Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 7. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1889. WHOLE NO. 1986.

...Y M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...J. Koontz, Esq.

...HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...John H. Uhl.

...W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...ting House Row, opposite Court

...E R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. G. OGLE. ...& OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA.

...OOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...NISLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...ENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...rset County Bank.

...AER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...e in Somerset and adjoining coun- ...ness entrusted to him will receive ...tion.

W. H. RUPPEL. ...TH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...entrusted to their care will be punctually attended to. Office on ...reet, opposite Mammoth Block.

...KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...pt attention to business entrusted ...Somerset and adjoining counties. ...ting House Row, opposite the Court

...MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...ness entrusted to his care will be ...promptness and fidelity. Office ...opposite the Court House.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Sevits, dec'd, late of Brothers valley Twp. Somerset Co., 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned on Saturday, the 10th day of August, 1889, at the late residence of dec'd.

A. M. SEVITS, Executor.
June26.

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THAT FLIRTIG NELLIE.

BY FLORA TOWNSEND.

"So you have invited that odious little Nellie Jarvis to spend the rest of the summer with you!" exclaimed Priscilla Relton, as she was saying her good-bye after a long morning call. "I was so surprised when I heard it!"

"Why?" queried Alice Edney, trying to speak coolly, though she was hot with indignation. "Have you heard anything to the discredit of our old schoolfellow?"

"Oh, my dear Alice! Why pretend ignorance? Don't every one know that she flirts atrociously with every member of the male sex who happens to come her way?"

"Very impartial of her, I am sure, to distribute her pleasant looks and smiles to all alike," smiled Alice, "If you had accused her of angling for two or three lovers, and favoring each in his turn, I might agree with you, and call Nellie a coquette; as it is, I believe that she likes to be liked, and so do I."

"Ah, but you are quite a different character. You have been, as mamma often says, so carefully brought up while we all know that the Jarvaes are——"

The sentence was finished with a shrug and a sneer; but Alice Edney refused to see either.

"I have never heard any harm of Nellie's relations except that they have been unfortunate, and neither you nor I can ever forget that, when we were ill with low fever at school, it was Nellie's mother who used to come and see us daily, bringing us fruit, and flowers, and the most delicious kinds of jellies and custards."

"Well," said Miss Relton, preparing to depart, "all I have to say is, that if I were engaged, as you are, to a light-hearted, handsome young fellow, who is not insensible to admiration, I should think twice before I exposed him to the wiles of an accomplished flirt like Nellie Jarvas."

Alice bit her lip to keep back an angry reply. It was no use entering on the defense of her friend, or declaring that nothing should induce her to doubt the constancy of her lover, so she wisely kept silence.

Priscilla Relton was one of those persons who always contrive to say something that wounds the susceptibilities of those they pretend to esteem; and Mrs. Edney, bustling into the room to bring her keys, was not very much surprised to find her daughter in tears.

"What a goose you are!" she cried, kissing her and giving her a little shake. "What a goose to make yourself unhappy over that girl's silly speeches! What has she been saying? You know she only talks for the sake of hearing herself talk."

"I am not unhappy," responded Alice, "but angry with myself for having allowed Priscilla to see that I was vexed. She will go away, telling the next person she visits that I have admitted that I am doing a foolish thing in having Nellie here, and that I am awfully jealous already."

"Pooh! What signifies? Come and help me tie down my preserves and don't trouble your head about what the gossips chatter. Or, if you really do doubt the prudence of having Miss Nellie Jarvas here, forbid Merric Granard to come to the house until she has gone away again."

Seeing that her mother was laughing at her, Alice laughed too, and would not confess even to herself that for a brief period a dread had really seized upon her that Priscilla Relton's predictions might be verified. If Merric, dear Merric Garnard, whose wife she was to be as soon as her parents could be induced to think her old enough, should be lured from his allegiance by the wiles of pretty, attractive Nellie Jervas—how would she bear the utter misery of losing him?

But for that hateful Priscilla, no such thoughts would have troubled her peace, and they vanished altogether when Nellie jumped out of the railway carriage into her arms.

She was such a bright little creature. Not all her home troubles—and they were many—could ever cast more than the briefest shadow on her pretty face. It was some one's duty, she would aver, to look at the sunny side of the sky, and it was a pleasant duty, she would make it her's. So Nellie's silvery laughter rang out at every opportunity, and she carried them with her wherever she went.

"Don't make too much of me," she cried, struggling from Alice's embrace. "My visit is not to you, but to your mother. I shall never be in her way, I know, while you—oh, you recreant! you false-to-friendship individual, to give yourself away to a he-male!—you would find me in the way whenever he drew near. What is he like, Alice?"

"Who, Merric? You shall see for yourself presently," replied the blushing bride-elect.

"Much obliged—at least I ought to be; one must make some sacrifices to gratify one's friends, but do not ask me to admire the young man. Of all the individuals I detest, first on the list stands other girls' lovers."

And so Nellie rattled on or talked gayly to the two little lads, who had escorted their sister to the station, extorting bursts of laughter from them till they reached Mr. Edney's house; and Mrs. Edney came into the hall to give the guest a motherly welcome, and warn Alice that the meat tea would be on the table in twenty minutes.

Soon after the meal had been dispatched Merric Granard arrived, a little curious to see the school friend of whom his betrothed talked so enthusiastically.

It was with a touch of latent uneasiness that Alice seized the first opportunity of whispering to him:

"Well, did I exaggerate when I said that Nellie is exceedingly pretty?"

"Am I to answer politely, or frankly? The latter? Then, my dearest Alice, I do think you exaggerated very much. Miss Jervas hasn't a regular feature to boast of; she looks thin, and certainly has no pretensions to be called a beauty."

"She is thin, but her smile is just as sweet."

"And she talks. Oh! ye gods, how she does keep talking! Cannot we make our escape and get out of sound of it for a little while? Say yes; your mother will amuse the young lady if she isn't capable of taking care of herself, for half an hour."

"What do I think of Mr. Granard?" echoed Nellie, when the question was put to her, as she and Alice were brushing out their tresses that night. "It is scarcely a fair question, my dear; I do not view him with your bedazzled eyes."

"He is one of the best of men," exclaimed Alice. "Every one who knows him congratulates me on my engagement."

"Then so will I," cried Nellie, heartily. "But he might have spared you to me a little longer. Even you, who are seven fathoms deep in love, must own that it is very disappointing to me to lose the only girl friend I ever had. I am not magnanimous. I don't like having to give you up to a male rival, who looks at me with disapproving eyes already. He doesn't want me here. He regards you as his peculiar property, and your guest as an interloper."

"But I should like you and Merric to be good friends," said Alice. "for my sake, you know."

"Give us time, and we may learn to be civil to each other," was the laughing reply. "But you must not expect more. We are rivals in your affection, you see. He is distrustful, and I am jealous—frightfully, disgracefully jealous. Why didn't he leave you alone, and fall in love with another girl? Pris Relton, for instance. By the way, how is old Pris? Does she still find out all the specks and blemishes in her friends, just as she was wont? Won't I say or do something to astonish her?"

Apparently Nellie Jarvas kept her word for she had not been many days at Mr. Edney's when Miss Relton told half a dozen of her intimates in strictest confidence that this wicked little siren was angling for the new curate, as well as the son of Dobbs, the banker.

And we are afraid that Nellie did flirt with both these gentlemen, and that it was also her smiles and flattering speeches that brought the bachelor doctor and 'Squire Edington to the house evening after evening.

"She was so jolly," the Edney boys asservated: "so ready to sing, dance, play or institute drawing-room games; while Alice was no use for anything now, except moping in a corner with Merric Granard."

Mrs. Edney looked rather grave sometimes when Mistress Nellia gathered her admirers about her chair and played them off one against the other, but even she was not able to resist the coaxing looks and caresses with which her gentle reproofs were heard.

"Now, don't you accuse me of flirting, please," Nellie would say. "I assure you I mean no harm. It's most awfully nice to be liked, and I enjoy it, that's all."

"At the expense of your victims, my dear?"

"Which be they?" questioned the damsel, demurely. "Not your curate, for he is engaged; nor young Dobbs, for he loves himself better than all women, nor the doctor, for he is too shrewd; and Mr. Edlington too sensible to woo a girl who hasn't a penny. Trust me, dear Mrs. Edney, these good souls may be scorched by the lightning of my glances, but they'll not catch fire; they are safe enough."

And Merric Granard?—was he safe, too? Was it by mere chance that he and Nellie had found themselves watching the moon rise from the same window, or sharing the same umbrella when caught in a shower?

"Poor, unsuspecting Alice!" sighed Priscilla Relton; and she made a point of calling frequently, and inquiring for Alice's health in the most sympathetic accents.

"You are quite well? You are sure?" she would murmur. "How thankful I am to hear it. But then you always are good and patient."

"What do I mean?" she would repeat. "Oh, my friends, is it possible? But don't question me, please don't. I would not be the first to draw your attention to anything that would grieve you."

Alice laughed loudly, and teased Miss Relton till she had the satisfaction of seeing her bite her thin lips and redden with annoyance. To be so jibed at as the village newsmonger, and to be saucily reminded of sundry bits of mischief she had wrought, was too galling; and she remembered an engagement and beat a retreat, followed to the gate by the girl's mocking laughter.

But when her tall, spare form, and nodding feathers had passed from sight, Alice threw herself on a couch and buried her face in its cushions. Alas! it was too true; Merric was fast falling into the nets of the siren, and she was most miserable.

Twice she had come upon him and Nellie whispering together. They had started asunder at sight of her, too confused to offer the explanation she was too proud to ask. And only last evening, in the twilight, as she returned from some charitable visits in the village she had found her friend and her lover in the avenue, not hastening to meet her, but in a less frequented path, so deep in conversation that they did not detect her approach.

Nellie was in the act of giving her companion a long lock of sunny hair, to which he pressed his lips before he hid it away in his pocketbook. Did the ears of the looker on deceive her, or did she hear these words murmured:

"Remember, Alice must not know this until——"

Then came the reply:

"You may trust me. I will be secret and prudent until secrecy is no longe necessary."

And then they separated, and Alice rushed into the house to hide her wretchedness in her own chamber.

She could in truth plead a violent headache when her mother came to look for her; she had sobbed and cried till the pulses in her temples were beating madly, and she was burning up with a fever.

Mrs. Edney decided that her daughter must have caught some infectious complaint in the cottages where she had been visiting; and though the doctor, who was instantly summoned, pooh-pooed this, he pronounced his patient to be in such a high state of nervous excitement that she must be kept in bed, and very quiet.

So for the next two or three days only Mrs. Edney came near her; and by the time Alice was pronounced well enough to sit up for a few hours, she had schooled herself into the patient endurance of her wrongs.

She had not acquired fortitude enough to read the notes from Merric that were brought to her daily, but slipped them under her pillow, and took the first opportunity of burning them unopened; neither could she help shuddering and closing her eyes to shut out the sight of Nellie Jarves' pretty face when first it bent over her, beaming with the most affectionate solicitude.

But she resolutely conquered this feeling. Was it fair to blame Nellie for being irresistibly bewitching? Her own attractions were so few, that how could Merric help loving this charming little creature far better than he had once fancied he loved her?

Once admitted into the sick room, it would heve been difficult to exclude Nellie again. She made herself too useful to Mrs. Edney, who suspecting nothing amiss, gladly gave over the task of amusing and waiting on Alice to her willing visitor. And Nellie was indefatigable in her efforts till the evening, when she seated herself on a stool beside the invalid's easy chair and sank into a long reverie.

"Do you feel able to listen to a confession, dear?" she said, presently, when the blaze of the fire had sunk into a ruddy glow, and the room was almost in darkness. "May I tell you what has happened, and will you promise not to blame me too much is——"

But Alice could not bear this yet.

"Not now," she gasped; "give me time to get stronger, and then——"

"You are tired," said Nellie, tenderly. "I have let you sit up too long. Let me help you back to bed. You must try and sleep soundly, for we want to have you down stairs to-morrow. It is your mother's birthday, remember, and the home circle will not be complete without Alice to grace it."

"Yes," Alice mentally said: "I will be brave, and take my old place without further delay. My dearest mother shall never know what I have suffered in losing Merric's affections. For her dear sake I will overcome my regrets, and appear happy, if I do not feel so."

And Alice kept her word. She came to the breakfast-table on the morrow, paler and more hollow-eyed than her parents liked to see her; but with a smile on her lips even for Merric Granard, who had ridden over to bring fruit and flowers from his father's hot-house in honor of this anniversary.

In spite of her efforts to avoid him, he drew her aside as soon as the meal was over.

"My dearest, how you tremble!" he cried. "Has the effort to come among us been made too soon?"

"No," she replied, as firmly as her faltering voice permitted, "you have something to tell me. Let me hear it at once."

"Ah, yes! You mean with regard to this," and opening a case he drew from his pocket, he displayed a very neat bracelet made of hair set in silver, with exquisitely-wrought clasps of the same precious metal.

"Did you miss one of your bonny chestnut locks?" he asked. "Nellie stole it for me, that we might have it made into this bracelet for your mother. We knew we could not give her a birthday gift that would please her more than this. By-the-by, Miss Nellie has made a conquest, hasn't she? But here she comes, anxious, I can see, to receive your congratulations. She isn't a bad sort of girl when one comes to know her. I'll give her half an hour, and then you must let me take you for a drive."

"Darling Alice," whispered Nellie, gliding into his place beside her startled, bewildered friend, "don't say I shall do wrong in accepting Mr. Edington; I know I am not half good enough for such an excellent man, and I could hardly believe him when he said he wanted me to be his wife."

"Mr. Edington, of the Grange? He is nearly twenty years your senior!"

"And twice twenty my superior in mental gifts and goodness of heart. I knew Pris Relton and every one who thinks with her would say I was mercenary, and only wedded him for his money. But oh, Alice, he is so good, so generous, he has won my heart entirely. If I were not so poor, so utterly unworthy such noble affection as he proffers——"

Here Nellie broke down, and laid her head on her friend's shoulder.

"And so this was your secret, and the bracelet was Merric's. How foolish I have been, ejaculated Alice.

"You are never foolish" averred Nellie, "and I mean to be guided entirely by your advice."

Whether she was or not, it is certain that, to the horror and astonishment of Priscilla Relton, 'Squire Edington led to the altar "that flirting Nellie," who has proved a pattern wife, and numbers among her most faithful friends, Merric Granard and his fair wife, Alice.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

"An amusing marriage took place in Elberton, Ga., the other day. A couple came into the Court House to be married. A new justice was called in. He had no form, and improvised a ceremony. He first ordered the the couple to join hands and then after hesitating a while, he asked the groom these questions: "Will you stick to this woman through thick and thin, up and down, right and left, hot or cold, wet or dry, and have no other wife but her? If you will, you can have her for a wife." Similar questions having been propounded to the woman, and affirmative answers having been given, he pronounced them husband and wife.

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective carthartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

The Figures on Your Watch-Face.

Toleda *Blade*: "Mark down the figures on the face of a watch," said a Summit street jeweler.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,—began the reporter, as he put pencil to paper.

"No, I mean the Roman numerals."

Then this was produced:

I, II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII.

"You are wrong," said the jeweler.

"I guess not," said the reporter.

"Try again," said the jeweler.

"Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures," said the reporter.

"You know that well enough, but the watchmakers use different ones. Look at your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Well, look at mine. See the figure which stands for 4 o'clock."

The reporter looked and was surprised. It was IIII., and not IV.

"Are all clocks and watches that way?" he asked.

"Every one which has Roman figures on its dial."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watchmakers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called 'The Wise.'

"Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France, but his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

"'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'"

"'Wherein, your majesty?' asked Vick.

"'That four should be four ones,' said the King.

"'You are wrong, your majesty,' said Vick.

"'I am never wrong,' thundered the King. Take it away and correct the mistake. And corrected it was, and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII., instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."

Love, Not Lucre.

The president of the Swamptown bank was sitting in his library at home the other evening when a servant announced that his cashier was in the parlor and desired to see him. The president started, turned a little pale, and muttered: "It has come at last! A confession, undoubtedly. Why did I not have that man watched? Wonder he did not skip to Canada at once." Then he descended to the parlor, where the following conversation took place:

Cashier (advancing hesitating and speaking in an embarrassed way)—"I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Goldbags, but——"

President Goldbags (sternly)—"Forgive you, sir! There is and should be no forgiveness for an offense like yours. Too much leniency is the reason why these crimes are augmenting in number."

"Crime, sir?"

"Yes, crimes, I call things by their right names."

"But you will pardon me——"

"Pardon you? No, indeed, I won't. Besides that, only the governor of the State has the pardoning power."

"I must confess, sir——"

"Well, go on and confess then. That is about all there is left to do, I suppose (bitterly); but I have suspected this for some time, and I have been a fool not to have investigated you thoroughly."

"Is it, then so great an offense? Are not most young men impelled that way? Did you not yourself——"

"Silence, sir! How dare you insinuate, miserable man, that ever I was guilty of betraying the confidence——"

"Betray confidence! I love her and she loves me. I wish to marry her, and so——"

"Love her? Marry her? Who are you talking about?"

"Why, your daughter, of course. You said you had long suspected it and I thought you knew, but it is no crime, sir, indeed it is not."

"Then you are not a defaulter?"

"No!"

"And you do not contemplate skipping to Canada with the funds of the bank?"

"Never thought of such a thing."

"No confession to make, eh?"

"Only a confession of love, Mr. Goldbags, that's all. I ask the hand of your daughter."

"Well, she is yours. You take a great load off my mind."

"In taking your daughter?"

"No, hang it, in removing my suspicions. But I say, son-in-law, don't take in Canada on your wedding trip. The very name makes me shudder."

The young man promised and they parted with lightened hearts.—*Texas Siftings.*

Blood Poison

Is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, especially in hot weather or if the body is perspiring freely. The trouble may subside for a time, only to appear in aggravated form when opportunity offers. The great purifying powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures it has accomplished conclusively show. It also cures scrofula, salt rheum and other affections arising from impure or poisoned blood.

According to a story from Ohio, a marked sparrow, liberated at Londonville in July, was shot and killed in Huron, Dakota, 11 days after, and the question arises, how did the bird get so far off?

Advice to a Young Man.

Oh, my son! be patient; be patient. We can get along without brilliant women and great men. They are not easy to live with; they don't mix with the brood very much; they have to have single perches for themselves way up out of the reach of the rest of us, so we don't see much of them, and they don't do the world very much good after all. It's just as well that they do keep away from us, I suppose. When they come down and mix with us we are apt to find them out. Then, goodbye greatness. We don't need rushing people so very much. Here and there one or two of them are good things; we can't get along without a rush line, of course; but after all, a full-back, whose quiet eyes are on every part of the field at once without making any fuss about it, and who at every point in the game is always just exactly where he is wanted at exactly the right time and is never anywhere else, no matter how much yelling and "rastling," whooping and scrimmaging is going on in front, the nervy fellow who is never rattled, and has all his breath, vim and strength saved up for the one important moment when it shall be necessary to send the ball away clear over the heads of the panting, yelling, scuffling crowd, after all he is the fellow to whom our eyes turn anxiously and hopefully whenever the crisis is reached. Be patient; the fretful, hurrying, eager, restless world needs offer praises of thanksgiving to the patient people in it. To the patient man or woman who find strength in "quietness and confidence;" who can be patient with our faults, our follies and our fancies; who can be quiet when even the softest would have a sting; and the softest answer would stir up bitterness; who can wait for storms to blow over and for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can endure slight and injury until the wounded heart has forgotten the hurt that made the scar. Be patient, my boy; be patient. Nobody else has time enough for it; all the rest of us are in such a hurry we can't stop and we have no time to wait. Do you be patient for the whole crowd. And you'll wear all the rest of us out.—*Burdette.*

Lincoln as a Lover.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk, of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I wan't in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to beleive you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend

LINCOLN.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love and and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Time to Reform the Calendar.

An ingenious Yankee, with an eye to adjusting himself to his environment, has moved a reorganization of the calendar. Winter, he contends, should begin on Jan. 1 and include March; spring should commence with April and include June, July, August and September should constitute summer, and the fall beginning with October, should not end till after Christmas. His new calendar would play the mischief with traditions, but it would come nearer to actual experience than does the present antiquated European article. The procession of the equinoxes is too slow altogether for the American climate. Facts are on the side of reform, and if the weather does not speedily repent and bring forth fruits more meet for repentance than rank grass and dropsical potatoes, the newly established department of agriculture will be called on to revise the calendar. —*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A lot of old letters having upon them stamps issued by the postmaster at St. Louis in 1845 were recently found at Galena, Ill. The denominations were 10 and 20 cents, both of which are extremely rare.

But Twelve Hours Long.

The great Indian Rajah Montja, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place. Among his devices for the wise training of his son was the placing near him an old man whose only duty was to say to the prince, whenever he was enjoying any pleasure keenly, "The day hath but twelve hours."

When the lad, on the other hand, was sick or in trouble, he changed the warning to, "The night is but twelve hours long."

Our young readers may think that they too, like the Indian prince, have mentors in the middle-aged or old people about them. Every healthy, happy boy or girl looks upon the delight of the moment as eternal, and it is better they should do so. Why should the athlete, straining to win the race, be paralyzed with the spectre of himself as a decrepid old man? What boy, struggling for college honors on Commencement Day, would persevere if he really believed that day of triumph to be only twelve hours long, and that behind it lay oblivion?

Faith in the immortality of their success is the mainspring of action in every one of the courageous, high spirited boys and girls who read these words.

But they would be wise if they could borrow half of the experience of age, and know how short-lived are the worries, the defeats and pains which seem intolerable to them now.

"The mosquito which stings you," says the Sioux proverb, "will be dead to-morrow."

The poor lad struggling through college in a crowd of wealthy classmates, fancies the mortification and humiliation which he endures will last as long as life itself. He forgets how swiftly in this country social conditions change. In 20 years not a man in his class probably will stand where he does to-day. Each man will have found his place for himself.

There are among our readers, too, many plain, unattractive girls, who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions are admired and courted. Their suffering is not a thing to smile at; it is real and sharp. They are at the age to which beauty and grace are fitting, and they have neither wisdom nor experience to bear disappointment coolly.

But they should remember that there are other and more potent charms than pink cheeks and bright eyes which will tell in a long run.

The verdict of a ball room does not decide their fate for life.

The night, however dark, is but twelve hours long; with each morning comes fresh chances and possibilities for all of us.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Stunner.

A Texas paper graphically describes the practical working of an electric wire fence that is said to be built around a cattle ranch in that section. It is made of smooth wire, and very inviting to the unsophisticated steers of the regulation Texas type. Recently a trial was made of its effectiveness. The electric current was turned on, and on one side of the fence stood a dozen or fifteen steers; on the other side stood one alone. The lone steer of the Lone Star species wanted to join his companions, and scorning the smooth wire impediments he undertook to break through. The truthful narrator tells the result:

"He had no idea he was tackling a buzz saw when he struck that smooth wire fence. Well, sir, he jumped like he was hit at once by 40,000,000 hornets, and with his tail coiled over his back he wheeled and only struck the ground in high places. Then the fifteen made a dash to follow him. One by one they rubbed that electric fence, and as fast as they did they jumped, bawled, wheeled, and sailed on as though they had urgent business at the North Pole and had only a few hours in which to make it. The electric fence is a stunner—it is the eighth and greatest wonder of the world. Not one of these cattle were hurt, but not one of them will go near the electric fence again."

The Sin of Lying.

The emperor of Russia, when upon a tour of inspection in the provinces, passed the night in the simple hut of the toll taker. Before retiring he was pleased, as the head of the church, to see the old man take up his Bible and read a chapter.

"Do you read often, my son?" he asked.

"Yes, your majesty, every day."

"How much of the Bible have you read, my son?"

"During the past year the Old Testament and part of Matthew, your majesty."

Thinking to reward him, the czar placed 500 rubles between the leaves of the Book of Mark on the following morning, unknown to the toll keeper, whom he bade farewell. Several months passed away and the emperor returned, upon a second tour, to the toll taker's hut. Taking the Bible in his hands he was surprised to find the 500 rubles intact. Again interrogating the toll keeper as to his diligence in reading he received an affirmative answer and the statement that he had finished the chapters of Luke.

"Lying, my son, is a great sin," replied his majesty; "give me the Bible till I see."

Opening the book he pointed to the money, which the man had not seen.

"Thou hast not sought the kingdom of God, my son. As punishment, thou shalt also lose thy earthly reward."

And he placed the rubles in his pocket, to distribute afterward among the neighboring poor.

A carriage road to the top of Pike's Peak has just been completed. It begins at Cascade Canon, and extends 16 miles until it reaches the verry summit of the mountain, 14,147 feet above the level of the sea. There is one point, Grand View, where an altitude of 10,852 feet one may see the smoke of a locomotive crossing Marshall Pass, 90 miles away.

As the butcher added his hand to the weight of the steak he piously said to himself, "I love to steal, awhile, a weigh."

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says a man should propose with the eyes alone. Yes; and then the woman in response can use her noes.

The Foot Was Wooden.

A Michigan avenue car stopped at Second street to permit a young lady and a gentleman to get on, says the Detroit *News.*

As the former, who was young as well as pretty, passed forward to accept a seat offered her, she tripped over the outstretched foot of an individual who was sitting at the rear of the car.

In an instant she was almost at full length in the bottom of the car. The exclamations of the passengers and the black looks they directed at the extended stumbling block should have caused its owner to sink through the seat. Quicker almost than she went down, however, she was on her feet again, and gracefully acknowledging the courtesy of the gentleman who surrendered his seat. She was greatly embarrassed, and her escort looked like a thunder cloud, and as if he would like to punch the head of the fellow who had caused all the trouble. But he didn't. He contented himself with occasionally stepping vigorously on the still extended foot. There did not appear to be the least sign of consciousness from its owner, while the passengers awaited the denouncement. Finally, with a lurch from the car as an excuse, the foot received another ferocious dig that was so pronounced to almost twist the man out of the seat. Thinking that perhaps he had really injured the man, the escort muttered an excuse that was received in great equanimity, with the gratifying explanation:

"Oh, don't apologize; it's a wooden one and used to being stepped on."

Something of a Failure.

"My friend," he said, as he entered a shoemaker's shop on Fration avenue, "I should like to sing you a song."

"How much do you charge?"

"Not a red cent."

"Vhas it a nice song?"

"Very nice, I am sure you will be pleased with it."

"Vhell, go ahead."

The man drew a long breath and started off. It was an awful noise. It was intended to lift the shoemaker right off his bench. It did so, and after the first verse he said:

"Maybe you have some object."

"I have, my dear sir. While I don't charge anything for singing I do charge twenty-five cents to stop."

"I see. Vhel, I was going down to Springwells for this afternoon. While I don't sharge you anything to come in, I make you pay feefty cents to get out."

And he stepped out and locked the door, and for two hours the itinerant talked with an inquiring public through a broken pane of glass and freely acknowledged that there were better games than his.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Never Smiled in Life.

A most remarkable case was brought to light by the coroner recently during an inquest on the body of an 18-year-old girl who died Thursday night in a one room shanty which served as a home for a widow and her six children. Josephine Grabski, the dead girl, who was the oldest of the family, had never walked a step in her life, she had never seen the light of day, never heard the sound of voices, never uttered an intelligible syllable since the day of her birth and was never known to smile.

She ate what was given her, rejecting nothing, and never making a sign that she desired more. The only feeling that this semi-inanimate creature ever betrayed was when a flower would be placed in her hand. At the time of her death her body was no larger than that of an ordinary 10-year-old child. All her limbs were in proportion, but her knees were drawn up so that she had never been able to walk. What surprised the family and the neighbors most was the smile on the face of the dead girl. Her countenance looked like that of a beautiful angel in sweet repose, and the lips were parted in a heavenly smile, though she had never smiled in her life. —*Chicago Herald.*

A Queer Mine of Valnable Wood.

Forty miles above New Orleans is the old bed of of the Bonnet Carre crevasse. Fifteen years ago the Father of Waters burst his bolts and swept through there to Lake Pontchatrain. Five years ago the State of Louisiana, with the assistance of the Mississippi Valley railroad, rebuilt the Bonnet Carre levee, but it could not restore altogether the conditions prevailing antecedent to the crevasse. The river in the ten years it passed through the swamp piled up its sands against the big cypress forests there. It has left behind a buried forest. The piled up sand has deadened nearly all the trees, and a shingle mill is now at work there manufacturing them into shingles with all the rapidity with which that machine weeks.—New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

A Powerful Sermon.

A little girl came to her mother with the question:

"Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

Gameness Indicated by Color.

Many people might smile if I said that a horse's color was an index to his gameness, but such is the case, as I have found from experience, says a veterinary surgeon. I have closely noted this fact and have had an opportunity to judge, having performed thousands of operations on horses, some of them sufficiently painful to the gameness of the subject. I have found that the most arrant cowards among horses are sorrels and the gamest brutes bays or browns. Some time ago I peoformed an operation on a pair of chestnut sorrels and they groaned like human beings. A bay or brown will usually suffer without a noise of any kind, just rolling its big eyes in an appealing way which is almost human in its intensity. Gray and white horses, are not particularly game.—*Chicago Tribune.*

She Got It.

They were sitting on the piazza that faces the sea, watching the white yachts as they crossed the moon's track, when he suddenly said: "I think it must be delightful sailing on such a beautiful night." "Oh, lovely, I should think." "I wish I owned one for your sake. I would take you sailing every night." "That would be just lovely!" "What kind of a yacht would you prefer—a steam yacht or a sailing one?" "I think," she murmured, as she glanced around, "I think I would like a little smack." She got it.

O'Rafferty thinks that much of the destitution of Ireland is due to the poverty stricken condition of the people. This is worth considering.