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The Juniata Sentinel.

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BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

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Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
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[Oct 27-ly]

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No charge for information, nor when money
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SCHOOL AND
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The Faculty of this Institution aim to be
very thorough in their instruction, and to
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Apply for catalogues to
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DAVID WATTS most respectfully announce
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SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call
at his OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN.
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IN PERRYVILLE.**

D. R. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
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ortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses. Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Con-
fections (frat-class), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dry Staff,
Oils, Pains,
Varnishes, Putty,
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Chimneys, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soap,
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Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, and Stationery.

**LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,**
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [Jan 16 72-ly]

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Free-Press Lager,
the Largest Cigars, the Sweetest Cider,
the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-ly

Juniata



Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVI, NO. 21

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 22 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER 1315.

Local Advertisements.

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Bickelbach.
Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest
on time deposits, buy and sell coin and
United States Bonds, cash, coupons and checks,
Remit money to any part of the United States
and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and
Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.
THE undersigned would respectfully in-
form the public that he has started a
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile north-
east of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a
large number of the different varieties of
Grapes; and having been in the business for
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING
VARIETIES, AND OF THE
MOST PROMISING
KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
By the single vine, dozen, hundred or thou-
sand. All persons wishing good and thrifty
vines will do well to call and see for them-
selves.
Good and responsible Agents wanted.
Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

New Store and New Goods.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &C.
Main Street, Mifflintown.
HAVING opened out a GROCERY AND
PROVISION STORE in the old stand
on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respectfully
ask the attention of the public to the
following articles, which I will keep on hand
at all times:
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA,
MOLASSES, RICE,
FISH, SALT,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT,
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,
Tobacco, Cigars,
GLASSWARE,
Flour, Feed, &c.
All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or
Country Produce. Give me a call and hear
my prices.
J. W. KIRK,
Mifflintown, May 2, 1872.

Flour! Flour!
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the
public that he has purchased the FIRST
MILL, in Mifflord township, recently owned
by Jacob Lemon, and, having renovated and
otherwise improved the same, is now pre-
pared to accommodate all who may favor him
with their patronage.
Wheat Flour and Sifted Corn Meal—
ways on hand and for sale, whole-
sale and Retail.
Also, Shorts, Bran, Ship stuff and Chop
For Sale.
Flour and Feed will be delivered to fami-
lies if desired. His wagon will visit Mifflin,
Patterson and Perryville three times a week.
Persons needing flour or feed, can have
their orders at the Store of John Eika in
Mifflin, or at Pennell's Store in Patterson,
or addressing a note to Box 35, Patterson
post office, on WEDNESDAY, loaded with
GRAIN OF ALL KINDS BOUGHT AT
MARKET PRICES.
P. H. HAWN,
Jan. 3, 1872-3m

The "Guyper" Market Car.
THE undersigned, having purchased of
S. H. Brown the renowned "Guyper"
Market Car, desires to inform his friends in
Mifflin, Patterson and vicinity, and the pub-
lic generally, that he will run the car regu-
larly, leaving Mifflin Station every Monday
noon for the Eastern markets, and returning
on WEDNESDAY, loaded with

**FRESH FISH,
OYSTERS,
APPLES,**
VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON,
And Everything Usually Carried in a
Market Car.
Also, Freight Carried, at Reasonable
Rates, Either Way.
Orders from merchants and others solicited.
Prompt attention to business will be
given and satisfaction guaranteed.
Orders left at Joseph Pennell's store in
Patterson, will receive attention.
G. W. WILSON,
April 28, 1871.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.

THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at L. E. residence on Third Street, Mifflin-
town, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM,
Mifflintown, April 5, 1871-ly

Poetry.

AS BALMY GALES.
BY JOHN K. HOLMES.
As balmy gales from dowerly meads
Blow low and sweet this summer eve,
I watch the willows bend like reeds,
And strange, fantastic shadows weave,
Now taking on a cool gray light,
Now flashing back like silver sheen,
They seem to toy with day and night,
And half the hues that lie between.

There is a spirit lingering there
Along their wild and trembling maze,
The pure heart feels it everywhere,
And loves it all its happy days;
By silver gliding brooks that rove,
In liquid flow through winding vales,
In odorous winds, in clouds that move,
In every thought that Hope exhales.

Blow sweet, blow low, oh summer wind,
I throw upon your wings a dream,
And mingle with the Mightiest Mind
The endings of my rural theme:
What are we, but a ray of light
Lone lingering here in summer day?
Great Soul! will we not melt in thine
When Thou dost call and we obey?

Blow sweet, blow low, oh summer wind,
Blow low and sweet this balmy eve,
My soul, in thought, goes out to find
A soothing voice wherever you breathe.
Learning from lispings lone, like thine
To hear that pure, eternal prayer
Which Nature sends from every shrine
To the Great Soul, that's every where.

Short Story.

HOW THE DEACON'S WIFE INTRO- DUCED THE DEACON.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; he had decided to move to C; had decided to commence moving at precisely five o'clock on Monday morning, July 18th; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser have seen the Deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity shaking the best room carpet in the back yard.

They went through the tearing up process very much as other people do; and being endowed with an over abundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the Deacon's wife and baby, the twins and the best room looking glass, was on its way to the depot at five o'clock, P. M.

It was but a few hours ride to C, and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight they walked up the street to their new home, very tired.

It was prayer meeting night, and the Deacon went to prayer meeting for the first time in C, took an active part, and after meeting waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren answer inquiries, and present their letters.

He had the satisfaction of feeling on his way home that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did into the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel very much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the Deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there.

"Can't tell when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's enough wood split to last you till then Good bye," he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half-washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the cradle rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill" to the twins.

When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her little nest of a cradle, "bless her!" she washed the pretty twin's faces till they blushed like red peppers, then settled them in their trundle bed for a nap.

One morning she awakened early, entirely free from a wretched head ache she had the day before. "Now for the washing," she said to herself "I want to have it all done, the kitchen cleaned and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon."

Quietly dressing so as not to waken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen built a fire, and commenced operations. How she did work! every step told of something done, and at half past ten, epic of all her hindrances from the baby, who was cross she was hanging out the clothes so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes line ran nearly out to the front fence through the side yard, and whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course.

turn around, the Deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter!

"Martha—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!" "Don't you see the people all going to meeting, and you a bangin' out shirts! it's Sunday morning!"

Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air! I'm sure the good people of C. never heard before. "O, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny I wonder the folks stared at me and the clothes Oh, Oh, Oh!" and she sank down on the gates in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor Deacon was scandalized. "You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account I think. How came you to be traveling to day? Guess there's a little Sunday breaking on both sides isn't there!"

The Deacon turned slowly around and sat down. Then perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands and said: "Be a good boy, now and tell me all the truth; remember George Washington, dear."

The Deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hands that held his captive, in his own said: "Well, little woman, I had everything finished up last night, ready to start for home on the five o'clock train. Somehow, I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat; leastways, I dropped to sleep in the depot and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the nine o'clock train and get home at midnight, so you wouldn't be so lousesome Sunday, but we broke down, and just got here a half hour ago. Then to think after walkin' through town, from the cars, and the folks lookin' at me on their way to church!"

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trial you should walk into your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a Deacon of good standing in the church! dear! what do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking this was wash day? I don't think," she added, "he'll be very hard on me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache, it seems I didn't know what day it was. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to night, and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow, won't that do?"

But the Deacon couldn't get over it; his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat and with his hands clasped reverently behind him, (his Sunday walk) slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes-line.

Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself. "Have pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive."

Mrs Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish when the Deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I couldn't stand it, Martha," he said, in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them to day, Samuel, wouldn't you?" she said archly.

The Deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden, surprising interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed, and stared, and looked back, and gazed again. But the Deacon was a humble man, it didn't flatter him; he read his paper and sighed again, and then "fell to thinking."

A little while after, two arms stole softly round his neck, and a dear voice said, "forget all about it, dear, and I'll—" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, where-upon Elder Cummins cleared his throat, and in a piping voice said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made before our people again gather for evening service!"

"Eh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins. You want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well, the fact was, the Deacon was away, and I made a miscount in the days somehow. I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then, wasn't it funny? I got up this morning and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and

I'd get all through before the Deacon came home; I declare, I've laughed so about it, I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, though, Elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it, and she smiled so sweetly they were both completely won.

When they rose to go, Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "It is our missionary meeting to night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine voice again—"Oh, yes Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain to night, I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs Flint," replied the Deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go, she would be delighted."

"Oh, thank you! that would be so nice you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up at him. No matter what the Deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea-table that night, she broke out into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the Deacon.

"O Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week day stride! Ha! ha!" and they both laughed till the tears came.

Supper over, the dishes washed, baby asleep, and Susie telling stories to the twins, the Deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door, "work in a little piece if you can, and I'll step on your coxus when its time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual; then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wary, black-eyed man rose and said, "Brethren it's not much use reporting from the heathen countries, when right in our midst Deacons travel on Sunday, and Deacon's wives wash and hang out their clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God. I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet, womanly voice, saying:

"Now, O Lord, establish thy word unto thy servant, so shall I have whereunto to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in thy word." Then turning to him she said, "My brother, you shall have an explanation," and in a simple, almost child like way, she told her story of her mistake, and the Deacon's delay, then added, "My brother, judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come—For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God: let us not therefore judge one another any more!"

The next morning the Rev Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new Deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came early; I could hardly wait to get here and talk over the funny affair Henry said after you sag down last night, he felt like inviting you up in the pulpit."

"Why, bless me!" said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself when I got through that I wanted to hide my head under the Deacon's coat! 'twas the first time I ever spoke in meeting in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night," said the minister, coming forward.

FEARFUL WESTERN NEWS.

Four Men Shot—One Man Hung—Two Men Severely Wounded—Reign of Terror in Kansas.

From the Kansas City Times.]
Summer county, one of the extreme southern counties in Kansas, has been disturbed very much of late by the horrible tragedy at Caldwell, in that county, an account of which appeared in the Times a few days ago, where two men, named Tulden and Anderson, were murdered by a man named M. Carty, who escaped into the Indian Territory. The escape of M. Carty created no small amount of bad feeling among the people of Summer county.

The result was a vigilance committee, or, in plain language, a mob. This party, according to the statement made by our informant, was composed of horse thieves, gamblers, and the reckless roughs of the border, with a few respectable but hot headed citizens. They organized, mounted and passed over into the Indian territory, and succeeded in finding M. Carty, who promptly surrendered himself when called upon to do so.

He was taken out upon the prairie and shot, and his body left as food for the wolves.

After their return home a terrible shooting affair took place at Wellington, the county seat of Summer. A reckless kind of fellow, named Jack Lynch, became involved in a quarrel, during which a respectable citizen of Wellington was shot dead, it is said by accident. At the same time a man named Hopkins and another named Clarke were shot in the breast, while Lynch himself was shot and wounded in the legs and feet. Jack Lynch was immediately arrested and confined in jail to await legal action.

Meanwhile the vigilantes, fresh from their trip into the Indian Territory, called their party together at Caldwell and all marched over to Wellington, a distance of over twenty miles. By some means the sheriff or constable became apprised of the approach of the vigilantes and escaped out of town with his prisoner and remained concealed out upon the prairie all night. The mob made a diligent search for their victim, but failed to find him or his guard. On the following night they made a sudden descent upon the town, and succeeded in capturing the wounded man, Lynch, and at once proceeded to hang him to a tree within sight of the town where he was captured.

The people of Summer are evidently "highly exasperated" at something or somebody. At all events it is a poor place for law breakers and sheriff's officers. The border of Wellington disapproves of this mode of executing the law. The border is acquiring a reputation for lawlessness more rapidly than before and during the war.

A MARRYING WOMAN.
Father, Son, and Nephew Esponse the Same Person.

James Smith, a young man twenty-two years of age, was brought up at Jefferson Market, yesterday, for assaulting Eliza Brownell, keeper of a disreputable house in Greene street. When the young man was arraigned before Justice Cox, his father, George Jefferson Smith, Marshal in the First District Civil Court, and formerly Police Captain in the Sixth precinct, hailed him out, Mr. Smith, Sr., made the following extraordinary statement:—"Judge Cox, this woman first married my nephew, then myself, and my son. My nephew, Alexander Oules, was an officer in the Confederate service, and on his coming to this city at the close of the war he met this woman and married her. They went to Charleston, S. C., and some persons in the hotel, knowing her character, informed her if she did not leave the town she would be tarred and feathered. She came back here and quarreled. She obtained a divorce, and on his threatening to stab her if she refused to live with him, had him arrested and sent on the island for a year. She then married me I then kept a hotel in Bath, Long Island, and brought her there. My son had charge of the place, for I was only there at nights, having to attend to my duties as Marshal in the city during the day. During my absence she got control of my son, and three months after her marriage with me she ran away with him. She took him to New Haven, Conn., and married him. They came back here, and growing tired of him in time, she obtained a divorce, but by having him arrested on charges of assault and bailing him herself she kept him away from me. Now I am going to take him to my residence at Bowery Hotel and I don't think she will ever see him again." Mr. Smith, who made this statement, is a very wealthy man, owning real estate in the city valued at \$300,000.—Philadelphia Telegraph, May 9th.

THE greatest pleasure in life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; and the greatest ease, sound sleep.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertising for less than three months for one square of nine lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$2.00, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notice, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Merchants advertising by the year at special rates.

	3 months	6 months	1 year
One square.....	\$ 2.50	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
Two squares.....	5.00	8.00	12.00
Three squares.....	6.00	10.00	15.00
One-fourth col'n.	10.00	17.00	25.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	80.00

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE TERRIBLE FIRE AT SOMERSET, PA.

From the Philadelphia Press.
The calamity which overtook the town of Somerset on Thursday, the 9th inst., has awakened the deepest sympathy throughout the whole Commonwealth. Such a sweeping, destructive conflagration has not visited any part of the country since the great forest fire in the West and the burning of Chicago, last fall. At about three-fourths of the place is in ashes; and property to the extent of about \$1,000,000, but a small portion of which is covered by insurance, was swept suddenly out of existence.

Somerset is the county seat of Somerset county, Pennsylvania, and is situated on the plank road from Cumberland, Md., to West Newton, Pa., about 70 miles southeast from Pittsburg. The borough was incorporated in 1804 and was burned once before, about forty years ago. Its population in 1860 was 2,776. The population of Somerset county in 1870 was 28,228.

The following interesting facts in regard to this deplorable conflagration are taken from the Somerset correspondence of the Pittsburg Commercial:

The fire originated in a stable in front of the Keim Foundry at 4 P. M. on the 9th inst. In a few minutes the two adjoining stables were in a blaze, and the unusually violent wind blowing at the time in a few minutes carried sparks and blazing shingles over the business portion of the town, and the fire became general.

The origin of the fire is by some attributed to sparks from the Keim Foundry falling on the stable. A gentleman who was on the ground at the time says the three adjoining stables burst into flames at the same moment, and unhesitatingly attributes it to incendiarism. Every business house is destroyed except Holderman's grocery, every hotel except the Barnett House, both the printing offices, the Herald and Democrat, and the Presbyterian and Lutheran Churches.

In a large number of cases the stores were used at the same time as residences, and many, in fact the majority, of the losses represent all the owners had.

Goods were removed from the houses, to be destroyed in the streets, or in some cases to be carried off by microbots to the country. Scarcely anything was saved, the complete destruction effected being one remarkable feature.

Said a young man, "My old father, rich at noon yesterday, hadn't a dollar at night, and with his two daughters had to beg a floor to lie on last night—and he eighty-four years old." Another said: "Beside Chicago this will appear small, and we won't get help, but God knows we need it—it was all we had." Yet there was no needless complaining, and all tried to smile and talk cheerfully and hopefully of the future. None can appreciate the scene unless they stand with a father looking on the ruin with his family, not a dollar or a mouthful to eat in the world, and cheerfully saying, "it will all come right."

The total amount of insurance is placed at \$60,000. The loss will not be less than \$1,000,000 in all. The insurance was placed in the following companies, the losses falling in the order named: Lycoming, Fayette county Mutual, Farmers', of York; North American, Etna, Franklin, of Philadelphia; Manufacturers', of Philadelphia, and Artisans', of Pittsburg.

IS THIS A SERMON?—Twelve years ago Hon. F. C. Whipple was a brilliant and prosperous lawyer in Howell, Mich. A few weeks ago he died of intemperance, and was buried out of the Masonic charity fund, from which for some time before his death he had been supported. During this time his beautiful and accomplished wife has become insane, and his four lovely children are penniless and scattered, no two living together.

An old bachelor, picking up a book, exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it!" And then, turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

A Western New York man unguardedly made the remark in the family circle recently that "when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their mustaches and makes them scratchy." Her father is curious to know how she found it out.