### THE MAJOR'S DECISION.

"Well, as he has married to suit himself without my approval, he can no longer expect anything from me. Having made a bed to suit him, let him lie on it."

Major Martindale folded up a certain obnoxious letter, as he made this mental remark, and laying it in a little gilded letter rack beside him, in company with a tailor's bill, a ticket to some forthcoming concert, and a printed circular concerning "insurance policies," went deliberately on with his breakfast.

He was a handsome, elderly gentleman, slightly bald, with bright brown eyes, straight Roman features and one of those square, firmly-moulded mouths which betoken a decided tendency to have one's own way. And as he drank his coffee, and daintily manipulated his French rolls, broiled birds, and fresh strawberries, served in a garniture of their own leaves, he mused over the contents of the same letter.

"It's a great mistake to allow servants to bring in one's correspondence at meal times," reflected Major Martindale. "It's almost sure to interfere with one's digestion. I'll never read another letter at breakfast time! What could possess my son to go and get married in this abrupt, nonsensical way? Says he feared it would be impossible to gain my consent. Well, he had good reasons for his fears, but he'll find it still more impossible after marriage than before. He knows my ideas, and if he don't chose to conform to 'em it's his business, not mine."

And so, after finishing the strawberries, and daintily cleansing his filbert-nailed fingers in a ruby colored finger bowl, Major Martindale wrote three words on a thick, gray sheet of note paper, inclosed it in an envelope, affixed a stamp, and gave it to the servant to post. And the three words were these:

"Consider yourself disinherited."

That was the way in which Major Martindale disposed of his only son.

Not that he did not love Harry—the bright, frank boy, who was all that was left of his young wife, the one romantic dream and tender memory of his lifetime. And it is surprising how obstinate a man can be when he once turns his full attention to the business.

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"Disinherited? Oh, Harry! And for me!"

Mrs. Harry Martindale, a pretty, blue-eyed woman, with light hair that showered itself around her face like sunshine, little dots of dimples in cheek and chin, and a round, fresh mouth, like a baby's, looked piteously up into her husband's face as she spoke.

Harry Martindale shrugged his shoulders; the momentary cloud passed away from his face as he answered, bravely:

"Never mind, Ariel. We can afford, you and I, to be independent of a crusty old gentleman's money. I'll see about that clerkship in St. Louis."

"Half the world away from me, Harry!"

"It won't be for long, pet. Cheer up! I will send for you when I've got well established, and we'll have a little bird's-nest of a home, without asking any favors of my father."

Ariel smiled through the dewdrops that sparkled in her eyes. She was easily consoled. A girl's heart at eighteen is blessedly elastic.

Major Martindale elected to go to Atlantic City for the hot weeks that season. Why, he did not especially particularize to himself. Saratoga was dull; at Newport one was half a mile away from the beach; Long Branch had pallied upon his fastidious taste. So, to Atlantic City he went, rather enjoying the very perceptible nets and snares spread for him by the various widows, old maids and gushing damsels who were there engaged in the great husband hunting campaign.

"I wonder if they think I am a fool," said the major, as he strolled on the beach with a cigar in his mouth.

But one day the major found himself forced to give up a picnic on account of a strange and unusual feeling of lassitude and languor, and the next he was in bed.

"This looks serious," said the major to himself. "I've heard of a low fever hanging about, but I never thought of its attacking me!"

The doctor came, twirled his watch-chain, wrote a prodigious Latin prescription, and shook his head.

People made haste to vacate the rooms in the immediate vicinity of No. 90, and the major began dimly to comprehend, through a mist that it was likely to go hard with him.

"I will stay and nurse him, doctor. I have had the fever a year or two since, and do not fear it, and I am handy with such people."

"But my child, you've no idea what you are undertaking!"

"Yes, I have," answered the soft, low tones; "and we must not let him die for want of proper care."

"Is your aunt willing?"

"Quite so."

"Then you may try; but take my word for it, you'll back down at the end of the first week."

Major Martindale heard these words, spoken as it were out of the clouds, as he might have heard the thunder of the waves on the beach outside, or the ringing of the church bells, without at all connecting them with himself. Strange what a world of dreams and shadows his soul and brain had entered into!

But one day he came back out of the darkness, and the immensity, and the restless whirling to and fro of the waves of life, weak and white, and helpless as a baby.

And there, sewing by the window, sat a soft-eyed young girl, all in white, with glimmering hair, long lashes, and delicately-rounded features.

"Pardon me," hoarsely uttered the major, with a little of his old-fashioned courtesy and politeness; "but I don't know who you are."

"Hush!" said the young lady, gently. "You must not talk. I am here to nurse you."

And then he found himself taking a draught from her practiced fingers, and then drifting off asleep.

"I have been very ill, haven't I?" said he, when the doctor came at noon as usual.

"You have been as close to the Valley of the Shadow more than once, as a man can be in his life," Doctor Delagood answered gravely.

The major shuddered a little—heathenish old Sybarite as he was. The idea of death appalled him and he scarcely cared to hear how near he had stood to the solution of the problem.

"But you pulled me through," said he with a long breath.

"Yes. I and your patient little nurse, who has just gone for half an hour's sleep."

"Who is she, doctor?" said the major anxiously.

"She is the niece of one of the lady boarders. Martin, I think they call her. Her aunt went away as soon as the fever declared itself—in fact, it riddled the hotel pretty neatly—but this girl would not allow any one to suffer for want of care and nursing, so she courageously remained to take care of you."

"Why did she do that?" asked the major, a little lump raising into his throat.

"Why did Florence Nightingale go out to the Crimea? Why are all women born heroines at heart?" retorted the doctor.

"God bless her!" muttered the major. And then he turned his head to one side, and a big drop or two plashed down the pillow.

Day by day he lay there in slow convalescence, while the pretty young nurse ministered to him.

"My dear," said the major, one day, "I think I am beginning to realize now what the blessing of a daughter would have been had God given me one. I have grown very fond of you."

The soft blue eyes beamed smilingly down upon him as he spoke.

"And I of you," answered the girl in low tender accents.

"Are you much attached to your aunt?—Mrs. Fesseden, I believe her name is."

"Yes," said the girl, half doubtfully, "I suppose so; I never saw her before she asked me to spend the season with her at Atlantic City last month."

"Is that all you have been with her."

"That's all."

"Then," said the major, "I shall ask her to let me adopt you. Will you be my daughter henceforth?"

She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed upon his breast.

"Do you really love me? Do you really want me?" asked she.

"I am all alone, my child," said the major. "And you will be the sunshine of my house."

"But you have a son?"

"Yes," answered the major, slightly frowning. "Poor Henry! But he has estranged himself from me."

"Forever."

"Yes, forever!" (Sickness you see had taken none of the inherent obstinacy out of our old hero's character.)

"Papa!"—she knelt beside the satin-pillowed invalid chair, which had been wheeled out into the sunshine on the broad verandah—"I am to call you papa, am I not?"

"Of course you are, dearest."

The major's hand stroked down her bright hair with a tender touch as he spoke.

"Then, papa, tell me why you are estranged from him."

"He married in disregard to my wishes," the major sternly answered.

"Is that such an unpardonable crime?"

"Unpardonable? See here, Mary if he had not made such a fool of himself, he might have been your husband. You might have been then my daughter in truth! Stranger things have happened."

"But that couldn't be."

"Why not?" demanded the major.

"Because he is my husband already!—Oh, papa—dear father!—forgive me! I am not Mary Masters, and yet I am! My real name is Mary Ariel Martindale; and Harry, away at St. Louis, is my husband! I only came here to stay with aunt Fesseden until he could make that little home for us, which we had both hoped and dreamed of. Will you forgive us both, papa, for my sake?"

"I suppose I shall have to," said the major, in extreme bewilderment. "Kiss me, dear! Upon the whole Harry isn't quite such a fool as I believed him to be! And you knew who I was all the while?"

"Of course I did."

"And you kept dark? Sly little puss. Well, Mary—I mean Ariel—"

"Yes, papa."

"We'll telegraph to Harry to come right back. There's only three of us. Let's try and be happy together."

So, through Ariel's blue eyes and heaven-sent face, Harry Martindale was disinherited, and through her he was again received into his own inheritance.

"Own up, sir, that I knew what I was about," said Harry, as he stood there with Ariel leaning on his arm.

"You dog!" said the old gentleman facetiously, poking him in the ribs, "you have got the prettiest little wife going."

### A Freak of the Erratic King of Bavaria.

The romantic young King of Bavaria is about to see one of his royal freaks carried out if human skill is equal to the task. The project is among the wildest of his ideas, namely, to commemorate the acting of their famous passion play by the villagers of Ober-ammergau, by the erection of a collossal marble group 40 feet in height upon the summit of the Zugspitze, 10,000 feet above the sea, at a spot overlooking the village and the place where the passion play is performed. The statuary itself is nearly finished, The sculptor, Halig, has spent upon it two years of patient labor. The crucified Christ occupies the centre of the group, the Virgin Mary on the right, on the left St. John, each resting on a socle fitly inscribed, and all three upon a common pedestal, on which are carved the arms of Bavaria. But now it is that the difficulty begins. These marble forms cannot be transported in sections, like bronzes, but they have to be packed in immense boxes, whose frame work is of beams, and enormous carriages have been especially built to convey them. There lie fifty miles of mountain roads between Munich and Ober-ammergau, and a part of the journey is across the Kloster-Ettal, whose pass is the dread of wagoners; while the road to the summit of the Zugspitze, just finished, is unsafe. All the bridges on the way were too narrow or too weak and had to be rebuilt, and when all else is ready a street locomotive is to do the draft work. The extraordinary experiment will be tried soon, for the King's birthday, which occurs in August, is fixed for the ceremony of presentation to the people of Ober-ammergau.

### To Purify a Sink.

In hot weather it is almost impossible to prevent the sinks becoming foul, unless some chemical preparation is used. One pound of copperas dissolved in four gallons of water, poured over a sink three or four times will completely destroy the offensive odor. As a disinfecting agent, to scatter around premises affected with any unpleasant odor, nothing is better than a mixture of four parts dry ground plaster of Paris to one part of fine charcoal, by weight. All sorts of glass vessels and other utensils may be effectually purified from offensive smells by rinsing them with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and soap.

### "Brace up, Mary."

About ten o'clock yesterday morning a farmer and his wife hitched their team on Woodward avenue, and in another five minutes had mounted the stairs and appeared in a dentist's office. The old lady had her face tied up, and there was a smell of camphor, peppermint, paregoric, turpentine, and oil of smoke as she crossed the walk.

"Brace up now, Mary—brace up!" cautioned the husband, as they started to climb the stairs. "I know just how ye feel—kinder weak in the knees, like—but the feller up stairs will have that old snag out o' there like a horse running down hill!"

They were met by the smiling dentist, and the husband continued:

"She's got an old snag which we want drawed or dug out or driven in, or sunthin' or other."

"Take a chair, madam," replied the dentist, "and I guess I can help you."

"I vum! if I ain't a mind to back out," she said, dropping on the sofa.

"Brace, Mary—brace!" commanded the husband. "Why, even little children so high, (measuring) come up here every day and have their teeth drawed for fun!"

"I don't believe it," she bluntly replied.

"Do you s'pose I'd lie to you, Mary—do you s'pose I'd tell a deliberate lie right here?" asked the husband.

She seemed to think he would, but didn't say so, and the dentist talked softly and sweetly, and finally induced her to remove her shawl and hat and sit down in the chair. While he was looking over his instruments the husband remarked:

"You want to brace, Mary. Hold yer mouth as wide open as you possibler can, and don't try to look outen the winder."

"I wish ye'd shet up!" she snapped, sitting up straight. "Don't you s'pose I know enuff to get a tooth drawed?"

"But can't yer own husband speak to ye, Mary—the husband who has lived with you nigh onto thirty-six years?"

The dentist waved him away and cajoled the woman into leaning back and opening her mouth. He found the cause of her misery to be an old snag of a tooth, which would have to be dug around, but as soon as the lance touched the gum she screamed out and struggled up.

"Mary—dear Mary, why do you holler?" exclaimed the husband rushing over to her side.

"She's all right—the worst is over," replied the dentist.

"Oh, she'll stand it like an elephant—she's got real grit, haven't you Mary?"

She fell back, opened her mouth again, and again the lance made her scream out.

"Brace, Mary—shut your eyes and hold on to the cheer!" exclaimed the husband.

"I wish you'd squat over there, and *stay* there!" she snarled, after spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"But I can't sit thar and hear ye morn and holler and take on so."

"Who's a hollerin'?"

"You did."

"No I didn't."

"Mary, don't tell me a lie—a bold, straight lie right afore this dentister."

The dentist induced him to be seated again, but it was five minutes before the woman would open her mouth. She declared that the ache had entirely vanished, and that her tooth never felt so well in all her life.

"Don't try to crawfish, Mary—don't try that!" exclaimed the husband.

"Will you shet up!" she shouted.

"No, I won't, durn me if I do! Here you've kept me awake fourteen nights, howlin' with that old tooth! You've jawed, and howled, and tore around like an old camel, and now you've got to have that old tooth drawed or you'll go home afoot!"

She wanted to get out of the chair and go for him, but the dentist persuaded him into going to a drug store after ten drops of laudanum, and while he was absent the tooth was extracted. "Mary" was balancing it on her hand as he came in, and after a brief glance he exclaimed:

"Bully for you, Mary! I knowed ye had grit. All ye wanted was me to encourage ye!"

"You didn't encourage nothing," she loftily repled.

"I didn't eh? Why, if it wasn't for me you'd be howling around home this very minute, callin' for hot ashes, and camfire, and oils, and vitriol, and cotton! Don't lie, Mary, jist 'cause you've had one tooth drawed!"

"I pity your second wife," she growled, as she put on her hat. "I know just how them poor children of mine will be used!"

"Allers twittin' me about a second wife!" he exclaimed. "Here I've got to pay fifty cents to have that old snag drawed, and ye hain't the least bit grateful. I'd drive hum and leave you in town, only I know you would be in jail in less'n an hour."

"Wait till we get back home," she said, as she started down stairs.

"Threats! Threats!" whispered the farmer, as he turned to the dentist; "remember, if I'm found dead to-night, that ye heerd her utter threats."

And he followed her down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Seasonable Hints.

From an old number of the York *Recorder*, dated July 1, 1828, we clip the following paragraph, which originally appeared in the Worcester (Mass.) *Ægis*. It is applicable to this meridian at this time, and will doubtless be endorsed by that portion of the sporting fraternity known as "pot hunters."

"Among the ridiculous spectacles exhibited to the world, next to that of a rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other" moving up and down the sunny brooks and ponds to beguile the giant minnow or the whale like-shiner of the streams—is that of a gun on the shoulders of a huge boy of thirty, accompanied by a powder flask and shot pouch' destined for the slaughter of the poor robin. Your sportsman creeping through the grass skulking behind bush and tree, planning ambuscades for some little bird, so confident in its innocence and insignificance as to come too near to be an honest mark for a pebble is a glorious and sublime subject for a painter. The still and stealthy pace of the magnanimous hunter, the cautious approach of the fowling piece to the head of some merry little blackbird, perched on a bush, spreading out his glossy wings in the sun beam and pouring out the fullness of his heart in a merry gush of melody, the deadly aim along the tube, the vivid flash, the flutter of the dying victim and the triumph of the conqueror, should be embodied on canvass, as a specimen of human heroism."

### A Coney Island Romance.

A man and his wife, who had been separated for more than two years, met on the steamboat Arrowsmith, Friday morning. Both were going to Coney Island. Mr. George Augustus Gunn, the husband, boarded the Arrowsmith for a day's excursion. In his rambles through the boat he met his wife—his first and only love—and prostrated himself at her feet. She was accompanied by her sister and two other ladies. A feeling akin to love at first sight sprang up, and the young man and the young woman confounded those around them by their loving demonstrations. Mutual explanations were indulged in, and the mutual misunderstandings seemed to have been buried.

When the boat was fastened to the wharf in front of ex-Senator Norton's hotel, husband, wife and friends walked up the sandy passage together. After taking some refreshments at the hotel the party went to the beach with the intention of bathing. Gunn was very anxious that his wife should go in bathing with him. Indeed, he was so anxious as to incite the suspicion of Mrs. Gunn's sister, who urged her strongly not to go into the water. Acting upon her sister's advice she declined to bathe. Notwithstanding the seeming rebuff, Gunn hired a bathing box and bathing suit.

On his way to the surf equipped for a swim, Gunn encountered his wife and her friends. He said to his wife: "So, you'll not go in, won't you? I knew you dare not."

Then laughing in his wife's face he said, "What kind of mourning would you like to wear?"

"Red, white and blue," replied the wife, coquettishly.

"I knew you were Irish when I married you, and I think your best mourning will be the green above the red. Good-bye; you'll be a widow in twenty minutes." So saying, the husband darted headlong into the surf. He spoke truly, for Gunn disappeared, and before help could reach him he was drowned.

The suicide was a dentist about twenty-eight years old, and lived at South Fifth avenue and Houston street. Senator Norton knew him well, for he had been a constituent of his. He was a dentist of large and lucrative practice, but of late, owing to family matters, neglected it and himself. As soon as Mr. Norton and his partner, Mr. Murray, realized the intention of the man in the water they exercised every effort to rescue him, but in vain.

The effects that were left in Gunn's bathing box was a light suit of clothes, tall white hat and white shirt. On searching his pockets there were found sixty cents in currency and a number of pawn tickets.

### Protection Against Lightning.

The thunder storms this year have been very destructive, the lightning having killed a large number of persons and destroyed many buildings. A careful authority asserts that a lightning rod should be three-fourths of an inch thick, made of copper and iron in the proportion of twelve to two and-a-half, one end being four feet in the moist ground and the other from six to eight feet above the highest part of the building. The greater part of its length below should consist of iron, surmounted at the top by a sharp cone of brass and finally end in a number of platinum needles, the whole being riveted or soldered together, so as to render the conducting connection of the parts perfect. The part of the lightning conductor forming the connection between the rod and the ground, should be a prismatic or cylindrical rod of iron or a strap of copper; sometimes a rope of iron or copper wire is used. The points at the top may be protected from rust by gold leaf and the whole rod painted with black paint, having lampblack for its chief ingredient. A good rod may be secured, without danger to the building, by wooden clamps with iron staples. Gold insulators are useless, for when wet they become conductors.

It is recommended by some that as the greatest number of thunder storms in this country come from the northwest, the conductors should be placed on the side of the building exposed to their first approach. It is more important, however, that very prominent elevated points of a large building should be protected. It is very uncertain how large an area a rod of a given height can protect. Different French electricians have variously rated it as a circular space of radius from one to three times the height of the rod above the highest point to which it is attached; but little confidence can be placed in these conclusions. The opposite electricities which produce the discharge are not uniformly distributed, and when they rush together they may not be under the influence of a rod directed in the air in its vicinity. Hence the importance of points upon the rods along the salient parts of buildings they are designed to protect. The matter of this article as based upon reliable data, and of points here submitted are the opinions of prominent electricians who are considered the highest authority on the subject. Whether these observations put to practice will prove entirely satisfactory remains to be determined. In the meantime let investigation and observation go hand in hand.

### The Black Hills.

Walter P. Janney, geologist of the Black Hills expedition, in a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated June 22, says, while examining the gravel deposits at the north bend of Castle creek, he found gold in small quantities in bars or terraces of alluvial quartz gravel, resting on a bed of rock, about ten feet above the present level of the stream. The area of these bars was quite limited. The gold which they contained had evidently been furnished by the quartz veins traversing the slates along the stream. There was considerable excitement among the soldiers and teamsters about gold on the arrival of the expedition on French Creek, but as no one obtained even by several hours' hard labor more than a few cents worth of gold dust, none of the command was afterwards seen working for the precious metal. About fifteen miners have located claims on the creek. The reports they give of the richness of the gravel bars is greatly exaggerated. Mr. Janney's prospecting shows a general diffusion of small quantities of gold over a large area. He had sunk a shaft of fifteen feet to the bed-rock near the stockade, and obtained but a trace of gold. Nothing had as yet been discovered to warrant extensive mining operations. He intended examining the country to the north of Harney's Peak. Mr. Janney sends with his letter small grains of specimen gold.

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Change seldom, for changes are inconvenient.

### The Only Sinecure Clerkship at Albany.

The only man known to receive pay without performing his daily labor is the present deputy controller, Philip Phelps. His case is a remarkable one, as indicating the care which states sometimes extend to faithful public servants—the only element of sentiment in the whole range of public business at the capital. Philip Phelps was a man of forty years of age, when, having served for years in the lower grades about the controller's office, he was appointed deputy controller by Wm. L. Marcy in 1827. He has remained deputy controller ever since, serving faithfully under Silas Wright, Azariah C. Flagg, Millard Filmore—until that official resigned the position for the Vice Presidency—Washington Hunt, Sanford E. Church, Lucius Robinson, and the other famous financiers of the state, up to the present incumbent. In 1869, having then served over forty years, he was compelled to absent himself from his desk by reason of old age and feebleness, and he has remained away ever since. But on the recommendation of Controller Allen his salary and position were continued to him, and the office of second deputy was created to perform the duties which this aged official was no longer able to perform. At the end of every quarter his warrant is carried to him by a messenger, he signs it with a flourish, inquires anxiously after affairs in the office, expresses a fear that he cannot get around for some time yet, and takes his instalment of pay with a sigh. In consideration of special service performed by Mr. Phelps when he was on active duty, by which the state was saved $20 000, the legislature, in 1857, passed an act entitled, "An act to provide suitable compensation for Philip Phelps for his faithful service as deputy controller," testimonials of regard not often found among the statutes.—*Albany Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

### Winter Bathing.

Weakly persons are often strangely moved to follow the example set them by their hardier brethren; and probably many lives are annually sacrificed owing to an erroneous idea that bathing in cold water at all seasons is conducive to health. Some people are so insane on this point that, not content with injuring their own health, they insist on their children being thoroughly frozen in a cold bath each morning before breakfast, without any reference to constitution or temperament; whereas, any sensible doctor would tell them that tepid water is, in nine cases out of ten, far preferable to cold in a sanitary point of view, and that for cleansing purposes it is much better. The cold-water-at-any-price maniacs, when remonstrated with on the intolerance they exhibit toward those who prefer baths of a higher temperament, invariably retort by boasting of what they call "that glow," alluding to the warmth alleged to be diffused over the bodies of those able to stand the first shock of immersion; but they entirely forgot that in many cases, more especially of children, the powers of the body are too languid to bring on a reaction; and the shock, instead of being followed by "the glow," is followed by a fit of shivering and general chilliness, sowing frequently the seeds of consumption and other diseases.

### Two French Women.

One full-blown in a white embroidered skirt, with a plaited waist, looked like a Venetian woman of the Renaissance. Above the divine softness of the satin you saw her curved and pearly neck, and on the blonde tresses of her abundant hair a simple band of floating lace. She seemed tall and straight as a Diana in the long folds of her native dress; her bodice ornamented with silver embroidery, delicately suggested the thought of a dashy hussar. She walked rapidly, and her dragging train trembled like the drapery of a goddess, while the boquet of brilliants in her hair flashed like swordblades. Another, frail, slight, the face projecting, with a thin nose, trembling lips, pale eyes, and hair all in disorder beneath her diamonds, seemed to emit flashes and sparks from every part of her person. Seated or standing, she never seemed to touch the ground. The inward mettle, the irrepressible outbursts and contortions of her nervous organization, sent momentary shivers through her nervous frame. About this slight neck ripples a row of diamonds—a circle of living eyes of magic serpents. These women chat and seemed delighted with their conversation. What would you not give to hear what they are saying? Go near, and you will find out that they are discussing umbrella handles; one prefers ebony and the other the mother-of-pearl.

### Gems of Thought.

True love and high morality are always the same.

Hasty people drink the water of existence scalding hot!

He who dies sooner or later than he ought is a coward.

If you would not have affection visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Water is the best drink. Exercise and pure air the best medicines.

Suspicion is a counterfeit of truth as well as falsehood.

Happiness is not the share of the learned, but of the good.

There are reproaches which give praise, and praise which reproaches.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when all else fails.

A great mind will be easy in prosperity, and quiet in adversity.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

Lay by a good store of patience, but put it where you can find it.

Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast, after all.

He who has good health is a rich man, and rarely knows it.

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A gentleman saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress in a tin cup, and inquired:

"What are you doing, daughter?"

"I am coloring my doll's dress red."

"With what?"

"With beer."

"What put that foolish notion into your head, child; you can't color red with beer."

"Yes, I can, pa, because ma said it was beer that made your nose red."

That man had business that required him down town immediately.

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A Boston editor blushes for the ignorance of three young girls of that city who tried to get their horse's head down so that it could drink by unbuckling the crupper. Probably the same girls who unbuckled the breeching strap going down hill, because it pulled against the poor horse so.

### FOREIGN.

#### Another American Victory.

BELFAST, July 7.—The shooting for the cup presented by the Mayor and citizens of Belfast took place today. Colonel Gildersleeve won the cup over twenty-four opponents.

BELFAST, July 7.—The contest for the Mayor and Citizens' cup was held on the Range on Lord Dufferin's grounds. The distance was 1,000 yards. Each man was allowed five shots, the highest possible score being twenty. Several thousand persons witnessed the shooting.

All the members of the American team and the reserves took part. The contest was exciting, especially towards the close. The result was doubtful up to the last shot. Colonel Gildersleeve, Mr. Lee, of Belfast, and Mr. Johnson, of Dublin, made remarkably fine shots. When all had fired their five shots, the scores were announced as follows:

Gildersleeve, American, 19, Lee, of Belfast, 19; Fulton, American, 17; Johnson, of Dublin, 18; Bruce, American, 17; McKenna, of Dublin, 17; Wylie 16.

The crowd cheered the announcement with great enthusiasm. The tie between America and Ireland was then shot off. According to the terms agreed upon the men had three shots apiece. Each shot was watched with breathless interest. The result was again a tie, Gildersleeve and Lee's scores being exactly alike. Each made two bull's-eyes and a centre, counting eleven. The excitement rose to fever heat as they began to shoot off the second tie. Both men were cheered vociferously.

The final result was a victory for Gildersleeve, who made three bull's-eyes in succession, scoring twelve. Lee made ten. The victorious American was wildly applauded by the excited spectators. In the course of the shooting for the cup Bodine, Dakin and Coleman, of the American team, made misses, and were obliged to retire in accordance with a rule which required the withdrawal of any one man who misses the target. A good many of the Irish competitors also retired under the rule, including Wilson, a crack shot.

#### The Dry Season of Brazil.

As an illustration of the extreme dryness of the soil during the dry season in Brazil, it is stated that in the month of June all vegetation ceases, the seeds being then ripe or nearly so. In July the leaves begin to turn yellow and fall off; in August an extent of many thousands of square leagues presents the aspect of a European winter, but without snow, the trees being completely stripped of their leaves; the plants that have grown in abundance in the wilderness drying up, and serving as a kind of hay for the sustenance of numerous herds of cattle. This is the period most favorable for the preparation of the coffee that grows upon the mountains. The beans are picked and laid on the ground, which gives forth no moisture, but on the contrary absorbs it, and being surrounded by an atmosphere possessing the same desiccating properties, the coffee dries rapidly without moulding.

#### How a Telegraph Operator Got His Dinner.

The Buffalo Courier says: A day or two since a clerk in one of the telegraph offices in town being the last to leave for his dinner, found the door locked, as is usual, but, as is not usual, discovered that he had left his key in another coat pocket, two or three blocks away, at his hotel. The windows were two stories up, and he did not exactly see the point of an exit that way. And every minute his dinner was growing cold, and his temper correspondingly hot. He rattled the door, tried to pick the lock with a shingle nail, and repeated softly to himself choice extracts from profane history, but there he stayed and relief seemed appallingly remote. Did he wait there till his brother clerks returned fram their seven courses, from soup to doughnuts, to let him out? Not he. An idea struck him, and the impression left bore its fruits. He telegraphed to St. Thomas, Canada, had it repeated to Detroit, Michigan, whence it was returned, according to accompanying instructions, to the Atlantic and Pacific office here on Main street, the result of which was to send a boy up to his room after the key and bring it down to his office to release him. He was in time for dinner.

#### National Bank Redemption Agency.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The total amount of national bank notes redeemed and assorted by the National Bank Redemption Agency during the year ending June 30 is $130, 322,945. Of this amount $115,109,445 consisted of notes unfit for circulation, which were delivered to the Controller of the Currency for destruction and replacement with new notes; $15,213,500 were notes fit for circulation, which were forwarded by express to the several banks by which they were issued.

#### Heavy Storm.

BOSTON, July 7.— Reports of damage done by the severe storm of last evening are numerous. The Deacon Kimball House, at Littleton, was struck by lightning and entirely consumed; loss $3,000. Many buildings in this city and suburbs were injured by lightning and occupants stuned. No serious loss or actual deaths are reported.

#### Struck by Lightning.

PORTLAND, ME., July 10.—During a heavy storm here, this morning, the Cathedral was fired by lightning, but the flames were soon extinguished. The First Baptist, the Payson Memorial and the Chestnut Street Methodist churches all suffered more or less.

#### General Frank P. Blair.

ST LOUIS, July 9.—General Frank P. Blair, Jr., died at half-past eleven o'clock last night. Although General Blair had been sick a long time, without any hope of recovery, his death was sudden and, at the time, unexpected.

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There are those who shrink from making a beginning in religious life because they conceive that they lack the ability to pursue it.

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Slight-of-hand performances—not giving show tickets to the printers.

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A sailor knows there is a man in the moon because he's been to sea.

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If you are out in a driving storm don't attempt to hold the rains.

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What the girls say: "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."


*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, Muley 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.

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URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.
121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.
apr1.

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KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,
293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,
*W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.*
*MEALS AT ALL HOURS.*
☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED. sep 19

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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

SALT,
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 31, 1875.

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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,
88 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.

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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
SALT
By the Barrel or Sack
Prices as Low as Possible.
C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,
Somerset, Pa.
Oct. 30.

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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 Merchandise, 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.

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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

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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

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*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. feb18

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DR. T. BROWN, No. 82 SECOND AVENUE, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburg, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate diseases, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, strictures, diseases of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a fee or postage stamp promptly answered. jan23