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The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 10. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1258

Business Cards.

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

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

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Broker 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, '70.

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

JOHN G. 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-ly

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

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL E. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec. 8-'72.

W. J. & H. L. BACK, 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. KUPPEL.
COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and faithfully attended to. Office—In Main Order Street, opposite the Mammoth Block. jan 1.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice in 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 Union Hotel.

DR. H. SHUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Mansion House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Coffroth's Row, Main Street, where he may be 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 him in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross Street. Collections made, enterprises, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. jan19-tf

J. G. OHLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. may12-'71.

C. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office west door south of Schell & Kimmel's Bank—up stairs. apr28 '75

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. 16, '74-y.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George H. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in practice his father, 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. may4

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '75.

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

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. may12

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Nef's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. may12

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DENTIST
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may22 D. LAVAN.

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April 24th, 1874.

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Inquire of C. G. BASSETT, agent for Somerset and vicinity. july15

Miscellaneous.

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

The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to 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 convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

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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 topics, whose nature 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 thus 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 correct 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 conception as have been suggested by larger experience and enlarged knowledge.

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RABETTE.

Alone, and the golden waters
Are rippling to the west,
And the chime from Saint Roche's belfry
Dies on the ocean's breast;
And the dingled waves are rocking
The fishers' barques to rest.

"Babette! Babette! the mother calls,
Far up above the strand,
"Bring in your father's nets, my child,
And lend your little hand
To turn the wheel; nor linger there
So long upon the strand."

The sun is sinking to the sea
In crimson robes and gold;
A chilly breath the ocean stirs
And roughs her ringlets gold;
It feels to her like a farewell kiss
From lips now dead and cold.

The yellow light is on the wall,
The sea wall old and gray,
With weed and lichen mantled all
In sober-hued array.
The children on the pier above
Are laughing in their play.

The quaint, old, red roofed clustered town
Looks downward on the wave,
That sea from which her wistful eye
Some answer seems to crave,
That sea which took her love away
And gave him back a grave.

Oh, eyes that once so lightly laughed!
Oh, sad, sweet lips apart!
Once crushed with passionate kisses when
He held her on his heart,
That day she stood the wall beneath
To see her lover start;

To say again the last "Godspeed,"
And wave her kerchief white,
And smile in hope—Ah! God, who raised
These breakers wild and white,
And bade the tempests to arise
And rage that livelong night.

And smote the little quivering barque,
And tore the planks in twain—
Deal gently with the broken heart
Of her who all in vain
Poured out her soul in fervent prayer
Her love to see again.

Nay, not in vain! The morning dawned;
The sunshine glittered fair,
And bathed in light a battered corpse,
A gleam of golden hair—
God only heard the cry of her
Who found him lying there.

Bateman.

LEONIE.

"Miss Cameron."

Leonie Cameron, lazily looking out of a bow-window upon a garden flaming with autumn tints and sunset glow, lifted a pair of soft dark eyes to Mrs. Tollman's face. It was an anxious face just at that moment, and being usually full of placid content, the anxiety was very apparent to Leonie. So after the first careless glance she straightened herself in her low chair, and said, quietly, yet with every appearance of interest—

"What is the matter?"

An awkward pause followed that question.

Mrs. Tollman fidgeted under the inquiring glance of the dark eyes, cleared her throat twice and finally said with nervous emphasis—

"John Furber."

Miss Cameron's face seemed to freeze. It was a very beautiful face, with pride for a leading expression. Sweetness lurked in the mouth, intellect beamed from the radient dark eyes, but pride shadowed all. It carried the small head gracefully erect, it swept the folds of the rich dresses with a regal motion. It touched the small patrician hands, and was evident in the well modulated tones of the refined voice.

"There," Mrs. Tollman said, despairingly, "I've made you mad already, and haven't said anything."

"I am not mad," Leonie answered, and there certainly lurked a smile in her mouth at the good woman's consternation. "But you have not told me what troubles you."

"It's—it's John, Miss Cameron, and—" then rapidly, as if the words were forced by a fear of her own inability to finish her self appointed task, she hurried on. "He's my nephew, miss, as you know, though his father is a rich man, very rich, and John is above his mother's place in her life. She's dead, and John was spoilt somewhere between the year she died and two years ago. I don't know where he took to bad ways. He was brought up an idler upon his fathers money, and from idleness to drinking, gambling and bad ways is an easy road. His father is a hard man and he thrust him out near a year ago and disinherited him. He came here, for I love him. I've nothing else to love; husband and children in the graveyard, so I love John."

There was a piteous pleading in the woman's face, but Leonie's was blank, save for an air of polite interest.

"He was most desperate when he came here, but I've coaxed him up a bit. But—but—O, Miss Cameron, you know what I want to say. You are beautiful, rich—a lady far above me in education and position, and only staying here for country quiet. I've no right to find fault, but—but—don't flirt with John. He is in trouble, despondent, disinherited, and he's falling in love with you as fast as he can. I believe, if you play with him, he will kill himself body and soul.

Fairly out of breath with her own earnest utterance, Mrs. Tollman paused, looking pleadingly into Miss Cameron's face. The expression of polite interest never wavered, as that young lady said—

"If I understand you aright, you wish me to ignore your nephew. It is not so easy, as he is in your house, so I had better leave it."

"Goodness!" cried the widow, aghast at this interpretation of her words. "I never meant that. Where can you find another boarding-place near here."

"I can return to London."

"I've put my foot in it. John will never forgive me," said Mrs. Tollman, disconsolately.

But there was no sympathy in Leonie's face, and she turned away at last, perplexed and more anxious than ever. And Leonie sinking back in her chair again, looked at the sunset clouds and variegated foliage, and thought it was time to return to London.

She had come to S——, weary with a round of fashionable life, tired of flattery, dancing, flirting, and she had found rest and quiet under Mrs. Tollman's motherly care. She was rich, richer far than the landlady had any idea of; but she had no near relatives, only a second cousin to keep her lonely home, and play propriety.

Society constituted itself her amateur guardian, and lying back in her cushioned chair, in the sunset glow, she wondered indolently what society would say about John Furber. It would grant him a rare perfection of manly beauty of face and form, and forgive the evident traces of dissipation, if it was only known that he was the son of a rich man, and had been educated an idler by profession. But in what holy horror it would turn away with unlifted hands when it was known that he was disinherited, with no home but a room in the house of a widowed aunt eking out her narrow income by taking boarders. It would smile at his biteing sarcasms, his brilliant conversation, if he was reinstated in his father's favor, but how rude these would be in a poor man.

Leonie, from thinking of society's opinion, quite unconsciously glided into considering her own. This dark-browed man had made a fair portion of her summer pleasure, for three months had been her cavalier in many country walks, drives and sails, had quoted poetry under trees, sung in a superb baritone upon murmuring waters, looked into her eyes on a moonlit porch and whispered delicately-worded flattery. No more than many another man had done. A beauty and rich, Miss Cameron had looked upon more than one languishing suitor and forgotten him when his amusements wearied her. Scarcely a flirt, for she encouraged no downright love making, but a beautiful, fascinating woman who wounded hearts with merely careless grace.

Musing in the sunset, it was impressed upon the proud heart that unconsciously she had poisoned a life that was already sinking. There were capabilities for better things than dissipation and suicide in John Furber, and she shivered as she thought he might be upon a dangerous precipice, waiting for the clasp of the hand to draw him back, or its repulse to thrust him over. She passed in review her hosts of male friends, and found none who had awakened her heart to hours of such keen pleasure as John Furber had given her. She tried to recall one mind whose grasp of intellect had dwarfed her own as his had done, who had met her fairly in so many arguments and worsted her, and she could only remember soft flattery of her "wonderful mind."

Finally, lifting her eyes with a soft sigh, she saw him leaning against a tree opposite the low window, looking at her. A vivid flush stained her cheek as he said:

"What can you have been thinking of? You have not stirred for half an hour. Only that your eyes were open I should have thought you asleep."

"Your powers of observation are marvelous," she answered lightly. "I was dreaming."

"Of what?"

"The world in general, my world in particular. It is almost time I returned there."

She was prepared for some polite show of regret, but not for the ghastly change in his face.

She shuddered, remembering his aunt's words.

"Going away! Why, of course you would be soon," he said, trying to speak carelessly, while his eyes hungrily devoured her face, and his white, parched lips were drawn as if in sharp physical pain.

"I have been here three months," she said, feeling her own heart ache at his misery.

"Yes, Yes! You will go, certainly."

"And you," she said, very gently, "you will be in the city, I presume. I should be glad to welcome you to my home."

"No," he said, harshly; "I will not take such advantage of your kindness. I am a man your friends would tell you to shun, Miss Cameron—a man who has wasted life till it is too late to take up the threads again. You do not know, perhaps, that my aunt keeps me here from charity?"

"I know you have offended your father," she answered; "but you are a man, scarcely thirty, and it is cowardly to talk of despair at your age."

Her words cut him like a whip-lash. The dark blood mounted to his forehead as he repeated:

"Coward! I might fight the world yet, but," and here his tone was bitter, and yet strangely pathetic, "the battle is scarcely worth winning. What would I gain? Money? I do not value it. Position? I have thrown it behind me. I have played the fool, and I must take a fool's wages."

"I will not have you say so, she said, roused by an earnestness she never had intended to betray. "You shall not throw away your life."

A hope sprang to his eyes, new there, lighting them to a dazzling radiance.

"Miss Cameron—Leonie," he cried, "were there a prize to win, were one heart's hope centered upon me, I would trample down these demons of temptation. I would prove myself a man if I had any motive."

There was no mistaking the prayer in his eyes, the pleading in his voice.

Only for one moment, close now to the low window, before a hand like a snowflake fell upon his shoulders, a voice, low and sweet, murmured low in his ear—

"Be a man, for my sake."

She was gone before he spoke again, and he wandered off to the woods to muse upon a possibility of this new life.

The next day Mrs. Tollman lost her summer boarder. Society, languidly contemplating Miss Cameron for the next three years, found her eccentric.

She was gay and grave by flashes, fascinating in either mood, but she was unapproachable.

The bravest suitor found himself met at the point where friendly attentions merge into lovers devotion by a wall of icy reserve that was impassable. She never flirted, but she had the reputation of a flirt, because she was popular and admired, and remained single till she was twenty-seven. She was known to be truthful, and she had distinctly told several inquisitive lady friends that she was not engaged, so there was not even the spice of romance in the gossip.

S——knew her not in those three years, but Mrs. Tollman was the recipient of various hampers of city delicacies from her, and would acknowledge the same by letter.

One of these, dated three years after the beautiful Miss Cameron left S——, after elaborately thanking that young lady for a hamper of dainties, added—

"Do you remember my nephew, John Furber? He left me the day after you did, and I fretted more than a little. But he took a turn for good, heaven be thanked. He worked himself up, and to-day he writes me he has made friends with his father again, and is to be taken partner in a commercial house. His father's to buy it, but John's earned a place too by hard, honest work. O, my dear, I'm happier than I ever thought to be. Perhaps you've heard of the house in London that John is in. But I'll tire you writing about my own affairs. I wouldn't, only I thought perhaps you'd remember John."

"In London," Leonie murmured; "so near me all these three years, and yet never seeking me. Was I too bold? Did I drive him away by showing my heart too plainly? Well, even so, I am glad I have given him the first start toward an honorable manhood. Remember him? Yes, Mrs. Tollman, I do remember John."

She had folded the letter and was dressing for the opera, when a visitor was announced.

"What a barbarous hour," she murmured, not looking at the card. "In a few moments, Jane."

She was robed in her fleecy dress of white lace, over pale blue silk, had clasped diamonds on throat and wrists, and in the little ears, when as she took the opera cloak from the maid's hands, she looked at the card—

"John Furber."

A great heart throb sent the blood over her brow and neck; then it faded, leaving only a soft tint upon the fair cheeks, and in the dark eyes a light of happiness harmonizing well with the smiling lips.

She looked like some visitant from another world in the radiance of her beauty, as she came across the wide drawing room to the window where she stood.

He had not heard her light step, but he turned when she was near, showing the stamp of his better life in his noble face.

He held out his hand looking earnestly into her face, and seeing she spoke only a happy truth as, taking it she said:

"I am glad to see you."

"Leonie," he said, "you gave me a hope, three years ago, that has borne me above temptation and suffering to a position where I am not ashamed to look any man in the face. Leonie, you bade me—

Blushing brightly, she took up the words as he paused—

"To be a man, John, for my sake."

"And I obeyed you, my love, my darling. I have come for my reward, Leonie, loving you with all my heart, daring now to ask for your love in return."

So, society had a ripple of sensation in a fashionable wedding, when John Furber married Miss Leonie Cameron.

But only you and I, reader, know the romance of that summer in S—— or how John Furber redeemed his manhood for Leonie's sake.

Mahseer Fishing in India.

Each country seems to have its own peculiar game fish more or less numerous. Northern Europe has the lordly salmon. The British Isles have in addition the gallant trout and vicious pike; this favored land can boast of salmon and trout, pickerel in place of pike and beyond these it claims sole proprietory of the noble bass and luscious shad.

Courage and activity in fish seem to be inversely as the temperature. The northern salmon fights a harder battle than his representative of warmer latitudes, and in the tropics the Lord of Indian rivers, the beauteous Mahseer, is a far poorer fighter than his weight in salmon or trout.

Those who love the music of the revolving reel will appreciate a brief sketch of a day's fishing on the Peach in the central prouinces of the East India peninsula. H., my brother and self had taken three days leave for fishing and shooting and were camped in true Anglo Indian luxury within quarter of a mile of the best known Mahseer reach on the twisting stream.

Long before the rising of the sun we had had our coffee, eggs and toast and gained the river bank just at a sharp bend where the stream tumbled some ten feet over jagged rocks into a narrow deep rocky channel through which it raced seethingly into the wide still reach beyond.

We tried every bait, every dodger every fly, and every nook but never a Mahseer above a pound did we catch, and very few of these. My brother gave up in dispair. I left my line in the water and went off to look for birds' nests, but old Hattuck to fishless labors like a stubborn old fellow that he was. The sun glared down on the black rocks and bathed his heating rays in the gushing fall and glanced deep down into the still water beyond, so partly for shelter and partly for curiosity I climbed into a wild fig-tree after a crested crane's nest. But let me describe the tackel and bait ordinarily used for Mahseer: Stout lissom rods, strong silk lines, and hooks of different sizes whipped on proved treble gut in order to resist the first wild rush. The bait may be varied. We usually took either ordinary dough, artificial fly, grasshopper, or chenna. The chenna is somewhat of the size, nature and shape of a pea, and is soaked, bored and strung on the hook, one grain being enough for a bait.

When this chenna has secured one Mahseer, the fish, hook and chenna are removed and replaced by another hook already baited. But let us return to the tree into which I had climbed for the crane's nest. In descending I kicked some ripe fruit into the water which was instantly agitated by a dozen monstrous fish who had been keeping cool *sub tegmine fagi*.

A wicked thought flashed through my brain, a large maggoty fly was detached and let drop. Gulp! it was taken into the stomache of a very whale among Mahseer. I said not a word, went for my rod and brought my "boy" back with me to the foot of the tree; leaving him concealed behind the trunk with strict orders to keep the reel clear and fast hold of the but. I climbed again into the tree with the hook end of the line, passing it clear under all the branches; a big fig, equally rotten, if not more so, than the last was detached and stuck on the treble hook, then dropped plump into the water Gulp! I scrambled down to the ground in a twinkling, but before I handled the but of my rod fifty yards of line had spun out from the reel; right across the stream went the fish. I had only sixty yards of line so I gave him the but; over a yard of gleaming silver flashed clear into the air and plunged back into the water to flash up again and again. Then off he dashed but luckily right back ten times faster than I could reel in, reaching the near bank and still finding the cruel barbs in his jaw he flashed out again and made another rush up stream.

By this time the boy had reached the "dug out" and had brought it down, so I got in and followed him right up to the narrows where old H. was standing in wild excitement. "Give him the butt little one" he shouted, "Give him the butt and keep him out of these rocks." His response to this "butt" was another throw up but it was a weak one. In several minutes from that time we coaxed him into a shallow nook and two niggers waded in behind and putting a net under him, landed the finest fish I ever saw caught. He weighed just a shade under forty-two pounds, and measured a shade over forty-two inches. H. and I took ninety-five pounds weight of fish out of that reach within two hours, using nothing but the ripe fruit of the *Ficus Amdiana*. H. taking one fellow that put down twenty-three pounds I need not describe the state of mind that my brother got into when he saw our "bag." The largest fish that I know of as having been caught in those waters weighed eighty-seven pounds, though the capture of a monster of one hundred and four pounds has is the far Northwest been recorded.—*The Field.*

Should Horses Wear Blinders.

This is still a mooted question among horsemen. The following from a foreign paper makes some good points on the negative side.

"We never could see what vice or deformity lay in a horse's eye, that should make necessary to cover it up and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of his rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward; but we never heard such a idiosyncrasy charged upon the horses. The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything behind him, we suspect to be fallacy, else saddle horses and war horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his own carriage as with his own tail, and, as far as his emotional fortitude is concerned, is no more disturbed at being pursued by one than by the other. As for other carecrows, that come behind, they are mostly so familiar to the animal that the more fully the horse can perceive them, the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cove up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. The horse has borne such a hand in the civilization of this rough-and-tumble world, that it seems not so much a cruelty as a discourtesy, as well as a disgrace to hide his form with embarrassing toggery. No wonder we estimate the force in the world as horse-power; no wonder the Romans and the Germans each in their own languages, designated their aristocracy as riders; no wonder their descendants made chivalry a synonym for their highest virtues. Let the horse be given his due, and unblinded. The check-rein is another nuisance in harness-wear which has almost entirely disappeared from England, the army having given it up by order of the commander-in-chief, Sir George Burgoyne.

Making up Fleeces.

The following from the *Michigan Farmer* will be found useful for those to know who have fleeces to make up. By observing these plain rules they will exactly meet the views of the wool buyers, very much to their own benefit:

"The wool buyers prefer to have the fleece loose, light to handle and elastic. In Ohio, the wools of which State are always quoted from two to three cents higher than Michigan wools of the same quality, the fleeces are rolled up, not packed, and tied across twice one way and once the other, and hence are loose, light and elastic. A Sackson buyer, well known, who buys large amounts of wool both in Michigan and Ohio every year, tells us he can afford to give two or three cents more per pound for the wools he buys in Ohio than those he purchases in this State, solely because of the difference in the tying up in the two States; as he can get more in the Eastern market for wools that are put up in Ohio than he can for the Michigan wools, and when, in fact, the Michigan wools are sometimes best in quality. The proper way, he says, is to lay the fleece on the table, turn in the head, tail and flanks, and roll it up, commencing at the tail end, tying it with two strings to keep the roll in place, and then with one string across the ends. This is sufficient. A fleece thus tied is light, easily handled and examined, and can be felt all through. It does not require a very thorough examination to determine whether there is anything in it that is not wool.

A very little girl said, "Mamma, do let me dress more plainly."

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," said she, "I read in the Bible, "The lord hateth a proud look," and you know fine clothes often make me feel proud.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.

The First Umbrella in London.

An old English record states that as early as the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out like sedan chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him, as a sort of a curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain For groups of men hustled him on the side-walks, and called him mad; women from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanaway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1779; for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.—*St. Nicholas for August.*

Queer Superstitions.

Bishop Miles, in a meeting yesterday, related a number of facts that had fallen under his own observation relative to the superstitious, idolatries, &c., which abound in the swamps and swampy regions of Mississippi and Alabama. He said many of the people firmly believed they saw God, talked with Him, and he with them, and saw the devil and hell likewise. They believed these things to such an extent that they would scoff at the idea that any man had been converted who had not seen God, who had not been "suspended by thread right over hell and seen its horrors." Another class worshipped a colored woman as god. They dressed her up and stood her in the church. When they confessed their sins they laid her down on the floor with a pillow under her head, and would then lie down by her and whisper in her ears. Another sect hold their pastor as a veritable shepherd. Their worship consisted of the shepherd calling "Sheep, sheep, sheep," and the people replying "Bah,