The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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

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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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. jy 5-1f.

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 L.AW, 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.

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GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

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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 Barnet 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,
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Office in Mammoth Block. no4'72

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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. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.
mmar29 D. LAVAN.

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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.

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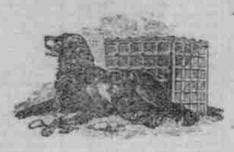

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mar25.

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FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
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Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address WM. BOOSE & CO.,
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Manufacturers of the Celebrated
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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
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oct14

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oct7 WEIMER & KIMMEL.

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IN THE WORLD!
THE AMERICAN SUBMERGED
Double-Acting, Non-Freezing
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The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.
It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.
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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.
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SASH AND DOORS
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
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Having recently leased what is known as the
Old Dennison Mill,
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If the grain is in good condition. Flour for sale always kept on hand. sep18

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sep23d

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ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER AT
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
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New No. 29 Fifth Avenue,
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293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,
W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
TRANSIENT CUST OM SOLICITED.
sep23

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

James Lanning was a mechanic, a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be well thought of by his neighbors. He had built himself a house, and there still remained a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a few years, if he had only his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off this incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and inquired its cause.

"What is it James?" she kindly asked. "Why I never saw you look so sober before."

"Well I'll tell you Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner, "I have just been thinking that I would buy a lottery ticket."

Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down and smoothed the silken hair of her babe, which was chirping like a little robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she asked at length, looking half-timidly up into her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned he, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"

"Well, I think I shall. What do you think abot it?"

"If you should ask my advice I should say not to buy it?"

"But why so?"

"For many reasons," returned his wife, in a trembling tone.

She would not offend her husband and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow.

"In the first place," she said, "I think the whole science of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"But just look at the prizes," said James, drawing a 'scheme' from his pocket. "Here is one prize of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, another of five thousand, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And just think, Hannah, how easily I could pay all up for my house, and perhaps have a good handsome sum left."

The young man spoke with much earnestness and assurance; but he saw that there was a cloud upon his wife's brow.

"It seems to me that the chance of drawing a prize is very doubtful," said Hannah, as she took the scheme. "Here are many thousand tickets to be sold."

The babe tried hard to snatch the paper, and Hannah laid it aside.

"I think I shall run the risk," resumed James, glancing once more over the paper, and resting with a nervous longing upon the figures which represented the higher prizes.

"There's Barney, he drew about eight hundred dollars a year ago."

"Yes, I know it," said Hannah, with more warmth that she had before manifested, "and what has became of the money? You know he has squandered it all away. Ah, James, money is of no use unless we come honestly by it."

"Honestly?" repeated the young man, "Surely, there is nothing dishonest in drawing a prize in a lottery."

"I think there is," kindly but emphatically replied the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars you would rob a thousend men of twenty dollars each; or at least you would take from them money for which you returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling in every sense of the word?"

"Oh, no! you look upon the matter in too strong a light."

"Perhaps I do; but yet so it looks to me. What you may draw some one else must loose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford it no better than you. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least no answer that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drive the idea from his heart. All the next day his head was full of prizes, and while he was at his work he kept muttering to himself, "Twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars," and so on.

When he went home the next night he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself. The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery he saw nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy a ticket. He went to the little box where he had already one hundred and twenty dollars laid up toward paying off the mortgage from his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover he hesitated. He looked at his wife, and saw that she was sad.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall draw a prize" he said, with a faint, fading smile.

"He took four half eagles from the box and put them in his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her baby to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating and both her and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be all their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store she felt foreshadowing of evil. She might have spoken again against the movement, but saw that her husband was sorely tender on the subject, and she let the affair go to the hands of fate.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. Be was alternating between hope and fear, and therefore his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office, and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away, so that those who stood around should not see his face. He read the list through, but he searched for his number in vain. It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. Those twenty dollars which he had lost had lost the savings of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night, he told his wife he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit, and at length the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize. He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and he thought that if he could get back his twenty dollars he would buy no more; but he could not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same as before. He drew a blank!

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt fearfully upon the mechanic's lips.

"Oh I must draw a prize!" he said to himself. "I must make up what I have lost. Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank drawn. At the end of three months, the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that that last ticket might draw him a prize! He had become pale and careworn, and his wife, poor, confiding soul thought he only repined because he had lost twenty dollars. When she would try to cheer him, he would laugh, and try to make the matter light.

"James," said she to him one day—it was the day before that on which the lottery was to draw in which he held the sixth ticket—"Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after his semiannual interest. I told him that you would see him to-morrow."

"Yes I will," said James in a faint voice. "Yes to-morrow I shall pay him."

Young Lanning thought of the lottery, and of the prize. This was his sixth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.

The morrow came, and whence James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless. All his golden visions had faded away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

"James have you paid Mr. Rowse his interest yet?" asked Hannah.

The young man leaned his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

"For Heavens sake, James, what has happened? cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband, and twining her arm about his neck."

The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-hue.

"What is it? Oh what?" murmered the wife.

"Go look in our box, our little bank" groaned the poor man.

Hannah hastened away, and when she returned, she bore an empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she grasped and she sank tremblingly down by her husband's side.

"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband, "I have robbed you."

The stricken wife gaized upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she did not comprehend; but she remembered his behavior for weeks back; she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all. Hannah," hoarsely whispered the condemned man, when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth. "All, all has gone for lottery tickets. The demon tempter lured me; he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. Oh, do not chide me! You know not what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you cannot know how cold is my heart now. O my wife, would to God I had listened to you!"

"—sh!" calmly whispered the faithful wife, as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brew. "Mourn not for what is lost. I will not chide thee. It is hard thus for you to lose your scanty earnings, but there might be many calamities worse than that. Courage James; we will soon forget it."

"And Mr. Rowe will forclose the mortgage. You will be homeless," murmured young Lanning, in broken accents.

"No; I will see that all is safe in that quarter," added Hannah.

At that moment the babe awoke, and the gentle mother was called to care for it. On the next day, at noon, Hannah Lanning gave her husband a receipt for fifteen dollars from Mr. Rowse.

"Here," said she, interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again.

"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt, and then upon his wife.

"Never mind."

"Ah, but I must mind. Tell me, Hannah."

"Well I have sold my gold watch."

"Sold it!"

"But I can buy it back again. The man will part with it, if I want it. But I don't want it, James, till we are able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal.

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

* * * * *

Two years passed away, and during that time, James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was as sure.

It was late on Saturday evening when he came home. After supper, he drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it upon the table.

"There, Hannah said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "there is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. This house is ours; it is our own house. I have bought it with dollars, every one of which has been honestly earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh blessed moment!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded the husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the hour of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"

The wife shuddered, but made no reply.

"Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten the bitter lesson; and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter, that has lured so many thousand to destruction."

"But its horror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"It's terror may be lost," resumed James, but its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, the luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"And are all its sides dark?" softly asked his wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal *ignis fatuus*, which can only leap the wayward traveler, into danger and disquiet."

"You are right my dear wife. You were right at first. "Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, if husbands would oftener obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less misery in the world than there is now."

A Female Hermit.

The life of Mary Ham, of Rye, New Hampshire, who recently died at the age of ninety-two, was romantic and interesting in the highest degree. For th nineteen years preceeding her death, she lived the life of a hermit in a lonely hut, to which water and the broom were strangers during all her residence in it, and which was so filthy that an ordinary person could hardly bear to be in it for a moment. Here she ate and slept and got drunk, and was never glad to see company. The only thing that, in any measure, relieved this hovil of its dreariness, was a package of well worn love letters, and these explained her eccentric life. She was very much admired when twenty years old, and was very coquettish withal; but she finally fell in love with one Charles Waldron, and their love letters were of the warmest sort. He tired of her fickleness, however, and dismissed her. This broke her heart, but, to make it appear that she cared nothing for it, she engaged herself to a brilliant young scapegrace, named John Ham, who had been expelled from Dartmouth College, and being disappointed in love, married her in a fit of recklessness. He died nineteen years ago, and ever after she lived her strange life. There have been interesting stories told about her, one of which was that she had a large sum of money concealed in her hut, but a search after her death disproved this. The letters, however, showed that her love affair had gone so far that her wedding outfit had been prepared and the day appointed, when the thunderbolt came. The circumstances of her last sickness led to the suspicion that she had been poisoned. She was found with a bottle lying by her side in extreme agony; but rum and mental suffering probably account for all. The town authorities determined to "clean out" her den a few days before her death, but they were obliged to tear her from it, screaming and struggling, and the purification required two days work and a bon-fire. The neighbors gave her every comfort possible in her closing hours, and a niece whom she had not seen for twenty years visited her, and the old woman recognized her.

A Granger Fable.

In a certain zoological garden two bears were chained several rods apart, which were fed each with a different kind of fruit. Now there were in the same garden a half dozen monkeys who thought it would be nice if they could get a portion of these lucious fruits for themselves. Accordingly they persuaded the bears that, variety being the spice of life, it would not only be grateful to their palates, but conducive to their healthy digestion, if they would give each other a portion of these fruits at each meal. But the chains being too short for the bears to come within a convenient distance of each other, the exchange could only be effected through the kind offices of the six monkeys aforesaid.—Accordingly the fruit was passed by bear No. 1 to the first monkey, who passed it to the next, and so on to the last, who delivered it to bear No. 2. The fruit in exchange was then passed back to Bear No. 1 in the same manner.

Now each monkey through whose paws the fruit passed thought a few bites was no more than a just compensation for his services, and it happened when the fruit reached its destination little more of it was left than the core. So both bears grew lean in spirit of improved digestion, and the monkeys grew fat and put on airs and winked at each other as they passed the fruit to the hungry bears in thecourse of their employment.

The keeper of the garden seeing this, and ascertaining the cause, lightened the chains of the bears, and so the services of the monkeys were dispensed with, and the bears grew fat again.

But the monkeys set up a howl at being deprived of their legitimate employment, and berated the bears for their ingratitude.

A lesson which patrons should ponder.

Why Should We Change Our Rulers?

We are in the midst of an important political campaign, involving the election of State officers for the first time under the new Constitution.—For ten years past the Republican party has almost uninterruptedly held control of all the departments of the State government, administering them so faithfully that no charge of malfeasance or allegation of faithlessness could shake the confidence of the people in their rulers, because results fairly shown and practically felt convinced them that there was no necessity for a change. Why, then, should we change now?

Why, for instance, should the people of Pennsylvania refuse to elect Harrison Allen Auditor General?—Wherein has he failed to do his duty? He has been tried; his record is open to all the world; his deeds are known to all men, and it can be truly written of him that no man who ever held the same office was more faithful than he has been in the discharge of all his duties. He has collected the public revenues, or seen that they have been returned to the Treasury, with a close scrutiny. He has sternly forced the payment of back taxes from corporations with an impartiality which no longer requires litigation on the part of the law officers of the Commonwealth, and he has reduced the public debt so steadily and regularly that our securities are now selling at a higher premium than the bonds of any State of the Union.

Mr. Temple, the Democratic candidate, may be a good man, and might possibly make an efficient Auditor, but all this must be proved, and there is more or less risk in every test. General Allen has been tested and found faithful. He has the true metal in him, and we all know what he is. It is not business like or prudent to discharge a faithful, true servant to engage a stranger

Again, why should we send General Beath adrift—muster him out of office, to muster in General McCandless? Beath has given every possible evidence of his faithfulness in civil as well as military life, while McCandless, although a gallant soldier, uniformly acted with the disloyal Democracy. Beath fought like a hero to the end of the war, leaving a leg on the battle field as a tribute of his devotion to his country. McCandless, while in the army, was constantly criticising the civil power of the Government which directed the struggle for the Union, and was unreserved in his expression of sympathy for the political party which gave aid and comfort to treason—carrying that sympathy to such a height that he resigned his commission as a soldier at an early date in the war because his politics were not recognized in the policy of the war for the Union.

Why should Pennsylvania make John Latta Lieutenant Governor, instead of Arthur G. Olmstead? When Latta was in the Senate he voted on all questions with sympathizers with treason; he denied the right of a soldier to a vote; he scouted the proposition of freeing the slaves in the District of Columbia, and voted against the resolution instructing our Congressmen to support that measure; and when he was a member of the House he opposed all State aid of the Centennial. Mr. Olmstead's record as a loyal man is as sound as that of any man in the State, and his character as a legislator is above reproach. No man has ever dared to charge him with corruption. His votes and his voice in the halls of legislation were always on the side of right, and his manly devotion to the National Government in the hour of its peril, and to his State, are part of the proud records of this Commonwealth.

We give these facts to the people of Pennsylvania for fair consideration, now that by their votes the men before them for State officers will be rejected or accepted. The Republican party bases its record on facts of well doing and faithfulness to the Government it has administered. It never asks for an honor until it deserves it. It never presents an unworthy man as a candidate. It has no rewards for the foes of the country; and the people have always trusted it. Why then should they make a change of rulers now? Let the ballot-box answer in November.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Signal Service.

The Signal Bureau, the youngest of the scientific children of the government, presses on its humanitarian work in the interest of commerce, agriculture and science. Not content with providing for the safety of mariners of our own shores, General Myer has perfected arrangements with the different European meteorologists for a grand international system of reports the benefits of which will speedily accrue to the American seamen in any part of the world.

Since the first of January, in all the principal European nations, observations have been taken each morning at the same moment of time that has been selected for the regular signal stations in this country, and these are forwarded by mail semi-monthly to the Signal Office in Washighton for discussion in connection with the regular reports of this country. Two hundred foreign stations are now engaged in this work, and sufficient data will soon be collected for the deduction of general laws in relation to the movements of the atmosphere, that will mark a new era in meteorology. These reports, consolidated with those made by the Signal Office, will be issued in printed form for the use of meteorologists.

The Surgeon General of the Army, in recognizing the propriety of concentrating all meteorological works in the country in a single office on the 1st of July of this year, directed that in future the reports made at the military posts in the United States by members of the medical corps should be forwarded to the Signal Office. This class of observation being made by trained men at points scattered over the whole teritory of the United States cannot fail to be a valuable auxillary to the system of the Signal office.

In addition to the receipts and the discussion of this large amount data additional labor has been thrown upon the Signal Office in the construction and management of Telegraph lines in Texas, Arizona, California and on the seaboard of the Atlantic States.

When it is considered that all this work is done by the small number of four hundred and fifty men, the total enlisted force under the control of the Signal Office, and with an annual appropriation of less than $400,000, it will be seen that there cannot be idlers among the men nor any wasteful expenditure of money. Every man must do his full quota of work, and every dollar expended be legitimately applied

Popping the Question.

Don't be too sudden about it.—Many a girl has said no when she meant yes, simply because her lover did not choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed the curtains down and the lamp turned almost out. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers—Wait until conversation begins to lag and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to tell you something."

She will fidget around a little, reply "yes." and after a pause you can add—

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen—I mean that you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking you how you liked the circus, but she only does it to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue—

"I was thinking as I came up the path to-night that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may give a yank to get away, or she may not.—In either case it augurs well for you. Wait about five minutes and then go on.—

"The past year has been a very happy one to me, but I hope that future years will be still happier.—However, that depends entirely upon you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I mean I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet—"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue—

"Yes, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I noly knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me and you were ready to share—"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the gables. This will make her lonesome and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on—

"Before I met you this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in going black-berrying and stealing rare-ripe peaches, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But, what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prarie of happiness or a summer fallow of Canada thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that—that—"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add.

"That you will be—that is, you will—I mean that you will be—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and over at the stove, and, as she slides her head over on your vest-pocket, she will whisper:

"You are right, I will!"

—*M. Quad*

A Camel Story.

That some animals are very mindful of an injury and eager for revenge, no matter how long delayed, there is ample proof. All our young readers remember the story of the elephant who took the tailor's slight to heart and gave that little gentleman a thorough drenching; and you may also remember numberless stories of how the same unwieldy beasts remembered injuries for years and waited for a chance for venting their spite. But one of the most remarkable cases on record is this one, which we cull from the columns of a literary journal:

"A year or two ago it chanced that a vauable camel, working in the oil mill, was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch on the animal. Time passed on. The camel perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on the platform near the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the moonlight that all was quiet, the camel looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes, and a bernouse, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself violently upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its vengeance was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake he had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot. Such is the story related by the dragoman."

A well known gentleman says the longest funeral he ever heard of took place a week ago. His hired girl went to it and hasn't got back yet.

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Three Good Lessons.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy and my business was to watch the sheep in the field. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the tree and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:"

"Never mind Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep. My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson; "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee a ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects