Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 21. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1269

*Business Cards.*

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly attended and punctually attended. v7n9

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 intrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business intrusted to him. Money advanced on collection. Jan. 1, '73.

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

JOHN C. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business intrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mantzel's Block, opposite the Mansion House. feb.18'73-1y

HENRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will Bump as a Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mantzel's Block. jan. 17-tf

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn's. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec6-72.

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. R. SHAFER.
COFFROTH & SHAFER, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business intrusted to their care will be specially and promptly attended to. Office opposite Main Cross street, opposite the Mansion House. (jan1.

DR. S. S. KIMMEL, will continue to practice in Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country, either at the old place, a few doors east of the Union House.

DR. H. BRUBAKER, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—Main street, one door west of the Mansion House.

DR. S. S. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in Gaumer'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 adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Main Cross St. Collections made, claims collected, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. v5n19

J. GLOE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Windber, Pa. Professional business intrusted to my care will receive prompt care and fidelity. may17'73.

DR. W. M. MARTIN,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
SOMERSET, PA.
Having several years' experience, is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth. Artificial teeth inserted on all the improved plans from one to an entire set. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed. apr14

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years of active practice in Shanksville, has 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 Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered. Jan. 13, '71-tf.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George B. Funkenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Funkenberg, 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 of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 20, '70.

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

S. S. GOOD,
*PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.*
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. may22

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Colflesh & Noff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. may27

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY,
DENTIST
*BALD CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.*
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality. Individuals and families, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing dentistry done by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. v4n25

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 pains nor expense to make this hotel 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 loaded with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tay was may at all times be found in the office.
may27 D. LAVAN.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the travelling public. Table and Rooms first class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. marl1.

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, upon the very reasonable terms, either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant the work. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SNIVELY.
April 8th, 1875.

HOMES FOR ALL.
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. Old men, or those of the feeble persuasion, need not apply. The properties will be for rent if not sold soon.
D. WEYAN

*Banks.*

JOHNSTOWN
SAVINGS BANK
120 CLINTON STREET.
CHARTERED IN 1870.

TRUSTEES;

| | |
|---|---|
| JAMES COOPER, | D. J. MORRELL, |
| DAVID DIBERT, | JAMES McMILLEN |
| C. B. ELLIS, | JAMES MORLEY, |
| A. J. HAWES, | LEWIS PLITT, |
| 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,
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.

Deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards received, and interest allowed on all sums, payable twice a year. Interest if not drawn out, is added to the principal (thus COMPOUNDING TWICE A YEAR, without troubling the depositor to call or even to present his Deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank certain notice by letter.

Married Women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it can be drawn only by themselves or on their order. Money can be deposited for children, or by societies, or at trust funds, Subject to certain conditions.

Loans Secured by Real Estate.

Copies of the By-Laws, reports, rules of deposit, and special act of Legislature, relative to deposits of married women and minors, can be obtained at the Bank.

Banking hours daily from 9 to 3 o'clock; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 o'clock. april 22.

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
NO. 266 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Henry Schaible's Brick Building.
A General Banking Business Transacted.
Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust.
april 16-73.

Ursina Lime Kilns.
The undersigned are prepared to furnish
Prime Building Lime
By the Car Load.
Orders Respectfully Solicited.
R. J. BATZER & CO.
Ursina, June 18.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS.
JOHN DIBERT & CO.,
BANKERS
CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits.
Savings Deposit Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired.
A General Banking Business Transacted. Feb. 10.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for book (97th edition) containing lists of 2,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. jan13

A FREE EXHIBITION
Of the celebrated "Remington" Sewing Machine (during the Pittsburgh Exposition.) It was in connect for the man who improved the Singer. It ran away with sugt and heavy running, and is the most perfect and best ever invented. For the next thirty days we offer extra inducements to persons living where no agency has been established. Send for circulars. Agents wanted.
CARSON BROS.,
oct13 No. 20 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Watches! Watches! Watches!
AT
E. P. ROBERTS & SONS,
No. 16 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh.
Gents' Gold and Silver American Watches, Ladies' Gold Watches, prices very low; Jewelry, Chains, Silver and plated Ware, Spectacles, Cutlery, Clocks and Optical Goods.
N. B. We have the largest stock of Watches in the city, and offer them at the very lowest prices. Send for price list of Watches, or call and select on when in the city. No trouble to show you goods and give you prices.

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people of both sexes, young and old, make more money at work for us, in their own localities, during their spare moments, or all the time, than anything else. We offer employment that will pay handsomely for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms, &c., sent free. Send us your address at once. Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for work or business elsewhere until you have learned what we offer. G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. jan13

FARM FOR SALE.
Elias Snyberger offers his fine farm, situate two miles Northeast of Schellsburg, Bedford county, Pa., at private sale. The farm contains 194 acres, all under fence and well watered, part of it being in a good state of cultivation and the remainder well timbered. There are three apple orchards and a number of peach and cherry trees on the premises. Public road passes by house and barn. Churches, stores, school house and mill are convenient. This farm is located but three miles from the Railroad. For further information call on
ROBERT B. SMITH,
oct13 Shanksville, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John Ware, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of the deceased, on Saturday, November 13, 1875.
JOHN C. REITZ,
ete Executor.

*Miscellaneous.*

APPLETONS'
AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA
NEW REVISED EDITION.
Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousands 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 imposed the editors and publishers the duty of a careful and thorough revision, and to render a new edition of the AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, whose 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 movement in science, and the rise, progress and application of the mechanical and useful arts, and the corresponding and commensurate growth and development of the nation, have been of such unprecedented character as to form a new epoch in the history of the world. The last decade has witnessed the greatest changes of peculiar moment. A civil war of vast magnitude, which was at its origin, within the last volume of the old work, appeared, has happily been closed, and a new country to commercial and industrial activity has been established.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the adventurous explorers of Africa.

And great political revolutions of the last decade, which are unequaled in the history of the world, have occurred in Europe, Asia, and America. Science, in all its departments, has been prosecuted with unwonted ardor, and has been productive of results which are to form epochs in the history of the human race. Many of these discoveries, or rather the practical results of them, have been important, sometimes revolutionizing whole departments of industry, and always adding to the comfort, the wealth, and the power of nations. Invention in the mechanical arts, as well as in the fine arts, has been active, and has been productive of results of the highest importance to the material prosperity, the comfort, and the refinement of mankind. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, mining, and all the departments of industry, have been the fruitful fields in which these inventions have found their application, and have been productive of results of the highest importance to the material prosperity, the comfort, and the refinement of mankind.

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Specimen pages of the American Cyclopædia, showing type, illustrations, etc., will be sent gratis on application.

Five dollars canvassing agents wanted.

Address J. H. WILLIAMSON,
Agent, No. 194 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
dec2

WEDDELL & HOLMES,
General Commission Merchants,
FLOUR, GRAIN, and COUNTRY PRODUCE in General, sold on Commission at highest market prices, and promptly reported to shippers.
Warehouse, No. 34 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Correspondence Solicited.
May 19.

New Firm.
SHOE STORE,
SNYDER & UHL
Having purchased the Shoe
Store lately owned by
H. C. Beerits,
We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand as complete an ment of
Boots, Shoes
and Gaiters
BOTH OF
Eastern and Home Manufacture
as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of
SOLE LEATHER,
MOROCCO,
CALF SKINS,
KIPS,
AND LINING SKINS
Of all kinds, with a full line of
Shoe Findings.
The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of
N. B. Snyder, Esq.
Whose reputation for making
Good Work and Good Fits
is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best, and sell at prices as low as the lowest.
SNYDER & UHL.

## GRANDFATHER'S COMFORT.

"You are old, Grandfather," the young man said,
"And your locks, that are left, are not gray:
You look fresh, Grandfather, a hearty old man—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," the old man replied,
"I remembered that age would fly fast:
And almost not my vigor or health in the least,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Grandfather," the young man said,
"And pleasures with youth pass away:
And yet, you regret not the days that are gone—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," the old man replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last:
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
"That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Grandfather," the young man said,
"And life must be hastening away:
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death—
"Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, indeed," the old man replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God;
And He has not left me in age."

## THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was the evening before thanksgiving.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the bitter cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold winter shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the wagon is cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels.

She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horses, and asked her whither she was going.

"To the city," answered the child.

"To the city!" cried the man. "Why, you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."

"Will you take me?" she asked, not eagerly, but like one accustomed to refusals.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up.

"Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo robe, "what's your name?"

"Mary—only Mary" she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man, softly, more to himself that to the child, "I wish it hadn't been that."

"Why there's lots of Mary's," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I ain't crying," said the child, smiling, "because I'm in trouble, but 'cause I'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping his horse, and drawing from under the buffalo robe a can of hot coffe. "That hasn't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that, and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drank it all. She did not say, I have tasted nothing before today. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?

The man replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said: "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the child; "'cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."

"Don't you care anything for me!" cried the man, pathetically; "here's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I didn't know you were a turkey-man," she said, gently.

"Yes, I am a 'turkey-man,' and I think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they are high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly.

She hung down her head, started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for a while in silence. The hot coffe had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stoped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are a little more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."

"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply, "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I won't have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was a little baby. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it: "Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she didn't spise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said he, watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mourafully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, an when I come back Sally ran away from me an' I couldn't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said, camly. "If Granny has run away from me, I haven't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were the garlands more green, never applies more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey-man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I can go, little one," he said, as he lifted her out and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands

"Poor little thing!" he mattered; "I wish they hadn't named her Mary;" and he entered the market.

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on on his arm. "Stand back a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow traveler!

"That's a sharp youngster!" hall laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey-man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but, without looking up, the child knew who it was the only friend she had.

"I couldn't do it! Oh, I couldn't!" she sobbed. "But I'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

* * * * *

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels; John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey-man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo-robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don' say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale pace.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly: "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for, had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words, the woman—good, practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I didn't know he was a kind man then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where Granny is—I'm sorry I threw the stones—but they wasn't big." The little head fell lower; the pale lids closed; the little hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in sleep: "I didn't know he was a kind man."—*St. Nicholas.*

## The American Chipmunk

With the first sweet blossoms of the Epigæa, and long before the foremost warbler greets his old timed home with gleesome songs, our little chipmunk, or ground squirrel here, has roused himself from his long winter's nap, and, sniffing the south wind, as it whirls the dead leaves about, scampers to and fro while the sun shines, and dives into his winter quarters, it may be for a whole week, if the north wind whispers to the tall beach trees. But the blustering days of March give way in due time to showery April, and then, with more courage, "chip" faces the music of the winds, blow they from whatever quarter, and darting along the top rail of our zigzag fences, chatters, scolds, and calls at and to his equally noisy companions. They know full well that they have the summer before them, and while determined to enjoy it, begin early and in good earnest to make arrangements for it-coming duties. We watched several pairs of them from March to November, during the last year, (1874) and our sketch is based on numerous notes made at different times.

Until the weather became fairly settled, and really spring like in temperature, these little chipmunks did not frequently show themselves, and then only in the middle of the day. The occurrence of a cold storm they appeared to foretell by twenty-four hours, and resumed their hibernating sleep, becoming lethargic, and very difficult to restore to consciousness. A pair that we dug out in March, having two days before re-entered their winter quarters and become again torpid, were apparently lifeless when first taken up in the hands, and not until after several hours' warming did they become lively and altogether themselves again. This seemed to us the more curious in that they can respond to a favorable change in the weather in a short time, even when the thermometric change is really but a few degrees.

On the 3d of May a pair made their appearance in the yard of our residence, and took up their abode in a stone wall having a southern outlook, and on the edge of a steep descent of seventy feet; which hillside is thickly wooded, and harbors scores of these little chipmunks, or "ground squirrels," as they are more commonly called. From the fact of these little animals living wholly underground, and it being stated that their underground homes were quite elaborate in structure, we determined to wait until the pair in our yard had completed their excavations in and under the stone wall and arranged their nest, which time we judged by their actions, and then seeking out the home of another couple, which was readily accessible, we undertook to expose the nest and its approaches. This we did on May 29th. The nest contained five young, not more than forty-eight hours old. The two entrances were at the foot of a large beach tree standing about six feet from the brow of the hill. The grass alone grew about the tree, and the holes on the surface of the ground were very conspicuous. No attempt at concealment had been made; but this was evidently because there is here almost a total absence of their particular enemies. Animals soon learn this fact, and their homes and habits vary with the knowledge.—From the right hand entrance to the nest was an intervening space of nine feet traversed by a cylindrical passage somewhat serpentine in its course, which made the distance really about twelve feet. The nest itself was oval, about twenty inches in length and ten inches in height. It was lined with very fine grass. We had hoped to find several passages leading from the nest, and two or more "extra" nests, or magazines for storing away food, but no trace of them was to be found.

On the 23d of June, six young chipmunks made their appearance about the stone-wall in the yard, and to these, with their parents, we will now confine our attention. It puzzles us now when this company of eight chipmunks took any rest. Very frequently during the summer we were astir at sunrise, but the chipmunks were already on the go, and throughout July they appeared to do little but play; which sporting by-the-way, is very animated. They seem to be playing at what children know as "tag," i. e., they chase each other to and fro, and try not simply to touch, we should judge, but to bite each others tail. The way in which they scamper along the tapering points of a paling fence is simply astonishing; but however mad may be their galloping let a hawk come near, and in a moment every one is motionless. If on a fence, they simply squat wherever they may be at the time, and trust to remaining unnoticed. If on the ground, and not too far from their burrows, which is not often the case, they will dart to their nests with an incredible celerity, going, we believe, the whole length of their passage-way to the nest, turning about, and retracing their steps to the entrance from which they will peer out, and, when the danger is over, reappear and recommence their sports. These little animals play merely for play's sake, and have no more important object in view than amusement. Indeed, so far as we have studied animal life, this indulgence in play, just as children play, and for the same reasons, is common to all animals. We have often seen most animated movements on the part of fishes that could be referred only to play.

That some work was accomplished during July by our eight chipmunks, we have no doubt, as early in August we dug out a nest beneath an oak, on the hillside, and we found, besides the nest proper, two nest like cavities, and in one of which—that most distant from the nest—was about a quart of yellow corn (maize.) We judge, therefore, that these "magazines" were dug out by the chipmunks late in the summer, and similar ones, no doubt, were excavated by the chipmunks in the stonewall. What they did with the dirt we cannot guess. Certainly not a particle of it could be found about their nests' entrances:

About August 15th they commenced to work in real earnest. Instead of playful, careless creatures that lived from hand to mouth, they became very sober and busy indeed. Instead of keeping comparatively near home, they wandered to quite a distance, for them, and, filling both cheek-pouches full of corn, chincapins, (dwarf chestnuts,) and small acorns, home they would hurry looking in the face, like children with the mumps. This storing away of food was continued until the first heavy white frosts, when the chipmunks, as a member of Congress once said, went "into a state of retiracy."

The food gathered, we believe, is consumed in part, on their going into winter-quarters, they spending some time in their retreats before commencing their hibernating sleep. This belief, on our part, is based on the result of digging out a third nest on the 3d of November. The last time we noted down seeing a chipmunk belonging to a certain nest was October 22d. Twelve days after we very carefully closed the three passages that led to the nest, and dug down. We found four chipmunks very cozily fixed for winter, in a roomy nest, and all of them thoroughly wide awake. Their store of provisions was wholly chestnuts and acorns, and the shells of these nuts all pushed into one of the passages, so that there should be no litter mingled with the soft hay that lined the nest. How long this underground life lasts before hibernation really commences, it is difficult to determine; but as this torpid state does not continue until their food-supply is again obtainable out-of-doors, the chipmunks, no doubt, store away sufficient for their needs throughout the early spring, and perhaps until berries are ripe.—*Dr. Charles . Abbott.*

## The Cow Hunters.

The Iowa *State Register* has the following story: Two young gentlemen of Polk City, on a pleasant afternoon a few days since, had sallied forth in search of some cows and found themselves upon a bank of the Des Moines, while the objects of their pursuit were quietly grazing upon the other side. The youths soon divested themselves of clothing, and breasting the rippling waters, swam to the other side, whereupon the cows, alarmed at the sight of these original Adams, fled into the bush. the Polk City gentlemen followed in hot pursuit, and soon came all unwarned upon a picnic party of young ladies who, of course were greatly terrified by the sight of these strange animals, similar to nothing they had ever seen before. The young Adams rapidly withdrew, stopping not to apologize or explain. They now determined to abandon the search and resume their store of clothes as soon as possible. With that end in view, they began to retrace their steps toward the river and had accomplished about half the distance when they were attacked by a ferocious bulldog and compelled to betake themselves to the top of a fence for refuge. In this position they attracked the attention of two old maids living in an adjoining house. The ancient damsels appeared upon the porch, and were soon lost in, an animated discussion as to the nature of the singular creatures perched upon the fence. The young Adams contracted themselves to the smallest dimensions, and waited for something to turn up or the dog to leave. The latter event—the departure of the dog—occurred about dusk, and the youths, who were by this time considerably chilled, started for the river in search of their clothes. But by this time the shades of night had fallen to such an extent that they were unable to find the place where they had disrobed. Naught could be done, naught could be said, but do their best to get home to bed. In about an hour they found themselves on the outskirts of Polk City somewhat the worse for scratches, stumped toes, and frosty weather. They started cautiously down back alleys, and after cutting their feet on broken bottles and old barrel hoops; after being chased by small dogs, and terribly frightening an old lady who was feeding her cow in the alley, after these and other disasters they found themselves in the back yard of one of the twain, ensconced behind a store box. Here they called lustily for help, and the kitchen door being opend, one of them, with his head elevated above the box, explained the situation and asked plaintively for clothing. The request was complied with, and these two youths now fully appreciate the Biblical words, "I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me."

## An Anecdote of Ralston.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows:

There is a legitimate enterprise afloat in this State that is not directly or indirectly indebted to W. C. Ralston for its existence; and so on down to the smallest business. As an instance, when the question of locks for the Palace Hotel was under discussion, one day a very plain, common looking man presented himself and asked if he was addressing Mr. Ralston, and, being answered in the affirmative, said:

"'I hear you want locks for the hotel. I am a locksmith, and can make them for you.'

"Mr. Ralston, looking up, said in a quick, sharp way:

"'I want 4,000 locks, no two alike, no one key to open another lock, and three extra keys for each lock—16,000 in all—and I want them in three months.'

"All right; I can do the job.'

"'Have you any means to carry out the contract?'

"'Not a cent.'

"'Then how do you expect to be able to take it?'

"'I expect you to lend me the money.'

"Mr. Ralston looked at the man, gave him one searching glance, and, seeing in him the right stuff, said:

"'All right; I'll do it. Come here to-morrow morning, sign the contract, and get the money.'

"Mr. Ralston seldom mistook his man, and he always liked the man best who, if he differed with him, stood up stoutly and maintained his opinion. He hated sycophants and people that always agreed with him from motives of policy. That man carried out his contract to the letter."

## Farmers and Rheumatism.

Why are farmers so liable to rheumatism?

Answer:—Because they wear wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the body, over-heat after very hard work, and because they do not keep the skin in a vigorous, clean and healthy condition. If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet feet, and if they would not over-heat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism. The same rule applies to others than farmers. The Turkish bath is the best remedy for rheumatism.—*Science of Health.*

Gathering autumn leaves was formerly a fashionable amusement, but since the irruption of the pinch-back dress the gathering has been confined to boys.

## Texas Courtship

He sat on one side of the room in a big white oak rocking chair. She sat on the other side in a little white oak rocking chair. A long eared deerhound, snapping at flies by his side; a basket of sewing by hers.—Both rocked incessantly, that is the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily and looks out the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that, if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

"What is he good fur?"

"What is who good fur?" said she abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."

"For ketchin' possums."

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed and getin' old and slow now. And he ain't no count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharron." She was very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts and frequently walked 15 miles to get a new pattern, with a "real purty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs are so close together that rocking is impossible.

"The minks has eat all ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes.

"Makin' Quilts?"

"Yes," she replied, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sitting Sun, and a 'Nation's pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary?'"

"No."

More silence; then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour of sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I'se a great a-mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then, now, I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week.

No cards.

## Mulching Material.

Almost all kinds of vegetation in dry atmospher will show a vast improvement if properly mulched. An indiscriminate application of any one kind of material to all sorts of plants is a decided damage on the average.

It must be remembered in all kinds of mulching that the atmosphere must not be excluded from the surface of the soil. Around trees the surface may be heavy, like old well-rotted manure, with a little long straw mixed in. Bushes, as their size decrease, should have lighter material, say such manure as comes from the stable about half-rotten, and from time to time should be forked up around the plant to prevent it from packing, which would induce mouldiness. Plants growing low like strawberries, and some half-hardy perennial flowering plants, must be not only mulched with a light material, but it must be very carefully watched through both summer and winter or the rain and snow will cause it to pack, and thus smother the plants. Mulching for winter protection is often done so heavily as to kill the plants; and this may occur by using too much of a light material, or so little of a heavy one that the latter packs down away from the crown of the plant, thus leaving it exposed.

Plants which need winter mulching only need to be protected from the constant thawing at noon and freezing at night, therefore the material should be light.

For trees, shrubs and plants which are high enough to stand up through the mulch, long strawy manure is the best, for low plants, likely to be buried easily long coarse straw or heavy stemmed weeds are suitable, and for strawberries very light straw must be used. For mulch to protect the fruit from dirt, tanners' bark, cut straw, sawdust, or pine needles are suitable.

## Some Advice.

"Is this John Babcock?" asked his honor of the Detroit police court.

"Of course it is," replied the short haired prisoner in a voice which seemed to come from his boots.

"And the charge is drunkenness, Mr. Babcock."

"What do I care about the charge," growled the loafer.

"Are you talking to me?" inquired the court, his eyes opening like a steel trap.

"Who are you?" growled the man, thrusting his dirty hands into his pockets.

"My fellow-mortal," said his honor, as he rose up, "I think six months in the house of correction will help your case! That's the sentence, and before you