An Anecdote of Sedgwick.

BY LIEUT. J. DARK CHANDLER.

Among the many distinguished commanders who gave vitality to the Union forces during the war against the rebellion there were none braver, more competent or better beloved by their men than Major General John Sedgwick. A soldier in his soul, thoroughly the officer and gentleman, whether upon the field or by the fireside, he won men's hearts by the innate nobleness of his own. He was a man of most kindly impulses and possessed a fund of rich humor that not unfrequently bubbled over and sometimes when least expected, gave pungency to reproof in a way that never failed to be remembered. An incident to the point came under the knowledge of the writer in the summer of 1873, when the Sixth Borps, under command of General Sedgwick, was moving down London Valley, Virginia, to reach Warrenton.

There was a standing order, strictly enforced, against trotting the Quarter-master's train mules, but on one particular day, in the temporary absence of Colonel Tolles, Chief Quarter master of the corps, the General called Lieutenant———, of the 23 P. V., the acting assistant, and said:

"Lieutenant, you have charge of the corps train to-day, I believe."

"Yes sir."

"Well, there is an order, as you know, against trotting the mules, but to day I think you may have to disregard it a little. It is very essential that you should keep out of the way of the troops, and you must keep your train closed up constantly, even if you trot a little; but be as merciful to the beasts as you can."

"I will look to it, General;" and the train officer departed to spread the injunction through the park.

The day's march was a hard one, lasting well into the dusky shade of evening. Just when it was too dark to see, orders were received to park the train across a small stream near Uniontown, Faquier county. The Lieutenant saw the head of his train in park and rode back to the bridge over the stream to hurry up the laggards. As each wagon master would come up he would remark:

"Hurry up your mules, there; we're just going into park."

This state of things went on for some time, until the Lieutenant, growing impatient at a particularly wide break, yelled out;

"Trot up those mules there!"

"Walk those mules!" said a grave quiet voice from out the darkness on the opposite side of the road.

"Never mind those mules." replied the Lieutenant tartly, and there was silence for a few moments, except the noise of the train, which toiled on until another break showed itself and brought the command:

"Hurry up these mules."

"Walk those mules," said the voice out of the darkness.

"Don't bother yourself about those mules, over there, if you don't want to get into trouble;" shouted the exasperated train officer. Then another hiatus occurred and he yelled desperately:

"Light out with those mules!"

"Walk those mules," said the cool, monotonous voice from the shade.

This was by several degrees more than the temper of the much tried Lieutenant could stand, and he ripped out—

"Look here; by heavens! I don't know who you are, and I don't care a cuss, but I want you to understand that I'm Lieutenant———, Acting Assistant Quartermaster of the Sixth Army Corps. My orders are from Major General Sedgwick, and if I don't punch your head."

"Ah yes, Lieutenant," the voice responded. "My name is John Sedgwick, by courtesy called General, and my orders are from the President of the United States; and if you don't walk those mules I'm d—d if I don't put you under arrest!"

"Walk those mules!" yelled the Lieutenant as he disappeared in the darkness down the road, followed by the hilarious shouts of Tolles, McMahon, Pratt Van Ness, and other jolly members of the staff, who, with the General had been resting themselves in the dusk by the wayside.

The Dutchman's Sign.

A fat-looking, bald-headed, lobster-colored German in shirt-sleeves, appeared in the hall-way of a Chicago bathing establishment, addressing a loosejointed individual, with wet, stringy hair.

"Hold on abound von minud?" called out the first described party. "You dond schlide out uv dese place undil you bay for dat bat."

"Pay for that bath?" exclaimed the other in apparent astonishment. "Who said anything about payin?"

"I said somedings about dot!"

"You did!"

"Ya; I say you must bay far dat bat."

"You said it wouldn't cost nothin," sed the wet haired man.

"Nodding?" echoed the bath keeper. "I dond say no such ding."

"What's that readin' on your sign then?" said the disputant.

"Dot sign reats: Turkish bats sulfur bats, vabor bats," und sponge bats," replied the man with the lobster complexion.

"Well, said the other, as he moved away "that last's it. Bein's a didn't have any money I took a sponge bath!"

The Teuton fell to studying his sign, while his patron meandered toward the City Hall: but when at last he looked up, he soliloquised: "Dot sponge comes down."

Why are There so Many Bald-Headed Men?

Why so many bald-headed men, and so few bald women? Why is it that they shine like billiard balls? Why this spectacle of bald-headed barbers rubbing the dry tops of bald-headed men recommending invigorators warranted to produce bushy locks in less than a fortnight, while bald-headed spectators and middle-aged men with wigs look on with derisive smiles; though all the while their wives and daughters throng the streets covered with crowns of beauty, and charming actresses toss their blond tresses in luxurious profusion on the stages of our theatres? Our male population will no doubt take a serene satisfaction in saying that it is because men have more to worry them than women, and have the trouble of contriving how to support their wives and daughters. Probably, however, this is not the reason. Women of course have finer and longer hair than men, but men destroy their hair by making ovens of their heads under their hats, and thus heat their craniums until the hair dies for want of air. Men should either take off their hats oftener or ventilate them better.

How Relics are Obtained in Maysville.

The Anthropological and Archæological Institute, of Maysville, Ky., although in the third year of its usefulness, boasts of a membership of only one person, but that individual himself happens to be an antique of the first water, and amply capable of keeping its tone up to a respectable standard. Notwithstanding he has been for several years meandering down the shady slope of sixty, he is as energetic and enthusiastic in his researches into the mystery of the forgotten as if he were in the freshness of his first life.

A Maysville correspondent of the *Courier Journal*, tells how this old relic hunter obtains specimens. One day a small boy brought him a finely-shaped arrow head, eight inches in length.

"The Gracious Peter! The Good Lord! Geewhillikies!" he ejaculated, as he caught sight of the magnificent specimen, but, recovering his presence of mind in an instant, he eyed the boy sternly.

"And what do you mean, you impertinent young scoundrel, by bringing me such a rock as that?"

The boy replied in a trembling tone, that "he thought it was an arrow head, and he heard he bought such things."

"You did, eh—and you supposed I'd buy such a thing as that, did you? Why, its nothing but quartz."

The boy said with a whimper, "he was sorry, but he didn't mean no offense."

"Lemme see it again," said the old gentleman. "The gracious Pe—, why, it ain't even quartz."

The boy began crying, and digging his dirty knuckles into his eyes, whined out, "he had made a big mistake, and was awful sorry for it, but he would know better next time."

"Lemme look at it again. The good L——, why it is nothing but an old piece of limestone. Do you think I'm one of Bill Baldwin's turnpike roads? Hey?"

The boy commenced to beg, and said "if the old gentleman would only let him off this time, he would go and throw it in the river."

"Lemme look at it once more. The Geewhillikes! Why, it ain't even limestone—you miserable young—"

The boy gave a yell of terror, and, darting out of the door, sped up the street as fast as his legs would carry him

The door was quickly closed, and the old gentleman began to dance the can-can in a wildly excited manner. He went at it vigorously, up the side and down the middle, until, fairly exhausted by his efforts, he stood on his head, and executing a tremolo in an artistic style with his left leg, he got up, and, brushing the dust off his clothes, he started up street.

An hour or two afterwards he might have been seen at Ratterman's drug store, opening a box carefully, taking out half a pound of raw cotton, and exhibiting to a medical friend a magnificent variegated flint arrow head, with the remark that "he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that flint, as a little boy, one of his especial favorites, had given it to remember him by."

I mention these little incidents merely to show the appreciation in which he holds the relics he is daily gathering about him, by gift, by purchase and by personal explorations of the prehistoric places in this and neighboring counties.

Snatching a Bride.

Dick Hargis came down yesterday from Chattanooga with a romantic story of an elopement which occurred on the Atlanta and Chattanooga road the day before. At the little station called Atlanta, on that road, an old man, his wife, and four daughters were waiting the arrival of the train, as they were emigrating to Texas. When the train rolled up all the girls got aboard but one. She had all along exhibited an indifference if not downright aversion to going off, and at the supreme moment refused to get aboard.

The old man took her by one arm and her mother by the other, and were forcing her to get on. At this juncture a young man who had been loitering around the station ever since the party had arrived came up and remarked to the parents that he had a "say so" in the matter and demanded her release. The old man recognized him at once as the girl's lover, who he had kicked down the steps a few weeks before for visiting her. Releasing his daughter's arm, he planted a healthy old blow just between the young man's eyes, which sent him sprawling some distance.

The old lady, seeing the situation of affairs, also released her hold on the young lady and lit onto that young man pretty much after the style a hen with a brood would go for a lame hawk thrown into their midst. She sat upon him and clawed him and pulled his ears, and pulled his hair, and gouged his eyes, and screeched and tore up considerably before the stunned youth could extricate himself.

In the meantime, the girl had taken advantage of her freedom, and was seen running like a deer through the woods. As soon as the lover got upon his feet, he made tracks in the same direction, and the two were soon lost to view. The little episode created intense enthusiasm among the train hands, all of whom, of course, sympathized with the young couple and set up a clapping of hands when they saw them safely out of the angry parents reach. Then the train moved off with the rest of the family, who were terribly excited and crying. But the girl's trunk was aboard, and that was some consolation to the exasperated father.

Small Farms.

Small farms make near neighbors; make good roads; they make good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less wages have to be paid for help; less time is wanted; more is raised to the acre; besides, it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired help; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all the time. There is not so much fear of a drought of weather, or a frost, or small prices. There's not so much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to read, to improve their minds. A small horse is soon curried—and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season. Give us small farms for comfort; aye, give us small farms for profit.

HAPPINESS is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

A Wrestling Match

THE GAMES OF THE ANCIENTS REVISED —A LONG PULL.

When we read of the wrestling matches of ancient Roman times, we can scarcely believe that in this nineteenth century they are revived again in all their glory. Yet such is the case.

Andre Christol and William Miller wrestled on the stage of the New York Grand Opera House, after the fashion called Greco-Roman. The athletes, bared to the waist, went at each other with heads lowered, like wild beasts wearily beginning an encounter, and grappled each other firmly around the shoulders, their hands striking the flesh with spiteful slaps. An instant later they were sprawling on their knees, still interlocked with their straining arms. Then they got back to their feet, without relinquishing their holds, and fought like boxers for advantageous grips. Suddenly Miller loosed his arms, and forced Christol to the floor, the head of the Frenchman striking with a thud. Christol nimbly regained a standing posture, and the contest was renewed vigorously. The athletes wrenched, pulled, writhed and incidentally got into postures worthy of picturing, throughout a long and hard struggle. The violence of the exertion soon brought out sweat profusely, and their muscular, reddened bodies shone in the strong glare of foot-lights. Their wet skins become so slipery that a grip could not be retained, clasped hands or interlaced fingers not being allowed, and they were compelled to stop and be dried with towels. This sort of work was kept up for over three hours in the presence of some four thousand spectators. A report says:

The referee's call for the second round was made at half past eleven o'clock, and enthusiastic applause greeted the reappearance of the men. Christol had lost none of the vivacity of his manner, and bowed like a circus performer. Miller seemed to be in much the worse condition. The skin of each arm had been broken by the rough usage, and the blood had oozed out, leaving red marks on the inflamed surface. The round began and continued in a lively manner. Miller abandoned his inert scheme and exerted himself aggressively. It was an unremitting tussle, now with the wrestlers grappled face to face, now wriggling on the floor, and now flinging each other down to the floor, with furious force. Christol clung again to Miller's neck, bending him down with all his strength, and as often was rudely forced off by violent effort Their breathing was so labored that it could be heard in the furthest part of the theater in the short spells of silence, and the referee and judges bent over them to watch for the result. It came in the defeat of Christol, who, writhe how he would, could not keep his shoulders above the floor. The round lasted only three minutes, and left a fall apiece.

The third round was contested for two hours, and ended in a draw at two o'clock. Both men were utterly exhausted and unable to proceed.

Life in Portugal.

In Portugal they have a singular yet beautiful practice which is called improvisatory singing. The singer who begins, goes on plying the other with verses, to which the second has to find rhymed answers; when he hesitates or stops, the bout is concluded, the parts reversed, and the improvisation recommences. It must not be supposed that this feat is quite so difficult as it might appear. The verses are half sung, half recited, in a peculiar, slow, drawling tone, and plenty of time is given to find a rhyme in a language like the Portuguese, which is very full of them. Moreover, practice makes perfect, and this alternate verse singing is to be heard all day atoong the fields and hillsides of the Mino. The shepherd lad, keeping his flock on the hill, will serenade his friend across the valley, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. A girl cutting grass will shout out her remarks to her lover, two fields from her, and these two will go on singing to each other the livelong day, like cicadas in the sunshine. I have heard a man, when no companion was at hand, actually whistle each second verse in a higher key, to represent, I presume, the sweet strains of some absent mistress. This alternate song is not common except in the northern province of the Minho—the most populous, the most fertile, and the most beautiful province in the kingdom. In the mountainous district of Beira the singing is of quite a different character; and in the poverty-stricken provinces of the south there is neither singing nor cause for singing I am not disposed to construct a theory to account for this most curious custom; but a man given to theorize might easily build up a very plausible one. It is difficult to convey an accurate impression of the actual song, so utterly unlike any kind of vocal music in use among civilized or uncivilized men. The tone is a peculiar nasal drawl, audible very far off, and, it must be admitted, very much improved by distance. The verse is metrical in a high degree, and often takes the form of a rough hexameter.

The Green of the Waves.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave appears unbroken no color appears, but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metalic in its brilliancy but the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the waves producing as it does a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light and materially enhances its beauty. — *Tyndall's Lectures.*

The alarming growth of nervous diseases and of affections of the spine and base of the brain is indicated by the number of deaths from this cause; especially among our public men. The instances of Senators Sumner and Ferry and Vice President Wilson are among the most recent.

"Was not her death quite sudden?" said a condoling friend to a bereaved widower. "Well, yes, rather, for her."

A very unsatisfactory sort of bread —the roll of fame.

The Financier.

He didn't look like a man who had been turning financial problems over and over in his mind for fifty years; but yet, can't always correctly judge a man by his looks.

He walked up and down the depot platform for a time, and then suddenly rushing at an old man who was leaning against the wall and half asleep he exclaimed:

"What about inflation?"

"Why! ha, ah! I thought you were going to strike me!" replied the old man as he straightened up.

"Shall we inflate the currency?" demanded the financier in earnest tones.

"You may for all I care!" bluntly replied the old man; "all I want is to get my baggage aboard the Montreal train all right."

"Or, shall we contract the currency?" asked the financier, backing up to the stove.

"I don't care a damn what you do with it, so that I strike that train!" growled the old man, as he leaned back against the wall.

"This question of finance is one of the greatest in the world," continued the financier, "and I demand that you exhibit an interest in it."

"I'll be switched if I will!" growled the old man, his eyes half shut.

"This bit of green paper," continued the financier, "taking a dollar bill from his vest pocket, 'is supposed to represent one hundred cents. Answer me if it does?"

"Oh, lemme alone!" growled the old man, his head nodding and his eyes shut.

"If I owe you one dollar I can pay you off with this bit of paper; but would I be paying you eighty, ninety, or one hundred cents?"

"You——don't——owe——me——anything!" sighed the old man, now almost dreaming.

"Gold is money and greenbacks are money," continued the stranger; "but if you have gold you would not exchange it for my greenbacks. And yet why not?"

The old man was now asleep, and didn't hear.

"And yet why not?" asked the financier once again.

The old man's eyes never opened.

"And yet why not?"

The old man snored a half snore.

"And yet why not!" exclaimed the financier, giving the sleeping man a gentle kick on the shin

"Whoa! damit to thunder! who did that?" yelled the old man as he leaped up.

"And yet why not?" cooly inquired the financier.

"Why not what?"

"If we inflate the currency, that is, increase it, if we add millions of paper dollars to the millions already afloat, what must be the effect?"

"I'll effect you if you kick me again!" roared the old man, now thoroughly aroused.

"On the other hand," cooly continued the financier, "if we contract the currency, diminish the amount afloat, what result will follow?"

"What do I care? What are you talking finance to me for? I believe you are a pickpocket, and I'll knock your head off if you don't clear out!"

"Something must be done, but what shall we do?" continued the financier in earnest tones. "The Government says that this bit of paper is a dollar; yet it is only 88, 90, or 92 cents when brought in contact with a gold dollar. Is it because of—?"

"Lemme alone, I say!" shouted the old man. "What in Texas do I care about your financial talk!"

"The Government says that this dollar bill is one dollar," said the financier, "and yet it refuses to give me a dollar in gold for it. Why?"

"That's why!" ejaculated the old man, as he struck a straight blow from the shoulder.

"We must either contract or expand," replied the financier, as he took the old man by the throat and backed him against the wall; "we must know that our money is worthless or worth one hundred cents on the dollar?"

"Let go of me! There—ha!—ugh!"

And the old man kicked like a mule.

"And until that period arrives," replied the financier, crowding the old man into a corner and jamming him hard, "no capitalist will feel like withdrawing his money from the banks and risking it in even legitimate speculation"

"Help! Police!" called the old man.

"Let Congress settle this question," the financier was saying, when an officer collared him and walked him away. As he passed out of the depot he went on:

"Whether we are to have hard money or inflation, and confidence will be at once restored and—"

But he had turned the corner.

"Hang my buttons! said the old man as he wiped his face; "what do I know about conflation or distraction, and what'll the ole woman say when she sees me all pounded up this way?"

Amusements.

Here is a new way of spending the long winter evenings, when home amusement of some kind is in demand:

After you've all read the papers and are tired of talking seriously, try "blowing cotton for a little fun. Let as many as may sit around a table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him, take a small piece of common cotton batting picked up to be as light and airy as possible. Put this in the centre of the table. Let some one count one, two, three, and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself, and drive it upon some one else. The person upon whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arm to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed, who can play two or three rounds without indulging in uproarious laughter.

ROUND the world. Said a pompous fellow, brow beating his auditors: "I have traveled around the world."

Replied a wit of the Addisonian school:

"So has this cane I hold in my hand, but it is only a stick for all that."

SWEET PICKLES.—Take one quart of good sour vinegar, add three pounds brown sugar, one ounce each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Put on the fire and when in comes to the boil drop in the fruit—nine pounds—and cook sufficiently. Then put into a stone jar and tie up

THE cause of woman suffrage.—Scarcity of husbands.

A Bewitched Woman.

alking about witch stories, we have seen nothing to equal the following condensed from the Mechanicsburg *Journal:*

Several weeks ago, a Mrs. Nesbit, living with her husband, in Warrington township, York county, on the farm of William Ross, Esq., discovered in an old hut adjoining the house, and also in their house, the face of a human being, with large eyes like balls of fire, moving around from room to room. Shortly after she was stricken with rheumatism so badly that she could not rest in any position. Suddenly the rheumatism left and nightly the strange image visited her in bed, and she could then discover in it a naked human being with the same eyes. The form would snatch her with the bed clothes and throw her on the floor, causing her to faint or go into convulsions. These strange actions soon became noised abroad, and one night last week almost the entire neighborhood gathered to witness the apparition. The house was crowded, many persons being unable to get in. The lights were all put out and the woman retired to rest, with her child in the cradle beside her. About 10 o'clock the ghost made its appearance, although the lady said she could see a human form, those in the room could only see two large balls of fire approaching the bed where the lady was. The lady fainted, and several gentlemen going to her assistance, the balls of fire moved away from her and grasped the child in the cradle, but it was also released by the persons standing by, and the balls disappeared, leaving all very much frightened. There is living in the neighborhood an old gentleman named Dr. Gensler, who is famous in his neighborhood for his many cures in witchcraft. He pronounced the lady bewitched and gave her the following directions to be implicitly followed:

That the next night at a certain hour she was to take a sickle, heat it red hot and pass it several times down over her arm as close as possible without burning herself while he was going over a formula. The directions were followed to the letter and and the cure effected. She was also instructed, should any person ask for anything, nothing of any description should be given. The day following as expected by the doctor, a woman appeared with her arm burned the entire length and asked for lard to grease her burn, but it was refused. A pin was then asked for, but she was ordered away and told that nothing would be given her, which had the effect of starting her off. The lady was then interrogated and said that several weeks ago this same woman came to her house in the evening and requested a night's lodging, but it was refused her. She then remarked to Mrs. Nesbit, "how would you like it if you would not be allowed to rest?" Mrs. N. replied she did not know and shortly after she was afflicted as above stated.

How to Feed a Horse.

As a general rule, too much feed is given and too much of this is hay. Ten pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats constitute a good day's fodder for a working horse, whether the work be fast or slow. Herbert's advice in regard to feeding a horse, is to give a lock of hay and half a pail of water the first thing in the morning. After grooming, give the other half pail of water, and, if he is not going out, four quarts of oats, after eating which he may have four or five pounds of hay. If to be put to work in the afternoon, they should be again watered and have four quarts of oats and the remainder of their hay. Half a bushel of washed carrots a week, given at a time, will improve the coat and be beneficial to the stomach. This feeding is ample to keep horses in good working order.

A Practical Bull.

A practical bull was recently worked out in Ireland, in the case of a young gentleman who was accused of violating the public health acts, specially by attending a "spelling-bee" at a watering place whilst barely convalescent from an attack of scarlet fever, and generally by exposing himself in places of public resort after receiving warning not to do so. For thus imperiling people with whom he voluntarily brought himself in contact he was summoned before the court of petty sessions, where he appeared in person, to the no small discomfiture of a crowded assemblage, which was edified by medical testimony that the defendant was at that moment in a condition readily to transmit infection. Being convicted and fined £2, the offender took from his infected pocket the requisite amount in possibly infected notes, which he handed to the alarmed clerk of the court, and took his departure to carry infection elsewhere. To summon a man to a public court in order to censure him for appearing in public places is, as The British Medical Journal remarks, a somewhat ludicrous example of doing "the right thing in the wrong way."

Asafoetida for the Epizootic.

A correspondent of The Prairie Farmer writes the following in reference to precautions taken by him against the epizootic, when it was so prevalent throughout the country a few years ago:

"When the epizootic first appeared a few years ago, I was engaged in constructing the S. M. B. R., in Charles county, Maryland, and had eight horses and two mules in my stable. I was advised to try asafoetida as a preventive, and, procuring a few ounces, I bound it on the bits of my bridles with strips of cotton. I also dropped pieces in the feed boxes, and filled a small canvas bag with asafoetida and dropped it in the water trough. Thus my horses were surrounded, as it were, by an atmosphere of asafoetida, and not one of them took the epizootic, though the horses employed on the same railroad, and distant only half a mile, took the disease in its worst form, compelling a suspension of work for nearly thirty days, and resulting in the death of several horses. It does not cost much, and I advise farmers and owners of horses to try it.

A woman with her first baby bangell on her female neighbors door the other morning, about the time old topers crawl out to hunt their morning's cheer, and shrieked out excitedly, "Come over as soon as soon as you get your breakfast; if the baby hasn't got a tooth I'm a liar!" Glasgow (Ky.) *Times.*

LOVE, and a good dinner, are said to be the only two things that change a man's character.

Santa Eulalia.

In 1763 three malefactors of the then small town of Chihuahua, Mexico, flying from justice betook themselves to the surrounding mountains, and there for several weeks led a life of terror, moving about from fastness to fastness in constant dread of the fierce Apaches, who occupied the territory on the one hand, and of their pursuing white brethren on the other. One evening they built a large fire in a ravine to cook their supper, and when the surrounding bowlders became heated, a molten white metal issued out of them. The next day a friendly Indian arrived in Chihuahua, bearing a message from the fugitives to the priestly authorities, offering as a condition for their pardon enough silver to build a cathedral, which offer was accepted. Such is the story of the discovery of the silver mines of Santa Eulalia.

The state of Chihuahua is in the extreme northeast of Mexico. It is separated from the state of Texas on the northeast by the Rio Grande, and is bounded on the north by New Mexico and Arizona. The city of Chihuahua is the capital. The mines, of which there are several, are all situated in a mountain, about twelve miles from the city. It rises above the surrounding plain to a distance of 1,000 and 2,000 feet, and is popularly known as the "Silver Mountain of Santa Eulalia." Wonderful stories are told of the wealth of these mines. They were constantly worked by the old Spanish proprietors from the time of their discovery in 1702 until 1822, the year of the revolution that drove the Spaniards out of the country.—During this period Chihuahua grew from a mere outpost of the Jesuit missionaries into a city of 56,000 inhabitants, while the mining village of Santa Eulalia and another sprang up in the gorges of the mountain, containing respectively 8,000 and 5,000 souls. From a tax of one real (20½ cents) on every mark (pound) of silver, as it came from the refining furnaces, there was built, between 1738 and 1750, the celebrated cathedral of Chihuahua, at a cost of $100,000.—While Mexico was in possession of the crown of Spain, the laws of that kingdom required one-fifth of the product of all the mines of gold and silver to be paid into the royal treasury. This made it necessary for the products of their mints to be reported to the king's officers. These records were kept with Spanish formality in the different mints of the vice royalty, and the records of the mint of Chihuahua, which are still preserved, show that nearly $500,000,000 were registered in that office, most of which was the production of the miners of Santa Eulalia.

The revolution, the Empire of Iturbide and the establishment of the republic involved a struggle of fourteen years, which greatly crippled the resources of the country. Then, four years later, came the expulsion of the Spaniards, who were the capitalists, and this was followed by con-tant internal revolutions, with wars with Texas, France (in '39), the United States, growing out of the annexation of Texas, and the conquest by Maximilian. These and the ravages of the Indians, who claimed the mining districts, paralyzed Mexican industry, and put a long stop to the new development of riches that had hitherto been considered inexhaustible.

The Shropshire Downs.

The Shrewsbury, England, *Chronicle* has the following in a recent issue about this modern breed of middle wooled sheep:

On a strong poor farm we purchase forty Banffshire ewes every autumn —*i. e.* a description of border Leicester with a slight Cheviot cross—and serve them with a Shropshire ram, either a shearling or a ram lamb. In 1872, thirty-six ewes produced seventy-eight lambs, all sold fat This season the forty ewes produced eighty-two lambs; but, owing to unfavorable causes, we lost ten lambs, and have now seventy-two fine lambs, or such portion of the same as have not been already treated with mint sauce. This prolific tendency is a point of great importance, for it is not with the Shropshires as with some of the larger breeds, that a fine single lamb is more esteemed than a double. The ewes are good mothers, and can do justice to their offspring; moreover, it is always possible to assist nature by nutritious diet. Next, the Shropshire is a hardy sheep, suitable for a large range of soils, standing moisture better than severe cold, and capable of close folding without sensible loss of size. The yield, both of mutton and wool, is far greater than from South-Down or other short-wool.—Hampshire may arrive at greater weight, but they require more time, the proportion of bone and offal is greater, and the wool much less; it is no uncommon event to find a flock of Shropshire sheep on good land yielding an average of 6½ or 7 pounds to the fleece. The quality of the meat, both from the fineness of texture, the presence of fat in the tissues, and the rich dark color, is fully equal to the best South Down. And for all these reasons the Shropshire sheep are rent payers, and deservedly and increasingly popular. They suit the moist climate of Ireland remarkably well, and not a few buyers from the Emerald Isle may be seen around Mr. Preece's ring at Shrewsbury. With generous treatment from their earliest days—and such treatment is surely profitable as well—Shropshire hogs can be brought out in May to weigh from 18 to 20 pounds to the quarter. Cases could be cited where much more has been done, but we speak of what is possible where the land is heavily stocked. They bear close folding remarkably well, and for all these reasons they take rank as the most important short wool breed of the present day. Although capable of making considerable weight upon good keep, we do not considered the Shropshire can mature as rapidly as such breeds as Leicester or Cotswold; the closer texture of meat requires a longer time to deposit. With ordinary management the shearlings are brought to market during the summer off grass, when their quality and moderately small weight render them very suitable to the season.

An Agricultural Joke.

A very genteel appearing young man, wearing kid gloves, and carrying a lithe and flexible walking stick, thought he would have a joke with a rusty and venerable farmer on the fair grounds.

"Hallo," said the dandy, "are you one of the judges on hogs?"

"Waal, yaas, walk right up and let me look at you," said the old farmer.

That youth was soon lost amid the crowd, and no other judges on swine saw him.

A new name for tight boots—a corn crib.

The best thing out—an aching tooth.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loocking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

1875. **New Autumn Styles.** 1875.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY JUST OPENED.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS IN OUR

Dress Goods Department.

FULL LINE OF ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, and Small Wear.

BOTTOM PRICES GUARANTEED.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Fullerton's Freeport Flannels, New Lisbon Flannels, Blankets, and Yarns.

Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock and Prices.

Wholesale Exclusively.

ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & Co.,

sep22 No. 239 and 241 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh.

B. TIEGLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 53 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh.

Just received a full stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, for Fall and Winter wear.

LOWEST PRICES.

☞ All work and Fits guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Sep 22.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHOLESALE HOUSE OF

GILL & BRO

No. 253 LIBERTY STREET,

Five doors from head of Wood street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are daily receiving goods, and have now one of the largest Fall Stocks of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

in the market, which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.

Would call special attention of the Trade to our

Fort Pitt, Buffalo, and Erie Calf and Kip Hand-made Boots.

Also, WOMEN'S, MISSES' and CHILDREN'S CUSTOM CALF BOOTS. Men's Minor Shoes. RUBBER GOODS at Factory Rates.

N. B.—Orders promptly attended to. Eastern Bills Duplicated. sep22

CONSUMPTION CURED AT LAST!

THE TRUE REMEDY FOUND.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER'S

GREAT LUNG HEALER

IS A SURE REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH OF CHEST, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

If your druggist does not keep it, send to

Wm. Guenther & Co., 83 Diamond Street.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

PITTSBURGH, September 12, 1874.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—DEAR SIR: It is with great pleasure that I hasten to congratulate you on your successful treatment of my daughter. After suffering for upwards of one year, you have demonstrated to me by your skill that consumption can be cured. Hoping that you may be the instrument, through Divine Providence, of restoring many more to health, I return to you our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and may God Speed you in your good work.

Yours, respectfully, S. HODGETTS

Proprietor of Baltimore Hotel, 156 and 158 Water Street.

PITTSBURGH, January 25, 1875.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—SIR: During the present winter, while holding a series of meetings, I contracted a cold which caused a hoarseness in my voice, my throat being affected. I was induced to try your Lung Healer, which cured me in less than two days. I recommended it to public speakers and singers suffering from hoarseness. My wife used it for a severe cough, with satisfactory results. Yours truly, J. H. HULL,

President Pittsburgh Conference, 46 Reed Street.

September 22, 1875.

GOLD AND SILVER PLATING WORKS.

BOSAU & FEDDERSON, PROP'S,

Cor. Fifth Avenue and Cherry Alley, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Gold and Silver plating done in the best manner—at lowest prices—and satisfaction guaranteed.—Jewelers, as well as proprietors of hotels, private families, &c., can send their orders by mail, and goods will be returned by express. Price, &c., furnished on application. Address all orders as above. no917

AMERICAN WATCHES

FOREIGN WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

Silver and Plated Ware, and a general stock of goods at low prices, to suit the trade.

WHOLESALE EXCLUSIVELY.

Prompt attention to orders by mail G. B. BARRETT & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

October 13, 1875. (New) 68 Fifth Avenue, second floor.

OCTOBER, 1875.

Visitors to the Pittsburgh Exposition are invited to call at the

CASH CARPET STORE

OF

M'FARLAND, COLLINS & CO.

No. 101 Fifth Avenue,

And look at the extraordinary

BARGAINS!

Which they are enabled to offer by reducing their own expenses to the lowest possible point, and buying from first hands only and selling for Cash.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

Cash Prices are the Lowest Prices.

M'FARLAND, COLLINS & CO.,

No. 101 Fifth Avenue,

Next to U. S. Custom House and Postoffice. Oct 27.

50 MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY ago, Dr. H. D. SELLERS, a celebrated physician of Pittsburgh, discovered and used in his practice the popular remedy known throughout the country as

Sellers' Imperial Cough Syrup.

This is no quack 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, Croups, Bronchia Affections, Tickling of the Throat, and all diseases of a kindred nature. H. D. Sellers & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa., are also proprietors of Johnson's

RHEUMATIC COMPOUND,

The great internal remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, etc. You can have a doctor always in the house by keeping Sellers' Family medicines on hand. Their

LIVER PILLS

are the oldest and best in the market, and every little of their Vermifuge is warranted.

For sale by all druggists, and country dealers apr7

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO,

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

april.

JNO. HICKS. LAURI M. HICKS

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

JOHN HICKS & SON,

SOMERSET, PA.,

And Real Estate Brokers.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

By virtue of a decree and order of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on Monday, the 8th day of Nov., 1875, the following described property, viz: A lot of ground containing one acre, situated in Upper Turkeyfoot township, known as the Old Disciples' Church property.

Terms:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, without interest.

Sale to commence at one o'cl