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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
Somerset, Pa.

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All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

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Office in residence, next to Lutheran Church.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Biesecker & Snyder's Drug Store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Shanksville.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Drug Store.

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Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baer Block, up-stairs.

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Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

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Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.

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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
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Collections made in all parts of the United States.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured in one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale 180 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

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

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 47. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1918.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR
PIANOS and ORGANS!
A SPLENDID CHANCE FOR ACTIVE AND RELIABLE MEN!
We desire to establish agencies in every county for the Pianos and Organs we represent, including the
Peerless Hardman Pianos,
Krakauer Bros.' Pianos,
Schoninger Bell Pianos,
Ivers and Pond Pianos,
Harrington & Co. Pianos,
Loring & Blake Palace Organs,
Chase Organs,
Smith American Organs,
Lawrence 7 Octave Piano Organs,
Chicago Cottage Organs,
Automatic Æolian Organs.
In the above list are included the very finest instruments made in the United States, and having the highest and most extensive reputation, thus rendering them the easiest and most satisfactory for any agent to deal in. We invite correspondence from any active, industrious and reliable persons wishing to engage in this business, or from those who are already in it. Please state abilities and give reference.
MELLOR & HOENE,
PALACE OF MUSIC,
feb.8-1m. 77 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

FISHING TACKLE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.
SEINES, NETS, TENTS, and Sporting Goods.
Double-Barrel Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke bored, $13 to $100. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; every kind of Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $3 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2 50 to $12; Revolvers, $1 to $20; Double-action self-cockers, $2 50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shells, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers. Send 2 cents for Illustrated Catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 621 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. N B—This is a 25-year old, reliable firm; perfectly trustworthy; orders filled promptly and goods sent by mail or express to any part of the world; no matter what you want in the Gun line, you can get it at the Great Western by writing a letter.
Guns made to order; Guns and Revolvers repaired. sept14-6m.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Friday the 23d. day of March A. D., 1888, or as soon thereafter as possible, by S. H. Baker, John Murdock, Edward Pitcairn, M. Saxman, jr., A. W. Onmard and J. M. Murdock and others, under the Act of Assembly entitled: "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Johnstown Logging and Boom Company, the character and object of which is the clearing out, improving and using Dark Shade Creek and one of its branches called Clear Shade, not exceeding twenty miles in length, in the County of Somerset, purchasing dams and erecting new dams thereon, straightening, deepening, cribbing and widening the said stream, and using and managing the same for floating of logs, lumber and timber thereon by both natural and artificial floods at their discretion, but in such manner as not to obstruct the navigation of rafts and boats.

MARCHAND & GAITHER, Solicitors.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby given that appeals will be held from the assessments for 1888 at the Commissioners' Office, Somerset, Pa., for the several Townships and Boroughs from March 12th to March 17th, both days inclusive, when and where all persons and corporations feeling themselves aggrieved at the enumeration and valuation of their taxable property and effects in such cases made and provided are requested to attend and state their grievances for redress, according to law. The appeals will be held on the above mentioned days between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock P. M.

D. E. WAGNER,
GEO. M. NEFF,
C. W. WILLIAMSON,
Commissioners.
Attest:— A. J. HILEMAN, Clerk.
Commissioners' Office, Somerset, Pa., Feb. 15, '88.

Executor's Sale
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphan's Court of Somerset County, Penn'a., to the undersigned directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry in the Borough of Somerset, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

All that certain lot of ground situate in Somerset Somerset Co., Pa., bounded on the North by Patriot street, 34 2-3 feet, and extending back 264 feet to land of Mrs. E. A. Tayman, adjoining Wm. B. Frease on the East and Mrs. Julia Uhl on the West, containing one-eighth acre more or less, having a well of good water and the foundation for a house on the premises, and being a desirable lot for residence.

TERMS CASH.
JOSIAH KELLER,
mar 14. Executor of Fred'k Gilbert, dec'd.

No One Need
REMAIN
A Dyspeptic.
I have been suffering for over two years with Dyspepsia. For the last year I could not take a drink of cold water or eat any meat without vomiting it up. My life was a misery. I had recommended Simmons Liver Regulator, of which I am now taking the second bottle, and the fact is that words cannot express the relief I feel. My appetite is very good, and I digest everything thoroughly. I sleep well now, and I used to be very restless. I am fleshing up fast; good strong food and Simmons Liver Regulator did it all. I write this in hopes of benefitting some one who has suffered as I did, and would take oath to these statements if so desired.
E. S. BALLOU, Syracuse, Neb.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, to distribute the fund in the hands of Jacob Augustine, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of John Nicola, dec'd, to and among those legally entitled thereto, to all parties interested that I will sit at my office in the borough of Somerset, on Thursday April 19, 1888, at 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all parties interested can attend.

J. L. PUGH,
March 14. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE,

Estate of Lewis Knepper, dec'd, late of Brothersvalley Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, May 5, 1888, at the residence of the Administrator in Berlin Bor.

D. J. BRUBAKER,
mar28. Administrator.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you, everything new; no special ability required young or old; can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & CO. Portland, Me. jan 11. '88-1yr.

A FINE FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell my valuable farm at private sale. It is situate in Stonycreek Township, one mile from Coleman's Station, on the Somerset and Cambria Railroad. It contains about 200 acres, and is well improved. It has good buildings, a fine orchard, a good vein of coal, open, and is in every way a desirable home. Terms on reasonable payments, to suit the purchaser. Call and see.

Feb15-3t. LEVI SHAFER.

CONSTIPATION.
Is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as
Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, Etc.
The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.
J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Beware of Imitations!
And do not be deceived by misrepresentation.
BUY ONLY THE
Pure Seven-Year old Export
Guckenheimer
WHISKY,
SOLD ONLY BY
JOSEPH FLEMING, DRUGGIST,
84 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.,
And let no explanation or solicitation by any one induce you to accept any other Whisky than the above, and you will then have the best and purest. Full quart, $1. Or six for $5. All orders by mail, C. O. D., or otherwise, promptly attended to. Remember the place.
JOSEPH FLEMING,
DRUGGIST,
84 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
BIESECKER & SNYDER.
SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.
None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.
You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.
The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.
Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

DIAMOND LINSEED OIL WORKS.
THOMPSON & CO.,
GENUINE OLD PROCESS
OIL CAKE MEAL.
Oil Meal as Stock Food.
There is no better or cheaper food for MILCH COWS. It increases the quality and quantity of milk more than any other feed. For fattening beef cattle it surpasses all other food, making the meat more tender and juicy. No food known will fit CATTLE as rapidly for market as Oil Meal. For HORSES, a small quantity can be fed daily with valuable results, and for SHEEP, HOGS, FOWLS, etc., it is an excellent food, keeping them in a healthy condition, making fine, palatable meat.
We manufacture by the OLD PROCESS—steam heat and hydraulic pressure.
Well settled LINSEED OIL and fresh ground OIL MEAL always on hand.
Write for circular and prices. Send your orders to
THOMPSON & CO.,
1-11-3m. Allegheny, Pa.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards, wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. jan11-'88-1yr.

FOR RENT!
A Large Water-power and Steam
GRIST MILL,
—IN—
Meyersdale Borough,
Somerset County, Pa. For terms apply to the proprietors,
B. E. and I. E. MEYERS,
4-4-3t. MEYERSDALE, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elias Sanner, late of Upper Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 14th day of April, 1888, at the late residence of dec'd.

ALFRED N. SNYDER,
dec7. Administrator.

PENSION AGENCY.
SOL. UHL,
Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs, Somerset, Pa. mar21tf.

THREE KISSES of FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweets,
And lavished our kisses as summer
Lavishes heats;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always,
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see,
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Tokens of what they may not see
Who see our dying breath—
This one last kiss, my darling,
Seals the seal of death.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY L. D. LEECH.

It was in the early seventies, and I and my two partners were running a cattle ranch located on the Medicine River, in south western Kansas.

The recently finished Pacific railroads to the north of us had driven the buffalo pretty well out of the southern country, and the millions of acres of rich grasses which had pastured countless thousands of the animals for untold ages, now lay open to the herds of the cattlemen.

We were among the first ranchers who entered the new field, but at the time of which I write nearly one hundred cow camps had been established within a radius of fifty miles of ours.

One of the most recent arrivals in the neighborhood was a New Englander named Bailey, a quiet, rather delicate looking fellow of about thirty-five, who, a year before my story opens, had come on the range, bought a couple hundred head of cattle, and located a ranch on the North Fork, about twenty miles west of our camp.

Bailey was a shy, reserved sort of man, and although hospitable when visited, evinced but little of that whole-souled fraternal sociability which generally characterizes the lordly riders of the range. This made him very unpopular with the rest, and, with the exception of an old Mexican herdsman, who served him in the capacity of cow boy, he had very few friends, and no intimates.

We are all entirely too ready to believe the worst of any one whom we dislike, and cowboys are no exception to the rule.

So when, one autumn afternoon, big Jem Smith, the boss herder of the circle bar ranch came thundering up to the dug-out, with his pony all a-foam, and calling me outside, told me that Bailey was running off a bunch of steers in which there was a lot of strays belonging to other ranchers, and that the boys had gotten wind of it, and were organizing a pursuing party to catch and hang him for cattle thieving, I did not doubt the accused man's guilt.

Ten minutes later I had belted on my revolver, saddled my pony and was galloping like the wind for the appointed rendezvous, all too ready to take my part in the anticipated hanging bee.

We were a wild, rough looking set who met that evening at the 2 X ranch and started out on poor Bailey's trail. To tell the truth, we were most of us as wild and rough as we looked.

There were fifteen of us in the company altogether, for the most part owners of ranches, and the rest cowboys. We were all well mounted, and each one armed with a knife and revolver, while from every saddle horn hung the ever present lariat, the all important item, next to his pony, of a cowboy's equipment.

Tom Anderson, a strapping Missourian, who ran the 2-X brand, and who was the acknowledged master spirit of the range, fell naturally into the lead upon this occasion, as he did upon all others, whose intrepid daring and unyielding firmness were required.

Tom was what the cowboys call a "holy terror." He did not know what fear was, but though relentlessly fierce and cruel when enraged, he had a heart that was as tender as a child's in some of its moods. He was a lion both in looks and nature, and we all admired him, and generally submitted without question to his leadership.

Our party rode over sixty miles that night, and just as it began to grow light next morning we came up with Bailey. He and his old herder were engaged in cooking breakfast over their camp fire when we appeared upon the scene, and we did not wait for them to finish their meal before explaining our business.

Fierce and haggard from our hard night's ride, we were an ugly-looking crew, and it was little wonder that poor Bailey looked scared as he rose and timorously greeted us with a "Good morning, gentlemen," as we rode up.

No one answered his salutation; it was received with grim, ominous silence.

"Just take care of him, boys, while I ride out to the cattle and see that there is no mistake about the strays. We want to be certain that he's guilty before going any further," said our leader; and as he spoke he and several others of the party started toward a bunch of cattle that were grazing on the prairie not far off, while the rest of us kept guard over Bailey, who had now grown as pale as death, and was trembling in every limb.

In a moment Tom and the others returned, and as they approached, Tom said: "It's true, boys. There's a dozen strays in the lot and no mistake," and turning without more ado to the cowering culprit, he added, with a harsh abruptness that was simply terrible: "You, Bailey, are a cattle thief, and we have come after you to hang you. You knew the law of the range, when you broke it, so you must abide by it. You shall have an hour, and an hour only to prepare for death."

As his doom was thus spoken, the poor wretch was completely overcome with terror and dismay.

"Oh, boys, don't hang me! You mustn't hang me!" he cried piteously, falling suppliantly on his knees. "I swear that I am innocent! I call on God to witness that I intended to pay you for the cattle. Oh, have mercy, and don't hang me!" and he broke completely down and wept like a child.

But it was no use. There was no relenting in the harsh stern faces of his captors, no softening of their grim determination; and not a syllable of dissent was uttered when our leader spoke again and said:

"Mercy from us you will not receive. You had best pray for it from your Maker. In an hour's time you will be in His presence."

As Tom spoke the poor wretch gave one despairing look at the unrelenting faces of the men grouped on their ponies about him, and, meeting with not a sign of pity, fell, with a hopeless groan, face downward on the grass.

"I reckon we had better leave him by himself for a while boys. If he has any prayin' to do, I allow he kin do it better without an aujience; so let's draw off a piece until his time's up."

This most opportune and delicate suggestion came from old Jake Lape, and it was acted upon with alacrity. We immediately moved off for a distance of a hundred yards or so, and left the doomed man alone to make his final preparations for death. Although we intended to hang him we all felt that it was no more than fair to show him every politeness and courtesy possible under the circumstances.

Shortly after we rode off, Bailey rose dejectedly to his feet, thrust his hand into his bosom, and drawing forth what looked from a distance like a letter, dropped upon his knees and pressed it again and again to his lips with impassioned fervor. Afterward he replaced it in his bosom, and bowing his head spent the remainder of his time seemingly in silent prayer.

When the time had finally expired and we drew near the kneeling culprit to finish our dread work, he arose to meet us with an air so calm and gentle, so utterly changed, that it astonished us, for we had expected to meet him with tears, supplications and struggles.

He offered not the slightest resistance when we bound his hands securely behind him, and lifting him from the ground placed him on his horse, and drove with him down to the creek bottom, where a scraggy cottonwood had already been selected to serve as a gallows.

Bailey was driven under the tree; the noose of a lariat was quickly placed about his neck, and the other end thrown across an overhanging limb, and made fast to the trunk. Old Lape had his "quirt" raised in readiness to bring it down across the flank of the doomed man's pony at the word of command; all was ready for the final act, when Bailey raised his head and spoke.

Calling Tom Anderson to his side he said: "Tom, will you do a favor for a dying man?"

"What is it?" was the gruff reply.

"I want you to promise to see that my family gets what little property I leave. They are poor, and will need it badly, Tom; so, please promise. I know you'll do it if you say you will."

"Well, Bailey, I'll do it, if that's all you want. You may rest easy on that score; I promise," answered Tom, in a softened voice.

"Thank you, Tom; and now just one thing more, please," continued the prisoner, eagerly, "reach into my bosom and get the picture that's there, and let me have one more look at my wife and children before I die."

We all of us sat grouped about on our ponies under the cottonwood during this scene, and, as Tom Anderson complied with Bailey's request, and, taking a picture from the prisoner's bosom held it before him so that he could look at it, the surrounding group of rough cowboys became utterly absorbed in the scene.

Not a whisper was uttered, and the noise of the restless ponies, as they champed their bits or stamped impatiently upon the greensward, alone broke the solemn stillness.

With a look of unspeakable tenderness, Bailey glued his eyes upon the photograph, and held them there for fully a minute.

Then his head dropped suddenly upon his breast, and, with a groan he cried out in a despairing tone:

"Oh, boys! boys! it's hard to die and leave them all alone; and to die in such a way, too! It will kill poor Mary, if she's not dead already; I know it will."

He no longer looked at the picture, but Tom Anderson himself was gazing at it instead. Long and earnestly he looked at it, but did not speak a word. Then he handed it to old man Lape, and it passed from hand to hand until every man in the party had taken a long look at it.

A sweet, gentle woman's face looked smilingly forth from the midst of the card, while over each of her shoulders peeped a chubby face filled with childish glee and innocence. On the border of the card was written, in a clear delicate hand, "Come home soon, papa, we're so lonely without you."

When the picture had gone the rounds and Tom Anderson returned it reverently to Bailey's bosom, the culprit raised his head and said:

"It was for their sake boys, I drove the cattle off in such a hurry. I got word yesterday that my wife was dying, and I took the first steers I could find in order to get the money to go to her. I was wrong, I suppose, but I would have paid you for every head I took when I came back."

Like a flash Tom Anderson's knife was out of its sheath. A quick stroke, and the rope about the prisoner's neck was severed. Instantly Bailey's pony bore him aside, and in his place, facing the crowd, on his mustang sat Tom, with uplifted hand and his eyes fairly blazing with fierce excitement, while we were too much amazed to either speak or move.

"That man speaks the truth!" he shouted. "He never intended to steal them cattle. But whether he did or not, it's all the same to me; the man that lays a finger on him must do it over my dead body. If I had a wife like that lady in the pictur', an' she was sick, I'd steal every critter on the range to git to her; an' the man's a dog that wouldn't. If any man here thinks different I'm ready to fight it out with him right here and now."

For a moment there was no response, then old man Lape spoke up:

"Well, Tom," said he, "ye needn't talk so mighty fierce, as no one's goin' to fight ye, I guess. Not that we're skeered of ye, Tom. You mustn't flatter yourself by thinkin' that at all, but we all feel about the same as you do in the matter. Leastwise I do, and to show Bailey that I believe he's innocent, I hereby make him a present of them three steers o' mine that's in his bunch."

"Bully for you, old man! them's my sentiments; and I'll chip in the steers that belong to me, too!" shouted Bill Smith.

"Same here!" yelled Dutch Frank, rubbing too big tears off his cheeks with his grimy fist.

"I'm with you, boys!" shouted another.

"Me too!" said another, and a minute later every one of the "strays" that had caused all the trouble belonged as much to Bailey as if the flank of each of them bore his brand and no other.

The revulsion of feeling was simply tremendous. The very men who ten minutes before had been ruthlessly intent upon hanging Bailey now crowded around him, begging forgiveness, and vieing with one another as to which could do the most for him.

Such of us as owned none of the "strays" actually felt mean, and jealous of those who did, until Tom Anderson suggested a way in which we too, might give vent to our generous impulses.

"Boys," said he, "there's none of my critters in Bailey's bunch, but next spring I'm goin' to brand twenty calves for that little girl in the pictur', and it's my intention to take care of them and their increase for her until she's growed up."

"Now you're shoutin', Tom! I'll do the same," chimed in another.

"I'll go twenty for the little boy!" shouted another; and so it went until each man of us had made a liberal contribution.

Poor Bailey was entirely overcome, and no wonder. To escape hanging so narrowly, and five minutes later to have those who had been bent upon executing him, eagerly competing with one another as to which could show him the greatest kindness was enough to upset any man.

He tried to express his feelings coherently, but could not; but we left him in the midst of his tears and protestations of gratitude, and rode off to the nearest ranch to procure food and rest for ourselves and ponies before starting on our homeward journey.

* * * * * * *

Bailey is at present one of the wealthiest and most popular cattlemen in the Southwest.

His wife did not die, but recovered, and now resides with him at his ranch on the North Fork.

We cowboys kept our word; and the spring after the lynching affair saw several hundred calves branded with the initials of Bailey's son and daughter and turned loose on the range.

With his share of them and their progeny the boy has stocked a big ranch of his own; while the share of the little girl, who is, by the way, one of the loveliest prairie flowers that ever graced the plains, makes her one of the richest heiresses in the State.

Girls' Courtesy in School.

Many young girls who are elsewhere well behaved and charming seem to fancy that a school teacher has no claims upon their courtesy which they are bound to respect. It is a strangely warped sort of public sentiment among school girls which allows a professedly well-bred maiden to leave her good manners on the doorstep when she goes into school. The teacher expects inattention and insolence from those whose birth and training have been of an unlovely and vulgar sort; but it is unfortunately true that the most wayward and disagreeable pupils are too often those from whom one might expect to receive the most graceful respect and co-operation. Girls who pride themselves on a ladylike deportment at a reception or party, and would be ashamed to pay a clergyman or a lecturer the incivility of open inattention, will often be flippantly inattentive and impertinent to the teacher of English history.

Yet, while the school is in session, its teacher is a hostess, her pupils are, properly, guests; and setting aside the personal, religious reasons for decent demeanor in the church, the teacher is as much entitled to respect at her desk as the clergyman in his pulpit.

The secret of this wrong probably lies in that unwritten tradition of school life which makes teacher and pupils enemies. But the tradition is as foolish as it is unkind.

Happy Homes.

Much has been written and said about how to make home happy. The moralist and the preacher have backneyed this theme until it would seem nothing more remained to be said. But the philosophers have gone far out of their way to account for the prevalence of ill-assorted couples and unhappy homes, and have overlooked the chief cause. Most of the unhappiness of the married life can be traced directly to those functional derangements to which women are subject. In nine cases out of ten the irritable, dissatisfied and unhappy wife is a sufferer from some "female complaint." A trial of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will produce more domestic happiness than a million sermons or pilosophical treatises. It cures all those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to women. It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by George W. Benford & Son.

Henry Ward Beecher's Sayings.

The *Literary News* offered prizes for the best approved quotations from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher. Seventy-three lists were sent in, and the following six selections received the highest number of votes, viz:

Of all the battles there is none like the unrecorded battles of the soul.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

If a man is fit to go higher, he will show it by being faithful where he is.

Books outlive empires. They fly without wings, walk without feet; houses of supply are they that without money or price feed men suffering from soul hunger, loaves that increase as they are broken, after feeding thousands are ready for thousands more.

He who is too false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

God did not make men perfect. He made them pilgrims after perfection.

Don't

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

A menial bearing a large package entered the office of a great Houston daily.

"What's that?" asked the editor.

"Mrs. Smith has written a five-act play and she wants you to look it over and give her a criticism. She will call for it next week; good morning," and lifting the package down from his shoulder, the menial placed it on the table and started for the door.

"Come back here! Just you wait five minutes and then you can take it along with you," exclaimed the editor.

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

This is especially true of a purge. The average man or woman does not precisely hanker for it, as a rule, but when taken, wishes it to be prompt, sure and effective. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets leave nothing to be desired in the point of efficacy, and yet their action is totally free from any unpleasant symptoms, or disagreeable after effects. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless.

Never Enters Saloons.

"How glad you must be that your husband has quit visiting saloons." "Yes, he promised me when he went into business for himself that he would never go inside of a saloon, and he has kept his word." "What is his business now?" "He keeps a drug store."

What am I to Do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Courage, Weary Mother.

"What have I done to-day?" the tired mother asks at night. "Nothing but take care of baby and plan the meals and 'pick up'. My life is wasted on trifles."

Take courage, weary mother. The progress of the world depends on the devotion of good women to do just such "trifles." Who can do a greater work than these—care for a child and look after interests of a home. She who with patient love prepares a human soul for life's responsibilities, does valiant service for both God and man. The first years of a child's life must, of necessity, be devoted to the care of the body, but the body should be made a fit temple for the indwelling of the immortal soul. Taking care of a baby is surely no trifle when viewed in this light.

And what are the other services that go to make a home? Innumerable as the sands of the seashore for number, and in themselves almost as significant in character, but the grand sum total serves, as does the sandy shore, to stem the swelling tide of outside sin and suffering that menaces with sullen war the sanctity of home and the safety of society. The husband and the children who know the comforts of a happy home are safe from many woes that prey on those outside its shelter. Blessings on wife and mother who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

"The heart of her husband does safely trust in her." "Her children arise up and call her blessed." "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."—*Iowa State Register.*

The Homeliest Man

In Somerset, as well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 50 cents and $1.

The longest reign in history—The deluge.

Soap Versus Law.

A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe armed with a subpœna for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in the back yard busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling mass in a large brass kettle. He stated his business and she said:

"I can't go to-day."

"But you must."

"Why, court's in session and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well, I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hull kittle of soap to spile, just to please your old cort? No, siree!"

"Why, my dear madam, you must, you really don't seem to understand—"

"I understand that I've got a big kittle of splendid soap grease on to bile, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if it ain't finished to-day. You go back and tell the jedge so."

"You'll be fined for—"

"Yoob! I'd like to see his Missoury jury that'd fine a woman for not leavin' her soap billin' when it was at a critical pint, as one might say. Tell the jedge I'll come to-morrow, if we don't butcher our pergs then; an' if we do, I'll come some day next week."

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now."

"Lookee, young man, you think I'm a fool. I reckon you never made any soap, did you? If you had, you'd know that—"

"What does the judge care about your soap!"

"Well, what do I care 'bout the jedge, if it comes to that. Law's law and soap's soap. Let the jedge tend to his law, and I'll tend to my soap. The good book says there's a time for everything, an' this is my time for a bar'l of soft soap."

"Well, madam, if you want to be fined for contempt of court, all right. You will be fined as sure as—"

"Bah! I know all 'bout the law, and there ain't anything in it, nor in the Constitution of the United States, nor in the Declaration of Injependence, nor in nothin' else that says a woman's got to leave a kittle of half-cooked soap an' go off to court when she ain't a mind to; I guess I know a little law myself."

Pension Legislation.

The Senate has already passed a new pension bill that is substantially the measure formulated by the Grand Army of the Republic. It was passed by a large majority, made up of both Republicans and Democrats and both Southern and Northern Senators, although it was admittedly objectionable in detail to some on both sides of the body.

The House Committee on Pensions has amended the Senate bill by substantially adopting Senator Cameron's pension system, that of paying pensions in exact proportion to the service rendered. Under the House bill each honorably discharged soldier suffering from mental or physical debility not the result of vicious habits, would receive a monthly pension of a cent per day for every day of actual service in the army, and the same pension would be paid to all honorably discharged soldiers from the age of sixty-two during their natural lives, whether disabled or not. The same pension is also to be paid to the widows of soldiers after they reach the age of sixty-two.

Under the House amendment to the Senate bill, a dependant soldier or one over sixty-two years of age, who had served three months in the army, would receive a monthly pension of about 90 cents; for six months about $1.80; for one year, $3.65; for two years, $6.70; for three years, $10.95; for four years, $14.60. This measure will be heartily approved by the veterans of war, and it will be heartily opposed by summer soldiers, bounty jumpers and dead beats who masquerade as soldiers. It will also be violently opposed by the great army of pension sharks, who are vastly more heard than the soldiers themselves, as it reduces attorney's fees from $10 to $5 in each case.

The provision pensioning every honorably discharged soldier when sixty-two years of age during the remainder of his life, and making like provision for the widows of soldiers who have reached that age, will certainly be a popular proposition, and it is quite likely that the the soldiers will divide in their support of the two measures.

Well Dressed.

The best dressed people are those who covet the least notice. The art of dressing well is to yield a pleasing and unobtrusive impression; so that one of the lower lords of creation may be able to say:

"There was something about that lady's dress which charmed me. It was not the duck of a bonnet, or the lawn-tennis boot, or the arabesque on the skirt; but it was the whole thing. No part was striking but every part told upon my sense of harmony and propriety."

Do not think that everything fashionable is becoming; it is often the essence of vulgarity. Fashions thrive upon extravagance; and a garment is admired, not for its suitability, but for cost. Yet, after all, fine feathers do not make fine birds; for the birds which have the fairest plumage are in themselves the least valued; they rarely ever sing.

The parrot, the peacock and the kingfisher are beautiful to look upon; but their melody is worse than the bark of a pet dog which ladies of a certain or uncertain age are apt to prefer to the conversation of their callers. Such birds may think with Artemus Ward:

"I am sorry when I cannot sing, and my friends are sorry when I can."

Fine feathers do not make fine birds any more than the cosmetics of the famous Madame Rachel made her ladies beautiful *forever*, or the late Queen of Naples was made virtuous by her habit of sticking pious ejeculations inside of her stays.

A true artist will always take care that the frame shall not interfere with the picture; but what if the frame be all glitter and gold, and the picture "a thing of shreds and patches," as it too often is.

A Virginia farmer did not want to sell his farm to capitalists, because he looked upon it as against religion to be rich, but when they offered an extra five hundred dollars he backslid long enough to make out the papers.

A Brave Little Girl.

"But," resumed Plunkett, "I seed er little girl over the left of the Old Chancellorsville tavern, that they couldn't make run by balls, but that there fire what I've told you erbout made her git up.

"The little girl's folks were refuged folks end they were living in er little house out in the wilderness by some old gold mines. The mother had went up the river and got cut off from her home, any the little girl erbout 12 years old was taking care of the house and the little baby boy, and the fighting soon got so fierce that it was safter to lay down at and place than it was to run out, so she stayed and hugged the little brother close in her arms, and lay down on the floor till she heard the fire er cracking and er roaring, and then she riz, and with the baby boy in her arms and her hair all streaming down her back, with nothing on her head, she pitched out amidst the shower of lead, and the soldiers seed her and begin to cheer, and that seemed to get her faster, till her foot caught in er bush and tripped her and threw her down, and the little baby fell erway in front of her, and er bomb bursted and tore up the dirt not more than twenty feet in front, but she never left her little brother. She grabbed him and started ergin, and the Yankees ceased firing and the soldiers of both sides cheered worse than ever, and the whole line pulled off their caps and waved to the little lady as she went over the brow of the hill. I hope she lived to see the days of peace restored, and I hope she may live to raise up a family as true to the old flag as she was to her little baby brother.

Had Paid Enough.

Clerk Robinson, of the state department of the city treasurer's office, had an encounter with a wealthy German saloon keeper yesterday which will not soon be forgotten. In paying their license it is customary for the applicants to hand the money to the clerk, who counts it in their presence. Everything was sailing smoothly in the office up to 2 o'clock, when a small red-nosed man edged his way to the desk and began counting his money in the following fashion:

"Den, dwendy, dirty——"

"Come, come my man," ejaculated Mr. Robinson. "I can't wait here until you count $500. Give the money to me and I'll count."

"You vill? Vel I guess nod. You standt right dere und vate. Vat you git payd fer? I vant no monkey doodle pizness mit you fellers. Vate undil nex year We show you. We be here den."

"All right my dear fellow. Take your time," kindly replied Mr. Robinson. The German finished counting the $500 and handed it to the clerk.

"Excuse me, sir. But I want $4.38 more."

"Vat you say, $4.38 more? Got im himmel, vat for you vant dat?"

"Why, for fees."

"For fees? Vat is de matter mit you robbers? Nodding but fees. I hat to bay five tollars mit der Sixth and Chestnut street; I haf to bay 50 cents for my pond to swearing; I gif 50 cents for der amidavits, and now you want $4.38 more. No, sir ree, pop. You don't get a cent more;" and the excited representative from Germany left the office.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Words of Wisdom.

Curses are like processions; they return to the place whence they came.

The brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels a following.

What we believe is right is more often so because it grinds our axe than otherwise.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment.

There is nothing like settling with ourselves, as there is a deal we must do without in this life.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's is to become a principal in the mischief.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Wickedness may prosper for a while; but, in the long run, he who sets all knaves at work will pay them.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders, are the harbingers of victory.

The Mother of Dickens.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it is hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person. From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences her tone and gesture would be inimitable, while her manner was the quaintest. Dickens declares that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and that his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother who taught him not only the first rudiments of English, but also a little Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of life, and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Because He Did Not Know.

Omaha Dame—I suppose you traveled all over Europe?

Returned Tourist—Very nearly; the fact is I became disgusted and returned before my projected tour was completed.

"Disgusted with Europe?"

"Yes. Wherever I went people asked me all sorts of questions about Niagara Falls, the Mammoth cave, the Yosemite valley, the Rocky mountains, the Thousand islands and dear knows what all, and just because I couldn't answer them the fools thought I was a London adventurer."

An old friend remarked to a disconsolate widow: "I hope your good husband was well prepared to leave!" The widow answered, sobbing violently, "Prepared? I should think so. He was insured in six companies!"

Noah was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.