A SPY IN THE CAMP.

BY KARL DRURY.

When Viola Adair's father died, his will contained one clause which many people considered extremely singular. He desired his daughter, then eleven years old, to become, on completing her twenty-first year, the wife of Elbert Duane, then aged fourteen.

Various conflicting reasons were given for this curious stipulation. Some persons affirmed that in early life old Mr. Adair had been a hopeless adorer of Elbert Duane's mother. Others stated, with roundest positiveness of assertion, that this was completely untrue, and that the clause in the will sprang entirely from a strong friendship once existing between the dead fathers of Elbert and Viola. With the other gossipy reports we will not concern ourselves.

Viola Adair lived in a great country homestead that had been in the family a great number of years, and principally occupied herself, at the age of twenty, in speculating upon what a fine time she would have in he future.

Elbert Duane was always the subject of such dreamings. She had never seen him, he having lived since babyhood among foreign English relatives, and consequently the possibility that he might be the most charming of young demigods was changed by Viola into the decided probability that he was thus divinely favored.

Viola's great-aunt, Mrs. Markeley, lived also at the homestead, but being eighty, if a day, and so deaf that it would not have disturbed her repose a particle had she slept over a shooting gallery, this estimable lady, as may readily be imagined, did not contribute any special diversion to her niece's daily life

Viola's only real companion was a certain Miss Butterby, a lady now about forty years old, who had been engaged as Miss Adair's governess surely twelve years ago, and who still retained her position, though it was every day growing more and more of a sinecure.

It would be hard to imagine a more charming elderly spinster than Miss Butterby. She was literally "fat, fair and forty." Her plump face seemed never tired of dimpling itself with the beartiest and happiest mirthfulness.

Viola adored her, and repeatedly declared that existence would be a blank without her "dear old Butterby."

One day, about three months or so before the completion of Viola's twenty-first year, Miss Butterby came running into the room where she was seated, with an expression of fright and anxiety by no means natural to the governess usually merry face.

"Oh, my dear Viola!" exclaimed Miss Butterby, "such a dreadful thing has just happened down at the gate. A gentleman has been thrown from his horse and half killed."

Viola's sapphire-colored eyes opened to their widest as she jumped up from her seat, almost shouting:

"Good heavens! Butterby dear, do you mean it? What have you done? I hope you called James and John right off. Did you see him thrown?"

"No; but just as I got to the gate I heard a groan, and there he was, lying on his side with his eyes nearly closed, and the fiend of a horse that had thrown him was grazing several yards off as quietly as a lamb."

"Well?" questioned Viola, deeply interested. "Go on. What else happened?"

"I at once rushed up to the poor creature, and asked if he were much hurt and what hurt him. He pointed toward the horse and murmured, "Thrown." I felt like throwing the largest-sized stone conceivable at the beast, Viola, for daring to treat such a beautiful young gentleman in such an infamous way."

"*Was* he beautiful?" inquired Viola, more interested than ever.

"Oh, splendid! But just wait till you see him. He's in the sitting-room now. I got James and John to help him in, and then I sent James immediately on horseback after Dr. Fitch."

"And is he much hurt, Butterby?"

"I don't know. It's his leg, you see and he groans a good deal, and rubs it now and then, and all that. I—I didn't ask any perilous questions, Viola, dear. He might have asked me, you know, in the fine carelessness of suffering, to roll up his pantaloons and make surgical investigations."

"Who is with him now?"

"Mary Anne watched him while I ran up to tell you. By-the-by, his eyes were shut when I left him, and he didn't appear to be in a swoon at all."

It took Viola nearly ten minutes before she considered herself "presentable" enough to go down stairs. Of course, if her services had been in the least needed, no coquetry would have deterred her from at once appearing at the sufferer's side, but she well knew Miss Butterby's thorough efficiency.

She entered the sitting-room at last, looking a perfect picture, with an apple-colored ribbon at her throat, and her reddish auburn hair curling over her forehead and temples in the most artistically *negligee* fashion; for some country girls would be miserable unless they could consult the latest modes, and I am sorry to say that our Viola possessed this somewhat frivolous trait.

The sufferer was still lying on the lounge with closed eyes, but he opened them the moment that Miss Butterby said:

"Ah, here you are, Viola."

And then our susceptible young heroine felt the voice of her inward spirit immediately murmur, "Butterby was right. He is a seraph—an Adonis—a prodigy of good looks."

He was nothing of the sort. He had brown eyes, et much brilliancy, and a brown silky mustache, and an extremely creditable complexion. But to the eyes of Miss Butterby and her pupil his general physical suggestion of gentlemanliness, polish and grace made up for all minor facial deficiencies.

Viola now spoke, rather embarrassedly.

"I am sorry it—it happened, sir," she began; and just then James entered the room saying, "Dr. Fitch is here."

Dr. Fitch was a young man (not older, perhaps, than the sufferer himself!), who had recently completed a course of European travel, and had settled as practitioner in an adjacent town. Mrs. Markeley, Viola's great-aunt, had taken him up not long ago, and declared that he had done her rheumatism more good in a week than old Dr. Cobweb had done it in five years.

Dr. Fitch took the patient's hand in a very kindly way, and, after holding it a few moments, politely requested the ladies to retire, being evidently desirous of closely examining the injured limb.

Viola and her ex-governess waited with no little anxiety for the decision. It came in about ten minutes. There was a severe contusion of a certain bone with name unpronounceable, which would prevent Mr. Delmayne (such was the gentleman's name) from walking at all for at least a fortnight.

After the doctor had gone, Viola sat down by Mr. Delmayne.

"I hope you'll make yourself quite at home here," she began. "You've got to be here a week, you know."

"Thanks," he said, with what Viola thought a very sweet smile.

And then he told her that he'd no friends nor relations in this part of the country, but was making a horseback journey from L——, a distance of many miles off, into New York, being passionately fond of horseback.

And then Viola told him a great deal about herself—a great deal more than he told her on a similar topic, and a great deal more than there was any necessity of telling.

James and John carried him up stairs that evening, and he groaned considerably while they were doing so. Poor Viola found herself crying great tears while she listened to this unstoic proceeding on Mr. Delmayne's part, and Miss Butterby stood near her pupil, the picture of distress.

On the following morning the ladies sent word by James, who acted as their guest's valet at present, that they would be delighted to see him as soon as he was ready to receive their visit.

Delmayne was presently quite prepared for them, and the ladies entered his apartment.

"Viola and I are so sorry that we must leave you alone to-day," Miss Butterby announced; "but the fact is to-day takes place our church fair over in D——, and we've each got a table there, you know——"

"Why, of course—I understand perfectly," said Mr. Delmayne, as Miss Butterby paused a moment. But he spoke with a certain mournful politeness that was by no means lost upon Viola

When they got to the fair that morning, after quite a long drive in the hot July sun, Viola decisively expressed to Miss Butterby the sentiment that she wished she hadn't come.

"Just think of that poor sufferer home there all alone!" she added, with much pathos of tone. "I've a good mind——"

But she did not finish her sentence. Miss Butterby, however, mentally finished it for her, and, about an hour afterward she whispered to Viola:

"Cornelia Briggs is dying to take this table of yours. Why don't you let her, and——"

"And what?" asked Viola, looking very meaningly at the speaker.

"Go home to the poor sufferer," finished the sympathetic Butterby. "He will be so pleasantly surprised! He dosen't expect us till five o'clock. If you don't think it's proper to sit alone by the poor fellow, why you can persuade your aunt to leave her bedroom, which she so rarely leaves, and keep you company. As for me, I can go home in the Briggs' wagon."

Of course Viola accepted this proposition, and surrendered her table to the beatified Cornelia Briggs. The ride back to the homestead was several degrees better than the ride therefrom had been. But Viola didn't mind the heat much, though she had complained considerably while being driven to D—— Circumstances very materially alter cases sometimes.

On reaching the homestead, she found its lower hall quite as quiet as she had anticipated. Something caused her to enter the large, seldom-used parlor before going up stairs to the "poor sufferer." Or, rather, it would be best to say that something caused her to have such a desire only, for, when she reached the threshold, she paused.

The door was partially ajar, and the parlor had two inmates, neither of whom had observed her soft approach, although any moment might reveal to them her presence.

Viola lifted her hand to her eyes, and for a brief period actually rubbed them, to persuade herself that she was not dreaming.

Right in front of the mantle, with his hands underneath his coat-tails, and his legs well stretched apart, and a lighted cigar in his mouth, stood Mr. Delmayne! The "poor sufferer" had been suddenly and miraculously freed from his torment. Viola felt as if pure astonishment were gradually ossifying her while she stood and watched him.

"James," he now remarked to the other occupant of the room who was standing near, and who had again and again been enjoined by Viola and Miss Butterby never to lose sight of the invalid during their absence—"James, my man, I think I'll go up stairs. It's sort of—of dangerous down here, don't you know? Any of the servants might pop in here at any moment. I'm glad I've let you into my secret, James, because if I hadn't somebody near me who knew the whole thing I should not be able to carry it through."

At this moment Viola dashed into the parlor.

"You abominable fraud!" she began, in the most successfully melodramatic of screams. "How dare you enter a respectable family in this shameful way? Who are you? What are you? To think that I've actually been wasting *pity* on you, and came home from the fair in this broiling sun to *nurse* you! Oh, it's enough to turn a lady's mind with rage! Please leave the house directly. I don't believe your name is Delmayne at all. I dare say it's Smith or Jones. Ugh! you wretch, you!"

The pseudo-invalid was standing very penitently now before his fair annihilator, having more or less recovered from his first shock of amazement at Viola's unexpected *entree*.

"My name isn't Delmayne," he said with meekness, "nor yet Smith, nor yet Jones. It is—but perhaps you'd rather not know."

"I don't care one way or the other!" exclaimed Viola. "Why should I care? Go away from this house. You're a vile impostor!"

"I'm so sorry you think so," was the gentle response; "because I'm—I'm Elbert Duane."

These simple words were to poor Viola like the bursting of a bomb-shell, while she stood before this man in a condition of astonishment even greater than that which had resulted from the first discovery of the imposture.

He hurried up to her side, and began speaking rapid words:

"Forgive me; but, after all, is there so very much to forgive? While Dr. Fitch was abroad last year I met him, and, as he thought of settling so near you, we arranged this little plan together. It was not mere vulgar curiosity that led me to do it, I assure you. It was because I wanted to see a little of my future wife before she became mine, and provided I loved her, try to win her reciprocal love without any thought of prudence and policy directing the attachment. I may have been quite wrong in deceiving you, but—Viola, don't you understand what I meant?"

"No, I do not!" exclaimed Viola, suddenly bursting into tears. "I still think you a—wretch, and I—I intend breaking poor pa's will; you just see if I don't!"

But she did no such thing. She forgave Elbert, married him in the following year, and is to-day one of the happiest little wives living.

An Aged Mother's Fate.

A month ago Sarah Smith returned to her old home in New Jersey from visiting one of her children in another State. For many years she and her husband had lived in the little village of Franklin. They were poor, not even owning the cottage they lived in, but they so lived that they earned the respect of their humble neighbors. A year ago the husband died, leaving little or no provision for the support of the widow, then seventy-three years of age; but she had several children married in different parts of New York and New Jersey, and with them in turn she passed much of her time.

As often as she could she came to visit the friends who had been her neighbors while her husband lived. She so came a month ago, and after a few days her son-in-law, Benjamin Robinson, of Raritan, arrived one Saturday to take her to his home. She started with him, and the two reached Newark, and there Robinson went into a saloon and got drunk. His feeble mother could do nothing to restrain him, and soon, in the midst of a street row, he was arrested and she was alone and penniless. She borrowed a little money from the man who sold her son the drink, and began a weary trudge back again toward Franklin. Her route has easily been traced, for she stopped frequently on the way to make inquiries, and her sad, old face impressed all to whom she spoke. At one time she was sitting by the roadside, when two young men approached her and asked her if she needed help.

"Please raise me on my feet," said she, "for I am very weak, and tell me, if you can, by which way I can reach Franklin."

They aided her as best they could, and she slowly tramped on. She was then only a mile from her home, but she lost the road soon and kept getting further away. Later she met a party of workmen returning from their work in Yantacaw, and they pointed out to her the spires of her distant village, and walked along by her side until their roads parted, and then, giving her a word of good cheer, they stood for a moment watching her as she wearily left them. Her gray hair, loosened by the wind, straggled from under her hood. Her shawl had fallen from one shoulder, and her short dress of dark stuff was covered with dust. One of the men offered his support for a bit of her journey, but she thanked him, saying that she had but a little distance to go and she would not trouble him.

Soon she became too weak to continue, and turning aside from the highway she passed a rude foot bridge over a narrow stream to a heavily wooded island in Acquackanonk. Then she climbed to the summit of a knoll a few rods away from the beaten path, and folding her hood to make a pillow, straightening her dress, and covering herself with her shawl, she turned her face so that she could see, scarcely a mile distant, the home toward which she had been journeying, and laid herself down to rest or to die. She did not move from that spot, and her friends did not miss her, for those in Franklin thought she was with her daughter in Raritan, and her son-in-law, Robinson, supposed she had safely returned to Franklin. On Sunday morning a laboring man strolling through the woods found her body. Immediately the coroner and a jury was obtained, who found simply that "Sarah Smith died on Saturday, May 1st, from cold and exposure." Her children gathered and quietly buried their mother, decorating her grave with flowers.

Fight with an Eagle.

Two passengers lodging at the railroad hotel started out to take a walk, a short time since, along the sandy beach which leads on the coast to the east of the railroad station. One of them went into the thick woods which skirt the seashore, and there saw a large bird sitting on a long branch of a tree, looking very much like a large owl. He went up and hit it on the head with a stick, when the bird flew at him, sunk its claws in his breast and arm, and extending its wings, dragged him off his feet over the ground. His screams brought to his assistance his companion, who seeing what was the matter, stunned the bird with repeated blows on the head and set free its captive. They then tied the bird and brought it with them to the hotel. It is evidently the harpy eagle (harpyia destructor), having a strong black beak, yellow tarsi, rounded wings, which nevertheless stretch some feet The head is grayish white, with long round feathers forming a crest on the crown, which give it an owl like aspect. It is found in Guiana, and other parts of South America, but it is exceedingly rare on the isthmus. It is about two and a-half feet in length, with six feet stretch of wing. —*Panama Star.*

Liming Land.

Farmers tell us that where lime has been freely used on farms in this section there is a striking contrast in the appearance of the crops this season with land where no lime has been used, such crops presenting a much more thrifty appearance.—Many of our farmers are beginning to more fully realize the value of lime as a fertilizer. As far back as twenty years ago the experiment was tried in this neighborhood with the best effects, but we regret to say a large portion of our farmers have yet the first bushel to apply to their soil. The few who have been more far-seeing and enterprising in this respect are reaping their reward in much more productive grain and grass crops. If others would adopt the same process of strengthening their lands, a larger yield per acre would be the result.—*Waynesboro Record.*

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour; half pound of butter; one pound sifted sugar; one pound rasins; one pound currants; one pound blanched almonds; one pound candied lemon or orange peel; nine eggs; a few drops oil of cinnamon.

CAN you tell me when it is that a blacksmith raises a row in the alphabet? It is when he makes *a poke r* and shove *l*.

Mrs. Lincoln.

HER FUTURE HOME.—THE "CINCINNATI SANITARIUM."

There is deep anxiety throughout the land to know something of the place that has been selected as Mrs. Lincoln's future home, the manner in which she will be treated there, and what the probabilities are as to alleviate if not eradicate the terrible malady that afflicts her. The asylum is known as the "Cincinnati Sanitarium," situated in the suburban village of "College Hill," on the Mt. Pleasant road, some six miles from the Probasco Fountain, and reached by street cars to Cummingsville, thence by bus to the place of destination. The grounds and buildings were originally for female educational purposes under the name of "Ohio Female College." Three years ago the premises were purchased by ten medical men with wide experience in the treatment of demented cases, and appropriated to its present use. The grounds are about 300 feet front, and enough deep to embrace seventeen acres, and are covered with grasses, trees, shrubberies, walks, arbors and lakes. The main building is at the rear end of the grounds and reached through a long avenue shaded with trees and margined with grasses. It is of brick, four stories high, about 100 feet front by 190 deep. The architecture is Gothic in style and elaborate in execution. The premises give no indication that they are for lunatic purposes. No black iron bars shade the windows to give it the appearance of a prison, but in their stead, extending midway up the windows are apparently delicate wires, secure enough to prevent escape, that serve to banish from the patient's mind the terrible idea of imprisonment and restraint. The rooms of the institution are elegantly furnished and admirably served, especially those in the department to which Mrs. Lincoln has been assigned. If her affliction be no deeper rooted than it appeared to be at the time the court passed sentence upon her she will be allowed a special attendant and be subject to less restraint than they whose malady is more deeply seated. The restraint upon her will be so skilfully applied that she will believe she has lost none of her freedom; she will come to think that her attendant is her chosen friend and companion, and the two together will have the freedom of the grounds, and an occasional visit to the village, where she has many friends; for, within a stone's throw of the asylum is the largest and wealthiest church of the village, of her own persuasion, bearing upon its walls, close to the altar, a memorial tablet of her lamented husband, with this inscription: "In memory of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln." Thus homed in an edifice resembling a first-class hotel more than an asylum, with every reasonable want satisfied and every comfort assured, surrounded by kind friends and ministered to by skilled hands, the supposition is that Mrs. Lincoln will, in six, eight or ten months recover her health and be returned to her friends.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A Dogs Confidence.

Robert Hey, prebendary of Litchfield, vicar of Belper, Derbyshire, sends the following description of the conduct of a bull terrier at Clay Cross, to the *Animal World:*

She was rejoicing over a litter of pups, attending to them with a motherly care, caressing them and showing for them much anxiety. The owner of this interesting family, accompanied by a few friends, came to look at them. The fierceness of the mother was at once developed, and manifested by impetuous growlings, snarls and barkings. She would evidently die in defense of her offspring. But the master said, "I can take every one of the pups away from the mother and she shall not hurt me." He drew near and approached his hand toward one of the pups. The mother flew at it and seized it in her mouth. He did not attempt to withdraw it until she released it. He proceeded to lay hold of one of the pups. She seized his hand again and held it fast, but without biting it. By degrees he withdrew one of the little creatures. The same process was repeated until every pup was removed and the mother was bereft of all her offspring. She was the picture of misery. She looked up piteously in her master's face and howled with an exceeding bitter cry.

The appeal could not be resisted. He replaced the little ones in their nest, and rejoiced to witness the caresses and gratification of the mother. But his surprise and that of his friends was great when he saw her take them up one by one in her mouth, and bring and lay them down at his feet. He waited to see what she meant, and was soon convinced that she wished to express her entire confidence in her master. She laid her dear ones at his feet, one by one, with the assurance that he would take care of them with affection equal to, if not greater than her own. She then returned to her nest, now empty, lifted up her head into the air, and gave vent to several piteous cries, until her little ones were once more restored to her. It is impossible to misunderstand her impulse. She had at first misdoubted her master, but now she trusted him. She brought them of her own accord and placed them at his disposal, with full confidence in his love.

Remedy for Cabbage Worms.

Hellebore, lime, salt, and similar substances have been used with varied success for the destruction of cabbage worms. It is now stated that bran and buckwheat answer the purpose better than any other remedies that have been tried. The bran is simply dusted over the infested cabbage as soon as the worms make their appearance. If the worms are very thick, about a handful of bran is required to each cabbage head and sometimes it is necessary to go over the plants the second time. A hundred weight of bran is sufficient for an acre. It must be applied when the worms are young. When they are full grown or very strong, it does not appear to affect them. The buckwheat flour is sifted upon them by means of a sieve, in the evening or in the morning—when the dew is on the plants. If one application does not destroy the worms a second should be made. It is propable that wheat flour, fine Indian meal or any other pulverulent farinaceous substance would have the same effect.

AN up-town youngster said to his sister the other day: "I know what your beau's pretty white horse's name is; it's Damye, 'cos last night I was outside the fence when he stopped at the gate and he said, 'Whoa, Damye.'"

Children.

THEY SHOULD BE USEFUL.

The energy that some children manifest in mischievous pranks may be made to subserve useful and instructive purposes. Little odds and ends of employment may be given them—work suited to their small capabilities may be assigned them—and under judicious directions and considerate encouragement their little heads and hands can accomplish much, and that gladly. The bright little ones who would "help" should not be repelled with harsh words, but some simple task should be devised for their occupation, and some trifling thing—so very great to them—should be the reward of its performance.

As a general rule, give your children something to do. A daily employment of some sort will exercise their minds healthfully, and develop elements of usefulness and self-reliance which may prove incalculably valuable to their manhood or womanhood. Miserable is the plea urged by some that they "have not the time" to look after their children. No such pretext can divest them of the grave responsibilities which the having of children imposes. The laws of God and of humanity demand of parents the best care and training for their children they can bring into exercise. How many poor wretches there are taxing society with their maintenance, who owe their worthlessness and sins to the negligence of their parents in developing and directing good natural endowments for lives of industry and independence. Large firmness in a child is a good thing; it contributes to steadiness of thought and deed. Large self-esteem is desirable, in that it considers the sense of personal worth and dignity. Large approbativeness is most serviceable in its restraining and stimulating ministrations. Large destructiveness is a good heritage; under proper control it contributes courage, boldness and progression to the character. Large acquisitiveness, rightly trained, supplements industry with economy and thrift. But such qualities in children need the guidance of a discreet parent. Mismanagement, neglect, easily lead to their perversion and the ruin of a life, which, otherwise, might have been a splendid success. —*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.*

A Devoted Indian Wife.

The Washington *Star* says: Chapink-pa-lu-te, or "Red Bud," the only woman accompaning the Sioux delegation is rather comely in appearance and is about twenty-five years of age. She is the wife of Bad Wound to whom she is very much attached, as the following incident will show:

The Indian agents were restricted in the number of chiefs they were to bring to Washington, and were forbidden by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to bring any women.—The latter, however, were as anxious to come as the braves, and when told of the order of the Commissioner, there was weeping and wailing among the dusky maidens of the forest.—Cho-pink-pa-lu-te quietly made up her mind that she would go at all hazards, and several hours after the departure of the wagon containing her husband for the railroad, she mounted a swift horse and with her raven tresses streaming in the wind went flying across the country in pursuit of the party. She came up to them when near the station, and leaping from her steed, which she turned adrift, mounted the wagon and clinging to her husband, with tears and entreaties, besought him to allow her to accompany him. He endeavored to persuade her to return, and some of the braves were inclined to use violence to compel her to do so. She firmly declined, however, to trust her husband to the seductions of Washington society unattended, and even the efforts of Agent Saville to induce her to return were wholly unavailing. She seems to greatly enjoy her visit to the pale faces, and keeps an eye on "the old man" at all times, invariable accompanying him in his walks about town.

Funny Notions About Newspapers.

An exchange says: There are no business men in the world so subject to the sponging process as publishers of newspapers. It really seems that public corporations, societies, and associations in general, and many persons have a funny notion about printers. They think we ought to print, puff and publish all for nothing, that is, free gratis. In other words, they seem astonished if we ask half price only for an obituary notice, card of thanks, tribute of respect, a personal communication, or anything else that only interests a few persons and not the general reader. They forget that it takes money to pay the compositors—to buy ink, type and paper, and lastly they often forget to even thank you for gratuitously serving them or the public.

Literary Curiosity.

A Hungarian exile, Dr. Gabor Naphegyi, residing at Washington, has just executed a very curious and beautiful piece of chirography intended as a letter of condolence to Mrs. Taylor, relict of the late President. The whole work was done with pen and ink, on a sheet of paper five feet long by seven broad. It contains eighteen poetical inscriptions, in as many different languages, and a likeness of General Taylor, in which outlines of the face and whole person are formed of written portions of the biography and sentiments of the deceased. His hair is composed of the words, so disposed as at little distance to appear quite natural:

"In the battle field amidst the sound of cannon, drums and trumpets, the burrahs of the siege and the sighs of the wounded, my locks became whitened."

The eyes, viz: "My glance was ever forward to the Father of Heaven, and for the Republic."

The nose is composed of the following words: "I breathed the air of liberty—in any other I could not exist."

The mouth is composed from his last words: "I have always endeavored to do my duty. I am not afraid to die."

The neck: "Not proud, only in being a son of the Republic."

The shoulders: "With pleasure I have borne the great duties with which the nation has so greatly honored me."

The rest of the portrait is filled up in a similar manner, and surrounded by likenesses of Washington, Tell, Frederick Barbarossa, Alexander the Great, Draco and others. The whole is signed by the President and member of both Houses of Congress, and is to be presented to the widow of General Taylor.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When U and I are made one.

The Value of Life in Russia.

The correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing on the 6th of May, says: Last month the military tribunal of Warsaw tried a case which in England would have produced an immense sensation, and which is well worth noticing for the extraordinary state of feeling which it reveals in society. A staff captain, one Karpoff, was indicted for the willful murder of a rural magistrate named Kozinenko. He had gone to the village where the judge was stationed, placed himself on the road where the judge's carriage must pass, and deliberately shot him without warning, at the risk of killing the secretary by his side instead. The wounded man got out, Karpoff fired again, rolled with his victim into a ditch, and when he saw that life was gone professed his heart lighter, and went to give himself up. He was sentenced to Siberia, but the court will intercede with the Emperor, so that he will only be confined in a fortress for two years, without degredation or loss of any rights.

Now this savage tragedy and absurdly mild punishment are the result of that antagonism between the military men and the civilians which still characterizes Russian life and of Russian military views about dueling. The original cause of quarrel, or rather the pretext, was a miserable question of a chair for a lady at a ball. The two men had long hated each other, and the civilian seems to have been in the habit of saying bitter things about war and officers. Explanations followed the ball scene, and the affair seemed ended, the judge disclaiming offense. Karpoff then is told that Kozinenko goes about with a dog said to have frightened him (Karpoff) out of demanding satisfaction at the late interview. This report leads to a scene in a public garden, during which the officer gives the lie direct, and receives a blow on the cheek. Of course a duel must follow. It appears that Kozienko never really refused to fight, but that Korpoff, through the fault of one of the seconds, thought he did. These details are unimportant. The officers sign a round-robin exhonorating Karpoff from all stain on his honor, and the evidence shows him to have been a studious, quiet living, promising officer, yet he believed that his honor required him to murder Kozinendo, and those in command over him evidently thought that he could not act otherwise.

Such is the present state of public opinion about dueling in Russia. Among the officers of the guard at the present moment there is an association the members of which have bound themselves not to refuse a challenge, and to my knowledge a very high personage indeed, expressed his approval of this undertakidg to fight, and his conviction that it tended to prevent disputes among those who had signed it.

Relative Value of Manure.

The New England Homestead reports the following as having been said at a recent meeting of the Franklin Harvest Club:

John W. Hubbard, of Northampton, who had had a good deal of experience in market gardening, said he was no friend to commercial fertilizers, but preferred manure for every crop. It should be fine, and if they could afford it, he would not use any until it had been stored or composted two years, mixing some ingredient to keep it from heating. If he was obliged to buy, he would prefer to pay ten dollars per cord for stable manure than to invest in commercial fertilizers. Spinach, lettuce and celery must have rapid growth to get the good quality. His method of cultivating celery is to make a trench twelve inches deep, and fill up six inches deep with fine manure before setting the plants, and to fill up with earth as fast as they grow. He always sold it in the fall, and has had no success in keeping over the winter.

Edwin H. Judd, of South Hadley, is another extensive market gardener, but says the business did not pay last year as formerly. As to fertilizers he objected to mixing fish and ashes together. By an experiment with potatoes, he obtained double the crop, if they were used separately. It costs a good deal to find out which is the best fertilizer for a particular crop. He had not much faith in anything but fish, and pure Peruvian guano; the latter was important as a "priming" or to stimulate the crop for an early start.

Two Kinds of Love.

During the revival services the other evening, a gentleman observed that one of Mr. Hammond's handsomest and most energetic lady assistants was being vigorously hugged by a young man during the singing. When the inquiry meeting was commenced, the young lady approached the gentleman who had been watching her, and asked him in a meek, plaintive voice:

"Do you love Jesus?"

"I fear I don't love Jesus half as much as you do the boys," replied the gentleman.

The fair damsel was not disconcerted a bit, and she curled up her pretty mouth and said.

"Don't you wish you were one of the boys?"—*Vallejo, (Cal.) Independent.*

The Truthful Boy.

A good little boy out west undertook to come the George Washington on his mother in this way.

He cut off the cat's head with the traditional hatchet, and then hid the defunct feline in the meal barrel. When the lady went for meal to make the "hoe cake" for the frugal morning repast she discovered the cat and interviewed her little son. He said:

"I did it, mother, with my little hatchet but I'll be swizzled if I can tell the whole truth about this little affair."

Now most mothers would have kissed that brave, truthful lad on his noble brow and kept right on using the meal out of that barrel just the same; but this one didn't. She said.

"Come across my lap, my son, come across my lap."

He came, and for a while there rose a cloud of dust that effectually hid the sun from view, and the old lady now sports goggles. The good little boy had peppered his pants.

WHILE on the Peninsula during the war, an officer came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Ninth Regiment with the lifeless bodies of a goose and hen, tied together by the legs, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" "Faith, I was marching along with Color Sergeant Maguire, and the goose—bad luck to it, came out and hissed the American flag." "But the hen, sir; how about the hen?" "The hin bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the ribols."

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Mulley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashsionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

april.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED. sep18

New Firm!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

☞Having purchased the interest of Messrs C. F. Rhoads & Bro's., in the grocery business, we respectfully announce to the public that we will continue the business at the old stand,

(No. 2, Baer's Block.)

In addition to a full line of groceries (fresh and of best qualities),

GLASSWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, GRAIN,

& MILL FEED,

We will make a specialty of

S A L T,

Carbon Oil,

Land Plaster,

CALCINED PLASTER,

FREDERICK

AND

CLEVELAND

WHITE LIME,

Cumberland Lime,

GUANO,

PHOSPHATES, &c.,

We have a large warehouse and lime house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.

SOMERSET, PA.

March 3d, 1875.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy; or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the

NEW JERSEY

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.

Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to

F. E. GOODELL,

MANAGER BRANCH OFFICE,

SS Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above.

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear.

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Gloves,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

S A L T

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible.

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 20.

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 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.

STEVENSON & CARTWRIGHT,

Manufacturers of

Galvanized Iron Cornices,

Window and Door Heads, Finials, Turrets, Chimney Caps, Ventilators, and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Ornamental Work. Tin Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Job Work promptly attended to.

No. 158 Federal St.,

Allegheny City, Pa.

may5

WIKE & YOUNG,

BUTCHERS

AND DEALERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS,

ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA

AND

LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar1075

Miscellaneous.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.

NEW FIRM.

NEW GOODS.

THE NEW FIRM OF

PATTON & HURST

No. 4, Baer's Block,

are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of

CALICOES,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

SHIRTING,

TICKING,

BOYS AND MENS'

HEAVY PANT STUFFS,

in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,

DRESS GOODS,

in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,

STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE

The best assortment of

Carpetings and Oil Cloths

ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. 5ds18

WANTED Agents for the best selling price packages in the world. Single package, with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents. Furthermore this send stamp. Address, F. P. CULCUK, New Bedford, Mass. may12

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SNYDER & UHL

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by

H. C. Beerits,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand an complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose re