"Reeling the Line."

A man who lives up on South Hill is grievously afflicted because the lady who superintends the weekly purifications of the wearing apparel at his home always leaves a network of clothes-line spread all around his back yard. And when he made complaint to her about it, she addressed him in the musical accents of Christine Nilsson's native language, and overwhelmed him with a torrent of eloquence that he could not understand. And when he remonstrated with his wife and daughter about it, they laughed him to scorn, and his daughter, who was educated at Vassar, and can hustle her terrified parents out of the house with one hand, told him if he interfered any more in that department around that house he'd get drowned in the wash-tub. So this man suffered. One bitter cold morning he ran out to the woodshed after kindling, and the first line caught him under the chin and pulled his neck till it was a foot long, and he ran into the house and frightened his wife into fits by his terrible appearance, and she threatened to apply for a divorce if he ever made faces at her in that way again. It was nearly three hours before his neck shrunk back to its natural size. And a few nights after that he was all dressed to go to a party with his family, and he went bounding down the back yard to see that the alley gate was fastened, and a slack line caught him amidships, let him run out the slack, and then when it hauled taut just picked him up, tossed the breath out of him, turned him clear over, and chucked him down on his back, splitting his coat from tail buttons to the neck. And he couldn't speak and he couldn't breathe only about thirty cents on the dollar, so he couldn't answer his wife and daughter when they were ready, and they concluded that he had run away to avoid going with them; so they went off without him and never came back until eleven o'clock, and the man lay out in the yard all that time trying to die. And one time after that he was jogging across the back yard with his arms full of about 300 pounds of hard wood, and he was laughing like a hyena at something he had just read in the *Hawk-Eye*, when a clothes-prop slipped just as he passed under the line and dropped on his head, raising a lump as big as an egg, and he fell forward, and the line caught right in his mouth, and sawed it clear back to his ears, so that when he tried to smile the top of his head only hung on a hinge.

Well, these things naturally weighed on his mind and depressed him, but they set him to thinking, and he went to work and invented a patent clothes-line reel, which was inclosed in a heavy cast-iron box, and was worked by a powerful automatical arrangement. You had to wind up the box and set it for a certain hour, just like an alarm-clock, and at that hour the reel would go off and pull on the line like a team of mules, the spring hook at the other end of the line would let go its hold, and that line would be wound up at the rate of 7,000 miles a minute. He said nothing about his invention, but put up the box and told some lie about it to his family, which is a way men have, and set it for 7 o'clock P. M., and wound it up strong. Then he watched Miss Nilsson's compatriot ren out the line and adjust the hook, and he went away.

About seven o'clock that evening, while he was toasting his feet at the fire and reading the almanac, the family were disturbed by unmistakable indications of a fight going on in the back yard between a hurricane and an earthquake, in which the earthquake appeared to be getting a little the best of it. The affrighted family rushed to the back door, and looked upon a scene of devastation and anarchy. The air was full of fragments of linen and cotton and red flannel, and shirt buttons and clothes-pins and little brass buckles were flying like hail. The reel in the iron box was making about sixty thousand revolutions a minute, and was whirling round like a threshing machine, and the line was tearing round the post like a streak of runaway lightning, and the clothes were trying to keep along with it and around the posts they were ripping and tearing, and snapping more than any cyclone that ever got lost, while where the line shot into the hole in the iron box the striped stockings and white shirts and things, and flannels and yarn socks and undershirts and more things, and aprons and handkerchiefs and sheets, and things and pillow-slips, just foamed and bulged and oozed wildly and ripped and tore and scraped, until the yard and air were so full of lint that it looked worse than an arctic snow storm. Everybody shrieked in dismay.

"Somebody's at the clothes-line!" screamed the man's daughter.

"Good heavens!" yelled the man, "hadn't you taken the clothes in?"

"No!" they chorused.

The man thought he would save what was left. He sprang at the clothes-line. He caught the flying-hook at the end with both hands, and the next instant, before the terrified eyes of his wife and daughter, he was jerked in through the hole in the iron box, a quivering mass of bone and flesh, while his glistening skeleton fell rattling upon the porch.

They gathered his framework off the porch and unlocked the box and drew out his covering. He was not dead, so deftly and quickly had he been removed from his framework. They sent for the doctors, but their skill could not avail to get the man together again, and now he sits, limp and boneless, in a high-backed easy chair, smiling sadly at his grinning skeleton, which sits in a chair on the opposite side of the stove, grinning socially at its counterpart, and rattling horribly every time it crosses its bony legs or scratches the top of its gaunt, fleshless fingers. And thus that poor man has to drag out a dual existence until death comes to both of him. It is a painful, expensive life, for the skeleton eats just as much as the flesh, and the flesh has taken to smoke ten-cent cigars, and the skeleton can't sleep a wink unless it has a big hot whisky every night at bed-time. And all this is the result of wicked carelessness. What a dreadful, dreadful warning it is to those neglectful women who leave the clothes-line stretched across the yard in every direction after night!

A tramp who attended a fire, got around just as a keg of beer was tapped. He grabbed a mug and filled it, unmindful of some ashes, three flies, two shingle nails, and a piece of shaving soap already in the mug. When he finished drinking, none of these articles were visible, and latter in the day he complained of being billious.

A recent marriage notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend: "May their future troubles be little ones."

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Youthful Precocity.

We always did pity a man who does not love children. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longings after their pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick, and the world full of children has no use for him. In every age and clime, the best and noblest men love children. Even wicked men have a tender spot left in their hearts for little children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehamemokimodahroah, the king of the Cannibal islands, loves them. Rare, and no gravy. Ah, yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them. Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast when she sees her little ones admired? Ah, yes, to be sure. Only yesterday a lady friend on a shopping excursion, left her little tid toddler, of five bright summers, in our experienced charge while she pursued the duties that called her down town. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half hour we spent booking that prodigy upon his centennial history.

"Now listen, Clary," we said—his name is Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers,—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who's he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said. "He was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours; and yours; the confederated union of the Amercan people, cemented with the life blood of the men of '76; poured out upon the alars of our country as the dearest libation to liberty that her votaries can offer?"

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient and lost their temper when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We know that however careless he might appear at first, that we could soon interest him in the story and that he would be all eyes and ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed on our photographs, just the faintest ripple of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington; this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh yes, George."

And he went on just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes: told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he come to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No; saw the apple tree. And he said, "who has cut down my favorite apple tree?"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And every body said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What was they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple tree?"

"The favorite apple tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet!"

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why his own; the one his father gave him."

Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and said, 'Father I cannot tell a lie, I—"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said 'Father I cannot tell a lie. It was—"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh yes!"

"It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no, his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No his father said that."

"Said he rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he rather lose a thousand apple trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch street, hadn't come and got her prodigy at this critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of that snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree. We do love children, but we don't believe that either nature or education has fitted us to be a governess.—*From the Burlington eyeye.*

The Gatling Gun.

The Hartford *Times* says; Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of this well-known gun is one of those peacemen who believe that it is better to attempt to make war unprofitable by appealing to fear than to make peace possible by appealing to love. If two contending armies are certain to be annihilated in the first general battle, there will be few battles. At least this seems to be the theory of his machine gun; it is immensely increasing man's power for the disabling and destruction of his enemy. The Gatling gun is a group of rifle barrels arranged around a central spindle, or axis, revolving by simple mechanism, and loaded and fired by simple devices. It differs from the revolving pistols in the fact that the revolvers fire only when the barrel and the loading mechanism are at rest, while the Gatling gun fires only when the entire mechanism is in active operation. At all times during the working of the gun, each cartridge that has entered the loading cylinder, at the rear of the barrels, is in process of being placed in one of the barrels and fired, or its empty shell is being withdrawn. The result is a firing so rapid that its noise is continuous, and the ear is quite unable to distinguish the successive discharges. Heretofore each gun has had ten barrels; but recent improvements have made it possible to secure as good results from five barrels as formerly from ten. This has greatly reduced the weight of the piece, diminished the chances of a disarrangement of any of the parts, and increasing the gun's activeness by making it more portable. This is the most striking change noticed by ordinary observers in comparing this new model and the former style.

But some other changes have been made that are fully as important, though not as easily made plain to the general reader by description. The rapidity of working the gun has been increased by attaching the operating crank directly to the revolving shaft, instead of employing the medium of worm and worm-gear. The cartridges are fed directly over the center, insuring their passage to the interior of the barrel without possibility of failure. The mechanism to produce the sweeping motion intended for operating over a radius of a horizontal circle, has been simplified by substituting a cam for the double screw. This cam moves the pieces through four degrees, and a simple adjusting screw increases this fifteen degrees, so that the sweep of the gun may be made to describe an arc of twenty degrees without moving the carriage, tripod, or swivels on which the gun is mounted. The frame of the new gun is a single bar passing longitudinally under the gun, instead of two side bars. Some will be made, the support of which will be a case surrounding the barrels and furnished with trunnions on the outside. This will give the smaller size of gun very much the appearance of a howitzer, as the case will be made of bronze. In fact, the new model gun has a case to cover the barrels as a protection from rust, dirt, and casual injury.

By these and other minor changes one of the smaller guns is reduced in weight from 135 to 98 pounds. On the larger sizes the reduction may not be so large, proportionally, but it is sufficient to make a favorable item. The efficiency of the gun is increased—a late trial giving 1,000 shots per minute with a five-barreled gun. Any one of the locks can be withdrawn instantly in case of injury, and still the gun may be fired, losing only so much of its efficiency as the proportion of the removed lock is to the remainder. This gun is made of varying calibers, including all the rifle calibers used by civilized nations, and heavier calibers up to half-pound shot of one inch diameter with an effective range of two and a half miles.

Fattening Poultry.

The London *Field* states that poultry properly fed will acquire all the fatness needed for marketing purposes, in a fortnight or three weeks at most. Their diet should be Indian, oat, or barley meal, scalded in milk or water—the former is the best as it will expedite the fattening process. They should be fed early in the morning, at noon, and also in the evening just before going to roost. A plentiful supply of fresh water—plenty of gravel, sliced cabbage or turnip tops. If the fowls are required to be very fat, some trimmings of fresh mutton suet may be chopped up and scalded with their other feed, or they may be boiled in milk alone and poured over the meal. This renders the flesh firmer than it otherwise would be. When fit to kill feeding should be stopped for twelve hours or more, that the intestines may become comparatively empty.

A Strange Drink.

An old toper bet that he could, when blindfolded, tell each of several kinds of liquors. When brandy, gin, whiskey and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him; he tasted it, paused, tasted it again, considered, and shook his head. He at last said—"Gentlemen, I give it up, I am not used to that sort of liquor."

A North Carolina negro thought he could outrun a locomotive the other day on the Air Line road, and when he picked himself up, after being thrown twenty feet and landing on his head, he said: "Yer don't ketch dis yer chile doin' dat agin. It's a right smart wonder I didn't tear dese britches clean off."

Democrats Obstructing the Prosecution of Belknap.

The debate on Tuesday in the House developed a strange issue in reference to the course of proceeding proper to pursue in the investigation and punishment of the Belknap frauds.

In the absence of other available testimony against Belknap the members of the House who had made the examination, heard Belknap's confession, and were supposed to be in possession of the contracts, receipts, checks, and other original papers relating to the arrangements between Marsh and Belknap, were supposed to appear before the Grand Jury of the District in secret session to furnish the necessary evidence for an indictment against Belknap under the act of Congress against bribery. The committee having permitted Mr. Marsh to leave and escape beyond reach of process the necessary criminal proceedings could not be begun against the corrupt Secretary without the evidence of the members of this committee. Instead of giving it they pleaded their privilege as members of the House and refused to appear. This action of theirs was reported to the House, and the Democratic majority sustained it.

So far as the privileges of the House are concerned, there seems to have been no question raised by either the court or the law officers, but it was a mere privilege, which may be waived, and if the public interest required it ought to have been waived without an instant's hesitation. The subpœna issed by the District court did not violate it. It could only be violated by the enforcement of the process after the privilege had been asserted by the members subpœnaed. The privilege is not a prohibition against testifying if they chose to do so. It only authorizes them to refuse if they so elect. When they did so the law officer stopped. Nobody's rights have been interfered with, and no offense has been committed against the dignity of the House.

But there is a far more important question presented for the Democratic majority of the House to answer and the country to consider. Is there any justifiable excuse for this refusal of Mr. Clymer and his Democratic associates to render this necessary aid to the course of justice, against the corrupt Secretary, in the courts? Do they intend to shield him at last from the punishment he deserves and which the law demands?

There are two modes of prosecution which are provided in such cases. One is by impeachment, and the other is by trial on indictment in the appropriate Federal court having jurisdiction of the offense. As to the first there are serious questions raised as to whether it can be instituted and maintained now that Belknap is no longer in office. But even should the Senate have jurisdiction to try the impeachment it could inflict no punishment. The result of conviction in any event would be only expulsion from office and disqualification to hold office in the future. But being already out of office public justice will not be satisfied with the barren verdict of guilty.

It is clear, therefore, that the only effectual mode of punishment is by prosecution and conviction in the criminal courts having jurisdiction of the offense. They can visit the penalties deserved of fine and imprisonment and disqualification from holding office, all accomplished in one proceeding, with their apple means of thorough investigation. If Belknap is guilty, no punishment which the law of the land provides should be withheld. He has dishonored us in the face of the world, among every civilized people, and brought discredit upon Republican government itself.

The pretense that to testify before the Grand Jury would be to divulge the secrets of the committee room is thoroughly false, for Mr. Clymer stated in the discussion in the House that they had reported all the evidence taken, and it is published in all the papers of the country. The position taken by the Democrats of the House, therefore, is susceptible of no other explanation than that they desire to limit or wholly suppress further investigation. Have they members of their own party that they fear will be reached in the prosecution of the investigation if it should get out of their control? Or are they afraid that Belknap will be punished too much? They need not fear any interference with their impeachment proceedings, for both those proceedings and prosecutions upon indictment can be with propriety had at the same time. We shall wait to see how far this policy of obstructing prosecution by the Democratic party in this matter is to be carried.

Self-Love.

The love of self is the root and centre and consuming spirit of all evil. Its forms and aspects are indefinitely diversified. It exists and operates on many different planes of thought and life. Sensuality is its lowest, most general expression. But it also takes the appearance of covetousness, or of some other of the gross and vulgar forms of vice. It is, however, compatible with all excellence of external behavior. For a man may shun all open sin, and give alms, and be very useful, and do all this from the love of self. He may expect his reward in the applause of men, in the advancement of his position in the world, or in promoting his success in life. He may find full recompense for his self-restraint in the complacent belief that, of his own strength and by his own unaided efforts, he has become better than other men. He has done the work, and he gives himself the glory for it. He is a god unto himself, and his apparent virtues are the morning and evening sacrifice upon the altar of self. This is the last, and it is the worst, form of self-love.

Salt and Its Uses.

Hall's *Journal of Health* thus sums up some of the uses of salt:

It will cure sick headache, make cream freeze, make the butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill weeds, kill worms, make the ground cool; so it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will cease the itching pain caused by irritating skin diseases, like hives, itch, etc. It will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like; and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this, to a certain degree, but sea salt is the most effectual in its action.

An Irishman was before a justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned: "What trade are you?" "Shure, now, your honor, an' I'm a sailor." "You a seafaring man! I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life." "Shure, now, an' does your honor think I come over from Ireland in a wagin?"

How the First Napoleon was Crowned.

We attended high mass in Notre Dame, and, from a gallery above the chancel, saw a very imposing display—grand church dignitaries, headed by the Cardinal and the Archbishop in their most magnificent robes, which could almost stand and officiate alone—priests and acolytes going through their impressive, though to us mysterious rites. The picturesqeness of the scene was almost enough to inspire worship—the illuminated altars and thrones, the rich carpets and hangings, the gorgeous vestments, and, above all, the effects of the sunshine pouring through the splendid stained windows, and falling in a glorious baptism of color on the heads of priest and choristers. Still my thoughts and my eyes would wander down the long nave to a spot by the great portal where, one December morning seventy-one years ago, stood a magnificent throne, with two gilded chairs, awaiting the Emperor and Empress of France. I pictured to myself the vast church all hung with those gorgeous velvet hangings shining with golden bees—that wonderful crowd of church dignitaries, princes, soldiers, officials, and legislators, and the smiling groups of court ladies in the galleries, chief among them the proudest mother in Christendom. The archbishop recalled the venerable figure of the patient prisoner of Napoleon, Pius VII waiting near the altar for the coming of his imperial host—that grand "thief of the world," who, with equal coolness, made free with Roman Pontiffs and pictures, a holy family or the Holy See. I looked on the way he walked in crossing to the altar, when he crowned himself and his Empress, and in going to his throne. I suppose we can see just how he looked that day by David's great picture. His costume, though designed by that artist, and exceedingly beautiful, seems to me to have been theatrical and effeminate. It was of pure white satin and gold, and for all the golden laurel wreath he wore before putting on the crown, the entire dress must have been less suggestive of Cæsar than of Sardanapalus. The venerable French friend I have several times quoted, tells me that it really was very much ridiculed by the few aristocrats and Bourbonists spared by the guillotine, or returned from exile to the Faubourg St. Germain. They declared that it betrayed the ostentation of a *nouvel riche*, and the crude taste of a parvenu. These coronation robes, with those worn by the Pope and Archbishop on that occasion, were torn to pieces in the Revolution of 1831, for the sake of their rich gold ornamentation, but they have been mended, and are still preserved in the sacristy of Notre Dame. It is strange that those magnificent rags have outlasted two empires and three kingly reigns, to say nothing of a poet's dream of a republic, and a nightmare of a commune. My old friend saw Napoleon on that culminating day of his destiny, and says that his beauty was "something incredible," and that to see him and Josephine in their state carriage of glass and gold was like realizing a beautiful dream of fairyland. The Emperor's plumed chapeau was turned up on one side, and "buttoned with a star," the great Regent diamond. She says he saluted right and left the people who adored and feared him "*enormement*," but that he looked grave almost to sternness, though giving once in a while a "smile like winter sunshine," being still out of humor with the Pope, who had most unwillingly consented to consecrate him. The on dit was that after a long and stormy interview he had resorted to his favorite imperial argument, a buffet on the cheek, which brought the Holy Father to the crowning point, and made him ready to chant with proper unction, "*Vivat in æternum Semper Augustus.*"

Parisian Toy-Making.

Any one who has ever walked through one of the great toy-importing houses in this city at holiday time and perhaps wondered at the taste and ingenuity displayed by the French workmen in devising many of the most beautiful playthings, would hardly imagine that waste and refuse materials, very odd ones too sometimes, are largely used in the Parisian top industry. Elegantly dressed dolls, tricked out in all the refinements of the latest fashion, and which fetch incredible prices on this side of the Atlantic, are frequently costumed from the cast-off stage clothes of actresses in the theatres purchased for a mere song, or from the useless garments remaining in theatrical wardrobes after a play has had a long run. The coverings of old purses and pocket books, fished out of the gutters by sharp-eyed ragpickers, furnish the material for the doll boot maker. Old sardine boxes and cans yield their plate to the manufacture of barrels for toy guns. The little wooden or metal wheels which support movable toys are obtained from the refuse of any industry in which articles having circular openings are made. French cruet stands, usually of wood and having holes for bottles, provide thousands of such disks, removed in making the apertures. All the solder and pewter that can be extracted from old roofing and water-spouts or workshop scraps, is pressed into service for the manufacture of dolls' knives and forks, tea sets, etc.; and even the ancient lead coffins dug out of the old cemeteries at Nuremburg, the French toy maker utilizes in the manufacture of lead soldiers. No other nation equals the French in converting the ordinary refuse of the street and workshop into useful and ornamental products. It is this characteristic for saving which makes the French nation so prosperous.—*Scientific American.*

Steeple Chases.

In Europe the lowest rule for fences and stone walls in riding steeple chases are four feet six inches, and the water jumps twelve feet. At Punchestown, in Ireland, the stone walls and fences are said to be about five feet high, and the brooks of water jumps from twelve to fourteen feet in width. They are the same height and breadth in France; and the horses of those countries go over these great distances with less danger to the rider or themselves than American horses go over the two and a half and three feet obstacles that are put up in front of them on the race courses. The horse Lottery, in England, is said to have jumped thirty-four feet ever hurdles, at Liverpool; and Chandler, at Warwick, thirty-nine feet over water; and Lochiel, in this country, jumped twenty-eight over bush and water.

Young ladies, please remember that:

A woman with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue;
Though beautiful is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.

Imported Birds.

Within the past few years the demand for fancy plumage and singing birds in this country has increased so rapidly that almost every German steamer now arriving at New York brings over several hundred birds.—In fact the business of importing birds has assumed such large proportions that one of the largest bird houses in New York has four men constantly going to and from Europe to take care of their birds on the passage over. Special small fine cages just large enough for one bird are provided, and these are all connected together, and suspended from the ceiling of a state room in order to economize space. The closest attention has to be paid to the birds on the passage over, as many die in the transit. Large sums of money are annually spent in the purchase of trained singing birds, whose musical education involves considerable time and much patience, all of which is liable to be lost by very slight negligence. It is estimated that during last year alone there were over one hundred thousand birds imported into the United States, of which number about eighty thousand were German canaries. When the Deutschland went down 1,500 or 2,000 canaries were among the saved. In addition to the canaries, a large number of the finch family, together with gray and brown linnets, starlings, English and German sparrows, parrots, Australian paroquets, skylarks, thrushes and nightingales were also imported. The prices of the birds range from $1 to as high as $200, being regulated entirely by the amount of training received or by the richness of plumage. The German male canary, which pipes a tune, is valued at from $5 to $50; the bullfinch that pipes one tune, about $30; that pipes two tunes about $70; and that pipes three tunes, $100; the blackbird, with one tune, about $40; the goldfinch, $10; choice sylklarks, $15; choice nightingales, $55; starlings that pipe one tune $40; choice thrush, $25; Australian parrots, $15; gray talking parrots, $50; and talking and singing parrots $100. Trained mocking birds are worth about $30, and learned ones, which whistle an operatic air perfectly, bring from $100 to $200.

Mr. Charles Reich, of this city, imported in 1842, as a venture, the first lot of 1,000 birds ever brought to this country, and had great difficulty in disposing of them. The taste for foreign, and especially German, birds was at that time only shared by a few persons. There were no light and suitable cages to be had, and there was a great scarcity of bird food. People did not know how to treat birds, and failed to appreciate their music; this has all changed now, and the fashion of keeping singing birds is almost universal. Many gentlemen are beginning to keep aviaries, and for this class of customers the finest birds are required. Orders are also received daily from dealers in almost every city and town in the country with a few thousand inhabitants, and in this way the stock of birds on hand is constantly being renewed.

The Lady Who Discarded Washington.

Bishop Meade, in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," relates the following: The elder sister of Miss Mary Cary had married George William Fairfax, at whose house she was on a visit, when she captivated a young man who paid her his addresses. His affection, however, was not returned, and the offer of his hand was rejected by Miss Cary. This young man was afterward known to the world as General George Washington, the first President of the United States of America. Young Washington asked permission of old Mr. Cary to address his daughter before he attempted to speak to the lady herself. The reply of the old gentleman was: "If that is your business here, sir, I wish you to leave the house, for my daughter has been accustomed to ride in her own coach." It has subsequently been said that this answer of Mr. Cary to the stripling Washington produced the independence of the United States, and laid the foundation of the future fame of the first of heroes and the best of men—immortal Washintong—as it was more than probable that, had he obtained possession of the large fortune which it was known Miss Cary would carry to the altar with her, he would have passed the remainder of his life in inglorious ease. It was an anecdote of the day that this lady many years after she had become the wife of Edward Ambler, happened to be in Williamsburg when General Washington passed through that city at the head of the American army, crowned with never fading laurels and adored by his countrymen. Having distinguished her among the crowd, his sword waved toward her a military salute, whereupon she is said to have fainted. But this wants confirmation, for her whole life tended to show that she never for a moment regretted the choice she had made. It may be added as a curious fact, that the lady General Washington married resembled Miss Cary as much as one twin-sister ever did another.

Handling Wet Soil.

On this subject the California *Agriculturist* says:

Better not do it, because it is an injury to it—an injury that years of careful culture cannot remedy. Heavy soil, once puddled and packed wet, remains so for a long time. Every step the horses take on the wet soil puddles it. The plow turns it over without pulverizing it, and leaves a stiff gaze on the furrows. Better be idle a few days, or sow the grain without plowing, and scratch it when the surface dries off, than ruin or seriously injure the soil by puddle-plowing. The way that many farmers have, rushing through when they get started, rain or shine, mud or mellow, regardless of consequence, is not according to the dictates of common sense, and is not profitable either. Better pay your hired man to let it alone, than to plow the soil when too wet.

A witty, popular and learned Lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whisky-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy makes anither man o' me." "But, my dear William, you take two. "Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the 'ither man!"

In the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone which does in one day the work of fifteen men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

New Advertisements.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.

NEW FIRM.

NEW GOODS.

THE NEW FIRM OF

PATTON & HURST

No. 4, Baer's Block,

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

CALICOES,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

SHIRTING,

TICKING,

BOYS AND MENS'

HEAVY PANT STUFFS,

in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,

DRESS GOODS,

in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,

STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE

The best assortment of

Carpetings and Oil Cloths

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. febl8

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store 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, Brushes of al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

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

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa

Oct. 2, 1872.

New Establishment.

MANUFACTURER OF COPPER WARE.

Having just opened a copper factory, we are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Copper Ware for kitchens, hotels, distilleries and brewering use. Repairing neatly done. Factory in rear of Wm. Knierlem & Son's grocery, 159 North Mechanic street, Cumberland.

EDWARD KOHNKUMPH & CO.,
Manufacturers.

Good price paid for old copper. feb2

NOTICE.

I will inform the public that I am selling lime at eight cents a bushel, and will take farm produce in exchange for it if desired.

JOS. W. BEAM,
Jenner X Roads, Pa.
dec.9

NOTICE.

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset county, on the 3d day of February, 1876, in the matter of the petition of Samuel Minder, administrator of the estate of Henry Glotfelty, deceased, for an order of sale to sell the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts. To Lydia Glotfelty, widow, A. J. Colborn, guardian of Henry, and Joseph Glotfelty, widow and heirs of said deceased and all other persons interested take notice.

The Court granted a rule on all parties interested to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset in and for Somerset county, on Monday, the 3d day of April, 1876, to show cause if any they have why a sale of said real estate should not be decreed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 5th day of February, 1876.

A. F. DICKEY,
Clerk.
feb9

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Mary C. Keltz, intermarried with Alexander M. Keltz, Henry B. Piper, Simon P. Piper, Thomas L. Piper, James M. Piper, and Amelia Piper, of Westmoreland county, Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of William Piper, deceased, on Friday, the 19th day of March, 1876, on the following described real estate, viz: Five lots of ground situate in the borough of Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., and known on the plan of said town as lots Nos. 19, 30, 31, 39 and 40, where you can attend if you think proper.

GEO. W. PILE,
Sheriff.
feb9

LEGAL NOITCE.

Herman G. Conn, and Elizabeth his wife, in right of the said Elizabeth,

George H. Williams, Thomas J. Williams, Levi Williams, Samuel Liston, and Mary A., his wife, Martin Minard, and Amanda A., his wife, Martha Williams, John, Mary and Amanda Struckoff and Noah Snyder, guardian.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa. No. 3, Aug. T., 1874.

Notice is hereby given to the above parties that by virtue of the above mentioned writ of partition an inquest will be held and taken upon the premises therein described, on the 23d day of March, 1876, for the purpose of making partition at valuation and appraisement of the said real estate, as in said writ required, at which time and place said parties can attend if they think proper.

GEORGE W. PILE,
Sheriff.
feb16

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, Mulay 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

No. 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

Cheap Side, No. 2, Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa.

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF

This space is res rvd for th

C. & G. Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear.

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 23.

CALIFORNIA.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the West and Northwest, and, with its numerous branches and connections forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

Is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul Line

Is the shortest line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis,