erms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SCULL,

Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1874. NO. 22

Business Cards.

H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional busi- ss respectfully solicited and promptly attend- ed 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 atten- tion to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row. apr 8-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice in new in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '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 entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-tf

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's. 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 specially and promptly attended to. Office—Second Floor in southern end of Mammoth block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 15.

J. ES. 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 of 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, '73-y.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

Special attention will be given 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. apr472

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 neatest style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing results me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jy22-72

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Crebbert'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 refurnished 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 it 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.

D. LAVAN.

mar25

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 unexcelled. 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 HYLL.

JOHN WILSON & SON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

297 Liberty Street, —

PITTSBURGH.

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE,

D. T. Buzby & Co.,

No. 6 Exchange Place

BALTIMORE.

Special attention given to the sale of GLADE BUTTER.

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN

SAVINGS BANK.

120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTERED IN 1870.

TRUSTEES;

JAMES COOPER, D. J. MORRELL,
DAVID DIBERT, JAMES McMILLEN
C. R. 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. april 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 on Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cash. C. 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 70 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 15-73.

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 no such 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 to TINENESS and WHITENESS in any other brand. All orders should be addressed to

Fahnestock White Lead Co.,

OR R. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,

No. 76 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOSEPH SHEETS & SON,

Undertakers, Berlin Pa., constantly keep on hand and make to order Coffins of all styles and prices, on the shortest notice possible. Having a hearse of the latest style in readiness, we are always prepared to take charge and bring corpses to the various cemeteries. aprl11

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 watering 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.
" " " 18; " 65c. "

Larger sizes in proportion.

DWEYAND & 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. sep10

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

GARRETT,

on the line of the P. W. & B. R., and now offer for sale 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.

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,

sep9 PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE NEW IMPROVED

REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE.

AWARDED

The "Medal of Progress,"

AT VIENNA, 1873.

The Highest Order of "Medal" awarded at the Exposition.

No Sewing Machine Received a Higher Prize.

A FEW GOOD REASONS:

1.—A New Invention thoroughly tested and secured by Letters Patent.

2.—Makes a perfect Lock Stitch, alike on both sides, on all kinds of goods.

3.—Runs light, smooth, noiseless and rapid—best combination of qualities.

4.—Durable—runs for years without repairs.

5.—Will do all varieties of Work and Fancy Stitching in a superior manner.

6.—Is most easily managed by the operator.—Length of stitch may be altered while running and machine can be threaded without passing thread through holes.

7.—Design simple, ingenious, elegant, forming the stitch without the use of cog wheel gears, rotary cams or lever arms. Has the Automatic Drop Feed, which insures uniform length of stitch at any speed. Has our new Thread Controller, which allows easy movement of needle-bar and prevents injury to thread.

8.—Construction most careful and finished. It is manufactured by the most skillful and experienced mechanics, at the celebrated Remington Armory, Ilion, N. Y. Pittsburgh Office, 10 Sixth St. sp29

Artist's & Wax Flower Materials.

DECALCOMANIA PICTURES.

Fine Stationery.

Send for a Catalogue.

GEORGE W. BACKOFEN,

No. 161 Smithfield Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

oct28

(By request.)

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When Nature is all aglow,—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring,—
Aglow with a beauty more tender,
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow,
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they're fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best,
Thy peace and serenity offers
A fortaste of heavenly rest.

For the Somerset Herald.

THE BANDIT OF THE ALLEGHENIES

The Cavern in the Rocks, the Home of the Banditti.

Flinging his rope over the face of the cliff, he hastily descended, rushed into the cavern at the imminent risk of life, gazed round in the semi-darkness, until he saw the bag of silver lying on a rocky shelf; to seize it, place in its stead an old fashioned mitten, which he had worn to protect his hands, and had hastily filled with sand and pebbles from a hollow in the rock, intending to use it as a weapon, if discovered in his hastily conceived and daring attempt to rob the robbers in their place of strength and fancied security. The adage was again verified, "Fortune favored the brave." The race was an exceedingly close one. He had barely time to re-climb to his sheltering crevice, holding the sack in his teeth, and jerk his rope out of sight, ere the exulting thieves returned to where they had left their precious treasure. Their first looks were with true robbers' greed directed to the place. *Amazement! Wonder! Horror!* In place of their precious silver for which they had bartered honor, manhood, good-name and mayhap their eternal salvation, there lay an old dirty country-made mitten filled with dirt. The old tales of devil's wages and fairy money changing to dross and slate-stones seemed before their very eyes coming to pass. Fearful was the blasphemy. Each felt disposed to blame and accuse the other, yet a nameless expression of dread, horror and bewilderment, impossible to assume, sat on each countenance and without protestation convinced each of the others' innocence and ignorance of the marvellous change.

Lewis was the first to partially recover from the shock. "*To the Lookout! To the Lookout one of you!*" he shouted, and the most active of the villains promptly obeyed. Useless! Utterly useless! and more bewildering still. No human being was in sight and no indication of one, save that horrible, that mysterious old mitten. They searched the cave, hopelessly, yet carefully. No clue, not even the semblance of a clue, save and except that old mitten, or as the German's call it "handshue" and these wonder-stricken villains were disposed to think it must be the "handshoe" of the devil. They thought no mortal could have access to their cave without being seen, or leaving a sufficient trace. Like other worldly minded people they never thought of looking up for light and information, but like the sleuth-hound ran with their noses to the earth. The dark stranger in his place of safety over the heads of his foes, hugged himself (as the common saying is) and could with difficulty restrain his shouts of savage defiance and exultation. That one act, he often afterward declared fully paid him for all he had lost and suffered.

In his frantic efforts to suppress any outward demonstrations, he bit, and tore, and worried at his coat sleeve and collar, uttering a low suppressed growling, something like a playful puppy. Only his intense desire to hear all they would say enabled him to suppress all outward manifestations of his vindictive joy. At another time or under less mysterious circumstances, they would have been disposed to blame each other and wreak their spite and disappointment; or singling one have made him the scapegoat and the sufferer, thro' the malice of the rest. But this was so strange, so utterly unaccountable, that a suppressed awe, a nameless dread and terror disposed them to draw together and seek comfort in their guilty fellowship. That the devil was at the bottom of this and all their recent failures they were inclined and yet afraid to think. That the latent superstition of their natures and of that age was at work, their concealed foe learned with vicious exultation. That it was useless to remain any longer in that section all agreed. It only remained to settle where, when and how they would go. They would lay no plans there for fear they would be unlucky, but would wait until they were all together in some luckier and happier spot.

'Twas strange, but these ruthless men, these heaven-defying scoundrels, whined like ill used school boys at their ill-success and actually seemed to think the pitying powers above should send them honest men to plunder.

Dolph greedily learned they were to all meet at the cave once more, at night, to arrange their plans of future action, settle affairs as far as possible and then start and travel together till daylight, when they would separate so as to avoid exciting any suspicion. He determined to attend their meeting and give them a fright to which the "devil's handshue" would only serve as a prelude. As this meeting was the last the robbers held in Somerset County, it was fitting the occasion should be a marked one. In all their ruffianly and adventurous lives, it is doubtful if any other was so deeply impressed upon their minds. We regret that we must condense a scene so full of thrilling interest, but the editor is an autocratic and inexorable being, specially in regard to space.

The robbers met at their usual place, early in the evening, but not in their usual manner. Well armed, as they all were, with deadly weapons, and intending to travel all night, they were liberally supplied with that foe to cowardice and low spirits, the pure whiskey of the mountains, which at this day bears a value that would have seemed fabulous to them. Plenty of food that would have cheered the souls of hungry men in the face of "foes unnumbered." Lights were burning brightly, and fires of mountain wood were blazing and snapping cheerfully and making that rocky cavern seem a very palace of delight, fit for the royal residence of Oberon and Titania, the joint monarchs of the fairy realm. All these substantial comforts and cheering influences were lost upon that scoundrel band. A heavy gloom seemed to enshroud them. A pall-like gloom which all their boasting courage and bravado were powerless to resist.

The robber-chief made frequent and determ ned efforts to rouse and cheer them, he jested and tried to make them joke and be jolly. He sang and tried to make them sing and be happy. He drank but had no need to force them to drink, but for once the potent spirit failed and they found, not without awe, that they could not be merry. Some two or three hours were passed in these ghastly attempts to make it a merry meeting, when even the most sanguine saw that there was not the ghost of a hope of succeeding. All were inclined to close the melancholy symposium and try the effect of violent exercise in the open air as a relief to the moodiness that oppressed them in the cave. As it was some distance to the main road or pike, they gave that as a reason for wanting to get away—not daring to acknowledge the reason, even to themselves.

You see my honest friends these would-be heroes, like nearly all their class, were arrant cowards; they lacked moral courage, which is the only reliable article. Having before provided themselves with torches if the night should prove to be a very dark one, they lighted a couple at the rapidly sinking fires. Sallying forth into the open air a last attempt was made to get up at least a show of spirit, bidding the old den good-bye and swearing that they would be all right when they returned. Their spirits seemed to sink and with wildly beating hearts they hurried on their way. They had not gone far till one said:

"What's that?"

"Nothing! A night bird."

A little further on another said:

"Hold on boys, I thought I saw a light."

"You're a fool," gruffly said another. "Come on men!"

Every few yards some disquieting remark was made or act done, until the nerves of the whole party were effectually shaken, as yet without any apparent cause. Uneasily expectant they passed on and had just crossed a tiny brook or runlet, when one of them with a yell of horror called:

"Look! look! there! behind you! Oh God! behind you!"

All quickly turned on hearing that fearful, that blood-curdling cry. For a moment they seemed rooted to the ground, only for a moment. The devilish apparition, a thousand times more appalling than that which froze the blood and blasted the eyesight of Tam O'Shanter at "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." This ghost, demon, devil, or all combined in one, was fifty feet high. One robber afterward, in dying, averred, it was a combination of all they could imagine of the ghastly, girim, frightful, danger ous.

"Great God have mercy! Have mercy, oh God."

They had no good "mare Meg," to bear them from the fiends, and how they fled. Dashing against trees, plunging into ravines, falling over rocks! Where they run or to what they run, no matter! On! on! away!

One poor devil was killed with fright or by the violence of his fall. All were sorely bruised, some were permanently crippled. But, on! on! away! anywhere from this spot! Danger and darkness before! Hell and its horrors behind!

When the field was cleared, which was not long in doing however tedious in the telling, a tall and really frightful figure, leaning against a tree not far from the well-worn path of the robbers, burst into peal after peal of laughter, more sardonic than mirthful. After a brief indulgence of his humor the figure unstrapped the stilts from its feet, threw down considerably more material than is generally devoted to male attire, and swinging down from one of the lower limbs onto the ground, appeared not altogether demon nor yet quite human. The head-piece was more tenderly dealt with and carefully placed upon a stump. There nothing elfin, uncanny or demoniac was discernible. Nothing, in fact, but part of a good wholesome pumpkin as ever grew in cornfield. And our solitary, saturnine, and reticent Dolph stood confessed.

It is wonderful how much depends on combination. There is nothing frightful in red clothes, pumpkins or candles, but when skilfully combined for effect, they are sufficient to rout armies and make even robbers honest, or wish to be. We must hasten a conclusion. Dolph followed the gang and harrassed them until the capture and death of Lewis. Some grew honest from that night. None of them ever fully recovered from it. Lewis was shot in the leg and suffered fearfully in prison from that last attention from Dolph.

The Maniac's Ride next week.

The New Ladies' Man.

We anticipated this company some time since. It was indirectly heralded in various communications to the New York papers on the difficulties of maiden ladies who had neither puppas nor big brothers. It is the "Commissionaire Company," and the name is nearly as pleasant as if it amounted to millionaire or some other expensive luxury. The New York *Times* has had the extreme pleasure of perusing a circular of the Commissionaire Company, and it presents the prominent points of the circular. A commissionaire, for instance, "will call at your rooms and clean your clothing;" which shows that the commissionaire is by no means above any kind of business. Again, the commissionaire "will collect your bills"—a very nice arrangement, indeed; but we do wish the gentleman would find ways and means to "pay your bills, with a fair percentage in his behalf, of course. Furthermore the commissionaire "will secure you seats for the theater, and, if desired, he will wait upon the lady to and from such entertainments, appearing in fine evening dress." Nothing could be pleasanter than this, we presume, for instance, it is a great source of difficulty in many American families that the family have an ardent desire to go to the theater, while the head of the family desires to go to the club or to another theater; and with an escort for the family "in a fine evening dress," there could be no possible trouble. It is true that the commissionaire mentions "the lady only," but surely, if he is good enough to clean your clothing, he could not object to an addition to the lady in the persons of the elder children, and perhaps the nurse and the baby. Again, as the *Times* suggests, "few men can afford to buy themselves fine evening dresses nowdays," and fancy the pleasure under that deplorable circumstance of seeing your family taken to the theater "in the evening dress" for the exceedingly low price of a few paltry dollars. The duties of the commissionaire have by no means been wholly enumerated, however. That blessed man "will appear at your private parties," which is in itself a great desideratum. He will "carry your child or push the baby carriage;" he will carry parcels or remove furniture, and, to tell the truth, we scarcely know what he won't do, unless it is to vote the Democratic ticket and in other ways to be disreputable. Witness this, which we are assured by the *Times* is taken bodily from the circular:

"The commissionaire will attend your lady when making calls, shopping &c. acting as 'lackey,' delivering visiting cards, protecting her by umbrella from the sun and storm, or falling on a slippery day; on all such occasions he will appear in elegant servant's livery, imported from Paris and Vienna.

Now we take this commissionaire to our heart. He is the embodiment of high life and low life, the useful and ornamental, the simple and the scientific, the coarse and the æsthetic. In his corporate capacity he answers the requirements of a dozen husbands. He gives the husband the sweet privilege of providing his wife with innocent amusement, or rather his legitimate business. There is but one step further for the excellent commissionaire. Would be kindly consent to assume the entire responsibility in case of accident or something? Would he be good enough to do the Saturday night sparking—but, good heavens! we have followed this logic too far. Let him assume to any such responsibility as that and we shall take extreme pleasure in wringing the commissionaire's nose.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Historical Fact.

FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, at East Westminster, Vt., obtained some interesting historical information from Mr. Richmond, a sexton, whom he interviewed in the cemetery. We quote his letter:

"Mr. Richmond said that in '74-75 the Whigs and Tories were about equally divided, the judges and juries being appointed by the King. The British authorities attempted to hold a court in the Court House, then standing about forty rods north of the cemetery. The colonists were bound that no court should be held—so they armed themselves and attacked and drove the court from the Court House. In return the British soldiers attacked the colonists, and a man named William French fell dead from the fire of the soldiers, and Daniel Houghton was fatally wounded. This was the first bloodshed of the Revolution. In 1872 the State of Vermont appropriated six hundred dollars for a monument, which now stands about six feet from the place where French was buried. A gentleman by the name of William C. Bradley (formerly Congressman from Vermont) a few years ago erected a tomb almost over the grave of French, hence the reason of the monument not standing over the grave. A small slab stands within a foot of the front side of the tomb to tell the exact spot of the grave, and on it is the following inscription:

'In memory of William French,
Son of Nathaniel French,
Who was shot at Westminister,
March ye 13th, 1775,
by the hands of Cruel Ministerial
tools of George ye 3d,
In the Court House at 11 a Clock at
Night, in the 22d year of his age.'

Below are the following lines:

'Here William French his body lies
For murder, his Blood for Vengeance cries
King George the third his Tory crew
That with a bawl his heart Shot throw,
For Liberty and his Country's Good,
He lost his life, his Life, his Dearest blood.'

The above is an exact copy, capitals and all. As a good many think that the first blood flowed at the battle of Lexington, this may be interesting to them, for it certainly was to me. A building erected in 1770, five years before the battle, is still standing. It was erected as a Congregational Church, but it is now used as a town house, and is in good repair."

A Legend of William Penn.

Some of us down on the Deleware are preparing to celebrate in November the anniversary of the arrival of William Penn, and the signing of his treaty with the Indians. That treaty deserves to be celebrated, for under it William gouged over three million acres of land out of the savages, in exchange for a couple hundred dollars' worth of hatchets, plug tobacco and tenpenny nails. That was the beginning of our present Indian policy. We carry on the same noble system yet. I have been burnishing up my antiquarian studies for the anniversary, and among other things I have resurrected a legend of William, which may be valuable—never mind where I dug it up. Here it is:

Soon after landing Penn is said to have inspired a tender passion in the breast of a beautiful Indian maiden, and for some time it was considered probable that the two might be joined together in matrimony; but this was not to be, and the reason why it was not to be is explained in the following conversation, which occurred between the lovers one evening while they were sitting together upon the banks of the river. The maiden said to him:

"Dearest, I long to have you become as one of our people, and I want you now to let me adorn you with ear-rings, and to fasten this ring to your nose, so that you may appear as noble as the other braves."

"Excuse me, darling," he said, "I daren't wear jewelry. The yearly meetin' won't allow it."

"But you will come to our council-fire, to-night, dear, will you not, and join with the chiefs and warriors in dancing about our captive, who will be tied to the stake? I know you will come."

"Well, if it makes no difference to you, I believe I won't. I don't dance; It's agin the discipline."

"Ah, then I will tell you what you shall do. You shall sit by the great tree and beat the war drum, and make the fierce music of battle—You can surely do that?"

"Upon the whole, I really don't think I can. You see, I'm down on the fierce music of battle. I'm opposed to music of any kind, and particularly to that which is hammered out of the war drum. No; I'll have to beg off."

"But, at least, you will go with me to the lodge of the medicine man and see him perform his wonderful feats of magic?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to contradict you again, my love. Our folks have testified agin going to places of amusement. I'll be disciplined as sure as fate, if I was to go. Can't do it, sweet, anyhow you fix it."

"Too bad! too bad! But you will not object, I know, to letting me toy with your tresses, and fix them into such a crest as our braves wear proudly upon their heads? This you cannot refuse me."

"Now see here, my dear, do be reasonable. You know I can't let you do that. You certainly must know that I ain't allowed to take off my hat. Why its absurd."

"I do not understand the ways of your people. But I am willing to submit to you if I know that you love me. You do love me, William, do you not? Swear that you love me. Swear by yon moon—no, the moon is not out—swear by yon stars that you will never cease to love me."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get our book of discipline and read it to you. When you've perused it a couple of times maybe you'll understand that I never swear; I affirm."

Then she arose, looked at him a moment with ineffable scorn and fled into the trackless forest; so that match was cut off, and William Penn was left disconsolate. This is as much of the legend as I have scared up thus far. If it seems to interest antiquarians maybe I can excavate the rest of it.—*Max Adeler.*

Witchcraft in West Virginia.

The Wheeling (West Va.) *Intelligencer* of October 30 contains the following remarkable story of superstition and ignorance: "On alley sixteen, in East Wheeling, a peculiar disease recently appeared among the smaller children. Seven babies, in as many different families, suffered from the same mysterious complaint. One of the babies died, and it was thought the others would not survive long. No medical advice was called, as the children were believed to be bewitched. An old lady, however, who is known to possess much influence with superstitious persons, attempted to drive out the evil spirits. She visited the different families, and advised them to keep every door locked, and stop up the key-holes. Nothing was to be loaned from a house for fear some bold and adventurous spirit would accompany the article and make mischief in a neighbor's family. The stocking on each child's left foot was turned inside out to spoil the enchantment, and many other ridiculous things were done. We have not learned what effect these prescriptions have had upon the little sufferers, but it seems horrible to think that innocent children are compelled to suffer because of the ignorance and superstition of their parents."

Canine Grief.

When Jebbard Beise, the barber, hung himself a few days ago, at his house on the Hamilton Road, a favorite but uncouth looking dog, that he had taught many tricks, and treated long as his companion, demonstrated his grief by crowding close to the body, licking the face and hands and whining piteously. When the undertaker came the animal was disposed to attack him, and it was with extreme difficulty that he was removed and confined to an adjoining room. The day of the funeral the dog's lamentations were louder even than before, and although it is not known how he saw the proceeding, he jumped through the closed window, and made his way to the hearse. Unsuccessful attempts were made to drive him back, but he managed to keep close to the hearse, until it started, and then he was allowed to trot behind it all the way to Spring Grove. At the gate he threatened to attack the keeper, and continued with the cortege to the grave. When the earth was thrown, the poor dog howled again, and when all was over, he sorrowfully departed with the other mourners.

It was an outpouring of unaffected grief deeper than is often felt for any man and profoundly touching.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The American Girl.

A writer in the *Arcadian*, speaking of "The American Girl at Home," says: "Among the sad things of life is certainly to be classed that contempt for simplicity which is ingrained in the heart of the American girl of fashion in very early years. She has drunk copiously of the oxymel of precocious coquetry long before she is capable of appreciating the glory of true fashion and the fun of that efflorescence of passion of which true coquetry consists. We are no especial admirer of children who are constitutionally shamefaced, who hang their heads before company, and creep back into sensitive silence, as soon as soon as an opportunity permits them to do so. But we admire as little the unblushable effrontery of the hothouse child who has been brought up under the bell-glass of 'society,' and has nothing natural left in it excepting the original sin, which crops out in the form of impertinence. It is this abnormal self possession which is the early characteristic of the American girl. For this she has to thank her mother and the fashionable fools who are her mother's friends. It is inevitable that the adolescence of such a child should be marked with much that is fast and morbid and trenching on the verge of viciousness. In this school she acquires those meretricious manners, that slang, that swagger, that devil-may-care air, which have rendered her a notoriety wherever she has travelled abroad. The foreigner who comes to this country, and who observes the free and easy manners of our youth, and especially of our young girls, is amazed at their boldness and recklessness. We are aware that some bitterness and unfairness have been shown towards the American girl at home; that she has been maliciously represented as a young lady whose principal amusements are young men, novels, and candies, and whose only exercise consists in promenading Broadway; but we are inclined to take a less unfavorable view of the matter than this. At the same time, it is not possible to deny that there is a grain of truth in the charge, and we are not amazed that a whole wheat-field of accusations should spring from a grain that has been planted and tended with such malicious irrigation. Girls are made, it is true, for something else than to fit into some quiet nook at home, and rest contentedly there during the remainder of life. There are some good pious souls we know who would have every young woman, rich and poor educated in the arts of housekeeping. They would have Clorinda, whose father is a billionaire, descend to the kitchen, make bread and pastry, and familiarize herself with the practical working out of all the more common recipes in the cook-book, just as they would exact the same task from Jane Smith, whose papa is not worth anything at all. How far these advisers are in the right it may be difficult to determine, but the fault with the average American girl, who holds neither a very high nor a very low position in life, is that she does not acquaint herself with any of these processes, and if, like Henrietta in 'Les Femmes Savantes,' she were asked what she saw in marriage to attract, all the answer that she could honestly give would be, 'A husband.' This is sensible, so far as it goes; but we run in danger of seeming very humdrum when we add that if a husband is to be expected to remain all that a young and exacting wife wishes him to be, the kitchen and its correlatives must receive a large share of that wife's attention."

Winter in Russia.

In his "Winter in Russia," Theopile Gauties thus describes his approach to St Petersburg:

The weather was magnificent. A light, dazzling but cold, fell from the clear sky; it was a boreal azure—polar, so to speak—with shades of milk, opal, steel, of which our sky gives no idea; a pure, white, sidereal radiance, which does not seem to emanate from the sun, which is what one sees in dreams, in some other planet than our own. Under this milky vault the immense watery level of the gulf was stretched, tinted with colors that no pen can describe, in which the ordinary tones of water went for nothing. Now they were opaline white tints, such as you see in certain shells; now pearly gray, of incredible delicacy—further on blues, lusterless or streaked like a Damascus blade, or else rainbow-hued reflections like those of the pellicle on molten tin; to a belt as smooth as glass, succeeded a broad band waved like moire antique; and all this light, soft, vague, limpid, clear to a degree that no pen and no pallettecan render. The freshest tint from human pencil would have been a muddy stain upon transparency so ideal, and the words that I employ to give an idea of this marvelous vale splendor seem to me like blots of ink, falling on the finest tinted vellum from a spattering pen. In the distance emerged slowly between the milky water and the opaline sky, encircled