Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1874. NO. 18

Business Cards.

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.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 23, '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.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. 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. mar12'73.

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 Barnet House. jan. 21, '70.

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

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block. sep4'72

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 best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. je12-73

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the 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. apr29

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. Taywan may at all times be found in the office. mmar29 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. june 26, '72

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

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK.
120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTED IN 1870.

TRUSTEES;

JAMES COOPER, D. J. MORRELL,
DAVID DIBERT, JAMES McMILLEN
C. B. ELLIS, JAMES MORLEY,
A. J. HAWES, LEWIS PLITT,
F. W. HAY, H. A. BOGGS,
JOHN LOWMAN, CONRAD SUPPES,
T. H. LAPSLY, GEO. T. SWANK,
D. McLAUGHLIN, W. W. WALTERS

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

Deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards received, and interest allowed on all sums, payable twice a year. Interest if not drawn out, is added to the principal, thus COMPOUNDING TWICE A YEAR, without troubling the depositor to call or even to present his deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank certain notice by letter.

Married Women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it can be drawn only by themselves or on their order. Moneys can be deposited for children, or by societies, or as trust funds, Subject to certain conditions.

Loans Secured by Real Estate.

Copies of the By-Laws, reports, rules of deposit, and special act of Legislature, relative to deposits of married women and minors, can be obtained at the Bank.

Banking hours daily from 9 to 3 o'clock; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 7½ o'clock. apri 22.

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 7c JOHN DIBERT & CO.

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., Henry Schnable's Brick Building.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

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.

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. 16.

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.

FAHNESTOCK WHITE LEAD CO., Manufacturers of the Celebrated FAHNESTOCK PURE WHITE LEAD, Which has sustained such an enviable reputation for so many years. Dealers and Consumers should be particular to use none but our Pure White Lead, as there is so much inferior and adulterated Lead in the market. We not only claim for our Lead STRICT PURITY, but that it possesses greater durability, covers more surface for same weight, and is superior in FINENESS and WHITENESS to any other brand. All orders should be addressed to Fahnestock White Lead Co., OR B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., No. 76 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. oct14

COAL AND LIME. Having leased the coal bank and lime stone quarry on the farm of James Kimmel, near Stoystown, we will keep on hand and for sale, or will deliver coal, limestone and lime on reasonable terms. oct7 WEIMER & KIMMEL.

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. ♥ foot.
1 " " 18; " 65c.
Larger sizes in proportion.
WEYAND & 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

D. G. LINT. R. A. CONOVER.
GLADE STEAM MILLS, Lint & Conover, Having recently leased what is known as the Old Dennison Mill, situate one mile south of Somerset, and having put it in first class order, we are prepared to do all kinds of grinding. Having purchased an engine we are enabled to use either steam or water power. All work WARRANTED SATISFACTORY if the grain is in good condition. Flour for sale always kept on hand. sep16

E. B. 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 GARRETT, Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad, and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandise, 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.

Approved School Books. PUBLISHED BY J. H. BUTLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA. ADOPT THE BEST BOOKS.
Mitchell's New Geographies.
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The new American Series of Readers & Spellers, AND Mitchell's New Geographies. Adopted in New York City. Adopted Unanimously in Philadelphia. Adopted for Exclusive Use in the State of Vermont.
Adopted in Reading, Lancaster, Huntingdon, Hollidaysburg; adopted in County Convention of Directors for all the Public Schools in Clearfield County, and hundreds of other cities and towns in Pennsylvania.
Special Rates for Introduction. Address the Publishers, or D. W. PROCTOR, Agent, july29 HUNTINGDON, PA.

CARPETS. NEWEST STYLES. BODY BRUSSELS LATEST DESIGNS TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, NOVELTIES IN Two and Three Plies, INGRAINS, &C., ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER AT LOWEST CASH PRICES. BOVARD, ROSE & CO., New No. 29 Fifth Avenue, sep19 PITTSBURGH, PA.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS, 293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh. Pa., W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED. sep23

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled,
To the azure, overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

ADDRESS OF THE Republican State Committee.

To the Republicans of Pennsylvania.

You are called upon once more, to make a stand in defense of your principles. The party which, by its political heresies, plunged this country into a bloody war, stands arrayed against you on precisely the grounds which it occupied in 1860, and proposes to reopen all the old controversies which it was thought had been settled by the war, and it therefore becomes necessary to sustain at the polls the governmental policy which has prevailed under a republican administration.

"An undefiled and restored Constitution," which is equivalent to the Southern demand for "the Constitution as it was," is what the Democracy of Pennsylvania asks for in the recently issued address of its State Committee. It wants to ignore or rule out the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, and restore the Constitution as it was before the war. It sets up a pretence that these amendments are null and void, and if it should return to power we may naturally look for an attempt to enforce a relapse to the condition of things that existed prior to the Rebellion.

The recent armed uprisings in the South, accompanied by numerous murders, outrages innumerable, open rebellion, and the establishment of a reign of terror to intimidate the unarmed and peaceful citizens, had the full sanction and sympathy of the Northern Democracy, and were plainly but part of a general plan to re-establish the old order of things.

The part of the Northern Democracy is to lull the people into a false security, and steal back into place upon false pretences, if possible. The part of the Southern Democracy is to set up a reign of violence, and by such an intimidation of the weak as will keep them from the polls, to instal themselves into offices to which they could never otherwise attain. The two work together in perfect harmony, and their joint triumph would utterly annihilate all the beneficial results of the war.

It is the part of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to crush this conspiracy by thoroughly defeating those engaged in it, and they can do this only by rallying heartily to the support of their State ticket, and by cordially supporting their local nominations, so as to secure the election of a large majority of the Congressmen and a decisive majority in the Legislature.

The people of Pennsylvania do not want to return to "a restored Constitution," or the "Constitution as it was." They do not want to come back again under the insolent rule of the Southern oligarchy, or to put their varied and grand industrial interests at the mercy of the free trade demagogues who control the Democratic party.

But, strong as are their convictions upon this subject, they can enforce them only in one way, and that is at the polls. They must elect men in harmony with their well-known views and interests; and this can be done only be securing a thorough defeat of the Democratic party.

The last Democratic State Convention did not dare to open its mouth in favor of protection to American industry, or against the ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty, which is free trade in disguise. It had not the courage to take sides with the party in other States on those questions, and was equally cowardly in declining to take the other side. On the two great questions which involve the material interests of the State, the prosperity of its people, and the development of its wealth, it was as silent as the grave. No one doubts that its sympathies are with the enemies of our material progress, and the rule is as good in this case as in every other—"He that is not for us is against us."

If, therefore, the people of Pennsylvania want to defend and promote the growth and the prosperity of their State, they will not entrust its destinies to the hands of a party that dare not open its lips in their favor. The Democratic party of the nation is for free trade, and the out spoken part of it is in favor of repudiation; and it is for the people of Pennsylvania to decide whether they will again permit such a party to control, and by controlling to ruin, their future prospects.

The Republican party of the State has had possession of the Government since 1861, and has proved in that time its claim to continued public confidence. It has administered the Government honestly, faithfully, economically, and justly. The State has grown with rapid strides under its fostering care; the laws are everywhere judiciously enforced; and it needs but the maintenance of the protective policy on the part of the National Government, to secure our advance, at an early day, into the front rank of all the States.

When the Republicans assumed the reins of the State Government in 1861 they found a State debt of over $40,000,000, and the breaking out of the Rebellion entailed an immediate addition to that debt of $3,500,000 for arming the people and defending the State, so that they began their administration with the burden of over $43,000,000 of debt. That debt has now been reduced to $24,000,000, a reduction in round numbers of $19,000,000 in thirteen years, or $1,500,000 yearly. This reduction has been accomplished by economy and honesty in the administration of the finances, and not by taxation.—The State tax on real estate was repealed in 1866, and that on personal estate in 1873, so that while the State is free from direct taxation it is still rapidly and steadily extinguishing its debt.

This is a handsome record to present, and is a complete answer to all the ridiculous charges that have been trumped up of corruptness and extravagance. The State has never been better or more honestly managed under any administration, and we point to this record with pride in the contrast it presents to the policy which, during the rule of the Democrats, inflicted upon the State a debt of $40,000,000, accompanied by a heavy burden of direct taxation.

We desire to remind our Republican friends that the Legislature to be chosen this fall will have in its hands the election of a United States Senator for six years. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that ignoring all causes of local distraction, they should unite actively, firmly and harmoniously in behalf of their local candidates for the Legislature throughout the State. Every Democrat elected to the Legislature in Republican counties on a local issue, will vote for a Democrat for United States Senator, and no true Republican will, by his vote, render such a result possible.

We also entreat our friends to pay no heed to the attempt to delude them into the belief that the Republican party is opposed to the new Constitution. It was a Republican State Convention which first demanded a revision of the old Constitution so as to secure the suppression of special legislation; it was a Republican Legislature which called the Constitutional Convention; the Constitutional Convention was itself Republican; it was the Republican vote of the State which secured the adoption of the new Constitution; and it was a Republican Legislature which framed the legislation necessary to carry its provisions into effect. The party record is too clean upon all these points to be questioned or doubted.

The depression which has fallen upon the country in the past year has been palmed upon the Government and as the effect of Republican policy; but as the same depression was prevalent throughout Europe, it is clear that it must be due to other causes. The country is already rapidly recovering from its effects, a result which, when panics occurred heretofore, required seven years to accomplish; and as the only remedy which Democracy offers is free trade and a return to the destructive policy which produced the ruinous revulsions of 1837 and 1857, the people will find it much safer to trust to the policy under which the country is now recuperating than to fall back upon the exploded one that prevailed under Democratic rule.

We earnestly urge upon our friends throughout the Commonwealth to wake up to the real importance of the pending election, and by energetic work to render certain a Republican victory. Such a victory is not to be won by supineness, and folding the hands in careless neglect of the great issues at stake. Victory, if won, must be sought, and not waited for. Active, energetic, unflagging effort is essential to assured success. It is not in the power of the Democracy to carry this State of themselves, but carelessness and neglect on our part may aid them.

Organization, work, and the cultivation of a spirit of conciliation and harmony where local differences have prevailed, will accomplish much; and we appeal to the Republicans of the State, as they love their cherished principles, as they are devoted to the promotion of the material interests of the Commonwealth, as they value the preservation of the peace of the Union and its perpetuity, as they desire the permanent establishment of the protective policy, as they value honesty, integrity and fidelity in their public servants, to put on a fresh zeal for their sacred and righteous cause, to renew their hearty devotion to their principles and the welfare of the country, and by a strong and determined rally at the polls, to crush out at once the hopes of those who would light again the fires of rebellion at the South, and the purpose to co-operate with them which animates their Democratic coadjutors at the North.

By order of the Republican State Committee.

RUSSELL ERRETT,
Chairman.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

I had been settled more than a year upon my coffee estate in the wild jungles of Ceylon, when one morning during the idle season, as I stood before my bungalow, gaping, stretching and wondering how I might best amuse myself for a day, a coolie servant came up to me, heated and panting, and placed in my hand the following note:

"DEAR SIR: Will you come over at once to my plantation, and join in the chase or hunt of a 'rogue' elephant, which is abroad somewhere in this vicinity, and committing sad depredations, to the great terror of the natives, who fear him more than they do the Evil One? It is the duty of every man who can bring a good nerve and a rifle, to turn out in defense, to say nothing of the sport. Hoping to receive a favorable answer through the bearer Monshee, in case you do not bring it yourself, I am, dear sir,

Yours, most truly,
CHAS. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Mango Hill Retreat."

Nothing at the moment could have given me more pleasure than this invitation to set off in quest of a rogue elephant—for the sport would certainly have the spice of danger so necessary to quicken the blood that had become too sluggish under the enervating influence of the sweltering tropics.

"Tell your master I am coming Monshee," said I, as I turned away to get my rifle and ammunition (including zinc balls, for lead is too soft for an elephant's head), and order my horse under saddle in the quickest possible time.

Half an hour saw me on my way to Mango Hill Retreat, distant ten miles, with three coolies running alongside and keeping pace with my impatient gallop: and as I dash along let me tell you what the term "rogue elephant" means, in case you have never heard of it before.

In the forests and jungles of Ceylon at the time I lived there, there were hundreds and thousands of wild elephants, which generally moved about in small herds, and were not usually dangerous to man, though quite destructive to property—so much so that the government had set a price upon the head of each. In herds, as I have said, these huge animals were but little feared, even by the natives: but it occasionally so happened, from what cause I have never been able to learn, that an old tusker would become detached from his companions, and like a maddened human Malay, seemed to devote the remainder of his life to running a muck—or, in other words, to attacking and killing every living thing he could reach, whether man or beast; and all from pure malice—from an infernal fury that nothing but his own death could appease. With one of these furious monsters abroad, no one was safe. Fences were no barrier to his progress: a coolie hut might be crushed like a shell of an egg; a bungalow be brought crashing about the ears of its master; and even a whole village has been half destroyed and the inhabitants put to flight by a single beast. In the language of the country, this dangerous animal was termed a rogue elephant, though mad elephant would have been by far a more appropriate appellation. When one of these was abroad, it was the duty of every man, as this note to me expressed, to turn out and hunt him to the death; and I was now hastening forward to perform the part of a good citizen.

When about half way between my house and Hollingsworth's, in a wild, romantic part of the country, just where the road or path I was pursuing led down into a dark valley, across a bright stream into a strip of level jungle, the coolies running at my side suddenly stopped and yelled out in terror, pointing to some huge fresh footprints, that the rogue elephant has just passed.

"How do you know these impressions were not made yesterday?" I inquired, stopping to examine them.

"See master," returned a bright-eyed fellow, called Luneke, pointing to the bushes against which the huge body of the animal had pressed; "him brush off dew."

"Ah, very true—you are right. Well, then, he may be near: and perhaps we may meet and conquer him alone, which would be a triumph indeed!"

"Him plenty much savage—fight like much devil," rejoined Luneke, looking timorously around at his timid companions, evidently willing to forego all glory which could only be gained at so much personal risk.

"But I have my rifle," said I, "two barrels—zinc balls—and I am a pretty sure shot; and if I can find him I am determined to try my hand, devil or no devil!"

Just at this moment, as if in answer to my challenge, there came a loud, bellowing, trumpeting roar from the deep jungle before me, followed by the rustling, snapping and crashing sound of some tremendous body making a quick way through a dense thicket.

"Him a coming! him a coming," cried the frightened coolies; and they all suddenly vanished like the witches of Macbeth, but rather in a thick forest, than "thin air," leaving me to run or stay, as inclination might prompt.

I must confess that inclination pleaded for an inglorious retreat, and my gallant steed was evidently of the same mind, for he wheeled, reared, plunged, and would have gone on like a shot, if I had not sawed him down to a fine dance. How could I shoot from the back of such a beast?

Whiz! flash! rush! what is that? A spotted deer passes me like a bolt of lightning, scared by that terrific trumpeting, which makes even the boldest beast of the forest tremble. Shall I stand and wait the onset? for he is evidently coming this way, and will soon be here. No, my horse ic too restive—the ground too uncertain—better first get a view of the monster from the top of yonder hill. Away I go, horse and rider of one mind this time, and in a minute I have wheeled upon an elevation that overlooked the spot where I first heard the answering challenge of everybody's foe. There he comes, tusks first, and huge ones too, showing he is an old bull—trunk up, trumpeting out defiance—eyes fiery red and awfully wicked, and tail lashing his sides in fury. Thank heaven there is some distance between us, and I have yet a chance of flight or fight.

"Better run much, else climb tree good deal, master," says a voice over my head: and looking up in surprise, I see Luneke snugly posted in the upper branches of a tall tree; another glance showed his companions similarly situated to the right and left of him.

If I fight the elephant I must depend on myself and horse, and count nothing on my servants, or any human aid. Am I prepared for the risk? I look down at the mad beast, and he looks up at me, and then without half the consideration that I have taken in the matter, forward he comes, crushing the branches, snapping the smaller trees like pipe stems, bent on my destruction! It is a little too much of the dare—of the bravado—to suit my easily excited and not over amiable temperament; and so, slipping down from my snorting horse, and passing the bridle over my left arm, I called out in defiance:

"Come on, you savage monster, and get what you don't seek. Be it life or death, I will have one shot at you now, and then see who is lord of the forest—man, with his puny strength, and giant intellect, or brute, with his tremendous physical power, and blind instinct!"

I aim at his forehead, but wait for him to come near, with my frightened horse pulling at the bridle and making my sight unsteady. On he comes, with his mad rush and thundering crash—a sight to make any nervous man's heart flutter like a caged bird, and within twenty paces of me, bang! go both barrels.

He is hit in the head, but not killed; and madder than ever with the sting of pain he flourishes his trunk, trumpets forth his wild fury, and increases his speed, to reach and crush me like a troublesome moth. There is nothing now for it but flight; a few seconds more, and he will be upon me, and I shall be among the things that were! Fairly swinging myself upon my horse, with an agility worthy of a Camanche Indian, I gave my noble brute the spur and rein, and away we go over the hill at break-neck speed; rocks, bushes, and trees not once considered in our race for life.

Seeing my danger, the coolies posted beyond the reach of the elephant, now shout and scream to attract his attention and draw him off from the pursuit. He hears the noise, glances upward with his fiery eyes, and turns to seek the nearest foe. The tree of Luneke receives his mad favor; and rushing at it he butts it with an awful blow with his huge tusks—a blow that jars and shakes it like a small earthquake, makes every limb and leaf quiver, and almost unseats the poor fellow, who clings to it with all his strength and hopes of life. Then he seizes it with his trunk, bellows forth his rage, exerts all his mighty force, and bends and shakes it as I might bend and shake a birch; and then retreating to gather headway, he butts it again, ripping off the bark and goring it with his tusks, but failing to bring down his human prey

By this time he seems to have forgotten me altogether. But I have not forgotten him. Checking my horse at a safe distance, I proceed to reload my two barrels, with zinc balls, in the greatest possible haste and before he is satisfied to turn and seek another victim; I spur my horse to a dangerous vicinity, get him quiet for a moment, just in the nick of time, and blaze away again, directly at the monster's head.

This time, thank heaven, my aim was true; and both balls go through his thick skull, and sink into his brain. He stops, staggers, reels—gets a dim view of me—tries to make another charge—steps out feebly—totters and falls with a loud crash—sending forth the wildest bellows of pain, and then lies so helpless on his side that even a child need no longer fear him. A few half-smothered groans, some convulsive jerks, a quivering throughout the great mass, and all is over—the body and limbs grow still, and the furious, formidable, dreaded rogue elephant is dead.

No general, after a great victory, ever felt his triumph more triumphantly than I did, as I quietly walked up, seated myself on the dead monster of the wilderness, and received like a king upon his throne the congratulations and praises of my joyful servants, who now gathered around me, shouting and dancing.

Leaving the beast in their charge, I remounted my horse and finished my ride to Mango Hill Retreat, where I found Hollingsworth and some half a dozen others only waiting my arrival to begin the perilous hunt to which I had been invited. When I told them my adventure, they could scarcely credit my story, and rode back with me to be convinced of its truth. The result made a great man of me in all my region; and propably no one act of my life ever afforded me such satisfaction, taken in all its bearings, as my encounter with, and destruction of that savage rogue elephant.

Posting an Old Couple on Historic Spots.

On the train the other day were a confiding old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed five sixths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont, and were going to Western Michigan, on a visit to their son. After skirmishing around the old gentleman pitched into me about the crops, "sile" and the weather, and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could. All at once, as we rode along, the wife caught his arm and exclaimed.

"Look out, Samule, or you'll be forgetting the place where they fit."

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada with them told him to look out for the battle-field of Braddock's defeat as soon as he left Detroit.

I was going to reply that the young man was a liar, but the old lady seemed to have set her heart on seeing the spot, and the old man was so anxious that I could not bear to disappoint them. I pointed out the "battle-field," and they put their heads out of the windows and took in the scene.

"Think of it, Hanner!" exclaimed the old man, as he drew in his head; "think of them Injuns creeping through the woods and shooting Mr. Braddock down dead!"

"My soul!" replied the old lady, seemingly overcome at the idea, and she kept her eyes on the woods until I thought she would twist her neck off.

We got along all right for about five miles more, and then the old man wanted to know if we were not down pretty near the old spot where Tecumseh fell.

"Where what?" I yelled, and he said that the same young man had informed him that the railroad ran close to the identical spot where the great Indian warrior slept.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' Samuel if ye'll point out the spot!" said the the old lady, placing her hand on my arm.

How could I go back on what that brazen young sad man said? The old folks had made up their minds to see the spot, and if I didn't show it to them they might worry for weeks and they might think the young man had lied, or that I wasn't posted in the historic spots of my own State. Lord forgive me, but about a mile further on I pointed out a hill, and said:

"Behold the last resting place of the great Tecumseh!"

"Think of it, Hanner—just think of it?" exclaimed the old man, "right there is where they got him?"

"Mercy? but it don't seem possible!" she ejaculated, and she had to get out her snuff box before she could recover from the shock.

The old gentleman said he had a particular interest in seeing the spot, because he knew the man who killed Tecumseh—used to live right by him.

"He must have been an awful Injun!" broke in the old lady, "for the young man said he didn't die till they cut off his head, and feet, and hands, and blowed the body up with a barrel of powder!"

I wanted to get away after that, fearing that something worse was coming—she insisted on my taking a pinch of snuff, and so I kept my seat. We were just beyond Brighton, when the old man came at me like a steamboat with:

"Now, then, how far is it to the stop where they found the babes in the woods?"

I wanted to get out of it, but how could I? That young man had deliberately lied to those nice old folks, and I hadn't the moral courage to tell them so, and thus had to make a liar of myself. It's awful to deceive any one, especially a good old man, and a fat motherly old lady, on their way to the tomb.

"That's—yes—that's the spot!" I said as we came to a dark piece of woods.

"Think o' that Hanner!" he said, his head out the window, "think of them babes being found in there!" "Yes, it was fearful!" she replied—"seems as if I could almost see them stubbing about in there now!"

There was another historic spot of which the young man had told them, but they had forgotton it, and I was never more thankful.

They kept quiet until the brrkeman yelled out, "Lansing," and the old man popped up and exclaimed:

"Lansing—Lansing—why, there is where they hung Tom Collins, ain't it?"

He explained that Tom Collins a Chicago desperado, had murdered eleven old women, and drank their blood for his liver complaint, and after being hunted for miles and miles, had at length been captured at Lansing, cut to pieces by an infuriated populace, and then left hanging to a tree.

I had to point out the tree. It was a tree near the depot, and the tail of a kite had lodged in its branches.

"There's where they hung him, Hanner!" said the old man, stretching his neck.

"And there's some o' his shirt left yet!" exclaimed the old lady, and as I backed out of the car the good old man was remarking that he was going to ask the train boy if he didn't have the pamphlet of the life of Tom Collins, so that they could get further particulars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cooley's Rooster.

Shakespeare, you will remember, says that "The morning cock crew loud." I do not know that the divine bard intended this remark to refer especially to Cooley's rooster, but it fits him with a singular exactness. I do not know what the breed was—Black Spanish, I believe—but he was the most animated, earnest, whole-souled, and vehement rooster any where around. He turned out earlier and crowed louder than any other rooster in the State of Delaware. he could crow oftener in a minute—He could hold on to the last note longer, and begin again quicker than any known barn-yard fowl; and he would often wake up in the night and emit half a dozen vociferous screeches in order to make sure that he had not lost his voice since sunset. When he began to run up the scale in the morning, he soon had every other rooster within ten miles hard at work, and I used to lie abed listening to the vocal contest, and observing how Cooley's bird always got more noise out of his larynx than any other four of his competitors. I shouldn't have minded it he had been a little farther off, and slept later. But when I live alongside of a rooster that is a cross between a fog-whistler and a steam coffee mill, the matter becomes serious.

It was useless to complain to Cooley about the chicken. He owed me a grudge for banding his balloon to slithers. So in defense, I procured about a dozen torpedoes and pasted them all over with flour. Then I strewed on a bed in my garden, whereon the bird was wont to disport himself in the early morning. He crowed a good deal that morning before I came down, but toward breakfast time I noticed that his voice was some what softened, and his vocal exercises less frequent. When I went out I found him standing upon one leg, looking abjectly miserable, moving his head from right to left as if he had something on his mind, and I observed that the torpedoes had disappeared. I moved toward him with the intention of jumping him against something, when he suddenly attempted to jump over the fence. He fell short and struck the post. There was an explosion, and the rooster—oh! where was he? A couple of drumsticks were found by somebody out in the turnpike, and a stray gizzard was picked up in the graveyard, while a few bloody feathers were scattered over Cooley's asparagus bed, and that was all that was ever known about it. When this meets Cooley's eye, he will understand why that rooster disappeared, and he had better take the news calmly. No Spanish rooster shall interfere with my rights as an American citizen.—*Max Adeler.*

Good Nature.

Be good natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve the cheeks, nor lily white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For when you gaze in the face of a noble hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the blue of the lip, or brilliance of the eye. You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leave for your instinct a sense of greatful fascination; you see an indiscribable embodiment of the heart-felt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearances, and defies all the critical rules of the æsthetic. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never, never loses its worth—never abandons its possessor to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Every body admires it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen or lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search; and, when found, merits a protection. Possess yourself of it, young woman; no talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible among the other sex.

Mark Twain's Cold.

Mark Twain recently sent the following letter as an excuse for not attending a Sunday school celebration.

HARTFORD, CONN., October 5, 1874.
Miss K. W. White:

Dear Madam—I regret exceedingly being unable to accept your kind invitation (also Mr. P. G. Duffy's) to be present at your commencement exercises, but the annoying and vexatious illness which still hangs about me, together with some business engagements, will prevent. The illness to which I refer is a severe cold which I took in New York last week during the lecture season. Perhaps the recital of how I tried to cure this cold may be of interest, and may serve instead of the few remarks you so politely asked me to make to the friends and pupils.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his resturant on Cortlandt street near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believed I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aqua fortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take my bed, and remain there for two or three days. When I felt a little better more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. At this new place they suggested a new remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangment it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence, and grasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy. After all this experience you cannot wonder that I dread going to New York, and feel obliged to decline your kind invitation. Wishing you a pleasant and successful time, I remain, very respectfully,

S. L. CLEMENS
(Mark Twain).

Don't Do It.

Don't invest all your money in lottery tickets. Give some other man a chance to draw a prize.

Don't tell an editor how to run a newspaper. Let the poor devil find out for himself.

Don't loaf about the street and expect the Lord to furnish you with your "daily bread. He isn't running a bakery.