

EVENING HERALD

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THE EVENING HERALD,
Shenandoah, Penna.

Evening Herald.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

The recent discovery of a rich gold de-
posit in Utah adds materially to her
claims for admission as a state.

The incoming of the new Congress will
do more to restore confidence than any-
thing that can possibly be done by the
present one.

This Administration may be lost in a
fog, but its benevolent disposition to ar-
bitrate for other nations is not impaired
in the least.

The cause of honest money is a right-
eous one, and the people will see that it
prevails in spite of all schemes to ob-
struct and defeat it.

One of the striking differences between
Democratic rule and Republican rule is
that the former is debt-making and the
latter is debt paying.

We are not pointing with pride to our
foreign policy, but at the same time China
should be careful how she seizes sailors
from an American man-of-war. It is
barely possible that a war ship belonging
to the United States government might
be moved to take care of its own without
waiting to communicate with Washing-
ton.

The West of Ireland is again threat-
ened with its periodical famine, a re-
currence which it seems out of the power
of legislation or administration, or
change of crops, or redistribution of
land, or any other governmental or
economic device to avert. It comes
about so often, like the cholera or the
Siberian grip, and has to be reckoned
with as a persistent factor in the concerns
of that much-suffering country. It is as
yet only in prospect, but the outlook is
serious enough to awaken anxiety and
apprehension. Should it come, the right
thing will be done about it on this side
of the water, as it has often been done be-
fore; and it is, meantime, gratifying at
least to the beneficiaries that so many of
the sons of that unfortunate island have
made so much money in American pol-
itics that they can afford to contribute
generously in such a crisis.

If it were not a regular thing for Demo-
cratic politicians to disagree upon any
question of public policy that originates
among themselves, it would strike us as
extraordinary to witness their varied
opinions upon the financial situation that
has been directly brought to their atten-
tion by the President, but which he can
hardly even have expected them to seri-
ously consider, much less legislate upon.
The peculiarity of Mr. Cleveland's mes-
sage consists in the entire absence of an
official statement from the Treasury De-
partment to substantiate his assertions.
Ordinarily there would be no question as
to the accuracy of a President's message,
but Mr. Cleveland's record has shown him
to be the author of so many theories and
conjectures, which he has regarded as
facts, that it is not surprising to find Demo-
cratic Senators calling for detailed and
specific information in support of what
he has to say.

It is singular that New Jersey should
insist in denying to women the right to
practice at the bar if they are otherwise
qualified for that profession. Most of the
states of the union now permit women to
practice law and in many instances these
modern Portias have attained consider-
able eminence. A bill is now pending in
the New Jersey Legislature taking away
the disabilities of women in this respect,
but indications are that the measure will
not be passed. There is no more reason
why women should be debarred from the
legal profession than from the medical
profession. Indeed, there would seem to
be less reason. Few women lawyers ap-
pear in court as advocates, their practice
being chiefly office work, and in this day
of women cashiers, accountants, teachers
and shopkeepers it is difficult to under-
stand what there is that can be considered
objectionable and unfeminine in such an
occupation.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A Thunderbolt Strips a Miner of
His Clothes.

Even His Shoes Are Peeled Off by the
Mysterious Electric Fluid - Now
Known in the West as the
Huron Lightning Rod.

This man, says the New York World,
is not a Lexow witness after an inter-
view with the police. He was not in a
railroad accident, nor did he fall from a
balloon. You might suppose, with his
trousers torn to shreds, his shoes
ripped, his coat and shirt in tatters
and walking with a crutch, that he
had tried to jump upon a Broadway car
and been "saved" by a patent net, or
that he had sought to elbow his way
through an elevated car at 5:30 in the
evening.

He has done none of these things.
He has simply been struck by light-
ning.

His name is Charles B. Hoffman and
he lives at Butte, Mont. He was stand-
ing at the mouth of a mine when the
lightning struck him. The thunder-
bolt, he thinks, first struck the straw
hat he was wearing, and it tore a hole
in the hat and cut part of the rim.

Then it tore his clothing into shreds
and left him naked. Both his overalls
and the shirt he was wearing pre-
sented the appearance of having passed
through a sausage mill. Hoffman
sends his picture to the Sunday World,
showing his condition after the acci-
dent.

"I would like," he writes, "for some
one to explain to me why I was not
killed instantly."

He has been asking this question
ever since the accident happened, but
thus far has not received a satisfactory
answer. Nobody can tell him why he
was not killed by the lightning. The
bolt, he says, after passing through
his hat, struck him on the shoulder
and ran the full length of his body,
burning the skin to a crisp on the sides
and legs. It also cut his left foot on
the side and bottom, breaking the
bones of the foot.

"My clothes were torn to pieces and
thrown from my body," says Mr. Hoff-
man, "and my shoes were torn from
both feet."

He became unconscious as soon as he
was struck by the lightning and did
not revive for an hour and a half.
When he regained his senses Hoffman



THIS MAN WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

was in great pain and he was confined
to the hospital for nine weeks.

When Hoffman's clothing was exam-
ined after the accident it was seen that
in many places the lightning had cut
the cloth as neatly as if it had been
done with a razor. Some of the cuts
were long and straight.

The lightning took his clothes off
quicker than he could have undressed
himself, and it threw them on a pile on
one side of the track, with his shoes
carefully deposited beside the pile. The
clothes seemed to have been neatly
folded until they were examined and
found to be a pile of rags.

Hoffman's "pants" had been yanked
off him without the formality of pulling
them over his feet. This seemingly
impossible task was accomplished by
the lightning first cutting each leg
open, and then it appeared to have
taken them by the seat and dropped
them on the coat, and to finish the job
by depositing Mr. Hoffman's straw hat
on top of all.

After it got through with Hoffman
this remarkable streak of lightning
ran along a metal track into the Oberg
mine, at the mouth of which he
had been working, ran to the end of
the shaft, which is 400 feet below the
surface of the ground, and then it
ran along a "cross cut" 200 feet, where
it branched off and for sixty feet fol-
lowed a "winze."

There were several men at work at
this point, and all were more or less
stunned. The bolt of lightning went
into the earth when it reached the end
of the "winze." Hoffman is now
known in Butte as "the human light-
ning-rod."

Barrel of Flour for a Bear.
A Presque Isle merchant recently
carried out a satisfactory transaction
on the principle that a bear in the bush
is worth a barrel of flour in the hand,
although in theory it was contrary to
the maxims of Poor Richard and all
the other philosophers. A long, lank
fellow from the backwoods, whose garb
bespoke the healthy and rugged pov-
erty of pioneer life, came into Barker's
store and wanted to get a barrel of
flour on credit. Being asked what
security he could give for the bill, he
admitted that he had no real estate,
neither a hoof nor head of stock, and
no personal collateral of any descrip-
tion, except a wife and a large brood
of children, but he added that he had
just got on the track of a bear, and if
Barker was willing to take the bear as
security he would shoulder his gun on
next Monday morning and camp right
on his track until he got him. It was
a trade—which the bear squared up
with his skin two weeks later, and
Presque Isle honesty and sagacity were
both vindicated.

PUSSY WORKED HARD.

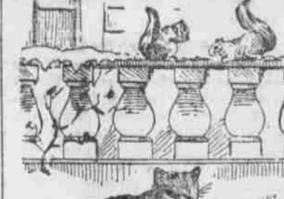
For Weeks She Pursued a Pair of
Gray Squirrels.

Pearl Lost Three Pounds While Planning
to Slay the Nimble Graycoats—How
She Finally Landed Her Game,
and Killed It.

Mrs. R. M. Polk, of Mountain Valley,
near Scranton, Pa., owns a handsome
tabby cat named Pearl. Up to New
Year's day puss had been growing thin
for two months, owing to the thinking
she did and the time she spent in trying
to capture a pair of gray squirrels. The
bushy-tailed little fellows appeared on
the premises late in October and settled
down for the winter. Their presence
worried Pearl from the start, and she
tried every way she could think of to
get near enough to nab them.

By means of the fruit and shade
trees the squirrels gambled from one
farm building to another without
touching the ground. Pearl climbed
the trees and buildings in her eagerness
to seize the playful strangers, but they
were too spry and wide-awake for her
every time. There was a black oak in
the front yard, and the squirrels
gathered acorns from under the
branches and stored them in various
places. While they were busy Pearl
lay in wait on the veranda, but they in-
variably outwitted her.

The squirrels slept in the grain barns,
and were in the habit of carrying
acorns up a tree close to it. The cat
noticed this, and one morning while the
squirrels were in the oak Pearl climbed
the other tree and watched for the
nimble little nut gatherers to return to
the barn. Instead of skipping up the
tree where the cat was the cunning
squirrels ran up a corner of the building
and chattered at the enmeshed cat
from the eaves. Pearl was so humili-
ated over the disappointment that she
vacated the tree immediately and went
sneaking to the house. The provident
squirrels stored a lot of acorns under
the stone base of a flower urn in the
front yard, and Pearl squatted in the
urn for hours, but got no chance to
spring at either of the artful little
dodgers. One afternoon she came
within an ace of nailing one of them,
and after that they climbed a pear tree



and peeped into the urn before they
undertook to get acorns from under it
to carry to the barn.

After awhile the squirrels took de-
light in teasing the anxious cat by en-
tering close to the piazza when she was
watching, sitting upon their haunches
and chattering at her saucily. The im-
pudence of the daring little graycoats
broke the cat all up, especially after
she had sprung at them without getting
so much as a tuft of hair. The squirrels
veered puss every day, but she didn't
give up trying to kill them on that ac-
count. The more they teased her the
more determined to slay them she be-
came.

A deep snow fell in Christmas week,
and for a couple of days the squirrels
kept shady. Then they scampered out,
tunnelled in the snow to the base of the
urn, and lugged more acorns to the
barn. Again Pearl endeavored to nab
them on the sly, but they were too
quick for her as before. The patient
and persevering puss was still bent on
destroying the squirrels, however.

At daylight on New Year's morning
Mrs. Polk saw Pearl climb a spruce
tree in the front yard. It was eighteen
degrees below zero, and Mrs. Polk
couldn't coax the cat to come down, so
she stood at the window to let the cat
in as soon as she left the tree. A few
minutes afterward the squirrels scam-
pered across the yard, scooted into the
tunnel, and soon shot out and sat up
side by side in the snow. Each had an
acorn in its paws, and both faced the
window. All of a sudden Mrs. Polk
saw Pearl sail out of the tree and land
on the unsuspecting squirrels. She
went out of sight in the snow, and Mrs.
Polk ran out to make her let the squir-
rels alone. Pearl was too spry for the
gray fellows this time, as well as for
Mrs. Polk, and killed them both before
Mrs. Polk could interfere. The cat
wouldn't eat a particle of the squirrels;
all she wanted was to put them out of
the way. Pearl lost three pounds
while planning to slay the squirrels,
and within a week after she had killed
them she gained two pounds.

Ring Cut Out of a Diamond.
Everybody knows how difficult it is
even for expert lapidaries to cut dia-
monds; not only on account of their
hardness, but by reason of their struc-
ture and veins, which must be well de-
fined before the cutter begins his
work. M. Antoine, one of the best-
known jewelers of Antwerp, has, after
many fruitless attempts, and three
years of arduous and patient toil, at
last succeeded in cutting a whole ring
out of a block of diamond. The ring is
perfectly round, with a diameter of
nineteen millimetres (about three-eighths
of an inch). It was exhibited for
some time in Antwerp, and was very
much admired. Its value was not given,
as the maker will not sell it. Outside
of this ring there is but one other ring
known to be cut out of one stone, and
that is the beautiful sapphire ring in
the Marlborough collection.

He Won the Bet.

Old John Langley, the veteran horse-
man, is better known to old Worcester
sportsmen than any man living. Stories
of his eccentric career are innumerable.
He often complained of being "done"
in betting. As a matter of fact, he "did"
his adversaries in the sporting world of-
tener than they did him. One day he
called at the store of a tailor and stated in
his usual loud and emphatic way—for his
conversation was always highly flavored
with the tobacco of profanity—that he
"wanted a pair of breeches. And I want
the best stuff in the store, no matter what
the color." The tailor was a little be-
wildered, but finally showed Langley the
most costly material in the shop, a beau-
tiful silky broadcloth. That this was un-
suitable for trousers made no difference to
him. "I want it," said he, "and I want
it made up wrong side out." The tailor
expatiated in vain, and the trousers
were made and delivered.

A friend called on Langley and re-
marked on the trousers in uncomplimen-
tary language. Langley said he was sat-
isfied. More guffing resulted in the old man
offering to bet \$25 that the cloth cost more
a yard than that in his friend's trousers.
The bet was taken, and the tailor was to
decide it. He named the price. The friend
would not believe that the rough goods
could be so costly until he was shown the
shiny, silky other side. Then he paid, as
did other men on similar bets. That was
what the old man had bought the trousers
for.—Worcester Gazette.

Had Faith in His Father.

The faith which children have in their
parents is not often better illustrated than
by a story which was told recently by a
fond relative of an almost precocious boy.
He is about 3 years of age, and his fond
manua thought that it was about time
that she impressed upon his infantile
mind some one of the first lessons in
Christianity. This took the form of a
prayer, which she repeated while the boy
lapsed the words after her. It happened
by chance that the head of the house was
absent from home, and among the peti-
tions for special blessings was this:
"Please, God, bring papa safely home."
With all the dignity which can be cred-
ited into the being of a 3-year-old Robert
stood up and said proudly, "My papa can
come home himself." There were no more
prayers that night.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Condor.

The condor, the largest bird of prey,
can devour a full grown calf inside of 30
hours, eating at intervals of three hours
until it is gorged. Its flight then is slow
and difficult until it has gained a height
of 200 yards by gliding up and down aerial
planes. The condor can then hover on
the wing and float for half an hour in cir-
cles without moving a feather.

Cutwell John Hunter.

John Hunter, the great anatomist,
came home one evening and found a house-
full of company dancing. He halted in
the middle of the floor and looked savage-
ly around. "I knew nothing of this kind
up and ought to have been informed. As
I have returned home for the purpose of
study, I hope the present company will at
once retire." They did so.

Sure Cure For a Felon.

This remedy is said to be a certain cure
for a felon if you apply in time. Take
equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium,
castile soap and brown sugar. Wet to the
consistency of paste with spirits of turpen-
tine and bind on the felon with a soft
linen cloth.—New York Journal.

In the papers of Queen Elizabeth there
is a memorandum of 17 shillings paid for
one of the ruffs she delighted to wear.
The "setting sticks," by which the ruff
was made to stand out from the neck,
where 2 shillings extra, making the total
cost 19 shillings.

Point Pinos, in California, received its name from its pine trees.

PAINT cracks.—It

often costs more to prepare a
house for repainting that has been
painted in the first place with cheap
ready-mixed paints, than it would
to have painted it twice with strict-
ly pure white lead, ground in pure
linseed oil.

Strictly Pure White Lead

forms a permanent base for repaint-
ing and never has to be burned or
scraped off on account of scaling
or cracking. It is always smooth
and clean. To be sure of getting
strictly pure white lead, purchase
this brand:

"John T. Lewis & Bros."

For Colors.—National Lead Co.'s Pure
White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can
to a 25-pound keg of lead and mix your own
paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching
shades, and insures the best paint that is pos-
sible to put on wood.
Send in a postal card and get our book on
paints and color-card, free; it will probably save
you a good many dollars.

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO.,
Philadelphia.

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine—

A tonic for ladies. If you are
suffering from weakness, and
feel exhausted and nervous;
are getting thin and all run
down, Gilmore's Aromatic
Wine will bring roses to your
cheeks and restore you to flesh
and plumpness. Mothers, use
it for your daughters. It is
the best regulator and corrector
for all ailments peculiar to wo-
manhood. It promotes diges-
tion, enriches the blood and
gives lasting strength. Sold by

A. WASLEY,
106 N. Main St.,
Shenandoah, Pa

ROOSTER WORTH HAVING.

He Is Deaf and Dumb, But Bright as a
New Silver Dollar.

Assa Judkins, of Palermo, Me., says
that his deaf and dumb rooster just
beats creation, and that's right, too; he
wasn't created that way. Up to the
time he was eight months old he could
pull off a "cock-a-doodle" as flippancy
as any rooster in the neighborhood,
and then one unlucky day he got his
head caught in a barbed-wire fence in
such a way as to mangle his neck and
probably tear out his vocal cords.



Just what made him deaf, though, is
uncertain, but it is likely that when he
lost his power to make sounds he evi-
dently forgot how to hear them. At
least now, at the age of three years, he
gives no evidence of hearing. So this
brown Leghorn goes through life crow-

less and cluckless. He doesn't wake
up the neighborhood at four in the
morning with an everlasting cock-a-
doodle-doo.

Every time a cloud passes over the
sun he does not scream "Kaw-w-w,"
and send the hens scolding for the barn
in fear of hawks. No, but he is just as
much lord of the chicken park as ever.
There is nothing that he fails to see.
He makes eyes answer for ears and
voice, too.

When the first glow of sunrise ap-
pears he begins the duties of the day
by raising the rest of the fowls in the
henery in his own original way. He
walks around to each one and kicks it
off the perch. There's no resisting
such an invitation to get up. It's ever
so much more effective than crowing.
When he gets a challenge to fight he
does not stop to announce what he can
do. He goes and does it.

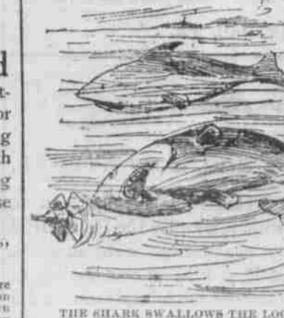
What is most remarkable, however,
about this deaf and dumb bird is that
he can readily distinguish between an
invitation to "shoo" and an invitation
to come in and have something to eat.
His owner thinks he does it by watch-
ing the motions of the lips and the gen-
eral attitude of the person. At least,
he knows what it means when a stone
is thrown at him.

A VORACIOUS SHARK.

By Mistake He Swallows a Barkentine's
Taffrail Log.

The crew of the Portland barkentine
John J. Marsh, Capt. Whittier, which
has just reached pier 15, North
Wharves, Philadelphia, with a full
cargo of salt, from a remote spot
known to mariners as "Lagged
Island," had dangerous encounters
with myriads of hungry sharks which
in the locality of the Bahamas. As
a result, the vessel has reached here
minus her taffrail log, a
nautical instrument without which the
navigation of a vessel is rendered not
only difficult, but dangerous. This huge
instrument, fashioned somewhat after
a ship's propeller, is towed by a heavy
line astern of ships, and an indicator
on the quarter-rail marks the miles run.
While thus being used it was swal-
lowed by one of the hungry sharks and
the line parted just two feet aft of the
indicator.

"It was quite an unhealthy mistake,"
said the mate yesterday, "for the shark



to make. Perhaps this man-eater may
swim for months with the sharp-edged
instrument in its stomach, but eventu-
ally it will die from its meal."

So closely followed was this vessel by
sharks during her voyage north that it
was difficult to get the men to go aloft
to furl the sails, they fearing that in
the event of their falling overboard
they would be swallowed up by the
hungry monsters. It was at 7 o'clock
in the morning that the log was first
discovered missing. A huge school of
sharks had been following the vessel
all the previous day and night, and, no
doubt, they took the revolving instru-
ment for some kind of a fish. After
swallowing it, a desperate fight for
freedom must have resulted, as the rail
was badly chaffed and the line parted
in such a manner as would indicate the
application of great strength.

Flora Is a Good Mute.
Flora is the name of a white mule
which belongs to Alexander Taylor,
near Moon Springs, Macon county,
Tex. Flora is 37 years old, has made
84 crops, is in good health, lively as
a cricket and will make the trip from
home to town and return, 16 miles, as
quick as any of her kind not half her
age.

When Blacking the Stove.
In blacking the kitchen stove, better
results are reached if the blacking is
wet with coffee instead of water.

Overpowering

is the remedy, and overwhelming
is the proof given in favor of
DANA'S Sarsaparilla. The
CURES we quote are not only
marvellous in themselves, but they
are related by people living just
where their stories of suffering are
published; perhaps your own neigh-
bors and acquaintances. All live
in your own state, and subject of
course to the same influences of
soil, climate, &c., that you are. It
is properly and justly named

Dana's SARSAPARILLA

The Kind that Cures
Dyspepsia, Rheumatism,
Female Complaints, Nervous
Prostration, La Grippe, Blood,
Nerve, Kidney, or Skin
Troubles,

for its record has never been
equalled in the annals of medicine.
It is the fruit of scientific study and
experience, and its quick and
thorough action makes it a marvel
to the medical profession every-
where. Its use to prevent disease
is as important as the CURES
made, though not attracting the
same attention. It will shake off
a cold; check a fever; make your
food digest, your Liver and Kid-
neys do their work, and strengthen
your nerves.

See that you get DANA'S.
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ica, Notwithstanding What
Others Advertise.
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AND THE RESULTS OF INDISCRETION**
Special Diseases, Varicose Veins and
Strictures (No Cutting) Permanently
Cured in 4 to 10 Days.
Relief at Once.
Primary or Secondary
Syphilis cured by entirely new
method, 6 years' European Hospital
and 25 practical experience, as Certificates and
Diplomas prove. Send five 2-cent stamps for
book "TRUTH," the only True Medical
Book advertised. It is a true friend to all
sufferers and to the contending marriage.
The most stubborn and dangerous cases sol-
died. Write or call and be saved. Hours, 9 to 5;
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E. E. Coughs, Hoarseness, Pneumonia,
F. F. Colic or Gripes, Hellyache,
G. G. Miscarriage, Hemorrhages,
H. H. Urinary and Kidney Diseases,
I. I. Exanthic Diseases, Mange,
J. J. Diseases of Digestion, Eczema,
Single Bottle (over 50 doses) .60
Stable Case, with Specifier, Manual,
Veterinary Cure Oil and Saddlecap, \$7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, .60
Sold by Druggists or sent prepaid anywhere and in any
quantity on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

**HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28**
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
**Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration,** from over-work or other causes.
\$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vital powder, for \$2.
Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

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Lager and
Pilsner Beers**
Finest, Purest, Healthiest.

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MUSSER & BEDDALL,
(Successors to Cuckley Bros.)
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