The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2.00 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $2.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 51. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1896. WHOLE NO. 2340.

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An' a-snortin', an' a-bluffin',
Like it mighty of'en will;
When you hear the thing a-blowin',
Then you know it's hard a-goin',
For it's climbin' up a hill.

When it goes a-whizzin' by you
In a way that's like to try you
If you're just a bit afraid;
When it's runnin' fast an' faster,
Like it doesn't need a master,
Then it's on a down grade.

When you see a man a-workin',
An' his duty never shirkin',
An' a-sweatin, more or less;
When you see him climbin' higher,
An' he never seems to tire,
He's a-climbin' to success.

When you see one goin' easy,
In a manner light an' breezy,
Like for pleasure he was made,
Just remember he's a-showin'
That it's mighty easy goin'
When your're on the down grade.

Chicago Post.

TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS.

What Happened to Them Out in the Big World.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

Little Madame and Canard, her husband, were to all appearances the most contented couple on the Avery farm, but appearances, as one learns in the copy book, are often deceitful, and Madame, in spite of her placid air and her quiet manner, was at heart as dissatisfied with her peaceful home as was Rasselas in the Happy Valley. She was always telling Canard of the fine things that might be seen and enjoyed in the great world outside the farm gates, and trying to persuade him to go with her and see them. Canard listened patiently, but was quite content to remain where he was and enjoy the friendly gatherings of his companions, happy enough if he had plenty to eat and drink for the day. His favorite saying was "Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow."

However, day after day Little Madame continued to beg her husband to set forth in the world to seek their fortunes, and at last Canard said:

"Well, Ducky, if your heart is set on traveling, I will go at any time you are ready."

"I am ready now," said Madame, "and we will start this very minute.

"Oh, not to-day," said Canard; to-morrow would be far better."

"To-morrow, indeed?" exclaimed Little Madame. "Didn't you hear Farmer Avery say this morning that one should "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day?"

"Ye-es," said Canard slowly, and then added quickly, "but I heard Mrs. Farmer Avery say yesterday that "Haste makes waste."

"Well, Canard, I should like to have you tell me what we have to waste but time, and we are wasting that by standing here talking; come, you have said you would go and we will start at once," and Little Madame stepped briskly down the path to the gate.

Canard followed more slowly, and presently they stood in the road leading out into the great world.

"Which way shall we go?" said Canard as they stood looking up and down the long, dusty stretch of road, which seemed to end in the sky far away.

"This way," said Little Madame, stepping briskly along. "The sun will be at our backs if we go this way, but it doesn't matter which way we go, so that we only start." We will go till we come to the end of the road, and then we will turn about and go to the other end, and thus we shall have seen the whole world.

For a time they enjoyed the walk, but by and by the sun shone hotter and hotter, the road was very dusty, and even sprightly Little Madame began to feel weary. As for Canard he was quite disgusted, and proposed that they go back and start some other day, when it was cooler.

"Oh, no," said Little Madame quickly. "We can rest a bit here in the shade and then go on. If we had a drink we should feel all right. Hark! Don't I hear the water running?" and she jumped up and ran a little way down the road.

"Oh, Canard," she cried, "here is a beautiful brook, much nicer than the one we had at the farm. Come here, quick."

Canard hastened to join her and found a clear stream of water gurgling and singing by the roadside. How delicious the water tasted to these thirsty little tramps, and Canard was so pleased that he took a swim at once, in order to wash the dust off him.

It was so charming a spot that they concluded to stay there for the rest of the day. They followed the stream across a pleasant meadow to where it entered a deep forest, and there they rested till the shadows began to lengthen.

"Why not stay here all night?" said Canard, when Little Madame asked where they were to sleep.

They found a bed of moss on which they slept as peacefully as if in their snug home. The next morning, after a bath in the brook and a breakfast of herbs and berries, they started again on their travels. The sun soon clouded over and it began to rain, but this did not disturb them; in fact they liked it better than the hot sun.

"It is so much nicer," said Little Madame, "to be walking in the soft mud than to be scuffing along in the dust, that, for my part, I hope it may rain all the time."

"It's just the weather for ducks, isn't it, my dear?" said Canard, giving her a funny wink of his eye.

The little couple traveled on day after day, meeting with many adventures. Sometimes they did not have enough to eat, and they were obliged to sleep out of doors, but this they did not mind, as long as it was warm weather. They started out each morning hoping they would come to the end of the road, and then they would turn about and travel back. Canard was weary of their vagrant life, and often sighed for the home he had left and the gossip of his old companions, but Little Madame would never admit that she wanted to see her old home. Canard, however, had resolved that when they turned about and reached the farm gates again, he would not go a step farther, but would stay at home for the rest of his days.

"If I only knew the way home," he said one cold, windy morning when he had had a poorer breakfast than usual, "I would start this minute. I am sick of having no place of my own, and, for my part, I think the world a pretty poor place and wish I were back in my yard."

Though Madame wished so too, she would not confess it.

"Don't fret, Canard, dear," she said cheerfully "I am sure that by to-morrow, or at least by the day after, we shall find some place that we shall like far better than the one we have left."

The morrow came and many morrows followed, but the wanderers seemed no nearer finding a home or a fortune than they did the day they set out, and it was hard for even Little Madame to keep up her spirits. The weather was getting cold, and now and then Canard thought he saw a little frost on the grass when he awoke in the early morning.

The houses, they now noticed, were closer and closer together, and one morning, instead of the dusty road or the green grass on which to walk, they found the road filled with hard stones, while by the side of it large flat ones covered nearly every bit of the grass.

"What does this mean?" said Canard, for the rough stones hurt his weary feet. "I do believe we have come to the very worst part of the world."

Little Madame was as much puzzled as Canard was, but she told him that very likely they had now come to the place where they should find their fortune. They met many people, but while some looked at them curiously no one spoke to them. The stones in the street were hard and rough and Canard was so thirsty that he thought he would give his best feather for a drink. If they stopped to rest, dogs, which were the special fear of Madame, ran and barked at them, so that the tired pair were obliged to keep moving. Finally they grew so faint for the want of food, for they had eaten nothing since early morning, that they ventured to sit down under a maple tree, where the grass was as soft as velvet. Some children came out of a house near by and a boy, seeing the couple sitting on the bank, scraped up a handful of gravel and threw at them, so they rose and hurried on.

They had learned much since they had been out in the world. They had learned that everyone cares most for himself, and that if one has no friends it is hard to make or find them.

Little Madame talked less and less, but she thought the more.

"How foolish I was," she pondered, "to persuade Canard to come away from our home, when we were so happy. Now we are homeless, and friendless. No one cares for us, or what becomes of us."

"Here is a fine large meadow," said Canard just then, stopping before a beautiful lawn, "and see what a fine shower in the centre," which was his way of describing a lawn sprinkler.

"They were about to rush up to it to get a drink when Madame stumbled over a small board set next to the walk. She picked herself up and saw that the board had letters on it. With some difficulty she spelled out the letters:

"K-E-E-P O-F-F-T-H-E G-R-A-S-S."

"Come here, Canard," she cried. "It says 'Keep off the grass!' Keep off the grass, indeed! What sort of a country is this, where one is not allowed to set foot on the grass?"

They turned away sadly, feeling that they had come, as Canard feared, "to the very worst part of the world." Though Madame was a brave little thing she was now thoroughly discouraged, and told Canard that she was sorry she had ever thought of leaving home. Canard refrained from saying "I told you so," but said that he was glad to have had the experience; he was free to say, however, that he had had enough of wandering.

They walked slowly along turning first one corner and then another, but never finding a place to rest. It was nearly night, and as they were passing through a wide street, they came to a large gate, which stood wide open.

"Look here, Canard," said Madame, "doesn't this remind you of the gate at home?"

"It does, indeed," said Canard with a sigh.

"Look, quick, Canard! Look over the door! 'Home for the Friendless' is what it says. Surely this must be the place for us."

They walked in rather timidly, and, having learned by experience that the front door seldom opens for vagrants, walked around to the back of the house. No one was in sight, but a plate of scraps stood outside the kitchen door.

"Just as if they expected us," said Little Madame, "and knew we should be hungry when we came."

They helped themselves and were so nearly famished they left not a crumb. Then they walked about the yard, and, finding some straw in a corner, snuggled down in it and were soon fast sleep.

In the morning they were up bright and early, inspecting every nook and corner of the yard, and when the inmates arose they were surprised to see the couple gravely parading about the yard as if they belonged there. The cook opened the door, and, calling to them, gave them some breakfast. How glad they were for a good meal, and how nice it seemed to have it given to them instead of searching for it themselves!

As they were taking a little wash in a pan of water that the good-natured cook had set out for them, a wagon, drawn by two fine black horses, rattled up the driveway. The driver jumped down and rapped on the door.

"Good morning," said the cook, opening it. "I am so glad you have brought us some fresh vegetables from your farm. You may put the pumpkins over in that shed."

"All right," said Farmer Avery, who, strange to say, was the driver, loading up his arms with the big yellow globes. "Hello?" he exclaimed, stopping short as he caught sight of Little Madame and Canard standing and looking at him. "Where did you get those ducks?"

"They strayed in here last night," said the cook. "Do you know whom they belong to?"

"Well, as near as I can make out, they are a pair of mine that strayed away last August, and, as they are of a fine breed, I'll take 'em home with me, if you don't object."

Comfortably tucked in a box of straw Canard and Little Madame journeyed home, and were glad enough when they found themselves once more among their old friends.

Canard is now the story-teller of the farm yard, and is never tired of relating their adventures. When he finishes some especially exciting tale Little Madame shakes her head and says:

"Ah, Canard! that would never have happened if I had not had the courage to go out in the world to seek our fortunes?"

The Eophone.

Possibly there is no greater terror among the many met with at sea than a fog. The helplessness of our harbor boats and the clamor of bells and whistles during a heavy fog in New York harbor gives one some idea of this nightmare of the ocean; but when a fog closes down upon a vessel at sea the most reckless captain proceeds cautiously and anxiously.

The probability of collisions and wrecks due to fogs has been accepted as a sort of unavoidable evil, which must become greater as the number and speed of the vessels increase. But the inventive genius of man could not let such a condition of affairs continue without attempting to do away with it, and there has been perfected lately a simple instrument, called the eophone, by which the direction from which a sound proceeds may be determined with absolute accuracy in fog or darkness.

The simplest description of the instrument is that it consists of two bell-mouthed sound receivers, separated by a central diaphragm. The sound receivers are connected to the two ears, and, when pointed directly at a source of sound, the noise is the same in each ear. When turned away the sound is heard in only one ear.

On shipboard the sound-catching and dividing part of the instrument extends above the top of the chart house. The tubes are brought within the chart house, and the instrument may be turned from below to point in any desired direction.

The eophone has now been perfected, there being many points for which numerous experiments, lasting over several years, have been required, in order to determine the best form, especially with the sounding tubes and ear pieces. Various refinements, such as micorshones and devices adding to complication, but not improving the use, have been eliminated.—*New York Herald.*

An Admirable Hotel.

The following unique advertisement has been prepared by the humorist of the Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce, and is among the standing matter at the head of a column and just beneath a cut of the Egyptian pyramids:

"The famous Paradise Park Hotel takes pleasure in announcing that it will open up as soon as the snow melts down to fourteen feet. Delightfully located on the instep of old Mount Tacoma-Ranier-Puyallup, 14,444 miles high. No flies, no fleas, no bugs. No stares to klime. Guests have the privilege of doing their own 'washing if so bent. Fine fir board. Fresh frost cake every morning—frost right off the grass. No xtra charge for standing in the kitchen door and seeing New York and other Eastern villages. Free sidewalk to and from the house, and drinking water free to guests xcept in July, August and September. No mortgages.

"Scenery everywhere. No xtra charge for scenery, xcept special sun-ups that have to be xpedited with special xplosives.

"Only twenty-seven miles across the ridge to Lard Valley, where sugar-cured hams of mountain goats grow on the trees.

"Among the distinguished tourists hoped this year are Owen Wister, W. D. Howells, Professor Charles E. Norton, Theodore Roosevelt, Frederick Remington and Major McKinley.

"(If Senator Squire gets through his bill to make a national park of it, he will also be welcome; otherwise otherwise.)

"Now is the time to telegraf for front bay windows, with glaciers right under them.

"No dogs, children or kranks allowed."—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce.*

Wife vs. Horse.

Husbands, give to your wives at least as much consideration as you would a pet animal. You would not knowingly work a favorite horse while sick. Yet, how many feeble, debilitated wives work on, dragging out weary lives, made miserable by the many diseases peculiar to women. They suffer in silence and because delicacy prevents complaint you underestimate the disease and its effects in shortening her life. Get her Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We assure you that no sufferer from those painful and weakening female diseases, which wreck the constitutions of so many women, can take it without being benefited. The greatest restorative tonic and strengthening nervine known to medical science. Produces refreshing sleep and drives melancholy away. Prevents threatened insanity, and cures sleeplessness, nervous debility, spasms, St. Vitus's Dance, and kindred nervous diseases.

Even chronic diarrhoea succumbs quickly to Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, nature's own specific for all bowel complaints.

SILVER MINING IN NEVADA.

Sandy Bowers' Big Stake.

The sudden and great accumulation of wealth during the first fifteen years after the practical inauguration of silver mining in Nevada has no parallel in the history of modern times. The fortunes made during the flush period in California were, to use a mild term, unimportant as compared with those acquired in Nevada in a day or night, simply by the fortunate stroke of a pick.

The majority of those who did realize handsome competencies as a reward for enterprise in locating in Washoe, when such a venture entailed all manner of hardships and deprivation soon squandered them in extravagant living such as is now consigned to a royal and never-to-be-forgotten past; and also in unfortunate speculations in stocks which would never advance in market value.

Those days were the days when the dealers in all classes of luxury reaped a bountiful harvest; and, in fact, the rich discoveries on the Comstock lode were the keynote to an increased general prosperity all over the Pacific slope.

New developments in the mines—and of a character that would set the stock market wild now—were daily made, and fresh millionaires naturally followed in their wake. During those years Virginia City was a mining camp such as may never spring up again on the globe. The extravagant and riotous life encountered there was unprecedented. Nearly all possessed more money than they had practical use for, and it was squandered as if the sources whence it was derived were inexhaustible. But alas, the end came several years ago, and it appears just now as if there were to be no resurrection of the neglected golden past.

It was not business capacity nor shrewdness in any form that brought riches to the fortunate ones during that epoch of Nevada's greatest prosperity. It was sheer luck, as in the greater number of instances those most ignorant of all the business principles were more lavishly favored by fortune than their intellectual superiors.

The case of Lemuel L. Bowers, popularly known as "Sandy" Bowers, a superlatively illiterate but very generous man, is a fair substantiation of the above.

In 1850 he was earning a precarious livelihood by placer mining in Gold Canyon (now Gold Hill), and in the latter part of that year, when the discovery of silver in the Comstock was announced, he found that ten feet of his claim covered a portion of the lode; and the former, after being systematically prospected gave promise of great value. The ten feet adjoining his belonged to a widow—Mrs. Cowan—his social and intellectual equal. Sandy and the widow had known each other a long time, and now, as a new and prosperous era seemed to dawn for them, they concluded to pool their prospective wealth by getting married. The mining ground owned by the couple is located in what is known as Crown Point Ravine, Upper Gold Hill, and was called the Bowers' mine.

About the middle of 1860, while Sandy was taking out $2,000 a day, he was offered $500,000 for his claim, and refused to sell.

Neither he nor his wife had ever before been accustomed to any of the greater luxuries which are at the command of boundless wealth, and having a penchant for display of semi-civilized grandeur, the reader can form an idea of the regal doings of the Bowers household. They were in imitation of the "Rasher" family, only that the Bowers added a little more tinsel and red fire.

They believed themselves in possession of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, and regulated their expenses accordingly. Their hospitality knew no bounds, and they entertained everyone, but in such style as to cause considerable merriment for those who made their society debut before arriving on the Comstock.

The Bowerses were then the wealthiest couple in Virginia City, and while innocently rendering themselves the subject of much ridicule when not present, their ready cash commanded for them much obsequiousness at other times. In 1862 Sandy conceived the idea of erecting a granite palace on a little ranch belonging to his wife in Washoe Valley. This so-called ranch was then almost a howling wilderness. Mark Twain once spoke of this, and to convey an idea of its perfect isolation, observed that the first architect sent to the ranch to select the most eligible site for the structure, was killed by the savage Indians abounding in that locality. Specifications and plans were soon drawn on the extravagant scale, but in full keeping with Sandy's crude conception of doing the "grand thing."

Scarcely had he made final arrangements for the erection of his new home then he prepared to visit Europe, despite the fact that he had never seen more than two cities in America. Sandy wanted to see the great men of the world, as he expressed himself, and having seen the late Senator Nye and Horace Greeley in Nevada, he jumped to the conclusion that he had exhausted his native land in this respect.

A month later the Bowerses were found snugly situated in an upper deck stateroom on a Panama bound steamer, surrounded by many of their type, all of them making as ostentatious a display of their suddenly gotten wealth as the circumscribed opportunities of an ocean steamer would allow. On that trip to Panama the first cabin passengers, for want of something better to do, would daily make bets on the speed of the steamer. Each man would write his name on a slip of paper, together with the number of miles he, in his judgment, believed the steamer would travel during the twenty-four hours. The various slips were sealed and the owner of the slip that came farthest from the actual distance made would lose a basket of champagne, to be drunk by all hands the same day.

One day Sandy, growing tired of the comparative economy which the trip enforced, concluded to take a hand in the betting. So he surreptitiously visited the chief engineer and placing five double eagles in his hands, he requested to be confidentially informed as to the exact number of miles the ship would travel during the current twenty-four hours. The engineer accepted the douceur, and told Sandy that if he would bet on 240 miles there would be no chance of losing. The captain's bulletin on the following day reported a progress of 241 miles. The sealed slips were, as usual, opened immediately thereafter, and Sandy's read "20,040 miles." This was a monstrous estimate and, amid much laughter, he was told that he had lost the wine. Bowers would not have it so, and asked if the above figures did not stand for "240" what they did signify. Upon receiving no reply, amid a fresh outburst of merriment, he grew furiously indignant and declared that he would not be trifled with, as he could buy up the ship and all aboard. The captain eventually explained Sandy's mistake to him, when he paid up and looked pleasant. But from that day on, until reaching New York, he kept aloof from his fellow passengers, whether from pique because of the exposure of his illiteracy, or otherwise, did not transpire.

The Bowerses, after encountering more than the usual quota of comical vicissitudes that fall to the lot of inexperienced travelers, at length arrived in Europe, remaining aboard about six months, during which time their outlay was not less than $50,000.

Sandy, although hardly able to sign his name without protruding his tongue from the left corner of his mouth, purchased in England an immense library for his new home, the books being principally chosen on the score of the flashiness of their bindings; it mattered little whether they contained "Mother Goose's Melodies" or Herbert Spencer's logic.

The Storm's Echo.

The terrible whirlwind had done its worst.

Stately monarchs of the forest lay prostrate. Ruin and desolation marked the path of the funnel-shaped monster that had swept with resistless fury over the land, destroying everything that stood in its way.

Here and there were the scattered fragments of many a dwelling that had been the abode of peace, happiness and prosperity.

Desolate, despairing men and women wandered among the ruins. Now and then there was one who bewailed his fate with loud lamentation or bitter curse, but for the most part victims bore their sorrow in sullen silence, and there were not wanting those who found consolation and even cause for gratitude in the fact that their lives had been spared.

In an upper room of a house that had escaped the storm lay one of the injured.

"How long has she been unconscious?" inquired the physician.

"Ever since she was picked up and brought here," replied one of the watchers.

"There seems to be no bones broken," he rejoined, "but the shock has been severe. We can only hope for the best. I have witnessed the effects of many a cyclone, but this one——"

The young woman on the couch opened her eyes.

"A cyclone," she muttered feebly, "is a rotary storm of widely extended circuit, its center frequently being many miles from its outer limit or circumference. This was a tornado. It was not a cyclone. This misuse of the term is, however, almost universal, except among educated persons."

"From Boston?" said the doctor, in a low tone.

And the watchers silently nodded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Didn't Believe it.

"Stranger," he said to the traveler who had stopped at his unpretentious home for a night's lodging, "hev ye ever heard tell ez how ef ye see a red headed girl ye're boun' ter see a white hoss?"

"Of course. That's an old idea."

"I hearn it some time ago myself."

"It has some basis to the fact, too. You see, the case simply is that there are more white horses in existence than there are red-haired girls. So their appearing at the same time is a more than likely coincidence."

"Well, sir," replied the householder, in a tone that defied controversy, "you kin call it a cerincidence, er what ye please. I call it a durn lie. See thet gal over there?"

"Yes."

"Her hair's red, ain't it?"

"It's—it's quite auburn."

"It's red, that's a dead sure thing, an' I ain't ashamed of of it. She's my wife. The day before I married her I had one of the partiest white hosses ye ever laid yer eyes onto. Hoss thief come along while the preacher was a-pronouncin' the ceremony. I've got the red-headed girl, but I ain't seen no white hoss sence. An' what's more, I don't expect ter see none.

"What a Piece of Work is Man."

And so liable to get out of order. His food may not agree with him, his liver may be torpid, or his heart have some functional derangement. His blood can become impoverished, and break out into boils and carbuncles. His head may ache, and his senses may one and all refuse to act, his limbs to obey his volition. He may go into quick consumption, or he may live years, a moving mass of scrofulous corruption. All this is possible to a man, and yet it all may be avoided by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and the only one so positively certain in its curative action that, once used, it is always in favor. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Some of the politicians out West are such rabid advocates of silver that they won't even follow the principles of the golden rule.

Gaffney Was Plucky.

"They are flanking the brigade and charging, the battery."

The words were uttered by an officer who had sufficiently recovered from the stunning a gunshot wound had given him to raise his head and reply to the salutation of his brigade commander. It took place on the field of Antietam, early in the day, and the man who spoke was Edward S. Bragg, then lieutenant colonel commanding a regiment. A bullet had struck his arm, inflicting a painful wound, paralyzing it.

General John Gibbon, the brigade commander, was riding rapidly to give directions to the battery when he saw colonel Bragg lift up his head. "Old man, are you hurt? You are very white," said Gibbon.

"No! They are flanking the brigade and charging the battery."

It was one of those occasions when a lieutenant colonel presumed to give directions to his general.

In a few minutes the colonel was able to walk to the field hospital. Surgeon Bartlett and Bragg had often bantered each other. When Bartlett saw the colonel he said: "So you have come to see me; have been expecting all the morning to be called upon to amputate your head. What is the matter, colonel?"

"I don't know. If I did I wouldn't come here. I want to find out."

"Where are you hit?"

"In the arm. Can't you see?"

"Is it broken?"

"You are paid to tell me whether it is broken."

The doctor took the limp, helpless, hurt arm, felt of it hurriedly and said: "Bragg, if any other man in the army had been hit as you were he would have had a broken arm, but your arm isn't broken."

"Thank you. Tie this handkerchief around my neck and hitch it to my hurt arm, doctor."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going back to my regiment."

"Better let me dress your wound first."

"Never mind the wound; you can dress that to-morrow," and the plucky little warrior, who more than earned all of his ranks from private to brigadier, rejoined his fighting and dreadfully decimated regiment.

On his way back the colonel saw a man of his old company. "Hello Nick. What's the matter?"

"I am shot, colonel; I'm going to die."

"No, Gaffney, you are not going to die. Let me see your wound."

The boy pointed to a blue spot on his breast. "You're all right, chicken." Then the colonel put his hand over the wound and said:

"Take a long breath."

Poor Nick took a long breath, but it hurt him like the cut of a knife, and the colonel's hand was covered with blood. The shot had struck him in the breast and gone clean through.

In telling of the incident years afterward General Bragg said: "I told the poor fellow he was all right, but I didn't believe it. I didn't see how a fellow shot through the lung could survive.

"Nick Gaffney is still living and apparently a strong man. The surgeon drew a silk handkerchief through his body soon after he went to the hospital. It makes you shudder, doesn't it? It made poor Nick Gaffney wince, but he uttered no sound."

Colonel Bragg remained with his regiment the balance of the day, but when the battle was over the reaction came and he had to give up for a time.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Tattooed by Lightning.

Christian Anderson, of Greenwich, aged 28, was instantly killed in the presence of his family on Tuesday during the progress of a heavy thunder shower. Anderson came to this country ten years ago from Denmark, and by hard work has been able to send for the rest of his family, one by one. His mother was the last to arrive, and to celebrate her coming a family reunion had been planned and all were gathered at supper when the tragedy happened. The flash entered through an open window and struck Anderson squarely in the face, cutting a gash two inches on the right side of his nose. Anderson was killed instantly. When his body was picked up the right side appeared to be tattooed from head to foot. Although there were fifteen people about the table none of the others were hurt.—*Hartford Times.*

A Lake That Disappears.

There is lake near Valdosta, Ga., which disappears every three or four years and comes back again, no matter what be the condition of the weather. The lake is, three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with an average depth of fifteen feet of water, but at the present time the water is rapidly passing off through the subterranean passages, and in the next two or three weeks there will be left in its place a mammoth basin, furnishing as pretty a beach as can be found anywhere. After a month or so it begins to return; in a couple of weeks it is the same magnificent stretch of water as it was before.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Boy Forbore.

With a look full of compassionate congratulation the noted divine bent over the small gamin while other soiled Arabs of the street paused at a distance and looked on with interest.

"I saw it all, my boy," he said. "You did well. I saw the little wretch strike you and saw the noble forbearance with which you held your hand. Believe me, such conduct will not go unrewarded. In itself it is no mean reward. Do you not feel better now than you would if you had struck him back?"

The child rubbed the back of his hand across his