The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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CURES PERMANENTLY
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Suffered Years in Pain.
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In 1871 I sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; suffered years in pain and could not lift my arm. It was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JACOB ETZENSPERGER.
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WRIT OF PARTITION.

To Andrew Kunkel and John Kunkel, residing in Stonycreek Township, Cambria Co., Pa.; Conrad Kunkel, residing in Richland Township, Cambria County, Pa.; Christina Kunkel, residing at Economy, Beaver Co., Pa.; Adam Kunkel, residing in Johnstown; Rose Ann Kunkel, intermarried with John Gebhart, residing in Johnstown, Pa.; Mary Kunkel, intermarried with John Fees, residing in Cambria Township, Cambria Cy. Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the premises on the real estate of Andrew Kunkel, deceased, situate in Paint Township, Somerset County, Pa., on Friday, the 16th day of May, 1890, when and where you can attend if you think proper.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, apr. 9, 1890. R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

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THE BEST WE CAN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands,
And say, "No use in trying,
Fate baffles all our plans."
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast—
"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the Eternal Plan;
Trust the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear.
He who sings over trouble
Is aye the wisest man.
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So, if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume nor fret
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make the best of whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.

A SOUTHERN STORY.

The Eckly plantation lies near Campbell's Bend, on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi river. Old Major Eckly, the owner of the plantation, has, in many respects, the unstrung liberality of the ideal planter, yet in other respects he is prejudiced, and narrowly self opinionated.

Zalie, the major's daughter, was regarded as the handsomest girl of a community in which handsome girls were not rare. She had made an impression upon the brilliant social life of New Orleans, and had received many offers of marriage from many well-known men, but had refused them. The truth is she loved a man named Bickles, a young fellow without fortune, without prospects and allworse, without particular industry.

Bickles was bright, and pleasingly humorous; he told amusing stories in a lazy sort of way, which was of itself attractive, and the old major was exceedingly friendly toward him until Bickles one day began to speak of Zalie. He told the old major of his great love for her. The old man turned upon him with great fury:

"Why, confound your impudent hide, get out of my house!" the major yelled. "Get out! Don't stop to say a word. I could tolerate you so long as I supposed you to be an amusing pauper, but, finding that you are nursing a design against my——my——my——get out, I tell you."

"Wait a minute, major; you will most surely give me a chance to defend myself."

"No, I won't," angrily shouted the major.

"Then you compel me to take it. Now, the only way to meet this trouble, and it seems to be a serious one, is to meet it without excitement. Now, wait; don't fly to pieces, for, if scattered, you will not be in condition to deal with this subject."

"Don't fool yourself, young man. My first objection is my affection for my daughter."

"What's that got to do with it; I don't want to see her married to a man that is not able to take care of her. You have no money, sir."

"Won't need much money. We could live here with you."

"Oh, you could, you worthless rascal!"

"Yes, could live here very comfortably! I could take charge of the plantation, and could relieve you of a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, yes; I've not the least doubt you could relieve me of all that I've got."

"I would promise you that you should never regret our marriage."

"Oh, I reckon so. You would run me so completely crazy that I shouldn't have sense enough to regret anything."

"I would work faithfully."

"Yes, oh yes; work your jaws when something was put between them."

"Mention some of your principal objections."

"It is not necessary; the one under discussion answers every purpose."

"It may answer all your purposes, but it doesn't answer mine. Let me tell you that your daughter loves me, and that I promise to work faithfully if you give your consent, but that if you don't, I'll run away with her without making any promise at all."

"Oh, is that a fact," the old man sarcastically rejoined. Run away with her, eh? All right; I will follow along, and seek an early opportunity of filling your hide so full of holes that it wouldn't hold wheat straw. Loves you, does she? Ah, ha, loves you! Well, now, I'll call her, and you may start to run away with her right at once. Better roll up your breeches before you start. Loves you, does she?"

"Yes, I do," she repeated, "but I will not marry him without your consent. Now gracious sake, don't say anything more, for here comes General Griddleton."

Bickles withdrew. General Griddleton, an old fellow with a pompous air and broken veins in his face, dismounted at the gate. He and the major were the warmest of friends. For each other's sake they were heroically self-sacrificing; they would fight for each other, and at poker, they had often won each other's money.

"Ah, good morning, general."

"Ah, major, good morning."

"Beautiful weather, general."

"Major, magnificent."

This form of greeting changed only with the weather, and people who were accustomed to see the two old men meet each other had long since ceased to smile at the ludicrous gallantry, so very familiar had the system of salutation become.

"Zalie, said the major, "go into the house; I have something particular to say to the general. What do you think!" he added, when the girl had withdrawn, "that infernal Bickles wants to marry my daughter."

"The trifling rascal!" the general exclaimed.

"And he swears," the major continued, "that if I don't give my consent he will run away with her."

"Oh, the venomous wolf!" the general cried.

"He is a pauper," said the major.

"And a wretch," vehemently declared the general.

"General, you have always stood by me."

"And I always will."

"Give me your hand."

They shood hands, and then entered into the close and absorbing communion of a game of poker.

A few weeks later the major and the general went down to New Orleans, and as they were returning on a steamboat, the general suddenly exclaimed:

"By George, major, yonder is a man who did me a favor in Havanna. Yes," gazing intently, "that is Victor Dinzolas, one of the most prominent planters in Cuba. He's coming this way."

The general advanced to meet the Cuban, who came walking up with an easy, graceful swing toward the cabin, bowed, made an open-arm gesture, and said:

"Pardon me if I make a mistake, but is not this the Honorable Victor Dinzolas?"

The Cuban, after a moment's reflection, recognized the general, and with graceful heartiness seized his hand. When the major had been introduced, the party withdrew to the bar. Dinzolas was not an ill-looking man; he wore enormous black whiskers and long hair, and spoke English easily, but with a slight Spanish accent, After several "rounds" at the bar, the general proposed a game of poker. No objections were raised; the Cuban was accommodating. They went to a private apartment, and were soon deep in the thrilling anxiety of the great "American pastime." From the very first Donzolas began to win. The major snorted and the general fumed, but the Cuban, undisturbed, continued to rake in the money.

It must have been nearly daylight when the major shoved his chair back, and said:

"I'm broke."

"So am I," the general took occasion to remark.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen," the Cuban declared, "for I have just begun to get interested in the game. Have you nothing you can put up?"

"No," the major remarked. "As I have often been compelled to remark, I have nothing left except my plantation, my soul and my daughter!"

"Ah," said the Cuban, "and would you like to put up one of them—the plantation or the daughter?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the major, springing to his feet, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, no offense, I assure you. I have more respect for my friend, the general, than to insult his friend. I once won a young lady—please be seated, major; don't be excited, for I assure you that I mean no insult."

"Major, hear what he's got to say," the general interp sed.

The major sat down; the Cuban continued:

"Once, in the City of Mexico, I played for a gentleman's daughter, and won her. An agreement was drawn up, reading about this way: 'I agree to give the bearer my daughter, so-and-so, provided he can gain her consent.' I won the paper bearing these words, but in truth did not win the girl. She spurned me. Perhaps I should be more fortunate another time."

"Will you excuse the major and me if we request a private interview?" the general asked, addressing Victor Dinzolas.

"Most assuredly; I will withdraw."

"Don't this beat anything you ever heard of?" said the major, when the Cuban had withdrawn.

"Rather peculiar, I must say; but let me tell you I see good in it. Agree to his proposal; put up Zalie."

"General, do you take me for an infernal barbarian?"

"Oh, no. Now, if you put up your daughter and lose her, this Cuban might come around, and—well, he might scare the life out of Bickles."

The major slapped the general on the shoulder.

"You are the smartest man in the world general. Call that half nigger looking fellow."

The Cuban resumed his place, put up $1,000 against Zalie, and won. Shortly afterward the boat landed at Campbell's Bend.

One afternoon, several days later, the major and the general sat down on the veranda, overlooking the broad fields of cotton.

"Major, is Bickles still hanging around?"

"He was here yesterday, but left somewhat downcast, as Zalie positively refused to marry him without my consent. Who is that coming through the big gate? By gracious, it is that infernal Cuban!"

"That's who it is."

"Confound my fool hide. I wish I hadn't done that caper. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been half drunk. Now, that's a nice piece of paper he's got. Wish Bickles was here; I'd soon haxe them chewing each other. I don't know what to do."

Zalie name out on the veranda.

"Oh, who is that?" she asked.

The Cuban had dismounted at the yard gate.

"Oh, but doesn't he look like the hero of a novel."

"Zalie," thundered the major, "go into the house."

The girl obeyed. The Cuban came up the steps.

"Ah, general, glad to see you again; and the major, I hope he has not forgotten me."

"No," said the major: "sit down."

The Cuban took a seat and began to fan himself with his large, broad-brimmed hat.

The major snorted, the general hemmed and hawed.

"Ah," said the Cuban, "Miss—Miss—let me see (examining the paper) ah! Miss Zalie. Is she at home?"

"Look here!" said the major. "I want you to understand my daughter is not a slave."

"Oh, certainly, I understand that; but she is mine, if I can win her. This paper—"

"Hang the paper!"

"But, as a gentleman, you cannot, ah, give me a word here, you cannot repudiate."

"That's a fact," the major admitted.

"Will you call her?"

The major's face grew livid with rage, but he called Zalie. She came out, but when the Cuban was presented, she bowed with charming grace.

"A very handsome girl," said the Cuban. "She has many fine points."

"Sir!" thundered the major, springing to his feet.

"No offense. Will my friend, the general, explain the object of my visit?"

"I will," the general answered, "but would first like to send for a friend of mine, Mr. Bickles."

"My time is limited; will the general explain?"

The general explained; the girl listened with deep interest. "Oh, how romantic," she said, "how charmingly uncommon. Sir," extending her hand toward the Cuban, "I'll go with you."

"What!" the major roared, "go with this barbarian? No, not if he had fifty plantations."

"A contract, signed by a gentleman," the Cuban said, "is a document of honor."

The major sat down. "You are right," he said, "you are right, but I don't understand my daughter; don't understand her. I thought she was a woman of pride, but I don't understand her, at all."

"I do," said the Cuban. He snatched off his false whiskers and long hair, revealing the familiar features of Bickles. The major snorted like a frightened horse. For several moments he could say nothing. Then he turned upon the general.

"You old—old—"

"Hold on, major," said the general, laughing. "Here is the money the Cuban won from you on the boat."

The major took the money, and tucking it in his vest pocket, remarked:

"Bickles, you've got more sense than I thought you had, and I reckon I'll have to stand by my contract."

Will Carleton's First Poem.

What may really be called my first poetic effort was written at 10 years of age, and was a letter in rhyme. My older sister was at boarding school; she had written for some of the papers and magazines, both in prose and poetry, and I thought I would show her that she had not carried away with her all the afflatus of the family. I heard of a neighboring young man who could write letters in rhyme, and so I thought I would undertake the same feat. I did up everything at the farm and in the vicinity in choice doggerel, and mailed it to her. A precious young goose she must have thought me. I represented her favorite horse as about to die of melancholly, because she was not there to ride him; told her the trees and flowers were all perishing because she was not present to smile upon them, and killed off two very worthy and healthy neighbors because their names happened to rhyme with some word of a mortuary character. The whole letter was wildly sepulchral in its nature, and half amused and half scared the young lady. I remember that it closed with these pathetic lines:

I must end my letter
And bring it to a close;
Perhaps it will be better
To make the next in prose.

The eagerness with which she consented to this proposition made me fear that poetry was not exactly my best card. But she was a dear, sweet girl, and upon her return home she petted and encouraged my poor little rhymes much more than they deserved. The grief of my boyhood was her death, a few years afterward. She would have made her mark in literature, and I hope is today writing songs in heaven.—Will Carleton in Ladies' *Home Journal*.

His Faith Returned.

"Look a here," he said, as he approached officer Button at the depot the other day, "have you any faith left in human nature?"

"Very little, sir," was the prompt reply.

"You look upon most people as dead beats and sharpers?"

"I do."

"Beat you if they can?"

"They will. They'd steal my teeth if they weren't solid in the jaw."

"You have lent money once or twice, I presume?"

"I have, sir."

"And never got it back?"

"Never."

"Well, I've got to tackle you just the same," continued the man. "D'ye see that woman with the red shawl?"

"Yes."

"She's my bride; married last week; came in on your bridal tour. We toured too long for the size of my wallet, and now I lack just four cents of enough to buy our tickets home."

"Only four cents?"

"That's all. If any feller in Michigan can plan a tour closer than that I'de like to meet him."

"So would I. Here's a quarter sir, and that will give you twenty-one cents for peanuts and apples on the train. Car is now ready, sir, and there's the ticket office. Go home and be good and happy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Prayer Answered.

A certain Chicago coal man enjoys nothing more than he does a romp with his two pretty boys. After supper every night he has great fun with them. One evening last week his wife was taken sick, and he cut short the usual romp, much to the disappointment of the boys, who had been looking forward all day to his home-coming. He told them it was time for them to go to bed, and, like obedient boys, they walked off without a word of remonstrance. Silently they disrobed, prepared to retire. The larger boy said his prayers and found his way between the sheets. Then the little fellow down by the bedside, uttered his prayer and added: "Please God, make papa funny some more." And the father, who had been waiting just outside the door to see that they retired all right, overheard the petition and went in and gave his two boys another romp. The little fellow then retired in the firm belief that his prayer had been answered.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Prussian Diet—sauerkraut and sausages.

A Wonderful Woman.

A very surprising and unusual young woman is Miss Emily Harper, of Alexander, N. Y., if one may believe the special relating to her. She is said to be 18 years old, to weigh 110 pounds, of course she is "pretty and fascinating," and up to a few weeks ago seemed rather fragile. The first intimation as to any change in her condition came when she began to break articles of table and other domestic ware in an apparently reckless fashion. She had always been a very careful housewife—if a young girl can be called a housewife—and her mother looked on in dismay when she saw Emily take a goblet in her hand to wipe it and at once snap the stem; take a lamp chimney to wipe and crush it into bits.

The mother watched this kind of thing go on until her crockery was decimated, and there was danger that not enough would be left to spread the food of the next tramp who came that way. Then she decided that some demon of destruction had entered into the girl and protested against such heedlessness. Emily was an affectionate child and took the rebuke in good part.

"Mother dear," she said, "I did not mean to break the things. I don't know how it happened. Kiss me, mother, and tell me you are not angry."

The good, motherly creature extended her arms and was clasped in the daughter's embrace. There was a crack! crack! crack! a shrill shriek, and Mrs. Harper fell to the floor with three ribs hugged apart. Then Emily cried. She did not mean to do it; she had not put a pound more on the dynameter than had been registered for the usual family embraces of ten years. Evidently there was something wrong either with the ribs or with the hug. At the time of the catastrophe to his wife's ribs Harper, pere, was absent from home and when he returned naturally sought an explanation. "Why, father, I did not do anything," said Emily. "I just did like this," and she proceeded to hug him. The father was a devotee of arnica and was loyal to a feather-bed for a week.

It seems, according to this veracious chronicler, that Miss Emily has suddenly been endowed with almost superhuman strength, and being ignorant of her gain, used her muscles as she had been accustomed to do, with such lamentable results. Now she raises a dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds, and tosses it from hand to hand; attaches the same to her ankle and raises herself again and again on a trapeze by the use of only one hand, and "pulls" 1100 pounds on a platform scale. All this with no perceptible muscular increase, her arms and legs being smooth and girlish as of old.

The dime museum manager who fails to secure this wonderful phenomenon should at once engage the man who wrote the story. Such powers should not be hidden from the public.

Two Obliging Candidates.

John Hendricks, the genial insurance agent, tells the following story of a couple of candidates for Sheriff up in Beaver county. There was a certain farmer named Steinmetz who was credited with great influence in his township, and Jones and Brown, the rival candidates for the nomination for Sheriff, were exceedingly anxious to secure his influence. Brown accordingly hustled off one morning bright and early to see Mr. Steinmetz and get into his good graces before Jones could see him. Steinmetz had a fresh Jersey cow which was very hard to milk, and gave him serious annoyance, and it happened that when Brown called at the house the farmer was out at the barn wrestling with the obstreperous bovine.

"Good morning; Mr. Steinmetz," said Brown, smilingly, as he poked his head through the stable door. "You seem to be in trouble. Can't you get that cow milked?"

"I believe I could if it wasn't for this infernal calf," answered Steinmetz.

"Couldn't I hold the calf?" said Brown.

Farmer Steinmetz said he might try it, and Brown accordingly took hold of the strap which encircled the calf's neck, led it out at the back door and hung onto the struggling little brute like a hero, thinking the while that when the ordeal was over the influential farmer would be under lasting obligations to him.

But while he was thus ruminating, and Steinmetz was making frantic efforts to extract the lacteal fluid from the contumacious cow, Mr. Jones, the other candidate for Sheriff, opened the barn door.

"Ah, Mr. Steinmetz," he said, pleasantly, "having some trouble with the cow? Won't stand, eh? Couldn't I hold her for you?"

And Jones took hold of the cow's horns. After a severe tussle he got her subdued and as soon as he recovered his breath, he said:

Well, Mr. Steinmetz, I suppose you have not seen Brown yet, have you?"

"Yep."

"When?"

"This morning. He just got here a few minutes before you. He's here now."

"Where?"

"Why, he's out back of the barn holding the calf!"—Punxsutawney *Spirit.*

Small Pay of Preachers.

People who are in the habit of grumbling about the excessive salaries paid to ministers may be surprised at some figures concerning salaries paid in the Philadelphia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which were read at the recent meeting of the Methodist preachers of Philadelphia. It was stated that out of the 256 members of the Philadelphia conference there were only ninety-one who receive $1,000 or more salary per year. There are 165 who get less than $1,000 and forty who get less than $600, the salaries of some not exceeding $250. The Philadelphia conference is one of the oldest in the Methodist Episcopal church, and it embraces within its limits many strong appointments. It makes a better showing, probably, than most of the other conferences. If the Methodist Episcopal church, which is the largest Protestant denomination in the country, and is becoming one of the wealthiest, can do no better for its preachers, what shall be said of the painful poverty of the ministers of many of the smaller sects? And what becomes of the sneer which so often falls from the lips of ignorance, at the "well paid" preachers, "who have such an easy time" and who are charged with preaching for money?—*Altoona Tribune.*

A High Title.

A dignified looking stranger entered the ticket office of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railroad yesterday and stated that he wished to purchase tickets for himself and family to Texas, and also wanted to secure rates for the transportation of a carload of household furniture. Col. Harry Wilson waited on the gentlemen, and ascertained that his name was Martin. He negotiated a trade with him for the tickets, and referred him to the freight office on Monroe street for information about freight rates.

As the stranger displayed a goodly roll of boodle it was incumbent on Col. Wilson to treat him with the consideration due his importance, and so he told Billy to take the Colonel over and introduce him to Mr. Bartley, and he took care to lay the accent on the colonel.

Billy got the stranger over to the freight office, and in his politest manner presented him to Will Bartley, as follows: "Mr. Bartley, allow me to introduce to you Col. Martin."

The stranger drew himself up haughtily, and striking an attitude, with his right hand over his left breast pocket, said: "I am no colonel, young man; I am something higher than that."

"Excuse me; I meant to say brigadier," apologized Billy.

"I have a higher title than that," said the great man.

"Billy was equal to the occasion, and came again with, "I really meant to say major general, you know."

He was knocked out again, however, by the supposed officer remarking with heightened dignity, which, however, was softened by a quiet, amused smile: "You have not got high enough yet."

"You must be commander-in-chief of the army," suggested Billy in a doubtful sort of tone, but the stranger paralyzed him by the announcement that he held a still higher title.

"Billy was stumped. He thought the distinguished visitor was no other than the President traveling incog, but he dismissed that idea, and then his curiosity got the better of his reverence, and he blurted out, "Well, who are you, anyway?"

The stranger softly replied: "I am a minister of the gospel, sir," and Billy fainted dead away, while Will Bartley made a half rate for the divine on account of his high title.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Railway Postal Clerks.

No position in the postal department is more eagerly sought after by young men than that of postal clerk or route agent in the railway mail department. It is sometimes a hard position to secure and very few kinds of employment are more easily lost. Some young men appear to imagine that it is a soft snap to "work the mail" on a postal route, but those who get in, and especially those who are assigned to duty on a long route where large quantities of mail are to be handled, soon learn that they have struck a job that requires hard work and close application. More than one-half of those who secure appointments in this branch of the service drop out during the first year. The larger number of the clerks are required to be on the route but half of the time, some of them less, but in order to become efficient it is necessary to study almost constantly, and part of each interval between runs must be spent in getting ready for the next trip. A postal clerk must at all times be ready for the inspector whose duty it is to examine a clerk at any time without giving a moment's notice, and if he falls below a certain percentage twice in succession his resignation is requested.—Postal Clerk in St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

She Had Been to Church.

I have a friend who doesn't go to church himself, but sends his wife regularly. I dined with him last Sunday, and he took advantage of the circumstance to display her devotional tendencies before company.

"What was the text, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, something somewhere in generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse Mrs. Huges sat right in front of me wearing the worst looking bonnet I ever saw on a woman's head."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's simply superb! And Kate Selwin was there in a sealskin that never cost a cent less than $100."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No; and the Jones girls were rigged out in their old silks made over. You would have died laughing to have seen them."

"It seems to me you didn't hear much of the sermon."

"The fact is, George, the new minister has a lovely voice; it almost put me to sleep."

A long silence followed, during which George absently helped me to pickles and mustard, while his wife sat looking as demure as a saint at a circus. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"There! I knew I'd forgot to tell you something! The fringe on Mrs Brown's cape is an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy!"—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal.*

Human Influence.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters—Whose? Our own or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations and their successive strata of thought and life.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Two Womanly Women.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's Hotel awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's, devising, concocting, and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing, and scratching, and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow."

That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first number.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort in composing and much physical exertion in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder, at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"'Carrie and I will be there to-morrow.' One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words."

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found that they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the younger one; "why didn't I think of it before? I have it."

"Have you? What?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is and add, 'Yours very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.—*Washington Critic.*

Disregard of Life.

The people of no race have such persistent and deep rooted carelessness in regard to human life as the Chinese. They are not only capable of committing suicide to spite an enemy, but they neglect the simplest precautions for preserving themselves from death. Hundreds of families often live in miserable shanties on the banks of some river which is subject to overflow, and when the flood rises many of them are swept into the water and drowned.

For a week or more there is great lamentation among the survivors; the priests are kept busy beating gongs and otherwise propitiating the river god, but in a very short time the occurrence is forgotten. New shanties are built, and other happy-go-lucky creatures occupy them, knowing well that the same fate also awaits them.

Not only do these philosophic beings neglect the simplest means of securing their own safety, but they virtually refuse to aid others in time of danger. Should a man chance to fall into the water, where a Chinese, with the smallest possible amount of trouble and without danger to himself, could save him from drowning, John Chinaman will never entertain the thought for a moment, but will paddle his boat away as quickly as he can.—*Montreal Star.*

Going to Move.

"Yes, we are going to move," said a young woman yesterday to a friend she met on the street car. "Fred thinks we need a larger house, as the children are getting along. But it is hard work, this moving. It tears things up by the roots so."

"But you are glad when it is over and you are all settled in a new house and everything is spick and clean," said her friend.

"I don't know about it. That is why I hate to leave. There are photographs on the wall that we cannot take with us. We've lived in the house ten years, and there's one strip of woodwork in the front room that I would like to take with me."

"Is it decorated?" asked the friend, with interest.

"Yes. It has the height of the children notched on it from the first year up to now. But there's one missing. 'Arty so high,' is gone. I mean, that—that—he is the one we lost, and that record of five years is—all—that's left."

The tears were running down her cheeks. Her friend took out her handkerchief. A chord had been touched that vibrates in many hearts.

Modern Philosophy.

To-morrow makes foolish the things you have done to-day.

A pretty woman has her faults, but she is never as useless as a pretty man.

Sorrows are never childless, and every sorrow is partly wrath.

Some men must have new friends every month in order to have any friends at all.

Don't expect the child whose youth made you impatient, to be patient with your old age.

If the national flower is made appropriate to the majority of us, it will be a wall flower.

If others did not sometimes annoy us we would not realize how much we annoy others.

The trouble in most quarrels is that the person who has given no offense hastens to give it.

When you don't hear bad things about a man you usually don't hear much of anything about him.

Some men are kept so busy blushing for others that they have no time left to blush for themselves.

A rare curiosity is owned in Phenix, R. I., by Miss Ida Colvin. It is a Hartz Mountain canary which talks. It was brought to its present home about the same time a young parrot was purchased. The two birds have been in their respective cages, side by side always, and while the parrot has caught some of the singing notes of the canary, the latter has learned to enunciate plainly from its feathered friend. It has learned thus far only two sentences, which are "Sweet little Dickey bird" and "O, poor Billy," but they are spoken with startling distinctness and intonation.

The importation of pure bred horses from England into this country is reported as on the increase.