"Dick."

William Henry Johnson, or "Dick" as he is familiarly called, is a nondescript of peculiar development. He is nearer the ape family than perhaps any other living thing which has come into existence, with almost all the attributes common to the human race. The theory of evolution has a strong demonstration of its strong probability in this living enigma. Many points specified by Darwin to illustrate the truth of his theory are more prominently displayed in this creature than in any living thing which has come to light in the present era of scientific research. In a low, two-story frame house on Thompson street, amidst the dense colored population of that neighborhood, and living in the family of a representative of that race, is this "missing link." The family is well known in this vicinity, and is highly respected. The head of the household is a large, stout and fine-looking colored man, who is a plasterer by trade, and a politician and sort of oracle among the superstitious of his race for pleasure.

The fact that this peculiar specimen of humanity lives in this house is not generally known among the neighbors, except perhaps, to those who reside within a door or two; and they doubtless, think it nothing strange, for when he is in the yard (the only place he is allowed to go) this man-monkey is clothed in the ordinary civilized pantaloons, etc., and his head, the most remarkable feature would attract no attention from those ignorant of certain scientific knowledge. By a subterfuge, not worth mentioning, your reporter gained admission to the house, and had a good look and partial examination of the boy. When he was first seen he was clothed in an ordinary jacket, pair of pantaloons and boots. Under this jacket he wore a thick woolen shirt, open at the neck, and very much puffed out, as though it was padded on the breast.

In stature he is a little under five feet, and the muscular development of the arms and chest is wonderful, showing that his physical strength must be prodigious. The complexion is a very dark olive—almost brown—and the lower portion of the face is large, and has a clammy, glutinous appearance. The mouth is large, and the lips thin, and the teeth white, sharp and have that peculiar seeming that makes the chill creep over one when looking at the glistening mouth of a caged hyena. The nose is pugishly inclined; very small between the eyes, and expands and flattens as it continues down. The peculiarity of the human ear, which Darwin points out, is very perceptible in this individual; the points on the top of those organs, which he mentions as just discernible in the civilized races, are very prominent here, and they look almost as though they had been clipped out with a pair of scissors.

The forehead is very low; the cranium comes to a point just over the ears, and is covered by a thick, short and fuzzy wool, which has somewhat the appearance of a cap, and looks as though it had grown there. The figure is bent, and it is with extreme difficulty that the body can be straightened and the shoulders brought square. The articulation is very defective and difficult, as though the tongue was impeded by some imperfection of that organ. But a close observer can see in a moment that it is not the tongue as an organ, as a conveyance for ideas, but the brain is defective; there is very little of it—only enough to allow the imperfect formation of words which are uttered without any understanding of their meaning. Information was casually given that Dick was very quick-tempered, and before long it was amply verified.

The strains of a hand organ in the street had a wonderful effect upon him, for he danced round the room and hall in an ecstacy of the wildest delight. This demonstration of pleasure did not bode well for the little articles of furniture about the room, and so the old colored gentleman threatened the offender with "baptisement," which he understood would be a douse of cold water. On most occasions this would have the desired effect, and the extravagant antics would cease, but this time it did not work, and when force was resorted to, it required the united efforts of this great burly old man and his son, who is almost as large, to hold him, while he was in a spasm of rage at their interference. In this struggle the immense strength of the creature was apparent, for he dragged these two men round the room as though they were boys. Lest the appearance of a stranger should further irritate and make its paroxysms worse, your representative withdrew, but afterwards learned that it was some little time before the father and son succeeded in quieting and gaining control over this strange being. Many men eminent in the list of science have examined this curiosity, but could arrive at no unanimity as to its classification, and so the problem is to-day unsettled, and the question among them is, "What is it?"—*New York Evening Mail, 15th ult.*

Early Mention of Petroleum.

A full century ago the existence of oil springs in Western Pennsylvania was a published and well established fact. In the *Massachusetts Magazine*, published in 1789, we find the following in regard to them:

"In the northern part of Pennsylvania there is a creek called Oil Creek, which empties into the Allegheny river. It issues from a spring, on the top of which floats an oil, similar to that called Barbadoes tar, and from which one may gather several gallons a day.

The troops sent to guard the Western posts halted at the same spring, collected some of the oil and bathed their joints with it. This gave them great relief from the rheumatism, with which they were afflicted. The water, of which the troops drank freely, operated as a gentle purge."

There is still earlier evidence of the existence of the oil springs than this. It is found in an old book, published in 1772, entitled "Travelers in North America," by Peter Kahm. On a map in this volume the exact location of the oil springs is given.

We take this from an exchange; but it is still far behind. As early as 1629, almost a century and a half before Kahm's book appeared, a French missionary, Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who crossed the Niagara River into what is now New York State, wrote a letter, in which he mentions the oil springs, and gives the Indian name of the place, which he explained to mean "there is plenty there." His letter was printed in Sagard's "Histoire du Canada," in 1632, and subsequently in Le Cherq.—*National Oil Journal.*

READ the Christmas Story on the first page.

The Inquisition Chambers.

A VISIT TO THE TORTURING INSTRUMENTS OF NUREMBERG.

About a week ago we were in Nuremberg, where we went to see the chambers of the Inquisition. As very few tourists visit these places (for they are not even mentioned in a guide-book published in the city), I thought it might not be amiss to attempt a description. First we were conducted to a small room with the walls completely covered with torturing instruments of every description. This room was used by the regular officers of the State. There was a Spanish cloak—a barrel with the bottom knocked out and a hole in the top large enough for the neck—and above this a wire cage for the head. This cloak the drunkard was compelled to wear about the streets, thus representing a bottomless barrel. The torturing chair has high arms, with the seat back and armrests covered with iron spikes.

The victim was strapped to this chair, weights attached to his hands and feet, and then "kneaded," as it were, with a spike-covered roller. Spanish collars, Spanish boots, thumb screws, thumb-hammers, and fiddles are to be seen in any number; besides various instruments for cutting off a little at a time of the ears, nose, fingers and tongue. There were also ladles for dropping melted pitch. The instrument they had for catching their man might be used, with advantage, by some of the Louisville policemen. It consists of a long stick, at the end of which is a kind of fork with spring prongs that will open when something is forced between them. In days of yore, when it was desired to catch a man, one would walk up behind him and catch his neck between the prongs. The prongs would open and his neck would be encircled by a Spanish collar, *i. e.*, iron spikes. After examining various other instruments, among which were several used for beheading, also axes and block, we were conducted to the chambers of the so-called "Vehme Gericht." These are a series of five vaults, directly underneath the old city walls. Passing through the first we were shown the "stretcher." By this mode of punishment the victim was let down through a hole in the ceiling; his feet were attached to iron rings in the floor and his arms to a yoke suspended from a block. By means of a windlass he was thus slowly torn limb from limb.

In the next room is the "Spanish Mule," a high board with the upper edge sharpened. Across this the poor fellow was seated, and stone weights (one of which I could hardly lift) were attached to his feet. The "cradle" is a semi-cylinder, with the interior covered with spikes. As late as 1803 a woman was rocked to sleep in this cradle! The husband was accused of having stolen some money, and with his wife was put to the rack. The husband survived the proof of his innocence, but the wife died in the cradle.

Next we were conducted through a long, narrow, crooked passage, cut out of the solid rock, to a small vault. There facing the wall, we saw the celebrated "Eiserne Jungfrau," an iron figure of a woman, about eight feet high. The figure is divided all the way down from side to side, and the front half, divided again so as to make doors, attached by hinges, at the sides, to the back half. On the inside of these doors are a number of iron spikes six to eight inches long, one for each eye and twenty three for various parts of the body. To close the doors, when the man was inside, a brace from the wall was necessary. Underneath the figure is a trap door, through which the corpse was dropped on to a set of knives, which were worked by the water in the canal below. The bones and skulls found there show where the spikes entered.

Your First Sweetheart.

You can never forget her. She is so young and innocent and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her book at church. She alone, of all the world, did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at you size and learning, and your faint foreshadowing of a sandy mustache, and believe you every inch a man. When at the stupid evening parties, where boys and girls who should have been eating suppers of bread and milk, and gone to sleep ours before waltzed and flirted, and made themselves sick over oysters and champagne, you were favored with a glance of her eye, or a whisper of her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a memorial eve, she polkaed with young Smith, and never looked at you, how miserable you were. It is funny to think of now; but it was not funny then, for you were awfully in earnest. Once, at a picnic, she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her hair, and she looked so much like a bride you fairly trembled. Sometimes you thought, in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand before the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a gold ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her for a moment, some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not not let you kiss her, she did not seem angry. And then, when you met her again she was walking with a gentleman, a large, full grown, whiskered man, of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you, and some well meaning gossip informed you afterward that she was "engaged" to the tall gentleman with black whiskers, and that "it was a splendid match"—it was terrible news to you then, and you went off to some busy town far from your native place, where, after a good deal of youthful grief and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recover your equanimity, and begin to call love stuff and nonsense. You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown up children—ay, even two or three toddling grandchildren—about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in a fire-proof safe at your counting house when you go home at night. And you thought you had forgotten that little episode of your nineteenth year, until the other day you read her death in the papers. You know that she was a stout lady who wore glasses, and has died older than she was in that olden time; but your heart went back, and you saw her smiling and blushing, with her golden hair about her face, and yourself a boy again dreaming of wedding robes and rings and you laid your gray old head upon your office desk and wept for the memory of your first love.

CHICAGO has a ten-cent lecture course.

The Palace of Aladdin.

One of the most enjoyable days I have spent in England was a visit to Mentmore, Buckinghamshire, the seat of the late Baron Rothschild, and still the home of his widow. I had known all my life of the almost fabulous wealth of the Rothschilds, but had no such vivid conception of the reality as I brought away with me.

The estate comprises 15,000 or 20,000 acres of the finest land of this famous shire. The approach from Cheddington station, from which it is distant about two miles, lies through a magnificent lawn leading to a wooded acclivity, upon the summit of which the mansion stands. From the tower the view is one of the finest in the midland counties, embracing on one side the ancient manor and village of Wing, on another the manor of Tring, and on a third the historic site of Ivanhoe. How the course of the world's history has been changed by the blow which an ancestor of John Hampden struck the Black Prince, the victor of Crecy and Poictiers, for which "Tring Wing, and Ivanhoe" were forfeited! In the distance is the vale of Aylesbury, and far away on the ridge of the Chiltern Hills the monument of the Duke of Bridgewater bounds the range of vision

Tring Park, owned by another of the Rothschild family, is said to be second in the beauty of its garden only to Mentmore; but this I had no time to see. The subtrobical gardens, vegetable gardens, the Fountain garden, and the Italian garden occupied us for hours. The first is second, I suppose, only to the Royal Botanic Gardens in Kew; the second embraces, with the fruit gardens, about twenty acres, the whole proceeds of which are consumed in the mansion.

In one of the numerous graperies, so arranged as to furnish fruit every month in the year, I saw a single cluster of grapes which would weigh six pounds, the berries on which were about the size of good, large plums, and the most delicious I ever tasted. Oranges, figs, pineapples bananas, and other tropical fruits consumed in the mansion, are all grown in the conservatories of Mentmore. When the Baroness is absent yatching in the Channel or at her London House, orders by telegram are sent to Mentmore daily for the supplies required.

The vases in the Fountain and Italian Gardens cost each £1,000. The statuary is all of the most costly kind, executed by the first masters, many of them copies of originals which I saw in the Louvre or in the British Museum. The great hall, which from the entrance seemed to me about 20 by 30 feet, is filled with vases and statuary. Its contents must represent a value of not less than £800,000. We were not less than three hours passing through the rooms. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous.—Some idea may be formed of the whole from the furniture of a single bed room, one of the many great chambers, costing £25,000 or £30,000.

In the dining room and baronical hall are furnishing exceeding £200,000 each Costly cabinets of the time of Louis XIV of ebony inlaid with ivory or gold; jeweled blocks made of solid gold; diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones; walls hung with the costliest tapestry of the time of Louis XIV, or covered with the richest needle embroidered satin, may give some idea of the wealth lavished on this more than princely mansion. The costliest paintings adorn the walls, and the most skilful and expensive workmanship is displayed upon the ceilings. The idea of the Baron seems to have been to build and furnish a mansion such as no other person in England, except perhaps the Duke of Westminister, could hope to rival.

The stud is said to contain more high bred horses than any in the world. It embraces thirty-five hunters and as many racers. None of which I heard were less in value than £600, while many of them run up into the thousands. Favonius, Maccaroni and old Tom, the last patriarch of high bred racers we saw, all winners of famous races. For Favonius £12,000 were refused, and for Maccaroni £17,100 were but recently paid.

I was fortunate in getting an introduction to Mentmore through an acquaintance I made in England. The grounds are on rare occasions open to visitors, but ordinarily there is no access to the mansion. I saw, I believe, every room in the house except the strong room, where the treasures are kept during the absence of the family.— *t. Louis Times.*

The Bootblack's Story.

When a dozen newsboys and bootblacks had collected on the Custom House stairs yesterday, and when each one had got tired of jaw-breakers and popcorn balls "Little English" remarked:

"Sposen Jim Cocoanut tells us a story."

"Sposen," remarked all the others.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Jim, after a few digs at his head, "I will tell you a true story about a girl. Her name was Marier, and she had yaller hair, blue eyes, small feet, and she was worth a million dollars."

"In stamps?" asked Cross-Eyed Dick.

"In clean cash, rights in the savings bank," answered Jim. "This gal was an orphan, with no one to boss her around, and if she wanted to be out till eleven o'clock at night, she could. There was piles of fellers after her to marry her, but she stuck up her nose at the hull caboodle.

"What fur?" anxiously inquired Fire Cracker Tom.

"What fur? Why, she knew they loved her money instead of herself. She wanted some one to love her earnestly and like gosh. Well, one day when she was going down to the postoffice to see if there was any mail, a runaway horse came along. Marier fainted away and sat down in the road, and she'd have been broken all to pieces if it had'nt been for a bootblack 'bout my size. He pulled her into a shooting gallery, brought her to, and then hired a hull omnibus and took her home."

"And they fell in love and were finally married," remarked Suspender Johnson.

"No, my fellow-countrymen," sadly replied Jim: "gin him ten cents!"

"And is that all?" exclaimed three or four voices.

"All she gave him, and that turned out to be counterfeit."

There was a long period of silence, and then Cocoanut Jim continued:

"Which is a lesson to us never to marry a girl worth a million dollars."

"And we never shall!" they solemnly replied.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bridal Tour.

THE ADVANTAGE OF TAKING YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW ALONG.

There were three of them. One was a bride, the other a happy groom with red ears and maiden whiskers, and the third was the bride's mother. They were at the Grand Trunk Depot yesterday morning to take the train West. The young man clasped the young wife's fat hand, rolled up his eyes and then seemed happy, while the mother-in-law paraded up and down the sitting-room with lordly air and seemed well satisfied. Pretty soon the groom went out, and when he returned he threw five popcorn balls and a big bar of peanut candy into the bride's lap, and handed the old lady another. She turned up her nose, raised her spectacles, and thus addressed the young man with red ears:

'See here, Peter White, you are married to Sabintha ain't you?'

'Why, of course.'

'And I have a right to feel an interest in you?'

'Of course.'

'And we are now on your bridal tower, ain't we?'

'Ye?.'

'Well, now, you've been squandering money all along, Peter. You took a hack; you bought oysters; you bought a jack-knife; and you've just thrown money away. I feel that it is my duty to tell you to hold up before you make a fool of yourself!

'Whose money is this?' he asked, growing very red in the face.

'It is yours and what is yours is Sabantha's, and it is my duty as her mother to speak out when I see you fooling your money away.'

'I guess I can take care of my money,' he retorted.

'Perhaps you can, Peter White, but there are those in your family who can't.'

He struggled with his feelings as the bride shook her head at him and then asked;

'Did I marry you?

'No, sir, you didn't, you little bow-legged apology for a man, but I have a right to speak for my daughter.'

'You can speak all you want to, but I want you to understand that I can manage my own affairs, and that I don't care for your advice.'

'Peter White!' she slowly responded, waving the pea nut candy close to his nose 'I see we've got to have a fuss, and we might as well have it now!'

'Ma! ma!' whispered the bride pulling at the old lady's shawl.

'You need't ma tse, Sabintha! This Peter White has deceived us both about his temper, and I am going to tell him just what I think of him! He commenced this fuss and we'll see who'll end it.'

'You mind your business and I'll attend to mine!' growled Peter.

'Oh! you hump-backed hypocrite!' she hissed, jabbing at his eye with the pea-nut bar. 'Only a month ago you called me Mother Huff, and was going to give me the best room in the new house!"

'You'll never have a room in a house of mine!' he exclaimed.

'And I don't want one, you red-eared hypocrite!'

'Don't, Peter; don't, ma!' sobbed the bride.

'It's my duty Sabiatha; it's your mother's—'

'Don't cry Sabby,' he interupted; 'don't mind what she says!'

'Try to set my daughter up against me, will you?' hissed the old lady, as she brought the pea-nut bar down on his nose.

'Oh! ma!' yelled the bride.

'You old wretch!' hissed Peter, as he clawed at her.

'None of the Whites will ever run over me!' exclaimed the mother-in-law, as she got hold of his shirt collar and hauled him around.

'I'll knock your old—'

You can't knock nothin! she interrupted, backing him against the table.

'Ma! Oh-h-h! ma!' howled Sabintha.

The dozen other passengers in the room who had been interested and amused listeners, here interrupted, and Peter was released from the old lady's grasp, his collar having been torn off and his cheek scratched.

'I expected this, and prepared for it!' panted the mother-in-law, as she leaned against the wall. 'This doesn't end it, by any means. This bridal tower will come to a stop to-morrow, and then we'll see whether I've got any business to speak up for Sabintha or not?'

As the train moved away the old lady wore a grim smile, Sabintha was weeping, and Peter was struggling with another paper collar.

Combat between a Serpent and a Rat.

A friend yesterday gave us an account of a desperate fight which he recently witnessed between a cottonmouth or highland moccasin snake, about three and a half feet long, and a large rat. The fight had evidently been going on under the picking-room of a gin house, near which our friend and a companion were standing. In the struggle the combatants came from beneath the house and within a few feet of them. The rat was evidently the assailing party, and would rush upon his antagonist with the fury of a small hyena. The snake would occasionally make its coil, and strike the rat, knocking him two feet. Nothing daunted, however, he would return to the assault, oiling the snake wherever he could catch hold, and shaking him like a terrier killing a rat. At times the snake would get him in its folds, but the little fellow would struggle out from the dangerous embrace. Both combatants seemed totally oblivious of the presence of the gentlemen, although they followed after them only five or six feet distant. The snake frequently endeavored to escape by climbing a cotton stalk, but the rat would seize him by the tail, tearing the flesh away and finally pulling him down, though several times the snake lifted him over a foot from the ground. They fought in this manner at least fifty yards across the patch of cotton. At length the snake stretched itself out, to all appearances dead, when the rat took a position two or three yards off, and quietly sat down and licked himself, keeping a keen eye on the gentlemen, though apparently without any fear of them. One of them struck the snake on the head, which killed it, even it it were not dead before. The flesh was almost entirely torn off for at least a foot up its tail, which was done while it was climbing cotton stalks. The gentlemen left, and were absent half an hour. On their return to see what had finally become of the victorious rat, neither rat nor dead snake was to be seen, and they were satisfied that the former had dragged off his dead enemy, but whether to eat it or not could not be known.—*Shreveport (La.) Times.*

Nothing But Leaves.

A few short weeks ago road and hillside were glowing with color; the plumb-like foliage of the sumach blushed rosily through its green; the poison ivy caught the spotted fever, and glared from hedge and thicket in deadly beauty; the beech turned a sober brown and the oak a shader red, but lovely, capricious maple dressed herself in a Joseph's coat of many colors—now pink, now green, now crimson, and scarlet and yellow—and dropped her leaves as lavishly as though there had been an army of Babes in the Wood to cover from the cold. It is all done now—the last leaf has fallen; and even the delicious shuffling through the crisp, shriveled remains of these marvelous-painted tree robes is over for a year. But the leaves are not *all* shriveled and wasted; some of them have been imprisoned in their fresh beauty between other leaves, leaves of ponderous volums seldom read—Webster's Unabridged, for instance; and with all the life pressed out of them, they yet retain their beauty of coloring. They are eloquent, too, of walks and drives, and whispered nothings, and that old account-book—clumsy, calt-bound thing that it is—holds a prose poem between its covers, written in sprays and leaves gathered far off on the banks of the Androscogin. It was a month's dream of fairy-land in the crisp September and October air; the driving past the fields ripe for the harvest, and the many-colored hills with their somber crowns of evergreen—past the the limpid trout stream, and over the shaky foot-bridges—stopping where the bright-hued leaves were thickest, and riding home in a perfect bower of crimson branches, shading into all the tints ever known in nature. And then in the gloaming, by the dancing fire-light from the pine-nots that have kindled so many geniuses, we knelt in a sort of Hindoo poojah before our treasures, placing them tenderly under the Juggernaut of a ponderous weight to have life and decay crushed out of them at once. And here they are, litless, but beautiful still; and we come back from our elysium in Maine to hear a practical voice inquire: "Did you ever try ironing them?" Never to the best of our knowledge—we should as soon think of boiling them. But flatirons and leaves are not satisfactorily proved to us to be quite congenial; the iron to be just hot enought not to scorch, and the leaf to be protected by one thickness of paper. What next? we ask in wonderment. Why, next varnish them—which will bring out the colors and help to preserve them; or, leave them as they are, if you consider that varnish gives them too artificial a look. The end of a spermaceti candle rubbed on the iron, which is then applied to the leaf without protecting it by paper, sometimes works nicely; and sometimes the leaves curl up as though animated by the total depravity known as "pure cussedness." Sometimes the leaves are dipped singly, without ironing them, into melted bees-wax, with very satisfactory results. A coat of boiled linseed oil is also considered an excellent preserver. Sheets of newspaper sewed together into a thick pamphlet, which is well filled with leaves, and then placed between two mattresses to be judiciously slept on, are recommended as a particularly nice way of preparing these autumn treasures; but there should be two pamphlets and the leaves changed from one to the other every day, in order to keep them perfectly dry. We tried this plan once and it worked beautiful so far as it went. We had charming leaves, too, gathered in the White Mountain region, and we changed them daily for a week, watching their progress with great satisfaction. Then came a morning of hurried departure; the old stage-coach rumbled up before it was expected; we all rushed for outside seats for a grand view down the mountain, and after the excitement had subsided one of us mourned another "dear gazelle" gone, and thtought sadly that, in all probability, the chambermaid at the G— House would fling to the passing breeze the objects of our week's solicitude and care.

"And what," says some one skeptically, "do you propose doing with that box of dried leaves?" We purpose putting them away until the remembrance of their glowing coloring, when on their native trees, is in a measure dimmed—possibly until Christmas; then we purpose bringing them forth, varnishing them and making them into various shapes of beauty. A Thanksgiving cross of medium-sized leaves, mixed with dried grasses and berries, is always desirable; and transparencies, wreaths and picture-frame ornaments are very effective. Single leaves caught here and there on white curtains produce beautiful effects, and a cornice of large leaves sewed on paste board is a charming head ing for snowy draperies. "But they don't last, do they?" asks Mrs. Gradgrind, who has no respect for anything that did not belong to some one's great-grandmother. They certainly cannot be handed down as heirlooms through generations, even when they are varnished—indeed, one season is usually the limit of their endurance; but oh, the delight they are while they *do last!* from the moment of gathering them, in some October idyl, to the day when, covered with dust and faded in color, they are dethroned to make room for the fresh beauties of Spring. *Sic transit gloria.*

A Petrified Forest in Nevada.

From David Rideout, who has been engaged in preparing a section of a petrified tree for the Centennial Exhibition, we learn the following relative to the petrified forest in the desert of northwestern Humboldt.

On the plain, about thirty miles west of the Blackrock mountains, stands one of the greatest natural curiosities ever discovered in Nevada. It is a petrified forest, in which the stumps of many of the trees, now changed into solid rock, are still standing. There are no other trees or vegetation of any kind other than stunted sage brush in the vicinity. Some of those ancient giants of a forest which flourished perhaps thousands of years ago, when the climate of Nevada was undoubtedly more favorable for the luxuriant vegetation than at present, rival in size the trees of California. Stumps, transformed into solid rock, stand in an upright position with their roots imbedded in the soil, as when growing, measured from 15 to 26 feet in circumference; the ground in the vicinity is strewn with trunks and limbs, which retain the natural shape and site. Mr. Rideout, determined to secure a section of one of these trees for the Centennial Exhibition with two other men spent twelve days cutting it from the the stump. This was accomplished by drilling all around the tree and separating it with wedges. The specimen is 3 feet high and 18 feet in circumference, and its estimated weight is three tons. It stands on the stump from which it was severed, ready to be loaded on a wagon. Mr. Rideout does not feel able to incur the expense of bringing it by team to the railroad, though he had once made arrangements to do so. He is anxious to call the attention of the Centennial Commissioners to the matter, and see if they wont furnish the means to get it to the railroad. The country in which it is situated is an inviting field for geologists.—*Winnemucca (Nevada) Silver State.*

Useful Receipts.

The grindstone is a self-sharpening tool, and after having been turned in one direction for some time (if a hard stone), the motion should be reversed. Sand of the right grit applied occasionally to a hard stone will improve it.

Exhaust steam should never be discharged into a brick chimney. It is liable to disintegrate the mortar and thus to render the entire structure unstable.

It has been observed that old charcoal burns more energetically than recent, because the former has absorbed oxygen from the air, a circumstance which has been practically utilized with advantage in refining crude iron.

Salmon skin makes a leather of about the thickness of dogskin and as tough as wash leather. The scale marks leave a neat pattern.—*Scientific American.*

A War Incident.

The *Paragraph* of Bowling Green, Ky., has the following:

Mr. William B. Winans has in his possession a remarkable gun, and one that has an unwritten and partly an unknown history more remarkable than the gun itself. As to where it was made, or by what train of circumstances its death dealing crack became a terror along the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers during the early years of the late war, we shall not pretend to say. Certain it is that many a Federal soldier bit the dust during the Fort Donelson and Shiloh campaigns, being laid low by the buzzing ball which sped from her dread muzzle, the trigger drawn by a steady finger, intallible sight and deadly aim. The very sound of the gun became a familiar and an ominous one along infantry skirmish lines, and among the sharpshooters.

Near the time of the battle of Shiloh some infantry had been employed in skirmish or reconnoitering duty in the deep tangled woods. Crack, bang, boom roared at intervals the old gun in the distance, at every discharge laying a soldier stiff and stark in death, with unerring accuracy. Shift their positions as they might, the gun would bang away, and with a hiss and a thud, there would be one soldier less. The direction of the firing was uncertained, and the entire regiment or party was ordered to charge toward it without knowledge where or what it was. On they went, losing a man at ever few paces. Nothing was accomplished, and the party returned leaving the murderous gun cracking away as they retreated. Shortly afterward the old fire lock was heard again with her murderous music. It was resolved at all hazards to find and capture the internal machine.

After persistent efforts, a tall, raw boned, grizzle-bearded, large sized Texas ranger was discovered in the foliage of a tall tree, from among the branches of which he was picking off his foes as he had picked off hundreds before. With his iron vissage, piercing eye and unquailing nerve, there he sat, fierce as the untamed jaguar. Brought to bay, he continued to load and shoot with deadly aim till brought down, and the famous gun was captured. It afterward fell into the hands of the late Bone Lucas, and finally friend Winans became and is now its custodian. It is a gun of immense calibre, being nearly eight feet long, with a smoothe bore, single barrel, large enough to admit of a small sized walnut. It is quite a curiosity, and an interesting relic of the past, and could its muzzle talk, it could tell of many death dealing shots that had passed its steel rimmed and blazing lips.

Some One to Love.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the souls independence of the body is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals—creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world—that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it would be enough. As it is we may have all these things and health to enjoy them and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love!" is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind we suffer. We begin life wishing to love people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but as long as reason lasts we must have some one—we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters, and brothers—that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us—these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterwards come the little children—frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much; and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty heartedness; for kindness wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps—on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride or morbid sensativeness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul; the note to which every human heart responds; the tie which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted, and love shall reign forever.

Bismarck's Brandy.

"Scarcely a day passes," said a Frenchman to me, "that the Prince Bismarck does not receive a present of some sort. But, thus, he has a manner peculiar to himself when he wishes to have something and doesn't care to pay for it. The last day of the season of the Reichstag he goes to meet the members from Nordhausen, a locality where they manufacture brandy which is said will make 'the dead speak.' 'Gentlemen, delighted to see you,' says he to them, with a hearty welcome, inquires warmly all about the health of their families, and regrets that he is unable to visit them at home. "By the way, how goes business? Do the famous distilleries of Nordhausen sustain their ancient reputation? I once drank brandy that came from there, of magnificent bouquet and limpidity, the memory of which still clings to me." "Your Excellency," eagerly replied the members, "we hope very soon to prove to you that we still march in the glorious steps of our ancestors, and that the famous brandy of Nordhausen has not lost its unrivaled reputation." Two days after a small barrel of brandy is placed in the cellars of the Prince, and a letter from the distillers of Nordhausen begs him to accept this feeble mark of their admiration and sympathy.

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, Mulley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

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

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

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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. Sep22.

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 Eric Calf and Kip Hand-made Boots.
Also, WOMENS', 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., 33 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, 48 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. nov17

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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
October 15, 1875.
G. B. BARRETT & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.
(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, Bronchitis 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