The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1874. NO. 15

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

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

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W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row. 17 8-1f.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '70.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrust to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

S. MICHL GAITHER. PAUL R. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, upstairs. dec4-72.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. OFFICE—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 15.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar17'73.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, '71-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, '71.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Star House. jan. 21, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. ☞Office in Mammoth Block. nov'72

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST *DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,*

Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality. Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the setsyle. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing: neult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. je22-72

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cuebner's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, exracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of he best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

Mansion House, LATE "BENFORD HOUSE," Corner of Franklin and Broad Streets, JOHNSTOWN, PENNA. **Jos. Shoemaker, Prop'r.**

Having lately taken charge of, refitted and furnished this large and commodious Hotel, I now invite my Somerset County friends to call on me, and hope by prompt attention to their wants and moderate charges, to merit their patronage. Table supplied with the best the market affords. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors, &c. JOSEPH SHOEMAKER. N. B.—Best stabling in town. apr9

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.

Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office. mmar25 D. LAVAN.

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.

This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

BARNET 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 it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. Apr 17 '72 JOHN HILL.

JOHN WILSON & SON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 297 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH. une 26, '72.

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE, D. T. Buzby & Co., No. 6. Exchange Place BALTIMORE. Special attention given to the sale of GLADE'S BUTTER.

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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 7o JOHN DIBERT & CO.

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Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. april 16-73.

CARPETING.

Henry McCallum, *51 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.* Imports direct from Manufacturers,

Superior English Oil Cloths, BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c., RAG, HEMP and INGRAIN CARPETS In every variety. 51 FIFTH AVENUE, Above Wood street. mar25.

SLATE ROOFS.

Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of

Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE

for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at No. 25 Redford St., Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with John A. Walter, Agent, Somerset, Pa. oct3 WM. H. SHIPLEY.

WM. BOOSE & Co., FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS, *SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.,* Manufacturers of all kinds of CASTINGS & MACHINERY

Orders by mail promptly attended to. Address WM. BOOSE & CO., Salisbury, Elklick P. O. Somerset co., Pa. Oct. 18.

Ursina Lime Kilns.

The undersigned are prepared to furnish Prime Building Lime By the Car Load. Orders Respectfully Solicited. R. J. BATZER & CO. Ursina, June 18.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Female Seminary on the Ohio, with over forty-five years' experience, offers superior advantages in both solid and ornamental branches. It has made its prices to suit the times. Board, room and light for year only $175—one fourth off for clergymen. Opens Sept. 9th. For catalogues address Principal. Rev. C. C. Beatty, D. D, LL. D., Supt., Rev. A. M. Reid, Ph. D., Principal. aug12.

Miscellaneous.

THE BEST PUMP IN THE WORLD! THE AMERICAN SUBMERGED Double-Acting, Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP!

The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.

It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.

It will not *Freeze*, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.

It has no leather or gum *packing*, as the sucker and valves are all of iron.

It seldom, if ever, gets out of order.

It will force water from 40 to 60 feet in the air, by attaching a few feet of hose.

It is good for washing Buggies, Windows, watering Gardens, &c.

It furnishes the purest and coldest water, because it is placed in the bottom of the well.

TERMS:—¾ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 50c. ⅝ foot. 1 " " 18; " 65c. "

Larger sizes in proportion.

SWEYAND'S PLATT Sole Agents for Somerset County. Somerset, Pa., May 1st, 1872.

MINERAL POINT PLANING MILL. A. Growall & Son.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Planing and Manufacturing of building material.

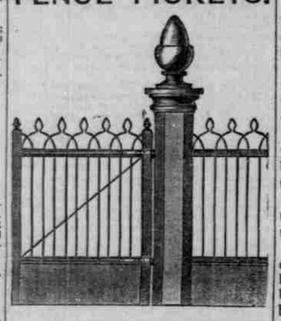
FLOORING, MOULDING, WEATHER BOARDING SASH AND DOORS

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,

In short anything generally used in house building. All orders promptly filled. mar26

SIMMONS & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FINE CIGARS and the best brands of **Navy and Bright Tobaccos,** 408 Market Street, Above Fourth, PHILADELPHIA. sep10

FENCE PICKETS.



We furnish the Pickets made from 3-8 inch Round Iron, like design shown in cut, at **30cts PER LINEAL FOOT.** They make a HANDSOMER, MORE DURABLE and CHEAPER FENCE than the Wooden Pickets

SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO Lewis, Oliver & Phillips, Manufacturers of MERCHANT BAR IRON GATE and BARN DOOR HINGES, BOLTS NUTS, WASHERS, and their New Line of PATENTED WAGON HARDWARE. For sale by all Iron and Hardware Dealers. 91 & 92 Water Street and 114 and 116 First Ave. Pittsburg. may20

E. S. OWENS. L. C. SCOTT. OWENS & SCOTT, Butter Commission House, 153 W. Pratt St., BALTIMORE. sep24

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at Millwood Station, Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad, and now offer for sale a a General Stock of Merchandize, consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.

WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs,

MAPLE SUGAR,

Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.

SALT AND FISH, always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold. SCHELL & WILSON.

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Special Rates for Introduction. Address the Publishers, or D. W. PROCTOR, Agent, july29 HUNTINGDON, PA.

A Woodland Study.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

Through pleasant paths and flowery ways,
Through leafy woodland colonnades,
Where e'n at noon the sun's keen gare
Could scarcely reach, we two had stray'd,
All left behind the glare and strife—
The din and babel of existence;
Save us, no trace of social life
In that enchanting sylvan distance.

And then beside a giant tree,
The remnant of some ancient race,
Whose gnarled roots your throne might be,
We made awhile our resting-place.
Here linaken moss and fern and flower,
There carpet soft as velvet spread:
Forget you, love, that happy hour?
Would you recall the words you said?

The throstle pour'd his liquid lay;
The vagrant bee pass'd tuneful by;
And there along its pebbly way
The gleaming brooklet murmur'd nigh.
I heeded not the throstle's tone,
Nor saw the brooklet's silver shine;
I held your hand, your heart, my own;
I only knew that you were mine.

I cared not else to know; for while
We rested in that woodland place,
My sun, my love, was in your smile,
And heaven itself within your face.
So what for me was bloom or flower,
Or arching branches over head?
Can I forget that happy hour?
Do you regret the words you said?

THE SCOUT'S DAUGHTER.

It was at the close of a sultry day about the first of May, 1864, that a single horseman might have been seen riding along the turnpike a few miles west of Chancellorsville.

He was apparently about forty or fifty years of age, large, powerful frame, bold, open countenace, and possessed of a daring restless eye. His attire being semi-military and semi-citizen, it would be hard to determine to which of the opposing parties he belonged.

He wore the blue cap of the Yankees, the grey blouse of the Confederates, and the remainder of his apparel was that of an ordinary citizen.

His horse, a large, powerful bay, swept along with an easy rapid pace.

By making an abrupt turn, he left the main road, and entering a bridle path, was soon in a dense forest.

The sun had already gone down, when he emerged from the forest, and riding up to a large farm house, asked lodging for the night.

The farmer, who was a perfect "Southern Fire-eater," eyed him a moment suspiciously, and then in multifarious tones said;

"Well, yes, I reckon, stranger, as you might stay; though the country be so torn up that one can't tell who to take in. Who are you, anyway?"

"Simply a weary and benighted traveler, who will leave with the morning's dawn."

The traitorous looking farmer called to a negro who was near, and bade him put the traveler's horse in the barn. The stranger accompanied him, and had the horse put in the stall nearest the door, with the saddle on.

"Debblish strange," muttered the negro. "Mustbe afeard some one's comin' to gobble 'um up."

As soon as the negro had a chance to speak privately to his master, he informed him of the manner he had left the horse at the stable.

"I'll watch him Jake, and you remain handy, for I suspect he's Meade's Scout, Glorcus. If he should be, I want you to go the forest after Hawkins."

The negroe's eyes sparkled greedily, as he replied.

"Golly, Marsa, only find dat out, and I'm off to the woods in no time."

During this conversation the subject of it was in the sitting room, quietly smoking a short black pipe, while he seemed buried in thought. He had unbuckled his sabre and leaned it against the wall, but his pistols were still in his belt around his waist.

His blue cap was placed on his knee, and his iron grey hair fell about his shoulders in profusion, while his keen, restless eyes kept constantly in motion. As he sat there he looked what he really was, a desperate character.

His reverie was at length broken by the entrance of a very pretty black eyed girl, who announced supper.

"Very glad," said the stranger. "In fact I am very hungry, Miss; What may I call you?"

"Della!"

"Della? A very pretty name. You are the gentleman's daughter?"

"No, sir!"

"His niece then?"

"No, sir!"

"A relative then, anyway!"

"I think no relation at all. I am simply an orphan girl—Della Doran—whom Mr. Biswick has taken to raise; but supper waits."

The stranger started up at the sound of the name, bent a keen glance on the lovely girl, but said not a word.

The landlord, his foster daughter and the stranger were the only occupants of the supper table.

Mr. Biswick being somewhat talkative, intimated that the fair girl was not his child, but the daughter of a scamp who had deserted her at her mother's death, gone to California, and he had kept her merely out of gratitude.

The stranger seemed almost to strange as the farmer still continued to degrade the girl.

He raised his hand to brush the cold sweat from his brow, and as he did so a small slip of paper fell from his blouse pocket to the floor.

It was unnoticed by any save Mr. Biswick.

Supper being over they all arose from the table, and the planter passing around adroitly slipped the note in his pocket.

Conducting the stranger to the sitting room he left him, and going into a private room lit a candle, and glanced at the note. It was brief, and as follows:

Forward to the front, Glorcus.

GEN. MEADE.

"Ho, ho! I know him now," chuckled the farmer. "He is Glorcus, the famous scout. There's a reward for him, and I'm a fool if I don't get it."

At a signal the negro entered.

"It is as I expected, Jake; he is Meade's scout. Go at once for Hawkins. The reward is ours."

"I'll go Marsa, I'll go," said the negro, and pulling on his cap ran out into the night air. Once he muttered to himself:

"Golly, if it am Glorcus, debble be to pay when dey eotch 'um. Dis chile be sceerce den."

Having dispatched the negro for the confederates, the wicked, traitorous farmer returned to the room in which the object of his betrayal sat, and entered into conversation with him.

The eyes of Glorcus rolled suspiciously about, but he otherwise evinced no apprehension of danger.

Complaining of *ennui* from the effects of his days travel, he proposed to retire. This was what Biswick desired, and he cheerfully led the way to the bed chamber.

As soon as the confederate left the room the scout buckled on his saber, instead of retiring to bed, and remained at the window in a listening attitude.

He had not been long in this position when a tap at the door aroused him. With revolver in hand he opened the door cautiously.

Pale and trembling the girl, Della Doran, entered, making frantic gestures for him to keep quiet. Seizing the frightened maiden by the hand the brave old scout said:

"What is it, my dear, that frightens you?"

Seeming to gain strength from his kind words, she replied:

"Sir! fly from here; you are in deadly peril! Each moment you remain increases your danger!"

The scout received this startling announcement as cooly as if it had been an order from his General, and merely said:

"You will have to give me some information as to the nature of my danger if you wish me to avert it."

"Mr. Biswick thinks you are the great scout Glorcus, and has sent for guerillias to arrest you!"

"For Mosby?"

"No. worse. Mosby has some humanity; but he has sent for the wretch Steve Hawkins."

"Never fear," said the scout.

"But you will fly, nevertheless?"

"I will not be taken; but you must answer some questions first."

"Ask them, quick."

"Is your name really Della Doran?"

"It is."

"Do you remember anything of your parents?"

"Not a great deal. My mother died when I was young, and I can just remember my father leaving me with Mr. Biswick and going to California."

"Do you love your foster father?"

"No, sir, I cannot. He is very cruel, and swears I shall marry Capt. Hawkins."

"That is sufficient, I shall go now, but I will return and tell you something."

Arising he glided out of the room, and Della having accomplished her errand of mercy, retired.

The famous scout managed to reach the stable unperceived, and securing his horse, led him to the rear of the house, and hitched him to a tree. Then holding a revolver in each hand he crept over the wall and walked up the garden path.

Flashing lights and confused voices told him that the Confederates had arrived. A heavy tread of feet was heard coming down the garden walk, and he distinguished the voice of the negro saying:

"Let 'um kill him; but golly don't cotch me near; I might get a stray bullet!"

In an instant the scout leveled a pistol at the head of the treacherous black and fired. Without a groan the negro fell dead in the garden walk.

With yells of vengeance the guerillas rushed toward the scout, who nimbly leaped the garden fence, vaulted into the saddle, and amid flashing swords and whizzing shots, dashed off into the forest.

"To horse; after him," shouted Captain Hawkins. "Five thousand to the man who brings him down."

Then there was mounting in hot haste, and the Confederates thundered on after him.

The scout having reached an open spot about three miles from the farm house, paused on the opposite side in a thick growth of underbrush, with a cocked pistol in each hand, the rein in his teeth, and thus waited for his pursuers to come up.

In the course of half an hour the guerillas, seven in number, rode into the open spot and paused for consultation.

Various conjectures were made as to the whereabouts of the scout, and the rebel captain vowed he would give a good round sum to know just where he was.

His speech was cut short by the crack of a pistol, and Captain Hawkins fell from his horse.

Two guerillas drew pistols and returned the fire, but now pistol shot after pistol shot came from an unseen quarter, and three Confederates fell. The remainder terror stricken fled.

The scout rode out on the plain to examine his fallen foe. Three were quite dead and the fourth was dying. Leaving the field of carnage, he made his way to the farm house.—Fastening his horse near the gate he entered it. As he was passing across the hall he heard a voice, in a room on the right, begging for mercy.

"Don't plead to me for mercy," said the harsh voice of Biswick.—"You know you told the Union scout that Hawkins was coming. Now take that."

A blow and a scream followed.

"Hold!" thundered the scout, bursting into the room.

"What right have you to command me to hold?" cried the astonished rebel.

"The right of a father!"

"A father?"

"Yes, James Biswick. I am Albert Doran, who years ago trusted my infant daughter with you while I went to California to amass a fortune. I made it in an obscure mine, and concealed it in a cache, but was at that time captured by the savages and kept a prisoner for years. I made my escape, secured the hidden treasure, and returned to the States just as the war broke out. I joined Meade's corps under the assumed name of Glorcus. My experience in warfare has made me the great scout that I am. I am now here to claim my child."

With the beautiful Della behind him on his powerful horse, he rode into Meade's camp the next morning at sunrise. It was in the midst of the terrible battle of the wilderness that Doran met and struck Biswick dead with his vengeful sword.

"This," said he, is for your cruelty to my child."

A King of Trees.

In the great forest, near Cape Coast Castle, Africa, the silk-cotton, like a king of trees, towers over all others. It is truly a most wonderful tree. It grows faster than any other, for the wood is soft. It must be one of the largest trees in the world. There is a most wonderful provision of nature shown in this in compensating it for the softness of its wood, which from its immense size, could not support the weight of the branches and towering top. Rising far above the other giants, therefore deriving no shelter from them, each one stands for a greater part of its height a seperate tree, and exposed to the full force of the constant tornadoes which sweep over this part of the country during the rains. The necessary support is given to it by a number of large buttresses all around the stems; they are formed by roots which rise over the ground in a flattened shape extending up the sides of the trees, and forming most regular support all around. In many places the natives make use of the spaces between the buttreces as houses; merely making a roof overhead, the house is complete. As the people of this country never have more than three walls to their houses, and the tree with two of its buttresses supplies those, they are quite ready made houses for them, and indestructable. While the tree is young all the bark is covered with very large strong thorns.

Table Etiquet.

See that those about you are helped before you commence eating yourself.

Do not eat soup from the tip, but the side of a spoon.

On passing your plate to be replenished, retain the knife and fork.

Wipe the mouth before drinking.

Remove the teaspoon from the cup before drinking tea or coffee.

Use the knife only in cutting the food; do not raise it to the mouth.

Eat slowly, as eating rapidly is unhealthy.

If you find anything unpleasant in your food avoid calling the attention of others to it.

Close the lips when chewing your food.

Keep your elbows off the table always.

Do not speak with food in the mouth.

When asked to help your nieghbor, do not shove but hand the plate to him.

Do not turn your head and stare about the room.

If anyone at the table makes a mistake, take the least possible notice of it.

A Widow's Witness.

It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had a suit for damages before a court in Houston. The counsel for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place offorded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about finishing his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the judge's desk. It then hopped away and found rest for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury-box. In its circuit of the court room it halted awhile on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of plaintiffs, and flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying: "Behold the witness," and as the witness could not not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it. The jury could not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not in the least fisby. If it was a preconcerted plan of the lawyer, it was very happily aranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curious pleadings.

How to Make Vinegar.

A correspondent, starting with the premises that to make good vinegar you must have good pure cider, and see to it that the barrel into which it is to be put is entirely free from any taint, proceeds with the process of making as follows:

Cider once properly made and put into sweet, fresh barrels, the balance of the process in vinegar making is no trick at all. It is a chemical process, to be sure, but nature will be a good manipulator of it. The chemistry of the thing consists simply in oxygenation of the cider, and if the air is allowed free access to it the oxygenation will go on slowly through the winter and more rapidly in the summer. The process may be accelerated by keeping the cider in a warm room, and made more rapid still by trickling the cider through a hogshead or large cylinder perforated with holes on the side and filled with birch shavings, so as to allow the air to come in direct contact with it. A little yeast added to the cider gives it a good start on its fermenting course.

Our custom is to wait the slow process of nature, and to admit air to the cider only through the bung hole. In the summer we take the barrels out of the cellar and place them in a sunny place, nailing some wire gauze over the bung holes to keep out flies and straws. This mode of making vinegar requires about 12 months. Early made cider will sometimes go through the vinous and acetous fermentations the same fall, but it forms a poor article, and we prefer to wait till the latter part of October or the first of November before we start the cider mill for the supply of the vinegar cellar.

Beware of all nostrums in the manufacture of vinegar. The simple, unadulterated juice of ripe apples—if small and knotty, no matter—makes the best flavored vinegar. Brown sugar, molasses, mustard seeds and all flavorings and medications are a damage. Some recommend adding the "mother of vinegar" from some old vinegar barrel. This "mother" is a fungus growth on old vinegar, and will doubtless hasten the acetous fermentation in cider, as it contains within itself the seeds of decay, but it is very apt to contain also bad flavors and too much corruption. Putting "mother" with new cider is too much like bringing up a little child to associate and sleep with its aged and infirm grandmother. The child grows old fast enough without such an unnatural catalytic influence.

If any one has old cider in his cellar which he wishes to double in value, now is the time to put it out into the sunshine. It will "make" twice as fast in the warm out door air as it does in the cellar.

Gen. Custer As He Is

A correspondent writes to the *Inter-Ocean*: He is a great man, a noble man is General Custer, and one of whom most of the world—that part which does not know him—has a singularly wrong idea. I came here expecting to find a big whiskered, swearing, ranting, drinking toper, and I found instead a slender, quiet gentleman, with a face as fair as a girl's, and manners as gentle and comely as the traditional prince. In hunting for the drunken raider I found a literary gentleman in his library, surrounded by adjutants and orderlies, to whom he gave his military directions while he wrote and read. His guest for four days, I never sat with a more courteous host, or generous entertainer, or polished conversationalist. With one of the sweetest, brightest women in the world for a wife, his home is that of a cultured gentleman instead of a roystering cavalry man, as is generally supposed.

General Custer does not drink, notwithstanding the prevailing idea of his intemperance. He believes in and practices total abstinence. The good temperance teachers of the day can use him as an example rather than an object of regret. General Custer does not swear. In his constant companionship for more than a week, under circumstances, too, that have been unusually trying, I have not heard an oath from his lips; and what is more, he does not allow profanity among his subordinates.

But what, some one will ask, are his vices? His soldiers will tell you he has none, unless an almost inordinate love for the brute creation may be called such, for General Custer has the best dogs and the best horses he can procure within the limits of reach. His leash of hounds is probably as large and well bred as any in the country, and his own and the horses of the regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, are famous all over the States, while he has the reputation of being the best sportsman and the most acurate shot in the army.

Dartmouth College Students.

President Smith of Dartmouth, in talking to the students the other day, said, in regard to the employment of Dartmouth students as waiters at summer hotels, that so much is said and written in the abstract, nowadays, about the dignity of labor, and so little is practiced, that it is refreshing to notice an instance which is so common an occurrence that it attracts no attention in the district where it occurs, and is scarcely known beyond the district. The students who act as waiters in hotels at the White Mountains, during the summer, come chiefly from college—Dartmouth—where labor has always been held as honorable. Sixteen from that institution having served in the Profile House this season. They get as regular wages twenty dollars a month, which is sometimes trebled by donation. "When we consider," said the President, the fact that nearly one-third of the students of Dartmouth teach school during the winter, and work at harvesting during summer, we need have no fear about the dignity of labor becoming an obsolete expression."

For Wags That are Dark.

When a Chinese servant is discharged from a family and is about to leave, he places his mark on the wall of the room he has occupied, or in some part of the premises where the next coming servant will see it. Whatever difference may have existed between the employer and employee, whatever disagreeable things, true or imagined, that is possible to say against the people of the house, are duly recorded in a few cabalistic signs, and a housekeeper not posted will have a chance to wonder at some things seen in a new servant. A San Francisco paper tells of a family in that city which had a continual coming and going of Chinese servants. They treated their help well, the work was light and the pay liberal, but no servant could be induced to make a reasonable stay in the house. At last it was found that a refactory man who had been discharged had left on the wall certain uncomplimentary remarks concerning the family, and statements that could no be verified by facts. The writing was at once obliterated, and no other trouble was experienced.

In a Chicago library a book on "self culture" never got a reader. The librarian had it re-bound and christened it, "A Young Man on his Muscle," and anxious readers had to wait for weeks before they could get it.

A cowardly young rascal, in Lowell, Mass., insulted two ladies in the street the other night, and when arrested swore he was innocent. The evidence was stronger than his oath, however, and he was convicted, not merely of impudence, but of purjury. He will spend his next six months in the House of Correction.

Character in Walking.

A Saratoga correspondent says:

It is amusing to sit on the hotel balconies in Saratoga and watch the different way people have of walking. The sentimental young lady comes hitching along with her dress tied tighly around her feet. This is the brainless noddle where the dress overcomes all character—where it gets bigger than the woman.

Sometimes a little happy woman comes walking down the dining room with her head up, heels down, and patting her left palm with her fan. This is the walk of a happy girl—just engaged.

After studying the walks of men all summer I have prepared the following infallible chart, whereby you can tell all human character just by noticing the walk:

Selfish, one-idea men like Gov. Morton and John Randolph "toe in," and look straight ahead.

Unstable persons like Theodore Tilton, George Francis Train, Mrs. Woodhull, and Gov. Beveridge, of Illinois, walk slow and fast by turns.

Fun-loving persons like Sam Cox, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Olive Logan, and Oliver Wendell Holmes teter and tilt up and down when they walk.

Careless persons like Lincoln, Greeley, Zach Chandler and Susan Anthony are continually stubbing their toes, or stepping on somebody's dress.

Retiring persons like A. T. Stewart and Charles O'Conor walk swiftly and slip through a crowd unobserbed like eels through a fish rack.

Good natured persons like Schuyler Colfax and Frank Carpenter pat an envelope or knife on the palms of their left hand or snap their fingers every few steps.

Strong minded people like Anna Dickinson and Secretary Bristow too straight ahead, shut their mouths, and plank the whole foot down on the floor at once.

Wideawake people like Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Speaker Blaine and Senator Logan, swing their arms and "toe out," while their hands fly about miscellaneously.

Lazy people like Senator Morton, Judge Davis, of Illinois, and Gen. Grant slosh around loosely, first on one side of the walk, then on the other, while they skuff their heels along on the ground without lifting them up.

Managing and conniving persons like Thurlow Weed, Gov. Fenton and Andrew Green generally walk with one hand clutched hold of an envelope or stuffed into the pocket, while their heads lean forward, indicating subjective thought.

Timid people like Jay Gould and Sam Tilden hesitate as they walk, pass outside when they meet any one, go around a stone or stick instead of stepping on it, and step off the walk entirely on meeting several people at once.

Observing persons like Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Josh Billings walk slowly, while their eyes look down on the ground and on each side, and the body frequently turns clear around, as if the mind was reflecting on something passed.

Careful persons like Peter Cooper, Gen. Dix, Fernando Wood, Augustus Schell, lift their feet high and bring them down slowly, often touching something with their canes or kicking a stone or stick to one side of the way.

How to Make a Brick Oven.

Many a house keeper longs for a good old-fashioned brick oven, especially when there are several loaves of bread, and a dozen pumpkin pies to bake at once.

A brick oven built in the old style, out of doors, entirely separated from the dwelling house, is more safe, so far as danger from fire is concerned, than if built by the side of the fire place in the house. A good brick oven for baking bread, pies and cakes, is worth all the ranges and cook stoves that one could store in his kitchen. In such an oven every thing will be baked just right, above and below through and through.

After a foundation has been prepared, let two courses of bricks be laid for the bottom of the oven. Then build the mouth and part of the sides, until it is desirable to begin to draw the sides inward, when sand or mellow earth may be placed on the foundation, and the surface smoothed off and pressed down to the desired form of the oven. Now let the brick work be built over this form of sand; let two courses of hard bricks be laid over the form with the best morter. After the last bricks have been laid, the sand may be removed.

The bricks should be soaked for several hours previous to being laid, so that they will not absorb the moisture of the morter until it has set. Such an oven will cost but a few dollars. Many people can collect a sufficient number of loose bricks and pieces around their dwellings to build a brick oven. Besides this, any intelligent man, though only half a mechanic, can build such an oven about as well as a mason.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

The Crackers of Florida.

The Crackers are a class by themselves, and, to a considerable extent, are governed by their own well understood but unwritten laws. To some extent they resemble the patriarchs of old, inasmuch as their property consists mainly in their stock, and no country has any attractions for them which does not afford a good range for their cattle. They "squat" down in the pine woods without stopping to enquire whether the land belongs to the general government, the State, or to individuals, and erect a log cabin which is not more than a pen made of pine poles and matched together at the corners and covered with unshaven shingles from the pine tree. A few acres are fenced in for a pen, or yard, to enclose their cattle which are herded at night in the summer and allow to roam through the woods during the day, and to secure their return to the pen the calves are retained in the enclosure. The trees in the enclosure have been girdled, and when the land has been sufficiently enriched by the droppings of the cattle, another pen is fenced in and the first planted in sweet potatoes, which fill the place of bread and vegetables in the family. A few hogs, long nosed and sharp backed, which live in the woods, and deer and wild turkeys furnished the family with meat. Of course they have no schools and no education—even the itinerate, Methodist preacher does not find them; but still they are kindly inoffensive people, who would share a corner of their cabin with a stranger and give him the best the house afforded. They cook, eat, drink and sleep in the one common room—men, women, children and strangers, and still unchaste conduct or bastardy is unknown. The cattle are penned from April to August, when the calves are branded and the whole turned out to shift for themselves until the next April.—While being penned enough milk is