interest.

The Stocks we offer the purchasing public contain almost everything in the different lines to be found, and ample enough to suit all tastes, even the most fastidious. This much as to *assortment* and *variety*.

The Goods are the Best.—By this we mean the best for the price; if low priced goods are wanted we can offer these, too, and up to the very finest grades. *The Prices.*—Well, upon this item we risk our reputation. The prime question with us in the purchase and sale of goods, is not how *MUCH* can be obtained for an article, but for how *LITTLE* can it be sold.

These are the items then—*Plenty of Light and Room for your Comfort, Best Qualities in all Lines, Largest Assortments, Lowest Prices.*

Are our claims sustained?

Everybody is looking now for *Hot Weather Dry Goods*. We can give you excellent assortments in way of

FRENCH and DOMESTIC SATINES

Anderson's Scotch Ginghams, Zephyr Ginghams, Chambray Ginghams, Tussor Crepes, Batistes, Lawns, India Linons, Crinkle Seersuckers.

Printed Challis and Light Weight Etamines in large assortment of weaves and colors for seaside and mountain resorts.

When in the city, you are always welcome to make our store room your headquarters, for meeting of friends, appointments, etc. Plenty of room for your accommodation.

MAIL ORDERS.—To our patrons who do not always find it convenient to come to the city to make their purchases, we extend the services of our THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT. Samples of the newest and choicest styles of goods as they come in, will be cheerfully sent to any address upon request.

We have thousands of customers who find this method of shopping with us very satisfactory and profitable.

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WOMAN'S WARFARE.

Say, do women join the army?
Nay! for women are too frail;
In the midst of battle's terrors
Tender hearts like theirs would fail.
But I say a woman riseth,
Day by day within her home,
To encounter foes by legions
Who for deadly combat come.

Say, what are woman's weapons?
Needles, scissors, duster, broom;
Carving-knife, perchance, or, haply,
Some long-handled iron spoon;
But to meet this single-handed,
Myriad foes, in stern array,
Needs a courage all undaunted
Not less than the bloody fray.

What hath she to lose if vanquished?
What compared with realms of earth,
Household joy, and loved one's safety;
Things of rare and priceless worth;
Health and life, and oftimes reason
Vicious fall, before these foes,
Lives are tarnished, souls are saddened,
And there follows countless woes.

Woman, in your daily conflict,
Wield some mightier weapons, then!
Wield the sword of God's great spirit!
And before it all shall bow;
Scripture texts wield thus with power!
Own and feel that prayer is might;
And thy true and phantom legions
Shall be quickly put to flight.

HER PROPOSAL.

The late March snows were dissolving in delicate wreathes over the hills—the maple buds were already swelling against the sky like crimson dots, and the song of the blue bird heralded the advent of Spring over the Bleak Berkshire hills.

"O, Billy, isn't it nice?" said little Rebecca Hale, as she skipped along the road. "O, look, there's a dear little striped squirrel, with a bushy tail and such bright eyes, like black beads. O, don't you wish we lived out of doors always?"

"Becky, don't jump about so," chided the boy, an ancient philosopher of ten years or so. "There, I knew it, you've burst out that hole in your shoe that I sewed up carefully and one of your mittens is gone."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, but that's no sign we never shall have any cold weather again. Besides, Aunt Keziah is dead."

"Well, I don't care for that," said the little one, recklessly. "Aunt Keziah was old and cross, and boxed our ears, and said we were the plagues of her life."

"Yes," said Billy, slowly, "but there is no one to take care of us now that Aunt Keziah is dead. You should consider that, Becky."

"No one to take care of us," echoed Becky, standing still. "O, Billy, I didn't think of that."

Mrs. Harewood was frying doughnuts over the great cooking stove in the back kitchen. An immense blue and white checked apron enshrouded her spare form, and a pocket handkerchief concealed her hair. Mrs. Harewood was not pretty at her best; in this uniform she was hideous.

"Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen," said Mrs. Harewood, fishing the brown curls of paste out of the boiling liquid. "Twenty and four makes two dozen. Now, Michael, who is it, and what on earth do they want?"

"It's the two little children from Aunt Keziah Proudfoot's," said Michael Harewood, a tall, brown-faced man of thirty or thereabouts. "The old woman died last night."

"Well, what of that?" said Mrs. Harewood, who had gone back to the table and was cutting long strips of dough and twisting them into spirals ready for the pot of frizzing lard. "They'll bury her, I suppose. And after her long sickness, the dear knows, nobody'll be so very sorry."

"But the little children. What is to become of them," said Michael, softly.

"Why, send 'em to the poor house, of course. There's nothing else to be done, as I know of," snapped the dame.

"To the poor house, Maria. Those pretty, delicate little children—Kate Hale's brother's children—to the poor house!"

"Well, I don't see why not," said Mrs. Harewood. "Thirty-four, thirty-five. Three dozen ought to be enough. If Kate had cared so much about her relations, she might a-stayed to hum an' looked after 'em, instead of running away with a ship's captain and going to China or India, or Kamschatka, or the Lord knows where, after she was engaged to you, too. And—"

"Never mind about that now, Maria," said the brother, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. "It is all a thing of the past; and Kate could not see, when she left her native country, that her brother's little ones would soon be alone in the world, orphaned and without resources. So it has chanced, at all events. The poor little things are in the sitting-room now."

"And I s'pose they've come here because my husband is a poor-master," said Mrs. Harewood, dropping in her fresh batch of doughnuts, one by one. "Well, he won't be home afore noon."

"I was not thinking of that, Maria," said Michael Harewood, gently. "It occurred to me that, perhaps, since you have no children of your own—"

"That I'd fill my house with all the pauper children of the neighborhood," said Mrs. Harewood. "No, Michael Harewood, you're mistaken there. I would'nt have Jim Hale's children in my house after the way Kate treated you, not if I was to be paid a dollar a day. And besides, I ain't the matron of the poor house."

"Then what are they to do?"

Mrs. Harewood shrugged her bony shoulders.

"It's no business of mine," she said indifferently. "Nor I ain't going to concern myself in it."

Michael Harewood went back to the room where the two little orphans were admiring a gaudy, stuffed parrot, that swung from the ceiling.

"Children," said he, "Get on your things."

"Ain't us to stay here?" piteously demanded Becky. "I'm so tired and hungry. We didn't have any breakfast this morning."

"Please, Mr. Harewood," said Billy, "Where are we to go? Nobody wants us."

"I want you," said Michael Harewood, his heart giving a great jump as he saw Kate's old look shining out of the wistful, upturned face of the child. "You shall be my little ones henceforth."

There was no lack of talk and gossip in the neighborhood when Michael Harewood left his brother's house and set up housekeeping for himself in a little unoccupied cabin just on the verge of the woods, with the Hale children as protoges and companions.

Michael Harewood was an artist by profession—one of those erratic, irregular geniuses who seldom make much money, yet possess natures of genuine gold. He paid little attention to the buzz of the neighbors, the sarcasms of his sister-in-law, and the criticisms of the world in general, but painted serenely on, disposing of his pictures at ludicrously low prices as fast as they were laid off his easel.

"For it isn't as if I could wait for a good chance," said he. "They must sell at any figure; the little people can't starve."

So the three led a strange, eccentric life.

Little Becky swept and dusted. Billy brought water, weeded the onion beds and made himself generally useful, and Michael Harewood did all the rest. When there chanced to be meat enough for three he ate and was thankful. When there was not he made a meal off vegetables and told the children it was for his health's sake.

"Don't you love Uncle Michael, Becky," said the little boy one night when Michael had tucked them safely in bed and heard their simple prayers.

"Yes," said Becky, rearing up in her little patchwork-covered nest. "And when I grow up I mean to marry him."

Michael Harewood, smoking his pipe under the window below, heard the little voices, and his heart grew soft within him.

"God bless the little ones!" he murmured. "And God bless Kate wherever she may be!"

Kate was nearer than he thought.

"Have yer heard the news?" said the widow Castleberry to Mrs. Harewood. "Kate Hale's come back."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Harewood's comment. "A bad penny always returns. Who does she suppose is going to run after her now?"

"Ah, but," said Widow Castleberry, wagging her head, "You didn't hear me through. She's a widow, and she's rich as Crœsus."

"No!" said Mrs. Harewood. "It ain't possible."

"But is is, though," said the widow. "Wears diamonds as big as dew-drops, and a black silk dress as will stand alone for richness, and has her maid as genteel as the Queen of the Cannibal Islands."

"Ah, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Harewood. "Wonders will never cease. Them children will be brought up like a prince and princess, now, I suppose. I 'most wish I'd taken them myself, as Michael wanted me to do."

For once the tongue of rumor was correct. Kate Hale, now Mrs. Alden Armitage, had been, in very truth, left a wealthy widow, and she had returned to her native land to adopt her brother's orphaned children. Kate had been pretty as a girl—as a woman, set off by the accessions of wealth, she was royally beautiful. Nor was she devoid of feeling. When she first came into the presence of the artist whose magnanimity had saved her brother's children from the poor house, she knelt down and kissed his brown hands with tears.

"Kate! Kate!" he cried, recoiling. "What are you doing?"

"I can't help it," sobbed Kate. "You are so kind, so noble. What would my poor little ones have done but for you? And when I remember how I treated you—"

"We won't recall that, Kate," said the artist, quietly. "But I have grown to love the little ones dearly. I do not wish to part with them, although I feel that you have the best right to them."

He was standing with one hand on Becky's golden head. The child glanced eagerly from one to the other.

"Couldn't Aunt Kate come and live with us, Uncle Michael?" said she, with a sudden brightening up of every feature. The eyes of the elders met—Michael's sad and kindly—Kate's full of sudden tears.

"Ah, my child," said the former, "I asked her that question once, a long while ago—and she said, No!"

"But if you were to ask me again, I should answer you very differently," cried out Kate.

And then she hid her burning face in her hands.

"I shall never ask it again," said Michael Harewood, gravely.

"Then I will," said Mrs. Armitage, going up to him and putting her hands in his. "Dear Michael, I have learned now the priceless value of what I once rejected—your true, noble heart. I love you—will you repulse me now?"

"I was going to marry Uncle Michael myself," said Becky, thoughtfully. "But maybe its best that Aunt Kate should have him after all."

"I think so," said Billy.

Endorsed by the M. D's.

A. M. Robinson, Druggist and Apothecary, Bangor, Me., in a letter dated July 1, 1884, says:—"I have had many prescriptions for Gilmore's Aromatic Wine from one of our best physicians, who learned of its virtues from those who had used it. No remedy ever produced has met with such marked favor from the medical profession. The Company cheerfully furnish any physician a sample of their Aromatic Wine, and not one of the many hundreds who have given it an examination has ever failed to endorse it as a valuable and reliable remedy.—All over the country leading physicians are prescribing it, particularly for the numerous ailments to which females are liable. They know there is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder, Mammoth Block, Somerset, Pa.

ALL MEDICAL AUTHORITIES agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

JONES' LIFE INSURANCE.

When the life insurance agent cornered Jones out in the corn-field the other day and persuaded him that a $5,000 policy was just what he needed in order that his friends might reverence his memory, there was not a man in the state who was on better terms with the world in general than was Simon Jones.

But the agent had not been gone an hour before everything seemed changed.

Not that any of his friends or family had ever intimated that a sum of that kind would help assuage their poignant grief when he should have shuffled off this mortal coil, yet Jones could not banish the growing idea that it would be a fine thing to have five thousand dollars in clean cash. He had taken out the policy in his wife's favor, of course, for he would have told you an hour ago that such women as Sally Jones were mighty scarce. But not it seemed to him all at once that it would be rather unfair for Sally to be covortin' 'round with all that money while he mouldered away quite forgotten by them all. To be sure he was strong and healthy—not a better man in the county, 'twas said—but, then, Sally was strong too; she would be sure to outlive him—sure to get that five thousand dollars and be a dashing young widow like Simon has seen and always detested.

Sally was not very stylish or dashing at present, certainly. Simon could see her from where he was at work, hanging out the weekly wash, with a screaming baby under one arm. But, then, who knew how much style Sally might develop if invested with such a magnificent sum as five thousand dollars?

He unhitched his horses and drove slowly to the house, with a growing conviction that he was not long for this world. His solemn face at dinner called forth remarks from the kind hearted Sally, and then it came out about the policy Simon had taken that morning. Sally was delighted. "Five thousand dollars," she said, smiling into Simon's gloomy face. "That would be a nice sum for me and the children in case you should be taken away; nothing like providing for a rainy day."

"You wouldn't git it unless I died," snapped the irritated Simon.

"'Course not, which I hope won't be for a long time yet," replied Sally; "but still it's a good thing. Now, there was Lee Barnes, who died, an' his insurance was two thousand, an' whatever Mary would a-done without that money is more——"

"If you think I'm such a weak shake-down as Lee Barnes, you're greatly mistaken," interrupted Simon, angrily. "He never was no 'count, an' his wife was a flantin' 'round tryin' to git married again 'fore he'd been dead six months! Don't hold up them Barnes for no pattern to me!"

Sally was astonished at this outburst from the generally good-natured Simon.

"I never said you was like Lee Barnes" she retorted, "I said he left his wife two thousand dollars insurance when he died and he did, too."

"Well, who cares if he did?" cried Simon, angrily, rising and leaving the kitchen in a huff. He was convinced at once that Sally would much prefer that five thousand dollars to him, alive.

"That's the way with women," he muttered. "All they think of is money; and I've always been a good husband. Nobody can't say I haven't."

The fact that neither Sally nor any one else had ever disputed the fact did not occur to the misguided Simon, who went about his work moody and silent, his mind filled with bitterness toward every one.

Sally marveled some over Simon's queer behavior, but finally concluded something had worried him, the horses may be, one of them was rather inclined to balk, he would be all right by supper time.

But supper time brought no change, nor the next day, nor the next, and Sally's questions only seemed to anger him.

"Are you sick, Simon?" she inquired, tenderly; "or have you heard bad news? Somethin's botherin' you; what is it?"

"I tell you there ain't nothin' the matter," replied Simon, sullenly, sitting down in a chair in which some of the children had just upset a cup of water. He sprang to his feet so suddenly that Sally understanding the cause, laughed long and loud.

At another time Simon would have joined in this harmless mirth, but now, considering himself in the light of a martyr, he only gazed contemptuously upon the irreverent Sally, who still giggled behind her gingham apron.

"Oh! you can laugh," he sneered; "you've nothin' to trouble you and when I'm gone you're safe."

"Where you goin', Sim?" cried Sally, eagerly, forgetting her laughter and failing to see the significance of this cutting remark. That Simon standing there before her was seriously talking of dying never occurred to her. "Where you goin', Simon?" she reiterated. "'Cause if you're goin' down to Snyder's, I promised Maria some of them crooked-necked squashes out in the lot, an' you can take 'em over it——"

Simon waited to hear no more, but flung himself off, muttering "Hang the women, anyhow; none of 'em got a bit of sense."

So for more than a week things went on in this cross-grained way. Nothing pleased Simon any more, his appetite failed, and he scowled so continually that it seemed doubtful if his face ever would straighten out again. His one thought was of that five-thousand-dollar policy and the pleasure it would bring to others when he could take no part in it.

Sally at last began to see the reason of Simon's strange mood, but she wisely kept her own counsel. A plan formed itself in her mind, however—a plan over which she often smiled when about her work. Now the policy had not arrived yet, but would in a few days.

Accordingly, one morning as Sally was busy churning on the porch while Simon sat whittling in dejected silence beside her, a buggy stopped at the gate, and from it alighted a spruce young man whom Simon instantly recognized as the insurance agent. He came briskly up to the porch.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones! Fine morning, this; I have brought you your policy; it is all complete with this exception, as it is in favor of your wife, here," bowing to Mrs. Jones, who had stopped churning, "it will be necessary for her to sign it (here producing pen and ink). "Will you, my good woman, be so kind as to affix your name?"

Now Sally resented being called "my good woman" in that manner, she hated agents generally and this one in particular, for hadn't Simon acted like all possessed ever since he came bothering round. Here was the oppotunity she craved.

Taking the policy which the agent extended, she unfolded and glanced at its contents.

"So this is my husband's life insurance?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And it's for five thousand dollars, ain't it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"In my favor?"

"Yes in your favor, certainly," replied the agent. "Now you see——"

"Never mind, sir," interrupted the irate Sally, "I want to tell you that I don't want no five-thousand dollars, when Simon dies, nor I don't want no insurance policy either. Simon has acted like a fool ever since he took out this farnel old thing; thinks I want him to die so I can have all that money to have a fine time with. I don't believe I'd ever get five cents, anyhow—them insurance companies always busts fore a man dies; anyhow I wouldn't live with Simon another week if he kept this. You understand, sir, I don't want no policy, nor Simon don't neither."

And with a dexterous twist Sally tore up the offending paper and tossed the pieces into the yard.

"But madam, let me tell you—let me explain; surely there is some mistake," began the chagrined agent, but Sally cut him short.

"I know there's been a mistake," she said, "and I've rectified it—look out, sir, this cream may splatter your clothes" as the dasher flew with renewed vigor.

The agent turned to Simon, who had been a silent spectator of this scene. "Sir, will you permit this; is it to be as your wife says?"

Simon smiled in a sickly fashion, and taking out his wallet extracted therefrom a five dollar bill and handing it to the agent said: "Take this, sir, for your trouble, but as for the policy, I guess we'll let it be as wife says."

The agent took the money and his departure at once. After a moment's silence he turned to his wife and in a subdued voice asked:

"Hadn't I better finish that churnin', Sally?"

"I don't care if you do," said Sally.

Fighting Fish.

The male stickleback is a prodigious warrior, and when he meets a rival of his own kind he engages with him at once in deadly warfare. Their battles, says Mr. Darwin are at times desperate, for these puny combatants fasten tight on each other for several seconds, tumbling over and over again, until their strength appears utterly exhausted. Bold and pugnacious as they are, however, it is only my lords who thus fiercely contend with one another. Their demure little mates remain always perfectly pacific, gentle, and even tempered. With the rough-tailed stickleback, the males while fighting swim round one another, biting and endeavoring to pierce each other's mailed skin with their raised lateral spines or lances. Small as they are, their bite is very severe, and inflicts a deadly wound upon their antagonist; add Mr. Noel Humphreys remarks that they use their lateral spines with fierce effect, so that he has seen one brave stickleback during a stout battle rip up his opponent from end to end, till the vanquished hero sank to the bottom and died ingloriously. It is during the moment of battle, and just before and after it, that the colors of all fighting animals become invariably most intense. The reason is plain: battle is joined just before the mating season, and "before the face of maidens and dames;" and, as in human tournaments, the ladies stand by to applaud the conquerors and to reward their progess. They are themselves the prize of the encounter they stimulate. Besides, the highest physical vigor and the highest excitement bring out the greatest beauty of both men and animals. The angrier you make a mandrill the more vividly tinted are his cheeks and calosities. The frilled lizards and flying dragons glow with all the brightest colors of the rainbow when you tease or annoy them. The turkey cock swells his crimson wattles and spreads his ruffled feathers to the utmost at sight of a rival or mischievous boy. There is a little hot-tempered fish known as *Betta pugnax* and kept as a sort of domestic pet by the Siamese (much as the Chistian English gentleman of 40 or 50 years since kept fighting cocks) to display its prowess for the edification of the Mongolian intelligence. "When in a state of quiet," says Cantor, "its dull colors present nothing remarkable; but if two be brought together, or if one sees its own image in a looking glass the little creature becomes suddenly excited, the raised fins and the whole body shine with metallic colors of dazzling beauty, while the projected gill membrane, waving like a black frill round the throat, adds something of grotesqueness to the general appearance. In this state it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist. But both, when taken out of each other's sight, instantly became quiet." The fighting fishes, as the Siamese call them, are kept in globes like gold fish and fed from time to time with the larvæ of mosquitoes. The Siamese are as wild after their fish fights as the Malays are for cockfighting, and often stake large sums, or even the freedom of themselves and their families, on the prowess and skill of a particular betta. The license to exhibit fish fights is farmed by Government and brings in a considerable revenue to the King of Siam.

Striking Fact in Havana.

A most noticeable thing in Havana is the universal and almost constant use of tobacco. Americans have made some progress in the weed, but they are mere novices compared with the people of Cuba. Except the churches, no places are sacred from the use of tobacco. The Cuban smokes as he drives you to your hotel; the landlord as he shows you to your room; the waiter in the interval bet ween the courses; the banker as he cashes your draft; the physician as he times your pulse; the priest the moment he leaves the altar; the sexton as he digs the grave; the undertaker as he drives the hearse to the funeral. Ordinarily the corpse does not smoke.

A Wonderful Well.

A writer in the Omaha *Bee* describes one of the wonders of Texas as follows: About 110 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, there is a strange phenomenon which has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, Receiver of the Texas and Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, Division Superintendent Judy, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Governor Brown and Superintendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come to the reporter's ear. About two years ago the Texas and Pacific Railway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles below Sierra Blanca which is a hamlet 95 miles from El Paso. The workmen put down the pipe 600 feet when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropping six feet and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground, giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the strange subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath.

The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently interested to investigate. Recently, however Superintendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Governor Brown stopped on his way here to see it. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood and are thoroughly acquainted with it ever since it was abandoned, three years ago. The people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer time to enjoy the cool, invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like ocean tides. From 10:15 P. M. a current rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam and so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10:15 P. M. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in which lasts for the next twelve hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day, and it has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of this well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched.

Recently a man from Sierra Blanca was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife he found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the knife in the current of air and found that the magnetic property increased. Several weeks ago Superintendent Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of air for four minutes, and the knife is still strongly magnetized from the effect. The outflowing current of air is believed to possess curative powers. Its efficacy is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near this wonderful well call it the "Fountain of Youth."

A Vegetable Compass.

Long before men learned to poise a piece of magnetized iron on a pivot to indicate the North there were natural compasses growing on the American prairies, and they still flourish in large numbers as a reliable guide to travelers across the American desert. They are a peculiar species of plant, called the compass plant the pilot weed or polar plant, and have been known for generations to the Western hunter, although the scientific world has known them but a short time. The edges of its leaves are said to be always pointed due North and South. An authority states: "Repeated observations upon the prairies, with measurements by the compass of the directions assumed by hundreds of leaves, especially of the radical ones, have shown that as to prevalent position the popular belief has a certain foundation in the fact."

Captain Mayne Reid mentions it in one of his books as follows: "We had a guide to our direction unerring as the magnetic needle. We were traversing the region of the polar plant, the planes of whose leaves at almost every step pointed out our meridian. It grew upon our track, and was crushed under the hoofs of our horses as we rode onward."

The traveler Burton also refers to it: "While in the damper ground appeared the polar plant, that prairie compass to plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian." Another writer says: "Fortunately none goes to the prairies for the first time without being shown, in case of mishaps, the groups of compass weed which abound all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself."

True but Remarkable.

"Yes, I'm from Dakota," he said meekly, as he got into conversation with a man on an Eastern train.

"Ah, is that so? I am thinking of going out there myself to invest in some farming land."

"We have some very fine land."

"So I understand, but are not some of the stories they tell of its fertility exaggerated.

"Why, my friend, I am sorry to say some of them are downright untruths."

"That's what I thought. Now what is the most remarkable instances of the fertility of Dakota soil which ever came under your observation?"

"Well, I believe the case of my pump might go at the head of the list."

"What was it?"

"I dug a well about forty feet deep the first season I was there and put down a wooden pump. It happened it was made out of a small cottonwood log which was a little green, and the soil at the bottom of that well, forty feet from the surface, was so fertile that the pump took root, and it also grew up and branched out, and now while my children play in a swing attached to one of the branches I pump water through the hole which still remains in the trunk."—*Dakota Bell.*

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The Dark Side of Things.

Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind in Austin, living in Ward No. 13. A neighbor happened to drop in to see him the other day and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all coming on?"

"We are all tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and jolling because he is going fishing. I just know that he is going to come home drowned, and howling with a fish hook sticking in him somewhere."

"Well, the rest seem to be cheerful."

"Yes, sorter. Jemimy is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy pulling, but I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming from a candy pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a three-story window and killed her."

"Killed who?"

"Jemimy."

"Why, no; there she is."

"Well, it might have been her if she had been on the pavement below where the woman fell."

"Well, you are looking healthy."

"Yes, I feel just like the man did who dropped dead in New York last week from the heart disease. He was in high spirits and had a good appetite, and there's just my symptoms."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Green Recruit.

Adjutant General E. B. Gray, of Madison, Wis., favored the members of Ransom Post G. A. R. with a little talk recently. In the course of his remarks he referred to the general ignorance of the first recruits in all matters pertaining to the army and navy, and stated that the north had very few real soldiers the first two years of the war. As an illustration of this point he related the following incident:

"Soon after the first call for troops was issued," he said, "a member of one of the newly organized regiments which had just been quartered at Washington was strolling about the city one day when he stumbled into the navy yard. His curiosity was very much excited at what he saw there, he having been raised in an inland town. At last he came across one of those great anchors that are used in a man-of-war. One of the flukes was sticking in the ground, while the other stuck some twelve or fourteen feet in the air, and the shank extended out to one side about fifteen feet. The recruit was very much interested in this strange piece of machinery. He examined it on all sides, tried to move it, and occasionally stared all around the yard, as if trying to connect it with some other object. After a while the yard officer came around and told him he would have to leave the yards.

"Oh, bun gosh blame it, I ain't ready to go yit!" said the recruit.

"Con't help it, sir," replied the officer; the yards close at 5 o'clock, and everybody has to get out then."

"But I want to stay here, and I'm not going out. My name's Peterson, and I belong to the Seventieth New York.

"Makes no difference; you must go. But what on earth do you want to hang around here for?"

"Why, I've been waiting here for an hour to see the chap that handles this gosh blamed pick, and I'm going to stay till he