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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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1874. NO. 23

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. ly 5-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '74.

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. 7, '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 70-1y

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. KUPPEL.

COFFROTH & KUPPEL, 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.

J. S. 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. mar18'73.

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 service to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the 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 Barr 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. no4'72

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 neatest style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing result me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jan2-72

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 "RENFORD 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. The 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. O. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.

D. LAVAN.

mmar25

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 27 72 JOHN HULL.

JOHN WILSON & SON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

297 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

une 26, '72

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE,

D. T. Buzby & Co.,

No. 6 Exchange Place

BALTIMORE.

Special attention given to the sale of GLADE 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. 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 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 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.

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. 15.

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 H. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,

No. 78 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

oct14

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 coffins to and bring corpses the various cemeteries. april11

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:—¼ 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. sept6

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. 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., Ales, 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.,

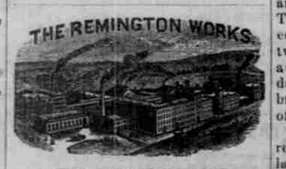
ALL OF WHICH WE OFFER AT

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,

New No. 29 Fifth Avenue,

oct9 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 Worx 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. apr29

Artist's & Wax Flower Materials.

DECALCOMANIA PICTURES.

Fine Stationery.

☞ Send for a Catalogue. ☜

GEORGE W. BACKOFEN,

No. 161 Smithfield Street,

oct28 PITTSBURGH, PA.

SUMMER'S DONE.

Along the wayside and up the hills,
The golden red flames in the sun,
The blue eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run.

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops,
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed mink and little mink
Rob him of half his store.

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty overhead.

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor, old dried up corn.

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the morning still you hear
The scolding, swagering jay.

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun.

For the Somerset Herald.

The Maniac's Ride.

A STORY OF THE OLD STAGE-COACH TIMES.

BY R. R. RODDY,

AUTHOR OF THE BANDIT OF THE ALLEGHENIES.

Years have passed since I first heard the tale I am about to tell, but the impression it made remains.

I feel assured it will interest the readers of the Somerset HERALD, for many of them know it is strictly true, and some persons are yet living who witnessed at least a portion of what promised to be a fearful tragedy.

A coach with its full complement of passengers, "nine inside and one with the driver," pulled up at the stage office in Jenner. The peaceful quietude that had prevailed was immediately broken, and that lonely country inn was immediately a scene of the liveliest bustle and apparent confusion. Landlord, hostlers, drivers, cooks, all seemed smitten with an earnest desire to do something and to do it in a great hurry. The very first toot of the coachman's horn had roused them. When the coach drove into the yard, every one rushed forth—

"As bees biz out wi' angry fyke."

The smoking and panting horses were released from the coach, and each one carefully blanketed before being taken to his stall. The cramped and wearied passengers were warmly welcomed and taken in hospitable charge by the people of the inn, all of whom seemed anxious to make them not only heartily welcome but thoroughly comfortable. The ride in a close coach over the Laurel Hill range in the keen air of the early morning had sharpened their appetites, and made them enjoy the change. They could say with Shenstone that they received their

"Warmest welcome at an inn."

In a brief space a fresh team had taken the place of the tired one, and the merry ringing sound of a horn and the driver's authoritative shout of "all aboard!" summoned them to resume their journey. The driver's nervous anxiety to start, and his vehement assurance that "he could put them through on time or break the traces," made them momentarily uneasy, but as they were well aware that all favored drivers claimed and exercised despotic authority, they entered the coach without remark. A bystander noticed that the team was more than ordinarily excited, and remarked that "he must have been warming them up" in the stable. Before many hours every, even the slightest, incident was recalled or effort was made to recall it. Many of course noticed something wrong and "were jist agoin' to mention it," but didn't, as is the custom of certain sharp-sighted people who always make important discoveries when they are of no use, and everybody else has found it out. The horses by some subtile instinct, or their intimate connection with the driver, seemed conscious of a change and uneasy under it. No sooner had the coach received its load than the horses with a common impulse dashed down the road. This, like an electric influence, seemed to rouse the driver, and excite him to a frantic wildness. The last frail barriers that reason aided by long habit had interposed between him and frenzy were swept away by the enthusiasm common to drivers. It speedily mounted to his brain and drove from it every vestige of reason and caution.

With a wild shout and the unreasoning cruelty of a maniac, he lashed them into frenzy also, and continued by stamp, shout, gesture and cruel lashing with the long and supple whip, to goad them to the utmost.

The route from Jenner to Stoystown is familiar to many of the readers of the HERALD; those at a distance will sufficiently comprehend the situation when informed that like all routes through the mountains it was a succession of up and down grades. Short up grades succeeded by long and steep descents. There being a general and tolerably regular fall from the top of Laurel Hill to the Stony Creek, at the foot of the Allegheny, a mile or so east of Stoystown, at Pine Mills.

The frightened passengers so suddenly roused from the comfortable languor induced by a warm and hearty breakfast after a night of fatiguing travel, for a moment thought the driver was drunk, and consequently reckless. Even that comparatively comfortable thought was soon driven out by the conviction that they were at the mercy of a maniac!

The nerve-thrilling, blood-curdling shouts with which he urged the maddened horses to a desperation equal to his own could only issue from a madman's lips. That peculiarly harrowing tone, that unmans the boldest when first heard, even in safety, that rings in the ears for weeks and mingles disagreeably with the dreams of the casual visitor to the asylum, fell upon the ears and senses of the startled passengers like the knell of doom. Powerless for resistance or effective action, they could only await the dreadful death or fearful mangling and crushing that seemed inevitable, and the torture of racking suspense, more dreadful than the most terrible certainty, only added horror to the situation. The longer, the steeper, the more dangerous the descent, the more maddening became the shouts and more frantic the gestures of the driver, and the speed of the horses. The coach swayed and swung alongside the sheer descents and frightful precipices beside the road, or jerked like a plaything at their heels. When crossing the numerous breakers it would angrily leap like some ferocious monster in pursuit of its-fast-fleeing prey. The wild, heart-piercing shrieks of the ladies soon subsided into a piteous and hopeless moan. In some their excess of terror had mercifully produced temporary oblivion, and they happily were not restored from these fainting fits until the danger had passed. Others more steady-nerved or stronger, were forced to bear the keenest torture that a hair-suspended death, an agonizing and repulsive doom, could inflict. That every conscious passenger suffered more than a hundred deaths during that fearful ride is no exaggeration. Fortunately but few are ever placed in situations that would enable them to realize, ever so faintly, their trying situation—the terrific ordeal through which they passed or seemed to be whirled rather, like the leaves driven before the whirlwind.

A glimmer of consciousness, or the iron force of habit, kept driver and horses to the road. In their utterly frenzied condition, the most frightful precipice or gloomiest gorge would have offered an inviting leap. God's mercy was over them in their hour of greatest trial, and preserved them through the dimmed consciousness of the man and the habits of the brutes.

Alarm, wonder, blank consternation seized the people of Stoystown when, before the usual time, they saw the coach and heard the shouts of the driver as they dashed into the town. The terrific pace at which they travelled heated his maddened blood until it coursed through his veins like quicksilver, and gave him a frantic joy and most horrifying and demoniac glee at their phantom-like rate of travel: his hair flying in the wind, his long whip brandishing and cracking round his head, stamping on the foot-board with fearful violence, and uttering the most frightful yells and oaths, the foam flying from his lips and flecking his clothes!

Such was the appearance of the maniac driver as the coach was whirled up to the hotel with the sweep of a deluge. The horses, ready to sink with exhaustion and terror, stopped suddenly, and allowed the pale, terror-stricken passengers to get their first glimpse of safety, their first gleam of hope. Many had to be assisted to alight, and were unable to proceed further on their journey. All had received mental shocks that only time and care could counterbalance, and that would haunt them to their dying day. The team was ruined. The driver, after a desperate resistance, was captured and confined.

The story soon lost its interest, and the man I first heard tell it was as unmoved, as unexcited, as if detailing the most common-place event. His bloodless way of telling it was sufficient to stir my imagination, and I never could forget it.

"Wild Bill."

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, returning from Colorado, had an interview with the noted scout, Wild Bill. He writes: One of the pleasantest things in the Colorado tour is that you are liable to be thrown in contact with some distinguished person at any time without knowing it. Still I was really much surprised when the train boy whispered in my ear, as the gentleman walked leisurely away, that "he was the reg'lar old Injun fighter, Wild Bill."

I had heretofore clung to the stage conception of the Western desperado—a being six and a-half feet high, with long, flowing hair, scarred face, tobacco stained mouth, and buckskin vestments adorned at all available points, with soms offensive or defensive weapons. So when I was informed that the mild gentlemanly young man, looking exactly like a clerk out on a holiday, was the celebrated scout and Indian fighter, Wild Bill, I naturally supposed that the train boy was exercising his propensities for mischief upon me by endeavoring to perpetrate a "glorious sell," and it required the united assertion of several passengers and the conductor to convince me this was really the veritable "Wild Bill."

Actuated by a pardonable curiosity, I seated myself by his side and proceeded to interview him according to the best known models. In this I succeeded far beyond my expectations, as Wild Bill is usually very shy and reticent with strangers. He informed me that he was then on his way to an Eastern city to meet a large party of English gentlemen, to whom Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and himself, were to act as guides during a three months' hunt in the Yellowstone country and in the Rocky Mountains. They were to receive for their services the small sum of $1,000. These famous scouts are always well paid for their skillful guidance, and are frequently the recipients of valuable presents from generous tourists Wild Bill wore in his breast, at the time I met him, a magnificent diamond pin, presented to him by an English nobleman.

Wild Bill is a man of mark on the frontier, chiefly on account of his generally hitting the mark (no pun intended). Wonderful stories are told of his proficiency with his favorite weapon, the pistol. It is said, though with what truth I know not, that he can hit a nickle at thirty yards, or a man at 100, without difficulty. I, myself, saw him shatter small objects, not larger than my hand, at the distance of twenty or thirty yards while the train was moving slowly, which I considered pretty fair shooting. He uses a pair of heavy Smith & Wesson revolvers, which shoot nearly as accurately as rifles. The remarkable quickness and dexterity with which he wields them is the secret of the wholesome respect in which he is held on the frontier. No man can get the "drop" on him, although I suppose plenty have tried; as he is said to have killed only the trifling number of forty-two men already, and he is only about twenty-seven, he has plenty of time to add to the bloody catalogue.

I could not help wondering as I looked in the face of the quiet, resolute man beside me, whether remorse had ever laid her envenomed lash upon him, or if memory did not sometimes call back his victims from an untimely grave to haunt him with their awful presence. And I was afterwards informed, on creditable authority, that he frequently suffers under some horrible nightmare, when, after uttering the most dreadful groans, he will gradually awaken in an agony of fear. We passed through a little town in Kansas, where, it is said, Wild Bill could not show his face without being shot or strung up. He was once United States marshal there, and ruled the town with a strong and heavy hand. It is said that he killed four United States soldiers in one drunken squabble, and it was not a very good night for soldiers either.

He was far too modest to speak at length of his adventures, but gave me a graphic account of the first occasion on which the Indians felt the effect of the terrible repeating rifle. A little band of scouts were returning from some expedition, when they saw a large body of Indians charging down upon them at full speed. Now, one good shot, armed with a repeating rifle, is more than a match for half a dozen Indians, equipped with bows and arrows, or even the old-fashioned muskets. So they quietly stopped and awaited the arrival of the deluded savages. As they came within long range the scouts discharged a volley. At this the Indians, thinking the whites had only rifles, came rushing on, confident of a speedy victory. Nor were they greatly discouraged by a second well-aimed fire, for thinking that if the whites had double barrels their guns were certainly completely emptied, they came on with redoubled order. But when greeted with a third and fourth discharge, they were evidently completely demoralized, and at the fifth they fired as though the evil spirit himself was after them.

Perhaps the most interesting information I gained from my fellow traveller was the correct method of killing the grizzly bear, which I now publish for the benefit of any adventurous sportsman who may ever find himself in close quarters with the ursus horribilis. I shall give it as nearly as possible in his own words: "There is no more trouble in killing a grizzly than there is in killing a chicken, if you only know how. If you've crippled him or made him angry, he will always come at you on his hind feet, with his mouth open, and all you've got to do is to wait until he gets within ten feet of you, and then shoot him in the mouth. This will confuse him a little (I should think so), and he will stop and commence clawing his mouth if you haven't killed him dead, and you can riddle him with pistol balls before he can get to you." In order to do this neatly it is only necessary to possess as cool nerves and be as good a shot as Wild Bill. But, as for myself, I believe I would prefer trying to starve the bear to death by climbing some very high tree and letting him wait until I saw fit to come down, as I would be somewhat more secure myself and would be fully as apt to kill the bear as if I should adopt Wild Bill's plan.

The Grave of Wm. Penn.

Many Americans visiting England desire to make a pilgrimage to the Friends Meeting-house, and the grave of William Penn, Thomas Ellwood, Isaac Pennington, and other worthy Friends. To visit these at Jordans' one takes the railway at Uxbridge, about half an hour from London; opposite the station, at the Railway Inn, a good lunch nicely served, can be obtained, and a trap hired for about ten shillings for the meeting-house, some seven miles distant, over a good and much frequented road leading to Oxford. Arriving within about two miles of the meeting-house, a side road to the left, narrow and unfrequented, and bordered with pretty hedges leads to the ground. No one seems to know the precise locality of Jordans, and it is only very frequent inquiry of those one meets that at length definite information is obtained; and, alas for human greatness, even our intelligent lad who accompanied us had never heard of William Penn, though he had heard of what the people called Penn's chapel.

Arriving at the meeting-house we find it to be a one and a half story building of brick, with a roof of tiles; that portion nearest the road is occupied by a family who have the care of the property, not however, members of the society, although I understood the same family had occupied the same position for some thirty years. That portion intended for the meeting-houses presents nothing peculiarly differing from Friends' meeting-houses generally; the usual raised seats for ministers and elders, the same rough and uncomfortable benches, and in one corner the not very usual concomitant of a loaded musket; this, upon inquiry, I was told had been placed there by the husband of the woman whom we saw, to keep it away from the hands of the children; why it was in the house at all, she did not say. I trust if this little sketch ever comes to her eyes it may suggest to her that loaded guns are not proper ornaments for a Friends' meeting-house.

In front of the main entrance to the house is the graveyard, perhaps an eighth of an acre in extent, and there in a row are the graves named, at the commencement of this article, along with a few others. The stones that mark the graves are plain marble, perhaps a couple of feet above ground, and on them, plainly cut, are the names of those buried beneath.

The whole place is badly kept, grass long and uncut, fences and gates dilapidated, and, I regret to say, very similar to the careless condition of too many of Friend's graveyards in this country. A meeting is held here but once each year, in 5th month immediately succeeding London Yearly Meeting, and is then well attended. The meeting-house not being large enough to contain all, other meetings are held in the yard adjoining. Those who attend bring their lunches, and pass some hours in pleasant social reunion.

A lovely drive of little over half an hour brings us back to Uxbridge, and hence car again to London. With the few hints given in this brief sketch Jordan is not difficult to find but the se hints the writer found difficulty to obtain, and they may, I trust, prove useful to many who, like myself, desire to visit the grave of this great and good man and his co-workers in religious truth.

Mexican Independence.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier Journal* says:

"The immense room, said to be the largest of the kind on the continent, was brilliantly lighted, and the one hundred and twelve boxes were filled to their utmost capacity with fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, while the parquet below was crowded with less fortunate but equally respectable men, and the fifth gallery or pit overflowing with the *tiers etat*. At the farthest extremity sat the smooth-faced and oily tongued President of the Republic with his Cabinet, and extending forward upon each side were rows of government officials in full black, and military gentlemen resplendent in decorations and gold-laced uniforms The exercises, as we of the States denominate a programme, consisted in the reading of discourses by four gentlemen selected for the purpose, a similarly stupid delivery of four poetical effusions, two recitations by a little girl of ten or eleven years of age, and the singing of nine operatic airs by members of an Italian troupe engaged for the occasion—making nineteen acts in all, not counting the national hymn, which was sung by the whole audience, before our arrival. The matter of the speeches and the poems may have been very good aught we, who are unfamiliar with Spanish composition, could tell; but we thought the style exceedingly monotonous and tiresome—an opinion which seemed to be fully shared by the occupants of the pit, who biased nearly all the readers and compelled them to desist before they had concluded their inflictions. After the last piece of music, which was admirably rendered by a quartet, the President walked forward, bearing in his left hand Hidalgo's old flag of the rebellion (the audience rising at the same time), and demanded in a distinctly clear voice, *viva independencia!* and then (a very moderate response having been returned), *viva la republica!* to which the reply was not more general or enthusiastic. The crowd now began to disperse, and at the same time precisely eleven o'clock, the church bells throughout the city were rang and a few rockets exploded from the Plaze."

A Terrible Time of It.

They have a new hired girl over at Keyser's farm just outside our town, says Max Adeler, and on Tuesday, before starting to spend the day with a friend, Mrs. Keyser instructed the girl to whitewash the kitchen during her absence. Upon returning, Mrs. Keyser found the job completed in a very satisfactory manner. On Wednesdays Mrs Keyser always churns, and last Wednesday when she was ready she went out, and, finding that Mr. Keyser had already put the milk into the churn she began to turn the handle. This was at eight o'clock in the morning, and she turned until ten without any signs of butter appearing. Then she called in the hired man and he turned until dinner time, when he knocked off with some very offensive language addressed to that butter which had not yet come. After dinner the hired girl took hold of the crank and turned it energetically until two o'clock, when she let go with a remark which conveyed the impression that she believed the churn to be haunted. Then Mr. Keyser came out and said he wanted to know what was the matter with that churn anyhow. It was a good enough churn if people only knew enough to work it. Mr. Keyser then worked the crank until half-past three, when, as the butter had not come, he surrendered it again to the hired man because he had an engagement in the village. The man ground the machine to an accompaniment of frightful imprecations; then the Keyser children each took a turn for half an hour, then Mrs Keyser tried her hand, and when she was exhausted she again enlisted the hired girl, who said her prayers while she turned. But the butter didn't come. When Keyser came home and found the churn still in action he blasted his eyes and did some other innocent swearing, and then he seized the handle and said he'd make the butter come if he kicked up an earthquake in doing it. Mr. Keyser effected about two hundred revolutions of the crank a minute, enough to have made any ordinary butter come from the ends of the earth; and when the perspiration began to stream from him and still the butter didn't come, he uttered one wild yell of rage and disappointment and kicked the churn over the fence. When Mrs. Keyser went to pick it up she put her nose down close to the buttermilk and took a sniff. Then she understood how it was. The girl had mixed the whitewash in the churn and left it there. A good, honest and intelligent servant who knows how to churn can find a situation at Keyser's. There is a vacancy.

It is reported that a somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Miss do you think my moustaches are becoming?" To which Miss replied: "Well, sir, they may be becoming, but they haven't yet arrived."

The name of the Sheriff of White county, Ill., is Hail Storm. His father was an eccentric gentleman, and he had three sons, whom he named respectively, Hail Storm, Rain Storm, and Snow Storm.

Americans in London.

Col. Forney writes: "The Americans in London are an important and increasing element of business and society. How vast the difference between the very few in the great metropolis at the beginning of the century and the hundreds or thousands of to-day. There are lawyers, clergymen, artists, actors, journalists, manufacturers and bankers. Many are living here in ease, even elegant private life, and I think it may be said of this large class that they never forget their native land. The poorest creature I know is an American abroad who is ashamed of our country. Man and woman, there is nothing more contemptible, and I am glad to add that the instances are rare, and that they are growing rarer, so to speak, because nothing is more sure to provoke the ridicule of a genuine Englishman than an American who is forever complaining of his government or people; precisely as there can be nothing more offensive to us than an Englishman in the United States who delights in abuse of England. The truth is, there is too much in the United States for English wonder and praise, and too much in England for American imitation, to encourage either class of these critics. An American gentleman or lady is more than welcome into English society if capable of intelligent illustration of the institutions and resources of their country. The same remark applies with equal justice to educated English travelers in the United States. The snob who tries to conciliate favor by empty praise of habits which he has not had time to understand, like the *parvenu* who will see nothing but imperfection in that which he sees for the first time, is equally despised."

Fancy Work with Autumn Leaves.

The bright autumn leaves are very lovely for ornamenting our parlors, boudoirs, and dining tables. Brackets and picture frames can also be adorned with them, and they add greatly to the beauty of one's surroundings. Collect a large quantity combining every hue, from crimson to scarlet, from scarlet to yellow, and from yellow to green. The red beech and the beautifully variegated sumach are very desirable, as also are the oak and ferns, but the maple exceeds them all in the great variety of its tints, and the various sizes of its leaves; smooth every leaf on the wrong side, with a moderately warm iron, holding it upon the leaf only a minute. Then take a camel's hair pencil, and a little olive oil, and carefully brush over every part of the leaf. Place them on a flat surface to dry, and let them remain until the next day. For wiring these leaves into garlands, &c., or for preparing them for boquets, take the fine green covered reel wire, such as is always used in manufacturing wax flowers and attach it around the stem, first laying it so that it will extend the entire length of the leaf to support it. Afterwards wind around each stem to conceal the wire, either narrow strips or green tissue paper or brown Berlin worsted, and join the leaves together in sprays; of course the individual leaves on each spray must be of the same species. Prepare a large number of these mounted on wires: and then arrange them in vases, about picture frames, over mirrors, and as ornaments to lace curtains, and your apartments will present a festive appearance, although the dreary winter weather has browned the face of nature. Oak leaves, acorns, and brightly colored beans, gummed upon a card-board frame, will make handsome ornaments when used for this purpose.—*Country Gentleman.*

Early Days in Tennessee.

When a lady went to Dover or Palmyra, our commercial cities in those days, and bought a calico dress, says an exchange, speaking of early days in Tennessee, it aroused and excited the whole community more than the killing of a bear caught in the cowpen, which was a frequent occurrence. When a calico dress was purchased, the news spread like wildfire. It was narrated abroad that such a one had a calico dress. In those days we had our sugar-crumbs, and made our own sugar; coffee was bought at our commercial cities, and used only on Sundays. Milk, the best and most healthy beverage in the world, was daily used, and the rose bloomed and played on every girls cheek. There were no calomel-doctors' bills to pay. They are a worthy and useful profession of the present day. We had meeting-houses in those days, made of logs and clapboards. We called it going to meeting. The elegant phrase now is to attend church, and to go in buggies and carriages. We walked from three to five miles in going to meeting, playing with the girls all the way. I have seen from fifty to one hundred ladies walking barefooted to meeting, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and on arriving, sitting down along the branch, washing their beautiful feet, and putting on their stockings and shoes, preparatory to going in.

About Coffee.

Are you fond of your coffee? An official investigation has just been made in Paris as to the materials of which this "delicious beverage" is made. There are five principal compounds:

1. Burned bread and coffee grounds.
3. Powdered chiccory, sand and brick dust.
3. Chiccory and burned bones.
4. Chiccory burned, mixed with butter and colored with Prussian red.
5. Burned cabbage roots and boiled horse liver.

"I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you are going to pay that debt you owe me." "I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask me something easy."

President Grant gave $500 to the shelter of Homeless Women in Chicago during his recent visit there.

**A Dog in a Churn