city, town, county and township that has a product, whether of the soil or manufacture, should take care that it has a place in the exhibition. Our mineral resources should all be shown, and our iron, oil, coke, lumber, railroad, ship building, and all manufacturing interests should be fully represented. Every beneficial trade and commercial association should have charts or designs to show their purposes or benefits. The collections of scientific and art societies should be exhibited, and our penal and reformatory institutions, and those of charity, beneficence and learning, should in some manner illustrate their management. Opportunities should be afforded to study our forms of government, public and private improvements in buildings, churches, bridges, water, gas and other works, and every means and facility furnished to the stranger to become acquainted with the character, extent and variety of our products and the advantages of our State as a place of residence and a field for enterprise.

To make this display will require constant and unremitting work on the part of individuals, firms and companies during the short time that remains before the exhibition opens, and public and private liberality should combine to effect this object. In conformity with an act passed at your last session, the Executive appointed a commission of gentlemen to be entrusted with the superintendence and collection of the exhibition which Pennsylvania shall make at the Centennial. To perform this duty it is obvious they must have financial aid, and when we consider how vast and multiform must be its labors, and the short time left to discharge the same, the sum allowed to defray the expenses should be liberal and commensurate with the import- and share the Commonwealth has taken in this great National enterprise. The character of the gentlemen who were appointed is a surety that the exhibition of the State will be all that zeal and fidelity to its interest can make it, if means are afforded them to fulfill the purposes of their appointment, and I recommend that an appropriation therefor be made at once.

In this connection it is proper your attention should be invited to the necessity of making provision for the transportation and encampment of the military of the State at some period of the exhibition, so that suitable display may be made of this branch of the public service. Several of the States are making extensive preparations in this direction, and the military feature of the exhibition promises to be creditable to the volunteer system of the country. The various commands throughout the Commonwealth are perfecting themselves in drill and discipline, with a view to this encampment, and I feel assured the appearance and bearing of our soldiers will reflect honor upon our State. The troops from this State will probably be encamped for a period of ten days or two weeks in the vicinity of the exhibition, to serve without pay and supply their own rations, but through the proper authorities they ask that the State will furnish them with transportation to and from the exhibition, and provide shelter for them while in camp. When we consider what little compensation the National Guard receives for its services, this reasonable request of the commands that will muster, numbering perhaps eight thousand men, will, I am confident, meet with your favor.

INSANE.

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the hospitals for the care of the insane in this State are insufficient for the public necessities. It is repeatedly asserted that insanity is increasing in our midst, and without doubt there are many unfortunates of this class in prisons or poor houses, and homes of poverty, who are now incurable, who, could they have received proper treatment, might have been restored to reason and society. From the beneficence and charity of the State can there be developed no plan that will take charge of these poor creatures and place them under the supervision of those who are skilled in the treatment of the disease and can perhaps arrest its progress before its victims have become hopelessly demented. The hospital at Dixmont and Warren will doubtless be able for the next few years to accommodate all the insane of the western and north-western parts of the State. Those at Harrisburg and Danville will supply the wants of the same class in the central and north-eastern sections. There remain then the large and populous counties of the east, including Philadelphia, with over one-fourth of the whole population of the Commonwealth without hospital accommodations for the insane other than those provided by their almshouses and prisons. In the Philadelphia almshouse alone twelve hundred of the inmates are insane, and its crowded wards, made necessary by the limited accommodations, aggravate instead of relieving their malady. Contentment and cheerfulness are essential to promote the recovery of these patients. Is recovery possible and can there be any enlightened or scientific treatment under such conditions? No hospitals that the State can construct would afford accommodations for all these helpless creatures. Most of them are incurably insane, and no course of treatment, be it ever so humane or skilful, could alleviate their misery.

There are, however, many inmates of this almshouse, who if they had been properly treated in the first stages of their affliction, might have been rescued from the deplorable madness that shuts them out from all hope. Constrained to associate with and constantly look upon insanity in every conceivable form, it was not strange that the little intelligence that still flickered in their minds went out in utter darkness, never to be rekindled. It is for this class who have recently been stricken with the disease and for whose recovery reasonable hope may be entertained, that a convenient hospital should be built, where the insane of Philadelphia and the adjoining counties could be treated upon scientific principles and wherein the accommodations would be ample. The construction of the hospital at Warren has progressed so far as the appropriation made in its behalf would permit. This hospital was one among various institutions of the State that suffered by the failure of the appropriations to chiralties at your last session. I sincerely trust that suitable provision will be made at this session for the vigorous prosecution of the work upon this hospital to its completion, as there is a pressing need for the accommodations it will supply.

The recommendations of the commission to inquire into the condition of the criminal insane of the State, embodied in their report made to your honorable bodies at your last session, are worthy of your respectful attention. Several of the gentlemen whose names are appended to this report, are scientific physicians, who have had a varied and extended experience in the treatment of the insane, while the others are gentlemen of culture, who have given to the problem careful and continued investigation, and the opinions of this commission therefore upon this important question, should commend themselves to you, as the best possible views that could be obtained upon the subject within the State.

(Continued on Page 2.)

CLIO'S FATHER.

On the 18th day of August I came down to the *Herald* office at a rather late hour. As a general thing I am not particular about dates, nor is my memory regarding them remarkably good, for I can never remember them unless in connection with some particular fact, and that generally an entirely different one from that with which the date has to deal. For instance I can always recall the fact that 1066 is the date of the Norman conquest of England, and that I do remember it is due to the circumstance that I was taught it by a red-bearded man who visited at my father's house when I was a boy.

Not only do I remember that I was late at the office on the 6th, but I also recollect that the day before it was Sunday. My mnemosyne for these dates is the sermon of the Rev. David Kowdahr, native missionary from Bungaroo, who preached from the text "Love One Another." This circumstance standing alone it is most likely would not have made a very lasting impression, but the words of the text suggested something, and that something led on to something else, and the upshot of the whole matter was that I asked Clio Holmes, as we walked home after service, if she would marry me. She said she loved me dearly, but that I must talk to her father about any engagement. The first part of her reply made me a happy man, but the last part changed my joy to misery.

The matter of asking her father never appeared serious to me before. In the delightful romance and long reveries I had often dreamed, that part of the programme had always gone off in the easiest possible manner. "My dear Professor," I would imagine myself saying, "I have long and devotedly loved your daughter; she returns my affection, and I come to ask your consent to our marriage, and your blessing."

And then the Professor would answer: "Take her, my boy; take her and my blessing."

All the way from the church to Clio's house we were quite silent, she most likely thinking of how many bridesmaids could be got in between the front pew and the pulpit rail, and I ruminating on the probable result of the impending interview with her father, the Professor. I can remember dismissing the subject from my mind as I bid Clio good-night, and stood waiting at the gate to see the light appear in her window. But an impertinent policeman and my misery came upon me, and I wandered away to my room.

When I entered my room I did not light the gas, for the chambermaid knew my wishes, and there was no fear of my sitting down in the slop-jar or falling over the bed. I filled and lighted my pipe, and drew my chair before the window. It was a wonderful night. The sky was cloudless, and the moon flooded the view with its ivory light. The full-foliaged trees stood out like black silhouettes against the brightness beyond them, and a light breeze that came welling up from the south, stirred their leaves into life and motion. But moonlight and beauty filled no place in my thoughts. As I smoked I mentally drew up a trial balance of probabilities and possibilities. In the first place, I was a young man with a future before me, and, like a young bear, with all my troubles in the same direction. I was a reporter on the *Herald*, doing a great deal of work for a very small salary. I had written a story for the *Atlantic* which was eventually published in the *New York Weekly*, and had been complimented by the city editor of the *Herald*, who said I wrote up a cattle-sale splendidly. So far for myself. On the other hand the Professor was an elderly man, prone to statistics and dry, hard facts, and in whose breast the milk of human kindness either lay very deep or was completely dried up. He was engaged in writing a work on the "Probable Course taken by Fenish in His Expedition From Phenicia to Ireland," and I suspected that he did not like me, for he always read the advance sheets to me when I went to call on Clio.

Clio's mother had been dead some years, and the Professor, freed from her control, which report said had been of a rather vigorous description, felt his liberty, and on that account was a somewhat difficult man to approach. Several times I went over my balance-sheet, each time making additions; but when I footed it up, I found that I was debtor to a great deal, and was credited with very little.

It was a very disagreeable subject, and I dismissed it to turn my attention to the best way of approaching the Professor on the, to me, important subject.

His liking for statistics and mathematical facts made it probable that a tabular statement of my love and affection for his daughter would meet his favor; but I had no data upon which to figure the percentage of its increase after marriage, and I gave it up. My pecuniary prospects had the some fault, but I thought I could make a fair presentation of my family after the manner of the statements required by the life insurance men before they allow you to contribute to their income, like: "Age of uncle, if living, how many and of what sex; give color and occupation."

I had just filled and lighted my pipe for the fifth time when a happy idea came to me. Why not call upon the Professor that very night? Was it very late? Eleven strokes from the clock on the mantel answered that question. I had often observed a light in the Professor's study later than that, for I had frequently made a mistake of an hour or two when Clio asked me what the time was, as we stood talking over the gate, on which occasion I had gone straight to my room and found that instead of being ten o'clock it was midnight. I will have time, I thought, to smoke my pipe, and then I will go. It was not long before my pipe went out, and I prepared to follow its example. It occurred to me that if I left the house in the usual way some of the folks would hear me, and their inquiries as to my destination would be awkward to answer; so I got out of the open window, and crept down the lightning-rod. I was so absorbed with the object I was in pursuit of that. I did not notice the distance, and almost before I knew it I found myself in front of the Professor's house. All was dark except where the study was located, and from its window the yellow gaslight shone brightly. I halted at the gate for a moment, and then, seeing no prying policemen, concluded to walk the length of the lot once or twice before I entered the house. I had just got opposite the curtain which was drawn up, and I saw the form of the Professor. In a moment he perceived me, and, opening the window, he called to me. At his invitation I entered the study, not by the door, but by clambering through the window, which was but a few feet from the ground. Warm as the night was, a bright fire was burning in the grate, and from the strange instruments and apparatus lying on the table and about the room I concluded that the Professor had been experimenting. He was unusually cordial, invited me to a seat, and opened the conversation with a few common-place remarks. We must have talked for nearly an hour, when I inquired how the Phenician exiles were getting on.

"A fig for Fenish," exclaimed the Professor, "I am engaged in a much greater scheme. I have made a discovery that will be of incalculable benefit to mankind."

"Indeed," I asked, "what is it?"

The Professor sat on one side of the table I occupied a place opposite him. For a moment he was silent, and then glancing around the room and giving a preparatory cough, he spoke as if addressing his class at the college:

"You are familiar," said he, "with the faculty called memory—a sense that varies in each individual. In men it deals with generalities; with women it is mostly cognizant of specialties. For instance, a woman will remember the matrimonial ring and exact cut of a garment worn by another person, while a man will only recall that the person in question either looked well or badly. In a history class of both sexes the females will soonest commit and remember longest the dates. But they readily forget what the males will remember longest—the general effect of the occurrences that happened on those dates."

"This is simple memory, but there is another faculty akin to it, yet of a finer and more subtle description. You are sitting in front of your window on a rainy day. You have nothing to do, and you are listlessly looking out at the passing people. Every one carries an umbrella. A woman passes on the opposite side of the street; her umbrella conceals her face, and a long waterproof her figure. She is one among many. You merely notice that she is passing, and take no cognizance of her gait or peculiarities. As soon as she goes beyond the range of your vision no more memory of her remains than if she had never passed that way. That same afternoon, as you are going home, you meet the same person in the street car, and, without remembering her, instinctively know her. You can't tell where you have met her, and are not sure that you ever did.

"There is still a finer sense than this. An incident occurs, a very trivial one may be, but you feel confident and sure that the same thing has happened before, and that you know it then as well as now. The theory of metempsychosis may account for it in part, but it does not satisfy. There is something beyond it; a subtile sort of refined sense, and what it is all savants have puzzled over. Fairfield, Lecky, Owen, have studied the subject and and have been forced to give it up as beyond their powers. In the case of the phenominal mind-reader, who seems to have this unknown and unnamed sense in a high degree of development, Professors Dyman, Thatcher, Marsh, and others, whose attainments are undoubted, confessed themselves utterly at a loss for a season. Professor Crocker said 'the nerve current is some mode of force corelative with electricity.' That expression nearly foreshadowed my discovery. The cause for all of this mystery is found in nervous galvanism."

During this lecture-like talk I had been watching the Professor closely. His eyes had increased in brilliancy until they fairly sparkled, and his hands twitched as if he had lost all control of them. Several times I was on the point of smiling incredulously, but the object of my visit prevented me. When the Professor paused in his talk it was in such a manner as to imply that some remark from me was expected, so I said "Well?"

"Well," echoed the Professor, "you seem to doubt the truth of my proposition. I will prove its reliability."

He began collecting the apparatus and putting it in order. Three long glass rods I had noticed upon the table fitted into a metallic cap and formed a tripod adjustible in height; a steel band about a foot in diameter, to which were attached screws so that the size could be contracted, was produced from a drawer, and to it an insulated wire was fastened. As soon as these arrangements were perfected the Professor said, "Will you be kind enough to sit in this chair?"

For an instant the thought that the Professor had some sinister motive flashed through my mind, but I did not dare displease him, and thinking of Clio I sat in the chair pointed to me. I noticed that the legs of the chair terminated in glass knobs, and that it was placed at some distance from the other articles of furniture. After I had seated myself, the tripod was placed over me and the steel ring or band was adjusted about my head, the end of the wire leading from it, being connected with a galvanometer. The Professor watched the latter instrument closely. At last he said: "You are excited, and your mind does not work calmly. I shall give you a glass of wine."

I could not say that I was excited but I confess I was terribly fatigued with what seemed to me to be a farce, so the wine was very acceptable, and when he handed it to me I tossed it off at a single draught.

No sooner done than I regretted it. It did not take the course usual to such beverages, but mounted at once to my head. The feeling was not unpleasant, however; a sort of somnolent listlessness. I then noticed the almost insane light in the Professor's eyes. He came toward me with a vindictive look on his face that frightened me. Said he: "The band is not in close enough contact with your head. I will tighten it a little."

He turned the screws, and I felt the pressure upon my forehead. The Professor again looked at the galvanometer, but the needle did not so much as quiver. Again came the pressure of the band about my head, this time so hard as to be painful. Still no deflection of the index of the galvanometer. Another turn of the screws, and the pain I felt was so acute that I lost all patience with the Professor and attempted to seize his hand. To my horror, I could not move. The wine he had given me had taken away the power of volition. Then my agony began. I could think, see, and feel as well as ever, but the power of motion was denied me, or nearly so, for the utmost I could do was to follow with my eye the motions of the Professor. Suddenly it flashed upon me that his mind had become unsettled by severe mental labor, and that its vagaries had formed an absurd theory, to which he was bound to make the experiments fit. I was the unlucky subject, and in his insane desire to prove his theory correct I might sufferunto misery, and may be lose life itself.

The terrors of the next five minutes were indescribable, and I shudder even now when I think of them. The Professor took from the grate an iron which was heated to nearly a white heat, and then approached me with it. At first he held it at some distance from my face, but gradually brought it nearer. Nearer and nearer it came, and I felt the fierce heat burning my eyelids. Slowly it came closer and closer, until it was about to touch my forehead, when I felt returning power, and I leaned from the chair, overturning the tripod and dragging the instrument to the floor.

The Professor faded from before me, and I found myself in my own room. It was broad daylight, and I had slept and dreamed. I was awake just enough to know that it was a dream, when I threw myself down upon my bed and slept again. When I awoke it was past noon, and that was the reason I was late at the *Herald* office on Monday, the 16th day of August.

SAXON.

My Russet Apples.

A late March twilight, with a bitter frost in the air, the new moon just dipping its golden horn behind the maple swamp in the west, and the ground sounding crisply under foot. We had just come in from foddering the cattle—"we" sounds rather singularly when you reflect that it meant Kitty and me, two girls of seventeen and nineteen; but you see there wasn't anyone else to do it. Father had been bedridden ever since that last attack of paralysis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow."

Neighbor Dyson had generously offered us something less than half price for them, thinking no doubt, that we would be thankful to jump at the chance.—But Kitty and I, taking the matter into consideration, thanked him and declined politely.

"We couldn't keep house without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sister. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father if we have plenty of good rich milk and cream. And the butter that we should have to buy at Neighbor Dyson's city prices, would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley."

"As for the horse," said I, "he eats but little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the post office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we had ever since I could remember."

So it happened that, on this special March evening, we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock.

I was in great spirits, playing with pussy, who came to meet us with her plump tail erect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes.

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what makes you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the third of March," said she gravely.

"What of that? I demanded.

"Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage comes due to-morrow."

"So it does," said I, my radaint face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day; "$35; and we have nothing to pay it with except the $15 Laura Osgood paid for the old melodeon!"

"Perhaps Willis Avery would wait!" suggested Kitty.

I drew myself up slightly.

"I don't choose to ask him to wait," said I.

Now it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our homestead, was the son of a neighbor and an old play-fellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. I might be poor but I was also proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big cracking back log. Pussey crept away and nest'ed down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature.

"Look here, Kitty," I said suddenly, "those russet apples!"

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels, at $2.50 a barrel—"

"My dear Addy, no one will buy them at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug on the market."

"Here, I grant you, but not in the city. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least 20 per cent. commission and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the patronage. Don't say anything about it to father; he would only fret and raise objections. What must be done must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me."

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practicable thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out into barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber wagon—"

"But how are we to get the heavy barrels up into the wagon?"

"Goosie!" cried I, laughing, "can't I put the barrels up into the wagon while the're empty and and fill them at my leisure? And I'll have them sold at Mapleton before you've got the pork and cabbage boiling for dinner."

"But where will you go?" asked Kitty.

"Oh, I know lots of places. I went once to town with Obadiah Fairweather when he sold a lot of cheeses. I've a pretty good idea of the locality of the commission stores, I can tell you."

"After all, Addy," hesitated my conservative little sister, it isn't a woman's work."

"*Why* isn't it, I should like to know, so long as a woman can do it? At all events, a woman may pay her debts, so if you'll hurry up the tea I'll be off to the barn."

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh, he'll think I've gone to the singing school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think it is a Christain duty to undeceive him, answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon my affairs, my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off toward Mapleton, with the scarlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east, and my own cheeks flushed with the keen morning air.

But it wasn't so bad, after all. With pardonable egotism, I supposed that every one would be staring at me; but, on the contrary, a young woman selling apples ought to be the commonest sight in the world, so little comment of surprise did it apparently excite. Mr. Holloway of the firm of Holloway Brothers, Produce and Commission Merchants, didn't want apples, I speedily learned.

"Just bought a shipload from Albany," said he carelessly as if a shiploads of apples were as common a purchase as ten cents worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me a dollar a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year." And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined rather to carry them home again than to sell them at that price.

At the next place where I stopped, a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out and examined my apples critically.

"Do they hold out like this all the way down?" he asked

"I'll warrant them," I said carelessly

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a-half a barrel," I answered.

He reflected.

"It's a good price," he said, as if he were talking to his own vest buttons; but they look like good apples, and we've tolerable large western orders to fill. I'll see what my partner thinks."

He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black letters over the door, "Hull & Avery."

My first impulse was to drive on and leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and wait my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load if—why!" breaking off short, "it's Addy Walters!"

I colored scarlet.

"Yes," said I, as composedly as possible. "Good morning, Mr. Avery. I shall be obliged if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry."

"Oh, certainly." He looked as if a nipping frost had chilled his enthusiasm in the bud, and secretly exulted within myself.

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said if I had any more at the same price—and of the same quality; he cautiously added—he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touched his hat, and I drove away as loftily as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

"Just $35, counting in the melodeon money!" cried Kitty, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes."

She had scarcely spoken the words before there came a knock at the door and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery," I said.

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he, almost reproachfully. "Do you thing one's mind always runs on money?"

"Mine does a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know—"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now—"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more, if you would let me. I would *love* you!"

I did not answer. In truth and fact, I *could* not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked earnestly.

And somehow he got hold of my hand, and somehow before I knew it, we were engaged!"

"This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I had resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about dancing with Gerald Ferguson at the Fourth of July picnic."

"I'll promise you never to be jealous again," said Willis Avery.

Kitty was jubilant when she heard it all.

"Our troubles are at at an end," said she, "and all because you would take that load of russet apples to town yourself."

"That doesn't follow," said I sagely.

But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate and I've always liked russet apples since.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

Hunting the Ostrich.

One of the greatest feats of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being shy and cautious and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can only be captured by a well planned and long-continued pursuit with the swiftest horses. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings, against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of the enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person at a great distance, long before one can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in a company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles, to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two birds, but often two or three of the fleet horses fall completely tired out with so sharp a chase.

Buggins thinks that dynamite is a contraction for die any minute.

The Outside Passenger.

It was in the old days of stage coaches says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, and one of those huge, lumbering vehicles was plowing its way between Boston and Salem in a driving rainstorm, filled inside and outside with a jolly jam of passengers.

Among the number of the more fortunate insiders, was a respectable, baldheaded old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above: "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right."

"Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man.

"No, not much," was the reply.

"Well, can't you put something around her? T'will never do to have her get wet, you know."

"We've got everything around her we can get."

"Haven't you got an old coat or a rug?"

"No, not a rag more."

A sympathetic young man hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman why they didn't have her ride inside and not out on the roof.

"Bless you, there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man.

"Not room? Why I'll give her my place; it's too bad!"

"Not at all, sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into this stage, anyhow."

Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said:

"Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service to you she may have it;" and, suiting the action to the work, he took off that garment and handed it to the old gentleman.

"It's almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet, but——"

"Not at all, sir; by no means; pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up.

"How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tip top! Just the ticket! All right now."

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the stage arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapped around—not a lady of unusual proportions, but—a double bass viol!

Selling Corn.

An experienced grain farmer advises to sell no corn in the ear; have all you sell shelled. A hand shelling machine will answer if your crop is a small one; if large get one to be worked by horse-power. Neither will cost a great deal, and we are very certain that the cob, if crushed, then steamed and fed to your cattle, will be worth more to you in a single winter than the price of a cornsheller, whether you get a small or large one. We believe there is one-third as much nutriment in a bushel of cobs as there is in a bushel of grain, and we do know that cows and oxen fed upon three pecks of the steamed or crushed cobs, in addition to the usual quantity of hay or tops of fodder, will keep fat. Then why haul your cobs to market to be given away? It costs as much to carry a bushel of cobs to the market as it does a bushel of corn. Shell your corn, leave your cobs at home to nourish your cattle, and through them your land; and where you now send one bushel of corn, you will be able to transport two for the same money.

Faith as a Medicine.

The cure of any illness which does not consist in a disorganization of the tissues can often be accomplished when the person thinks that it can be done. If we physicians, who treat patients every day, had the power to make them believe that they are to be cured, especially if we could name a time for it, it would be a great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and may say that I succeed more now than formerly, because I have myself the faith that I can, in giving faith, obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger than myself, and who will have more time to study this question than I have, would take it up, especially in those cases in which there is a functional nervous affection only to deal with, as it is particularly, though not only, in those cases that a cure can be obtained. Indeed, a cure may thus be obtained in certain organic affections; even in dropsy it may lead to a cure. You know it will stop pain; that going to a dentist is often enough to make the toothache disappear. I have seen patients come to me with terrible neuralgia, who dreaded the operation I was about to perform, and just at the time I was about to undertake it, ceased to suffer.—*Dr. Brown equard.*

Mince Pies.

Two pounds lean fresh beef, and when cold, chopped fine. One pound beefsuet, cleared of strings and minced to powder. Five pounds apples, pared and chopped. One pound sultan raisins, washed and picked over. Two pounds currants, washed and carefully picked over. Three-fourth pound citron, cut up fine. Two tablespoonfulls mace. One tablespoonful cloves. One tablespoonful allspice. One tablespoonful fine salt. Two and one-half pounds brown sugar. One quart brown sherry. One pint best brandy. Mince meat made by this receipt will keep all winter in a cool place. Keep in stone jars, tied over with double covers. Add a little more liquor (if it should dry out), when you make a batch of pies. Let the mixture stand at least twenty-four hours after it is made before it is used. Lay strips of pastry, notched with a jagging iron, in a cross bar patern, upon the pie, instead of a top crust.

How to Feed a Horse.

As a general rule too much food 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 horses 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 going out early, feed six quarts of oats and no 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.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

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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, Pajnts 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, Malev 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. Looking 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

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October 13, 1875.

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A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

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They have a complete assortment of

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And Felt over Shoes,

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HATS AND CAPS,

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are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description, in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of

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Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

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The best assortment of

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ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. feb18

Cook & Beerits' FAMILY GROCERY Flour and Feed STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to friends and the public generally, in the town vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our Newstore on

MAIN CROSS STREET

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN-MEAL,

OATS, SHELLED CORN,

OATS & CORN CHOP,

BRAN, MIDDLINGS

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

FOR

CASH ONLY.

Also, a well selected stock of

Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brush al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa

Oct. 2, 1872

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

GARRETT,

on the line of the P. W. & B. R., and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandize, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

QUEENSWARE,

HARDWARE,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.

WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs.

MAPLE SUGAR,

Barns, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.

SALT AND FISH.

always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.

SCHELL & WILSON.

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Wholesale and Retail,

IN

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