

Somerset Herald. ESTABLISHED 1827. Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. It is sold at the office of the publisher, and is sent by mail to subscribers at the rate of \$1.00 per annum in advance. Postmasters are notified that the paper will be held responsible for the contents of the paper under the name of the publisher. Address: THE SOMERSET HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 28.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

WHOLE NO. 2265.

**First National Bank**  
SOMERSET, Penn'a.  
Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$16,000.  
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.  
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.  
DISCOUNTS DAILY.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  
LARRY M. HICKS, JOHN R. SCULL, EDWARD SCULL, JAMES L. FUGLE, W. H. MILLER, HARVEY M. BERKLEY, JOHN R. SCOTT, FRED W. HEISECKER.

**The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET, PA.**  
ESTABLISHED, 1877. Organized as a National Bank, 1890.  
Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$16,000.  
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.  
Win. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.  
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS:  
SAMUEL SNYDER, WM. EISELEY, JONAH SPOFF, JONAS M. COOK, JOHN H. SNYDER, JOHN STUFF, JOSEPH H. HANVY, JOHN S. MILLER, HARRISON T. HERR, JEROME STUFF, SAM. L. HARRINGTON.  
121 & 123 Fourth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.  
Capital - \$1,000,000.  
Undivided Profits \$250,000.  
Acts as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.

**Funeral Director.**  
Residence, 329 Patriot St.  
W. H. OFFROTH.  
Prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

**Here's your PLACE!**  
Wool! Wool! WANTED!  
25 cents per pound paid for Tub-washed; one third less for Un-washed, in exchange for goods at  
**JAMES B. HOLDBAUM'S**  
Clothing, Gaiter, and Carpet Store,  
425 Main St. - SOMERSET, PA.  
Men, Boy's and Children's finest cheap Suits and a large line of Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children. Undercoats, Over Shirts, Lambswool Shirts, Night Shirts, Overalls, Pants, Hosiery, Gloves, Mittens, Suspender, Braces, Collars, Handkerchiefs, etc., will sacrifice all goods that have been in stock over one year.  
A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer.  
A GOOD HEARSE,  
SOMERSET, Pa.

**That Tired Feeling**  
So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in  
**HOOD'S Sarsaparilla**  
Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla  
**Makes the Weak Strong**  
Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's  
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and entirely harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

**LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.**  
The warm spell will suggest this comfortable and more than ever popular garment. We have all kinds in the  
**Star Make,**  
The best made, with Puff Plaited and SHEILD PROTECTORS, turn-down and standing collars, in materials such as  
PERCALES, MADRAS, ZEPHYR AND OXFORD CLOTH.  
Prompt attention will be given to  
**MAIL ORDERS.**  
**HORNE & WARD,**  
41 FIFTH AVENUE.  
**Jacob D. Swank,**  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Somerset, Pa.  
I am Now prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**  
All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.  
**J. D. SWANK.**

**THE ART AMATEUR.**  
Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine.  
The only Art Periodical awarded a Medal at the World's Fair!  
For 10c, we will send you one copy of this publication, a special copy with superb color plates, an engraving of a picture, and a sample magazine of designs (regular price 25c).  
**FOR 25c,** we will send you "Painting for Beginners" (50 pages).  
MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

**THE FIRST STAR OF THE YERA.**  
In a field of amethyst, Having a glow about it, Comes the first star of the year. Streaming banners, crimson red, Flare above the sun's low head, Hoisting from his lofty tower, Like a banner to the sky, Shows the low star her face. Brightly burneth on his face. Gather round her party throng, Each rejoiceth in its place. Like the dawn of the truth, Each is welcome in the youth. Fashion now lay on your face, Queens and light of her eyes, Shedd'ing all her lustre from Down to us from her star.

**IN THE GOLDFIELDS.**  
We were all set that New Year's eve in the Australian goldfields in the year 1852. The day before we numbered 20 Americans and Englishmen who had come in search of wealth, and now three of our number had just been laid away forever on the hillsides, buried in one deep grave, their lives crushed out by a fall of earth.  
"That night, while the 17 of us who were left sat around the campfire, young Ross said:  
"Boys" (we were all friends and young yet and yet among ourselves the ordinary digger appellation of mate), "this is a sad ending of our first Australian New Year's day. Maybe I will cheer us up some if I tell you of one which in Canada two years ago turned out more happily."  
"There was a general cry of 'Go, Fred,' and the boy began:  
"Some of you know that my home is a backwoods township, about 80 miles northwest of Toronto and not far from Georgian Bay. My father, who was formerly a captain in a regiment of British cavalry, sold his commission in 1842 and emigrated to Canada, where he bought a 600 acre, partially cleared, farm, intending to give his five boys and four girls a better chance in life than a family in moderate circumstances can have in the old country. I was only 8 years of age then, and my baby sister not half as many months.  
"My mother (I wish I could convey an idea of how tenderly Fred spoke that word whenever occurring in his story), "though a tiny little thing, who wears a No. 2 boot and a 5 glove, is as brave as an Indian princess, and she and my father are just like lovers yet. So we were a happy family and got on splendidly.  
"Every year a big patch of bush was cleared up, and when I left home there were more than 300 acres of the farm under some sort of cultivation. Father and my three elder brothers sometimes worked as hard as the hired men, and they all liked it, but Hugh and I, the two youngest boys, were, we thought, awfully annoyed by being sent to school, and afterward to Upper Canada college at Toronto. We made up for it, though, in the summer and Christmas holidays, as there was any quantity of fishing and hunting everywhere around our home.  
"About six miles from our place lives Colonel Warwick, a half-pay officer, whose family is exactly the same size as ours, and ever since coming to Canada we had dined and spent the evening with them on Christmas day, and they with us on New Year's day, and we always had great fun.  
"Two years ago today, Jan. 1, 1851, the Warwick's—father, mother and nine children, big and little—came to us as usual, but when we sat down to dinner our total number was only 21, instead of 22. The place at my mother's right hand was vacant, and she herself, though doing the honors gracefully, wore a troubled anxiety, which could not be wholly concealed, and which was more or less reflected by each face in our own family.  
"Had one of your brothers or sisters died, then, Fred?" ask one of the men.  
"No—that is, we hoped not. The trouble was that 18 months before, in the July, 1849, my eldest brother, Donald, longing for adventure and excited by wonderful reports from newly discovered goldfields, had left home, bound for California, and not a word from or of him had yet reached us beyond the mere information that he was to leave New York for Colon on the 16th day of the month as passenger on a sailing ship, the name of which he did not give. From Colon—now Aspinwall—he intended to cross the deadly isthmus to Panama, thence take ship on the Pacific for San Francisco.  
"On the New Year's day of 1850 his absence had thrown but a slight cloud on our joyfully, as in those days there was no Panama railway, and six or even nine months might well pass away without letters from him. But now another whole year had gone by and even my bravely hopeful father had begun to feel alarmed, for it was not like true-hearted Donald to neglect his own people, and yet, if still alive, how was his long silence to be accounted for? We feared that, like so many thousands of other gold-seekers, he might have perished in the ever-stricken Panama, as he would, we thought, have certainly written if he had safely reached San Francisco.  
"The grizzled old soldier, Colonel Warwick, tried hard to cheer us by his own reminiscences of mysterious lost and happily returned comrades in India and elsewhere, and by truthfully reminding us of the many vessels to which letters from California were then exposed. 'Why,' he said, 'the boy has probably written a half dozen times, but either in crossing the isthmus, passing round Cape Horn or coming by way of that wonderful overland pony express the letters may every one have been lost. You know far stranger things than that, in the way of missing mail matter, to occur among our fellows, even in easy reach and densely populated India.  
"For a year before leaving home

Donald had owned a magnificent Newfoundland dog, Prince, by name. The Black Prince we youngsters called him not only on account of his color, but also because his elations and daring character greatly resembled, in our estimation, that of the famous personage in English history for whom we had named him. Indeed Prince had once saved his master's life when the latter was one day, in an outlying field, suddenly attacked by a furious half wild bull, which he was attacking with his lance. He had been so greatly attached to the creature that he had, notwithstanding the added expense, taken him along on his tedious journey to our town, and as we were making the grand old fellow in all our outdoor sports.  
"So, on this New Year's day, all of us, even down to 8-year-old Margery, thought constantly of the runaway pair. But the rites of hospitality could not be neglected, and by and by, situated by the purposeful gait of our visitors, the young folks joined, just in the gloaming, in a roaring game of 'hide and seek'.  
"At ordinary times our big ten room loghouse was lighted by homemade tallow candles, but on festive occasions my mother used sperm ones. Numbers of these were now burning, in addition to the great open fires, making all with in doors altogether too light for the proper enjoyment of our games, so by unanimous consent, we agreed that the 'hiders' should have the privilege of the fast-darkening wood shed, stable and nearest barn.  
"The play went on for half an hour or so, each successive 'seeker' invariably returning to the most eminently concealed 'hider' in no time. But then little Agnes Warwick so artfully hid herself that the 'seeker' of the moment, utterly failing to discover her, was finally obliged to call upon the whole crowd for assistance.  
"High and low, up and down, through stable lofts, between wood piles, behind straw stacks, inside the big fanning mill, over grain bins and under the barn, we hunted without success. Then, gathered in a cluster on the thrashing floor, we were about to give up and let the little mischief find herself, when, through the open door, into which the pale moonlight streamed, a dark body slipped, shot past us and sprang over into a nearby empty hayrack, whence instantly came a greatly rustling and a series of inarticulate cries—from the now discovered Agnes—which sounded to us like those of fear and pain.  
"A bear! A bear!" screamed the elder Miss Warwick. 'A bear is killing the girl!' The ladies were quite still in their neighborhood.  
"Phew!" exclaimed my brother Hugh, 'beard'n't come out in winter?'  
"No, nor would I have long tails either, I guess," wisely observed little Margery.  
"Recovering from our momentary astonishment, we young men and boys were in the act of rushing to the room when out of the manhole of the now empty hayrack, laughing half hysterically and enrolling with one arm the neck of a big black dog!  
"Why, it's Prince! Donald's Black Prince!" all of us simultaneously shouted, for now we plainly saw the peculiar hair shag and spotted neck which was the mark of the dog's glossy coat of our long lost friend.  
"It really seemed as if the wise old fellow had stealthily watched our play until he found what the trouble was, and then, with deliberate purpose to surprise us, he dashed past without greeting, and guided by his unerring nose had slipped from the hay off the back of his well remembered play-fellow, for pretty Agnes Warwick used to spend fully as much time at our home as at her own.  
"Now, having so well succeeded in creating a sensation, Prince threw off all disguise, and after hilariously jumping upon each of us in turn, gambled, barked and frisked around in an ecstasy of delight, while we all stared in a wild race to the hayrack.  
"Evidently some one—perhaps with views of Donald—had arrived, for a strange sleigh stood before the open door, and as we neared the house we could hear my father's voice ringing out in tones which did not sound like those of grief.  
"That's the word from Donald! Come out! yelled my brother Archie as he sprang to the landing place.  
"The other 15 of us followed pell-mell, almost tumbling over each other in our eagerness, and burst like a cyclone into the big parlor. There the old roof shook with our half frantic cheers, for there, in the center of the room, stood Donald himself. He was dressed as an Indian and bearded like a well like any gold digger, but was the same old Donald, still, while clasped in his breast, with her arms about his neck, lay my dear little mother, softly crying in speechless joy.  
"Here poor Fred almost broke down, and not a honest man of us all could trust himself to speak. Presently, however, the young fellow—who was only 19—went on:  
"Boys—I tell you this—was almost too much for me. I'll never forget that time if I should live a thousand years. It seemed like getting my brother back from the grave itself. Some of us cried like babies, and even the stern old colonel himself had to be rescued from the open door by the first to get into his arms.  
"At last we quieted down a little and after the two hungry travelers—Black Prince and his master—had eaten a good dinner, Donald told us his story. It would take me all night to repeat it in full. Besides I can't tell it as he did, so I'll just give you the narrow of it.  
"On landing at Colon he and all the other passengers had to pay \$40 each for mule hire, with a pair of big Mexican spans thrown in for every rider, in order to get across the isthmus. More than one-half of the crowd already had symptoms of the fever when they got to the city of Panama, and 25 poor fellows died there while waiting a week for a Pacific ocean ship.  
"Donald was struck down almost at once and lay for three months between life and death in the house of Fathers Laporte, a kind French-Canadian priest, who took good care of him and

his effects, and when he was able to dictate wrote for him to my father though neither that letter nor three others written from different places by Donald himself were ever received—a quite common occurrence during the first two years of the California excitement.  
"During the whole of his master's illness Prince stuck close to him, though as Father Laporte afterward related, nothing but the dog's fierce courage and fidelity had prevented him from being stolen by covetous thieves.  
"At last Donald got strong enough to sail for San Francisco, where he arrived after a five weeks' voyage and in robust health. Here he wrote a long letter to me, and, accompanied by Prince, went off at once to San Juan diggings. He had good luck from the very first, and in eight months cleared about all expenses nearly \$11,000. Then, being no longer able to bear up under that awful homesickness which all of us are beginning to know so well, he pulled up stakes and started for home.  
"He told us that often, while on the diggings and in the city, too, he had been offered 50 ounces of gold for Prince but that 50 times 50 could not have bought him, very fortunately for Donald himself, for on his journey from the mines to San Francisco he was waylaid one night by two Mexican tramps and saved from robbery and death only through the dog's watchfulness and courage.  
"It seems the vagabonds had concealed themselves in a clump of chaparral by the roadside and were in the act of making their intended victim when sharp-eyed Prince sprang forward and bore one of them to the ground before he could use his murderous knife, then held him by the throat until Donald had bound him, while his villainous comrade, seeing the game was up, disappeared in the bush.  
"Without further serious adventure my brother had returned home by way of Callao, thence to Panama, then across the isthmus again, and so by an Atlantic steamship to New York, where he sold his gold, all except a few specimens valued, for \$7,100 per ounce, that being then the highest price for California gold.  
"While he was telling his story the noble old dog listened intently, and, as at the most striking passages he thumped the floor with his great tail in token of approval.  
"You had a jolly time, then, after all eh, Fred?" ask one of the fellows.  
"Jolly! Well, I should say so. Our New Year's day, which began with anxious doubts and went along with forced gaiety, ended in a regular jubilee.  
"Feeling too greatly shocked by the tragic death of our comrades to remain long in the city, we went to Jack Crutcher, Pat Hoss, Joe Wells and I—started next day for Eagle Hawk gully, Benjamins, whence, after three weeks of profitable work, we went across country to Jim Crow creek.  
"I may add that Boss Wells and I, after many stirring adventures, got back to America all right, and that Jack Crutcher married a pretty English girl and remained in Australia—Bonnaroo.

**A Woman as a Sheriff.**  
A Belleville, Ill., special in the Chicago Times, says: After 12 years of active, hazardous, and exciting life as chief deputy sheriff of Boone county, Ill., Mrs. Sarah J. Ames has hung up her spurs, and the county jail will in the hands of her carrying on.  
While Mrs. Ames' official title has been 'chief deputy sheriff' she has, in fact, been the high sheriff for the last two years on account of the ill health of her husband, Albet T. Ames, who held the certificate of election to the office of sheriff, but, every other day, charged the duties in a satisfactory manner that the Republicans tried to prevail upon her to accept a nomination for sheriff last fall.  
In her public career and in private life Mrs. Ames has ever exhibited the unflinching sense of justice. She says that she has not noticed any remarkable cases. However, here is what she has done during the time she occupied the sheriff's office with husband:  
Served papers in all forms of civic process.  
Organized each morning during the term.  
Was in charge of the county jail and personally admitted and discharged all prisoners.  
Made more arrests than any man connected with the sheriff's office.  
Arrested several criminals at the point of a pistol.  
Caught fleeing criminals into other counties and states and apprehended them. Unraveled several mysterious crimes and brought the perpetrators to justice.  
Personally conveyed all persons adjudged insane in her county to the insane asylum.  
Made all arrangements for the execution of a condemned felon, and was the happiest woman in the state of Illinois when the governor commuted the sentence.  
Organized a ladies' cavalry club for political purpose and personally conducted her husband's last campaign.

**Remember the Poor.**  
Blessed is he that considereth the poor! The Lord will deliver him in every time of trouble. Lord, whoso shall dwell in thy tabernacle and who shall dwell in thy holy hill! He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; he that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh up a reproach against a neighbor; in whose eyes a vile person is counted; who patteth not out his money to usury nor taketh a bribe against the innocent—he that doeth these things shall not be moved forever and ever.—Scott's Commentary.  
May the new year from this morning to its close be one crowded with peace, happiness and prosperity in your homes. May it be a year rich in real blessings for all people.—Washington Post.

**MANUS NEW YEAR.**  
Mr. Michael McManus related his trials and tribulations of last New Year's to a New York Herald reporter. He said:  
"Oh, but I had an awful time of it on New Year's day. I started out in the morning to find out a friend of mine from Dingle—one Dinyery—who left the Green Isle several years ago. I had his directions, and after a short search I found him.  
"Dinyery has become a married man since he arrived here. He was pleased to meet me, and he introduced me to his better half, who was a very interesting lady, I must say. She insisted that I should have my dinner with herself and husband. Dinyery, it appears, had won a 20 pound turkey at a raffle the night before, and they were going to have it for dinner.  
"She done nothing else hardly but talk about the turkey. She was 'talking about it' all the time, and she was so full of it that she was almost choked. 'Sturdy,' says Mrs. Healy's daughter, 'our turkey looks like an ostrich, it's so big. Why, that's only a sparrow,' she went on as she pointed at Mrs. Leary's bird, which lay on the table ready to be put into the oven.  
"That turkey is to roast," yelled Mrs. Leary to her husband as she started out to see the size of the other fowl.  
"Well, after she went away Dinyery began to deliver a lecture on 'Marriage a Mistake.' He is strongly advised me to beware of Hymen an old me he was a fraud.  
"My wife is an uneducated divil. She has my cranium like a regular geography—all full of hills and mountains—every now and then she makes it look more natural by lettin a soup plate fall down between a couple of hills an sharin a stream." An, faith, his head was all full of lumps an she was so full of it that she was almost choked.  
"After he got the turkey in the oven he went to the closet an removed a bottle of something I can never forget. He then produced a couple of glasses, an he sat down, plain the bottle an glasses on the table befoom us. After we had a few drinks he began to tell me about his wife, Moll Ryan, which was her name before she got him into trouble.  
"Before we were married," he began, "I thought Moll was an angel devoid of supernatural accompaniments, but after wedlock I discovered her to be a sort of a natural divil. Yee see, my wife is a 'backwoods' girl, an every other event in her life is a Christmas story. She was born in a cabin, an she sing an dance an drink the whole night, an to make things more pleasant, they bring off a prize fight now an then which they appear to have previously arranged.  
"Anyway, the divil a wink could I shut my eyes when she first married, the house used to be so noisy, an now, shure, I am so accustomed to the noise that I find to the contrary lately to see a frind, an I stand at his place overnight, an, ye mightn't believe it, but it's true, I had to get my frind to keep-shooting off cannons before I could get to sleep.  
"We kept talkin a drink every now and then, an I was to play forty-five.  
"After awhile the cards in my hand began to look like one big card, an the five of clubs kept changing into the three of diamonds, then into the ten of spades, an finally the cards began to look like a lot of black spots on a large piece of white paper, an I had to give up the game, for I couldn't tell one card from another.  
"Dinyery filled me out another drink, an then he looked around an saw the door of the shop, an he got up an closed it an sat or fell down again. The room was flyin around me like chain lightning, an I thought every minute one of the chairs would strike me in the face.  
"Dinyery went to fill out another drink, but the bottle was empty. Then he commenced to sing along for a couple of little girls in blue, but the divil a word hardly could I understand, for he was either thyrin to fire all the words of the song out of him at once, or else he had the two small girls inside in his throat, an they were fightin wild with each other an strugglin to get out of him.  
"I remember Mrs. Leary came in an began to tell about Mrs. Healy's turkey being an miserable lookin bird, not much bigger than a chicken, an she was as mad as a March hare at Mrs. Healy, who had the audacity to call her turkey a sparrow.  
"Mrs. Leary had brought a few frinds in with her, an she began to set the table for dinner for the crowd. She then commenced to backguard Dinyery about gettin drunk, an she asked him how was the turkey. He said all right, an then she went to the oven an took it out an placed it on a platter on the table, an then—holy mother, I'll never forget that racket as long as I live!  
"Dinyery was beginnin, his wife was screamin, her two frinds cleared out, the air was full of caps an snickers, an she was hollerin at Dinyery, 'How did that get in there?'  
"I was half asleep darin all this, an I suddenly collected strength enough to lift me head an look at the turkey, an then I saw the cause of all the trouble.  
"There was a big ugly tomat which must have jumped into the oven to eat the bird when the door was open an the fire not started rightly, an Dinyery closed the door on it, an served the table right, but I wouldn't mind if the drunken backguard hadn't pointed at me an said I 'threw the cat in there.'  
"The plates began to fly at me, an the two little girls in blue must have changed into two little boys in blue, for one of them showed me out the door an down the stairs, an he walking behind me with a bit of a stick, an, faith, I was too sick to retaliate.

**THE VALUE OF MINUTES.**  
A party of ladies and gentlemen were lately visiting a large carpet manufactory and the manager took them over the different floors of the establishment. On ascending one of the staircases they came to a locked door on which the following inscription was painted in white letters:  
"Strangers not admitted under any circumstances."  
The curiosity of the ladies was excited to a high pitch, and they inquired almost in one breath: "Whatever is to be seen inside?"  
"That is one of our workrooms, in which 150 women are employed in embroidering carpets," answered the manager.  
"How we should just like to have a peep at them!" exclaimed the ladies.  
"I am sorry I cannot comply with your wish," said the gentleman, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but our rules do not admit of the slightest exception. Truth to say, and there is nothing special to be seen, nor is there any question of trade secrets. The reason why admission is forbidden to strangers is simply because every woman naturally looks up, and her attention is distracted from her work from one to five minutes. Supposing, now, each woman wastes a couple of minutes in this way, that will make in the case of 150 women, a loss to the firm of 200 minutes, or five hours, and we cannot allow that."

**Hansell Monday in Scotland.**  
Hansell Monday is still a familiar phrase in Scotland, notably in Fife, where old New Year's day is still observed (Jan. 12). The Hansell is to bless or endow or give—a sort of luck penny. To have a new article to wear it on an auspicious occasion.  
Work is hurried over in the morning, and then all take holiday.  
Rifle shooting at a target or glass ball shooting is an ever popular sport, the prizes being given either in money or beer. The local butcher kills a fat bullock, and the shoemaker pays so much a shot in hope of gaining a prize. The Christmas dinner of English folk is eaten by their Scotch compatriots on this day.  
The master brews a bowl of punch or toddy and passes it round to the servants, and all unite in drinking and pledging good health and happiness to each other. In the evening dances, balls and raffles are the popular amusement.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**He Quit Betting.**  
A game of billiards was attracting considerable interest in the bar-room of a Western hotel. Grouped about were a number of spectators watching the progress of the game.  
"It'll bet you a five that Christmas will be an old-timer to a new comer."  
"No, I guess not," was the answer. "I'll bet you \$20 to \$5 that the game is not." "No, I guess not," repeated the newcomer, dissenting.  
"I'll bet you \$100 to \$10 that," was the emphatic retort. "Will you take that?"  
"Can't do it," replied the stranger, "I never bet."  
"Missionary or parson, perhaps?" suggested the old-timer, with a grunt.  
"Oh, no," was the answer. "I have simply sworn off. I bet \$100 a month ago that I could get a billiard ball in my mouth."  
"Lost your bet, of course; any fool would."  
"Oh, no. I won the bet, but it cost me \$15 to have my front teeth extracted to get the ball out. Since then I have quit betting."—N. Y. World.

**Book of Fate.**  
It is said in Scotland that those who desire to learn what fate or fortune the new year has in store for them may do so by consulting the Bible on New Year's morning before breakfast. The sacred book must be laid upon the table and those who wish to consult it must open it at random and place a finger upon one or the other of the chapters at which it is opened. This chapter is read and is believed to describe in some way the happiness or misery during the ensuing year of the person making the trial.  
**Multum in Parvo.**  
Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied.—Steele.  
Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.  
To be vain of one's rank or place, is to show that one is below it.—Stanton.  
Vexed sailors cursed the rain for which poor shepherds prayed in vain.—Walter.  
Who shall be true us, when we are so unshere to ourselves?—Shakespeare.  
Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit.—Ben. Jonson.  
Great is the difference betwixt a man being frightened at, and humbled for his sins.—Fulter.  
Could we choose the time, and choose aright, 'tis best to die, our honor at the height.—Dryden.  
No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one, who mistook them.—Swift.  
**Mental Toil.**  
"Don't disturb him," said a Congressman to his colleagues. "He's been sitting there in silence ever since Congress met, and he told me not to let anybody bother him."  
"What's the matter with him. Trouble on his mind?"  
"No. He's trying to think up something to which he can point with right before we adjourn."—Washington Star.

**DICK, THE DECOY STEER.**  
End of a Famous Bunco Animal in the Chicago Stock Yard.  
Chicago Daily Tribune.  
"Dick," the bunco steer at Phil Armour's yards, got too lazy for his job and was led to the slaughtering pen just like the animals he had decieved to death before. The deceitful old beast is dressed in beef mot, Dick was a big fat, brown steer that had winning ways and a cold, treacherous heart. Many and many are the confiding country yearlings and leifers Dick has led up to the butcher's steel hammer.  
Probably there never was a beef "critter" that had so wide a celebrity as Dick. Every visitor who went to see how the parking houses work had to have a look at this steer. Foreign princes and prosy summer girls have marvelled at the skill and diplomacy with which he steered the unsuspecting range cattle to the place of death. Dick's picture has been printed in the papers many a time and columns have been written about the bunco's crafty tricks. Dick was just as much one of the sights of the town as the Masonic Temple or the Lake Shore drive, or Pullman Steve Rowan. This is the way the creature got its notoriety.  
When the long horns from Texas and the short horns from Missouri came into the stock yards and are unloaded they are naturally excited over their rough trip and are full of suspicion. The result is they are rebellious, especially in the matter of going into chutes. Now, unless a steer goes into one of the chutes in the packing house it cannot have its throat cut, and throat cutting is the aim and object of their coming to Chicago. So it is necessary to have a decoy steer, a crafty old beast, that can get the confidence of the rural herds and lure them on to death and destruction.  
Many years ago Dick arrived at the yards, and being a beast of more than usually sagacious appearance, was picked out for the work. Dick was carefully trained in the art of walking up a chute at the head of a bunch of cattle and then quietly obliging to one side, leaving the bunch to walk on to the place where the hammers swing. After years of practice the big steer had grown expert at his treacherous work. Dick would saunter down into a pen full of new and unsuspecting cattle and scamp an acquaintance with two or three of them. Then the wicked beast would begin to bark and wag his tail knowingly about the neck and to be seen in the big chute house over beyond the fence. When Dick offered to lead the way there was a grand stampede to follow. Up the gangway went Dick, and after him clattered the greenhorns. But just before the bunch got a sight of the big herders waiting inside, Dick would unobtrusively shy off through a side passage and leave his victims to transact business with Mr. Armour's men.  
So Dick grew famous. But like many other famous characters he grew puffed up with pride, got lazy, and began to "show down" the job. It got to be so that the herds would lead, wild-eyed country cattle' up into the chute, that Dick didn't seem to care whether he worked for his feed or not. Mr. Armour grew displeased with this apathy. He does not like to have his employees loaf on their jobs. So orders were issued concerning Dick. One day he was led up the gangway, but when he got to the usual jumping off place there was none there. Dick had to go on with the herd. Before long he had been converted into dressed beef. Now that Dick has suffered the same fate as his thousands of dupes his work as a decoy on his former partner, known to the butchers as "Phil."

**Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism.**  
Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.