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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. 17-1f.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 26, '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 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-1f.

S. M. 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 especially and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 12.

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. july19

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar12 '73.

DR. J. 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. 18, '71-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George H. 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 Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. no472

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DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cuscheri'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, '73.

Mansion House,
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Corner of Franklin and Broad Streets,
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Jos. Shoemaker, Prop'r.
Having lately taken charge of, refitted and furnished this large and commodious Hotel, I now invite my Somerset County friends to call on me, and hope by prompt attention to their wants and moderate charges, to merit their patronage. Table supplied with the best the market affords. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors, &c.
JOSEPH SHOEMAKER & SON.
N. B.—Best stabling in town. apr29

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.
Having leased the 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 nothing pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. A commodious livery stock and obliging ostlers will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be supplied with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Toy was may at all times be found in the office.
H. SAYAN.
m mar26

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.

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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 BYLL.

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april 15-72.

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated
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Which has maintained such an enviable reputation for so many years. Dealers and Consumers should be particular to see to it that 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 a the weight, and is superior in FINENESS &c. WHITENESS to any other brand. All orders should be addressed to
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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 corpse the various cemeteries. april1

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS'
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NEW REVISED EDITION.
Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.
The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to bear a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.
Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.
The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.
Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.
The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.
In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a careful and original record of the progress of political and historical events.
The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.
None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by larger experience and enlarged knowledge.
The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been selected not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to elucidate difficulty and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.
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THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

An outdoor quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy pace,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tin-ware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from a Big Book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head;
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk-pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
I'll John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May time, I pray, when falling years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

—Scribner for December.

For the Somerset Herald.

ATHANASE
THE AVENGER!

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF SOMERSET COUNTY.

BY R. K. RODDY,

AUTHOR OF THE BANDIT OF THE ALLEGHENIES, THE MANIAC'S RIDE, &C.

Her *repertoire* was a limited one, containing only a few ballads then common on the border, and generally of a mournful character. One of her dismal ditties always affected her. It told in dreary numbers how some young maiden drowned herself in the deep, deep sea, for love of one who left her for a fairer, richer bride. Her assumption of a sensibility, which perhaps she did not possess, touched him to the quick. One day when she seemed more than ordinarily affected by the song, he suddenly and gravely asked:

"What for maiden drown? Why no kill?"

"Why, Athanase! How wicked! Ain't you too bad to talk that way?" she asked in pretended horror. "Would you do so?"

"Oh, yes," he gravely but courteously replied.

An uneasy sense of her own littleness, compared to this honest savage, and a partial awakening to the danger of the path she was so recklessly treading, came over her. For a brief moment her better nature struggled to assert itself, but vanity and her innate coquetry urged her on in the path she was going—in the path that threatened to end in blood and sorrow for her and all her friends.

Then came a time when the Indian lover was to start for Canada, with a young French officer to whom he was much attached, to be absent a long time. The people of the settlement thought this a good opportunity to rid themselves of all complications by hastening her marriage during his absence, not dreaming of the extent of the encouragement she had given him. She would only consent on condition that her husband would agree to cross the mountains to their old home, to which he reluctantly consented.

At the last interview between the coquette and the Indian, she with reckless persistency, perhaps fascinated with the very danger, reverted to their former conversation.

"So you think that girl ought to kill her lover and not drown herself?"

He nodded gravely in reply.

"Oh! that's wicked. You wouldn't kill me, would you, Athanase?" she asked with coquettish grace and tender intonation of the voice. The young brave was roused from his natural stoicism and hotly answered:

"No! No! Only kill when hate. Don't hate the pale maiden. Love. When six moons go Indian come for white wife."

The calm decision of his manner and unclouded earnestness of purpose convinced her that, when she was married, distance and the huge range of mountains between them could alone save her from the just anger of her dusky lover.

Preparations for the marriage were set on foot. The little settlement was roused from its apathy and determined to celebrate so joyful an event with real border heartiness. Although not secret, yet the sensible portion of the settlers did not wish the news to travel too far. The Indian was far away, but might return; and even the most thoughtless dreaded that possibility without exactly knowing why. As they were to return to the other side of the mountain it was determined to give them a splendid wedding and make their thoughts of their valley home pleasant remembrances. One day was not sufficient for so important an event, so three were set apart to be exclusively devoted to festivities.

The company had gathered for the first day's enjoyment. Everything progressed charmingly. All were in capital spirits, and laugh, jest, and song went gaily round. Suddenly a fearful cry, a cry of anguished terror rung out, in dread constrast to the many mirthful sounds. The bride, with blanched face and eyes protruding, sprung toward the astonished bridegroom, crying with choked and quivering voice:

"Oh! Save me Henry! Save me! He has come to kill me! He said he would!"

Was that man or demon that suddenly appeared before the startled and wondering crowd?

A fearful being confronted them; a dreadful and yet piteous sight. There stood the transformed Athanase, torn, dishevelled, with bloodshot eyes and fever-scorched swollen lips; all the savage instincts roused, intensified by the insult to his race and treachery to himself! None could have recognized the handsome, courteous young brave in the being before them, distorted, hideous by the fiery passion and tremendous hate that dwarfed the soul and scorched and withered his life and blood. The guilty fears of the coquette recognized him and instinctively warned her of what she might expect. A glance showed what we are compelled to use so many words in telling. All seemed to comprehend and to anticipate a tragic ending. Quick as were their thoughts, the actions of the Indian kept pace. The girl, uttering that dreadful cry, rushed to throw herself upon the manly breast that would so gladly have shielded her.

The tomahawk of the savage arrested his steps and stilled his brave heart forever, buried in his brain ere he fully realized what caused that dreadful cry from his expectant bride. Drawing another weapon as he hurled his battle-axe, the Indian dashed forward toward the girl with reckless daring and superhuman energy. Whether he designed to kill or capture her was not discovered, as his purpose was frustrated by the whites rushing in between them, for they were nursed in danger's lap and recovered from the shock and the surprise with marvelous rapidity, which only a life of vicissitude could teach. The savage seeing himself outnumbered, and for the time, at least, balked of his revenge, for which he only wished to live, fled in a zigzag course toward a clump of timber. His wily stratagem was successful, the hurried aim of the whites was baffled, and he reached in safety the sheltering wood. Then wheeling, he faced the house and pealing forth the battlecry of his tribe, with desperate calmness awaited the onset of his foes. Blood he panted for; blood alone could wash out the insult and contumely with which he had been treated, and fit him for intercourse with the braves of his nation in the "happy hunting grounds."

Well was it then for the peace of the border that the bravest there were also just men. The conduct of the girl and of the Indian had convinced them that he was acting according to his lights, and had great claims to their compassion. With difficulty they restrained the fiery spirits who were rushing forth to answer his defiant yell. They were of the border chivalry and would brook no insult or challenge from an equal, still less from an Indian, and one friendly to the French. An appeal to their sense of right and superiority of numbers stopped them.

The bowed and stricken coquette admitted giving him undue encouragement, but like most evil doers, she meant no harm. She only wanted to see how an Indian would act.

"Wanted to make Henry, oh! poor, poor Henry! jealous, just to see how he would act," etc.

After waiting some time for the expected attack, Athanase wandered away into the forest planning for revenge—to the Indian a sacred duty. He visited the tribes least favorable to the English and by his fiery eloquence and zeal roused their young men to a pitch of frenzy nearly equal to his own. He formed a league for the destruction of every Englishman on the border and more particularly the settlement at the forks of Yough. His design, in which he was successful, was to unite all the neighboring nations. The advance of Braddock's overwhelming force alone saved them. He would say:

"Who are these people that look upon us as dogs? That scorn us? Whose plows rake up and destroy the graves of our fathers, and whose dogs gnaw their bones? They call us brothers, and destroy and drive away the game! Is that like a brother? They kill all the largest and most beautiful trees of the forest, where the game can shelter. Day after day the axes of the Swannock ring in our forests and the timber withers at their touch. Is that a brother's act? They claim all the land from the far *Ta-mu-egah*, the beautiful Ohio, to the distant rapid streams of the Lenape! Will you let them have it? Will you tamely submit, sons of the great Unamis? Will you tell the great council of the Onondagas that you cannot resist the men who love nothing, respect nothing; who defile our fathers' graves; who let their cows drink and their filthy swine wallow in the sacred spring, where all the tribes, from year to year, smoked the calumet and listened to the talk of the Great Manitou in their dreams. They rob us! They cheat us! They call us slaves, and worse, *they make us slaves!* Rouse, then, sons of the forest! Sound the great *tay-way-egan* of your fathers! Let the noise of the *she-shey-non* be heard in your camps, until the invader is driven into the waters that look to the sun, and the sons of Unamis are free!"

The effect of such harangues can well be imagined on such fery subjects, when aided by the flashing eye, the impassioned manner and the magnetic influence that a great purpose and deep feeling always give. One and all shouted to be led to battle.

At this momentous crisis in their affairs—when the war-drum was sounding, the knife sharpened, the hatchet brandished; while the exultant glow of anticipated victory flushed every dusky cheek—a runner arrived.

The "fiery cross" never swept the hills and valleys of Scotland faster than did the "war arrow" of the tribes of the West the mountains and dells of Pennsylvania. This time it was no petty tribal strife, no mere dash out on the war path, but war between the mightiest nations of the earth, and all must soon take one side or the other. 'Twas then the whites felt the enmity of the brave and fiery Athanase. He labored zealously for the French; he carried nearly all the Indians with him to their party in spite of the influence heretofore unbounded, of *Mon-o-ca-taca*, or Scooryaddy as he was sometimes called, the hero of forty battles, and covered with wounds. The eloquence of *Jagnea*, or Silver Heels, his son-in-law, a chief of great influence, was powerless against the tropic fervor of Athanase. And on that bloody field, where soon after the English flag and English power and pride was supposed to have forever fallen, he raged like the ancient god of war, a very demon of battle; first in the fight and last in the pursuit, he drank deep draughts of vengance, that to the thirsting soul of the Indian parched with revenge were like the dews of Hermon. When he French commandant asked the Indians to go with him to waylay Braddock, they answered: "Is our father mad that he asks us to do this thing? Does he want us all killed? The Swannock have four thousand men and big thunder-guns that cut down trees and shoot miles! No! We do not want to die."

Athanase the Avenger, burning with his wrongs, with a fiery eloquence that blinded and controlled them cried: "I care not for thunder-guns or thousands, I will fight with my young men if we go alone. We will fight, and we will conquer! When we return with the scalps of our foes, with the white man's wampum, his powder and lead, his rum and tobacco, then will we taunt you; then will the young maidens laugh when we give them rich gifts. They will say to you, you feared the thunder of the Swannock, and wouldn't go with our fathers to the battle. Give your guns and your bows and arrows to us. Here is a hoe, go dig! Dig for the Swannock and be his slave!"

They furiously commenced the war dance. They shouted to be led to battle, rushing on in advance of the French. With mad and headlong fury they began and continued the fight. The disastrous result is known. Fearfully were their wrongs avenged. A gloom spread over the colonies, particularly Pennsylvania, and for years the dying wail of the slaughtered frontiermen, all along the border, was music to the ears of the savages.

At the close of the war Athanase went back to Canada and became the head-chief of his tribe, living to a good old age, but stern, soured, suspicious to the last.

The coquette whose trifling had prepared the way for so many horrors was sent to the East by her friends. Not deeming it safe to her to remain on the border, and for fear her Indian lover might follow even there, they reported she had died of grief. She lived a solitary, unloved life. The story of her trifling and the tragic end of her betrothed followed her, and menever after looked askance at her as an "unlucky one."

Her story has had a good effect on the young ladies of that section, for there has never been a coquette there since. This is good news, and may be considered reliable, as we have it from the ladies themselves. Certainly they ought to know.

The Fellow Who Looks Like Me.

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Reading the other day, and when he reached the depot, he happened to look into the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself, she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings she exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry, dear Henry! we are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own dear Louisa."

And she looked into Slimer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madam," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and don't own any solitary Louisa. Obige me by letting go my coat, is excites remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said:

"Oh, Henry, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband?"

"Madam," screamed Slimer," if you do not cease sopping my shirt boosom, and remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call for the police. Let me go I say!"

"The children are here," she persisted, "they recognize their father, don't you children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa, it's our dear pa."

And they grappled Slimer by the trouser's leg and hung on to his coat tail.

"Woman!" he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Undand me, I say."

And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace, and in the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet-bag. He looked exactly like Slimer—and when he saw his wife in Slimer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimer with the carpet-bag, and asked what he meant. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimer's likeness to him. And now Slimer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human bring on earth.

Aching For a Row.

As a policeman was leaning against the walls of the Detroit and Milwaukee depot, Detroit, he was approached by a man about thirty years of age, whose red face was a good match for his hair. He was a little "sprung" and he felt like a steer turned into a clover field.

"Mister," said he, speaking very confidentially to the officer, "I don't want to get locked up, and have my name in the papers, and be fined, but I am in from Ionia, on a little blow out, and I'd give a clean ten-dollar note to have a little scrimmage with somebody."

"You mean you want to fight?" asked the officer.

"That's what I mean. I'm just aching for a row. I want to stand before about three good fellows and have some one to give me the word to go in."

The officer asked him if he was heavy on the fight and he answered:

"Heavy? I should say I was! Why, I am terrible. They call me the Russian bear at home, and the full town stand up or sit down, just as I say!"

The officer said it was his duty to discourage disorderly conduct: but in a case like that, where a man had come one hundred and twenty miles to get up a row, he felt it his duty to extend indirect aid. He told the Russian bear to go up to the corner of Beaubien street, enter some saloon, talk in a very loud voice, and he'd soon have his hands full.

"That's me; much obliged!" exclaimed the man, and he walked off.

In about ten minutes a boy came running down and said that a man with a chewed ear, two black eyes, and a broken nose was "up there" in the ditch.

The officer went back with the boy, and he soon came upon the Russian bear, who was lying in the gutter, one leg doubled back, blood all over him, and his coat ripped in every seam.

"That's you, is it?" asked the officer as he pulled the man's arm. "Well, did you find that row?"

"Policeman," replied the man, as he regained his feet and looked at himself, and felt of his ear, "policeman, don't it seem to you as if I did?"

The Great Salt Lake.

It is very strange that out of the many who travel across the continent, desirous of seeing everything of interest, that there are so few who will take the time and trouble to see this most wonderful and beautiful sheet of water. The size of the lake is about eighty miles from east to west, and about one hundred miles from north to south. It is the great reservoir for all the waters that empty into the surrounding valleys, without any known outlet, except what the rays of the gentle summer sun draws up to the cloudy strata of the heavens. The water is exceedingly salty, more so than any body of water in the world, and its buoyancy is fully 1,000 per cent more than that of the ocean. In the crudest manner the Mormons make a pail of salt from three pails of water; and the buoyancy is very perceptible in bathing, when the ordinary swimmer finds he can float as easily and securely as walking on the "sure and firmest earth." Sinking is impossible. The water in the lake is gradually rising, and the estimates have put it at ten inches each year; but no means have been taken to measure it until about two months since, when a granite monument was erected at Black Rock, a short distance from the shore.

The lake as a thing of beauty is almost unsurpassed. The water at times is of the deepest green; at others of the deepest blue; and, varying from the shallow to the deep water, from the lightest to the darkest shades, and at all times like the grand ocean. The seagull and the pelican sails just overhead, riding gracefully the waves upon the smooth or rolling surface.

When the sky is cloudy and the air dark with heavy clouds, you look across the lake at the widest part, and it will remind you of old Atlantic, as you may have seen it from the Jersey coast. It was about the middle of September when Mr. McCundy from New York, and the writer saw the lake when a gale was rolling in the breakers on the shore not unlike the waves at Long Branch, when the winds were blowing from the east. When the winds are still and the summer sunshine was resting quietly upon it, it is like a mirror, with its islands rising up from it quite abruptly, several thousand feet, clothed with verdue, making indeed, a lovely sight.

Mercy Swiss Washing.

The *Saturday Journal* says: "To a smoke-stained bondoner, the exquisite purity of the homespun Swiss linen is a constant wonder and reproach. And yet scarcely a wonder, if he chances to sit by the lakeside, say at Brienz, on a sunny morning, and watch the proceedings of the little Swiss maiden, in a straw hat and black velvet bodice with the silver chains, who is plying her occupation of laundress. She has paddled her boat far out into the lake, and is letting it drift with the current. In the boat beside her is a pile of freshly washed linen, glistening like snow in the sunlight. But its whiteness does not content her. As the boat moves along each piece of linen is thrown into the lake and trailed slowly through the blue water—blue as ever painted. Still she is not quite satisfied. She takes perhaps three or four handkerchiefs in her hand at a time and literally throws them overboard in such a manner that the spectator on the bank cannot but breathe a fervent hope that they may not be his own property; but before he has time to frame his wishes into words she has caught them again with a dexterous sort of legerdemain, and the process is repeated again and again. And all the while the black-velvet-bodiced maiden, with the glistening silver chains and pins, snowy sleeves and round white arms, if she be a true Brienz maiden, is singing like a very nightingale."

A Canadian Phrase.

Canada's bright and sensible Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, has given the Dominion people a new by-word, which has spread with electric rapidity from one end of Canada to the other. On his voyage out, being called upon by the emigrants to address them, he alluded to this phrase, which had grated so harshly on his ears: "He had the misfortune to have too many children." Lord D. said: "I remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the differences between the old and new country and their new homes than by the fact that whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighed in the battle of life by a numerous family in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. Here I was applauded lustily, with a cheerful accompaniment of laughter also, when I was further greeted with an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young emigrant, who cried out, 'Right you are, sir; that's what I've been telling Emily.'" The Canadians have got up the slang phrase, "*That's what I've been telling Emily*," having had the anecdote made familiar by going the round of the papers, and one hears everywhere, "*That's what I've been telling Emily.*"

The Sun's Blessing.

Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The worst sporific is laudnum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are mayrtyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, and carry parasols, and they do all possible to keep off the sublest and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength, beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in their transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers?

The Lockjaw.

A young man named Samuel Eicholtz died at his lodgings at Washington from lockjaw. A short time ago he ran a rusty nail into one of his feet, the wound giving him much pain for several days. The pain ceased, and he thought he had quite recovered. He walked out into the garden adjoining his lodgings, gathered some flowers, and carried them to his house. While on his way back he suddenly felt the cords of the back of his neck commence drawing his head backward, and he became aware that his jaws were setting. He remarked in a laughing way, but too true, that he was getting the lockjaw. His relatives made light of the remark, and supper was announced shortly after; but when Mr. Eicholtz tried to drink some tea from a saucer he found he could not get the saucer between his teeth, and even then it was only thought he was suffering from the effects of a cold. However, they at length came to the sad conclusion as to the nature of his disease, as his jaws were set to open no more.

The nearest physician was sent for, but the case was a hopeless one, as spasms had already set in, and they continued more frequent and severe, until they were incessant, when death stepped in and relieved the poor man from the most horrible sufferings, not excepting hydrophobia, on earth. Deceased was only thirty years of age, and had been married but a few weeks.

Parasites in Bird Cages.

Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch or other tiny favorite, evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgeting about, and in every way looking very seedy. In vain is his food changed, and in vain is another saucer of clean water put into the cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner was done; but still all is of no use, he is no better—and why? because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is other attempts are in vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stu