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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Lenhart's store.

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Call and Examine my Stock and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and Repair Mower and Reaper and Mill Machinery. Remember the place, and call on
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MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

Seventeen Years' History of Running Blind.

Mr. Wm. Miller employed as printer at Best & Co.'s, 687 Broadway, first consulted Dr. Sadler 501 Penn ave., Pittsburgh, in June, 1874, for deafness and a discharge from his ear, that had continued for four years. A temporary relief and removal of the offensive discharge followed so quickly that he could not be different in his case. He remained perfectly well for 12 years, when repeated colds started up a discharge again. He now, over 14 years, writes that it is perfectly healed and healthy but noticeably different from the other.

INCURABLE FROM THE SAME CAUSE.

This is only one case in a hundred invented by Dr. Sadler. His rest is positive; all cases treated come to the office, stay at home. All diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat specialties; spectacles perfectly adjusted; artificial eyes perfectly fitted; instrument inserted. The less possible pain is assured.

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From $1.00 to $1.50.
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From $1.00 to $2.00.
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IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE.
—FLOOR CLOTHS,—
IN ALL WIDTHS.
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Shades, and Shade Materials.
Bovard, Rose & Co.,
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BIESECKER & SNYDER.
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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
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We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
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Respectfully,
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WARM WEATHER
Must Come a Change from Heavy to
Medium and Light-Weight
UN ERWEAR.
OUR STOCK CONTAINS EVERY REQUISITE TO MEET THE WANTS OF ALL IN
LOW PRICED MEDIUM
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Give our Underwear Departments a Call.
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41 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of Jacob Beal, late of Somerset township, deceased, will expose to public sale by public outcry on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House in Somerset, the following described real estate, late the property of said Jacob Beal, deceased, viz: A certain piece or parcel of ground situate in Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Beal, Samuel Schrock, Abraham Hoover, Mrs. Wm. B. Pyles, Charles Miller and others, containing three acres and one rod, in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS

Cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at time of the property is knocked down.

J. E. GASTON, Attorney. JOHN N. SNYDER, Adm'r and Trustee.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. These wonderful works show what man can do when their minds are set to work. Inventors 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 upward, wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. [addl-38-1yr.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing between Alexander Benford and George A. Benford has been dissolved, the books and accounts of the firm have become the property of Alexander Benford to whom collections and payments should be made.

ALEXANDER BENFORD,
GEORGE A. BENFORD.
Somerset Sept. 19, 1888.

AUTUMN DAYS.

A wealth of beauty meets my eye—
Yellow and green, and brown and white
In one vast blaze of glory, fill
My happy sight.

The rich-robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright colored with September fire—
Fulfilment of the farmer's hope
And poet's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of birds and bee and running brook;
And plenteous fruits hang ripened round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow splendor softly falls
On morning mists and evening dews,
And colors trees and flowers and clouds
with thousand hues

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringe!
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the charming woods
Fast deepening down to russet glow,
When autumn, like a brunette queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm-faced earth
And, like a mother, the kind air,
To life gives birth.

But death rides past upon the gale,
And blows the coiffing golden leaves:
They whirl and fall and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O autumn days, farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends who are parted long
By the wild main.

—William Owen.

THE RIVALS.

"Now that we understand each other, let us shake hands and be friends."

"That's it."

Their hands met in a firm grasp.

They looked into each other's faces, one with a merry twinkle in his eye and a broad smile over his jovial features; the other with a glance long-drawn out, grave and solemn, that seemed to cast a shadow of gloom on everything about the scene.

"You'll do your best, and I'll do my best. That's what we've agreed on, ain't it, Zip Tifkins?"

"That's it, Ben Button, and whichever of us wins, the other shall bear no ill will."

"Just so, Zip."

"And everything except murder shall be counted fair?"

"Eh?"

"And murder, too, if you are willing to take the consequences."

"Say, Zip, hold on!"

"So if I should put you out of my way right here," continued Zip, without seeming to notice the interruption, and drawing a small pistol out of his boot-leg as he spoke, "and it would never be found out on me, why, it certainly would be all right."

"But, Zip, say——"

"Or, if it were found out," Zip still continued, raising the pistol higher and higher till it pointed straight for Ben's breast, "and I were willing to take all the risk to get clear which I think I am ready to do, why that, too, would be all right."

"Hello! Ben, where are you going?" shouted Zip, as the former turned and ran down the road at what seemed to be almost breakneck speed, frequently casting scared and anxious glances behind him.

Ben, however, did not stop to answer, but kept straight on until he was lost to sight in a bend of the road, while Zip, bending almost double with laughter, sent peal after peal of merriment ringing out on the balmy evening air.

"Of all the chickens in christendom Ben Button takes the worm!" cried Zip, a broad grin still on his face, as he also turned and walked away.

Zip Tifkins, full of life, fun and frolic, had for the last few weeks been playing rival to Ben Button in the affections of Melinda Spratt. Ben was seriously in love with Melinda; Melinda's young heart was fond of Zip, and Zip, homeless, careless, fun-loving rover that he was had never a thought that reached into the future for an hour.

Ben and Zip had met in the road accidentally. Ben was on his way to the Spratt homestead to make further siege to Melinda's heart.

For the last few days Ben had had but one thought, and that was how to get rid of Zip as a rival. So, when he met Zip, he pleaded from the fullness of his heart and in the most persuasive language he could command that Zip would relinquish all claim to Melinda's heart and hand.

Zip, in pure fun, feigned love also, and with well-assumed earnestness tried in turn to prevail upon Ben to withdraw from the race. Neither, however, would give in. As a last resort they finally agreed that each should, in a fair, friendly way, be permitted to plead his own cause with Melinda, and let the result with her.

With Zip, so far, it was only a good joke, and as such he had made the most of it, as has been seen.

Ben Button with regularity spent two evenings of the week at the Spratt domicile. With Melinda he made very slow, if any progress, into favor; with Mrs. Spratt, however, he won golden opinions and stood in high grace.

Since the compact between Ben and Zip the latter had visited Melinda but once, and then she had, in a very shy and sweet way, teasingly upbraided him for having tried to take the life of her constant admirer, Ben Button.

"And would it break your heart, Melinda, if he were to die?" asked Zip, with an eager undertone in his voice, watching her face closely.

"It would—almost—of course, if—but, Zip, you have no right to ask such questions," she answered, looking up shyly and blushing.

"Well, you needn't be uneasy about him. I wouldn't hurt Ben Button by a single thought or word, much less take his life," replied Zip, with an earnestness unusual with him.

"I was only joking, Zip. But you seem to be awfully in earnest and solemn this evening. What is ailing you, anyway?"

"Nothing much, only I have made up my mind to go away," answered Zip looking inside.

"Go away?"

"Yes, Melinda."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere. It makes no difference, so I get away."

"And ain't you coming back?"

"Some day, maybe, if ever I get to be of any account to myself or anybody else."

"You are of some account now, Zip, and you had better stay right where you are."

"No; I have made up my mind to go, and I am sure it is the best thing that could happen for us all around, so I am determined to stick to it," said Zip, resolutely.

Melinda was looking out of the window. When she saw a man coming up the lane toward the house and recognized in the comer Ben Button, a shade of annoyance flitted over her face.

Zip had been watching Melinda, and when he saw the slight frown on her face he, too, glanced out, and seeing who was coming, he rose to his feet ready to depart, saying:

"I'll call in again before I leave, and tell you all good-by. Good evening."

Melinda glanced reproachfully after the retreating Zip. There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes and a little quiver around her mouth, as she murmured to herself:

"Fool Zip! He is going away because he thinks I am going to marry that hateful Ben Button, and he is jealous. But I can't make him see, and I won't ask him to stay. I'll die first. There!"

The truth was that a serious thought had at last come to Zip. He was in love, and he knew it. He had looked at himself as in a looking-glass, and found out his own worthlessness. More than that, he had determined to go away, change his habits and shiftlessness, and become a useful man and citizen. He would not ask Melinda for her love until he had made himself worthy of it. If, however, in the meantime some other man—Ben Button, perhaps—stepped in ahead of him, why, he would still be the gainer by an ambition for higher things which, in an indirect way, would be a gift from Melinda.

That evening Ben Button asked Melinda to become his wife; but she was in no humor to answer him then, for Zip's foolish determination to go away troubled her in no small degree. She knew, too, that her mother favored Ben above any one else, and that she would be grieved if Ben received a curt refusal, so she told him she would have an answer ready for him when he should call again and Ben was happy.

Days passed away. They were days of hope to Ben, days of doubt and irresolution to Melinda, and busy days for hand and thought with Zip.

The decisive evening came at last, and Ben was on hand with his usual clock-work regularity to receive what he fully expected to be a favorable answer to his suit.

It had been a rainy day, but the sun had broken through the clouds in the evening and was setting bright and clear, castingits last rays upon Mrs. Spratt, Melinda and Ben Button, as they sat on the west gallery of the house.

"I declare, Melinda," said Mrs. Spratt, suddenly, "if them well diggers haven't gone off and forgot to shut the gap in the fence around the well."

"And there is Blossie's calf in the yard now, and going straight for the well. I'll go and shut up the gap, mother; you sit still," said Melinda, as Mrs. Sprat was about to rise.

Melinda ran toward the well, heading the calf off at the same time. She was about to close the gap in the fence when her eyes fell upon the wide opening in the ground. She hesitated a moment, then entered the gap and approached the well cautiously. On the brink, she peered over and looked into the depth below. She was about to withdraw again, but the ground under her feet gave way, and with a loud scream she was hurled to the bottom of the well.

Mrs. Spratt and Ben saw what happened, for their eyes had fondly followed Melinda in her every movement, and they now rushed to the scene of the catastrophe.

Stepping carefully upon some planks that were lying across the opening of the well, they peered into the abyss beneath them. There was no sound except of crumbling earth and pebbles falling from the sides of the well. The earth was loosened by the rain during the day, and the break where Melinda had fallen in had started the walls to caving in all around.

Then a large mass of earth fell crashing to the bottom of the well and laid bare a huge bowlder, hanging as if ready to topple the next moment.

A faint moan from the bottom of the well reached the ears of those above.

"Oh, Ben, she is alive! Save her, save her!" cried Mrs. Spratt.

"I can't, Mrs. Spratt. That rock in the side of the well will fall in directly," Ben whined.

"Oh, save her, Ben! I'll lower you down with the windlass and hoist you out again," pleaded Mrs. Spratt.

"Tain't no use. That rock will tumble in in a minute," still moaned Ben.

Just then Zip, with head bent, came walking toward the house. Mrs. Spratt saw him, and called out to him excitedly:

"Zip! Zip! Come quickly, and save Melinda."

Zip heard, and did not lose a moment in running to the well.

He took in the situation at once. With all speed possible he unwound the rope from the windlass, and after telling Mrs. Spratt and Ben to stand ready to hoist, went down in the well, hand over hand, on the rope.

The earth was still falling, striking the bottom with a hollow sound, when Zip, with a lusty shout, told them to hoist away.

Melinda was landed above ground at last, bleeding, bruised and unconscious. The rope was lowered again, and just as Zip's head was above ground the large rock in the side of the well and masses of earth from all around crumbled in and fell with a sound as of thunder to the bottom of the well.

It was a narrow escape.

Melinda was carried to the house and a doctor sent for. Before he arrived, however, she regained consciousness, and seeing Zip bending over her, a glad smile lighted up her fair young face, while she murmured, "Don't go away, Zip; don't go away."

Just then Mrs. Spratt, accompanied by the doctor, entered the room and approached the bed. When the good mother saw the smile on her daughter's face, and Zip bending low above the pillow, glad tears came to her eyes and her voice was low and tender.

"You can kiss her, Zip, if you want to," she said.

Zip did "want to" and kissed Melinda on her smiling lips.

Then Mrs. Spratt put her arms around Zip's neck and kissed him, too, and told him that he must leave the room while the doctor attended to Melinda's hurts, which upon examination proved to be mere bruises after all.

Ben hung around the house for awhile, but when he saw that he was left out in the cold by everybody, even by Mrs. Spratt, he thought it best to go.

English Weddings.

A singular instance of how Britons cling to custom was the universal practice of celebrating weddings in the morning. I believe, indeed, that the law declared all marriages illegal not celebrated in the morning. This was very ancient law; it has long been thought very absurd and ridiculous, but it was the custom, and so every one observed it. But the law was an abridgment of personal liberty, under which Englishmen are always restive, and so about a year ago it was repealed. But now that they can be married in the afternoon or evening if they please the majority still hold to the morning idea. A morning wedding here is quite different from the rule in America. In whatever grade of life from the highest to the lowest the wedding occurs, it means a jolly good time for all the relatives and friends. There must be a wedding breakfast, even if the table can only be spread with cakes and ale. The bride's health must be proposed in a set speech and drunk with a bumper. A wedding in the afternoon is not, according to etiquette, considered as calling for these entertainments, and is therefore, much less expensive to those concerned. With the higher and more wealthy classes the pecuniary consideration has influence, and the poorer classes here, as everywhere, seem to have a pride in holding to the display of tradition and custom, irrespective of the heavy burden which oftentimes imposes upon them. The middle classes have more independance, and the afternoon weddings, are mostly confined to their circle.

Eating Singed Flesh.

I went into one of the stone-built recesses, where several of our Tartars were crouching around a small grass root fire, and was considerably edified by watching them cooking and dispatching their morning repast. To begin with a very dirty copper vessel was put on the fire and filled with some green weed like nettles, barley, flour and water. While one of the men stirred this pottage round and round with a wooden ladle another produced some raw meat—a bit of the dog I had shot. This he proceeded to tear up into small strips and throw them on the fire, every now and then popping a raw lump into his mouth and masticating it with the greatest gusto. Even the bits on the fire were quickly disposed of after being merely singed. As soon as the pottage was considered ready it was ladled out into little wooden cups like the whisky "quaighs" of the highlands. After being replenished again and again until the pot was emptied, the cups were carefully licked clean and redeposited where they had been before the meal. Another course of flesh was about to be partaken of after the manner of the first but a regard for my appetite for breakfast prevented my waiting to see the performance. These hardy Tartars are quite independent of any other dishes beyond their little wooden bowls. In these they mix their suttoo (meat made from barley) with a little water and salt, and make an expeditious repast of it whenever they feel hungry. Indeed, this kind of uncooked porridge seems to be their staple food.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Dog Hero.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that among the many heroic deeds performed at the wreck of the City of Chester, there is one which should not go unrecorded. Captain Wallace had on board a finely built Irish setter dog named Jerry. Amid the general confusion which reigned aboard the doomed vessel Jerry didn't get much attention. He ran up and down the deck among the frightened people looking for his friends, and being unable to find them, remained on board, and according to the testimony of First Mate McCallum, was the last living being on deck. He was drawn under by the suction when the vessel sank, but came up again and began swimming about among the people in the water. He came to a woman floating about helpless and almost gone, and the noble animal caught her dress in his teeth and began swimming for the lifeboats. He was seen by several persons from the deck of the Oceanic as well as by the first mate, who was in the water himself, and when McCallum, the mate, was picked up, he directed the boat to the dog, and both woman and animal were taken into the boat and saved. The dog found a friend in McCallum and remained with him, and last night, when the mate went to the morgue to announce that he was not dead, Jerry was following at his heels as if he knew what a brave part he had played and wanted to be seen in company of the man who launched the first lifeboat.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair rosy face, bright eyes and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weakness, "dragging-down" sensation, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Gent—"I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane?" Proprietor—"Yes, I sold you the cane." "And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that it is artificial." "I can't help it, sir. I import my ivory direct rom Ceylon, and the only explanation that I can give is that the elephants have taken to wearing false tusks."

A Hot Fight With Bears.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Green Pond, Fla., gives an interesting account of a fight three women had with three bears:

At Bat Simpson's son's place, some three miles from here, and about a half mile from the river swamp, the women folks had an exciting contest with bears a few days ago. Mr. Simpson takes great pride in his hogs, and has some very fine ones. The pen is near the house, and the fence which surrounds it is very strong, being built of heavy rails strongly braced, and seven or eight feet high. He has had visits from bears before, but thought that such a fence would bother them not a little.

The men folks were off about a half mile from the house, at work, and the females, Mrs. Simpson and her two grown-up daughters, were washing at a small stream that runs near the house. About 10 o'clock they heard a great uproar at the pig pen, where at that time they had some ten porkers fattening. The hogs were squealing in wild alarm, while above all could be heard the deep grunts that too plainly told who the intruders were. The plucky women, however, didn't intend to let their prize porkers go without a struggle. Mrs. Simpson ran up to the house, and seizing the tin horn blew a loud blast, which she knew would bring up the men in a hurry. The two girls and their mother then seized big brands of pine knots from under their wash boilers and ran out back of the barn where the pigs were, not counting their own danger at all. As they rushed around the corner of the barn the loud whiffs and growls of the bears gave them an idea of what was before them. Climbing up the fence into the pen were two big, gaunt, black fellows, while a younger one was sitting down outside as if on the watch. The girls were not daunted by the savage growling, and inside for the young one, waving their fire-brands and shouting loudly. The bear stood his ground till they got so close that the flames flashed in his face, when he turned suddenly and ran off with a savage growl. He stopped after he had gone a dozen rods and licked his wounds, snarling savagely all the time. Running up to the other two bears on the fence, they thrust their torches close to the animals haunches, resulting in their flesh being burned. With roars of rage and pain the two scrambled forward, and not taking pains to secure a safe footing, both fell headlong into the pen. As the bears landed in their quarters, the hogs all fled in the wildest alarm, going through a small hole that led under the barn.

The imprisoned animals just then began to get mad. They rushed around the inclosure, and then dashed up the inside of the pen, climbing with a rapidity that showed they meant business. While Mrs Simpson ran to the house for an ax, the two girls ran up to the fence, and as the animals got their heads over the top rail, flashed their torches in their faces, burning and scorching them terribly. They couldn't stand this and fell backward with savage roars.

The young cub now became brave all at once, and advanced upon the girls, growling and snarling as he came. One of the sisters ran toward him, and at the same time the two trapped bears made a desperate attempt to regain their liberty. With one of the guards absent it seemed as if one of them would surely escape. The girl met one of them as his savage face appeared over the rail with her effective torch, and he again dropped backward. His plucky opponent then saw to her dismay that the other one was apt to get out, as he was nearly over, and, being on the opposite side of the pen, she could not get around there in time. But to her relief her mother at this moment came running around the corner with an uplifted ax in hand. Taking in the situation at a glance she rushed up in front of the escaping brute and delivered a blow at his hind paw, cutting it off. Mrs. Simpson uplifted her ax, took deliberate aim and brought down the sharp blade square on the bear's head. With a snarl of pain he fell back into the pen. The young cub, in the meantime, retreated before the blazing pine knot, though the roar of its mates had incited its anger to the highest point. While one of the women kept it at bay, the other two guarded the imprisoned animals.

Finally the men arrived, and, hastily securing their Winchesters, made short work of the bears. The women are all greatly praised for their plucky fight.

The School Master Was Dead.

A stranger about twenty-five years old entered a Woodward avenue drug store the other day and asked to see a City Directory. He could not find the name he was after, and finally inquired if the druggist had ever heard it.

"Why, bless you, the man has been dead for two years," was the reply.

"Is that possible? He was an old school-master, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Carried his head on one side, didn't he?"

"He did."

"Always looking around as if to catch some boy whispering or cutting up?"

"Yes; I often remarked the habit."

"Well, if he is dead that ends it, I suppose," sighed the stranger, as he closed the book.

"You had business with him?"

"I had. I came here from Attica, N. Y., on purpose to lick him. Twenty years ago he taught school there and I was one of the pupils. One day I passed a note to the girl I loved and the old man caught me at it. He got the note and read it aloud to the school, and then fetched the girl and tanned my jacket. I promised her to live to lick him. I was ready to do it ten years ago, but he came west. It was only the other day that I heard where he was. I come on to find him dead."

"And would you have licked him?"

"Most assuredly, and then make him beg my pardon besides. I've thought over it, and dreamed over of it, and licked him in my mind's eye a thousand times and now I am too late! It's hard luck—very hard luck. I might as well start back to-night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A good wash for the hair, to prevent it from falling out, is made by mixing one teaspoonful of salt, thirty grains of quinine and a pint of common whiskey or bayrum. Rub the hair thoroughly every night.

Common Sense About Cows.

I know a cow, of no particular breed, now fourteen years old, which in her prime made fourteen pounds of butter a week in June, and a proportionate quantity the remaining months of the year. She gave milk at two years old, went farrow the next year, being in new milk every year since until this year; is now farrow, and will go to the butcher next year, because it is not thought advisable to keep a cow beyond this age. She never knew what it was to be too hungry; has access to salt at all times, with plenty of water; is never forced, having nothing but her pasture in Summer, and in Winter never more than six quarts of meal a day (generally corn and oats), with roots (usually potatoes and cornstalks or hay, and a run at the strawstack through the middle of the day, unless it be too stormy, then she is foddered in her stable.

Of her calves, her heifers are as good milkers as herself, her steers make good beef cattle, and all are as tractable and docile as herself, all being treated with the same consideration. Perhaps one farmer in a hundred is able to keep pure blood of whatever breed his fancy may dictate, and such a farmer is a boon to his neighborhood; but the ninety-nine must be content with what they have. Their success lies in making the best of everything in their hands. Let these farmers breed to the best they can afford, of course but let them take as good care of their inferior stock as they do of their thorough breds, and mark the result. To the good food and warm shelter let them add the currycomb and brush; exact kindness of their hired help in their care; and in a few years they will be as proud of their stock as the neighbor of his thoroughbreds, and in most ways they will bring just as good return, without that heavy expenditure which the ninety-nine can not afford.—*Amelia Louise Smith in N. Y. Tribune.*

Close Call.

A gentleman, who went out to Southern California years ago for his health, told me of a remarkable experience with this same stealthy animal. With a friend he was out trout-fishing in a wild canon among the mountains. The gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., had taken his friend, a stranger to the region, into the mountains, intending to give him a chance to catch some speckled beauties, and perhaps to shoot a deer or two. They had their rifles with them, and the friend was sitting on the bank of the stream with his gun across his lap. It should be said in his behalf, however, that he was not accustomed to use the weapon. It was early in the morning; they had just reached the stream, and Mr. A. sat on a little sand-spit on the farther side of the brook, engaged in fastening a fly-hook to a line. His rifle was leaning against a tree several feet away. A little cur dog, called "Lady," had accompanied them, and she was indulging in a hunt on her own account. She soon found the dog's proverbial enemy, a cat, but one for which poor little Lady would have made scarcely two mouthfuls. Yelping, she ran and jumped into Mr. A.'s arms; when to his astonishment, an enormous mountain lion came bounding out of the woods after her. He sat motionless and almost petrified, but did not lose his presence of mind. The beast was too near for him to get to his rifle, and, by a sort of instinct, he felt that his only chance was to keep his eyes on those of the lion. Evidently it had been so intent on the pursuit of the dog that it had not seen him at first, and three or four bounds brought it to within about five feet of Mr. A. Then it stopped short, braced itself and glared at its human foe. Mr. A., with his hand on a long hunting-knife in his belt, looked the enraged animal steadily in its eyes, while Lady cowered in his lap. Every hair on the lion seemed to stand out straight, which gave it a most ferocious appearance. For a moment it was difficult to say what the creature would do, although if Mr. A. had made the slighest movement, especially a motion as if intending to shrink away, or had failed for a moment in his stern gaze, the lion would undoubtedly have sprung upon him. It is wonderful how the mind acts at such a time, and how swift and curious are its impressions. While intensely conscious of an extremity of danger he was also aware of the ludicrous action of his friend, who, instead of shooting the beast, was jumping up and down in an ecstasy of terror, shouting "Shoo!" "scat!" as though the lion were nothing more formidable than a big tomcat. It was well, perhaps, that he took this course, for unless a cool, steady aim, had put a bullet through the creature's brain it would have been so infuriated by a wound that Mr. A. would have had no chances whatever. As it was, the lion's eyes faltered and wavered before the fixed gaze of man, the bristling fur went down, and then the creature wheeled and bounded off into the nearest cover! By the time Mr. A. reached his rifle it had disappeared finally.—*St. Nicholas.*

Not a Gal to be Trifled Wid.

In Columbia county, Georgia, the first part of this week, a Trial Justice or Magistrate was notified to be ready at a given time to join in the holy bonds of matrimony a young colored girl and the gallant who had sued for and won her heart. At the appointed time the Justice was ready for the duty to which he had been assigned. The bride-that-was-bound-to-be put in an appearance on time, but the groom-that-refused-to-be did not present himself. After two hours' delay, when none present had come to the conclusion that no nuptials would be celebrated on that occasion, the announcement was made that a new groom had been found, and the blushing bride was soon joined in wedlock to one of the young negroes who was present to witness the marriage just announced. "Eph can't treat dis gal dat way," explained the bride. "I'se cum here to get married, an' my mind was made up to hab a husband dis night, so I married Henry, an' I reckon he'll understand by dis night's work dat I ain't a gal to be trifled wid."

Suit Yourself.

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomache and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr Pierce.

The Bird of Wisdom.

"The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign," is said to the luckless Henry VI, who was to see the throne wrested from himself and race, his queen and child flying panting and desolate through the and—the one to seek a lifelong and unbonored exile, the other an early and unavenged death at a caitiff's hand, and to fall beneath a murderer's blow in his own royal palace, which he had known longer as a prison than a house.

Again, "the bird of night did sit, even at noonday, upon the market place hooting and shrieking;" four-and-twenty hours before Cæsar went out to fall under the daggers of friend and foe alike, with his mantle over his face to hide the death agony from the howling crowd around. Was Minerva's bird of wisdom giving a fair and friendly warning when he left his day haunt and, braving all the dangers of a superstition steeped race, came out to hoot Cæsar back behind his gates, or was he roosting in the knowledge of the great Roman's certain coming fate?

It is said that whenever a member of the house of the Arundels of Wardour lies on his death bed a pair of large screech owls fly round the battlements each night till his decease.

Beyond the fact or non-fact of the owl bird being one of ill omen various beliefs have clung to his blank, blue orbs and nerve cry. He spat poison upon those who chance to win his ill favor, and the only cure, if any, was to bathe at midnight, when the moon was shining full, on the Eve of the Dead. The North American Indians name it the "Death Bird," and if after dusk they hear its screech in the wood they call out to it to return; if no backward answer comes their death within the year is certain. On the banks of the Ganges the owl is sacred to Rahu, who made his night journeys seated astride the soft, dusky back of this lover of darkness.

The name of the "Baker's Daughter," which earlier poets like to give it, alludes to a tale of Palestine that one such had refused to give our Savious bread, and for a punishment was thus transformed. A barn door belief did or does exist, that the round, flat, glowworm like eye had a power of fascination on its prey similar to that of the round, cruel one of the serpent.

As parents, the "lord of the dark green wood" and his mate have an advantage over the rest of the winged tribe, for instead of bringing up a nestful of young of the same age, one will be a fledged youth, making eyes at some miniature mouse; another a callow, younger brother, trying to claw his way up to the edge of the nest; a third still content to lie with closed lids and gaping bill, ready for whatever chance may send him, while a fourth is chipping away at the inner vault of his limited and brittle home of shell.—*Off the Year Round.*

The Great American Crop.

From the Milling World.

Corn or maize is the great American tillage crop. There is no other of half its area. Wheat has nearly half and cotton a quarter of its breadth. It is sufficient to cover Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with a slice of Iowa in addition. Its area last year, though reduced by drought, was 51 per cent of that of all cereals together, and its product was 55 per cent. It was grown by the Indians before the white man appeared on the continent. It is now grown in every state and territory in the Union, though sparingly in those of high elevations, in the Rocky Mountain region. The supply as population increases is enlarged rather than diminished. It was 25·5 bushels per head in 1850; 20·5 in 1850; 29·7 in 1870; and 25 in 1880.

The crop, large as it is, is exported in small proportion. Only 4 per cent of the production of seventeen years has gone abroad for a market. The home market is 96 per cent. of all, and its relative abundance or scarcity makes the price. If scarce, the price is high, and foreigners decline to buy; if low enough to compete with foreign feeding stuffs, a larger quantity is exported. Neither Liverpool nor Chicago makes the price, but the farmers and country feeders, who use five-sixths of all. It is a crop of which railways carry but