Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL, Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1873. NO. 41.

Business Cards,

PAUL H. GAITHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in all the Courts of Somerset County. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," opposite the Public Square. jan 8-72

H. K. KOLLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office formerly occupied by Charles Kessinger's estate. jan 22, '72.

H. N. KIMMEL, will continue to practice in Berlin, and vicinity his professional services, at the office in the old place, a few doors east of the Union Hotel. nov. 6, '72.

H. S. SHOEMAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Coffroth's new building, one door west of the Harbaugh House. jan. 22, '73.

WILLIAM M. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. jy 3-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the deceased's office. jan 8, '72.

NEVIL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of Mr. Colborn. aug. 12-tf.

JESSE CHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections. Office in my residence, on Main street.

VALENTINE SAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to real estate, Notary Public, and all business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention. aug. 12-tf.

W. A. & E. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. jan. 2-tf.

D. W. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in the front part of Jall, up-stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all work in his profession, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best quality. All operations warranted. June 7, '72.

JOHN S. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 19, '72-tf.

HENRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Agent, Somerset, Pa., Office in the Court House. jan. 11-tf.

JESSE MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Union street, opposite the residence of Eli Scull. jy 3-tf.

HARVEY HOUSE.—The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep a first class house, and he will give satisfaction to the traveling public with their custom. JOHN H. LL. apr 3-'72

CHRYSTER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care.

D. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in the house formerly occupied by C. A. Cook, where he can be consulted at all times, when not professionally engaged. All calls promptly answered.

S. PENDLETEWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional and business promptly attended to.

J. COBER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

J. J. KOPLIN. W. K. RUPPEL. KOPLIN & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office—Second door of southern end of Mammoth Block, Entrance from Diamond.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. John A. Hite will continue the practice of dentistry; are prepared to perform all operations in the best manner and at as low prices as the same skill can be had in any place in the State. Office at Berlin, a double set for $15. All other work warranted, and teeth extracted without pain. jan 7

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL.—

GOOD & JONES,

are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and manufacturing of building materials,

FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
BASE AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.

Also, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. jan 17-'72 GOOD & JONES.

DIAMOND HOTEL,

Samuel Custer, Proprietor.

Having been lately refitted with a large share of patronage is solicited. This well known hotel is the resort of Somerset. It is the intention to keep a first class house, and no pains will be spared to make it a home for the traveling public. Stabling and good hostlers are attached to the house. Terms reasonable. SAMUEL CUSTER. Somerset, Pa., December 4th, 1872.

REINHOLDS, STEEN & CO.,

(Successors to Charles Hotel,)

No. 110 Second Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,

Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

JOHN WILSON & SON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

237 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

TIN WARE.

The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

Constantly on hand, a supply of copper and brass kettles, for sale and all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods

Tinning done to order. Shop one door west of Reiman's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa. jan 17-'72 NOAH CASEBEER.

S. S. GOOD,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

SOMERSET, PA.

Office on Main Street. jan 17-'72

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN FRUITS AND CIGARS,

130 Baltimore St.,

Second Door West of Howard,

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.

The new Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL,"

Near the borough of a mile, south of Somerset is now in full and running. It has all the latest improvements and is warranted to do the best kind of work and the highest price paid for all kinds of grain. Customer work while you wait. Exchange Flour and Feed always on hand. VALENTINE SAY.

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HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand.

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices.

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS,

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

CHIMNEYS,

And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of

Table Knives and Forks,

POCKET KNIVES,

SPOONS,

SHEARS

AND SCISSORS,

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.

Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call. June 12-'72.

D. J. HORNER.

Buggy, Carriage

AND

LIGHT WAGON

MANUFACTURER,

SOMERSET PA.,

Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SULKIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
BACKS,
SLEIGHS,
&c., &c.,

In the latest and most approved styles, and at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

ALL IN WANT OF A

First Class Carriage,

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the

BEST WORKMEN

Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in this business. He is, therefore, enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented in every instance, and all such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere.

D. J. HORNER.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self indulgence or sexual extravagance.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 6 cents, or two post stamps.

Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 50 cents.

Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

127 Bowery, New York, Post-Office box 4,586. jan 25-'72

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS.

JOHN DIBERT & CO.,

BANKERS,

NO. 240 MAIN STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canadas, and in Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand.

Interest at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at all times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.

Feb 21-'72 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

JOHNSTOWN

SAVINGS BANK,

120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTERED SEPT., 1870.

OPENED FOR THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS FEB. 22, 1871.

BANK OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. ALSO, ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM 6 TO 7½ O'CLOCK.

LOANS SECURED BY BONDS AND MORTGAGES ON REAL ESTATE.

SIX PER CENT. GUARANTEED.

Deposits received of all sums not less than One Dollar, and a dividend of the profits declared twice a year, in June and December.

Interest commences the first day of each month. Interest when not drawn out is added to the Principal, thus compounding twice a year for the depositor.

Books containing the charter and by-laws will be furnished at the Bank.

D. J. MORRELL, President.
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer.
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

James Cooper, David Dibert, George Fritz, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, Daniel M. Laughlin, James McMillan, James Morley, Lewis Pitt, L. R. Ellis, Powell Starkhouse, Conrad Speicher, Geo. T. Swank, W. W. Walters, and D. J. Morrell, President. feb12

Go and See for Yourself.

JUST

RECEIVED

AT

A. W. KNEPPER'S

NEW

GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR &c.

Be sure to call and see, and be convinced, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.

OPPOSITE

SOMERSET HOUSE,

SOMERSET, PA.

July 17 A. W. KNEPPER.

Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's.

A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

JAMES PUGH,

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.

Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

He will also promptly attend to

REPAIRING

None but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

As represented in the latest and most approved style.

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Somerset, March 6th.

SOL UHL,

WITH

A. H. Franciscus & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

COTTON YARNS, BATTS, WICK,

Twine and Ropes,

LOOKING GLASSES, CLOCKS, FANCY BASKETS

Wooden and Willow Ware, &c.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CARPETING,

OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, RUGS, &c.,

811 Market Street and 420 Commerce Street,

Philadelphia.

June 19-tf.

SIMMONS & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tobacco and Segars,

608 Market Street, Above Fourth,

PHILADELPHIA.

E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset, Pa. 6m72

KEIM & LIVENGOOD,

BANKERS,

SALISBURY ELKLICK, P. O.

SOMERSET COUNTY, PENN'A.

Drafts bought and sold, and collections made on all parts of the country.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Special arrangements with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. Jan 17 '72

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on

H. H. KEMP,

HARNEDSVILLE,

Somerset County, Pa.

You can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 28-'72.

The Spring Term

OF THE

South-Western State Normal School,

AT

California, Washington Co., Pa.,

Will open on Monday, the 24th of March, 1873, and continue fourteen weeks. Tuition for the session $25 50. Boarding and room, per week $2 75. Special arrangements will be made for teachers to enter the first week in May, but all who can should begin with the session. This is a school of thorough drill and earnest work. For catalogues address

G. L. EHRENFELD, Pres., or
O. C. KERTZOG, Secretary.

March 5-'72

ST PAUL'S.

I.

I see above a crowded world a cross
Of gold. It grows like some fair'd cedar tree
Upon a peak in shroud of cloud and mass,
Made bare and bronzed in far antiquity.
Stupendous pile! The grim Yosemite
Has rent apart his granite wall, and thrown
Its rugged front before us. . . . Here I see
The strides of giant men in cryptic stone,
And turn, and slow descend where sleep the great alone.

II.

The mighty captains have come home to rest;
The brave returned to sleep amid the brave.
The sentinel that stood with steely breast
Before the fiery hosts of France, and gave
The battle-cry that rolled, receding wave
On wave, the German flying back and far,
Is here. How still! Yet hooker now the grave
Than ever crushing Belgian battle-car
Or blue and battle shaken wave of Trafalgar.

III.

The verger stalks in stiff importance o'er
The hollow, deep, and strange responding floors;
He stands with lifted staff amidst before
The forms that once had crush'd or fashion'd thrones,
And coldly points you out the coffin'd Sores:
He stands composed where armies could not stand
A little time before. . . . The hand thrown
The title sword, and now instead the grand
And golden cross makes sign and takes another command.

—*Joaquin Miller, in April Galaxy.*

An Old Bachelor's Story.

I am an old bachelor. At sixty-five I can say I shall never be anything else while I live; but like all other men—all I have ever met, at least, I have loved, and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion, those hopes, faded forty years ago. Since then I have none penance for the hasty act of one night; I have shunded the society of women, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my tattered joys with new ones.

To none who knew me have I ever told the tale. I should have been esteemed a liar, or a madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare recite the events of those four and twenty hours—events which turned my life into its now well worn channel, and made me the lonely, hopeless man I am.

At the age of twenty-four I was clerk in the establishment of Messrs. Carp and Cavil, lawyers. I had energy and ambition, health and opportunity—everything, in fact, that could be wished for by a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world, and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate creature, so quiet that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed the only one suitable for her. Her step was noiseless, her movements soft, her voice sweet and low. She never herself entertained a large company by her conversation, nor did any of those things that give a woman the reputation for brilliancy; but her mental powers were very fine, and in a *tete-a-tete* she was enchanting. A lady to the heart's core, in my eyes at least, a perfect beauty, she might yet have been forgotten by most men in a room full of giggling, chatting girls.

I adored her. I had felt that her love was a jewel worthy of an emperor's wearing, and I had scarcely dared to utter the words that told her all I felt. Even now her high bred reserve kept me at a little distance. I was proud of her. I felt unworthy of her. She was at once the saint whom I revered, and the being whom it was my delight to cherish and protect until death should part us.

Six months had passed since she promised to be mine. At the end of six more she was to give me her hand. I had a small salary, but my grandmother had left me a legacy which would enable me to go to housekeeping in plain but comfortable style, and Grace was willing to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of midwinter, forty years ago, when I walked through the city streets with Grace upon my arm, and looking down at her in her white wrappings, with gleams of frosty starlight touching her black hair, wondered if the angels were fairer than she was.

We were going to spend the evening at a mutual friend's residence.—There was to be music, dancing and cards, and a sociable supper. I went because Grace desired to go.

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other company; but I was young and light of heart, and when I had once entered the lighted parlors I did not sit silent in the corner.

I talked; I sang; I turned the music for musical ladies; I walked through the Lancers. At last I found myself flirting with one of the female guests.

There are women a man is obliged to flirt with. He does not admire them, respect them, or love them one whit; he does not even desire their society; but he must be more than man ere he can refuse to respond to their advances. One of these women I know now, having played the looker on for so many years, can make any man appear to other women desperately in love with her while he almost detests her. A woman of that kind was among the company. She had hands that delighted in soft touches of hands masculine; eyes that could cast glances bright and enchanting. She possessed attraction rather than beauty. What she said was nothing; her conversation had no interest, but I knew that I seemed absorbed by her—that I really was absorbed; in two words, that I flirted abominably with her.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me. She talked to others in her low, sweet tones. Once she sang a pretty love song. Quite calm and self-possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, the thought that it troubled her never occurred to me.—So that when the evening was over, and we had left the house together, I was astonished beyond measure to see an offended look upon her face, and to hear an offended tone in her voice. I offered her my arm; she rejected it, replying that the ground was damp, and that her hands were occupied with her dress, but I know that this was merely an excuse; and feeling myself in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the supper table, I grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done?" I said.

"You know!" said Grace.

"I know!" I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of woman's fancies. You must explain.

"I scarcely think it worth while," said she. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you seemed to be tired of your bargain. She thought that you were in love with that creature. So did other people. Under the circumstances, I have a right to feel offended, insulted."

Perhaps she thought I would deny her charge. Perhaps she expected me to plead for pardon. God knows what possessed me. I answered only:

"May I not talk to a pretty woman because I hope to marry you some day?

"You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of women with whom men fall in love," I said. "Irresistible in her manner. I've heard she makes conquests everywhere: I don't doubt it."

Grace looked at me with a stern face—white, in the starlight, as a marble statue.

"Other women are always jealous of such women," I added.

Her lip curled.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She is a terrible woman. But since you admire her so, you are free to tell her so after you have seen me to my door."

"Grace!" I said.

"Miss Hunter, if you please, Mr. Rutherford," said she. "We have both made a little mistake easily rectified; that is all."

I felt, as I stood looking at her, that the effect of the wine I had drank upon me was stronger than I had thought, but I gave no heed to the warning of my giddy head and rapid pulse.

"Just as you please," I said. "I should think that a jealous woman would curse any man's life. I'll go now. I won't trouble you longer. Good-bye."

We were not at the door of her home—we were about a half block from it; but I turned on my heel then and there, and left her. I staggered a little as I walked, and I was hot and angry. I made my way home, and without undressing, fell upon my bed and dropped asleep.

In two hours I awakened sober. I sat up and looked about me. The scene of the evening returned to me vividly. I saw how blameworthy I had been, and a terrible grief possessed me. I had lost her, and with her all that made life precious. Then hope dawned upon my soul. I would write to her; tell her how unused to liquor as I was, the wine had affected me. I would tell her that to my sober self there was no charm in the woman who had seemed to enchant me the evening before. I would draw the comparison that I felt so keenly between her pure self and that bold-eyed flirt. I would pray for forgiveness, and she would forgive me.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to my desk. I drew from it pen and paper. I wrote a letter overflowing with remorse and tenderness. I read it and re-read it. Then leaving it lying upon the spot where it was written, I stood at the window waiting for the tardy dawn, jealous of the slow hours that kept my missive from my darling.

The night was at its stillest. The stars were bright as ever, but the moon had set.

I had put out my candle when I left my desk, and the room should have been dark; but as I turned my head, after a long and anxious revery, I saw that it was full of a pale radiance like that of moonlight. It startled me. Whence did the light come?—Had a miracle occurred—had the moon risen again?

Suddenly, amid this silvery light appeared a still whiter radiance. It slowly took form. A female figure, in white garments so bright that they dazzled the eyes, stood bending over my letter.

I remained motionless—to speak or stir was not in my power—and gazed on the strange object with terrified intensity. The figure seemed to turn the pages of my letter with its transparent hand. I heard a gentle sigh; then the head turned toward me, and I saw a face I knew—the face that seemed the loveliest of all on earth to me, endowed with a mysterious and divine beauty for which no man could find words—the glorified face of sweet Grace Hunter.

At the sight I burst the bonds which held me—bonds as tangible as though I could have seen them—and rushed forward. I strove to clasp my love, or her shadow, in my arms. A shock such as one might experience from an electrical machine flashed through me, and I fell powerless to the floor.

When I recovered the day had dawned, and under the blue morning sky the city had awakened; but my day never dawned again. My heart never woke to life's sweetness.

To end this story in a few words, Grace Hunter never reached her home that night, and never was heard of again. The family imagined that she had remained with her friends, and were not anxious about her. I had left her within sight of her own door, and why she did not reach it I shall never know. But I do know in some woeful manner she died that night, and that her parting spirit paused in its flight to bid me a long farewell.

I have outlived my youth, and the suspicion that fell upon me and imbittered many years of my existence; but I shall never outlive my love for Grace Hunter, or my remorse for that night's woeful work. I shall never outlive the knowledge that, in the madness caused by wine and an evil woman's enchantment, I was the cause of my darling's death.

Willis Williams, of Islesboro' Me., was out on the ice hunting sea-gulls, when an accidental discharge of his fowling piece wounded him so badly in the thigh that he could not walk. He smeared his dog's face with blood, and told him to go home, which the sagacious animal did, and by signs and blood alarmed the family, and they followed him to the place where the young man was lying. The wound was very severe, but Williams is likely to recover.

Old Time Beauties.

Hypatia, the Greek philosopher and religious martyr, Zenobia, the beautiful but unfortunate Palmyrian Queen, and Aspasia, the companion and competitor of Pericles, and of whom Madame de Stael says, she is a model of female loveliness, an Alexander of heroism," are scarcely prototypes of any of the women of modern times. Yet the history of the last and present centuries furnishes many instances of notable women who have made their influences felt in the affairs of their time. The character of that influence, and to what good end, are not always apparent, but the fact and magnitude are undoubted.

Madame de Pompadour probably furnishes the most notable example that can be found in any age or country of what an education intended merely for show, in conjunction with woman's tact, can accomplish. Of obscure parentage, she was adopted and educated by a rich financier, and married to her cousin, M Normand l'Etioles, who was said to have been a man of whom any woman might be proud, and who loved her devotedly. She, however, left her husband to enjoy the favor of Louis XV., who made her the Marquise de Pompadour. She became the close friend and political advisor of the King; the undoubted Premier of France—appointing ministers ambassadors, generals and maintaining correspondence with foreign courts. The Royal Council convened in the boudoir. Maria Theresa, for political ends, addressed her as "ma cousine." Her extravagance knew no limit; she lightened the King's treasury during her short reign by over $150,000,000. She died at about forty-five, at the zenith of her power. This woman acquired and held her influence by sheer force of what might be called surface fascination, her education having been of the ornamental type, expressly confined to music, elocution and drawing. She possessed great beauty of face and figure, and cultivated dress as a fine art. In temperment cold, heartless and ambitious, every grace of face and person she made subservient to some selfish purpose. Her only power undoubtedly lay in the skillful handling of her forces to meet the demands of the vacillating King.

Among the women famous for beauty, wit and want of modesty in the time of Louis XIV., Ninon de l'Enclos was the most notorious. Though openly depraved, she was not entirely excluded from the higher ranks of society. The young son of Madame de Sevigne was said to have been as enamored of Ninon when she was fifty-four years old as was his father in his youth. She is said to have preserved her beauty and appearance of youth till the last.

Madame de Stael was one of the French women who did not rule society or fascinate by her beauty and vices. She amused herself at the early age of eleven by writing comedies and tragedies. She was the first leader of society both during and after the empire. Her fine mind, her popularity as an authoress and unwillingness to join his party, incurred Napoleon's hatred, and he never ceased in his persecutions of her so long as he had the power to annoy. Banished from Paris by the order of the Emperor, she was an exile for ten years, and friends who visited her were exiled. The last four years of her life were the most brilliant of her career. The Restorationists hailed with eagerness the return of the talented daughter of the Minister of the Bourbons; the new-papers were delighted to have a few words from the author of "Corinne." Her rooms were thronged with the representatives of political literary liberty of the day. Wellington, Chateaubriand, Lafayette, Blucher, came to her as the centre of political movement. Canova represented art, and Madame Recamier—still radiant at six and thirty—beauty. Hers was the reign of intellect.

Madame Recamier was the greatest beauty in France during the Empire. Among the earliest tributes to her beauty were those of the two Bonapartes—the Emperor and his brother Lucien. The first eight years of the present century were the period of Madame Recamier's reign as a social sovereign. Refusing to become a member of the Emperor's household, and becoming a too attractive feature in the Paris salons, she was also banished. Canova, the great sculptor, once attempted to give her a pleasant surprise by displaying two busts secretly modeled after her likeness; but the beautiful work of Canova was not good enough for the vain French woman, and she could not conceal her chagrin, even before the great artist. Madame Recamier was not a woman of profound mind. She was a great flirt, and she lived to enjoy life. But her society was composed as much of literary and political celebrities as of the merely fashionable people of Paris. The probable secret of her later success, socially, lay as much in that charm of manner, and perfect ease and grace in conversation naturally acquired in her five and twenty years of continued good society, as in her beauty. Another element of her influence was that apparent sympathy for the opinions and feelings of others which led her to treat every one as if they were of the utmost importance to her; a manner which brought her many friends, even among men and women vastly superior to her in intellect.

It is a curious phase in the history of this flirt that the older she grew the more devoted became her admirers. Chateaubriand, verging on eighty, infirm, tottering, and one foot in the grave, offered Mme Recamier his hand, and she, wholly blind, had the good sense to refuse him. She died of cholera in 1849. Montagu House, London, is one of the landmarks of modern society. To Mrs. Montagu's entertainments crowded the scholar and the politician, the wit, the critic, the orator. It was at the meetings of the literati at this house that the soubriquet "blue stocking," so applied to literary women, originated. It arose from a remark upon the stockings of Dr. Stillingfleet—that learned divine being and oddity and a sloven. A foreigner present cried "Les bas bleus," and the society was afterwards known as the Blue Stockings, denoting that full dress then in the evening was to be dispensed with. No English woman has ever so completely succeeded in deceiving men and women from the trivialties of society to the disquisition of literature and science as did Mrs. Montagu. She was clever as a writer. Her essay on Shakespeare was pronounced by Beattie the most elegant piece of criticism in our language or any other. Mrs. Montagu was the Mme. du Defland, of London. And her fame as the queen of society rested not only on her intellect, her essays, her conversational talent, but also on the solid basis of being the best dinner giver in London.

Sidney Lady Morgan was born on shipboard between Ireland and England. Her father was an actor, a singer, and the manager of a theatre. Such was the origin of one whose life presents an instance of what unassisted women can do to raise themselves as high as they choose in the scale of society—upon even a slender stock of education—with energy and talent. She wrote Irish novels and wrote for the periodicals. She used to relate how enchanted she was when, for some tale, the editor sent her two guineas, her first earned money. These two guineas, she said, were the source of all her scribbling. She learned the art of society in Paris—and she never forgot it. Born amid actors, learning first her letters, probably from a playbill, she lived to eighty-two to figure in the most elegant neighborhood of London, among the most lettered, the most famous, and the most aristocratic society in the world. She had a fund of Irish drollery, which was never quenched till the death of her husband. She died in 1859, and with her ended one of the few remaining literary cliques, the like of which—sadly do I write it—we of the present age are not to know except as matters of history.

That American women have not been taught "wit in six lessons"—as they do in France—that they have not made an art of conversation—have not held those brilliant coteries whose witty scintillations have gone forth to astonish the world, is owing to the fact that American society came in just as that fashion was going out. But that there have been many "queens" of our society, no one can doubt, the sway of beauty and fashion being essentially loyal.

The wife of John Adams, our second President, spent her early years in England and France, and as Mr. Adams' wife gracefully performed her part in the higher circles of social and political life, both before and after her husband became President.

Mrs. Hancock, wife of John Hancock, Governor of Massachusetts, and afterwards President of the first Congress, was acknowledged to possess wonderful beauty. She was thoroughly high-bred, had a courtly manner and fine conversational powers. She was for years considered one of the "wonders of the age," and was visited until the close of her life by distinguished persons from foreign countries as well as of her own.

Mrs. J. J. Rosevelt was a leader of society in New York for a long time. She had had the advantage of the best society abroad when quite a young lady, and was married in Paris in 1831, in the presence of many distinguished friends, among them General Lafayette, who gave the bride away.

In later days Mrs. Jesse Fremont was out most noted conversationalist. Her early experience with her father in Washington society, her extensive travels with her husband over every part of her own country, and the great natural talents and vivid imagination make her conversation particularly spirited and brilliant. Her talk always sparkles with wit and picturesque illustrations, and appears wholly unstudied.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Ortis was the "noblest Roman of them all." Her conspicuous and unflagging patriotism during the Rebellion made her name more pleasantly familiar to us than that of any other living woman. It was many years ago that she established those delightful little tea and cake Saturday morning receptions and Thursday evening soirees at her house in Boston. Many noted people—dear to us through their works—were proud to call Mrs. Otis their friend, and to enjoy the quiet, elegant hospitalities of her modest little house on the corner of Joy and Mount Vernon streets.

A Useful Drug.

Ammonia, or as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately warm water, dip in a flannel cloth and then wipe off the wood-work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing lace, put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix two teaspoonsful of ammonia in a quart of hot suds. Put in your silver and wash, using an old nailbursh or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair brushes etc., simply shake the brush up and down in a mixture of one tablespoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water; when they are cleansed rinse them in cold water, and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger-marks from looking-glasses or windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your house plants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of the bath. Nothing is better than ammonia for cleansing the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water. To which we would only add, that, for removing grease spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out the stains produced by strong acids in blue and black clothes, there is nothing better than ammonia.—*Providence Journal.*

Southern Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last number of the *U. S. Railroad and Mining Register*, edited by J. P. Leslie, a geologist thoroughly versed in the minerals and mountains of Pennsylvania, contains the following, which, on account of its especial bearing on the coal fields of Southwestern Pennsylvania—the realm of this PAPER—is inserted here in its entirety:

The necessity for a line of railway through the southern tier of counties has long pressed itself upon the attention of the people of the State living south of the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The extensive district of southern middle Lancaster county has no railway connection with markets. The people of York and Adams cannot communicate with the people of Franklin and Bedford without going all the way round by Harrisburg, or round by Baltimore, unless they wagon across the South Mountain. The connection between Cambria and Somerset west of the Allegheny Mountain with Bedford east of the mountain is still more circuitous, viz., by way of Huntingdon. The extremely zigzig course of the Juniata Valley, which the Pennsylvania Central follows, and of the Potomac Valley, which the Baltimore and Ohio follows, has demoralized (geographically speaking) our whole railway system as regards Southern Pennsylvania. Its tendency has been to northeast and southwest trending branch lines.

At Columbia the Main Stem throws off its first southwest branch to York, Baltimore and Gettysburg. At Harrisburg, it shoots a second, southwestward, to Chambersburg and Hagerstown. At Huntingdon, a third, to Broad Top, Bedford and Cumberland. At Altoona, a fourth, to Hollidaysburg, McKee's Gap and Harrison's Cove. Many more are required. At Johnstown, one is projected to Somerset; and at Greensburg, one is being built to Connellsville; but these two show an opposite or southeast tendency; at all events they run southward, not southwestward.

A narrow gauge southwest short road is being built from Newton Hamilton, or rather from the bridges at Mt. Union below Huntingdon, which will reach the side of the Broad Top Coal Field and bring out the fossil and hematite ores of the Aughwick Valley.

But what is wanted now is a main truck through line, as straight as possible, east and west, laid down half way between the Maryland line and the Pennsylvania Railroad. In other words, a SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

Such a line would bind all the southern counties together; distribute produce and manufactures and diminish the cost of transportation to Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; take the best iron ores westward to the coal; and bring the best coals eastward to the rolling mills and steamers of the seaboard.

Such a line is already half made and in use. But its *disjecta membra* are not yet joined together. Gaps are to be filled up, and no doubt crosscuts will be discovered to shorten the line where it is already made. Our purpose in this article is to describe the proposed line as it now looks to the eyes of experienced railway men.

The present track from Philadelphia though Lancaster, Columbia, York, Hanover Junction, to Gettysburg, is 117 miles long and is practically a Southern Pennsylvania Railroad.

From Gettysburg across the South Mountain to Marion Station, ten miles south of Chambersburg, is only a distance of 35 or 40 miles, with no great engineering difficulties to overcome.

From Marion past London to Cowan Gap on the north, or Tuscarora Mountain, back of Path Valley there is a finished railroad 18 miles long, a feeder to the Cumberland Valley Railroad, made to bring out the ores of Mt. Pleasant Furnace for transportation east to the furnaces on the Susquehanna, Schuykill and Lehigh. But when this road was planned, its extension to Broad Top and Bedford was distinctly in view, Cowan's Gap being almost if not certainly the only point at which the North Mountain can be crossed for railroad purposes. It was desirable to reach thus the fossil ores and hematites of the Aughwick Valley, the coal and coke of Broad Top, and the fossil ores and hematites of Tussy Mountains, Yellow Creek, Bloody Run, &c.

The distance to be traversed by this extension from Cowan's Gap to Mount Dallas, on the Huntingdon, Broad Top and Bedford Railroad is 30 miles. This, is, then the second gap in the South Pennsylvania railway through line to be filled up; the first being that, from Gettysburg to Marion, through the South Mountain.

Hence to Pittsburg there is a continuous railway, via Bedford, Bridgeport, Meyers' Mills and Connellsville, a distance of 166 miles. At Bedford, a branch of ten miles long up Dunning's creek is being surveyed for the purpose of opening up the noble fossil ore district of Dunning's Mountain. Hematite ores also will be mined on the same branch. But the important use of this Bedford and Bridgeport road is for bringing down past Bedford to the eastern furnaces and rolling mills the superb steam coal and admirable coke of the Cumberland Coal Basin in Maryland. For this railroad not only connects with the Baltimore and Pittsburg road at Bridgeport; it passes on independently and joins with the branch road from Cumberland passing into the heart of the basin.

From Bridgeport to Pittsburg the line under consideration is the old Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railway extended eastward to Cumberland; and now a main stem rather than a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. It ascends the Allegheny Mountain, passes through the Sand Patch Tunnel, descends Flaherty's Run to Meyers' Mills, and then keeps down the north bank of Castleman's river, on the Youghiogheny, past Ursina, Confluence, Ohiopile Falls, and Connellsville to Pittsburgh.

By this line, and for the first time, now, the splendid upper coal beds of the Salisbury Basin, situated in a long, narrow ridge extending from Meyers' Mills to the Maryland line, have a chance to get to the eastern markets. These coals are a fac simile of the Cumberland (George's Creek) coals, come from the same bed, and are chemically and practically of precisely the same character and usefulness. They contain from 4 to 7 per cent of ash, and only from 19 to 21 per cent. of gas. They are therefore as perfect a steam coal as the best Cumberland. They make also precisely the same kind and quantity of coke. It is an important geological fact that—with the exception of a round patch of a few hundred acres in an inaccessible mountain top on the Broad Top plateau, and of a long narrow strip in the centre line of the Ligonier Valley south of New