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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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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.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Susan Stauffer, dec'd., late of Salisbury Borough, Somerset County, Pa.
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 16th day of June, 1888, at the residence of Lyman Stoner, in said Borough.
J. C. LOWRY, Attorney. MARTIN N. STAUFFER, Executor. 5-2.

PENSION AGENCY.
SOL. UHL,
Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Barr's Block, up-stairs, Somerset, Pa. mar28'87.

LOVE DOES NOT GROW OLD.

When I was twenty she was ten,
Within my arms I held her then—
She was a child—it was not wrong;
Since then seems not so very long.

Now she is twenty—to be bolder
I ought, since I am so much older—
And yet I feel somewhat afraid
Of thoughts that come in one decade.

Candy and dolls I used to bring,
And get a kiss for everything;
And yet for naught would I turn back
This havoc of the almanac.

As childish gifts are out of place,
I watch the roses on her face;
"So you remember?" "Yes," said she,
"That you were then so kind to me."

At once I grew discreetly wise.
Some words I spoke lit up her eyes.
I pet them heavely. Well, what then?
Within my arms she drops again.

—*London Figaro.*

CONKLING'S FAME.

ROBERT INGERSOLL PRONOUNCES A TOUCHING EULOGY UPON THE LATE SENATOR.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 9, 1888.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll pronounced an eloquent eulogy of the late Roscoe Conkling before an audience that crowded the spacious Lake street rink in every part this evening. He read from his manuscript in full tones, though lacking much of the charming quality once so noticeable. The just and appreciative estimate which he made of the dead ex-Senator's life and public work was listened to with deepest interest.

His words were epigrammatic, full of thought and affection, and his tribute to the Senator's great abilities and to his fidelity to his party and to his country were received with loud applause. Nearly all the Senators and Assemblymen were there.

In the audience were some New Yorkers—Mr. Ed. S. Stokes, John F. Seymour, Gen. Henry W. Slocum, John L. Gilbert and Isaac H. Bailey. Tickets had been given out with a lavish hand. The townspeople turned out by the thousands, ladies and gentlemen, and not more than half of them were able to get inside the hall.

Lieutenant-Governor Jones presided and introduced the orator with a very few words. The resolutions to Mr. Conkling's memory offered in the Senate by Senator Henry J. Coggeshall and in the House by General Husted were read by Clerk Kenyon.

INGERSOLL'S BRILLIANT ORATION.

Mr. Ingersoll said:—

Roscoe Conkling—a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, a distinguished citizen of the Republic, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end, and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions of his fellow men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration and love have paid to the great and honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death, the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments—that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of us all.

In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings—these are but the dust of the race—these are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions that have nothing to do with the man except to hide his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains.

Time gives us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician become a statesman, a philosopher, whose words and deeds shed light.

AS IN A MIRROR SEEN.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of a life, who has been faithful to every trust and has uttered his highest, noblest thought; one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity and courage are the great pillars that support the State.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time servers are the dangerous citizens of a democrac. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many anarchy begins and the republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity touched with ambition flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth. Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom—believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls, "the dust of antique time would lay unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer. Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead."

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that meets and mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

A MAN OF SUPERB COURAGE.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority—insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom—not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make the country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promise of success or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of the right and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshipped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of superb courage.

He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true—he was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the "unwieldable and gnarled oak" but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation—at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage.

WHEN WAR WAS THREATENED.

The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this crime ambition fell upon its knees—politicians, judges, clergymen and merchant princes bowed low and humbly, with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country; the real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of union and national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished—the auction block was the corner stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the curiosity and degradation of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave law.

Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire and who, decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow-men. The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shameless were clad in the robes of office.

But let us speak no word of blame; let us feel that each one acted according to his light, according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented, "Shall the Republic be slave or free?" The Republican party had triumphed at the polls. The greatest man in our history was President-elect. The victors were appalled—they shrank from the great responsibilities of success. In the presence of rebellion they hesitated; they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the constitution was proposed to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellowmen.

This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a Congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority and the necessary two-thirds in the Senate. The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with the trembling hands of fear laid its convictions on the altar of compromise.

HE BATTLED FOR A NATION'S LIFE.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thaddeus Stevens—as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong—refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble blood, refused to surrender, and on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation while the Republican party was retracing its steps, Roscoe Conkling voted "No." This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb. From that vote to the last moment of his life he was a champion of equal rights, stanuch and stalwart.

From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. But his devotion to principles—his, courage, the splendor of his diction—by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp he won and held the admiration of his fellow men.

Disasters in the field, reverses at the polls, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope.

He battled for a nation's life—for the the rights of slaves—the dignity of labor and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, the hated and the despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed States with a torrent of invective, scorn and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American citizen—clothed with every right—until the constitution was his shield, until the ballot was his sword.

And long after we are dead the colored man in this and other lands will speak his name in reverence and love. Others wavered, but he stood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true—fearlessly faithful unto death.

He gladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored men who stood with him as makers of our laws and treated them as equals and friends. The cry of "social equality," coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was the expression of a great and splendid truth. He knew that no man can be the equal of the man he robs—that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest—and he also felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other Senator could rightfully refuse.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds; to liberate the bodies and the souls of men; to earn the grateful homage of the race, and then, in life's shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of Liberty will be compelled to write your name.

PEER OF THE GREATEST.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man.

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall and groveling die in the weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promise could not be made often enough or emphatic enough to take the place of payment. He felt that the promise of the government was the promise of every citizen—that a national obligation was a personal debt, and that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coin. He uttered the splendid truth that "the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor." He knew that reputation was the sacrifice of honor—the death of the national soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no such wealth, and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the traveless abyss of repudiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his native land. This adds another laurel to his brow.

He was the ideal representive, faithful and incorruptible. He believed that his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thought. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment, his conscience. He made no bargains—he neither bought nor sold.

To correct evils, abolish abuses and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty, but the privilege of a legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of expenditure, of war and waste—when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals—when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power—peer of the greatest—a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide." His hand was never touched by any bribe, and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

A PYRAMID OF INTEGRITY.

Above his marvellous intellectual gifts—above all place he ever reached—above the ermine he refused—rises his integrity like some great mountain peak, and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath and pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the framework, the anatomy, the foundation of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority.

He knew the history of legislation—the principles that have been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims—those crystallizations of common sense, those hand grenades of argument.

He was not a case lawyer—a decision index or an echo—he was original, thoughtful and profound. He had good breadth and scope, resources, learning, logic, and above all, a sense of justice.

He was painstaking and conscientious—anxious to know the facts—preparing for every attack, ready for every defense. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest he neither sent nor received a flag of truce.

He was true to his clients, making their case his. Feeling responsibility, he listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength.

He was a student of the constitution. He knew the boundaries of State and federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks of promontories, the headlands and the beacons of the law.

FILLED THE STAGE OF LIFE.

He was an orator—earnest, logical, intense and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradations and well balanced form" from the corner stone of the statement to the domed conclusion. He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye—the audience was his. He had the indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect—ample in speech, graceful in compliment. Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor—and his sentences, measured and rythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee, and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting on base motives back of the good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends—his enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretense—with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensitive to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and the obscure—of the smallest, of the weakest—but the greatest could not drive him from conviction's field. He would not stoop to ask or give an explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselves.

He held in high esteem a friend who heard with half believing ears the slanders of a foe. He walked a highway of his own and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe—to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and the wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood—but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far away than words. He was as silent as he is now—and his silence, better then any form of speech, refuted every charge.

AN AMERICAN.

He was an American—proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic, in presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or lords, nor flattered into vertebrateless subserviency by the patronizing smiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had the feeling of suffocation. He believed in royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen and in the matchless greatness of this Republic.

He was of the classic mould—a figure from the antique world. He had the pose of the great statues, the pride and and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide free air as though in his veins there flowed the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man who bowed alone to death.

The Wisdom of Spending.

A dollar well spent is worth five dollars well saved, and a little money to spend gives better returns than five times as much hoarded. Yet saving is a duty and an important one, sometimes even a sacred duty. But the money saved will eventually be spent, and then will fulfil its mission more or less fully according to to the wisdom shown in spending it.

It is common in many families of moderate means to discourage the children when they plan to spend their money earned by their own efforts. They are urged to save it, and feel compelled to use it for clothes or some necessary thing when the sum becomes sufficient.

This tends to form habits of thought concerning money, that are not the best. A naturally saving child becomes "close," and a prodigal one takes care never to accumulate enough to be worth saving, but spends it as soon as it is earned, as the only way to get anything he prizes in return for his money.

A fund to which a boy or a girl can add until they are of age, with the certainty, that it will be their own will have a wholesome effect upon them, and being saved with the intention of it being spent when the time comes to start in life for themselves, the matter will have good deal of thought before the time comes when they will be independent owners of the accumulated savings.

But even for so good a purpose, it does not seem wise to expect a child to put all his earnings away for the future spending.

To have a certain sum for personal use for clothing, and the privilege of using for extras what may be saved from it, by caring for whatever is bought, is good training for boys and girls after they get their growth; before that they outgrow things so fast that even if they had judgment to spend money judiciously they would not be able to anticipate the sudden shrinkage that seems to take place in all their garments so often.

When a certain sum is to be spent, an account may be kept very profitably of all expenses, and it will repay a careful study at the end of the year. If among the items put down, there are some that represent foolish purchases or unnecessary things, those mistakes will not be repeated the next year. If candy and baker's sweets have been among the things bought with the money left over from clothing, the sum of these indulgences can be found and it may equal the price of a short journey that has seemed to be beyond reach, or a magazine or a paper for a year, or of some other thing more satisfying than the sweets for which the money has disappeared.

In many neighborhoods pleasant little reading clubs might be formed if each member had the money to buy one book, to be read and loaned to every other member, and they would all be benefitted more than by saving the money for the books. Such a person might agree to buy the 10 and 20 cent paper covered editions of standard works that are published in that form, and add a muslin or stiff paper cover to preserve the outside leaves. Holland has said that "the man is wisest who has the faculty not only to measure the value of a dollar by its cost but to measure it by its power." And the power of a dollar is shown best when it is conferring good in some form.

An account book with these mottoes on its cover might be prepared for the new year: Wise Spending, first; Prudent Saving, next; Indulgences last: Nonsense, never. And at the end of the year a reckoning of the sums that had been used classed under the different heads would be very interesting. Many of us no doubt would have to place some of the items under "Nonsense, never;" but confessing it to be such, would be a long step in the direction of better judgment for the next time.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect A certain Remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, an Irish member of parliament, has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months for a political speech.

Hunting the Tiger.

You must know, first of all, that the tiger as seen cooped up in a cage at some circus, or in a zoological garden, is very different from the animal as he appears in his native jungle. In the circus he is so "cabined, cribbed, confined" that he is never able properly to stretch his muscles, and the roar with which he greets the keeper who is bringing his food resembles the roar with which he awakens the echoes of the forest, as the piping of a tin trumpet resembles the screech of a steam-whistle. It is difficult to describe the roar of a tiger when he is angry. It is not like the lion's, which is more nearly a "bellow," but perhaps you can realize it when I say that it is as if a thousand tom-cats gave one wild and prolonged "meow." Tigers are generally hunted in two ways; one is, shooting from the *howdah* of a "pad" elephant, which is a comparatively safe method; and the other is to shoot them from a *machan*, or platform of boughs fixed in a tree. When the latter method is adopted, a bait in the form of a bullock, either dead or alive, is generally used to attract the tiger; or else the *machan* is built within range of the place to which the animal is accustomed to come for his morning drink. The latter is perhaps the commoner way, as shooting tigers from the back of an elephant is rather expensive work and only within reach of those who have long purses.—*St. Nicholas for May.*

Fight With a Wolf in France.

A Paris dispatch to the London *Telegraph* says: I informed you a short time ago that the severe cold and snow had rendered the wolves in different parts of France extremely bold and enterprising. They had entered towns and villages in bands in broad daylight, but I think the following adventure is without a precedent, even in the experience of Russian peasants. A day or two ago the cavalry stationed at Joigny, in the department of the Yonne, were exercising in the neighboring district. Two troopers who were riding together came suddenly on a huge wolf, which, without a moment's warning, sprang upon the nearest horse. The rider, promptly dismounting, attacked the savage brute with his saber, but instead of turning tail the wolf showed fight, and but for the appearance on the scene of a peasant, who handed the soldier a gun, with which he speedily put "Isengrin" hors de combat, it might have gone very hard with the dragoon. Proud of his performance the "conquering hero" hoisted the carcass on to his saddle and bore it in triumph back to the barracks. He did not know at the time that in doing so he had secured a reward of £8, the recompense promised to any one who makes away with a wild animal which, as the phrase goes "has thrown itself on human beings." It was at first apprehended that the wolf, which had bitten and scratched the bold dragoon might have been mad, so a "post-mortem examination" was held by the veterinary surgeon of the regiment. The fierce brute, however, was in the best of health and its pugnacious attitude was prompted solely by its natural ferocity. The weight of the wolf was four hundred pounds.

A Gambler's Deceit.

A fastidious dressed little man was sitting in the corridor of the St. James the other evening quietly puffing a cigar, when the attention of a reporter was directed to a scar which was just visible over the left eyebrow. The smoker's head was covered with a closely clipped growth of iron gray hair, and his superior maxillary was covered by a grizzly mustache. He had cold, calculating gray eyes, which seemed to see everything that was going on around him at once. The scribe's interest was aroused in the little man, and from a bystander he learned the following story:

"In 1869 my business called me to Arkansas, and I followed the then usual mode of traveling to the South—the river. I took a boat at Pittsburgh, and that man was a passenger. He appeared very quiet and gentlemanly, and when a few of us proposed to relieve the monotony of river travel by a little game of poker, the quiet passenger was invited to join. He accepted and seemed to be familiar with the boat, for he led us to a secluded room, where we were soon lost in the mysteries of the great American game. He won from the start, and it was not long before two of us had retired from the play, leaving that man and a big cattle man from Illinois to finish the game, but Westerner continued to lose and the little man raked in the shekels, which he had piled up on the table beside him.

The cattle dealer had lost his last dollar and the lucky man was about to pocket the money, when the farmer arose and reaching across the table knocked the gambler—for such he was—to the floor, and coolly picked up what money remained on the table. The blow he dealt was the caused of that scar you see.

"When the gambler was assisted to his feet he adjusted his necktie, put on his hat and retired to this state room. The Westerner then called our attention to the table, which had been made with a lid in the top just under the place the gambler had held his hands, and into which he had flipped superfluous cards and extracted them when needed. The trick had been discovered while the last hand was being played, and that was the man's mode of getting even.—*Bedford Star.*

Scotchmen Coming to America.

An enormous emigration movement has begun in Scotland, under the leadership of Lord Lothian, for the settlement of the Northwest Territories of Canada by families from the overcrowded districts of the Scottish Western Highlands and islands. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has consented to advance $50,000, and at a public meeting held in Glasgow $10,000 additional was raised by public subscription, the Lord Provost presiding. Thousands of starving Scotchmen and their families are awaiting an opportunity to leave their unproductive lands and come to America with a bounty of £120 from the English Government.

After Scotland has been sufficiently depopulated the scheme will be tried in the north of Ireland.

A bad girl—Ann Tipathy.

Farmers' Institutes in Wisconsin.

I know of no other State where a like system of popular instruction on a vital and universal interest of the State, directed by the highest educational authority, is so perfectly organized and carried on with such unity of purpose and detail of administration; no other in which the farmer is brought systematically into such direct relations to the university. In the current year there have been eighty-two farmers' institutes in forty-five counties. The list of practical topics discussed is 279 and in this service have been engaged 107 workers, 31 of whom are specialists from other States. This is an "agricultural college," on a grand scale, brought to the homes of the people. The meetings are managed by local committees in such a way as to evoke local pride, interest and talent. I will mention some of the topics that were thoroughly discussed at one of the institutes; clover as a fertilizer; recuperative agriculture; bee-keeping; taking care of the little things about the house and farm; the education for farmers' daughters; the whole economy of sheep husbandry; egg production; poultry; the value of thought and application in farming; horses to breed for the farm and market; breeding and management of swine; mixed farming; grain raising; assessment and collection of taxes; does knowledge pay? (with illustrations of money made by knowledge of the market); breeding and care of cattle, with expert testimony as to the best sort of cows; points in corn culture; full discussion of small fruit culture; butter-making as a fine art; the dairy; our country roads; agricultural education. So, during the winter, every topic that concerns the well-being of the home, the profit of the farm, the moral welfare of the people, and their prosperity, was intelligently discussed, with audiences fully awake to the value of this practical and applied education. Some of the best of these discussions are printed and widely circulated. Most of them are full of wise details in the way of thrift and money-making, but I am glad to see that the meetings also consider the truth that as much care should be given to the rearing of the boys and girls as of calves and colts and that brains are as necessary in farming as in any other occupation.

As these farmers' institutes are conducted, I do not know any influence comparable to them in wakening up the farmers to think, to inquire into new and improved methods, and to see in what real prosperity consists. With prosperity, as a rule, the farmer and his family are conservative, law-keeping, church-going, good citizens. The little appropriation of twelve thousand dollars has already returned to the State a hundred-fold financially and a thousand fold in general intelligence.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Had Waited Ten Years.

A countryman, who was in waiting at the Third street depot the other day, took a stroll around the square, and when he returned he said to the policeman at the door:

"Say, I met a feller up here who says he knew me twenty years ago, and that he had been waiting ten years to lick me."

"Well, keep away from him."

"But he is mistaken. I never knew him."

"Let him go, what is it to you?"

"Why, I don't want a man to be mistaken. I don't want a man aching to lick me when I am not the right man."

He was advised to sit down and wait for his train, but pretty soon the officer saw a crowd up the street, and hastened to the spot, to find a man lying on his back on the walk, evidently unconscious, while the countryman was at hand to explain:

"You see, I told him he was mistaken, but he insisted, and when he took me by my gostee what could I do? Dear me, how it does embarrass me to enter a strange town and knock a strange man head over heels. Some one pour water on him or blow in his ear?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How He Sized Him Up.

After planking down the necessary boodle for almost two years' subscription in advance, one day last week, Billy Daly, of Latrobe, remarked, "I want the tab on my paper to be in such a shape that I need not be ashamed, when a friend calls at my house, to let him see it. You may believe me or not, but it's a fact all the same," he continued, "that a little matter like that has already raved me considerable money, and one particular instance I want to tell you about. I had some dealings with a certain man," said he, "and one day, while at his house for the purpose of selling him some cattle, I chanced to pick up his newspaper. Upon the margin I observed by the tab that he was terribly in arrears for it. The fact that a man would allow his newspaper account to run on, year after year, to such an extent, set me to thinking, and I resolved that should he ask me for credit—he already owed me for two head of fine cattle—I would respectfully decline his request. As I had anticipated, he did ask for time, which I not only refused him, but demanded the amount already due me. He was unable to meet the obligation just then, he said, but would do so very soon. I sold my stock elsewhere, but I never got my money out of the man for the ones I had previously sold him, nor do I ever expect to. Had I not seen that tell-tale tab, he might have stuck me still further. Now, when I'm in doubt as to a man's responsibility, all I want to enable me to accurately size him up is to get my optics on his newspaper tab, and nine cases out of ten I'll never be mistaken in my estimate of him. Send her along, boys," he said in conclusion, "and when I find I can't pay for it like a man, I will have it stopped—but not until then."—*Greensburg