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The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 9 — SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST, 1875.11 — WHOLE NO. 1257

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-tf.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '74.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-tf.

JOHN Q. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 '70-tf

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

SAM'L G. GAITHER. PATS. R. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. [feb 3-72.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. M. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be especially and promptly attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block. [jan 1.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tender his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet Hotel.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES I. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa., Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. jan13

J. GOSLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar17'73.

C. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office next door south of Schell & Kimmel's Bank—up stairs. apr22-'72

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '72-tf.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., returns his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

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

DR. J. S. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '74-tf.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. mar72

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. mar24

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the low style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. mr272

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.
Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither time nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Toy will stay at all times to attend to the office.
may31 D. LAVAN.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
SCOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar18

SLATE ROOFS.
Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of

Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 119 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHUTTY,
April 8th, '74. Proprietor.

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I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, homes, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the proper ties will be for rent if not sold soon.
feb24 D. WEYAND.

Banks.

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SAVINGS BANK
120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTERED IN 1870.

TRUSTEES;

JAMES COOPER, D. J. MORRELL,
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F. W. HAY, H. A. BOGGS,
JOHN LOWMAN, CONRAD SUPPES,
T. H. LAPSLY, GEO. T. SWANK,
D. McLAUGHLIN, W. W. WALTERS

DANIEL J. MORRELL, President,
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer,
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Banking hours daily, from 9 to 3 o'clock; also on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 7½ o'clock. apr22.

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
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april 16-'72.

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Orders Respectfully Solicited.
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Ursina, June 19.

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BANKERS,
CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS,
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A General Banking Business Transacted.
Feb. 26.

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CABINET FURNITURE,
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The trade supplied at lowest rates.
CALL AND SEE HIM.
may5

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This is a quick remedy. It was born of wisdom; and thousands are living witnesses of its wonderful curative powers. It is pleasant to take and sure to cure Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchial Affections, Thinking of the Throat, and all diseases of a kindred nature. R. S. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., are the proprietors of Johnson's
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are the oldest and best in the market, and every bottle of their Vermifuge is warranted.
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258 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH, PA. jun2

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Newels, Balusters, Hand Rails, with joints cut and bolted ready to hang, furnished on short notice.
Inquire of C. G. BASSETT, agent for Somerset and vicinity. july15

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS'
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Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.

The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863. Since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the conveniences and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of mere ornamental effect, but to give fidelity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all varieties of subjects that are capable of being thus illustrated, such as those of natural history, also objects of interest and curiosity in mechanism, manufactures, scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes in mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence, the aim of their execution is elaborate, and it is believed they will have a wholesome influence on the taste of the Cyclopædia, and working its way into character.

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Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each pound package.
For sale by all first class Grocers. may26

SIXES.

I'll try and make a little song
Of unrequited passion,
And though in writing I am wrong,
I'm surely in the fashion:
My love was quite the pink of loves.
And one of her sweet tricks is
To wear such captivating gloves—
Indisputable sixes.

I recollect a month ago,
A week, and then I knew her;
Yes, thirty days have passed, I know,
Yet somehow they seem fewer.
But I digress: I recollect
Last Friday, three weeks clearly;
'Neath wine and beauty's joint effect
I said I loved her dearly.

And oh, that glove, that right hand glove,
Lay in my hand so nicely.
Thought I—of course aside—"My love,
Your hand is six precisely."
And then I said the usual things
About the heart's devotion,
And added, as the poet sings,
Some reference to the ocean.

Her pretty hand remained in mine;
She said: "Now really, Mr."—
The "Smith" remained unsaid, in fine,
I grieve to say I kissed her.
I can't say what she really thought,
But somehow she looked frightened;
Alas, by sad experience taught,
My mind is now enlightened.

* * * * * * * * *

I'm writing at a country place,
Fit only to write rhymes in,
A hundred miles from her sweet face—
Here, waiter, bring the paper in!
What's this? Oh, can it be! yes—no!
How have my hopes miscarried!
It only was three weeks ago,
And now—and now she's married.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

"Good night, papa," said a sweet, childish voice.

I looked down in surprise upon the little girl that was standing before my friend's knee; for though this was our first meeting after a separation for some years, I had supposed him to be childless.

She had entered the room so noiselessly that until she spoke, neither of us had been conscious of her presence.

"Good night, my daughter," said my host, a smile of infinite tenderness softening his rather stern features, and holding out his arms as he spoke.

The child sprang quickly to the shelter of that broad breast, laying her soft cheek lovingly against his.

As he held her thus, stroking as tenderly as a mother might, the shining hair that mingled with his own jetty locks, I thought that I had never seen a prettier picture.

She was in form so petite, with features almost infantine in their delicacy of outline, he so strong and stately; her complexion was exquisitely fair and her eyes of the softest blue, while his were black and piercing, and his face bronzed by the exposure to sun and storm incidental to his adventurous life.

A matronly-looking woman opened the door, pausing upon the threshold as if reluctant to disturb them.

As soon as my friend observed her, he arose, and blessing the child with a solemnity and tenderness I had never witnessed in him before, dismissed her.

"Not your own daughter?" I said, as soon as we were left alone.

"No; but I could not love her better if she was. She is the most precious of all my earthly possessions, as well she might be. My darling little Kathie! she saved my life."

What? that slender, delicate child?"

"Yes; and when she was smaller and younger than she is now."

"I will tell you how it was," added my friend, replying more to the eager inquiry in my eyes, rather than to anything I had said. "It is not a long story."

And pushing toward me a cut glass dish, of some quaint and curious pattern filled with heavy clusters of grapes, my host settled himself back in his easy chair, and commenced as follows:

About two years ago, important business called me to A———, in the western part of Canada. Partly because I was more accustomed to that kind of locomotion, and partly because public conveyances in that section of the country were slow and uncertain, I started on horseback.

I had been about a fortnight on my way, and was beginning to congratulate myself that I must be near the termination of my journey.

It was near sundown, and the sky began to look as if a storm was brewing. I had ridden many hours through a rude thinly settled country, and began to look anxiously about for some human habitation. It was therefore, with a feeling of relief that I saw a few rods ahead of me, what seemed to be a public house. It was so long since I had seen one that, in spite of its dark, dreary appearances, it had a pleasant look to me.

There were neither trees nor any signs of vegetation around the house, in front of which a crazy looking sign was creaking in the wind that was rising, upon which was evidently once—'Entertainment for Man and Beast," now nearly effaced by exposure to the weather.

As I rode to the door, I saw a stout, middle-aged man sitting upon the rude porch, cleaning a gun.

"Good evening, friend," I said. Can you tell me how far it is to the village of A?"

The man gave me a quick comprehensive glance, and then dropped his eyes.

"It is a matter of eight miles," he replied, "just beyond Black Forest, the edge of which you can see from here."

"You had better not attempt it to-night," he added, as he saw I hesitated as whether I had better stop or push ahead, now that I was so near my journey's end. "There is a storm coming up; besides a good many travelers have been robbed in Black Forest lately."

"I believe I won't risk it then," I said; "for I have that about me that I shouldn't care to lose."

I recalled afterwards, the sudden brightening of the landlord's eyes as I said this, but it was so brief that it made little impression on me at the time.

Remarking that his hostler had gone away on an errand, he took charge of my horse, and taking my saddle-bags in my hand, I entered the house.

It consisted of a large Lall, with a good sized room on either side. As soon as I stepped in my attention was arrested by a little girl, in spite of neglected appearance, one of the most perfectly lovely little creature that I ever saw.

I learned afterwards that she was nearly nine, but so small and delicate was she, that she looked full three years younger.

In one of the rooms was a large, coarse featured woman, with a peculiar disagreeable expression of countenance, engaged in some domestic duties; the other was vacant, and entering it I took a seat upon the settee.

The little girl came and stood by the open door, fixing her large earnest eyes upon me with a mournful intentness or expression that I never saw in any child before or since.

I smiled and held out my hand to her. To my surprise she came directly to me.

Touched by this expression of confidence is an entire stranger, no less than by her exceeding beauty, I took her upon my lap.

"You are not my papa," she said, regarding me with the same wistful look, "but you look like him."

"Where is your papa?" I inquired more for the sake of talking than because I cared to know.

The child shuddered and turned pale.

Just then the landlord entered. He frowned as his eyes fell upon the child, and looked uneasy.

"You must not trouble the gentleman; he said, in a voice whose harshness was in a marked contrast to the smooth, oily tones he had used in speaking to me. "Get down and go into the kitchen."

The child shrank, in mortal fear, from that look; and in spite of my detaining hand, slipped quickly from my knee and left the room.

After partaking of a warm, substantial supper, I requested to be shown to my room as I was desirous of taking an early start in the morning.

The room into which the landlord took me, was an upper one, of good size and comfortably furnished. I observed that there was only one window, and that one very small, and provided with shutters.

As I was examining the knapsack, with my back to the door, I heard a faint rustle, and turning I saw the little girl I had observed below, standing in the middle of the room, with an expression on her countenance, which startled me as much as her unexpected appearance.

"Are you going to stay here to-night?" she said in a hurried whisper.

"Yes," I replied, wouldn't you like to have me?"

"No, oh no," she said with the same look and tone, shuddering as she spoke. "This is a dreadful place. Don't stay. If you do they will kill you as they did—"

"Kathie, Kathie," screamed the harsh voice of the landlord's wife, "come down here this minute."

Kathie's eyes dilated with terror; turning she glided from the room as quickly and noiselessly as she entered.

Listening, I heard angry voices below; then a sharp cry ending in piteous sobs, which gradually died away as if the child was being conveyed to some distant part of the house.

Filled with indignation and alarm, I opened the door with the intention of interfering, but on second thought, how useless any such attempt would be, in my present situation, I closed it and went to the window.

I placed my hand upon the shutters; they were iron, and firmly fixed into the casement.

It did not take me long to decide what to do. After examining my revolver, to see if it was all right, I took my traps and descended to the bar-room.

The landlord started with an angry look when he saw me.

"I have concluded to resume my journey," I said in as careless a tone as I could assume. "Please bring my horse directly to the door."

"Every man to his fancy," said the man, glancing sharply at me from the corner of his eyes "but I shouldn't want to pass through Black Forest alone such a night as this."

"You forgot my trusty friend here." I said, touching my revolver significantly as I spoke.

The villian cowered; for he saw in a moment that I understood him.

"I suppose you know your own business best," he muttered sullenly as he went out for my horse.

It was with feeling of joy that I found myself again in the saddle, gloomy and lonely as was the way before me. Yet my thoughts reverted sadly to the sweet child to whose timely warning I owed so much. I determined to obtain a search warrant and rescue her, if possible from the cruel hands of those whom I felt could have no legal claim on her.

I soon struck into the Black Forest which was composed principally of fir and pine, and to whose dark foliage it doubtless owed its name.

But soon the faithful creature that had never failed me before, began to halt, and finally became so lame as to be unable to proceed further. Suspecting some treachery, I dismounted.

The sky had partially cleared, and the moon had risen, but it gave only a faint light, and now had entirely disappeared under a cloud. But striking a match, I discovered that two sharp pebles had been skillfully inserted into one of the fore hoofs, and which had been driven with every step further into the bone. I succeeded in dislodging one, but the other defied all my efforts. So tying the animal to a tree, I determined to proceed on foot.

I had hardly done so when I heard the quick sound of horses feet, along the road. I stepped back in the shadow of the tree, and looked in the direction whence it proceeded.

I could just discern the outlines of two horsemen, who reined up within a few feet of the spot where I stood.

I felt that the odds were against me, but I was determined to sell my life dearly.

"I shouldn't s'pose his hourse could have taken him away any further," said one of them, whose voice I instantly recognized as that of my late host.

"Hist! here is his horse," said the other, as an impatient movement of the animal betrayed his proximity.

Just then the moon, emerging from a cloud, revealed my form distinctly, as I stood, with one finger on the trigger, watching for the first gleam of light, to make my aim sure.

The landlord's eyes fell directly upon me, and with a muttered curse he snatched a pistol from his belt. But he was too late; there was a sharp whistle, followed by a dull, heavy sound, and throwing his hands upward, he fell forward upon his horse.

As he fell, his pistol which was at half cock, was discharged, to all appearances mortally wounding his companion, who dropped instantly to the ground.

But it seems that this was merely a feint; for no sooner did he see that I was off my guard than he fired. Fortunately he aimed too high, and the ball passed harmlessly over my head.

I sprang foreward, and a brief struggle succeeded in disarming him.

Then perceiving that the bone of his knee was shattered, making his escape impossible. I left him, and mounting the fine animal he rode, I resumed my journey.

It was past midnight when I reached A———, and a accompanied by magistrae, a posse of and several of the villagers, I turned to the scene of my night's adventure.

The landlord lay just as he had fallen, his pale face turned up to the rays of the rising sun. The other villian had managed to crawl away, but was soon tracked and secured.

We went in a body to the tavern.—There was none in the house but the old woman, who though she seemed at first a little startled by our entrance, manifested the most stolid indifference even when told of her husband. As she was believed to be accessory to his crimes, she was taken into custody.

To my surprise and astonishment, little Kathie was nowhere to be found. It was in vain that I questioned the woman endeavoring by alternate threats and bribes, to obtain some clue to her state; she maintained a sullen silence.

They had all gone but I still lingered, thinking sadly of the dear child, when I was constrained to fear in saving my life had lost her own, when I heard a faint cry.

I put my ear to the floor whence it seemed to proceed, and it was repeated. As quick as thought, I removed some straw that was lying upon the floor, revealing a trap door. I lifted it up, and there, in a dark, damp, noisome hole, was poor little Kathie, almost fainting from terror.

My joy in finding her, you can well imagine, and as for her, she clung to me as we cling to the only friend we have.

The man was tried and executed, the woman turning state's evidence. He confessed upon the scaffold to the murder of travelers, among whom was Kathie's father.

As soon as my little protege was able to travel, I took her with me to the states. Though the very idea of parting with her was a painful one, a sense of duty inclined me to write her nearest male relative an uncle, residing in Ohio, stating that I had ascertained in regard to his brother's fate, and the singular Providence which had given his little niece so strong a claim upon my love and protection.

But he had a large family of his own; and though he would have given a home of his brother's child had she stood in need of it, upon learning the circumstances, very willingly relinquished her to me.

She has lived with me ever since, growing nearer and dearer to my heart every day.

"So you perceive," added my friend, in conclusion, "that I did not speak lightly when I said that little Kathie saved my life. And I have sometimes thought, he added, his expressive eyes growing soft and misty as he spoke, "that she had done much toward making it worth the saving for never, until I felt the clinging of her little arms around my neck, did I realize the full import of those holy words, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And as I looked upon him, and thought of the one great sorrow that had hardened his youth, turning to bitterness the sweet spring of domestic affection, and the life he had led since so calculated to draw out the harsher and sterner part of his nature, I thanked God for the angel, He had sent to him, in the form of a little child.

Buried Alive.

Excellent material for a sensation stery is furnished by the following well established facts.

Victorine Lafourcade, young, beautiful and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist named Jules Bossouet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossouet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady love was unhappy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her.

This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossouet assisted at the ceremony. Still true to his love, and well nigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and opened the vault, he lighted a candle and proceeded to open the coffin.

At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; and immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in full possession of all her faculties.—When Victorine was sufficiently recovered, they left the churchyard and went to Bossouet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to effct the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossouet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repented her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America. There they lived happily together, without, however, being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land.

Finally their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the danger attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1839.—Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed.—Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for the recovery of his wife, which was decided against him on the ground that his claim was outlawed.

The scene of the following two cases, with which we shall end our review, is in England:

One Edward Stapleton died—as was supposed—of typhus fever. The disease had been attended by such strange phenomena throughout, that the physicians were desirous to make a post mortem examination of the case. The relatives, however, positively refused their consent. The physicians consequently decided to steal the body—not an unusual thing in England—in order to satisfy their curiosity. They communicated with a band of rascals, who at that time made a business of stealing bodies, and three days after the funeral had the body of Stapleton brought to the deseeting room of a neighboring clinic. When they made the first incision, which was across the abdomen, they were struck with the fresh appearance of the flesh and the clearness and limpidity of the blood.

One of the physicians proposed that they should subject the body to the action of a galvanic battery.—This they did, with abnormal results; the movements and contractions of the muscles were more powerful than are usually observed. Toward evening a young student suggested that they should make an incision in the pectoral muscles, and introduce the poles of the battery into the wound. This was done, when, to their amazement, the body rolled from the table, remained a second or two on its feet, stammered out two or three unintelligible words, and then fell heavily to the floor. For a moment the learned doctors were confounded, but soon regaining their presence of mind, they saw that Stapleton was still alive, although he had again fallen into his former lethargy. They now applied themselves to resuscitating him, in which they were successful. He afterward said that during the whole time he was fully conscious of his condition, and of what was passing around him. The words he attempted to utter were: "I am alive."

A somewhat similar experience was that of an English artillery officer who, in a fall from a horse, had fractured his skull, and was trepanned. He was in a fair way to recover, when one day he fell into a lethargy so profound that he was thought to be dead, and in due time, was buried. The following day, beside the grave in which he had been interred, another citizen of London was buried, and at last one of the assistants chanced to stand on it. Suddenly the man cried out that he felt the ground move under his feet as though the occupant of the grave would find his way to the surface. At first the man was thought to be the victim of an hallucination, but the earnestness with which he persisted attracted the attention of a constable, who caused the grave to be opened. They found that the officer had forced the coffin lid, and had made a partially successful effort to raise himself up. He was entirely unconscious when they got him out, but it was evident that the effort to extricate himself had been made but a short time before.—He was carried to a hospital near by where the physicians, after a time, succeeded in resuscitating him. He stated that, for an hour before his last swoon, he was fully conscious of the awful situation he was in. The grave had fortunately been very hastily and lightly filled with clay, and here and there the continuity of the mass had been broken by large stones, which allowed the air to penetrate as far down as the coffin. He had tried in vain to make his cries heard, and, finally, partly in consequence of having an insufficient supply of air, and partly in consequence of the mental agony he suffered, he had fallen into the unconscious state in which he was found.

Another Englishman describes what he experienced, while lying in a coffin in a perfectly conscious state, in the following words:

"It would be impossible to find words that would express the agony and despair that I suffered. Every blow of the hammer with which they nailed down my coffin lid went through my brain like the echo of a death knell. I would have never believed that the human heart could endure such terrible agony and not burst into pieces. When they let me slowly down into the ground, I distinctly heard the noise the coffin made every time it rubbed against the sides of the grave."

This man also awoke under the knife of a doctor. He, like Stapleton, had been stolen and carried to the dissecting room of a medical school. At the moment the professor made a slight incision down the abdomen, the spell was broken, and he sprang to his feet.

In Baltimore any drummer for a wholesale house who does not call himself "colnel" or "major" isn't considered much of a drummer.

Tweed says he has paid his lawyers to date about $50,000. But he has millions of plunder left.

Freaks of Lightning in Italy.

A correspondent of the London *Echo*, dated Rome, July 12, says:

Padre Secchi publishes an account of the singular phenomenon which occurred at Velletri during the violent thunder storm of June 28, and which is to be ranked among the hitherto unexplained caprices of nature. Just as the tempest was at its hight, and the rain torrential, six persons taking shelter in a stable, which was also occupied by three hores harnessed to as many wine carts, witnessed the following extraordinary appearance:

A luminous mass rose from the threshold of the door, entered the stable, glided from one cart to another, attracted probably, by those fringes of bells characteristic of the Roman wine carts, and then passed through an iron grating into the street. The bells rang, the horses plunged, a woman and a man felt a certain giddiness of head; but no accident happened. Outside the stable a carpenter at his shop door saw the luminous mass (which some of the witnesses compared to a fiery club as thick as a man's arm) issue from the grating, strike the pavement, and disappear in a dazzling flash. However, the meteor visited several portions of the large house with which the stable was connected, flew through large chambers, blackened slightly a gilt cornice in one, and scattering fragments of plaster in another. Strangest of all, this extraordinary visitor, after completely destroying the new ceiling of a room leading into a vast kitchen danced round a woman who was standing at a table. She described the meteor as a fiery serpent, which she first saw standing upright on the floor, within two meter's distance of her. Then it flew toward her, whirling several times round her knees with great velocity. She felt a sudden blow on the head and fell to the ground; but her husband, who saw the whole apparition, on rushing to what he supposed was the corpse of his lightning destroyed wife, found that she was only stunned a little.—On recovering she complained of pain in the scalp, and her hair had become, and remains, dry and rigid. After this last caprice the meteor disappeared, and from the quantity of soot which fell from the chimney, it is supposed to have found vent in that direction. It was accompanied by a loud detonation, but whether on its first appearance or when is vanished, none can say. These details are gathered from a letter written to Padre Secchi from the Meteorological Observatory at Velletri, and published in the *Voce della Verita*, of July 9. After this, one may believe that Tanaquil really did see a "lambent flame" play round the head of Servius Tullius in his cradle; nor can the tale of the stars playing on the River Moldau, at Prague, over the body of St. Jean Nepomuc, be so certainly set down as a pious fancy of the Middle Ages, unsupported by natural phenomena.

Work During Sleep.

It has frequently happened that studious men have done really hard mental work while asleep. A stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed while asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper during the day, thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceeding night. A gentleman one night dreamed that he was playing an entirely new game of cards with three friends; when he awoke, the structure and rules of the new game, as created in the dream, came one by one into memory, and he found them so ingenious that he afterward frequently played the game. A case is cited where a gentleman in his sleep composed an ode in six stanzas, and set it to music. Tartini, the celebrated Italian violinist, composed the "Devil's Sonata" in a dream. Lord Thurlow, when a youth at college, found himself, one evening, unable to finish a piece of Latin composition which he had undertaken; he went to bed full of the subject, fell asleep, finished his Latin in his sleep, remembered it next morning, and was complimented on the felicitous form which it presented.

American Officers in Egypt