

Only the "Best of Friends."

BY KATE COMFORT.

I really declare 'tis a sin and a shame
That people should bother me so,
To find out my public and private affairs.
Have they any business to know?
Does it matter to them who calls or who doesn't?
What hour I go to my bed?
Have they nothing to do but to watch me and
And
How long I sit talking to Fred?

Oh they needn't think there's a play going on,
Wherein he and I act the parts.
No, indeed! Our friendship is not silly love—
It has nothing to do with our hearts.
It is founded on highest respect and esteem,
And there it begins and there ends.
Oh, I do wish that all of the gossips would leave
That we're only two very good friends!

We gather wild flowers from woodland and dell,
And place them in genius and grace,
Then strive to remember their hard Latin
Names
Which as oft from our memory pass
While with this sweet study our minds are so
Nursed.
That once, when he looked in my eyes,
He told me he thought that their color just
Matched
The shade of the violet's dyes

And once, when he held a sweet rose in his hand,
Dissecting its heart of perfume
He said then he thought that the blush on my
Cheek
Was just like that rose's fair bloom
Then he often went in the silence and think
Of the many wise theories we've grasped;
So deep is our muse when we wake we oft find
That our hands in each other's are clasped!

'Tis pleasant to have such an en rapport friend,
That our feelings and thoughts are the same,
Ah, life without this "second self" I am sure,
Would be spiritless, rapid and tame!
Oh, I wish that the people would leave us in
Peace
And not look for impossible ends—
For I'm sure they can see by all I have told,
That we're only the very best friends!

Maxims and Morals.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—Shakespeare.

What do you think of marriage? says
the Duchess of Malfy in Webster's play,
and Antonio answers:

I take it as those that deny purgatory:
It's really out of our hearts or hell.
There is no third place in it.

Let yourself feel a want before you
provide against it. You are more assured
that it is a real want; and it is worth
while to feel it a little, in order to feel
the relief from it. When you are unde-
cided as to which of two courses you
would like the best, choose the cheapest.
—Henry Taylor.

As we are, so we do; and as we do, so
is it done to us; we are the builders of
our fortunes. Cant and lying, and the
attempt to secure a good which does not
belong to us, are once for all balked and
vain. —Emerson.

On the tombstone of John Donough,
of New Orleans, the following maxims
are engraved as the merchant's guide to
young men on their way through life:

Remember always that labor is one of
the conditions of our existence.

Time is gold: throw not one minute
away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done
by.

Never put off till to-morrow what can
be done to-day.

Never bid another do what you can do
yourself.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trifling as
not to deserve notice.

Never give out what does not come in.

Do not spend, but produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the
actions of your life.

Study in your course of life to do the
greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing that is
necessary to your comfort, but live in
honorable simplicity and frugality.

Then to the last moment of your
existence.

Bucklin's Arnica Salvo.

The best salvo in the world for cuts,
bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever
sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains
corus, and all skin eruptions, and possi-
tively cures piles, or no pay required. It
is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction,
or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale by all druggists.

A Clock with a History.

Dr. Ed. Swivel, of Huntingdon, is the
possessor of an antique clock which has
a remarkable history. In 1712 the
ancestors of Mr. Swivel left Germany
for America, and among their effects was
a large old-fashioned clock that was
prized highly by them as an heirloom.
Before reaching America the vessel on
which they had sailed was wrecked, but
fortunately no lives were lost. A few
weeks after the cargo of the vessel was
recovered by wreckers, when the old
clock was sent to its proper owners in
Pennsylvania. At this time the Indians
had become very troublesome in the
Cumberland Valley where the Swivels
had settled, and the inhabitants of that
region were kept in constant dread of
an impending invasion.

Finally an attack was made on the
settlers, many of whom were killed, a
number taken into captivity, and their
village destroyed. Among the number
taken captive were the Swivels, who
were treated barbarously by their dusky
captors, but by kind attention shown to
the Indians during sickness, were finally
liberated, after months of privation and
suffering.

From the date of this occurrence
nothing was heard of the old clock
until about two years afterwards, when
a party of Indians who were trading in
the Juniata Valley—where the Swivel
family had subsequently moved—ex-
changed the old timepiece for ammuni-
tion to the very family from which it
had been stolen during the Indian raids
in the Cumberland Valley.—Harrisburg
(Pa.) Patriot.

The Origin of Mosquitoes.

The Indians have a very satisfactory
account of the origin of the Montezuma
mosquitoes. The legend runs thus:
There were in times of old, many moons
ago, two huge feathered monsters per-
mitted by the maunton to descend from
the sky and alight on the banks of the
Seneca River. Their form was exactly
that of the mosquito. They were so
large that they darkened the sun like a
cloud as they flew toward the earth.
Standing one on either bank they guard-
ed the river, and stretching their long
necks into the canoes of the Indians, as
they attempted to paddle along the
stream, gobbled them up, as the stork
king in the fable gobbled up the frogs.
The destruction of life was so great that
not an Indian could pass without being
devoured in the attempt. It was long
before the monsters could be extermina-
ted, and then only by the combined efforts
of all the warriors of the Cayugas and
Onondaga nations. The battle was ter-
rible, but the warriors finally triumphed,
and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain
and left unburied. For this neglect the
Indians had to pay dearly. The car-
casses decomposed, and the particles,
vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of
mosquitoes, which have filled the country
ever since.—Wm. F. Taylor, in the Man-
hattan.

—Many sleighing accidents are caused
by too close "hitching-up." That is
true. But most couples prefer to take
the risk.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says:
"My wife has been seriously affected with
a cough for twenty-five years, and this
spring more severely than ever before.
She had used many remedies without re-
lief, and being urged to try Dr. King's
New Discovery, did so, with most gratify-
ing results. The first bottle relieved her
very much, and the second bottle has
absolutely cured her. She has not had so
good health for thirty years."
Trial bottles free at any drug store.
Large size \$1.00.

Some one asked a Marseilles tenor why
he sang only in concert. "It is very
simple," he replied. "One day I fell down
stairs and broke my voice, and this is why
I only sing in pieces."

A GREAT SHEEP RANCH.

How Eighty Thousand Sheep are Herded
and Sheared.

The little schooner Santa Rosa ar-
rived in San Francisco from Santa
Barbara a few days ago. She comes to
that place twice a year to secure pro-
visions, clothing, lumber, etc., for use
on the Santa Rosa Island, being owned
by the great sheep raiser, A. P. Moore,
who owns the island and the 80,000
sheep that exist upon it.

The island is thirty miles south of
Santa Barbara, and is 24 miles in
length and 16 in breadth, and contains
about 74,000 acres of land, which are
admirably adapted to sheep-raising.

Last year Moore clipped 1,012 sacks of
wool from these sheep, each sack con-
taining an average of 410 pounds of
wool, making a total of 416,740 pounds,
which he sold at twenty-seven cents a
pound, bringing him in \$112,349.80, or a
clear profit of over \$80,000. This is
said to be a low yield, so it is evident
that sheep raising there, when taken
into consideration that shearing takes
place twice a year, and that a profit is
made of the sales of the mutton, etc., is
very profitable. The island is divided
into four quarters by fences running
clear across it at right angles, and the
sheep have not to be herded like those
ranging about the foothills.

Four men are employed regularly the
year round to keep the ranch in order
and to look after the sheep, and during
shearing time fifty or more shearers are
employed. These men secure forty or
fifty days work, and the average num-
ber of sheep sheared a day is about
ninety, for which five cents a clip is
paid, and thus \$4.50 a day is made
by each man, or something over \$200
for the season, or over \$400 for ninety
days out of the year.

Although the shearing of ninety sheep
a day is the average, a great many will
go as high as 110, and one man has been
known to shear 125. Of course every
man tries to shear as many as he can,
and owing to haste frequently the ani-
mals are severely cut by the sharp
shears. If the wound is serious the
sheep immediately has his throat cut,
and is turned into mutton and dis-
posed of to the butchers, and the
shearer, if he is in the habit of frequen-
tly inflicting such wounds, is immedi-
ately discharged. In the shearing of these
80,000 sheep a hundred or more are in-
jured to such an extent as to necessitate
their being killed, but the wool and
meat are of course turned into profit.—
San Francisco Call.

The White Elephant's Retinue.

A singular and interesting custom pre-
vails among the Todas Indians, a race
about 2,000 strong, which dwells in the
Nellgherry Hills, in Mysore, Southern
Hindustan, and one which should com-
mend itself to the favor of those un-
happy people now abiding in Utah.
It is said that all the brothers of a
family unite, and take unto themselves
one wife, and this family wife is the
object of the combined adoration of from
one to twenty men, who constitute her
husband.

Several of these Polyandrians, together
with two Afghans (natives of Afghan-
istan) and four Hindus, sailed from
Bombay for New York on the steamer
Coptic recently. Two of the Todas are
priests, who are looked upon in their
own country as gods, because of the
fortitude with which they bear self-
inflicted punishment. It is asserted
that their endurance is cultivated to
such a high degree that they will be
able to ride from Fulton ferry to the
Brooklyn City Hall in a street car with-
out uttering a moan. It is probable
that this is an exaggeration on the part
of the representatives of the Barmum
and London shows, for which these
foreigners are intended.

They will have seats in the ethnolo-
gical congress which will surround the
white elephant with a view to making
the beast feel as comfortable and as
much at home as the circumstances will
permit.—N. Y. Times.

"The Proper Thing."

The fashion which a number of young
club men have been trying to import
from England of doing away with over-
coats in the winter is still a failure.
The climate is so much more severe
here than at home, you know, that the
dear boys suffer from pneumonia, diph-
theria, colds, sore throats and wet feet
incessantly. The leader at this sort of
thing is the son of a banker in Broad
street who is prominent in the Essex
County Hunt Club. He comes of a
good old American family—probably one
of the best in the State—but he evidently
considers it much more distinguished to
be English than American. He apes
everything that is English and talks
with an accent that renders him quite
unintelligible to the majority of mankind.
He wears loud Tweed suits, with short
coats and high collars. Every day, even
in the bitterest weather, he may be seen
stalking down Broadway toward Wall
street, without an overcoat. The truck
drivers, messenger boys and pedestrians
generally look at him pityingly. He is
tall and very slim, and when he is cold
he looks as blue as a fish. He fairly
quakes when he stops to talk, but he
feels gratified because he is quite con-
vinced that he is doing what he calls
"the proper thing." —Brooklyn Eagle.

OUR EXCHANGES.

—To the ladies: Marriage is ever a
mystery; but anything is better than
perpetual misery.

—Adam was an Odd Fellow until he
got asleep and was Eve-ned up.—Lowell
Courier.

—A fellow screws his courage to the
sticking place when he puts a postage
stamp on a written proposal of marriage.
—Boston Budget.

—Dr. Decus says kissing is a purely
American habit. Then the other folks
don't know what fun they're missing.—
Oil City Herald.

—The reason why Fred Douglass
married a white woman, is probably be-
cause he wanted to make his trouble
as light as possible.

—A Vermont woman is said to have
lost a goose that is known to be over 100
years old. Some one must have stolen
it to cut into bullets.

—A lady who read that it's lucky to
pick up a horseshoe, picked up one in a
blacksmith shop. The suddenness with
which she dropped it showed that it was
not lucky.

—Confucius wasn't far out of the way
when he said: "Woman is the master-
piece." Confucius must have been
married, else he would never have made
the discovery.

—A procession of seminary misses
was three hours passing a given point
last Saturday, but the bonnets in the
window were unusually fine, and well
worthy their attention.

—Some genius has invented a ma-
chine to play pianos. This will fill a
long-felt want. When two young peo-
ple of opposite sex are in the parlor in
the evening the old lady doesn't begin
to saunter in until the piano stops.

"I preserve my equilibrium under all
circumstances," she was heard to say in
a pause of the music to the tow-headed
youth who was her escort. "Do you?"
he answered softly, "mother cans hers."
Then the music resumed.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and de-
pressed spirits, loss of appetite, general
debility, disordered blood, weak consti-
tution, headache, or any disease of a bilious
nature, by all means procure a bottle of
Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to
see the rapid improvement that will fol-
low; you will be inspired with new life;
strength and activity will return; pain
and misery will cease, and henceforth you
will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bit-
ters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all
druggists.