THE WHALEMAN'S DEVICE.

We entered the Arctic Ocean in 18—. Our ship was the whaler St. Michael—an old tub of a vessel, whose timbers had been washed by the sea water for thirty years.

As we now glided easily along, under whole topsails, with the waters rippling about our bows, we leaned over the rail watching the stupendous masses of ice which loomed up on all sides, flashing brightly in the beams of the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the man at the mainmast-head, an old boat steerer, named Tom Tirekins, leaned forward from the cross-trees, giving the welcome cry of "There she blows."

In a moment all hands were called, and soon after we were pulling for a school of bowheads, which had come up far ahead.

"Give it to him!" roared the first mate, Mr. Thomas, when we were within six fathoms of a monster with a great hump on his back.

The boat steerer at once obeyed, driving both irons into the whale.

The monster made a backward rush, a second after up went his flukes, and down they came within an inch of the boat-steerer's temple.

The whale then went down, and away flew the boat, dragged with terrific velocity.

Through the ice we were drawn, the boat scraping and grinding against the smaller fragments, and the line humming and thumping as it ran smoking around the logger-head. The ice through which our boat was now being dragged merely consisted of detached fragments, so that there was at present no danger of our being stove.

Far ahead, however, were large masses, some of them in fact looming up as high as a ship's mainyard, which must crush our boat like an eggshell should we come in contact with them.

We hoped that the whale would come up ere we reached that locality, and give our first mate—one of the most skillful lancers in the service—a chance to kill it.

On—still on sped the boat, and we found ourselves drawing alarmingly near the frowning ramparts of ice.

We were within about fifty fathoms of them, and the mate had picked up the boat hatchet, with the intention of severing the line in case of our getting much nearer, when up came the whale, booming out of the sea, scarcely three ships lengths ahead.

"Haul line!" shouted the first officer.

We obeyed, and the boat was drawn rapidly toward the whale.

When near enough the mate sent his lance whistling through the air, and struck the whale in the region of the hump. The moment he felt the point of the lance the monster made the water fly all around him, beat the sea with his flukes, and rolling his head from side to side.

Suddenly, when the movement was least expected, he made a dash for the boat, and just grazed the bow with his flukes, knocking off a portion to which was attached the boat hatchet.

Then down he went again into the cool chambers of his ocean home.

The boat was, in a minute, again drawn toward those huge icebergs ahead.

The mate having, as shown, lost the boat hatchet, now called for a knife.

One of the men reached over to hand him one, when a coil of the line caught him around the shoulder, and in endeavoring to regain his balance and escape the coil he lost his footing, falling headlong against his shipmates.

Here was a delay which was attended with peculiar results.

The boat dragged on, seemed about to be dashed to pieces against the bergs, when the whale nulling (turning) under water, it was drawn into a large ravine between two masses of ice.

This ravine seemed to be very long. We were drawn farther into it ere the mate could succeed in obtaining a knife.

At last, having procured one, he was about cutting the line, when the passage through which we were drawn having become much narrower as we proceeded, jamed us in, crushing the boat at once.

Two of my unfortunate shipmates caught in a light of the flying whale line, were drawn out of sight in a moment, disappearing, with one simultaneous shriek, into the deep waters.

Never shall I forget the look of their wild, horror stricken faces, which, for an instant, were revealed to me, ere the sea closed over them forever.

The rest of us were, meanwhile, struggling in the cold waters, two of the men holding on to oars, and the mate and I clinging to a spur of ice projecting out from the side of one of the bergs.

To add to the peril of our situation, a thick mist had gathered, hiding the other boats from our view.

We shouted with all our might, but we had little hopes of making ourselves heard.

Now and then, as we still clung to our hold, we could distinguish far up in the mist through the opening in the ice ravine, the form of some Artic bird wheeling past with rushing wings, while around us fell the eternal roar of the icebergs, as they were washed by the everlasting tide.

Finally the mate pointed out to me an opening in the side of the berg just above our heads, leading probably to some cavern in the very bosom of the iceberg.

How to reach it, however, we could not determine, until at lenth unbuckling the long strap around his waist, the mate formed a sort of a hitch at the end and threw it over a spur of ice projecting just above the hollow. By this, with our halfbenumbed hands we four men contrived to draw ourselves up to the cave.

We entered it to find it comparatively warm; and by exercising, which we now had plenty of room to do, we contrived to infuse some degree of warmth into our chilled frames.

Then we commenced to explore the cave. It was more than four feet deep, and a sloping roof, from which, like "crystal chandeliers," depended large fragments of ice of almost every shape and hue. They were green, gold, blue and purple all hanging downward, while at the sides the cave was studded with precious stones, gleaming with a beautiful luster almost dazzling to the eye.

"I think we are safe enough now," said the mate, "The boats will, doubtless, be here soon, as they were pulling after us when we got fast."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the boat steerer; "but let us shout so as to make sure."

We adopted this suggestion, but it seemed to us as if our voices did not penetrate beyond the ice gorge.

Meanwhile we waited vainly for the appearance of the boats

Night came upon us a dark, gloomy night, and still there we were in the cave.

All night long we remained there without closing our eyes.

In the morning, the mist having cleared, we took a survey of our situation. It was about the same as on the previous night, still with no sign of the boats.

As on the previous night we again shouted, and thought this time we heard a response.

"Hark!" said the boat-steerer; "I think there is the sound of paddles."

We all listened to hear it quite distinctly.

"Dip! dip! dip!"

Eagerly we gazed around the edge of the opening, expecting every moment to behold one of our boats coming to the rescue.

Suddenly we saw the edge of a boat come round the corner of the icegorge.

Not ours, however, but one of a far different kind.

It was about twelve feet in length, and was made of sealskin tightly drawn over ribs of whalebone.

It contained about half a dozen Esquimaux, wearing garbs of sealskin and having great rings in their ears and nostrils.

They were a most uncouth-looking set, being short, squat, and armed with spears and lances of fishbone.

The moment they caught sight of us they stopped their boat and stood gazing toward us with a hideous expression of countenance.

By signs we endeavored to make them understand what had happened, and that we were anxious to get back to our ship.

"Celupi—celupi!" the all screamed, by which we understood them to mean tobacco, having heard other natives of this region express themselves in a similar manner.

We shook our heads in the negative, implying that we had no tobacco, which was really the truth, as we had chewed up all in our possession during the night.

They seemed, however, to doubt us, and, withdrawing round the angle, they held what seemed to be a consultation, judging by the sound of their voices.

Finally they reappeared, and we knew it was with hostile intent.

A party of whalemen had recently committed an outrage upon their tribe, whom they had driven from their vessel, which the natives had boarded, for the purpose of trafficing, and had afterwards pelted them with rotten potatoes.

Paddling their sealskin boat to within a few yards of our retreat, they commenced throwing their spears at us pulling them back by means of long warps attached to the handles.

We easily avoided these missiles, however, by dodging back into the cave, perceiving which the natives drew their frail vessel within a few feet of us, now throwing with greater precision.

We contrived still to avoid their darts, by withdrawing behind an angle of the cave, although we had several narrow escapes.

We made many attempts to seize the spears as they came into our retreat; but they were withdrawn too quick for us.

Meanwhile, the sharp missiles coming, as they did, in a perfect shower, were fast knocking away the angles of ice which afforded us shelter, so that we must soon be fully exposed to the dangerous weapons.

We held a consultation but could think of no way of defending ourselves against a dozen armed men.

"If we could only contrive to reach the summit of the berg we would be safely out of the way," said the boat-steerer.

"Aye, aye, but that is impossible," answered the mate. "There is no way we can get to the top of the berg."

The boat-steerer was a brave fellow from New Bedford.

"The sides of the berg are rough, and in some places protrude like shelves," said he. "I will make the attempt.

"Better not," said the mate.

But the boat-steerer, who in his younger days had been a performer in a circus, and was, therefore, well versed in gymnastic performances, said he would try.

Arrived at the summit he might see something of the ship or a sail, which he would be enabled to signal, and thus, perhaps, bring it to our assistance in time.

Without further prelude he did actually start, and had got up beyond reach of the natives' lances ere they could get ready to hurl their weapons.

From our position, through a wide chink in the berg, we saw Tom Tirekins—for such was the boat-steerer's name—finally ascend so far that he was beyond the range of our limited vision.

At the same moment whiz came another shower of lances, and the column of ice, which had been our only shelter gave way.

Thus in a moment we found ourselves fully exposed to the weapons of our assailants.

There they stood—the whole party—their hideous faces convulsed with demoniacal triumph as they glared upon us.

We gave ourselves up for lost, for, at so short a distance, our enemies could not help hitting us.

Apparently, fully aware of this, they set up an exultant shout, showing their teeth, which were long and hooked, as they did so.

We all stood awaiting our fate like men, although, had the canoe been near enough, we might have concluded to spring into it, so as, at least, not to die without a struggle.

We saw the wretches take aim, saw them about hurling the deadly missiles, when there was a crash like thunder, and a huge mass of ice fell upon them, beneath which boat and all vanished in a moment.

We never saw those Esquimaux or their boat again, but we now heard above us the shout of our gallant shipmate Tom Tirekins, who had rolled the mass down upon our assailants.

He had also seen and signaled our vessel, which soon picked us up, and to the occupants of which we related our hazardous adventure.

Their Cupboards.

When Vassar College was built and filled at once by about four hundred inhabitants, none of them could find one closet in the whole immense building. Matthew Vassar was astounded at being told that the girls wanted closets. "Why," he said, "they can have two nails in the wall, one for their school dress and one for their best dress—and what do they want more?" But in spite of the unreasonableness of the demand, the closets had to be built after all.

—Pillars that should be shaken down—caterpillrs.

German Process of Coloring Wood.

A most valuable process, by which coarse wood is made to present the beautiful appearance of polished mahogany, has come into use in Germany, and, from the successful results already attained, must be regarded as of much industrial importance.

In carrying out this method, the coarse wood is first coated with a colored size, which is prepared by thoroughly mixing, in a warm solution, one part of glue in six parts of water a sufficient quantity of the commercial mahogony brown, which is, in reality, an iron oxide; this is best effected by adding, in excess, a due quantity of the dry color with the warm solution of glue, and thoroughly mixing the mass, until a uniform paste is obtained, in which no dry red particles are visible.

A trial coat is laid upon a piece of wood, and, if it is desired to give a light mahogany color to the object, it is only necessary to add less, and for a darker color more of the brown body color. When the coat is dry, it is tested by rubbing with the fingers; if the color easily separates more glue is added until the dry trial coat no longer rubs off. The size color, on being thus proved of the right tint and strength is then warmed slightly, and worked through a hair sieve by means of a brush, after which it is rubbed upon the wood surface with the brush, the latter having first been carefully washed. If the wood is porous, and absorbs much color, a second coat is given.

On drying, the size color appears dull and unsightly, but this is all changed by the next coat, which is of spirit varnish, made by adding three parts of spirits of wine of ninety in excess to one part of red acaroid resin in one vessel, and, in another, ten parts of shellac, with forty parts of spirits of wine of eighty.—By repeated agitation for three or four days, the spirit dissolves the resin completely, and the shellac solution is filtered through a fine cloth; the resin solution is best filtered into the shellac solution by being poured through a funnel loosely packed with wadding.

When filtered, the solutions of both resins are mixed by agitating the vessel, and letting the varnish stand a few days. The acaroid resin colors the shallac, and imparts to it at the same time the desired degree of suppleness. If the varnish is to be employed as a coat, the upper layers are poured off at once from the vessel. One or two coats suffice, as a rule, to give the object an exceedingly pleasing effect. The coats dry very quickly, care being taken not to apply the second coat till the first is completely dry.

The Sultan of Darfur.

HIS HIGHNESS IN CAIRO A PRISONER TO THE EGYPTIANS.

A letter from Cairo in the *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, says that the Sultan of Darfur, who is now the captive of the Viceroy of Egypt, arrived in that town on the 17th of June, after a journey of four months by way of Khartoum, Suakim, and Suez.

The Sultan is tall in stature, very intelligent in appearance, of dignified demeanor. He wore wide trousers drawn together at the ankles, red slippers and a long scarlet coat of silk, handsomely embroidered in gold. Over his shoulders hung a long white scarf, also richly embroidered. He was received at the railway station by the prefect of the town, who escorted him and the three princes who accompanied him to a private carriage, where a photographer was in waiting to take his portrait.

The correspondent adds that he remained behind at the station, knowing that the Sultan had brought his wives with him and that he had thus contrived to see some of them. Their faces are too much of the negro type for the taste of a European; they wear their hair in short wooly locks, and their ornaments consist of glass beads, large silver rings and corals, which are fastened to the right nostril. They were all besmeared with cocoanut oil, the odor of which filled the station. After some debate between the officers and the railway officials, it was ascertained that the women refused to leave their carriages until all the men had left. Every man in the station was then turned out, and the women, accompanied by their eunuchs and children (the latter of whom would have pleased Dr. Darwin by their striking resemblance to monkeys), entered the closed carriages which were to take them to the Sultan's palace at Darbel-Achmar. This building has been painted in very bright colors to suit the taste of the Darfurians.

It is said that the Sultan has sent some very valuable presents for the Khedive, including several shiploads of ivory, and one of marabout feathers.

Orchard Grass.

A friend of ours—a progressive farmer in one of the best farming towns of Western New York—is enthusiatic about orchard grass. He says he can keep a cow on a half acre through the summer and have some hay for winter use from the same plat of ground. Orchard grass starts earlier than any other feed, stands the drouth well, and not only bears but needs frequent cutting or cropping. Our friend's plan would be to pasture in sections, tying the cow to a stake through the day and letting her eat the grass in a small circle around it. As soon as any part of it becomes large enough to cut it should be mown, and either fed to the cow at once or saved for hay. Nothing injures orchard grass more than to let it get too large. The stalk becomes woody and the root is enfeebled. When cut often and early the grass starts with astonishing rapidity. No other grass will yield as much good feed per acre, and no other will better pay for liberal manuring.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Elderberry Bushes for the Curculio.

It was stated before a recent horticultural meeting by a lady that she had a favorite green gauge plum tree in her yard, and was desirous of saving the fruit. Happening to notice in a horticultural publication, that the branch of the elderberry bush cut off and hung up among the branches of the plum tree, would prevent the ravages of the curculio, she did as the article suggested. The result was that she had half a bushel of plums from the tree treated as described. The fruit had already commenced falling from the plum tree when she first hung the elderberry branches upon it. An M. D. who was present stated that he had succeeded in driving the striped bug from cucumber plants by means of branches of the elder plant, but was not aware of their efficiency in the case of the curculio.

Long Branch.

The lady with her diamonds and the captain with his whiskers have come, say the Long Branch correspondents. The fashionable swells are also arriving. The costume of a gentleman in town has usually been of that quiet character which Count D'Orsay once eulogized as the first requisite in the apparel of a well-dressed man: "You could't remember anything he had on." But if after looking at the swells of ocean, you cannot distictly itemize the different features of their most marked apparel, it must be because you have a very deficient memory. The passion of the hour is for checks. You might play a fine game of draughts on either limb of the young swells who sit on the piazzas. They only need silk sleeves of a contrasted color and shirred flounces around their legs to be as ladylike in get up as one could desire. The overdressed little girl, too, has arrived—the poor little shrimp with two or three hundred dollars' worth of lace hung on her frame, and silk socks an inch or two long clasping her skinny ankles, and pink kid shoes on her feet and necklace and bracelets tinkling as she walks. This is her ordinary costume for romping on the piazzas in the morning. What dimensions her finery will take when the hops begin it is difficult to predict. It is impossible to refrain from grumbling at every American watering place so long as the folly of the fashionable mothers continue to flourish. In France the children are not seen at watering-places. They are at school—anywhere but at Vichy, Trouville or Dieppe. And in England, any dress but the plainest is never bought for them. There is that photograph of the Princess of Wales in which the heiress apparent stands with her youngest baby on her shoulders, his chubby legs encircling her white throat, his little stoga boots presenting their triple soles to the tell-tale camera' both faces brimming over with fun. Baby's riding pickaback, sure's you live! There are still other pictures of Wales' nursery plants—soft woolen dresses, clean white pinafores, dark stockings, banged hair, and a diet of bread and butter visible in every line.

Weeds.

We observe three different modes of treating weeds adopted by farmers of this country. The old fashioned and slip-shod mode is to kill nine-tenths by hoeing and cultivating, and leave the remaining tenth to ripen their seeds, by which they multiply the previous seeding at least ten-fold, and the war becomes interminable. Many such farmers are in debt, and find it hard to pay interest. The second, and improved mode, is to cut down, grub up, or turn under all the weeds after they have attained a good height, but before ripening seed. This is attended with much labor, but if faithfully continued, will ultimately cleanse the soil. The third way is to kill the weeds before they come up. This is by far the cheapest and most effectual. The labor is small when compared with either of the preceeding modes. All that is required is for the owner to adopt a rotation, or select such crops as may be suited to its thorough performance. In some cases the naked summer fallow will be the most efficient—the harrow or two horse cultivator being used often enough to destroy every vestige of weeds before they get above the ground. In hill or drill culture the cultivator must be passed so frequently that no weeds can ever appear between the rows, while the weeds in the rows themselves will need such attention as may be required. All perennial rooted weeds may be effectually disposed of in a single season, if plowed under or never allowed to appear at the surface during the summer months.

Weeds in pastures are often neglected. The large rooted perennials may be drawn out easily by hand (thistles with thick gloves), when the ground has been soften by a heavy rain; or they may be dug out with a spud if too hard to draw. Annual weeds in pastures should be mowed off before the seed heads form—the sooner the better for the grass which they shade and rob. Set a reaping machine as high as the knives will run, and it will cut off all tall weeds, and give the pasture such a neat appearance as a thrifty farmer need not be ashamed of. Cutting off the heads of grass, and preventing the exhausting forming of seed, will give greener pasturage in autumn.—*Country Gentleman.*

Medicine for Poultry.

In ordinary cases it will not pay to give medicine to sick fowls. In the first place, but little is known of the diseases of poultry, and again there is an equal dearth of knowledge respecting the remedies. Besides, the value of an average fowl is so inconsiderable that treatment would not pay unless very simple and very successful. The best course respecting poultry ailments is prevention. Try to secure such vigorous breeding stock and such complete sanitary conditions for all the birds, at all ages, that illness will be rare. Then the strength of constitution will be such that an ordinary disease can be resisted without the aid of medicine, if good nursing is given. What we mean by nursing is this: Place sick fowls in a dry, sunny place, out of the wind, and safe from disturbance. Then give them food easy of digestion, such as mush, potatoes and meat, every article cooked, and warm milk for drink. If, after all, they can't make out to live, say to yourself, by way of congratulation, "there are so many birds, not disease proof that have been weeded out of my stock, at any rate."—*Country Gentleman.*

The Penitent Parisienne.

A writer says: "A French woman in Lent may be truly said to be the very opposite of a French woman during the Carnival. From Ash Wednesday to Easter Monday she draws her vail close about her face, her dress becomes sombre, her bonnet is less coquettishly perched on her head, her high heels tread the pavement with less pertness than usual. During the forty days which follow the Carnival she walks as though bowed beneath engrossing reflections; she preaches inwardly to herself; she expiates the sin of having lent a ready ear to mundane proposals; she feels twinges of conscience as she thinks of how many waltzes she has indulged in; she does not show her teeth so much when she laughs, and a minute observer might be astonished to see when she takes her seat in her box at the opera that the body of her dress has heightened in proportion to her repentance."

Went out on a fly—that absconding treasurer of a St. Louis base ball club.

Channel Island Superstitions.

The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of this group for several centuries was under the control of the Bishop of Coutances; but after the doctrines of the Reformation were universally accepted by the people, they were transferred to the diocese of the Bishop of Winchester, who is represented in each island by a dean. The islanders are, with few exceptions, good Protestants; churches and chapels abound, and are generally well attended. Puseyism and ritualism have, so far, made little progress here; the Low Church still continues popular while the Non-conformists of all the leading sects are in a flourishing condition. Superstition is gradually losing its hold, and much genuine and intelligent piety exits in some of these islands. But in the hamlets most remote from town, and among the older people, curious superstitions still obtain belief. On Christmas night there are some even in St. Peter's Port who will on no account go to a well to draw water.—Others will not venture into a stable at midnight lest they should surprise the cattle, asses, and sheep on their knees worshipping their infant Saviour. A photographer is sometimes regarded as dealing in the black art, and some refuse so far to compromise their character as to allow themselves to be photograped. In Guernsey, at St. George, is a well called "Holy Well," still visited by damsels, for on its surface maidens are said to be able to see the face of their future husbands. In Jersey, near St. Clement's, is the Witches Rock, where, it is said, the witches hold their Sabbath; the belief in witchcraft is not entirely extinct here. The marks on that rock are confidently asserted to be the foot prints of his Satanic majesty during the visits which, it is to feared, he makes quite too frequently in Jersey as well as elsewhere.

A Queer People.

During the last season, says the *Academy*, Mr. Bond, an Indian surveyor, while at work in the Madras Presidency, to the southwest of the Palanci Hill, managed to catch a couple of wild folk who live in the hill jungles of the Western Ghauts. These people sometimes bring honey, wax, and sandal wood to exchange with the villagers for cloth, rice, tobaco, and betel nut, but they are very shy. The man was four feet six inches high; he had a round head, coarse, black, woolly hair, and dark brown skin. The forehead was low and slightly retreating, the lower part of the face projected like the muzzle of a monkey, and the mouth, which was small and oval, with thick lips, protrud about an inch beyond the nose; he had short bandy legs, a comparatively long body, and arms that extended almost to his knees; the back just above the buttocks was concave, making the stern appear to be much protruded. The hands and fingers were dumpy and always contracted, so that they could not be made to stretch out quite straight and flat; the palms and fingers were covered with thick skin, (more especially the tips of the fingers); the nails were small and imperfect, and the feet broad and thick-skined all over. The woman was the same height as the man, the color of the skin was yellow tint, the hair black, long, and straight, and the features well formed. This quaint folk occasionally eat flesh, but feed chiefly upon roots and honey. They have no fixed dwelling places, but sleep on any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted. Worship is paid to certain local divinities of the forest.

Shepherd Dogs.

In Southern California you may see on the plains and hills thousands of sheep, but not a man to watch them. Around each flock or band of, say a thousand sheep, are half a dozen dogs whose progenitors were imported from the pastures of the old world.

These dogs take the entire care of the sheep; drive them to pasture in the morning, keep them from straying during the day, and bring them home at night. These dogs have inherited a talent for keeping sheep; but the shepherds do not depend wholly on that. They cultivate it in this way:

When a lamb is born, it is taken away from the mother sheep before she has seen it, and a puppy put in its place. When the puppy grows old enough to eat meat, it is fed in the morning and sent out with the sheep. It stays with them because it is accustomed to be with its mother, but it cannot feed with them. As they get full the dog gets hungry.—At length, impatient to return where it hopes to get another piece of meat it begins to tease and worry its mother, and finally starts her home; the other sheep follow, and thus the whole flock is brought in. If the dog brings the sheep home too soon, or comes home without them, he gets no supper, or is punished in some way. Hence he soon learns when to come, and sees to it that none of his charge are left behind. These animals are trained by taking advantage of their instincts and appetite.

Working Cows.

We have frequently seen cows worked and though they have not the strength they move more rapidly than oxen. Two yoke of cows will plow as much in a day as one yoke of oxen, but would require a boy for driver. A correspondent of the Buffalo *Live Stock Journal*, who has a small farm of ten acres, is trying the experiment of having all his farming work done with cows, thus saving the expense of keeping horses. He broke a pair of two year old heifers, with a view of using them when they got old enough and of sufficient strength. He finds them gentle and teachable, and from what he used them the past fall, just in the way of making them handy, he finds them yield as much milk as his heifers, usually have done. He argues that on a small farm it would require a large portion to keep a span of horses, whereas if a cow can be made to perform the necessary team work and at the same time yield a good supply of milk, the saving on account of not keeping the horse will be at least $120 annually. He proposes to adopt the system of soiling and to keep eight cows on the ten acres. If the cows are all broken to the yoke this would give him four teams and thus, by a frequent change of teams, no animal need be put to long or excessive labor during any day.

THERE was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous where a minister preaching on the "Ministry of Angels" suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper," the change of tone startled one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he cried, "It's the boys in the gallery."

Deceptive Stock Speculations.

A lady of Philadelphia has been tempted into stock speculations in Wall street by the deceptive practices well known there under the technical allurements of "margins," "puts," "calls," "spreads," "privileges," "bulls," "bears," etc., and has written to the President of the New York Exchange for remedy and relief. She sent all she had to one of the numerous swindling stock operators and received nothing in return It was with much regret that the President had to reply to the letter by telling the writer that he not only could do nothing for her himself in the matter but that he was afraid there were no means of redress, and that her money was irretrievably lost. The wonder is that there can be found persons follish enough to entrust their little savings to men who profess to ensure them handsome profits by gambling in Wall street or in any other stock centre where like deceptive practices are resorted to. Books and circulars containing much curious misinformation concerning their business are sent through the country, and uninformed people, anxious to make a little money, respond with remittances. It is a great shame that these sharpers cannot be reached by the law, and since they cannot, a warning against all who pretend to be able to make money for their customers by stock gambling should be given. Disappointment, if not ruin, is the certain result of embarking on that treacherous sea.

He Knew His Age.

In the times when the political warfare between Whigs and Democrats waxed hot and relentless, there was a town out West in which the two parties were so equal in numbers that the variation of a single vote one way or the other, might be a matter of most serious consequence. Of course on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful.

A young man came up to the polling place on election day and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically with his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.

"He ain't twenty-one."

"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No, you ain't," persisted the father; "you won't be twenty-one till tomorrow."

"I say I will!" cried the youth. "I was born on the twelfth day of November. It is down so in the old Bible."

"Then it's a dod-rotted mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the mornin' of the thirteenth of November, I can swear."

"How can you swear?"

"How!" repeated the father, indignantly. "Goodness gracious, wasn't I thar!"

"Well," returned the son with proud defiance, "wasn't I there, too!"

The young man voted.

How to Make Children Lovely.

There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and by night with an atmosphere of love.—Restraint and reproof may be mingled with the love, but love must be a constant element. "I found my little girl was growing unamiable and plain," said a mother to us the other day, "and reflecting on it sadly, I could only excuse myself as the cause thereof. So I changed my management and improved every opportunity to praise and encourage her, to assure her of my earnest desire that she should grow up to lovely and harmonious womanhood. As a rose opens to the sunshine, so the child's heart opened in the warmth of the constant affection and caresses I showered upon her; her peevishness passed away, her face grew beautiful, and now one look from me brings her to my side obedient to my will, and happiest when she is nearest to me."

Is there not in this a lesson for all parents? Not all the plowing or weeding or cultivation of every sort we can give our growing crops will do for them what the steady shining of the sun can effect. Love is the sunshine of the family; without it no character, or morality or virtue can be brought to perfection.

Depth of the Great Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario which is 500 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now as the discharge through the Detroit river, after following all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive. It has been conjected that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish go into the upper lake without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical observation of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Six hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed to start a paper in Vienna, from the editorial departments of which all Jews or "persons of Israelitish extraction" are to be excluded. All the other Vienna papers are, in a great degree, in the hands of this race.

Mr. David Griffin, of Boston, is probably the oldest newspaper carrier in the United States, being 89 years old, having carried papers for 17 consecutive years.

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.

An astronomer can discover more wonderful things with one eye than most men can with two.

HERE'S a mix. The devil of the Columbus *Courier* is church sexton.

QUEEN VICTORIA has taken a notion to write for the papers.

IN Norway, the longest days are three months. The morning papers are published quarterly.

The Appletons have offered General Sherman $60,000 for the copyright of his book.

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, Mulay 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.
apr1.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,
293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,
W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICIT. ED.
sep 18

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 line 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.

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.

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.

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. mar10'75

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

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 30 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 few postage stamp promptly answered. jan22

Cook & Beerits'
FAMILY GROCERY
Flour and Feed
STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the publ lc generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened outin our New Store on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS,

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.

Also, a well selected stock of

Glassware; Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap at the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we