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ESTABLISHED 1827

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO. 17 — SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1893. — WHOLE NO. 2202

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A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.
A Page From Her History.
The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. MORGAN, 509 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
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Love's Message.

Do not forget me, dearest: all day long
I think of you and wish the time more fleet;
My soul is always singing some sweet song,
And thinking of you makes my labor sweet!
And if the day seems anywise less bright—
More vexed with cares than I had dreamed 'twould be,
I think with joy of the approaching night,
Sweet with the welcome of your love for me.
One thought still whispers sweeter evermore:
"Thou shalt behold her when the day is over."

And so I shall: for you will watch and wait
Where tenderly the twilight shadows fall;
Sweet are the roses 'round your garden gate,
But you are still the sweetest rose of all!
And you are my rose—even my very own,
But you are beauty you impart;
Bloom sweetly still—but bloom for me alone,
And twine your tendrils closer round my heart.
Dear, I shall soon within your presence be,
And you are waiting with a kiss for me!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

JUST AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Florida Fairlie had just reach the intelerant age. For there is a period of life at which young people become simply unendurable, regarding their capricious fancies as law, and seeming to imagine that anyone over five and-twenty years of age has no right to exist. And consequently, when Florida heard that her mother, a gentle, soft voiced little personage of forty, was seriously contemplating a second marriage, every nerve and pulse in her being rose up in protest against the idea.

"I—don't—see," said Florida, "how you can look me in the face."

Mrs. Farlie, who was not very much older-looking than Florida herself, blushed and faltered pitiably at these double-edged words.

"But, Florida, darling—" she began.

"I'm not your darling," said Florida. "If I were you'd never, never think of such a thing!"

"Dear Florida, do hear me out?"

"I don't want to hear you out."

"This school-teaching is such a wearing business for you, and—

"Mother, have you ever heard me complain?"

"No, dear, but—"

"And I was to have a raise in my salary next quarter and I could have kept you so nicely," moaned Florida, wringing the small hands, taper at the fingers and dimpled at the joints, which were yet stained with the blackberries she had been gathering for dinner.

"But you see, Florida, we have been obliged to economize so severely—and we have both been positively shabby as to our clothes, and I can't tell you, darling, how many nights I have lain awake wondering how on earth we could make both ends meet, and crying—"

"Crying, mother!" severely echoed Florida. "With me to the fore! Had you no more confidence in me than that?"

"Well, Florida," fluttered the poor little woman, "you're only a girl, and a delicate one at that. And I never was a good manager and business details flurry me so. And Mr. Semple is the kindest man in the world, and he says that you shall be all the same as an own daughter to him, Florida."

Miss Farlie drew herself disdainfully up.

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure," said she; "but I don't want to be anybody's 'own daughter.' I've only one dear, dear father, and he lies buried on the banks of the Chattahoochee River and I remember him if no one else does."

"Florida!"

Mrs. Farlie had grown pale and begun to tremble, and Florida, dreading one of the old heart attacks which had so often imperiled her mother's life, flew to sprinkle eau de Cologne on her forehead and hold smelling salts to her nostrils.

"Florida," pleaded Mrs. Farlie, "won't you try to reconcile yourself to this idea for my sake? He is so good and noble, and—oh, Florida, give me my handkerchief quick! Here he comes now."

"Horrible old nuisance!" audibly uttered the beligerent step-daughter elect.

"Oh, Florida, I'm sure he heard you!"

"Yes," spoke up a pleasant voice, as a hale, middle-aged gentleman of the country-squire type came smiling in; "he heard you, Miss Florida, sure enough. But I didn't bring him into the house. I left him outside."

Florida's face had grown scarlet.

"Left whom outside?" said she, with a guilty glance at her mother.

"Why, the old mastiff, to be sure. He is cross and old, I grant you, but he persists in always following at my heels. Of course, he's hardly a parlor ornament, and Mr. Semple laughed heartily. "Why where has the girl got to?"

"She had something very particuly to do," fluttered Mrs. Farlie.

Mr. Semple shrugged his shoulders.

"She doesn't like the program?"

"Oh, Gervase, I'm afraid she doesn't."

"Well, well," said the stout gentleman, "perhaps that's natural enough. We must try and reconcile her to it. How would she like a husband of her own, eh?"

Florida had caught up her sketching materials and rushed off to the hills—for during the vacation of the small boarding school, where she taught music, painting and modern languages, she was endeavoring to rest and recruit all she could.

"I do think," pondered Florida, within herself, "that I'm the most wretched girl alive. I thought that my mother, at least, belonged to me, and now I know she doesn't. Well, all I have to do henceforward is to devote myself to art."

And Miss Farlie sat down and began to sketch away in a fine frenzy of despair.

"That isn't the best way of treating the Pine Gap," said a quiet voice over her shoulder.

Florida never looked around at the tall, slender young fellow, with an artist's kit, who had paused to greet her on his way down the hill, with the air of an old acquaintance.

"I can't help it," said she, petulantly.

Mr. Fevere looked at her questioningly. He took out out his camp-chair unfolded it and seated himself.

"Why, what is the matter?" said he.

"I'm the most miserable girl in the world!" faltered Florida, a mist of tears stealing over her bright brown eyes, a tremulo coming into her voice.

"Can't you trust me, Miss Farlie?"

Now, Florida's acquaintance with this collaboratenr of the artistic world was of the very slightest. Mrs. Wallis, the head of the "Art Bureau" in New York, had introduced them mentioning casually that Mr. Revere was thinking of a sketching tour among the Berkshire hills, and Florida had met him a few times.

He was very pleasant and he had given her a great many "points" which had been of service to her in her work; but now, when her heart was so sore, his sympathy seemed to bring him still nearer to her, and before she knew it she had told him all.

"Semple, did you say his name was?"

"Yes. Isn't it a horrid one? And he's just as horrid himself!" sighed Florida.

"I don't think people ought to ever marry again."

"Evidently," said Revere, "your mother doesn't agree with you?"

"He has made her all sorts of promises," said Florida, lugubriously "and she thinks it will be such a nice home for me."

"You won't go there to live?"

"Never!"

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I don't know," said Florida. "Beg my bread from door to door, if it is necessary. But I dare say I can go on teaching."

"Miss Farlie," said the young man, "you have confided in me. May I return the mark of esteem? I've just sold my biggest picture and got orders for two more. Under these circumstances, though I am not a rich man, I feel that I can maintain a wife. Will you let me take care of you, Miss Farlie? Will you marry me?"

Florida had let the sketching-board slip out of her lap on to the daisy-gemmed grass. This was not at all the sort of courtship that she had depicted to herself in her numerous day dreams. Mr. Revere didn't go on his knee, or tear his hair, or behave as if he regarded her as stately, unapproachable goddess, and yet—

"I—don't know," she faltered, suddenly dropping her eyes in a giddy accession of bliss.

"Do you love me? That is the question."

"Stop a minute," said Florida; "let me think."

There was a brief silence. A robin whistled nown by the copse; a yellow-belted bee kept up a perpetual drone in a drooping flower-cup near by. Mr. Revere stood quietly at her side.

"Well?" said he at the expiration of sixty seconds by the watch.

"Yes," said Florida, still with down-cast eyes; "I think—I'm almost certain—that I do."

"My own darling!"

He caught her in his arms.

"And I know now," sobbed Florida, "that I've loved you ever since the day that I first saw you."

She was late in returning to the cottage that afternoon, and Mrs. Farlie was on the steps waiting to greet her.

"Florida," said the little widow, with an unwonted air of decision, "I've made up my mind."

"So have I," declared Florida, half inclined to weep and half to smile.

"I shall be married next week," said Mrs. Farlie. "Mr. Semple says I musn't endure this nerve-tension of your opposition any longer."

"Mother," said Florida, "what should you say if I were to marry, too?"

"Then he has told you?" twitted Mrs. Farlie.

"Told me what? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Semple—about his son, who has just returned from abroad. The most charming young man, who would be sure to suit you."

Florida colored vividly.

"Mother," said she, "how could you let him insult me so? Does he think I'm to be married to order, like the Parisian girls? I hate him more than ever now!"

"He's going to bring him here this evening to call."

"I won't see him!" said Florida, the intolerant.

"Florida!"

"Besides, mother," confessed the girl, "there's another gentleman coming here this evening. For although you've treated me so badly," with a reproachful glance, "I do not mean to take the most important step in life without your consent, or, at least, your knowledge."

"Florida, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do!" exultantly cried her daughter, "I've promised him to be his wife; and so Mr. Semple can take his select line of young gentlemen elsewhere and you may tell him so, from me."

"Eh? I beg your pardon," said a voice; and all in an instant Florida Farlie became aware that, in her stately retreat from her mother's outstretched hands, she had very nearly walked over Mr. Semple himself—and by Mr. Semple's side stood Alan Revere!

"I'm the select line of young gentlemen, Miss Florida," said the artist, smiling.

"You!" she gasped.

"My son, Miss Farlie," said Mr. Semple, speaking the introductory words, with a flourish of his hand.

"You're entirely mistaken," said Florida. "This young gentleman is Mr. Revere, and I've met him before."

"Revere is my art-name," confessed her lover quietly. "My actual nomenclature is Semple. When I returned from Vienna I was given to understand that my father was about to contract a second marriage, and, naturally disliking the idea I determined to adhere to the name of Revere and not to return to the homestead. But now that I know the lady he is to marry is Florida's mother, things are quite different."

"He's a trump!" said Mr. Semple, clapping his tall son triumphantly on the back. "How is it, Miss Florida—will you take him or leave him?"

"I don't think he ought to have deceived me," said Florida, "about his name, I mean—but, on the whole, I think I'll take him."

"Well, now, seeing that that's all settled," said Mr. Semple (and really Florida told herself, he wasn't so disagreeable, after all!) "why couldn't we make a double wedding of it?"

"Yes, why not?" said Mr. Revere, with great promptness; and Florida couldn't, at that short notice, find a "why not."

"Mother," said she, that evening, in the dusk, as she laid her lips against Mrs. Farlie's soft cheek, "can you forgive me for behaving so badly?"

"Darling," said the little widow, "I'm happy enough to forgive the whole world—because you are happy, too."

And Florida said to herself that the whole thing was like a novel.

"A real nice novel," said she. To think that I should be Mr. Semple's own daughter, after all!"

How a Branch of the Seventh Day Baptists Was Founded.

From the Lancaster Inquirer.

About the year 1800, Peter Lehman, a descendent of the Amish of Somerset county, visited Ephrata and there acquired a knowledge of the Ephrata church music. Soon after he became pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Snow Hill, in the southern portion of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, now known as the nunnery. He at once introduced the church music there and began making arrangements to found a religious institution upon the monastical order. At first there were only four inmates, single men and women, who agreed to become members of the society, to work for their board and clothing and to abide by the rules.

The number rapidly increased but at no time exceeded forty. The men tilled a large farm and operated a flourishing mill. The women sowed flax, spun flax and wove and made linen and woolen cloth. Implicit obedience was required to all the regulations, both as to the religious services and the secular duties of the institution. The observance of the Seventh Day began with services on Friday evening, and continued all of Saturday, but of course on the First Day, or Sunday, ordinary vocations were pursued. Some of the inmates were exceedingly severe in their devotional exercises, and finally one of them, an extremist, became so radical as to sleep always on a hard bench with a billet of wood for his pillow, ready to be aroused for midnight devotions. He lost his life through too severe punishment of the body in denying himself sufficient food to maintain life.

The present nunnery building at Snow Hill is really a group of buildings erected at different periods. They were built of brick, low and rambling in appearance, with quaint dormer windows rising out of the roof and surmounted by an ancient belfry. The interior consists of a maze of rooms through which it is almost impossible for a stranger to find his way. The original cloister was built in 1814, the chapel in 1836, the Brother house in 1839 and the Sister house in 1843. There are thirty-three sleeping rooms, many of them of narrow and contracted quarters, and nine sitting rooms. In the dining room and chapel the brothers and sisters sat at different tables and in different pews. At twenty minutes before 5 a. m., summer and winter, the bell of the cloister summoned all to their morning devotions in the chapel. Interspersed with the secular duties at the nunnery were classes in history, music and theology, to the study of which all applied themselves diligently, under the administration of Peter Lehman as prior or father. The government of the nunnery was patriarchal, with no written rules or regulations. There were no vows of celibacy taken, yet any who married had to leave the cloister, and the unwritten laws in such and kindred matters were as inviolable as those of any monastery in Europe.

The music at the nunnery was the most peculiar and beautiful feature of the society. The branches here and at Ephrata had fully a thousand hymns and a different tune to each hymn. It is generally supposed that one of the first collections of manuscript music exists at the nunnery. Some of the manuscripts are marvels of beauty and artistic penmanship, the result of many years of toil by the inmates, both in this country and in Europe. The brilliantly illuminated manuscripts would be art treasures to the antiquarian could access be gained to them. The music as rendered by the trained choir after ten or fifteen years of daily study of the art, was a marvel of beauty and sweetness. It was sung mainly in five parts, viz: Air, counter, tenor, treble, upper bass and lower bass. Some of the brothers and nuns were sufficiently skilled to sing the sixth part. The hymns were all written in a treble tone, or for the female voice. The evening service of song was held in the small, low-roofed chapel, indented in the walls of which are copies in ancient German text of the Lord's Prayer and other inscriptions, now almost obliterated by the ravages of time. Travelers often came from afar to hear the sweet tones, and as in the monasteries of the old country, wayfarers always found a refuge there.

Now all is changed at Snow Hill. The marks of decay and ruin are everywhere apparent about the buildings. Of the monastical society only two aged members remain—Obed Snowberger and Elizabeth Ritter, whose long and peaceful possession of this religious home has recently been imperiled by process of law. Of course the secular branch of the Snow Hill Society was larger than the monastical, for very few were willing to undergo the lonely life of privation at the nunnery, and the secular members soon spread over all the surrounding country and became prosperous farmers. They still cling rigidly to the observance of the Seventh Day, and pursue their ordinary vocations on Sunday. They built themselves a church on the nunnery farm, and their annual meetings are held there, to which from many miles around they come in large numbers with their families.

Sunshine comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run down," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Tom—"Yes, Molly and I were out pretty long last night, but the tide was so strong it was hard to come back very fast." Alice—Yes; I remember in Physics it says the length of the spark is proportional to the strength of the current."

Stand—A secret and a cook are very much alike.

Mrs. Gullem—In what way.

Woman find it very hard to keep either.

Hank Was Not Hanged.

Anaconda *Standard*: When Hank Taylor was put on trial at Strawberry Hill for killing Steve Brown he pleaded guilty, and in a little speech to the crowd he said:

"In course you'll hang me. I expect it, and shall be disappointed if you don't. But I want it understood that I have rights."

"What be them rights, prisoner?" queried Bill Totten, who was acting as judge.

"Waal, I want to be hung with a new rope. I was brought up respectably and I want to die that way. Then I want to wear a biled shirt. I was brung up to wear biled shirts, and I don't want to disgrace the family. I want to be shaved, to have my hair combed and parted in the middle, and I insist on Zeke Cooper lendin' me his new boots. That's my rights, and I shall insist on 'em."

"Prisoner, hain't you just a little too partik'lar?" inquired the judge. "Hain't it puttin' this 'ere camp too a good deal of extra trouble for no real benefit? Whar are we goin' to get a biled shirt, for instance?"

"I dunno, but we hev got to hev one, Do you s'pose I'm goin' to bring up in the other world with this old red shirt on? They wouldn't allow me to stake a claim or set up a shanty."

"How are you goin' to be shaved when we hain't got no razors in camp? We kin furnish you some grease and a comb, but thar can't be no shavin'."

"Got to be," replied Hank. "I hain't goin' over the divide lookin' like a wolf with his winter fur on. And as fur grease, I want reg'lar bar's ile. I am bound to look just as purty as I kin."

"Zeke, will you lend him your butes?" asked the judge.

"Naw! I could never feel easy in 'em ag'in!"

"Then I don't hang!" retorted the prisoner. "Mind you, boys, I hain't denyin' that I killed Steve, whom everybody knows was a provokin', cantankerous coss, and orter been killed long ago, and I hain't kickin' as to what will follow. I'm jest stickin' out for my rights. S'posin' any one o' you was goin, to arrive in the other world as a tenderfoot, wouldn't you want to look fairly decent."

"That's so, that's so," mused the judge. "In course it'll be known that you cam from Strawbury Hill, and in course we'll hev a pride in fittin' you out in decent shape. The prisoner will be removed while we hev a talk."

We had a talk. We couldn't get a white shirt, a new rope and a razor anywhere within 100 miles. And, as Hank had observed, Steve Brown was always saying mean things and provoking quarrels and wasn't much account. After discussing the pros and cons, it was decided to overlook the offense and let up on Hank, but, after telling him our decision, the judge said:

"But don't do it again, Hank. It are the opinyun of some of the boys that you were too darned particklar about the biled shirt, and of others that you were right about wantin' to make a decent appearance on the other shore, and so we decided to call it squar. Next time, however, we'll hang you with a mule rope and in yer old duds and let ye run all the chances."

"Wall, boys, fix it to suit yourselves and it'll suit me," carelessly replied the prisoner, and court was adjourned and we returned to work.

Touched in a Tender Place.

On one occasion a distinguished Kentuckian senator or congressmen, as the case may be, witnessed the burning of a big warehouse in his native village. He was viewing the conflagration from the piazza of a residence in the vicinity, and a small friend of his would rush down and back at intervals bringing him fresh news of the fire.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed the excited boy, after one trip, "there's 200,000 bushels of wheat burning."

"Let it burn, my boy," responded the colonel, grandly, as he swept his hand over the landscape, "we can raise more wheat nex year."

The boy ran off and came back breathless.

"Oh colonel," he exclaimed, "there's 100,000 pounds of hemp burning."

"Let it burn, my boy," said the colonel, waving his hand as before "we can raise plenty more hemp next year."

"Again the boy departed and returned.

"Oh, colonel," he exclaimed, "there's 250 barrells of 10-year-old whisky burning."

Up jumped the colonel.

"Good Lord," he shouted, "can't something be done to save it? We can't raise 250 barrels of 10-year-old whisky next near," and he went after the boy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mother.

"If I could only see my mother!"

Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes closing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon he broke forth in that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand from which he was reading. He bent over the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother whom he had so willingly left.

"Oh, that is the reason!" he cried in anguish.

"I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good! She bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said to me:

'My son, when you come to die you will remember this!'"

"Oh, if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Stand—A secret and a cook are very much alike.

Mrs. Gullem—In what way.

Woman find it very hard to keep either.

Markleton Sanitarium.

BY S. M. BURROUGHS, SNOW HILL, LONDON, ENG.

I wish to testify to the reviving and restorative properties of the mountain air of Pennsylvania. Having been about used up with the hot weather and busy times in Washington and Chicago, and hearing of this place, I came for a few days' rest and cool fresh air.

The Sanitarium was only completed last year, and so it possesses every modern advantage in point of construction and sanitary and bathing arrangements. Such an institution as this is something for the locality and State to be proud of. It is quite isolated from any town. There are a few cottages scattered along the hillside at a distance from the Sanitarium; all else is the same as the hand of Nature has left it. A mountain stream flows musically by among the rounded stones at the foot of the hill. The spring-like foliage grows by the banks of the stream, and a park-like forest of primeval monsters—ancient hemlock, walnuts, oaks and pines—covers the glades and mountain side. The vale in which the Sanitarium is situated is so winding that winds cannot penetrate it, however the storms may rage on the mountain tops. Both air and water are pure and undefiled. The pure mountain springs supply drinking water, while for those who prefer its medicated properties there is a mineral spring, the water containing sulphur and iron. There is a pleasing absence of paint about the Sanitarium, for the wood is hard maple, beech or oak, polished or varnished. Everything is clean as can be, and the delicious fruit and food are especially appreciated by those who have got tired of city hotels, for this is good home cooking, the best of everything and plenty of it.

The class of people here are the kind one has pleasure and confidence in meeting. No gamblers or drunkards, and intoxicating liquors are not put before the guests at table. The cooking is such that no wine or liquors of any kind are desired. On the contrary, the French style of cooking is such as to make a demand for wine to complete a dinner. The air here seems to incline to restfulness, and consequent refreshment after sleep. Every morning family prayers are held in the drawing-room, where most of the guests assemble. It seems most appropriate that daily thanks should be given for such blessings as are here enjoyed, for nothing is lacking to make life healthful, comfortable and enjoyable. The rooms all have a pleasant outlook on forest, stream and mountain. Many of them have a bath-room attached. There are also special bathing facilities, including Turkish, Russian, electric and needlebaths, the restorative and refreshing properties of which are very wonderful upon those who suffer from sleeplessness or who are exhausted with life in cities or from overwork. One wonders where the invalids are about the Sanitarium. There is no consumptive coughing heard anywhere, and everybody seems to have a good time walking in the beautiful forests, driving over the mountain roads, playing tennis, or fishing in the trout stream. Dr. Gault, the experienced physician for many years connected with the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, has now permanently located himself here. He is of the old (allopathic) school, but up to the times in all modern and improved methods; also having a thorough knowledge of hydropathy. His wife, Mrs. Dr. Gault, is a homœopathic physician.

Everybody here seems to take a friendly regard and interest in everybody else, each one trying to be agreeable to everyone else; therefore there is an absence of those small and unchristian jealousies so common at places where some make efforts to outshine the rest by changing dresses and jewelry four or five times a day. Scandal and scandal-mongers have no place in the Sanitarium, which is like a Christian home on a large scale.

He Was Unselfish.

The tramp peeped over the back fence to see if there was a dog in the yard, and seeing none he slipped up to the kitchen door and knocked.

"Y' ain't got no dogs around, have you, miss?" he said to the cook who answered the summons of the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Bengal tiger tied around the corner."

"Is he tied purty safe, miss?"

"Yes, but I can untie him, and he's hungry."

"Much hungry, miss?"

"Very; he hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

"That's my fix exactly, miss, and I can sympathize with him. Untie him.

The cook laughed.

"Come in," she said, "and eat all you want, so the tiger can have a decent meal," and the tramp chuckled softly as he went in.

Only Three.

An honest mistake was that of a colored man in the South, whose former master had allowed him the use of a piece of land on condition that he, the owner, should receive one-fourth of the crop.

When the corn was ripe, the laborer hauled three loads to his own house, and none to that of the white man. Then he went innocently up to the great house, to return his landlord's wagon which he had used in the hauling.

"Well, Frank," said the gentleman "where's my share of the corn?"

"You aint got none, sah," was the sympathetic reply.

"Haven't got any! Why, wasn't I to have a fourth of all you raised?"

"Yes, sah; but dey wa'n't no fourth. Dere wa'n't but jes' my three loads!"—*