

THE GREAT LANE FRESHET.

By HARRY HOWARD.

Abner Baldwin and Josiah Gilt had been good friends and neighbors from their boyhood days. They grew up together, married sisters, and settled on adjoining farms. There they lived monotonous and uneventful lives for more than twenty years. Then came a season of estrangement.

Josiah lived on a fine farm in the angle formed by the junction of Salt Creek and Lane River. Abner's farm was just above Josiah's on the bank of the river. Both farms were for the most part what is called "bottom land," and subject to overflow during protracted rainy weather.

Besides being sometimes flooded by the river, Josiah's farm was occasionally inundated by Salt Creek, the turbulent little stream which flowed along the southern boundary line. Salt Creek seldom runs very high, but when it did so, it's rapid current wrought much greater damage than the rise of the larger but more sluggish Lane.

The river would have been more destructive had it not been in some degree controlled by a great levee on the farm next above Abner's. This levee acted in such a way that the water from the Lane, when it did cover the lands of Abner and Josiah, spread over a wide expanse and moved with very little current.

But even a slight current will carry wooden things a long distance. Abner's rail fence, together with logs and debris from his woodland, were sometimes lifted by the waters of the Lane River and set down on various parts of Josiah's farm. Then Abner would haul his rails back and rebuild his fences, while Josiah would burn the debris.

But one unlucky spring, when Josiah's corn had just appeared above the ground the Lane came over its banks and wrought unusual harm. Not only was Josiah's corn removed and Abner's brought into their places, but Josiah's cornfield was thickly strewn with tree tops from the great quantity of timber that Abner had cut on his farm during the winter.

After the water had subsided, Josiah was looking about his cornfield one morning. Tree tops, logs, big chips, long sections of bark, fence rails, all covered with slime and mud, were strewn on his newly sown corn. Many days were laid up all this drift-wood, which would not burn for weeks.

Much of his corn, which had been the finest in the neighborhood, would be ruined. And by the removal of Abner's fence much of Josiah's corn would be trampled into the ground.

No wonder Josiah pointed angrily to the mud-caked logs and tree tops. "I had been well, and I should have had no story to write. But as Josiah was gloomily viewing his flooded property, Abner came across the field.

"Mornin', Si."

nothing about the rail's said Josiah.

"I guess we're higher even as we stand, so ye kin let the rake stay right whar it is."

Josiah walked home without a word in reply. Abner stood chucking over the discomfiture of his brother-in-law.

Late in the afternoon, the Lane, fed fuller by the countless creeks farther up, swept over its banks and came sliding gently into the little depressions of the adjacent fields.

No sooner was it dark than Abner Baldwin, armed with a shotgun, took his stand behind a tree near the pile of drift whar the rake lay.

No sooner was it dark than Josiah Gilt telling his hired man to follow him with a wagon and team as soon as the moon was up, started for the scene of his late encounter with his neighbor.

Josiah intended to clear away the rubbish from his rake and have it ready to load into the wagon when it arrived. Abner had divined Josiah's intention, and was prepared to keep him away, even by using the shotgun.

Meantime the river was creeping through the fields and across the woodlands. Josiah had no little trouble in making his way in the darkness. At last, when there was but one little depression between the rake and the bank, he did that which filled with water, and he set down to await the coming of the wagon.

Long he waited in the darkness, no sound audible save the roar of the river at a distance, and the lapping of the water as it rose higher and higher. The moon was just casting her first faint beam across the land, when, above the sounds of the rushing current and the roar of the water which had risen almost to his feet, Josiah heard something of a still more alarming nature. A continuous crash as of splitting timbers came from a point up the Lane river. Blent with this was a loud roaring, which grew momentarily louder and came on.

What could it be? Josiah rose from the ground and peered anxiously in the direction of the sounds. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, and more incomprehensible! Surely that was a falling tree he heard.

Another and another fell, each nearer than the last! Just then the moon came bodily into view, and disclosed to Josiah a line of white foam racing madly toward him across Abner's outfield.

Then the truth plain. Deming's great levee had broken, the Lane was coming down like a low wall, moving at speed, and Josiah was caught in the flood.

Obeying Orders.

A reporter was sent at the last moment to write up an important theatrical performance in New York.

He hurried to the theatre, but didn't arrive until after the play had begun. In getting to his place he was forced to disturb General Sherman, who with a lady, occupied the seats next to the aisle. The reporter begged the General's pardon, but the old soldier was evidently annoyed.

He said nothing, however, until after the curtain had fallen on the first act. Then he leaned over toward the reporter, with a frown and said:

"Young man, you ought to know that it is a great annoyance to be forced to stand up to let a person pass while the play is in progress. You must either get to your seat before the curtain rises, or stay away from the theatre."

The reporter flushed and answered quickly:

"General, I am a newspaper man. I was ordered to come to this theatre to night to report this performance. I came as quickly as I could after I received my orders, and I apologized for disturbing you when I came in."

Here the General interrupted him. The old man's frown was gone.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't understand. You are perfectly in the right, sir. Always obey orders. Obedience is the first duty of a citizen. The full of people get up and stand for an hour."

Then the General held out his hand and shook the reporter's heartily. They met several times after that and the distinguished warrior always had a smile and a pleasant greeting for the reporter who "obeyed orders."

A Genuine Surprise.

An Irishman who had lately arrived in this country had a round piece of tin stamped with the name of a brewer. A policeman, whom he consulted about it, told him for a joke that it was a five-cent piece. So he went into a saloon and called for a beer. He drank it and showed the piece of tin across the bar. The bartender pushed it back and said: "Why, man, that's tin!"

Mrs. King's Big Cattle Ranch in Texas.

The largest ranch in the United States, and probably the world, owned by one person is in Texas and belongs to Mrs. Richard King. It lies forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi.

The ladies who come to call on Mrs. King drive from the front gate, over a good road as any in Central Park, for ten miles before they arrive at her front door, and the butcher and baker and confectioner, if such existed, would have to drive thirty miles from the back gate before they reached her kitchen. This ranch is bounded by the Corpus Christi Bay for forty miles, and by barb wire for 300 miles. It covers 700,000 acres in extent, and 100,000 head of cattle and 5,000 brood mares wander over its different pastures. This property is under the railing of Robert J. Kleberg, Mrs. King's son-in-law, and he has under him a superintendent, or as the Mexicans call it, a vaquero, who holds that office, a major domo, as this is an unusual position for a major domo, as this major domo has a charge of 300 cowboys and 1,200 ponies reserved for their exclusive use.

The thing that the wise man from the East cannot at first understand is how Mrs. King's son-in-law has under him a superintendent, or as the Mexicans call it, a vaquero, who holds that office, a major domo, as this is an unusual position for a major domo, as this major domo has a charge of 300 cowboys and 1,200 ponies reserved for their exclusive use.

Mr. Kleberg, for instance, receives an order from a firm in Chicago calling for 1,000 head of cattle. The head of cattle the firm wants is grazing in a corner of the range fenced in by barb wire and marked pale blue for convenience on a beautiful map blocked out in colors like a patch work quilt which hangs in Mr. Kleberg's office. When the order is received he sends a Mexican on a pony to tell the men near that particular pale blue patch of cattle, the head of cattle, and at the same time directs his superintendent to send in a few days as many cowboys to that pasture as are needed to "hold" 1,000 head of cattle on the way to the railroad station. The boys on the pasture, which we will suppose is ten miles square, will take ten of their number and five extra ponies apiece, which one man leads, and from one to another of which the shafts their saddles as men do in polo, and go directly to the water tanks in the ten square miles of land. A cow will not often wander more than two and a half miles from water, and so, with the water tank, which on the King ranch may be either a well with a wind mill or a dammed canon full of rain water, as a rendezvous, the finding of the cattle is comparatively easy. Ten men can round up 1,000 head in a day or two. When they have them all together the cowboys who are to drive them to the station have arrived and taken them off.

He was Waa—there's at least one lawyer who has his doubts about the immortality of human affairs, and he is a serious man with a wife. It is his custom to put on his office door, when he is going out temporarily, notices somewhat of this character:

"Gone to lunch; back in half an hour." "Gone to court; back in three hours." "Gone out to see a man; back in ten minutes." And so on, as the circumstances may require, and he is a prompt man; callers are generally successful in waiting for him.

One day last week a caller found this on his door:

"Gone shopping with my wife; back the Lord only knows when."

The caller, being a married man himself didn't wait; neither did four ladies who called in a body, for they were going shopping themselves.

Nowadays people who lead a sedentary life—those especially who do an office business—if they smoke before their meals, little by little, their appetite is impaired, and they become nervous, and their digestion is deranged. There are certain smokers who cannot light a cigar at certain times of the day without feeling a sensation of heat which accompanies the action.

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MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1892. For the averages of taxes due and costs accrued thereon.

Table with columns: ACRES, TAXES. Lists property owners and their respective taxes.

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