

Gen. Garfield's Credit Mobilier Record.

From his own sworn testimony before the Poland Committee, Jan. 14, 1873.

I never owned, received or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier or of the Union Pacific Railroad nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them.

From Judge Poland's report, Feb. 18, 1873. —Garfield's testimony perjured.

The facts in regard to Mr. Garfield, as found by the committee, are that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did not pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent. dividend in bonds and sold them for ninety-seven per cent. and also received the sixty per cent. cash dividend, which together with the price of stock and interest, left a balance of \$320. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the sergeant-at-arms and Mr. Garfield then understood this sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock.

From the New York Times, February 19, 1873. Messrs. Kelly and Garfield present a most distressing picture. Their participation in the Credit Mobilier affair is complicated by the most unfortunate contradictions of testimony.

From the New York Times, February 20, 1873.

The character of the Credit Mobilier was no secret. The source of its profits was very well known at the time Congressmen bought it. Though Oakes Ames may have succeeded in concealing his own motive, which was to bribe Congressmen, their acceptance of the stock was not on that account innocent. The dishonor of the act, as a participation in an obvious fraud, still remains.

Some of them have indulged in testimony with reference to the matter which has been contradicted. The committee distinctly rejects the testimony of several of the members. This can only be done on the ground that it is untrue. But untrue testimony given under oath is morally, if not legally perjury.

It is the clear duty of Congress to visit with punishment all who took Credit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 19, 1873.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, had ten shares; never paid a dollar; received \$320, which, after the investigation began, he was anxious to have considered as a loan from Mr. Oakes Ames to himself.

Well, the wickedness of all of it is that these men betrayed the trust of the people, deceived their constituents and, by evasions and falsehoods, confessed the transaction to be disgraceful.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

A LETTER FROM JUDGE BLACK ON THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS FROM SOMERSET COUNTY.

To the Editor of the Times.

On the 4th of October, 1862, Colonel Imboden captured companies B and K, Fifty-fourth regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. The Confederates held them as hostages for their partisan rangers in our hands. Company B was from Somerset, Judge Black's native county. Several months ago I wrote a short article for a Somerset paper, giving a general account of the efforts Judge Black had made to save their lives and obtain their exchange. I sent Judge Black a copy of the paper and asked him to give me all the particulars. I enclose you Judge Black's answer.

Yours truly, GEORGE F. BEAR.

READING, PA., June 19.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL.

LONDON, June 8, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR: Not long ago I left home. I got your letter about the Somerset prisoners, but I could not give much information beyond what you had previously received. I knew and remembered very well that a considerable number of young men from our native county, imprisoned at Richmond, were in imminent danger of being put to death in retaliation for some outrages charged against Union officers in the West. Somebody who knew all the facts of the case laid them before me, with an urgent request that I would exert myself to save them. What I learned enabled me to see with certainty: First, that the Confederate authorities thought their right to take this extreme measure a very clear one and intended to act upon it; second, that according to the law of war, they had no such right; third, that our government thought it rather desirable than otherwise that the rebels should commit this horrible blunder, for it would make them odious all the world over.

The false and cruel policy of both belligerents concurred in sacrificing the lives of these innocent and meritorious men, and there seemed to be no hope for them except for the energetic intervention of private friends. Of course I did not hesitate to do what I could, but I found the War Department in its worst mood. Stanton meant to act upon the principle which impelled him to let the prisoners die at Andersonville when they were offered their liberty without exchange upon the sole condition that they should be taken to their homes at the expense of the Federal government. I think I convinced him that he had a right to redeem these men and that their delivery would not be refused if a flag of truce was sent down with a proper presentation of their case; but he would not promise to make the effort. I thought he would not be pleased with the interference of one who was not only out of office, but a Democrat into the bargain. Becoming alarmed at the appearance of things, I sought the assistance of Mr. Puleston, who was then agent for Pennsylvania or in some way represented Governor Curtin. He promised his utmost exertions and expressed great surprise that the department should hesitate about it for a moment. I was soon afterwards informed, unofficially, that the flag of truce had gone down and a little later that the men were coming home.

I had not forgotten Mr. Puleston's agency in the business, but I did not understand how important his service was until I came here. You know, I

suppose, that he was then a British subject; that he returned after the war to this country; that he became a mighty banker; declined to be elected Lord Mayor of London and took a seat in Parliament for Davenport, a borough in Devonshire. As soon as I met him here he recalled to my memory the case of my Pennsylvania friends and told me more than I had known before of their narrow escape. It seems that Stanton was bent on leaving them to their fate and irritated at me for meddling with a thing that was none of my business. Puleston told me it would not be safe to disregard my appeal and that I had the case in such shape that I could hold him (Stanton) responsible for the death of every man who might be lost in this way. I had said that their blood should not sink into the ground without a cry to heaven. Stanton immediately after this—post hoc and propter hoc, as I think and as Puleston thinks—took the measures necessary to save them.

This is all I can tell you about the affair. I kept no copies of my letters, and I am almost certain that they were not filed, though I never inquired for them. I do not recollect the ground upon which the Confederates at first refused to exchange the prisoners, but I am sure that it was easily shown to be untenable, and it was afterwards abandoned by themselves. I believe your brother and his comrades owed their lives to the justice and humanity of Mr. Puleston, without whose prompt and efficient aid all efforts of mine would have been unavailing.

I am, with great respect, yours, etc., J. S. BLACK.

To GEORGE F. BEAR, Esq., Reading, Pa.

HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG.

HOW THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE SAVED HIS STATE SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

From the New York Sun.

Seventeen years ago Saturday last Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock fell desperately wounded, at the very moment that Longstreet's corps had been so splendidly repulsed, and the issue of the three day's fight at Gettysburg was at last decided. Hancock commanded the left centre. Lee ordered Longstreet to begin the fierce assault on Cemetery hill by attacking Hancock's line. For an hour the battle raged. Hancock rode up and down the line, encouraging his men. The assault was again and again renewed, but the left centre stood firm. As Longstreet's corps wavered, Hancock received a bullet in his thigh, but the victory had been won. Lying on the ground, with the surgeon examining his wound, Hancock called an aid. "Tell Gen. Meade," he said, "that the corps under my command have repulsed the enemy's assault, and we have gained a great victory. The enemy is now flying in all directions in my front."

"Tell Gen. Hancock," Gen. Meade sent back word in reply, "that I thank him for the country and for myself for the services he has rendered to-day." By a joint resolution of Congress Gen. Hancock received the unanimous thanks of that body for his "gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory." After the battle he was borne to the field hospital, and thence to his father's home at Norristown, where he suffered greatly from his wound; but it was not fully healed when he reported at Washington for active duty in the field.

Among the officers under him on this eventful day was Gen. William McCandless, who was on the left of Gen. Hancock's line, posted on Round Top hill. Gen. McCandless commanded the First brigade of Pennsylvania reserves, composed of the famous "Bucktails," the First, Second, Sixth and Eleventh regiments. Gen. McCandless lives in Philadelphia, but is now on a visit to Col. Richard Penn Smith, of Staten Island, also an officer under Hancock on that 3rd of July. These two gentlemen were recalling the incidents of the great victory yesterday. "It was, perhaps, the most important battle of the war in all its results," said Gen. McCandless. "Here the Confederacy received the wound which rankled till death, and gradually sapping its strength, left it an easy prey to the armies of Grant. And perhaps to no other man so much as to Winfield Scott Hancock was this result due. His command, the Second corps, reached the field on the evening of July 1, 1863, and took position on the left centre of the line of battle, the key point of the Union army, and the ground around which the tide of war raged most fiercely. Gen. Hancock personally superintended the disposition of his troops, and the line which he then formed was held unbroken until the close of the third and last day. It was an hour when the head and heart of a hero were needed. Gen. Reynolds, who was with him at West Point, had fallen dead in the front of battle. Sickles had lost his leg. On the night of the 2d it seemed as if the stubborn line would be broken and Hancock's corps driven from its all-important position.

"But the cool wisdom born of practical experience exhibited by the brave man averted the disaster. The following day was the most sanguinary of all. The Second corps was for two hours under the converging fire of 257 pieces of Confederate artillery. About 1:30 p. m. of the 3d the Confederates were discovered in the act of moving forward. They were repulsed at both the right and left of Gen. Hancock's line, but were evidently determined to break his centre, divide the army and overcome it in detail, if they could. Heavy masses of their infantry began to diverge from the woods in front of Lee's line. They passed out in col-

umn into the open ground on the Emmetsburg road. Their advance was covered by 250 of their guns, which were raining shot upon Hancock's lines as Longstreet charged. My brigade received them with an enflading fire, but they pressed on in spite of it, led by Gen. Pickett's column.

"The Union artillery had at that time been almost silenced by the disabling of the gunners. Pickett had seized that favorable opportunity to make his terrific advance. He first made a feint on the left centre, and immediately deployed to attack. The rebel general, Armistead, mounted a wall and swung his hat triumphantly on the point of his sword, and the next moment fell dead. Hancock rode up and down in front of his line, cheering his men. 'There they come,' he shouted; 'stand firm, my men; stand firm.' His presence seemed to inspire our troops with renewed courage. The fearlessness with which he exposed his own person, and his noble and resolute demeanor, sent an electric thrill of emulation along the line. His men cheered him again and again, and they did stand firm as the resolute rebels approached, and there ensued one of the few hand-to-hand conflicts of the war. It was bayonet against bayonet. Stannard's brigade, with the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts and the Tammany regiment were engaged in the early part of the fight. It is estimated that at least 18,000 troops were in the advancing columns of the rebels. The fiercest of the fight was concentrated within a short distance, as if the Confederates were determined to break the Union lines with one terrific effort. But they remained within the Union lines for only a very few moments. The warmth of their reception was such that they were compelled to retire in discomfiture and soon they were retreating in disorder that ended in a rout. The Union gunners actually picked up from the field the spent balls and pieces of debris to put in their guns to fire at the retreating foe. But the loss was fearful."

Col. Richard Penn Smith, of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania regiment, was in about the centre of Hancock's line at the critical moment of the Confederate advance. He commanded the regiment that was first led by the gallant Col. Baker, and subsequently by Col. Isaac J. Wister, now president of the Pennsylvania Canal company, who had been badly crippled by his wounds and obliged to retire. Col. Smith's regiment was stationed at a clump of trees that was about the centre of Hancock's corps. It was in the Second brigade, Second division. In the same division were Gen. Gibbon and Gen. Alexander Webb. Col. Smith's regiment, which captured four of the Confederate flags, suffered severely. There were 9 officers killed out of 16, and 108 men killed out of 254, or nearly half the regiment. It was there that Captain Weed was killed, and the spot has since been called Weed's hill. Col. Smith said yesterday: "I was connected with the Army of the Potomac from its earliest organization until mustered out at Cold Harbor in July, 1864, and have been throughout, directly and indirectly, under Hancock's command. His presence was inspiring always on the Peninsula and on the Potomac. I regard him as having no superior as a general."

"More than once after resuming command of the Second corps, Gen. Hancock's wound compelled him temporarily to put himself in the hands of the surgeon; but the battles of Spottsylvania and the other desperate conflicts in the Wilderness; of Cold Harbor, Petersburg and wherever fighting was to be done, did not fail to find him in the saddle and at the head of his men.

"The anniversary of the third day's fight at Gettysburg will be remembered by his old soldiers to-day. His gallant conduct at South Mountain will be recalled on the 14th of September, the eighteenth anniversary of that battle; three days later will be the anniversary of the terrible fight at Antietam, where Hancock succeeded Richardson. Last Thursday was the eighteenth anniversary of Malvern Hill, after which the general-in-chief urged Hancock's promotion as major-general of volunteers. The anniversaries of Marve's heights, before Fredericksburg, where Hancock and all his aids were wounded; of Williamsburg, after which McClellan sent his memorable dispatch to Lincoln concerning Hancock, and of Chancellorsville, when Hancock's horse was shot under him, must be celebrated after the election for President in November next."

BAYARD'S BUGLE FOR HANCOCK.

Mr. Bayard made a great speech at the ratification meeting, Wilmington, Delaware, on Friday evening. In speaking of General Hancock, he said: "The leading candidate, Winfield S. Hancock, is a man who in a lifetime has not had a word said against him. He is not an untried man. I shall show you that he has been tried, trusted and shown himself worthy of public confidence in a way that has seldom fallen the lot of men in America. In 1863 he was mentioned as a candidate for President, and Delaware voted for him. He was voted for again in 1876, and now, coming again before you, after being in the white heat of party examination unscorched, he has been nominated unanimously for the Presi-

dency, and naught has been said against his fidelity, honor or patriotism. Now, why was Hancock nominated? He never held a civil office, I hear remarked. True; but he has a military record as brilliant and unsullied as any man who ever lived. Why have the Democrats nominated a military man? It is because General Hancock has proved that God gave him the same character of conscious self-control which he gave to George Washington. [Applause.] My friends, this is not the heated utterance of a stump-speaker; it is the deliberate statement of a man trying to speak fairly.

"Nothing has tended to corrupt men so much as love of power. Our Constitution intended to check this, but difficulties arose which gave men the power to protect people. They have been too prone to use it to extend their own authority. It was George Washington who swayed the nation and who controlled the government; but when he might have continued to wield such power he laid it down and returned to his home. It was that act which made him famous for all time. Where is another man who would have relinquished such power which he might have retained? I wish you to recollect what I am about to say—for it is the keynote of this man's strength as a candidate. He had great power—the power of the military, which then was great. What was his course? When asked in Louisiana and Texas to arrest men, he asked where is the judicial process? when asked to try by military commission he pointed to the court house. When asked to take the property of others he inquired for constitutional right."

Senator Bayard then spoke of the rarity of men possessing this power and refusing to use it, and said: "In this case we see a man who has had the tempting bait of power before him, but who puts it aside and says: 'I am a military man; but I hold civil law higher and respect the Constitution, which I have sworn to support.' His powers were ample enough, and he had the same powers to oppress the people as other Generals had, but he refused to unnecessarily use the military power in time of peace. Compare him with that other general, in New Orleans, who besought the President to issue a proclamation of outlawry to extend over five States which were included in his domain. 'Make the proclamation, and leave the rest to me,' he said; and the Republicans endorsed his course. We have seen the results. During the great struggle from 1861 to 1865 there was little law, nor could there be much; but, the war ended, there was no more need of military law. Yet the Republicans endeavored to retain that which General Hancock discarded."

WOMEN IN THE FAR WEST.

Louise C. Jones, in Lippincott.

Beginning life in a new country with small capital involves many years of hard work and strict economy, perhaps privation and loneliness. This comes especially hard on the farmers' wives, many of whom have grown up in homes of comfort and plenty in the older States. Ask the men what they think of Iowa, and they will say that it is a fine State; it has many resources and advantages; there is room for development here; the avenues to positions of profit and honor are not so crowded as they are in the older States; a good class of emigrants are settling up the State; that, on the whole, Iowa has a bright future before it. But the women do not deal in such generalities. Their own home and individual life is all the world to them, and if that is encompassed with toil and hardship, if all their cherished longings and ambitions are denied and their hearts sick with hope deferred, this talk about the undeveloped resources of Iowa and its future greatness has no interest or meaning for them. In their isolated homes on the bleak prairie they have few social opportunities, and their straitened means do not allow them to buy books or pictures, to take papers or magazines, or to indulge in many of the little household ornaments dear to the feminine heart. What wonder, then, if their eyes have a weary, questioning look, as if they were always searching the flat prairie horizon for some promise or hope of better days, something fresh and stimulating to vary the dull monotony of toil?

"There's a better time coming," the farmer says. "When we get the farm paid for we will build a new house and send the children to town to school;" and so the slow years go by. If every new country is not actually fertilized with the heart's blood of women, the settling and development of it none the less require the sacrifice of their lives.

I see many women who have thus sacrificed, and are sacrificing, their lives. Their faces are wrinkled, their hands are hard with rough, coarse work, they have long ago ceased to have any personal ambitions; but their hopes are centered in their children. Their self-abnegation is pathetic beyond words.

After a foothold has been gained in a new country and a home established, a generation, perhaps two, must pass away before a fine type of humanity is produced. The fathers and mothers have toiled for the actual necessities of life, and gained them. The children are supplied with physical comforts. Plenty of food and exercise in

the pure air give them stalwart frames, good blood and perfect animal health, but there is a bovine stolidity of expression in their faces, a suggestion of kinship with the floc. They are honest-hearted and well-meaning—stupid, not naturally, but because their minds have never been quickened and stimulated. They grope in a blind way for better things, and wonder if life means no more than to plough and sow and reap, to wash and cook and sew. Perhaps one out of every hundred will break from the slowly-stepping ranks and run ahead to taste of the springs of knowledge reserved for the next generation, but the vast majority will go down to their graves without ever attaining to the ripeness and symmetry of a fully-developed life. Their children, perhaps—certainly their grandchildren—will attain a fine physical and mental type.

What character shall I choose as a typical Iowan? Not the occupant of the large brick house with tall evergreens in front which meets my sight whenever I look toward the country. An old woman lives there alone, except for a servant or two, having buried her husband and ten children. She is worth a \$100,000, but can neither read nor write. Her strong common-sense and deep fund of experience supply her lack of education, and one would not think while listening to her that she was ignorant of letters. Her life has been one of toil and sorrow, but her expression is one of brave cheerfulness. She and her husband came to this place forty years ago. They were the first white settlers, and for neighbors they had Indians and wolves. They entered most of the land on which the town now stands, and when other settlers came in and the town was laid out, their land became valuable, and thus the foundation of their fortune was laid. But as riches increased, cares also increased; the husband was so weighed down with responsibility and anxiety that his mind gave way, and in a fit of despondency he committed suicide. The sons and daughters who died, with the exception of two or three, were taken away in childhood. So the large mansion, with its richly-furnished rooms, is shut up from the sunlight and rarely echoes to the pattering of childish feet. The mistress lives in the back part, but exercises a care over the whole house, which is kept in a state of perfect order and neatness. Though she has lived on the prairie for forty years, yet the expressions that savor of her early life in a densely-wilded State still cling to her, and if you find her in her working-dress among her flowers, she will beg you to excuse her appearance, adding, "I look as if I was just out of the timber."

Washington in Van Buren's Time.

From an Anonymous Writer in the Atlantic.

Congress had its comedies as well as its tragedies, and the leading comedian was Thomas Corwin, a representative from Ohio, who was a type of early Western culture and a born humorist. He was a middle-sized, somewhat stout man, with pleasing manners, a fine head, sparkling hazel eyes, and a complexion so dark that on several occasions—as he used to narrate with great glee—was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," said he, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river, give myself up to a Kentucky negro trader, be taken South and sold for a field hand." He always had a story ready to illustrate a subject of conversation, and the dry manner in which he enlivened his speeches by pungent witticisms, without a smile on his own stolid countenance, was irresistible.

His greatest effort was a reply which he made to Mr. Cray, of Kentucky, who had undertaken to criticize the military ability of General Harrison. John Quincy Adams went over to Mr. Corwin's desk, and advised him to reply; without success at first, Corwin saying that he was "something like Balaam's ass—he could never speak unless kicked into it." The next afternoon, however, he did reply, and his speech, as a model of humorous retort, has never since been equaled at the Capitol.

His description of Mr. Cray as he appeared on parade as a militia general, and after the fatigues of a muster, when treating his brigade to watermelons and whiskey at a corner grocery store, as the ancient heroes assuaged their thirst from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, was a delicious piece of satire. Then turning to the history of General Harrison, Mr. Corwin gave an eloquent picture of his patriotic services with convincing force. No member of Congress ever received such personal discomfiture from a speech, and Mr. Cray never recovered from Corwin's onslaught. Even at his home the farmers always offered him water-melons in their season, accompanied by quotations from Corwin's speech. He retired from public life an extinguished orator.

President Van Buren endeavored to restore the good feeling between the administration and Washington "Society," which had been ruptured during the political rule of General Jackson. He gave numerous entertainments at the White House, and used to attend those given by his cabinet, which was regarded as an innovation, as his predecessors had never accepted social invitations. Ex-President Adams, the widow of Presi-

dent Madison, and the widow of Alexander Hamilton each formed the centre of a pleasant coterie, and the President was open in the expression of his desire that the members of his cabinet and their principle subordinates should each give a series of dinner parties and evening receptions during the successive sessions of Congress.

The dinner parties were very much alike and those who were in succession guests at different houses often saw the same table ornaments, and were served by the same waiters, while the fare was prepared by the same cook. The guests used to assemble in the parlor, which was almost invariably connected with the dining room by large folding doors. When the dinner was ready the folding doors were thrown open, and the table was revealed, covered with dishes and cut-glass ware. A watery compound called vegetable soup was invariably served, followed by broiled fish, overdone roast beef or mutton, roast fowl or game in their seasons, and a great variety of puddings, pies, cake and ice-cream. The fish, meat and fowl were carved and helped by the host, while the lady of the house distributed the vegetables, the pickles and the dessert. Champaigne, without ice, was sparingly supplied in long, slender glasses, but there was no lack of sound claret, and with the dessert several bottles of old Madeira were generally produced by the host, who succinctly gave the age and history of each. The best Madeira was that labelled "The Supreme Court," as their honors and justices used to make a direct importation every year, and sip it as they consulted over the cases before them, every day after their dinner, when the cloth had been removed. Some rare old specimens of this supreme court wine can still be found in Washington wine cellars.

At the evening parties the carpet was lifted from the room set apart for dancing, and the floor was chalked in order to protect the dancers from slipping. The music was almost invariably a first and second violin, with flute and harp accompaniments. Light refreshments, such as water-ices, lemonade, negus and small cakes, were handed about on waiters between every two or three dances. The crowning glory of the entertainment, however, was the supper, which had been prepared under the supervision of the hostess, aided by some of her intimate friends, who had also loaned their china and silverware. The table was covered with alamode beef, cold roast turkey, ducks and chickens, fried and stewed oysters, blanc mange, jellies, whips, floating islands, candied oranges and numerous varieties of tarts and cakes. Very often the young men after having escorted the ladies to their respective homes, would meet again at some oyster house, to go out on a lark, in imitation of the young English bloods in the favorite play of "Tom and Jerry." Singing, or rather shouting, popular songs, they would break windows, wrench of knockers, call up doctors, and transpore sign-boards; nor was there a night-watchman to interfere with their roystering.

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