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ABLISHED 1827.

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WM. H. WELFLEY.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 20. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2102

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EXECUTOR'S SALE

— OF —

Valuable Real Estate!

The undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Jacob Custer, late of Stoystown Borough, deceased, will expose to sale by public outcry on the premises in Stoystown Borough, Somerset County, Pa., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late the property of said deceased, viz:

A certain lot of ground situate in said Stoystown Borough, bounded on the North by Main street, on the east by lot of Wm. A. McVicker, on the south by an alley and on the west by an alley, fronting 25 feet on Main street and being 165 feet in depth, having thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, a good stable, and other outbuildings.

TERMS: Ten per cent of purchase money when the property is knocked down, one-half of balance on delivery of deed, and remainder one year from delivery of deed, to be secured by judgment on the premises, and to bear 6 per cent. interest from date of judgment.

C. W. PUGH, Executor.
oct28

That Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.

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TRAVELING BY NIGHT IN LONDON.

The gray and misty night,
Silm trees that hold the night among
Their branches, and along
The vague embankment, light on light.

The sudden, racing lights!
I can just hear, distinct, aloof
The gayly clattering hoof
Beating the rhythm of festive nights.

The gardens to the weeping moon
Sigh back the breath of tears.
Oh, the refrain of years on years
'Neath the weeping moon!

—Arthur Symons in Academy.

How Nature Distributes Her Gifts.

When you and I get rich, my dear, as some day we surely shall, what are we going to do with all our money! We will hunt up some of the improvident ones, those who could never make the two ends meet, those who through good heartedness, or lack of forethought or unselfish desire to make other folks happy, have never laid by a cent, and we will give those silly people such a good time they will carry its impress all through their after lives, as a pat of butter carries the print. We will slyly pay the bills for improvident ones who have grown gray in the effort to make a decent funeral for dead horses. They shall forget how to spell "care" and their new and happy dialect shall know no such words as "monthly payments," "righteous dues" or "can't afford it."

I am convinced that as a rule it is not the sweet hearted people who take on this world's gain. There is many a poor beggar with not a change of linen to his back who would make a more royal host, had the smiling face of fortune turned his way, than the rightful owner of the vast estates at whose gate he stands and begs. The big hearts too often go with the empty purse, and the little, wizened, skinflint souls, that it would take a thousand of to crowd the passage through the eye of a needle, gain all the golden favors of the god of plenty.—Chicago Herald.

The Lord Told Her to Sing.

The Baptist chapel at Leytonstone was crowded on Sunday because of an announcement that Madam Antoinette Sterling would sing during the service. She not only sang, but at the prayer meeting which followed joined in prayer and delivered a short address. It may not be generally known that the famous contralto is a believer in the doctrine of the Inward Light.

A pretty story is told about her in this connection. She was present at one of the Quaker meetings at Devonshire square, and the brethren and sisters remained some long time without the spirit moving any of them to utterance. At last Madam Sterling got up and sang "O Rest in the Lord," which created no small stir. The clerk afterward approached her, and said, "Thee knowest, sister, it's against the rules; but if the Lord telleth thee to sing, thee must!"

It was probably through her recollection of this incident that Mrs. Margaret Lacy, the sister of that old tribune of the people, John Bright, called in her last illness for "the singing sister." Needless to say, Madam Sterling went. —British Weekly.

Getting Oil from Smoke.

It appears that in Scotland there is a company which pays a certain amount yearly to a number of iron works for the privilege of collecting the smoke and gases from the blast furnaces. These are passed through several miles of wrought iron tubing, and as the gases cool there is deposited a considerable yield of oil; one plant is reported to yield 25,000 gallons of furnace oil per week. The sum paid for this privilege is such as to be profitable, it is said, to both parties. The oil thus obtained is distilled, and a considerable quantity of cresol, phenol and some other substances are procured from it, while the oil remaining is used as an enricher of gas for illuminating purposes.—New York Sun.

The Courtesy of Assassins.

It will be remembered that some time ago Mr. Constantine Belcheff, the minister of finances, was unskillfully shot and killed while walking in the streets of Sofia in company with M. Stambuloff, the prime minister. It was thought at the time that M. Belcheff was the victim of mistaken identity, and this belief has been confirmed by the following apology which has been carved on his tombstone: "Forgive us; we aimed at Stambuloff and struck you. The second time we will not fail."—General M. M. Trumbull in Open Court.

Baptizing Bells.

An extraordinary feature in the career of bells is their undergoing the process of baptism before being used. This ceremony is performed by the Roman Catholics at the present day, who say that the bells thus receive power to act as preservatives against thunder and lightning and storms. An humbler rite is observed in the Protestant church, and the celebrations which take place are more of a jovial than a religious character.—Exchange.

A Hint to Young Writers.

We all know how to talk. There is a certain number of words put on the tongue of every human being, just as the song is given to the canary bird or to the robin. But beyond the song these birds cannot go. And beyond the natural speech, or the words that nature gives to every one, the illiterate human being cannot go. His vocabulary is limited until he becomes a student. Then he begins to widen and there is no near boundary line to its possibilities. The writer who imagines that he can give additional emphasis to a composition by the use of large words is greatly mistaken. The economy of the reader's attention is absorbed in understanding and applying these big words, and there is little of the mental energy left with which to digest the idea that these long words contain. The picture that is brought before his mental vision is therefore dim and uncertain.

If the writer would give more prominence to the idea and less to the verbal frame; in other words, if he would use simple language which by contrast would bring out the idea, he would not only economize his reader's mental energy, but would benefit himself by making himself more easily understood. The mind is not able to do more than one thing at a time and do it well. It cannot at once delve into the mysteries of a many syllable word and comprehend the thought in a proper manner.—Chicago Post.

Norwegian Horses.

A traveler in Norway says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food, which might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths as a rational being would while eating his dinner of such dry food. A broken winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.—London Tit-Bits.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST.

HE HEARS A STORY OF HOW HERMIT MOUNTAIN WAS NAMED.

An American Commercial Traveler Tells a Strange Yarn About the Lonely, Lovesick Miner of the Selkirks—The Mountain Was Named for Him.

The train had stopped near the heart of the Selkirks, under the shadow of a great bare crag, which the guide book said was the Hermit mountain. The rock rose almost precipitously, culminating in a crest extending for hundreds of feet to the north, and the top of the crest seemed almost as sharp as a razor. With arms akimbo on the rail of the observation car was an English tourist, who wore a monocle and a stare, and seemed very much bored by the scenery. Near him stood a commercial traveler of Toronto, who was explaining how the mountain got its name.

"Follow the edge of the mountain from its front to the rear," he said. "Right where the edge breaks off you see a solitary pyramid. From here it seems to be only about six feet tall, though in reality it is about thirty feet higi. Don't you see it bears some resemblance to a man? That is the hermit, and it is this solitary pillar that gave name to the mountain."

The English tourist suddenly showed indications of interest. He edged a little nearr, and remarked:

"Beg pardon, did I hear you say something about a hermit?"

The commercial traveler gave his comrade a dig in the ribs. "Why, yes," he said to the tourist; "didn't you ever hear the remarkable facts about the hermit here?"

"No," said the tourist.

A DRUMMER'S STORY.

"Well, I'll tell you the story," said the drummer. "It's a remarkable one, and every traveler ought to know it. You see, along the time of the gold excitement in the Frazer river country 'way back in 1856 a man came here to make his fortune. One of the miners had brought into this wild region his little family, and among them was his daughter, a very pretty girl, with whom this other fellow fell madly in love. He had a hated rival, of course, and in a few months this rival arrived off the prize, and life became a hollow mockery to the disappointed lover. He became not only a woman hater, but a hater of his kind, and he made up his mind he would spend the rest of his life as a hermit.

"So he came to this mountain, and he clambered up that brush that you see alongside, and he built him a hut of stones and branches, and there he began his new life. He had a gun and lived on what he could shoot, a little flour he got from the settlement and he berries and roots he gathered. He led that way a good many years, bringing down from the mountain an occasional fur or bearskin, which he sold for provisions. For years now he has been dead and unable to hunt well, but nothing is ever induced him to give up his quesife."

By this time the English tourist was all eyes and ears. "You don't mean to tell me," he said, "he on earth does he live now?"

"Well, once a weekhe people who live in this little hamlet you see here fill a basket with provisions and one of them takes it up to the top the mountain. When the hermit hears anybody coming he leaves his hut and streats into the woods. The man with the supplies leaves the basket at the door, and the next fellow who comes up with provisions leaves another basket and takes back the empty one.

THE TOURIST GRIEVED IT.

"The hermit never speaks to anybody. Early in the winter, before there is danger of a big fall of snow, a lot of provisions is taken up to him, for fear that a heavy snowfall will prevent any one from reaching the top.

"Why, doesn't he get sick and need a doctor sometimes?" asked the tourist.

"Nobody knows at he ever had a sick day. He is oldat he's well. You see the air up there magnificent, and there's no reason should be sick. There he is now," continued the drummer, in a state wild excitement. "There he is; near edge of that rock. Don't you see him?

The Englishmanlooked, but could see nothing. He borrowed a field glass and was adjusting thecus when the man exclaimed:

"There, he's gone. I just caught a glimpse of himlie's up so high he didn't look bigger a speck, any way."

"Remarkable," said the Englishman, as he lapsed into coat. He rolled it all over in his mind a couple of hours. Meanwhile the story of the Englishman's interest in the hermit had been told to a number of chaperons, and there had been much hilly. One of the men who shared the car was standing near the Toronto drummer, when the English tourist sidled up him again.

"Now, look a-e," he said, "honest, is that really all tabout the hermit?"

"Certainly, itrue," said the commercial travel "Most all tourists know it, and anne who lives in this country can tell you all about it. Ask this man here."

The English turned to the other man, who told story of the hermit over again, without graphic and circumstantial adns. The Englishman will probably pare an account of the wonderful herfor the British press. —New York S

Uncle's Carpets.

Strangers wcome to Washington discover thingthe existence of which residents knoothing. How many people know t is a large room in the treasury built in which every yard of carpet usedgovernment buildings all over the ted States is cut and sewed? The v is done by contract and carpets ated from the architect's plans.—Washtn Post.

Stg a March.

"I want tore you a piece of advice."

"All right, ne give you one first—follow it."—NYork Epoch.

In the towrl cities of Chili all the shopping of antsequence is done in the evening. Santiago the stores are open till midt, and during the hot afternoon, v everybody takes a siesta, they acked up.

Petroleum graeded vegetable oils for lighting pses in India, and is being graduallyen out itself by the electric lighting to the peculiar fitness of the lifor use in hot climates.

A book end "History of Wonders Performed aire" mentions an Englishman whdie fair of St. German, in 1724, leapser the heads of forty people withouching one of them.

The late Gl B. F. Kelley received the first wouf the war at the battle of Philippi, blood stained vest, with the rent in ile by the bullet, is preserved by a ington officer.

Princess tian, the daughter of Queen Victemploys a woman physician, Dr. Jolaitland, who is a specialist in dis of the nerves.

Young Men That Are Plenty.

"It is very difficult," said a business man, "to make people understand that one can't always employ young men starting in life just to please our friends who recommend them to us. It's bad business policy to employ more men than one needs. In these days of close competition, no business man can afford to spend money unwisely. A certain volume of business justifies and demands a certain expenditure in salaries to carry on that business. It isn't fair to us to ask us to increase our salary list when there is no excuse for so doing. It isn't fair to our trusted and efficient employees to ask us to employ new men and yet maintain our salary list. We can do this only in two ways. One is to pare off enough from the salaries of the old men to provide salaries for the new men. Another is to discharge old men to make room for the new. You see that both plans are out of the question, other things being equal.

"People who send promiscuous letters of recommendation often cause us a great deal of embarrassment. One likes to please a friend, and yet one cannot always, in justice to himself or others, do this. And have you ever noticed how many of these letters of introduction describe the bearers of them as brilliant young men, who will prove of value to those who employ them? Hardly one man in a thousand of those described in this way fulfills the promises made for him. Do those who write such letters ever consider that if a big business house employed all the men who brought letters of recommendation to the firm it would be overwhelmed with employees within a year and driven into bankruptcy in two years by its stupendous salary list?—New York Tribune.

How a Spider Ruined a Nation.

When the French quartermaster, Disjonval, was confined in prison by the Dutch at Utrecht he sought to beguile the tedium of his prison life by attentively studying the habits of the spiders which frequented his cell, and eight years of imprisonment gave him leisure to be well versed in their ways. In December of 1794 the French army, on whose victory over the Dutch depended Disjonval's restoration to liberty, were in Holland, and the victory seemed certain if the frost, which was then of unprecedented severity, continued.

The Dutch envoys had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spiders of Disjonval's cell forewarned him that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his little insect weather monitor never deceived him. Accordingly he contrived to communicate his weather knowledge to the army of his countrymen and its generals, who duly estimated his (Disjonvals) character, relied upon his assurance that within a few days the waters would again be frozen so as to be passable to the French troops.

They delayed their retreat; within twelve days a sharp freeze set in, and the French army triumphed. Disjonval was released, and a spider had brought ruin to the Dutch nation.—St. Louis Republic.

Specter Photographs.

Mr. Arthur S. Green, an American photographer, gives the following method of making the camera a source of amusement by the production of "ghost" or "shadow" pictures—for example, a seated man starting back in terror from his own specter. Make a background of the proper size by stretching out some black material. Place the subject, draped in white or in light clothing, in the right attitude to the right or left of the center of the background, then focus the camera and expose the plate for half a second. The impression will be that of a shadowy and ghostlike figure. Take a chair and table, placing the chair in the center of the background, and the table on the side away from the ghost.

Seat the subject in the chair, with his head turned to the ghost; focus again, and give the plate a full exposure, which, if the light is good, should be about two seconds. Develop and print in the usual way. Any objects to be seen through the ghost should be photographed with fifteen seconds' exposure before taking the picture of the ghost. Other devices of the kind might be mentioned, but it will be more interesting to leave them to the ingenuity of the amateur.—New York Advertiser.

Fishing for Ducks.

In India an ingenious scheme is practiced for taking ducks on a line, which is attached at one end to a flexible stick stuck up in the mud, the other extremity having a double pointed needle of bone attached to it. The latter is baited by stringing upon it some grains of corn. Presently along comes Mr. Duck, swallows the needle and finds himself a captive the moment he tries to fly away. In old times the Cape Cod fishermen depended largely for bait upon the sea fowl they took on their voyages. To catch them they threw out fishing lines with hooks on the ends, to which were attached chunks of cod liver. The latter floated because of the oil they contained, and murres, gulls and other birds swallowing them were quickly pulled in, skinned and chopped up.—Interview in Washington Star.

Printing by Dog Power.

Printing machines are usually driven by steam or gas motors, but the machine which prints a certain newspaper in America is run by dog power. A large wheel about ten feet in diameter and two in width is connected with the driving rigger of the machine by means of a belt; strips of wood, for foothold, are placed a foot apart on the inside of the wheel, where Joe, the journalistic dog, walks his weary round, and thus causes the wheel to revolve. Joe has run the press for about five years, and has faithfully earned his board and lodging, but it is now about time for him to feel ill and "turn it up," being unable to continue turning it round.—London Tit-Bits.

While it is pleasant to have neighbors with whom we are on familiar social relations, the fact that we are neighbors merely is no reason why such relations should exist. Certainly no one has any reason to be offended if a neighbor chooses to live in retirement, or does not return obsequious calls. Too many of the calls on new neighbors, which are considered a social duty in many districts of the country, are simply prying errands to see if the parlor carpet is genuine Brussels or rag, or whether the new neighbor keeps her hair in curl papers at calling hours, or is a good manager or a hopeless slattern, or something else, which is no possible concern of the caller.—New York Tribune.

Unsolicited Advice.

Miss Passa (of uncertain age)—Te he! I don't know whether to go into the surf or not. Some folks say the salt water makes wrinkles.

Old Fisherman—No, mum, it's just the other way, mum. Salt water takes wrinkles out, mum. Just you try it an' see.—New York Weekly.

ARGONAUTS IN VERA CRUZ.

Gold Hunters of '49 Visit a Mexican City and Become Discouraged.

It was Sunday morning when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and while the clanging of some scores of musical Spanish bells from the cathedral towers filled the air, the officers were entertained by an encounter between two of our pugnacious gold hunters, who struck vigorously from the shoulder. We received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship. Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott.

Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee made pack saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended—that of enriching the contractors.

The only pack saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some eighty pounds, on the top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some 200 pounds.

As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the ignorant masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army and to pass over battlefields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way.

Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life. Impressed by these tales (which found fulfillment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.—Colonel A. C. Ferris in Century.

About Sailing a Sloop.

The sloop differs from the "cat" essentially. A cathoat is propelled by driving sail only; the sloop has both driving sail and propelling sail, for she carries, in addition to the mainsail of the cathoat, a headsail called the "jib." The mainsail, as you know, tends to "luff" the boat's nose into the wind, but the jib has the reverse effect and tends to force the bow off and away from the wind. These sails, if properly proportioned, cause the yacht to keep a straight course, to steer easily and to sail without burying her head; for the jib lifts the bow, and the mainsail, being set back near the middle of the boat, does not drive her "down by the eyes," as does the sail of a catboat. In sailing a sloop, however, great care must be exercised, for this little jib is a treacherous sail and will lead you into trouble if you do not understand its wayward tricks.

The rules for sloop sailing are briefly these: Before "going about" cast off the jib, before coming to anchor or rounding up to a mooring lower the jib, when a squall strikes cast off the jib. In fine, get rid of the jib first and work your boat with mainsail alone in all emergencies that occur when sailing to windward. In running before a strong wind a reefed mainsail and a full jib give the best results, and sloops are better than catboats when running free, because the jib counteracts the tendency to luff, to steer hard and to roll, all of which traits are ever present in the frisky catboat.

Observe one rule at all times when sailing a sloop: Never fasten the jib so that it cannot instantly be cast off. Fastened jib sheets cause nearly all the capsizes which occur in sloop sailing.—F. W. Pangborn in St. Nicholas.

Spectacles or Tongs.

They tell a good story of Chief Justice Peters, of the supreme court of Maine, one of the brightest and wittiest ornaments of the bench in that state or any other.

While the judge was still a practicing lawyer he had for a client a farmer named Hanscom, who, though he was well past middle age, had the notion not uncommon among Maine farmers of his age that he was as young as ever and could hold his own in a mowing field with the best of them.

One day the farmer came into the judge's office to look at some papers which had been drawn up for his signature, and as he picked up the first one he began to adjust it in the manner sometimes spoken of by those who use glasses and mislay them as "telescoping."

The judge noticed the action and, seeing that the farmer was holding the paper pretty well at arm's length, remarked pleasantly:

"Your eyesight seems to be failing a little, Mr. Hanscom. "You will have to get a pair of spectacles."

"Not a bit of it," growled the old farmer; "not a bit of it. My sight's as good as it ever was. Ishan't want 'spectacles' for a good many years yet."

"All right," said the judge; "you'll have to get a pair of tongs then."—Detroit Free Press.

A Spoiled Child.

"English children are so much more childish than ours," said an American mother once. "I wonder why it is."

It is undoubtedly because they are kept in the nursery and do not come into prominence at so early an age as ours do. The other day in a hotel rotunda stood a round eyed darling with her short, golden hair fluffed around her winsome face: her short waisted, long skirted frock added to her picturesque appearance. Almost all the men passing by stopped to speak to her. She was the delighted recipient of nickels, cards and bonbons, while she coquetted with all the airs of a society girl. My heart ached, for she was getting all the sweet, downy freshness of childhood rubbed off so early.

Her father, standing near, encouraged her and laughed at her naive questions and replies. By and by the white capped nurse came on the scene and bore her child away; and she, loath to leave the scene of her conquests, made her exit, biting, kicking and scratching her nurse, while the men laughed heartily at this edifying spectacle.

There are some wise mothers who discourage and endeavor to suppress this precocity, but they are lamentably few in number.—L. E. Chittenden in Housewife.

REVELATION.

Perchance in some far after time,
When we to nobler stature grown,
Shall learn to make our lives sublime,
For God's and Truth's dear sake alone—
The solemn use of grief shall die,
And Joy regain her ancient grace,
And 'neath a nearer, ampler sky,
With life's sad mysteries face to face—

With passionless Wisdom we shall talk,
And learn of Sorrow's darkest lore,
And in the light of Knowledge walk
Forever and forevermore!
The sure result of time is change,
And Change her endless gamut rings—
Things that today are new and strange
Tomorrow are forgotten things.

The slow mutations of the years,
The growth of peace, the lapse of strife,
May solve the problem of our tears,
The dark and speechless Sphinx of life!
The grief that wails not on the lips,
The keen, slow pang of spiritual pain,
Some angel of the Apocalypse
Shall make its solemn meaning plain.

Well, let it pass! We live our lives,
We dream our dreams! then slip away.
A lustier race springs up and thrives,
Nearer to Truth's immortal day!
Circle on circle evermore
Our little waves of being swell,
Gather and break against the door
Of Death's eternal citadel!

—New York Ledger.

How Plasterers Do Without a Doctor.

Every trade has its special physic. This is true. In conversation a surgeon remarked that few things gave more pain, attended with so much danger, as some particles of lime dust in the eye. A gentleman standing by remarked: "And yet such an accident is of daily occurrence, is attended with hardly any danger, and is most easily treated." "How so?" came a chorus of voices.

"Well, I will tell you. I was brought up to the trade of a plasterer, a ceiling plasterer. You may not know that the final layer upon a good ceiling is almost pure lime. The plasterer stands upon a platform and lays on the paste. It falls upon him in every direction, and, especially if he is a new hand, often a splatter falls right into his eye. When he gets accustomed to the work the eyelid seems to get used to it, too, and seems to close automatically in self defense.

"Directly such an accident occurs a fellow workman takes a mouthful of water from the nearest pail—and there is always a pailful of water handy—opens the eye as wide as possible and squirts with all his force the contents of his mouth against the eyeball. This immediately cools the lime and also drives it out of the eye. Simple remedy, isn't it, and eminently practical? But you see a man's eye would be burned out long before he could reach the nearest doctor's."—New York Recorder.

Nature Hoodooed Him.

In the odorous "office" of one of the east side "hotels," in the midst of an interested group of co-lodgers, a fellow was airing his grievances against nature recently. "Talk of red hair or freckles or cross eyes or bowlegs or crooked noses," he said, "they, one or all, may be inconvenient, they may be useless, but they are blessings, yes, sir, blessings compared to my 'Adam's apple.' An 'Adam's apple,' sir, is nature's kick—her slap in the face—a camel's back on a small scale in a man's throat. Brains, sir, talent, genius—nothing will atone for it. It is a frost, and it never thaws. I might have been anything I desired but for my hunch throat, but who could be persuaded that a man with an Adam's apple attached to him for life could be anything but a freak?"—New York World.

Evidence of the Sun's Variability.

We cannot