OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1876.

DREW'S FAILURE

reaches out a long way, and is making trouble all around. A great many years ago he endowed several seminaries by giving his note for a large amount, the interest on which would be sufficient to maintain them. It was understood that the principal was never to be paid, and the benefactions were put in the form of notes, that in the event of his death they might become charges on his estate. The Drew Seminary in Plainfield, N. J., held his note for $250,000, the interest being about $17,000, which he always paid promptly. Now that Bro. Drew has gone under the notes are worth just what the paper weighs, and the seminaries are mourning. They have nothing whatever to run on, and are as hard up as Drew himself. Hereafter they will probably insist that the money be paid over when it is subscribed, that it may be safe. One church did that, but unfortunately it lent the money to Drew shortly afterward, and that has gone with the rest.

THE GETTING AWAY OF JUDGE BARRETT

is the sensation of the week. The Judge was one of the most prominent lawyers in the city, and was supposed to be very rich. But alas! last Tuesday he sailed for Europe and it was immediately discovered that he had converted everything convertable into money, and had taken it with him, forgetting to pay an enormous load of indebtedness. His affairs were found to be in such a muddle that nothing can be made out of them and in brief, it is ruin all around. There is no woman in this case—speculation and high living did the work.

RENTS.

The question of rent is a very serious one in New York. Upon the avenues a first-class house is worth—or rather was worth—$12,000 a year, and running from that all the way down to $5,000. The "French flat" system is coming into vogue for families whodesire to live in something like elegance but cannot afford a whole house. A flat has in it about eight rooms, that is to say it is on one floor, through from front to rear, fitted up into rooms. The parlor, sitting-room and bed-rooms are elegant but the kitchen and cellerage are not only roomy, but commodious. These apartments rent from $5,000 per year, down to $1,000. The poorer people get smaller flats higher up from $500 down to $200, though at the latter figure they go up a long way, and in a very mean part of the city. You will see from these figures that rent is a very important item in living in the city—that it is the cancer that eats out income at a fearful rate. Take what a man has to pay for a house to live in, and a store to do business in, and there is mighty little left. Now-a-days if he gets out even he is doing exceedingly well.

POLITICAL.

The action of the Syracuse convention in instructing for Senator Conkling does not strike the Republicans of the city favorably. While Conkling is popular, and while possible the majority would prefer him, the coolest heads see that this is no time to push favorites, or consider sections. What is wanted is to hold the Government in the hands of the Republican party, and they feel it best to go to Cincinnati unpledged, that the best man may be put in nomination. Pledged or unpledged, Secretary Bristow holds a very high place in the affections of the Republicans of New York. The shysters in the party don't like him, but the solid men do. They want just such a man, and when Conkling's friends find that he cannot be nominated they will support the honest Kentuckian with a hurrah. He has done his whole duty, and is very strong here. Mark this, New York is going to press him in spite of instructions. There is an overwhelming sentiment in his favor, now, and it is growing.

A CENTENNIAL BLUNDER.

All sort of schemes are on foot to raise money for the Centennial. There is to be a great ball the 25th of next month for the purpose of getting a few thousands. By the reports from the committee of the centennial, it seems as if the women of America were not to have anything to show except pictures. There will not be wall space enough for all that are sent. All right. Mrs. Washington spun and wove cotton dresses striped with silk raveled from old stockings for her family: and the Winslow women, who are justly entitled to be called the first ladies of the country, as they came over among the first to Massachusetts, were clever at embroidery and bead work, but their descendants have no such skill to display, or are not to be allowed to display it. All that the executive committee of the centennial want to encourage in women is the ability to sculp and paint. Now a plain man may be excused for putting in a word here. I believe that I speak the sentiments of a good may people of the best class in saying that visitors to the centennial would be greatly interested to see all departments of women's work represented there. They would like to see such relics of needlework as were left by women of revolutionary times, who were notable housekeepers, and boasted skill with their needles that will show creditably at even this laps of time. There is not an old family in the country which has not treasures horded up of lace and sampler work, knitting and embroidery—that is, pictures be the needle, and fancy work—whose name is legion. We staid, conservative people would like to refresh our ideas of old times by comparing these dainty reminiscences with what our right clever daughters and sisters can do. We would like to see the finest evidences of skill in every department of woman's labor exhibited, to the credit and encouragement of the industrious as well as the glorification of the gifted. There is too much of a notion abroad that it is unbecoming to be expert at house-keeping, that all a young woman is to think fit to devote herself to is music or art, forgetting that not one in a thousand has talent enough in either direction to be worth training, but that all women can be taught to be good housekeepers and good dressers—to appear well themselves and try make others comfortable about them. The highest ladies in England—the Princess Louise and the Princess Christian among them—have instituted a school of fine needle-work in London, to which no woman has the honor of admittance unless she is of noble birth. An exhibition of ancient works of the needle was held some years ago at the South Kensington Museum, the effect of which was to revive the taste for embroidery to such a degree that it has set the fashion of two or three years past. Dresses and furniture of the richest sort are now so lavishly decorated with embroidery as to create a new branch of trade and give employment to reduced gentlewomen, many of whom are amateur artists of no mean talent, but who chose to express it by the needle instead of the brush. Perhaps you do not know, young woman, who may be reading this article, that the fashion of your brocaded or damasked wool-dress, at a dollar a yard, was taken from the old-fashioned stuffs at this exhibition, which awoke such an admiration for the old style that manufacturers were obliged to imitete it in woven goods of all classes. I quote this to show the influence of judicious encouragement of works of skill can do—and the profit there is in protecting instead of snubbing them.

A SAD STORY.

The wife of a decent workingman left her family in Brooklyn, Monday morning, to do some shopping in New York for the children. She did not return, and Tuesday evening, the husband, searching for her, recognized her in the body of a woman floating in an East River dock. It was found early in the afternoon, towed in and made fast to a corner of the pier by ropes, where it lay, waiting for a Coroner to release it. The distracted husband begged to be allowed to take it home, but was told that it could not be removed without a Coroner's order. The proper message failed to reach the authorities till the offices were closed, and the poor man walked the pier all night, mourning by the body of his wife. Not till eleven o'clock the next day could he take the corpse of the wife and mother home to her children. Anything sadder than this sight can hardly be imagined, the helpless figure, dressed as she left home, her pocketbook clutched in her hand, tied in the water by ropes about the waist, exposed to the mockery of the wind and waves, her crying children waiting her return, and the half-crazed faithful mourner keeping his watch all the wild night in the darkness by her side. The spectacle was seen by thousands, hurrying to their work the next morning, and commented on severely, but no one dared to meddle with the body, against the law. It is thought the woman was pushed or blown from the dock, on her way home, in the gale of Monday.

BUSINESS

has been a trifle better this week. There are a great many Western and Southern merchants in the city, and they are buying with tolerable freedom. The trade is nothing like that of former years, but as compared with the utter stagnation of the last twelve months, it is good. May it continue to improve. Expenses are decreasing every day, and there is a better feeling.

PIETRO.

Strange Revelation by the Microscope.

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage smasher had knocked off the corner of a smoothly worn hair trunk. The *wand* appealed to his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise men declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so-called naked portion of the body, and, further, that it once belonged to a fair complexioned person. The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That, a thousand years before, a Danish marauder had robbed an English church. In the spirit of the old-fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope that he was killed first), and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as tradition or archæological lore had it, that the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long ago utterly removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church door held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flat head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian malefactor's pelt—that fair-skinned robber from the North.— *arper's Magazine for April.*

About Army Buttons.

Gen. Comely, of the Columbus *Journal*, is in Washington, studying the situation. After a careful consideration of the House retrenchment proceedings, he was moved to the following observations:

Every few days they make a saving of fifty dollars a year on the wages of some widow in one of the departments. This enables them to appropriate five million dollars back pay to rebel pensioners of 1812, who were stricken off the rolls for disloyalty, while they were out with Mr. Hill, preserving the good old constitution. If Gen Banning succeeds in abolishing the use of sleeve buttons in our army and navy uniforms, we shall probably be able to pension all the soldiers of the late rebellion. I really don't see why this saving cannot be effected. The sleeve buttons are of brass and very expensive. There are two of them on each sleeve, which makes four to a man for every uniform. As the population of the country is now about forty millions, and each colored citizen is entitled to forty acres and a mule, this would make the annual consumption of sleeve buttons by the army and navy about six hundred million buttons a year. I cannot say to a cent how much they cost, but they are of no use under the sun. I appeal to any old soldier to say if he ever used one of these buttons to button up anything, in his life. Besides they are very much in the way when one goes to call the pile, in a game of draw they rattle on the table and alarm the guard.

Parisian Dogs.

In Paris all stray dogs are taken to the prefacture of the police, where they are examined and divided into lots according to their value. Those of high breed are well cared for, as it is known that the owners will soon appear and pay handsomely for their board and lodging. Those of good breed, but less valuable, are also treated handsomely, as at the sale which takes place weekly, they will fetch a good price; but the wortbless curs, which constitute the largest portion, are taken to the fourriere, or municipal pound, where they are left without any food for two days, and are then, if unclaimed, or if they do not die in the meantime of hunger, hung up by hooks fastened to their throats and tortured in the cruelest manner.

The difference between the sun and a bootblack—One shines for all, and the other's all for shine.

The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor.

MARRYING A BEGGAR.

CHAPTER I.

"So much for bringing poor relations into the house! I really believe that Charles has fallen in love with the girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason to her husband, a merchant in moderate circumstances in the city of Boston. "Well, suppose he has; she is a good girl, is she not?" quickly responded the merchant

"I don't know but that she's good enough; but she is a pauper!"

"Not exactly a pauper Mrs. Mason."

"Didn't we take her into the fatailty to keep her from starving?"

"I did not so understand it. You needed a young woman to assist you in sewing, and employed her at half the usual wages."

"Yes, and isn't she a pauper for all that?"

"Gently, Mrs. Mason; you forget that she is my sister's daughter," said the merchant a little sternly.

"What if she is? She is a penniless girl for all that. A pretty match for our son."

"And why not for our son? I am not a *millionaire*. If the times don't come easier than they have been, I shall fail before the year is out."

"So much the more reason why Charles should look out for himself."

"If he loves my niece, I sincerely hope he will marry her, for I believe she is one of the best girls in the world; certainly she is vastly superior to the silly, affected, mincing, novel-reading misses of fashionable society. I commend his taste and his judgment."

"Well, Mr. Mason, I am surprised!"

"Not the least occasion to be surprised."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Mason, that I never will consent to see Charles throw himself away on a pauper. If you haven't the spirit to prevent so disgraceful a match, I shall send the girl away."

"Don't you do it madame," said Mr. Mason, in a firm, decided tone.

"I *shall* do it!" replied the lady, waxing warm at the obstinacy of her husband, who in trivial matters, was in the habit of letting her have her own way.

"Better not," quietly responded the gentleman.

"The minx put on such airs and smirked so, that I really believe she meant to catch him"

"What, Grace? Impossible! She is a little gentle, quiet thing, and I'm sure the idea of a flirtation never entered her simple head."

"Humph!" sneered the lady. "I know better. And now that he is really making love to her, the provoking jade seems to look upon it as a matter of course; thinks it is just as much a proper thing that she should be the wife of our Charles, as though she had been born a princess!"

"Poor thing! I suppose she is human, and actually loves the boy!"

"Loves him or not, I'll make an end of it."

"Don't be rash, Mrs. Mason," replied the husband, twirling in his fingers a buff envelop, marked "Telegraph."

"What have you got there?"

"I had almost forgot to mention that brother Joseph has arrived in New York, and telegraphs that he will be here to-night by the New Haven train."

"Just like you! Never tell of a thing till the last moment!" said the lady petulantly.

"I received the dispatch only two hours ago."

"Here is another kettle of fish," continued the lady musing. "That everlasting niece of yours is in the way again"

"I hope the poor girl has no more sins to answer for."

"Where do you suppose your brother Joseph will leave his property?"

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Don't you suppose that angelic niece of yours will wheedle him out of a part of it?"

"I hope so."

"You don't want he should leave it all in your family, then?" sneered the lady.

"No, I hope he will do justly."

"I wish I could get her out of the way before he comes."

"Don't attempt it, Mrs. Mason," said the merchant, with very decided emphasis.

"If she were only out of the way, Henrietta would come in for the whole," added the lady as she hurried out of the room to make arrangements for the reception of Uncle Joseph.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Joseph was a Calcutta merchant, in which capacity he had accumulated an immense fortune. Being a bachelor, the probable disposition of his property became a question of considerable interest among his relations.

The family of Mr. Mason, the merchant introduced in the last chapter, included but two children, a son and daughter.

Grace was the only daughter of a sister, recently deceased, who had been for many years a widow.

It was supposed that Uncle Joseph would make one of his nieces his heiress. This was the old fellow's whim, and no one could gainsay the whim of a bachelor. From some indication of preference which he had bestowed upon Henrietta in her childhood, it was generally believed that she would prove to be the fortunate one.

Henrietta had been educated to be a lady. Her delicate fingers were never soiled by rude collision with pots and kettles, and she had been taught to believe that it was delicate sensibility to be afraid of a spider or a bull-frog. She played the piano with passable skill and lingered away half her time at full length on the sofa, pouring over the contents of a novel.

Such was the prospective heiress of Uncle Joseph's large fortune. Her father was far from approving the education she had received, and had used all the influence he possessed, short of quarreling, to have there defects remedied.

Uncle Joseph came and was welcomed as became the dignity of one who had a fortune to bestow.

Henrietta thought he was a "dear love" of a man, and she wondered that the ladies ever let him remain a bachelor.

Grace, by the contrivance of Mrs. Mason, was not present when her uncle arrived; but Mr. Mason, understanding the trick, sought her in person, and introduced her to the man of money.

The poor girl was too modest and retiring to force herself upon the notice of Uncle Joseph, who was too deeply absorbed by the unremitting attentions of Henrietta to perceive her situation, or discover the menial capacity in which she acted.

At tea, Uncle Joseph complained of being ill, and said that he had not been well since he landed on the previous day.

Mrs. Mason and her daughter were all sympathy. The ailing bachelor was conducted to his apartment, and herb teas and jugs of hot water were put in requisition. Henrietta volunteered to sit all night by his bedside and minister to his wants; but the sick man did not deem it necessary.

During all this confusion Grace was not to be seen. She was not permitted to assist in the preparations for the sick man's comfort; everything must be done by Henrietta's own hand.

Notwithstanding the kind attentions lavished upon Uncle Joseph, there was no improvement in his condition; but on the contrary he rapidly grew worse, and at midnight the physician was sent for. Henrietta had not left the bedside for a moment. She was the most devoted creature in the world, and the bachelor could not but contrast her devotion with the utter neglect of Grace, who had not once entered his room, even to enquire how he did. Henrietta's prospects were decidedly brilliant.

The physician came, and after feeling the pulse of the sufferer, inquired where he resided when at home.

Uncle Joseph replied that he had no home—had just come from Calcutta.

"I see," said the physician. "Was there any sickness on board the ship?"

"There was. I came by the overland route to Liverpool, thence by a New York liner. There was a steerage full of emigrants on board, among whom the fever raged fearfully."

"Just so," returned the physician, "and you have got the ship fever."

"The ship fever!" exclaimed Henrietta rushing out of the room.

The sick man turned and witnessed her abrupt departure. With a sigh, such as only can be wrung from a bachelor conscious of his loneliness, he drew the bed-clothes closely about him, and apparently abandoned himself to the fate which the dreadful disease seemed to foreshadow.

The physician made up his prescription and retired. No one was left with Uncle Joseph but his brother.

"I am deserted, brother," said the sick man.

"No brother, I am here."

"But there is no hand of woman here; well, it is a dreadful disease," and the sufferer sighed again.

Mr. Mason went down to the sitting room, whither his wife and daughter had fled.

"How is this wife? Is Joseph to be abandoned now that he most needs attention?" asked he of Mrs. Mason.

"You don't think we are going to stay in the room with the ship fever?" replied Mrs. Mason.

"You may as well be in the room as in the house."

"We must leave the house immediately. Why did he not go to the the hospital? It was not very considerate of him to bring the ship fever into the family. He might have known that he had it."

"Heaven forgive your heartlessness! But is my brother to die with no one to care for him?" exclaimed Mr. Mason, indignantly.

"You must hire a nurse."

"And you will desert him?"

"We can't stay where the ship fever is."

"No, papa, it would be suicidal," added Henrietta. "His fortune would do us no good if we caught the fever."

"Go, then! but there is still one in the household has a heart," replied Mr. Mason, as he left the room to seek the apartment of Grace.

Grace was ready in a moment to attend her uncle to the sick room, where, regardless of the danger of contagion, she laved the burning brow of the sufferer, and did all that an angle hand could do to render him comfortable.

Early in the morning Mrs. Mason and her daughter departed for the residence of a friend in the country.

CHAPTER III.

For several weeks Grace, with such assistance as Mr. Mason and Charles could give, nursed the invalid with the most untiring devotion. All her time was spent by his bedside. She was all gentleness and sympathy, bearing patiently with his petulance and ill-humor, and never betraying the slightest appearance of anger when he scolded and even swore at her.

The fever turned and he began to mend. He was now out of danger, and rapidly advancing to complete restoration.

The physician commended the skill and devotion of his nurse, assuring him that he owed his life to her.

But the devotion of the poor girl cost her dearly; for scarcely had Uncle Joseph recovered, before she was taken down with the fever, and for weeks languished on the very verge of the grave.

Yet there was no female hand to lave her brow save that of a hired nurse. Charles Mason loved her as he did his own existence, and day and night he watched over her with a constancy and devotion worthy the loving heart of the gentler sex.

Uncle Joseph, too, was an anxious watcher round her bed. Though he was a bachelor and had spent the greater part of his life in India, away from the gentle influences of female society, he showed an aptness in the sick room that would have done honor to a Benedict.

To the intense relief of her devoted friends, Grace recovered. The disease was banished from the house, and Mrs. Mason and Henrietta ventured to return.

"I trust you have had a pleasant visit, madame," said Uncle Joseph, coldly.

"Pleasant! nay, far from it. You do us injustice; we were perfectly miserable on account of your dangerous illness."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joseph with a sneer.

The love between Charles and Grace, strengthened by the scenes of suffering through which they had passed, was now an unalterable sentiment. Uncle Joseph had not witnessed their mutual devotion to him in his illness, without suspecting the existence of some strong bond of union between them. And the young man's untiring attention to her in her own sickness had confirmed the opinion.

Seeking a favorable opportunity, he conversed with Charles upon the subject, who readily admitted his affection. The bachelor recommended an immediate marriage.

The step was not, of course, ungrateful to the feelings of the lover. And the desire to redeem Grace from the life of drudgery to which she was reduced by the heartlessness of his mother, seemed to demand their immediate union.

The young man's intentions were soon noised through the family. Mrs. Mason renewed the opposition she had before made, and even went so far as to threaten that, if she could not break up the match, she would embitter the lives of the parties.

Uncle Joe remonstrated.

"May I ask, madame, what objection you can possibly have to the marriage?" said he, with considerable sternness in his manner.

"What objection! why the girl is a beggar; I have employed her in my family to keep her out of the almshouse, which, I think is objection enough," replied Mrs. Mason, disliking the interference of Uncle Joseph.

"Your son, I think, is not wealthy, so that he need *demand* a rich wife."

"He need not marry a beggar, though."

"She is worthy a prince, beggar though she is."

"O, very likely," sneered the lady.

"I owe my life to her, and I can never cease to be grateful to her. When *others* forsook me, *she* was constant," replied Uncle Joseph, pointedly.

"She knew you were rich," said Mrs. Mason, sarcastically.

"So did you and your amiable daughter. You were like angels round my pillow till the doctor said 'ship fever,' when you fled like sheep."

The lady looked black as a thunder cloud.

"I trust you will withdraw your objections to this marriage, Mrs. Mason. You perceive that Charles is resolute, and will have his own way about it," continued Uncle Joseph, in a more pliable tone.

"His *own* way! All this for bad advising! I cannot prevent it, perhaps; but I will never consent to it. No! a son of mine shall never have my consent to marry a beggar girl."

"Madame, she is no longer a beggar. She is the heiress of all my fortune," said Uncle Joseph with sudden energy.

Mrs. Mason's brow contracted.

"And Henrietta?" said she.

"Never touches a penny! She deserted me when I most needed a friend," replied the bachelor, vehemently. "If I had ten thousand fortunes they would be but a poor return for all that Grace has done for me. I make over fifty thousand dollars to the newly-married couple as soon as the knot is tied; the residue at my decease."

The marriage took place soon after. The ceremony took place at the house of Mr. Mason, in spite of the opposition of his wife; for when the merchant said it should be so, he had the firmness to carry his point.

The newly-married couple took up their residence in a beautiful house, purchased for them by Uncle Joseph, who consented to make his home with them.

Henrietta is now five-and-thirty years of age, and an "old maid." Mrs. Mason still continues to be a termagant, though her husband maintains his integrity with firmness and decision. She has never forgiven Uncle Joseph for making Grace the heiress, and probably never will But the worthy bachelor never ceases to rejoice over the disposition he has made of his property, and probably he never will.

The Quaker's Hat.

The first occasion on which the Quaker's hat came publicly and officially into trouble was at the Launceston Assizes, in the year 1656, before no less a person than Chief Justice Glynn. "When we were brought into Court," says Fox, "we stood a pretty while with our hats on and all was quiet, and I was moved to to say, 'Peace be amongst you! Why do you not put your hats off?" said the Judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said the Judge, again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge. "The Court commands you to put off your hats." George Fox, with amazing simplicity, asked for some scriptural instance of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, "either printed or written, any law of England that did command such a thing." Then the Judge grew very angry and said, "I do not carry my law book on my back." "But," said Fox, "tell me where it is printed in any statute book, that I may read it." The Chief Justice cried out "Prevaricator!" and ordered the Quakers to be taken away.

When they were brought before him again the Chief Justice asked Fox whether hats were mentioned at all in the Bible. "Yes," said the Quaker, "in the third of Daniel where thou mayest read that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command with their coats, their hose, and their hats on." Here was a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence. "This plain insance, stopped him," says Fox, "so he cried again, 'Take them away, gaoler,' accordingly we were taken away and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while."

After nine weeks' imprisonment "for nothing but about their hats," as the Chief Justice told them, they were again brought before him, grimly wearing the offending headgear. "Take off their hats," said the judge to the gaoler. "Which he did," says Fox, "and gave them unto us; and we put them on again. Then the Judge began to make a great speech, how he represented the Lord Protector's person, and that he had made him Lord Chief Justice of England." The Quakers were incorrigible. They were sent back to prison, but not really so much for the wearing of their hats, as for the suspicion that they were royalist emissaries affecting religious singularity in order to win their way among the extreme Puritans.—*London Saturday Review.*

Burned to Death by a Meteor.

An intelligent black boy was trudging along a highway at night in the vicinity of Palestine, Texas. There was a negro woman riding a horse in the same direction the boy was going. The intelligent black boy reappeared in Palestine that night out of breath and as pale as he could get. He said he saw a ball of fire come out of the sky and strike the woman and set her ablaze. The horse ran one way with the woman afire on his back, and he ran back to town to tell the people what had happened. The people went to look after further particulars of the curious incident They found the woman lying on the ground, with all her clothing burned off, but with life enough in her to tell that she had been struck in the breast by a ball of fire. The horse was found with his mane singed, and the woman died the next day. The people think she was struck by a meteor.

They Carried it Too Far.

Mr. Butterwick called into see me the other day, and in the course of the conversation he said:

"I'm going to move. I can't stand those Thompson's, next door to me, any longer. They're the awfulest people to borrow things that I ever saw. Coffee, and sugar, and butter, and flour I don't mind so much, although when a woman borrows high-priced sugar and Java coffee, and sends back sand and chickory, a man naturally feels bilious and mad. But they've borrowed pretty near everything in the house. First its one thing, and then its another, from morning till night, right straight along. Now there is the poker. A poker's a piece of machinery that you'd think anybody might go around and buy, or if they couldn't afford it they might use a fence paling to shake up the fire. But Mrs. Thompson seems to banker after our poker. She borrows it fifteen or twenty times a day, and last Saturday she sent for it thirty-four times. She pays a boy two dollars a week to run over and borrow that poker; and she's used it so much that it's all bent up like a corkscrew.

"Now take chairs, for instance. She asks us to lend her our chairs three times a day at every meal; and she borrows the rocking chair whenever she wants to put the baby to sleep. A couple a times she sent over for a sofa, and when the boy came back with it he said Mrs. Thompson was as mad as thunder, and kept growling around the house all day because there was no castor on it. Last Monday she borrowed our wash-boiler, and we had to put off our wash till Tuesday. She did her preserving in it, and the consequence was all our clothes were full of preserved peaches. I've got an undershit on now that I'm mighty doubtful if I'll ever get off, its stuck to me so tight. Every now and then she has company, and then she borrows our hired girl and all the parlor furniture; and once, because I wouldn't carry the piano over for her, and take down the chaudalier, she told our girl that there were rumors about town that I was a reformed pirate.

"Perfectly scandalous! They think nothing of sending over after a couple of bedsteads or the entry carpet; and the other day Thompson says to me; "Butterwick, does your pump log pull up easy?" and when I said I thought mebb it did, he said: "Well, I'd like to borrow it for a few days till I can get one, for mine's all rotted away." The only wonder to me is that he didn't try to borrow the well along with it.

"And then, on Thursday, Mrs. Thomson sent that boy over to know if Mrs. Butterwick wouldn't lend her our front door. She said theirs was away being painted and she was afraid the baby would catch cold. When I asked him what he supposed we were going to do to keep comfortable without any front door, he said Mrs. Thompson said she reckoned we might tack up a bed quilt or something. And when I refused, the boy said Mrs. Thompson told him, if I wouldn't send over the front door, to ask Mrs. Butterwick to lend her a pair of striped stockings and a horse hair bustle, and to borrow the coal scuttle till Monday. What in the name of Moses she is going to do with a bustle and a coal scuttle I can't conceive.

"But they're the most extraordinary people! Last Fourth of July, was it?" Yes—last Fourth of July the boy came over and told Mrs. Butterwick that Mrs. Thompson would be much obliged if she'd lend her the twins a few minutes. Said Mrs. Thompson wanted 'em to suck off a new bottle top, because it made her baby sick to taste fresh India rubber! Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's her way. She don't mind it any more! Why, I've known her to take off our Johnny's pants when he's been playing over there with the children, and send him home bare-legged to tell his mother that she'd borrowed them for a pattern. And on Thompson's birthday she said her house was so small for a party that if we'd lend her ours, we might come in late in the evening and dance with the company if we wouldn't let on that she didn't live there! Yes sir; I'm going to move. I'd rather live next door to a lunatic asylum and have the maniacs pouring red hot shot over the fence every hour of the day. I would indeed."

Selection of Seeds.

The impression that care is useful in the selection of seed for sowing is a very general one; and yet people hardly know what is they would select. Some like to take early seed, and others seed from certain portions of the seed-vessel or stalk. Some experiments made recently at the German experimental station at Leipsic, indicate that the size of the seed has more to do with the idea of an excellent selection than any other test. Peas and beans were taken from packages as generally sown, and the largest and heaviest selected from the rest. An equal number of the large and small ones were then planted, as near as good culture would admit together, and then treated in every respect the same. The result was that in every instance the plant from the large seed was larger and healthier, and the product considerably more than from the plants raised from the smaller sizes.

How far this rule will apply is an open question; still the results as given here were so uniform through all the plants tested, that they would seem to establish the rule. We believe in some instances the product was nearly one-third more and if this is to be the case always we would employ our time to no better advantage than in riddling all seeds sown, so as to ure only those that would not pass through a rather large mesh for the size of the seeds.

It may be observed that those remarks do not apply to what we have recently said in regard to seed potatoes, because the potato which we cut up for planting is only a seed by courtesy. The eye, the single eye, is the analogue of the seed we are here speaking of; and if that single eye is strong and good, the size of the potato that bears it is of no consequence at all.

These experiments with seeds are so easily repeated, and the results, if they come always the same, so valuable practically that it would be well to repeat them. The habit of trying experiments is at any rate a good one, and every one should cultivate the natural disposition which prompts all of us to make them.

It took Sir Isaac Newton less than three years to thoroughly digest the principles of gravitation, while an Indiana farmer has spent eleven years trying to find out why a cow never kicks until the pail is two-thirds full.

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. feb18

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 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, 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 KORNRUMPH & CO.,

Manufacturers.

☞ Good price paid for old copper.

fa'2

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,

dec29 Jenner X Roads, Pa.

NOTICE.

At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset county, on the 3d day of February, 18 6, 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,

feb9 Clerk.

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 No. 19, 20, 31, 39 and 40, where you can attend if you think proper.

GEO. W. PILE,

feb9 Sheriff.

LEGAL NOITCE.

Herman G. Conn, and Elizabeth his wife, in right of the said Elizabeth, vs. George B. 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 Strackoff 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 22d 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,

feb16 Sheriff.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

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

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. 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

Cheap

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

GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

This space is reserved for the

Sewing Machine

FOR SALE

CHEAP.

Any one desiring to purchase a first class SEWING MACHINE on very reasonable terms will please call at the

HERALD OFFICE.

mar22

FIRST PRIZE AT VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL,

Manufacturer of superior

Union Crop Leather

And dealer in

Bark, Hides, and Plasterers' Hair,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

4,000 cords of oak and hemlock bark wanted.—Cash paid on delivery at the tannery.

DANIEL KINZER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

LEATHER and SHOE FINDINGS,

Tanners' Oil, Crimp and Splitting Machines, Lastings and Elastic Web, Boot and Shoe uppers, of every description.

No. 59 Smithfield street,

feb23 PITTSBURGH, PA.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, at next term for authority to raise money upon bonds to be issued by the Board of Directors in pursuance of the act of 21st April, 1871, for the purpose of erecting a school house in the borough of Berlin

By order of the Board.

JAC. C. PHILSON,

mar1 Secretary.

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,

Busties,

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

QUE