The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 32. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2062.

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Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.
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Strangling.
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A SONG OF THE MARKET PLACE.

Gay was the throng that poured through the streets of the old French town:
The walls with buming streamed, and the flags tossed up and down.
"Vive Frol! Vive Frol!" the shout of the people rent the air.
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all ablare.

But, crouched by St. Peter's front, a beggar with her child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried as it went and came—
"Alms! for the love of God! Pity in Jesus's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore,
But she looked at her starving babe and cried from her heart the more:
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesus, hear!"
The steeple's shock with bells, and the prayer was drowned in a cheer.

But see! through the thoughtless crowd comes one with a regal face.
He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a gentle grace:
"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul! Alas, not a soul to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat and stands in the crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the South—
A far-off cradle song, that fell from his own mother's mouth.
And the din was hushed in the sphere, and the people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood where Orpheus touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the listners came.
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the name.
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed, like Midas' chests of old.

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching there:
"Take it; the gold is thine; Jesus hath heard thy prayer"—
Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and stormed at with flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine when blossoms blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had sung on the square.
Raising his hand he smiled, and a silence filled the place,
While he sang that simple air with the love light on his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died away—
Brightest of all his days, the wreath that he won that day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake.
Song of the market place, tribute of laurel take.

—James Buckham.

A HISTORY OF SOMERSET BOROUGH.

BY JOHN HENRY PICKING.

The Borough of Somerset, with a population of 1,710, is situated near the central part of the county, and has been the seat of justice since 1795. The previous name of this place was knwon as Milford. This Borough and county formerly constituted a part of Bedford county. It remained so until April, 1795, when an Act of Assembly was passed making all that part of Bedford west of the crest of the Allegheny mountains to the top of Laurel Hill mountain, a new county, which was named Somerset. The bodndary line was changed on the southeast by the addition of Southampton township, which has since been divided into five different sections, namely: Allegheny, Larimer, Northampton, Greenville and Southampton townships. The first settlement made in this county was made at that point now known as Turkeyfoot township; but the exact time at which it was made is not known. It has the highest county seat in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, its altitude being nearly 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. It appears that Hiram Husband was the original owner of this place. At a very early day he gave the Bruners 130 acres, which, before the year 1787, was laid out in town lots, streets, etc., and named "Brunerstown." Adam Snyder then became the owner of Brunerstown. Articles of agreement were made and signed on the 24th day of September, 1787. Somerset was first named after a man by the name of Bruner, who laid out the town, and had his home on what is now known as the Main street of Somerset. The article of agreement by which Brunerstwn (or the present borough of Somerset), and the lands which had been made to Ulrich Brunner, were made to Adam Snyder. The parties who signed this agreement, with the exception of Hiram Husband, wrote their names in German. The agreement itself was prepared by Husband, in a plain style. This place was named Somerset on September 12, 1795. Somerset was made a borough by an Act of the General Assembly passed March 5, 1804, yet it appears it was not assessed as a separate place until two or three years later.

Fires have destroyed the minutes of town councils, but from the books and papers on file in the Prothonotary's office can be learned when the Chief Burgess and School Directors were elected to their respective offices, as shown by citizens who resided here at that time.

THE FIRE OF 1833.

On the morning of October 16, 1833, a great fire occurred in the Borough of Somerset. The cry of fire! was given at 2:30 in the morning, which was heard by the people of this town. It was found to be in the house belonging to Joshua F. Cox, Esq., and occupied by several families, and by quite a number of mechanics as shops. It spread in an awful flame in a very few moments. The haste with which it spread, both east and west, and notwithstanding the most energetic efforts which were made dy the citizens to conquer it, its progress was not ceased until every house between the street which crosses Main street was entirely consumed. About an hour before daylight a hotel belonging to —— Webster, on one side of the street, and the house of John Snyder on the other, were soon seen to be in flames.

The chance of saving the remainder of the town was then prophesied as hopeful by some of the citizens who were engaged in fighting the flames. Some of the people who helped to bring the fire to a close made one powerful effort, although they were without fire hooks or ladders. The loss caused by this fire is estimated at not less than $30,000.

THE FIRE OF 1872.

The great fire of 1872, is supposed to have originated from a spark that flew from Keim & Co.'s foundry into a stable belonging to Francis E. Weimer, which place was situated then where the Opera House now stands. It was supposed that a bundle of straw first took fire. The owner of the stable, on discovering fire in the maw, went up and attempted to throw out the burning bundle, but as the band had been burned in two, he was not successful, and the fire was carried from one end of the mow to the other, when, in a moment, the contents of the stable were found to be ablaze of flame. When this fire broke out the wind was blowing at a terrible rate, and therefore it carried pieces of lumber for miles. It was not five minutes from the time that the alarm of fire was first given, before at least a dozen of houses were seen to be burning. With a terrible effort the flames leaped from one building to another and seized everything that came in their way. House after house went down with frightful scenes, and the families who had possession of them were compelled to flee for their flames. The attempts which were offered to stop the progress of the fire were in vain. The bravest men were shocked by the disaster, and women and children were found running for their lives, and screaming in the loudest voice of agony and despair. There were many instances where goods took fire in the arms of persons who were trying to save them in carrying from one side of the street to the other. The loss caused by this fire was estimated at from $800,000 to $1,000,000. The wealth of Somerset borough was entirely destroyed by this fire. Every store with the exception of one, all the hotels but one, two banking houses, all the lawyers' offices, two printing offices, and the Presbyterian and Lutheran churches were also destroyed by these flames, and one hundred and fifty buildings, of which fifty-two were stores and dwellings, and these are supposed to have covered an area of 30 acres which were then a mass of ruins. Everything these buildings contained was destroyed and it was one of the most destructive fires that the borough of Somerset ever witnessed.

THE FIRE OF 1876.

This fire originated about the same place as the one previous. The borough of Somerset was consumed three times by fire. The first occurred Thursday, October 16, 1833; the second, Thursday, May 9, 1872, and the third, Thursday, May 6, 1876. It was thought that the fire broke out in the pattern shop of the foundry of Davis, McCoy & Co. After the alarm had been sounded it was but a very short time before a crowd of earnest workers were on the ground, ready to offer their lives and limbs in order that they might have stayed its progress. At that time it was thought to have started from a spark which flew from the forge in the foundry. The wind was blowing from the southeast at the time the fire started and it soon spread to the neighboring shops where it was supported far in advance. The shed between the foundry and the residence of Mr. George Shafer was torn down, but the fire had too much of a start and it leaped across the street to where the Somerset House now stands. The buildings were as dry as powder and burnt as quickly. Large pieces of burning matter were taken up by the wind and carried some distance and wherever they fell caused a fire.

This was the second time the Somerset House was seen to be in flames. It was a very few moments from the time the buildings took fire until they were found to be a mass of ruins. The wind still increased and scattered fire brands in all parts of the town. At the time this fire occurred Somerset had no engine, and not even a hook or ladder; with the writer running short in many places it was enough to discourage the bravest of men. Water lines were formed to the wells where they thought there was any chance of saving property. This was not as destructive a fire as the one which happened several years before. But at the same time it was bad enough to destroy about two squares and quite a number of other buildings. The citizens of Somerset Borough now days have no better protection against fire than they had then. Although there is no excuse for it. It has been talked of time and again by some of the citizens who claim that there ought to be some protection against an enemy of this kind. It has often been said when these parties are through that is about as far as it goes. They may not have money enough to guard against a conflagration of this kind, or else they are afraid of investing a few dollars for fear of losing what small sums they have. The loss caused by the fire of May 9, 1876, is estimated at not less than $150,000.

THE SOMERSET & CAMBRIA R. R.

The Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad was completed in 1871. As its name implies, it extended from Rockwood, on the Pittsburg Division of the B. & O. R. R., to Somerset.

In 1880 the road passed into the hands of the B. & O. authorities, and has since been extended to Johnstown. Ever since the time that Johnstown became its northern terminus the "S. & C." has been an important and, I believe, profitable branch of the B. & O. section.

THE SOUTH PENN R. R.

The South Penn road was begun in 1883. There was considerable work done in Somerset county in cuts and fills and in the tunnels. But in 1885 the work was suddenly stopped, after an expenditure of five million of dollars. The abandonment of the South Penn was a serious blow to Somerset county prospects and the promised prosperity and devolment of the county at large.

Occasionally there are signs that the South Penn will be built. Like Banquo's ghost, "it will not down," but persists in parading its bleached bones before an expectant and credulous public. Let us hope.

THE POST OFFICE.

This place is situated near the center part of the borough, and on Main Cross street. Mr. Josiah Keller is the Postmaster and Frank Sanner is his assistant. Five trains arrive and depart daily from this place. The scenes which are to be seen while distributing the mail afford some of our citizens great pleasure. Quite a number of daily papers and registered letters are received in the vicinity of Somerset during the day. It has been stated again and again by some of the citizens that the borough of Somerset sends out more mail matter than any other town of its size found in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Somerset has, without any exception, the finest schools in the county. The schools of our town are constantly growing as the time approaches, and the scholars are taking a more active part in the work. The pupils who assemble from time to time are commencing to see the need of education, and they are working harder now than ever. It seems they are taking an interest in the work which has been assigned them, and the result is that they are becoming more intelligent as the time elapses. We have boys and girls in our schools to-day who claim they don't like the teacher. This is not the right kind of an excuse to offer. Let each one do his or her part, and they are not liable to fail. The opportunities which the boys and girls have now compared with those of years ago, are quite different, and there can be no excuse for them not having an education. They have all the chance in the world to improve this valuable time, and if they don't make good use of it they are to blame, and not the schools. The parties who leave this time pass by without thinking of what may happen in the future, are the ones who will suffer when the proper time comes.

The schools which we have to-day are excellent, and the parties who attend them regularly will, in the course of a few years, reap the benefit of all labor which they accomplished in their younger days. The boys and girls who spend the earlier part of their lives in schooling are the ones who will have some use for the world as they advance in years. There are quite a number of both sex in our schools to-day who hardly think a single consecutive thought from one week's end to the other about themselves, their lives, their unavoidable fate, or the meaning of a great people of which they are a part. We do not allow ourselves to think enough about the great question of life. We do not give ourselves enough time to outline the work which we are to follow while we live in this world. There is too much time spent in idleness. The ones who have the opportunity to attend school don't care about going, and the ones who have not this chance spend every spare moment they can find in hard study.

The two literary societies, namely, Delphian and Ionian, were introduced into the borough schools in 1886. At first it was denounced as a common nuisance by the pupils. But to-day they are the most interesting part of school work, especially on Friday afternoon.

THE BANKS.

Somerset has two banks, both National. One is called the First National, established in 1889; and the Somerset County National was made a National in 1890. They both do a large business.

SOMERSET'S PAPERS.

There are four newspapers in the borough of Somerset. THE HERALD, a "red hot Republican"; the *Democrat*, which is known by its name, and the *Standard*, which is also a Republican. The fourth is an agricultural paper, published monthly.

SOMERSET'S SECRET SOCIETIES.

There are several secret orders represented in the borough of Somerset. The Odd Fellows have a building of their own on Main street. The Royal Arcanum meets in the same building and in the same room. The Knights of the Golden Eagle have a rented hall in the Baer block, where the Junior Order of United American Mechanics meet. The Junior Order is the youngest of them all, but is increasing in membership and influence. The Masons have a rented hall in the Baer block, and the Grand Army meets in a hall in the building occupied by THE HERALD printing office.

THE CHURCHES.

There are seven denominations of christians represented by church buildings in Somerset. It is natural to expect that the churches of German origin would be found the most numerous, and such is the case, as is shown by the Evangelical Lutheran, the German Reformed, and their American offshoots. The Methodist Episcopal and the Presbyterian represent the original English-speaking population. The Disciples or Christians are quite numerous. The churches include many of the best people of the borough. The church buildings are all substantial, and most of them would do credit to a larger place than Somerset. The United Brethren has under contract a very pretty and commodious brick building. The Evangelical Association worship in a building formerly occupied by the Methodists, who moved into their new quarters—a very handsome brick building on the corner of Patriot and Main street—in 1877. The Disciples worship in a two-story brick church just opposite. This church was founded by Alexander Campbell. The Presbyterian has a large brick church on Union street, and the Lutheran on Main Cross street. The latter was founded and named after Martin Luther. The Presbyterian church was built in 1875. The Lutheran church is a very large and handsome brick building, and has the largest congregation in the place. The Lutheran church formerly occupied the place now occupied as a private residence. From there it was moved to the place where the meat market belonging to Henry Kregar now stands, on Union and Main Cross street. The foundation of the present church was laid in 1872 and completed in 1877. The Reformed church was constructed in 1883, and is a very pretty and comfortable church. They formerly worshipped in a building a short distance below the union school house.

THE COURTS.

It is thought by a large number of our citizens that the first court ever held in this place was held in a private dwelling house, Judge Young, of Cumberland county, being its first president Judge. The first court house ever built in this place was erected where the present one now stands. It was a stone structure and occupied the same position as the present one. This one was torn down, and the one which remains standing was built in 1852 by Samuel Benson.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN SOMERSET.

About the latest improvement projected for Somerset is an electric light plant. There is much earnestness manifested in this direction on the part of our most prominent business men. Let there be more light!

THE CRATER CITY.

"There's a great many curious things in this world," said my friend Andrew Johns, as he removed his cigar and looked meditatively into space.

"And you look as though you were seeing some of them," I answered smiling at his abstraction.

"So I am—in my mind. I see a sand crater facing a river in India. Inside of this dismal hole is a miserable village peopled by miserable inhabitants," he went on, soberly. "There is no escape, no hope for them—they are dead! But wait; you shall hear the story. I have a notion for telling it to-night."

He threw away his cigar and was silent for some moments, while his wife, a slight, dark woman, moved to a seat by his side and laid one hand carressingly on his.

Andrew had married her broad and had never revealed her nationality.

"I will tell you of a strange adventure which befell a—a friend of mine—Hal Andrews. It happened while he was stopping at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos and the stronghold of idolatry and superstition, when making a lazy pleasure tour of Asia.

"Benares had a peculiar fascination for him, as the oldest known habitation of man on the globe, and the Ganges, the sacred river, was especially attractive.

"More than once he watched the burning of bodies upon the funeral pyres along the river. These pyres are of logs—the bottom one five feet long, with shorter ones across until they reach the height of three feet, then the naked body is placed thereon, more logs are added, and all is set on fire. When burned the ashes are carefully collected and thrown into the Ganges.

"Widows were formerly burned alive with their dead husbands, but it is now a matter of coice, and—strange as it may seem—many of them choose that horrible death to that of being without caste or friends, as a widow must.

"One morning as he was watching the funeral preparations, the corps suddenly showed signs of life. Instantly there was a startled commotion among the howling relatives.

"Mud was hastily thrust into the nose and mouth, but still the ungrateful maiden would not die.

"At last she sat upright, and the relatives fled, the spectators shrugged their shoulders and turned away, and four native police advanced and bound the maiden, in spite of her cries and entreaties.

"'Will they kill her?' Hal asked, indignantly, of a bystander.

"'Oh, no!' was the indifferent answer. 'She is already dead, and must go to the Crater City.'

"'Is there, then, a city of the dead where unfortunates who escape the pyre are kept until death really claims them?' asked Hal again.

"'There is.'

"The answer was given reluctantly.

"'Where is it?' persisted Hal.

"'No one can tell.'

"The answer was significant and decisive.

"'You mean no one will tell me; but I will find out!' cried Hal, hotly. 'It is a shame—an outrage!'

"'Very likely.'

"And with another shrug of the shoulders the man turned away, after giving Hal a few last words of advice:

"'Don't say too much about it while you stay in India.

"But the scene haunted Hal. The maiden was young and beautiful, for Hindoo women are among the most beautiful on earth.

"'What a horrible death in life!' he mused, as he mounted his horse and rode out into the surrounding country, followed closely by Baba, his native servant boy who was devotedly attached to him.

"He followed along the course of the Ganges, and his thoughts were with the lovely maiden, who had recovered from the semblance of death to meet a worse fate than the funeral pyre.

"Suddenly his horse shied and dashed madly ahead, regardless of all efforts which Hal made to control him.

"Baba uttered a cry of dismay, and dashing along as fast as possible, tried to keep him in sight.

"On rushed the frightened horse, while Hal tried in vain to check him—up a sloping, sandy ridge, then alone the rise, until—Hal gave a low cry of incredulous surprise—the horse snorted, and turned to flee, the sand gave away under his feet and Hall knew no more after the fall.

"When he recovered consciousness enough to feel an interest in its surroundings, he saw a wretched village surrounded by a natural barrier of sand on three sides, and by the river in front.

"A number of half-naked people crowded curiously around him, and among them was the maiden of the funeral pyre. He was in the city of the dead!

"The day passed slowly enough, and night came.

"As Hal was meditating upon the chances of escape, a soft voice near him said, in broken English and Hindoo, of which he knew enough to understand the meaning:

"'Do you wish to escape? It is useless. This is the city from which none ever return.'

"'There is—there must be some way of escape!' cried Hal, impatiently.

"'The sand barrier prevents all escape by land; and see,' the maiden continued, leading him to the river bank.

"The river was filled with numberless crocodiles—great, wicked-looking creatures—waiting viciously for any attempt at escape; and besides these hideous sentinels, a boat filled with native soldiers was anchored by.

"'You understand?' said the maiden, significantly, as Hal sank back with a groan.

"Two days passed. Hal made desperate attemps to scale the sandy wall, but in vain, as the maiden watched him with sympathy, and the rest of the miserable creatures viewed his struggles with the calm indifference born of the despair resulting from similar trials.

"The third night came, and as Hal paced the circuit of the inclosure, he heard a low whistle.

"Looking up he saw Baba's eager face peering over the sandy bank, while a coil of rope fell at his feet.

"A soft sigh near by told him that his companion in despair had seen his chance of escape, also.

"Gently with swift, eager fingers Hal fastened the rope around her waist, whispered a few directions, and gave Baba the signal to draw her up.

"She reached the top safely, again the rope fell, and Hal took his own turn, not a moment too soon, for from all points of the miserable village, eager, howling wretches came hurring to take the chance of escape from him.

"'Hurry, master!' said Baba, excitedly. 'To-morrow's sun must see you far from Benares, for dead people must never return to mingle with the living and you have seen the mysterious city.'

"'Faithful Baba! He had disobeyed the laws to save his master, and no wonder that he wished to leave the place.

"'There is little more to tell. He reached—they reached the frontier in safety, for the maiden accompanied him. If she had remained, she would have been returned to the dreaded Crater City, or else doomed to a living death upon the funeral pyre.

"'What more?' I demanded, as he stopped, with a significant glance at his wife.

"'Nothing—except this,' he answered, emphatically. 'My name is Henry Andrew Johns. Sometimes I have passed under the name of Hal Andrews, and my wife was a Hindoo maiden, before an English education changed her views of life.'—*Saturday Night.*

How it Happened.

An exchange recalls an anecdote which used to be told of an ambitious citizens of Pennsylvania, who rather indiscreetly had set himself up as a candidate for some political office, and who, after the election, was found to have received only one vote.

The candidate's mortification was extreme, and to increase his chagrin all his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of fact that he had cast that one ballot himself. This annoyed him so much that he finally offered a suit of clothes, to be worth not less than $50, to the lone voter if he would declare himself.

A Dutchman responded to this appeal, proved his claim and called for the reward.

"How did it happen," inquired the candidate, taken quite by surprise, "how did it happen that you voted for me?"

The Dutchman hesitated, but on being pressed he said:

"Eff I told you, you don't go back on dem clo'es you promise?"

"Oh, no; you shall have the clothes anyhow."

"Vell, den, I dells you. I made a mishtake in de teecket."

A Rubber Sidewalk.

There is a length of rubber sidewalk in Edinburgh, and I want to tell you it is the finest sidewalk in the world. It is only about 25 feet long, and the sidewalk is about 8 feet wide. The rubber is fluted so as to allow the water to run off quickly, and the surface is the most comfortable to walk on that can well be imagined. You can't slip if you try, and there is a spring and a "give" that is most restful to the tired man.

It was laid as an advertisement by a shopkeeper who sells "macintoshes" and "goloshes," as he calls rubber coats and rubbers, and although the expense must have been heavy I imagine it must have yielded good results. He told me the rubber was two inches thick and was laid on a four inch bed of concrete. In four years it has shown no appreciable signs of wear, but mischievous boys have cut it in places.

Got 'Em Mixed.

"Say, have you got a lost boy down there?" asked a voice by telephone of police headquarters the other day.

"No, sir."

"All right. Been gone a day or two, but will probably turn up all right somewhere. Good bye."

About an hour later the same voice asked:

"Got a lost girl there?"

"No, sir."

"Excuse me, but I didn't know but you had."

"Aren't you the man who asked for a lost boy about an hour ago?"

"Yes."

"And now it's a girl?"

"Yes, but there was a mistake. I've just married a widow with five children, and I haven't got to know the latter yet. I thought one of the boys was lost, but it turns out to be one of the girls. Give me a week and I'll be all right. Good bye."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Namesakes.

A well known writer was telling a friend about some of her numerous godchildren who are scattered all over the country. They are of all ages and nationalities, but the most remarkable one is a little colored child in Washington.

When I went there one winter my washerwoman told me she had named her new baby for me, and asked if I wouldn't come and see it. So, armed with a large rattle as a propitiatory offering, I visited the baby. What was my surprise to hear the mother and all the children speak of her as "Genevieve!"

"Why," I said, "I thought you tole me she was named for me?"

"Yas'm, so she shorely is."

"But my name is Harriet," I insisted, "and you call your baby 'Genevieve.'"

"Laws, mis', exclaimed the mother, with a broad grin, "Genevieve 'scribes you so much bette'n Harr'et does!"

A pleasant household deodorizer is made by pouring spirits of lavender over lumps of bicarbonate of ammonia.

Wash your black silk stockings through strong salt water, dry them and wash again. Then rinse in clear water. This will set the color.

Kind feeling may be paid with kind feeling, but debts must be paid in hard cash.

Big Brutes in a Stockade.

When the elephant herd entered the wide mouth of the funnel that narrowed down to the stockade, it became frantic with rage and terror. Dozens at a time stood on their hind legs, waving their trunks wildly and bellowing with open mouths. The panic became terrific. In the ensuing crush the mothers steadfastly guarded their young. Many a baby elephant stood bleating beneath its mother's chest, protected by her strong forelegs, her active proboscis, and her body set as a bulwark for its defence. In many cases two mothers united in the case of some little one. Shoulder to shoulder they leaned over the youngster that was between them and shielded it under frightful pressure and peril, with courage and calmness. So perfect was the protection of the babies that more than a score of these—some weaklings no larger than sheep—survived the crush of entrance into the stockade, while ten full-grown elephants were therein crushed to death.

Once within the stockade the maddened herd rushed round and round the arena. As they passed and repassed the stand, the official, a connoisseur of elephants, indicated to the hunters which ones were to be taken. When these happened to come upon the outside of the swirling mass, and near the circumference of the enclosure, they were lassoed around the ankles as they raised their feet in walking, and the cables which formed the nooses were made fast to the posts of the stockade. Several cables bound the feet of each captive, and held him for further travel with his companions. Having secured as many of the elephants as would be required by the government for several years, the remainder of the herd was let out upon the plain, where a few more were lassoed for sport. One frenzied animal came trumpeting up the steps of the stand occupied by the officers and guests. The officials shouted commands to the hunters; gentlemen climbed pillars; ladies mounted tables and shrieked; consternation reigned until the hunters scaled the stand, and with their sharp goads prodded the intruder off to a safe distance.

The dismissed elephants gradually made their way to the jungles, there to feed and to grow until the king should appoint another hunt. The prisoners would be tamed and then used in lifting lumber, carrying goods and travelers across the country, and in war. The trained beasts are manifestly larger, healthier and wiser than their wild fellows. They bathe, eat, exercise and sleep regularly, and apparently gain much in cunning and sagacity under human instructions.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Demands of Justice.

We are far too narrow in our conceptions of what justice means. It makes many claims upon us which no law can ever enforce and with which public sentiment can never meddle. It demands much more than the discharge of pecuniary obligations. It enters into every detail of life, and regulates our conduct in all the obligations we bear to others. It pronounces upon our behavoir to relatives and friends and the community in which we dwell. It enforces debts of gratitude, of affection, of thoughtful consideration, of kindness, of compassion, of shillings and pence. True justice implies the due exercise of all these sentiments in their proper season, and the cheerful discharge of the conduct which they suggest.

A Frog Child.

A child was bour in Birmingham, England, on Sept. 20, which bears a strong resemblance to a frog. Its skin is warty and cold and clammy to the touch; when it cries it makes an unearthly croaking noise. There are three fingers on each hand and four toes on each foot. Besides the points enumerated it has many other characteristics of a frog, even to huge, knotty looking, lidless eyes. The parents are almost distracted over the occurrence and hourly pray for it to die.

There are two other "frog child" cases on record, one the offspring of a Piute squaw in Nevada, which was born about ten years since, the other a monstrosity which first saw the light of day at Goshen, Ind., in January, 1889.

Protection of Dumb Animals.

The first law in the world to prevent cruelty to animals we owe to an Irish member of the British Parliament.

Lord Erskine attempted to introduce such an act, but so much fun was made of it that he desisted.

Then came into the house of Commons, from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, Richard Martin, or, as the folks called him, Dick Martin, and he was noted for two things.

First, he was very fond of animals; and second, he was known to be very much inclined to fight anybody that he thought insulted him. So one day he brought in a law to protect animals. Immediately somebody make a cat-call.

He stepped out onto the floor of the house of Commons, and said very gravely that he should be very much obliged for the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him. There was a dead silence. The gentleman didn't give his name, and Martin walked back to his seat amid the cheers of the house, and his law became the law of Great Britain and the first of its kind in the world.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases that cause human suffering result from derangement of the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles.

Trial bottles free at G. W. Bendford's Drug Store.

The shirt fronts of the best dressers are as plain as plain can be. They are wide, and the collars on the dress shirts are attached.

The pictures that hang on the walls of the postmaster general's Washington residence (the old Frelinghuysen mansion) are worth more than $100,000.

His Conscience Triumhed.

A man on an Erie train the other day picked up from the car seat a package that the former occupant of the seat, who had left the train at the last station, had forgotten. He loo