Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 50. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2079.

WELLS & COOPER,
DENTISTS.
(Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa.)
All work pertaining to Dentistry skillfully done. Special attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Artificial dentistry also inserted without plates. Also, teeth inserted without plates. Also, teeth inserted without plates. Gold crowns attached to the natural roots. aprils-'91-1yr.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office Union street, next door to Printing House. Night calls at office.

D. F. SHAFFER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
Offers professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to Post Office.

H. S. KIMMELL,
Offers professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged can be found at his office on Main St. Somerset.

J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, next door to Drug Store.

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Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the building of W. M. Tredwell & Co.'s store, corner of Main and Patriot streets.

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DENTIST.
Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he will be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of dental work in a satisfactory manner. Artificial teeth or filling, regulating, extracting, etc. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

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Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOMERSET, PA.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office with P. J. Kooser, Esq.

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

H. H. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
Gives prompt attention to business entrusted to him in Somerset and adjoining counties. Special attention given to Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

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Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, in Baer's Book Store.

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COLBORN & COLBORN,
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All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Conveyancing and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

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The undersigned, late of Sand Patch, has purchased the well known

"THE AMERICAN HOUSE,"

on Baltimore street, Cumberland, Md., and has refitted and refurnished the same in first class style throughout, and made the Somerset House Hotel to accommodate the traveling public with good table, and choice liquors at the bar.

The stable in connection with the Hotel a large supply of Sweitzer's Pure Old Rye Whisky for sale by the barrel or gallon at the following prices:

Two Year old at $2 00 per gallon.
Three " " $2 50 " "
Four " " $3 00 " "

Every gallon of the jug is 15 cents for each gallon. Purchase of the Whiskey and Jug must always accompany the order, which will insure prompt attention and shipment. Address all orders to

S. P. SWEITZER,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

STILL IN BUSINESS!

Whitney's Photograph Gallery

The patrons are informed that I am still in the

PICTURE BUSINESS,

and am at all times prepared to take all kinds of pictures, from a

Tin-type or Cabinet Photograph,

to a Life-size Crayon. Instantaneous Process used, and all work guaranteed to be satisfactory.

Gallery up stairs, next to Vough's store.

WM. H. WELFLEY.

It is to Your Intere
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
JOHN N. SNYDER,
SUCCESSOR TO
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money.

Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully,
JOHN N. SNYDER.

Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of
Illuminating & Lubricating Oils
Naphtha and Gasoline,
That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known
PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.
If you wish the most uniformly
Satisfactory Oils
—IN THE—
American Market,
Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by
COOK & BEERITS AND FREASE & KOOSER,
SOMERSET, PA.
sept28-'89-1yr.

SPRING
DRESS GOODS.

We now have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Dress Goods ever shown in Johnstown. We have taken special care to make our line the
MOST COMPLETE
in Western Pennsylvania. Henriettas in all the latest shades in light and dark colorings at 25, 35, 50, 55 cents, and $1 per yard.

Serges in all the new shades in plain, stripe and plaid from 25 to 75 cents per yard. A large line of black and white plaid, Shepherd's plaid from 12½ cents to 75 cents. Black and Colored Silk Warp Henriettas, Black Serges, Black Lustres, and Black Brilliantines. Black Cashmeres from 12½ cents to $1.50 per yard. A great Bargain in 36-inch Colored Cashmeres at 15c. per yard. A complete line of wash Dress Goods, consisting of all the Latest Novelties. A full line of Hamburg Embroideries and Flouncings, Spring Wraps and Jackets now in.

John Stenger,
227 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

Princeton University
Entrance Examination.
(Conducted by Prof. WM. M. SLOANE; continuing two days.)
For admission to all departments in the Freshman, Sophmore and Junior Classes, and for the school of Electrical Engineering. Will begin at 11 o'clock
Thursday, June 11, 1891,
at McClintock Building, 314 Market St., Pittsburg. This will also include Preliminary examinations for those intending to enter the University a year later. $26 is a prize offered by the Princeton Alumni Association of Western Penn'a for the best examination passed here for the Freshman Class. Applicants should send their names early to H. L. Hohring, Sec'y Alumni Ass'n, 100 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!

NOTICE is hereby given that we will offer for sale at public outcry, on the premises, on
SATUDAY, MAY 30, 1891,
at 1 o'clock p. m., a certain lot of ground 66x180 feet, situate in the Borough of Petersburg, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lot of Elias Wilkins, Cemetery, and others.

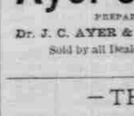
TERMS MADE KNOWN ON DAY OF SALE.

ABRAHAM AUGUSTINE,
HARRISON WALTER,
Trustees of Ev. Lutheran Church.

EWING & GWYNNE.
WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
and Dealers in Produce and Fruits, Vegetables and Game.
Consignments solicited—Best Prices and Prompt Returns Guaranteed. Correspondence invited.
29 OHIO ST., ALLEGHENY, PA.
(Telephone 3615)

TRESPASS NOTICE.
We, the undersigned farmers of Addison Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., do hereby give notice that all persons trespassing on their premises for the purpose of hunting, fishing or berrying will be dealt with according to law. That they have in past years suffered much by cattle running at large, breaking into grain fields, meadows, etc., and the owners of such cattle for any damage so sustained.
MAHLON LIVENGOOD,
N. B. MCCLINTOCK,
JAS. F. GOWER,
JACOB MCCLINTOCK,
ISAAC D. LESLIE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Sam'l L. Weller, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.
Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Monday, the 6th day of July, 1891, at the late residence of deceased.
JOHN H. WELLER,
CYRUS C. SHAFFER,
Administrators.

THAT'S IT.
St. Jacobs Oil
The Great Remedy
CURES RHEUMATISM.

FOR PAIN,
16 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.
"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, been cured."
LOUIS ISHAM.
CURES NEURALGIA.
Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.
"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results."
THOS. M. VAN GORDER.
CURES SCIATICA.
Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.
I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me.
CHAS. A. FULDA.
ALSO CURES
Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO, SPRAINS,
BRUISES.

AYER'S PILLS
Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills
Are the Best.
"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmon C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.
"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.
"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a
Family Medicine
for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.
"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe headache, from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardstown, Mass.
Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
Somerset, Penn'a.
CAPITAL - - - $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $4,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
LARUE M. HICKS. W. H. MILLER,
JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER,
JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL,
FRED W. BIESECKER.
EDWARD SCULL, : : : : : PRESIDENT
VALENTINE HAY, : : VICE PRESIDENT
ANDREW PARKER, : : : : CASHIER.
The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

Somerset County National Bank
OF SOMERSET, PA.
Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890
CAPITAL, $50,000.
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't
Wm. B. Frease, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Wm. H. Koontz, Josiah Speicht, John H. Snyder, Joseph B. Davis, Jerome Smith, Sam'l Snyder, Jonas M. Cook, John Stuff, Harrison Snyder, Noah S. Miller, Wm. Endsley.
Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.
Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.
Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.
Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar5-6m

St. Charles
HOTEL.
CHAS GILL, Prop'r.
Table unsurpassed. Remodeled, with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light all rooms. New steam laundry attached to the house. Rates, $2 to $3 per day.
Cor. Wood St. and Third Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa

H. P. SIMPSON,
SCRANTON, PA.
DEALER IN
DIAMOND DRILLS,
Prospecting, showing accurately the quality, position and extent of slate in quarries and mineral lands.
WRITE FOR PRICES AND CIRCULAR.

### A LITTLE WOMAN.

For hope you never knew her. She
Was only known to those who love her
And still revere her memory—
Pure as the stars that shine above her.

By God's strange providence bereft
Of father, mother, sisters, brothers,
And homeless, friendless, joyless left,
She freely gave her life for others.

If grief she had we could not tell—
We dared not ask, we never knew it:
Her heart was like a hidden well—
Deep, sealed, and only God saw through it.

On errands sweet with mercy swift
She moved, her face of joy the token;
Her willing hands the weight would lift
For many a heart despairing, broken.

In weal and woe, in calm and storm,
Smiling she trod the path of duty;
Not beautiful in face or form,
For in her life was all her beauty.

Did any weep? She wept with them:
Did any fall? She comfort gave them.
And when the whole world condemn
She stretched a woman's hand to save them.

And many a sweet "God bless her" came
From the tender touch make human,
And lips all trembling, breathed her name,
And said, "God bless that little woman."

### A YANKEE TRICK.

As a soldier under two governments I have fought Sepoys, Boers, Hottentots, Maoris, Indians, Malays and civilized white men, but for real, downright ferocity and dogged perseverance I give the medal to the Afghans. Such a thing as cowardice is unknown among them. They are ready for a fight at a moment's notice, and they can stand the cold steel and grape and canister longer than any white troops I was ever opposed to. They are fanatics to the last drop of blood, and when an enemy fully believes that death on the battlefield means eternal praise for his name and eternal rest for his soul, he becomes doubly dangerous.

In the march to Cabul, which won laurels for the British arms only that they might be covered with the disgrace of bad diplomacy, we found the Afghan on his own soil, and on battlefields of his own selection, and though we could drive him in every instance, each victory cost us some of the best blood in the English army.

One of our outposts, as the column was encamped in the Coota valley to recruit its strength and bring up supplies, was nine miles to the north, where it covered a strategic point. A detachment of one hundred men was kept there for fifteen days, being relieved every five days, and I went out with the last detachment. We were all infantry, and we had one hundred rounds of ammunition for our muskets.

The post was not in the valley, but up among the hills, where it covered three different passes, and it was a terribly lonesome spot. It was among the ruins of an old temple, and the first companies holding it had used the great blocks of stone to build a fort. This structure was about one hundred feet square, crowning a steep hill, and the walls were about 12 feet high. Two sides of it were the walls of the old temple, strengthened a little, and while it was a rude affair as a fort it was a stout and safe retreat in case of a few men being hard pressed.

The blunders made in that historic campaign are too numerous to be recorded. The most impartial historians are agreed that incompetency was the leading feature. We had been at the post two days, when the captain in command took fifty of the men for what he called a reconnoisance up one of the passes to the north of us, and at the same time sent twenty-five men on another fool's errand to the east. We had been put there simply and solely to prevent the enemy from coming down the pass right at our door and entering the valley. What was beyond us did not matter. There was muttering among the men as they were marched out, each carrying twenty-five rounds of ammunition, and they called "farewell" to the twenty-two of us left behind. Half an hour after they had passed offt of sight we heard sharp firing to the north and east, and not one single man ever returned to us. They were ambushed in the defiles and slaughtered, just as might have been expected.

On this very same day the main army decided to advance. A courier was dispatched in advance to notify an outpost, but he never reached us, either turning back through fear or having been picked off by some concealed rifleman. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the natives appeared in large numbers, both above and below us, and then we knew what had happened; indeed, they taunted us with the annihilation of our comrades, and gave us the news that the main column had moved on and deserted us. An old sergeant, who had passed twenty-two years in the service, was in command of us, and as soon as he fully realized the disaster which had come about, he called the men together, and said:

"We have no choice in this matte. A thousand men could not push their way down into the valley now to try and overtake the column. We must remain and do what we can."

"But what can we do?" asked a corporal?"

"Die!" replied the sergeant. "That's what we were sent out here for, anyhow. We are twenty-two to hundreds and thousands. We must kill as many of the devils as we can, and then lie down ourselves."

There wasn't a glimmer of hope. We knew the Afghan. In that long and bloody campaign neither side bothered with prisoners. If we captured one, ten, fifty or a hundred it was puff! bang! and they were left lying dead as we marched on. If one of our men fell into their hands his head was lopped off, or a spear sent through him before he could wink twice. They'd have the life of every man, even if they yielded up twenty lives for one. Some would follow on after the column, but hordes would be left behind to harrass the outposts left along the line of communication.

It stood us in hand to make good use of the few hours left us. The Afghans were elated and excited, and showed no disposition to attack that evening, but we kew the morrow would open a siege which might last until there was no longer a man to defend the fort. As we had five days rations for one hundred men, the twenty-two of us had close on to a months provisions. As for water, there was a spring bubbling up within the fort, and all the preparations we could make consisted in strengthening the position. During night we built a bomb-proof, hauled in a large supply of fire-wood, and not one of us got a wink of sleep. Day had scarcely broken when we found ourselves surrounded by at least a thousand natives. The first move on their part was to demand a surrender. This was promptly refused, and musketry fire was then opened on the fort. We made no return, but avoided the port holes as much as possible, cooked breakfast, and most of the men slept until noon.

I told you our fort was on the crest of a steep hill. The earth slanted away from it in all directions for about forty rods before there was any cover for an enemy. So far as musketry was concerned they might blaze away for a year and not hurt any one, bur we knew they would soon bring up field-pieces against us. There was only one spot where they could plant the guns to get the proper elevation on us, and that was just opposite the north center of the fort, on a little plateau forty feet above the traveled trail. During the day we backed this wall with other blocks of stone and made, it as secure as circumstances would permit, and when night came the enemy had fired 5,000 bullets at us without inflicting the least damage.

We hadn't the lumber to build platforms around the walls, but we had sufficient to build three lookout stations at three corners, and three sentinels took their stations when darkness fell. What we feared was a night attack on scaling ladders, and that was exactly what they were planning for. Instead of taking time to make ladders, however, they made a rush on us about 1 o'clock in the morning with a detail of men, carrying long poles to rest against the walls. The sentinels gave us timely notice, and standing on blocks of stone so as to bring us nearer the enemy as he showed up on top of the wall, we tumbled him off with bullet and bayonet so rapidly that he drew off in great confusion.

That attack was a good thing for us. The enemy gave us credit for three times our actual strength, and therefore decided to move with more caution in the future, and it gave us the idea that our position could be defended against big odds. During the next day the Afghans kept up a slow and irregular fire against us, simply wasting their lead, and all the men, except those on necessary duty, were permitted to sleep. When night came again we discovered the cause of their apathy. We plainly heard them clearing away the small trees on the plateau, and using the spade, and knew they were going to plan artillery to use against us. The artillery branch of the Ameer's service was very weak, the guns being of light calibre and the ammunition generally poor, but no one could doubt that if a gun or two was brought to bear on us, and the enemy would keep pegging away, the shot and shell would in time effect a breach.

We had about 6,000 rounds of cartridges, as our slaughtered comrades had left three-quarters of their store behind them and the sergeant ordered us to man the ten portholes on that side ad keep up a steady fire on the plateau. It was firing at random in the darkness, but we doubtless knocken some of them ver and certainly delayed the work. When morning came we could see tht they had cleared the ground and beun to throw up a small fort to hold gus. Our fire had driven them off. Dring the day they made bullet-proof screns of boughs and mats, and paid us bu little attention. When night camethey set up their screens and worked ebind them, and though our fire might ave inflicted some slight loss, it did notrevent them from getting two guns in psition. They had an earthwork six feet igh to protect the gunners, and as the sgeant looked out and saw what had ben done, he grimly said:

"We shall have a fewlays less to live."

While we were at breakist the guns opened fire with solid sho. They were only forty rods away, andyet the gunnery was so poor that te first nine shots were thrown away When they began to strke, however, e realized the damage they might inflit. The stones were but little harder than sandstone and while too heavy to be hurd down they flaked and crumbled und the impact; we manned the porthole and fired at the embrasures, and in thiway we choked, though we could not ilence the fire. They got the guns trained on one particular spot, and before nigl came we saw that they could breach a in two days more. As darkness close in their fire was suspended. They cold see the progress which they had ade, and there was no need of hurry.

We had with us a nativ born Yankee who had fought under almost every flag and taken the oath alleiance to four or five governments and erly in the evening we noticed him overauling the pile of poles we had dragged n for firewood. He at length selected ot four or five which had all the sprig of American hickory, and then unfoled his idea to the sergeant. It was simle enough, but no one but a Yankee wuld have ever thought of it. We firstaid five short poles on the ground ad pinned them fast. Then three feet inhe rear of them we elevated five other sbrt poles about two feet from the groun, on crotches, when the end of a long ple was put over one of these and rested against the one on the ground, we had that would have been a spring-board, ifthere had been any board about it. Wthen nailed box covers to the other ends of the poles, made ropes fast to bend them down, and we had a principle mad use of in war 1,600 years ago.

Now, then, pull down the end of the pole, place a stone on th pole and let go and the spring sends te stone flying sky high, to come downwith a crash on somebody's head.

In an hour we had th five ready and playing away, there beng plenty of broken stone in the fort for ammunition. There was spring enoun to the poles to throw a five-pound stone sixty rods, and we heard sounds to prve that we drove the enemy from a doza different positions during the night.

The guns opened o us early in the morning, and then a inny thing took place. It may seem almst absurd to you, but I'm giving you onlwhat was officially reported when I saythat with our five spring guns, as you right call 'em, we actually drove the guners out of that redoubt and silenced teir fire. After a little practice we could get just the right spring to send the stone soaring away like a bomb, to fall upon their uncovered heads. A jagged stone, weighing from one to five pounds, and from a distance of fifty to sixty feet in height, is not to be despised. They tried to get a shelter over them, but with our musketry fire at the embrasures and our rocks dropping from above, they had to desert the redoubt. Wherever we found a body of the enemy sheltered by rock or thicket to fire on us we trained our Yankee inventions on them and, and they had to withdraw.

After the failure of the artillery to break the walls the Afghans sat down to starve us out. The idea was to wear us out as well, and a fire of musketry was maintained day and night. They probably didn't expect to do any great harm by this fire, but they knew that it would keep us on the alert, and annoy irritate. We on our part kept them dodging our missiles, and I have no doubt we wounded a good many of them in that way. They couldn't make out what sort of guns we had which fired without any noise and threw rocks instead of iron or lead, and this puzzle was what prevented them from carrying our walls by assault.

For thirty-six long days and nights we were cooped up in that fort, not suffering for food or drink, but a prey to constant anxiety, and then the second main column came up from the coast and sent us relief. In the fight in the pass below the fort over three hundred natives were killed, and of the dozen captured alive every man of them expressed a desire to see our strange guns before being disposed of as prisoners were. They were brought inside and permitted to inspect them and their curiosity was unbounded. Poor devils! They were backed against the wall, not twenty feet away, and shot to death, even as their faces still expressed wonder and astonishment.

### Thought His Legs Were Glass.

A physician of long experience in the treatment of mental diseases told a few days ago of the remarkable case of a young man who was perfectly sound on all topics but one. All the screws in his brain were right but one. That was loose. He was an inmate of a Connecticut asylum, the doctor said, and had demanded to be examined, asserting that he was sane. When the physician reached the asylum he was shown into a handsomely furnished room and presented to a tall, good-looking young fellow, apparently in robust health.

"Tell me," said the physician, "all about your case."

The young man, speaking with perfect coherency, and using the best of language said that he was confined at the instance of his father. They had both loved the same girl, and when the son returned to his home after an absence of a few days, he found that his father had married her. His father, desiring to get him out of the way, had then placed him in an asylum. The doctor made notes, and when the patient concluded told him that he would do all he could for him.

"Now," said the doctor, "won't you walk out into the hall with me?" "I can't," said the young man, sorrowfully. "Why not?" asked the doctor. "Because if I do I'll break," was the rather surprising reply. "What do you mean?" asked the physician. "Why, don't you know?" asked the patient, "that from my thighs down I'm made of glass, and that I'm only safe in this room."

The doctor left him. His disease was incurable.—N. Y. Recorder.

### He Wasn't.

A man with paint pot and brush was at work on the front steps of a house on Third street when a pedestrian halted and called out:

"Hello! So you are painting, eh?"

The painter put aside his brush, wiped his fingers on a piece of paper, and descended to the walk to reply.

"My friend, I am sorry for you; but by keeping your eyes open and always being prepared to dodge the fool killer you may pull through."

"W-what do you mean?"

"You asked me if I was painting?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm not. I'm gravel-roofing these steps. Can't you see the gravel? Isn't the tar-kettle right here? Can't you tell the difference between gravel-roofing and painting?"

The other looked at him for half a minute, sized him up as the biggest man and turned away with:

"Some folks can't be civil to save their blamed necks! Go on with your old pile-driving!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Art in Hair-Dressing.

A Philadelphia barber said recently: "I cannot for the life of me understand why the rank and file of our race never think of anything like art when it comes to cutting their hair and shaving their beard. A man gets his hair cut by the average barber, goes home, and his wife or friends burst out in laughter, and then exclaim, 'You look like a fright.' All that the men usually think of is getting their hair cut, and all that the average barber thinks of in cutting is to get so much off, and 'short' or 'medium' are the only directions which they materially understand. No matter whether the victim has a square head or round head, a head narrow at the top, one running too much to crown, low forehead, high forehead—no matter what, the shears take off the hair the same way every time, and no attempt is made to improve the shape of ill-shaped craniums, not even by those who give much attention to other parts of their personal appearance. Now, I think we had better have a school for barbers, as we have for nearly everything else. The trouble is that with these small mowing machines that have been used for the past ten or twelve years all a barber had to do was to drive one of these over a man's head just as one would clip a horse. Very few of the younger barbers know anything about cutting hair; they have had no one to teach them how to cut it properly with shears."

I had catarrh of the head and throat for five years. I used Ely's Cream Balm and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell, which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only satisfactory remedy for Catarrh, and it has effected a cure in my case.—H. L. L. Meyer, Waverly, N. Y.

### The Man as was Skun.

"By Gum!"

I was about ten feet behind him, on Twenty-third street, when he suddenly stopped, shoved his left hand into his pocket and exclaimed as above.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, as I reached him.

"Say? I've been buncoed!" he whispered in reply. "Yes, sir, bin buncoed right out of a calf-skin wallet holdin' 'leven dollars and a half!"

"You shouldn't have made up with a stranger."

"I didn't. I hadn't spoken to a single soul tthis morning, except a feller who wanted to see me some matckes."

"Then you haven't been buncoed."

"Haven't I? Then it is what they call the confidence game!"

"But you haven't talked with any one—lent any money?"

"No."

"Then it is not a confidence game."

"Mebbe it was a skin game. Mebbe I've been skun."

"Your wallet is gone, is it?"

"Gone and 'leven and half gone with it! Say, I'm as chilly up and down the backbone as if I had been washin' sheep in the creek!"

"Some one probably picked it out of your pocket."

"Jerusha!" but think of the boldness of it!" he gasped, as he leaned up against a showcase. "Why, any man who'd do that would steall a hull flock of sheep! Do you 'spose they knowed who I was?"

"It isn't likely."

"Didn't know I was Supervisor of our town and ex-Justice of the Peace?"

"No."

"Hadn't no idea I'm one of the Town Trustees and own the lot where the circus allus shows when it comes to town?"

"I think not."

"Great jinks! but my watch is gone, too!" he exclaimed as he was feeling in his various pockets.

"No!"

"Sure you live and breathe! the consarned sassy thief wasn't satisfied with 'leven dollars and a half, but skun me out of a watch worth eight more! Say? I'm a-shakin' as if I had the regular old-fashioned ager! Say! I've been wronged—robbed—scooped!"

"My friend, I'm sorry for you, but you must have been careless."

"No, I wasn't! I was a-lookin' out all the time, and I never saw one single thief! Lands alive—they've got that watch I brung down for Jim Peters to git a drivewheel put into it! Say! Gosh-all-fish-hooks, but my ole tobacco-box and silk handerchief are gone too! I'm stripped—skun—swept out doors into the back yard!"

"It's too bad," was all I could say, while some of the rest of the crowd grinned and chuckled,

"And say!" hoarsely whispered the owner of the circus lot as he used his coat sleeve to wipe his forehead, "I can't nev nobody arrested?"

"No. You don't even know the parties."

"I've got to suffer and stand it the best I kin?"

"It seems so."

"Then show me the car which runs to the Central depot, and let me get up thar'. I know a man up thar' who'll lend me eighty cents to go home on. I was sent down here by the town to see about buyin' fifty feet of hose fur our fire ingine and to price a triangle for the new tour. Hain't this a purty piece of business! Hain't I got to pay Jim Peters at least six dollars fur that old turnip, and wasn't I goin' to buy mother an alpaca dress out o' them 'leven dollars! Town Trustee, County Supervisor, ex-Justice of the Peace, President of the School Board and Treasurer of the Missionary Fund, and yit I've been made as big a fool of as if I was a blind hog rootin' fur tares on a mill-pond in January!"—M. Quad in N. Y. World.

### She Was Persuaded Not to Die.

A few days ago the friends of a prominent society women was startled by the report that she was dangerously ill. The Town Talker, in speaking of her illness to a particular friend of the lady brought out the cause of the illness. She is allowed by her husband so much a month for dresses. During the last social season she bought so many handsome ball costumes that her allowance only seemed a drop in the bucket toward paying for them. Her costume attracted so much attention that her vanity was excited, and she endeavored, with each succeeding dress, to surpass the last. This she succeeding in doing. Every action must have a corresponding reaction. Her pleasure, caused by being the best-dressed woman in Louisville, has given place to her sorrow, caused by her having the largest millinery bills of any woman in Louisville. The bills were sent to her, amounting to $1,200. She immediately went to her bed. Doctors were sent for, but for a week she continued to grow worse. Her husband became alarmed, and told her that, if she would just get well, he would do anything for her. She said she could not. At last, in despair, she told him if he would just pay her bill and forgive her she would try to get well. He promised. He paid the bill. From that moment she began to recuperate, and in a few days was almost entirely well. She then confessed to her husband, who forgave her. She has promised to live within her allowance, which he has increased. So they are happy again.—Louisville Commercial.

### Right or Left Hand.

Theories as to the origin and cause of right handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories it rests on an anatomical basis, and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in every of us. According to another class, than originally had no preference for either hand, but became right-handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical features.

For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, first, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; secondly it must account for the occasional appearance of left handedness, and, thirdly, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed—the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right handed.—Scribner's Magazine.

### One Idea of Dinner.

A Buffalo woman tells this little incident, illustrating the peculiar conservatism of the British provincial matron:

My brother married a young Canadian girl, the daughter of a colonial family with whom the old English formality has the sacredness of Holy Writ. They had been boarding at a hotel for several months, but had taken a house not far from my home. I saw Caroline a day or two before they took possession, and with friendly intent said to her, "Dine with us, Carrie, you and Jack, the day you move. It will save you trouble." She thanked me and said they would.

So on Thursday I had two extra covers laid, and expected these moving relatives of mine for a hasty snack between van loads. As I knew they were aware that we dined near midday, when I o'clock and my husband came we only delayed the meal for five or ten minutes. Then, no one appearing, we sat down. I supposed my sister-in-law was too busy to come even so far as my house, and thought no more of her coming.

We were eating our simple dessert, for it was quite my ordinary home dinner, when the bell rang and presently "Mr. and Mrs. ——" were announced. I arose to find my sister-in-law and brother, both in conventional dinner dress, she with gloves and a pretty apology on her lips for tardiness, because, forsooth, she had to go back to the hotel to dress, as her 'personal luggage' was still there. My brother had been dragged from his business, and here they both were.

I did the best I could, but Caroline of course saw there was not much ceremony about the engagement she had put herself to such pains to suitably meet. To her a dinner invitation is a solemn matter in all circumstances.

### He Stood Test Bravely.

A Woodward avenue dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the office, the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh! I daren't," she gasped.

"But it really don't hurt you any, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, I would.

"Has she got a bad tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Yes, sir; it has ached for a week and I've just succeeded in getting her down here. Come, darling, have it out.

"Oh! I can't."

"But you must.

"I can't stand the hurt."

"Hurt! Now, then, I'll have one pulled just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back and opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps, when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Get out Harry and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Costly Litigation.

A case involving seventy-five cents claimed by a man in Toledo to be due him from another Toledoan for cow feed has just been appealed from a justice's court in that city to the Lucas Common Pleas. The plaintiff says he will spend his last dollar to collect the money by process of law, and the defendant says he will sacrifice every cent he has in the fight to resist payment. The result will probably be that the litigants will spend several hundreds, perhaps thousands of their own money and involve the county in their expenditure of a large sum, all to gratify their personal ill-feeling. There ought to be a provision of law covering such petty cases as this, making the decisions of justices final. It is an outrage on the taxpayers to permit the appeal of such insignificant cases to a higher court, where valuable time is consumed by them that should be devoted to more important matters, and the county is involved in a great expense simply to gratify the personal spite of obstinate litigants.—Sandusky Register.

### The Eye and the Lion.

A visitor at Tampico, says the Anglo-American, of Mexico, says he saw an illustration of the wonderful power of the human eye in bringing into subjugation the monarch of the forest and jungle. He was introduced to Mr. V. C. Whitfield, who is better known in Tampico and vicinity as the "lion tamer," who took him to see his pets, consisting of twelve lions and seven tigers, which he has imprisoned in two strong iron cages twelve feet wide, twenty feet long and eight feet high. These beautiful but ferocious animals have been taught to do many wonderful tricks, and their master enters their cage without weapons of any kind, commands their attention and controls their actions by his eye. His collection would bring a handsome fortune, and if he would consent to travel and exhibit them he could command a princely salary, but he says he only