The Somerset Herald.

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The publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25,000 new readers have been drawn to it during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents (notably the Railway articles), and it closes its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE attractive and interesting will be neglected.

The Railway Articles will be continued by several very striking papers; one especially interesting by ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James on the "Railway Postal Service."

Illustrated.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's serial novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," will run through the greater part of the year.

Begins in November.

A Correspondence and collection of manuscript memoirs relating to J. F. Millet and the famous group of modern French Painters will furnish the substance of several articles.

Illustrated.

The brief and papers written last year by Robt. Louis Stevenson, will be replaced by equally interesting contributions by different authors. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will write the first of them for the January number.

Many valuable Literary Articles will appear; a paper on "Walter Scott's Methods of Work," illustrated from original MSS.; a second "Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and many other articles equally noteworthy.

Illustrated.

Articles on *art subjects* will be a feature. Papers are arranged to appear by Clarence Cook, E. H. Richfield, Austin Dobson, and many others.

Illustrated.

Fishing Articles describing sport in the best fishing grounds will appear. Salmon, Trout, Grouse, and Tarpon are the subjects now arranged. The authors are well-known sportsmen.

Illustrated.

Illustrated Articles of great variety, touching upon all manner of subjects, travel, biography, description, etc., will appear, but not of the conventional commonplace sort.

Illustrated.

Among the most interesting in the list of scientific papers for the year will be a remarkable article by Professor John Trowbridge, upon the most recent developments and uses of *Photography.*

Illustrated.

A class of articles which has proved of special interest will be continued by a group of papers upon *Electricity* in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable paper on *Deep Mining*, and other interesting papers.

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A Special Offer to cover last year's numbers, which include all the *Railway Articles*, as follows: A year's subscription (1888) and the numbers for 1888 ..... $4 00

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Stiff Ankle. Cedarville, Ohio, June 25, 1885. Strained my ankle; next morning could not put foot to floor; got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil; used it. In two days was entirely well; stiffness all gone. S. G. RIDGWAY.

Stiff Knee. New Athens, Ill., June, 1885. Strained my knee, became stiff; could not walk for a month; used crutches; after using two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, threw crutches away; cured. GUSTAVE RAFFERT.

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Estate of Barbara Meyers, dec'd, late of Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset Co., 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, December 22, 1888, at the residence of the Administrator, in Brothersvalley Tp.

WILLIAM FOUST, Administrator.

nov14.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The man on the coal cart jerked his lines,
And smutted the lid of either eye,
And turned and stared at the business signs;
And the street car driver stopped and beat
His hand on his shoulders and gazed up street,
Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A stranger petted a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why
And he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer gave back his change
With a kindly hand and grateful sigh
As the little white hearse went glimmering by

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry—
For a dead child even was dear to him:
And he thought of his empty life and said;
"Loveless alive and loveless dead—
Not one wife nor child in earth or sky!"
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOUR FOOTED COMBAT.

A Thrilling Scene.

"Djeridgowka will kill the stallion at the first spring," said the rajah, in his lazy, arrogant, and heartless way. "There is no tiger of hill or jungle that can compare with my Djeridgowka (thunder spear) for size, strength, and ferocity. The white steed, were he twenty-fold the equine hero you claim for him, sahib colonel, would not evade his doom. He will go down like a shot and you will no longer dispute my guardianship over Mahala, the demure little Nautch girl under your wing there."

"But, your excellency," said the officer addressed, "if the stallion should win the girl will go to Bombay with me, according to your august promise?"

The dusky potentate waved his arm, whose jewel stiffened sleeve fairly blazed with the movement.

"You have my word, sahib," was his supercilious reply. "The word of Djampadra Hassan, Rejah of Nogpoor, is his bond."

"Certainly called out Maj. Poindexter, another red coated officer of the group. "But if you are so sure of your tiger winning, excellency, I will lay you an additional thousand of rupees on Nadgka, the mountain stallion."

The rajah inclined his head in assent, and the wager was duly registered by an obsequious white robed secretary at his elbow.

The arena was a deep walled circular, pit, about one hundred feet in diameter, and around this the tiers of seats, with a capacity of five thousand spectators, rose so steeply as to give every one, even the humblest, a complete view of the interior and yet grant immunity from the fiercest wild beast's spring.

In addition to the throng of personal attendants surrounding the rajah in the gorgeously tapestried state compartment sacred to his accommodation, there was a group of English officers, resplendent in their scarlet uniforms.

The first one of these to whom the rajah had addressed himself was Col. Mohun, and at his side was a singular beautiful young Hindoo girl, the Mahala referred to. Everything was at stake with the poor child in the unique combat that was about to ensue. Mohun had found her with a band of Giant dancing women or Hindoo gypsies of the Decean and secretly verified a rumor that she was the last, surviving child of Muley Hassan, half brother of the present rajah of Nagpoor, who had after usurping the throne, murdered all the other rightful heirs, many of whom he had thrown as prey to his favorite tigers. The rajah had only been prevented from wrestling Mahala from herself constituted protector through a wholesome fear of the British conquerors, but had at last exerted his malign and still powerful insistence to such an extent that the present contest had been agreed on as a test of the girl's guardianship.

The rajah agreed to pit his champion fighting tiger Djeridgowka against a white stallion likewise noted for his combative disposition, that Mohun had obtained from the foothills of the western Ghauts, justly celebrated for the fine cavalry stock, much of which is blooded with a pure Arabian ancestry.

Should the stallion win, Mahala would be transferred to the protection of powerful friends in Bombay, with a fair prospect of one day recovering at least a portion of her inheritance. Should the tiger come off victor, she was to be surrendered unconditionally to her cruel and rapacious kinsman, whose appalling character was sufficient guarantee of the terrible fate in that event awaiting her.

There was a sea-like murmur of anticipation, and all eyes were riveted on one of two strong iron gratings that were side by side in the wall of the pit, on a level with its sandy floor.

An instant later it shot aside, and there was an involuntary burst of applause as the noble horse bounded into view.

Bring forth the horse! The horse was brought
In truth he was a noble steed,
A tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limps, But he was wild!

He was not large, but perfectly proportioned, with a glistening coat as of snowy satin, a mane and tail that were of a light golden tinge, furnishing a contrast as unique as it was harmonious and beautiful. Fire was in his eye, the rhythm of speed and activity in his limbs and as he curveted snorting around the arena it was noticed that his small hoofs were shod with new and sharp steel shoes, that fairly flashed like a running rivulet in the sunshine, with the graceful and airy movements that scarcely seemed to touch the earth, and yet were suggestive of a fierce weariness and expectancy.

The rajah stroked his beard once more and smiled again.

"It was not mentioned in the compact that Nadgka should be shod," said he, "Still, I waive the point; I can well afford to."

Then he strengthened himself with a cruel, gloating and exultant look, and there was a fresh burst of many throated applause, not unmixed with terror, as the other grating shot back with a clang, and the vaunted monarch of the jungle, after springing into the arena with a snarling sort of a roar, began circling around and around it in ominous silence, with his eyes fastened on every movement of the stallion, who cooly kept revolving in the center, as on a pivot, head down and heels invariably to the foe.

"Djeridgowka's way—Djeridgowka's pet trick!" chuckled the rajah, rubbing his jeweled hands together. "Sahib colonel, in two minutes Nadgka's skin will be in red ribbons."

The tiger was, for very truth, a prodigy even for those days when larger and fiercer specimens were made prisoners than now. He was four feet tall at the shoulder, precisely eight feet in length from tip to tip, correspondingly proportioned, with a ferocity that was at that time proverbial throughout India.

Round and round prowled the monster with no more sound than would have been produced by the footfalls of a kitten.

Suddenly there was an exulting roar, the large striped bulk seemed to fly up into the air as though hurled by springs, and then was seen to launch out toward the white stallion as if projected out of a cannon's mouth.

But lightning-like as was the attack, it was countered by a movement as electric and as effective on the part of the equine hero.

There was a white, whirling sort of flash, out flew the glistening, steel-shod heels, striking the tiger in the chest while yet in midair with the force of a catapult, and hurling him back with a resounding crash against the wooden wall of the pit till it fairly trembled.

The rajah frowned, while Mahala's soft face correspondingly brightened, and the bronze face of Muhun slowly relaxed into a smile as he drew her slight figure yet more reassuringly to his side the entire British contingent at the same time bursting into a shout that rang and reverberated twice the shriller plaudits of the native onlookers much like the hoarse braying of a battle horn over the squeaking and clamorings of the fifes and keetle drums.

"Another thousand on Nadgka!" cried Poindexter, excitedly fluttering two fingers at the potentate in betting book fashion. "A whole lac of rupees, if I only had them! What says your excellency?"

Djampadra Hassan composedly nodded his assent, and the wager was recorded.

"It was Djeridgowka's first miscalculation; his impatience had over-reached itself," he said, stroking his beard once more. "Watch him now! He will make up for the faux pas, as the French would say."

Apparently but slightly injured by his repulse, though panting slightly, the tiger had resumed his silent, watchful circling of the arena, seemingly with no more want of confidence in himself than if they had not been in the least interrupted.

But the stallion was now seen to have changed so far that while resuming his pivotal gyrations his head, in lieu of his hindquarters, were now presented to the front.

Another breathing interval of suspense, followed by a fresh hurtling on the part of the tiger.

But it was countered even more effectively than before. Crouching and gliding under the flying black and yellow bulk, much as a gazelle might crouchingly evade a lammergeyer's hurtling swoop, out flew the glistening heels again at just the right instant, this time bringing up with a tremendous impetus on the monster's flank, so that when Djeripgowka's revolutions were resumed, as they were almost instantly, it was with a sullen half-gasping air, and with a perceptible limp that betokened more than a trifling injury to his hips.

"Another thousand to five hundred on the stallion!" vociferated Poindexter yet again over the many voiced. "Is it a go, your excellency? Or, I go you three to one!"

The rajah's Oriental composure had deepened into something more than Oriental glumness; and his cruel gaze roamed from the tiger to the begum—now radiant—with a smoldering fierceness of dissatisfaction; but he, nevertheless, inclined his head majestically, and the third additional bet was registered.

But again and again was the tiger's spring repeated, and with no better success, save that on one occasion one of his mighty forepaws managed to fetch the brave steed a long raking stroke along the lions, ripping his skin into stripes and staining his silver coat with blood.

It was now a foregone conclusion that Nadgka would be the victor. The Englishmen roared themselves hoarse; even the natives yelled their unrestrained delight, in spite of their master's frowning displeasure; while little Mahala fairly clapped her hands and bounded in her seat at the side of her stern-visaged protector.

But Djeridgowka, though plainly dispirited, had as yet suffered no positively disabling injury, and it was quickly evident that he intended to make one more effort to retrieve the day.

Without the slightest warning he suddenly changed his tactics by swerving from running instead of leaping directly toward the horse's lowered crest, until within a couple of yards, and then launching himself forward, like the veritable thunderbolt for which he was named full at Nadgka's throat.

But the stallion was not there to meet it, having danced to one side with the rapidity of thought. Then and before the tiger could recover from the shock of striking the opposite wall of the pit crash! crash! crash! successively were the steel-shod, terrible heels launched, each time reaching the mark with arrowy precision and bone-crushing force.

And then the jungle monarch was seen running whimperingly around the skirts of the arena on three legs and with his jaw hopelessly broken—conquered, defeated, and with the sole object of effecting a skulking escape from his victorious foe.

The rajah made the sign by which his favorite was permitted to make good his retreat, and then with a bow to Col. Mohn, turned to go with his suite.

"One moment, excellency!" shouted Mahala's protector. "Deign, if you please, to formally announce that the victory is with Nadgka, and my little friend here is to continue under my guardianship."

The potentate did so with none of the best grace, it must be said, and then took his departure with as much haste as was consistent with his august dignity.

It was none to soon.

The white stallion, which had until that moment remained proudly in the center of the pit suddenly reared himself high in the air, with flashing eyes and floating mane, and then fell upon his side—dead.

"Poor Nadgka!" commented Major Poindexter, laying his hand on Mohund's shoulder, on which the little begum was now sobbing as if her heart would break. "See, his entire left ribs were laid bare by that one stroke of Djeridgowka's paw. But never mind; Mahala is free from the rajah's clutches, and we have won a pot of his money."

And perhaps they didn't mind, at least not greatly. Money had changed hands; Mahala, whilon Nautch girl, was saved to become a great magistrate's wife in Bombay, and the mother of a child destined to depose the usurping rajah of Nogpoor twenty years later, and restore the rightful dynasty, and a most decisive single combat had been nobly contested and heroically won.

But then the hero was only a white stallion!—only a horse!—*Olive Red.*

Stopping Runaway Horses.

A Boston correspondent of the Woonsocket, (R. I.) *Patriot*, tells how a young policeman, Charles Maynes, stops a runaway horse:

"When you see a runaway coming, do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, and start for the run while he is yet someway off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. Get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes, grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse sees his hanuches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so until he is pacified.

In stopping a span of horses Maynes tries to get on the side of the wilder one, and if pulled to its senses the other one can be managed. The task is easier if the horse has a curb bit. A runaway may also be stopped by the driver in the same manner.

"If you pull steadily with all your strength on a curb bit," says Maynes, "the effect on the horse's jaw is just what it is if you tie a cord tightly about your finger. The blood doesn't flow and the finger becomes numb. After a firm pull has been maintained on the horse's mouth for awhile it ceases to have any effect. You cannot then force him out of a run if he is frightened. But give him his head a little until his mouth recovers a little from its numbness, lash him with the whip if you have a free road, and then give a sudden yank. He will come down. If the first yank isn't enough, give him one more. There isn't a horse on earth which can run away with a competent driver if the harness holds."

Maynes has risked his life a number of times, and has had some perilous encounters before subduing frightened animals. He has received a medal from the Humane Society and $50 from the cab company.

Women at Lunch.

"This is the time o' day when the ladies, God bless 'em, come to lunch with me, and except the pleasure of their pretty faces and soft speeches, my reward must be treasured up in Heaven, for certian I don't get it here," was the observation of a restaurant proprietor to a New York *Sun* reporter. "Take that lady over there, for instance," pointing to one sitting about half way down the room, "and she is only one of dozens like her every day. She came in here three quarters of an hour ago by the clock, she and her little boy; she walked through until she found a table unoccupied and took possession. The table accomodates four, but Lord love you, it barely holds one like her, comfortably. She had the waiter bring a high chair for young chub, took off his hat and coat, used one big dinner napkin to pin around his neck and another to lay over his lap, filled the other two chairs with her bundles, cloak, etc., then picked up the menu card and began to study it.

"I could have told what she would order at once, but it took her fully five minutes before she confined to the patient waiter her wants. He was back in less than three with her lunch (?)—a bowl of consommee for herself and a glass of milk for sonny.

"Bread, of course, is served with soup, and the two have made a slow and hearty lunch. She finished a few minutes ago, ordered a finger bowl, took one of the napkins, and, dipping it in water, scrubbed the boy's face and hands, wiped them with the other napkin, and is now pulling and setting herself for departure. I can see from here that the table-cloth is plentifully sprinkled with milk and soup—she fed the boy some of that too—and must be taken off at once. She has used three large dinner napkins, has occupied two more places than she pays for, sat in the restaurant nearly an hour, and her check is—thirty cents."

A Secret

of good health is found in the regular movement of the bowels and perfect action of the Liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a standing invitation to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which would surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the effectual regulation of the bowels and Liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

A man wants a great many things he don't need in this world.

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Tell The Truth.

This is a subject I should feel inclined to grow eloquent over if I had the power of eloquence on any subject. Mothers cannot be too careful in training their children to speak the truth.