A STEAMBOAT ADVENTURE.

BY DR. E. W. FISH.

In the old time, when the Western rivers were bordered by the wilderness, and flat boats were more numerous than steamboats, fluviatile navigation was full of danger from three sources—snags, gamblers and explosions. Snags and gamblers were as thick as mosquitos in the brake; and an engineer who could not excel in a race had no other honorable resort but to blow up his craft and cry "Foul!" Any traveler who had never tried snags, hot steam, and a "quiet game," was yet in his verdancy.

Five years ago I was passenger on the Great Republic from New Orleans to St. Louis. I am a little dapper man with black eyes and snow streaked hair, inconsequential look, and slow to wrath. It was the first trip I had taken for many years, and most of my time was spent in quietly reflecting over a few of those old time incidents of river travel. Shortly after the great throbbing steamer bore away from the Vicksburg levee an elderly gentleman approached me, where I sat abaft of the wheel house. There was something peculiar about his face which led me to close examination. He was tall, spare, with leathery light features, and somewhat ministerial in his manner. His white neck cloth and dress indicated the same. He used a traveler's license to address me, and much to my astonishment, spoke my name.

"How do you do, Mr. Schwartz?"

"Well, I thank you—let me see, we met before at—"

"Can hardly recall the place," he replied; recognizing the interrogative nature of my remark. "But there are two things I never forget— a name or a face."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, noticing a small, deep scar under the corner of his eye, which seemed to send out flushes over his cheek; "that is a rare and happy faculty—I say so the more readily, as I possess it in some degree myself—but your name has quite—"

"Hamilton, at your service," and again two or three nervous flushes shot from the scar to the skin.

A monotonous conversation followed, during which Mr. Hamilton gave evidence of excessive weariness.

At last an hour had glided away and most of the travelers having quieted themselves in sleep or euchre, my new friend yawned, blinked, stretched his arms, and suggested a game of cards—remarking that a game of poker would make it lively.

Something about that expression awakened unpleasant memories; my eyes opened with surprise, but if I made any discovery, or noticed more particularly the flush darting down his cheek from the wound, I subdued all expression of it while his glance was yet averted.

I thanked him, and observed that I had not played a game of cards for fifteen years.

"Possible!" he broke out, with a still averted gaze.

"Yes," I replied, "quite possible, considering the nature of the game I last played. It makes quite an exciting story which now appears to be its termination. Shall I relate it?"

"O, yes, indeed, I shall be most happy."

We both settled down comfortably in our chairs, and I began, keeping a keen watch upon the face of my companion, who seemed just a little unnatural, but not enough to attract the notice of others.

"If you are at all conversant with steamboating," I said, "you know that a man on his first trip in former days, ran a gauntlet of gamblers."

To which statement he grunted assent.

"Did you ever run foul of the cloth?" I carelessly asked.

"Never," he innocently responded, "except to my sorrow."

"Nor I. In the summer of '54 I took passage from Cincinnati for New Orleans as messenger for a banking house, with some ten thousand dollars in my valise—a balance due the New Orleans correspondent. I took the Belle Island, as handsome a boat as even scraped rock with a copper bottom.

"You would naturally suppose, Mr. Hamilton, that I kept a close eye on that valise. Such was the case. It was my first trip, but I felt fully equal to anything, especially as the amount of money was not large for a messenger to transport.

"At the insignificant swamp town of Cairo a gentleman with a genteel, cultivated appearance, boarded the Belle, and booked himself for the Red River country. You see I remember all the particulars. He was active in making my acquaintance, at which time I did not wonder, for the passengers were few and of the rougher sort. In the course of two days we were very familiar with each other, and had tired out almost every game of cards known to us except poker—a game which occupied other tables constantly.

"The second day we had been playing euchre, 'cut throat with a third gentleman. Milbank—he! you knew him? No? Well, that was my friend's name—kept the sherry flowing around pretty lively. You know that in those days everybody drank wine and played cards. Poker with trifling stakes was popular enough. As we became pretty jovial and somewhat noisy, Milbank suggested the idea of adjourning to the state room, where we could make as much noise as we pleased, to which I readily assented.

"'Hold on, Schwartz,' said he, as we were passing down into the cabin, 'you have a state room by yourself, haven't you? There's a whopping big Hoosier in mine now."

"All right," said I; for why should I have had any objection? So we squeezed ourselves into the box, and cut for deal.

"'Now, what shall we play?' asked Milbank.

"'I pass,' said I.

"'I pass,' repeated the stranger.

"Don't suppose you care to try a fippenny poker—a game of poker would make it lively.'

The stranger instantly objected. Said he had funds in trust, and it would be decidedly unbusiness like to play for stakes, even for so small a sum as a half dime. At this time we were all considerably under the influence of wine—the stranger just enough to make a sanctimonious shake of the head ridiculous in the extreme. I said nothing; and made no objections that I remember now. At length Milbank suggested a deal without 'ante.' We each took our hands. Stranger held the cards with three kings and an ace. We dealt again, and again he swept us.

"'By George!' he exclaimed, getting excited, 'I will go ten cents on it.'

"Little silver pieces appeared on the table, and two hours passed with good sport, the piles alternately building up and down around the board. Occasionally the wine passed around. Stranger won quite heavy—I won—Milbank won. Stakes slightly increased. Stranger lost heavily. Milbank and I won it. Then I won nearly every bit they had, and I remember ordering wine on account of it. Soon the fates switched me off the track, fortune setting in strongly and steadily against me. I became greatly confused. They also appeared to be drunk. Memory is badly mixed here, but I remember taking out a handful of bills of exchange, drawn and accepted on Eastern corporations. The cash lost at times must have amounted to about five thousand dollars. The first bill laid down seems to have been a New York gold check in favor of a Texas house. How, I do not know, but a fearful row sprang up at this time. I snatched the bill, put it in the valise, and sprang the lock. As to what took place I never knew. We were all drunk—at least the other two appeared so be—and it was late in the evening.

"The next I remember was about three in the morning. I woke hot and feverish. The reflection sank into my mind like a red hot bolt that I was a defaulter, for I had no means to restore the money lost! A reputation built up by ten years faithful labor was crushed and blasted! Here was a blight in the prime of life. Besides that, Mr. Hamilton, I had recently buried a lovely wife and child, over whose common grave a tombstone was not yet erected. This was misery heaped upon anguish. I felt sick and faint. The thoughts of my future condition of shame, made ten times more direful by the darkness and imagery of my wine stupor, drove me to the depths of hell. I felt cursed. There was no escape from ruin. The throb, throb, of the great engine below, the screeching of escaping steam, the sepulchral firemen, the rioting of fevered blood—all deepened my agony, and peopled my brain with desperate thoughts.

"I reached my hand under my head and found there the valise in the usual place. Under it I felt the revolver. I caressed the smooth, silvery handle, and felt a comfort in its presence. It was so cool and quiet. 'How soon,' thought I, 'could this abasement be prevented.'

"The weapon was laid silently against my cheek. It was refreshing—just then there was a gleam at the foot of my berth. In an instant I saw the door partially opened, then closed silently. All was still as death. Again I caught the reflection of that light—it came from a dirk! My heart stopped beating, but the revolver was pointed in the direction of the flash. For a moment not a sound was heard. Then the door slowly opened and a face peeped in.

"'Sh—!' whispered the second face; 'she's going by; wait.'

"Then the person inside peered out, and I saw what was up outside. Not five rods from us abeam was the great body of another steamer plunging through the darkness. Then the straining timbers and the tremendous thuds of the engines told us we were racing. She passed us, thank God! for as she shot ahead a gleam of light from her open fire room shot athwart my door and revealed two faces—the robbers—Milbank and the stranger!

"Then all was darkness. A shuffling noise; a footstep was stealthily approaching my bed! I thought two murderous eyes gleamed upon me—a bright streak rose upward, just above me—I pulled the trigger! There was a cry, smoke, shouts and curses.

"There was a heaving of timbers and a thunder clap. Curses gave way to the crash of a thousand crushed devils. Smoke, steam, fire, shot up like hot and forked tongues, and the Bell Island swam a fiery wreck.

"Were you ever blown up, Mr. Hamilton?" I asked, eying him narrowly.

"No, sir," he said promptly.

"Well, I was; but unlike a hundred of the my fellow beings, I came down all right. My stateroom was directly over the boilers, and received a square pressure; for a moment I felt myself flying through the air at a tremendous rate, and then as softly placed in a marsh about ten rods off as if my mother had cradled me for a night's rest. It seems my berth and many upright splinters were torn off together, and thrown in such a manner that when these splinters stuck into the boggy muck of the marsh I was left facing the fire, at an easy angle of forty-five degrees, my head being the highest.

"Very wonderful, that."

"Yes, sir, very wonderful. I saw the steamer burn to the water's edge. Now, what do you suppose became of Milbank? Why, my shot took effect under the eye, I have lately discovered, and—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Schwartz. This is Columbia, and I must see the shipping agent—be back in a moment."

"One moment: I have seen Milbank since, but only once. I have no evidence with which to convict him. But the most remarkable part of my story yet remains—one moment, please—the blow up, of course, concealed my loss. But now, after fifteen years of quiet labor I am on my way to return to that bank the money I lost by him—Milbank. And now, after fifteen years have passed away, is it not singular, Mr.—hem—Hamilton, that you should be the person to suggest a lively game of poker?"

The leathery faced old gentleman dropped over the railing and disappeared. It was the same man who once held a dirk over my heart.

A Georgia Phenomenon.

One of the wonderful phenomena of the country, and of which very little is known, even to those who have spent their lives almost within its very shadow, in Rich Hill, located in Crawford county, about 12 miles from this place. Mr. Gray Andrews, one of the oldest citizens of this county, gave us some interesting information which we would like to give our readers had we the time and space. The hill abounds in specimens of pure limestone rocks, tusks and limb bones of monster wild animals like the mastodon, together with the remains of extinct genera and species of smaller quadrupeds; shells and other conchological curiosities of the great deep, consisting of petrified fish bones, molusca, etc.

General Bennet, a Northern man, burnt large quantities of lime from these formations twenty-five years ago for commercial purposes. Mr. Andrews says during the last ten years one side of the hill has gradually sunk in, leaving apertures in the rock large enough to insert fence rails. On top it covers nearly twenty acres, and there is a farm, with farm houses, and a gentleman living there far above all of his neighbors in the surrounding country. The hill can be seen for miles, and it is said that on a very clear day smoke arising from dwellings and machine shops in the city of Macon can be seen very easily.—*Fort Valley (Ga.,) Mirror.*

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Vestol's Grit.

The following interesting account of a young Quaker who could not be induced to fight in the late war, though conscripted, is from the pen of a prominent citizen of Tennessee. It is a faithful narration of one of the most interesting and curious events of the war.

I have just read in the Nashville *Banner* of the 16th inst., a fragment of Gov. Foote's reminiscence, headed, "How a Quaker Refused to Fight." As I am familiar with the facts and circumstances alluded to, and as the case greatly interested me at the time, I have thought it might be of some interest to your readers to go into details more than is done in Governor Foote's brief allusion to the case.

The young Quaker alluded to is Tilligham R. Vestol, who lived near Columbia, Tenn. When Gen. Bragg's army was at Shelbyville, Tenn., young Vestol was conscripted and sent to that place. He was assigned to duty in the Fourth Tennessee regiment, commanded by Col. Murray, of Nashville. He reported to the regiment as required to do, but utterly refused to perform military duty of any character or description. Neither by threats nor persuasion could he be induced to alter his determination. The officers of the regiment were as human as they were true and gallant, and, after every effort had failed to induce Vestol to perform the duties of a soldier, they gave the matter up in despair, and told him to leave and go home, which he did. But shortly thereafter another conscript officer came along and Vestol was again duly enrolled as a conscript, and ordered to report at Bragg's headquarters. All alone and on foot, Vestol went to Chattanoogo, and reported at Bragg's headquarters. By a most singular coincidence, he was again assigned to the Fourth Tennessee. Col. Murray, from his Shelbyville experience, knew he had a tough customer to deal with. He concluded he would try the force of moral suasion, so one day he sent for Vestol to come to his quarters, and undertook to convince him from the Scriptures that he was wholly wrong in his ideas and position. But the young Quaker was rather too much for the gallant colonel in the Scripture arguments and the colonel sent for his chaplin to talk to Vestol and convince him that he was altogether wrong in his refusal to fight or to perform military duty. The chaplain came and opened the argument after this wise:—"I wouldn't give a cent for a religion that is opposed to my country." Said Vestol, "I wouldn't give a cent for a country that is opposed to my religion." The argument lasted for some time, but left the young Quaker unconvinced, and determined to do no military duty of any description. He refused to police the camp, or to do the least thing that could be tortured or constructed into military duty. At last Col. Murray, wholly unable to do anything with Vestol, sent him to brigade headquarters. Here he was reasoned with, and every effort made to induce him to go and perform the duties of a soldier, but he was firm and inflexable as the everlasting hills. He was told that if he persisted in his course he would be subjected to severe punishment, and finally would be shot for disobedience of orders.—He replied that they had the power to kill him, but neither the Federal or Confederate army possessed the power to force him to abandon his principle, or prove false to his religion. Everything that could be constructed, directly or indirectly, into military duty, he refused most emphatically to engage in. He was only about eighteen years of age. I soon became satisfied that he acted from principle, and would go to the stake, or meet death in any shape it could assume, rather than swerve one particle from what he had conceived to be his duty. It was the sublimest exhibition of moural courage I had ever witnessed, and it was the more remarkable from being found in a boy of only eighteen, away from his family and friends

I asked him one day if he had no sympathy in the contest—if he had no preference as to which side should be successful.—"O yes," he said, "I would prefer to see the south victorious, as I live in the south and among southern people." I heard a gentleman say to him, "Vestol, did you ever exhibit any emotion about anything in your life—did you ever cry in your life?"—"O yes," he said, "I have cried in my life." "Well," said the gentleman, "I would like to know what were the circumstances that caused you to cry." "Well, sir," he said, "when I left home to come here, my mother cried when she told me good-by and I cried then. "Yes," said the gentleman, "and if your mother where here now, and could see how you are situated, she would tell you to take your gun and go out and do your duty as a soldier." "No, sir," he quickly replied; "the last thing my mother said to me was to be true to my religion, and I mean to do it." It was during his stay at Gen. Maney's headquarters that Vestol had his interview with Grvernor Foote.

Gov. Foote was at that time a member of the Confederate congress, representing the Nashville district, and was a candidate for re-election. The soldiers from Tennessee in the army were allowed to vote, and the governor was out electioneering among the soldiers. While at Gen. Maney's headquarters some one pointed out Vestol to Gov. Foote, or introduced Vestol to him, as a Quaker who wouldn't fight, when the following conversation occurred between them:

Foote—"What, young man, won't you fight—you are a stout, good looking young man—is it true that you refuse to fight?"

Vestol—"Yes sir."

Foote—'Why, you are all wrong about that. Suppose you were to marry a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and some ruffian were to come into your house and grossly insult her, wouldn't you kill him?"

Vestol—"No, sir."

Foote—(jumping from his seat in a very excited maner)—"Why, I'd kill him in a minute."

Resuming his seat after a minute, the governor surveyed Vestol, and again commenced a conversation with him.

Foote—"Young man, you are all wrong about this matter, even from a Scriptural standpoint. When Christ was upon earth he directed his disciples to pay tribute to Cæsar. The money thus paid went into the Roman treasury, and was used in carrying on the wars of the Roman people."

Vestol—"No sir; you are mistaken about that. The Temple of Janus was closed at that time, and there were no wars going on."

Foote—"I believe he knows more about it than I do. I don't know whether the Temple of Janus was closed then or not."

Such was substantially the interview between this remarkable boy and this remarkable man. Perhaps two more opposite characters, in many particulars, never came in contact.

Vestol was ordered to Knoxville, and from that place he found his way to the Virginia army, and was assigned to one of the Tennessee regiments. Here he was ordered to military duty, but firmly refused, as he had done before. The brigadier in command, knowing his history or antecedents, ordered him to be bayoneted for disobedience of orders, and the bayonet was applied to him repeatedly. He bore it with the spirit of a martyr, and the soldiers, seeing that he would die willingly in preference to sacrificing his principles, refused further to punish him. No punishment or threats could shake the settled purposes of his soul for a moment. He was under arrest all the while. Frequently, on retreats, his guard would lose sight of him but in a day or two Vestol would march up alone into camp.

He was afterward detained in Castle Thunder for awhile, at Richmond, but was finally permitted by the Secretary of war to go down to North Carolina to school, and was there at the time the war closed.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.*

Indian Traditions.

The tradition of the first landing of Indians in the New World has been repeated to chosen braves over and over from one generation to another, and to this day the Osages have what is supposed to be nearly the original language of their ancestors. They claim that their progenitors came in an ark or boat, and while in the vessel the Great Spirit came and rested upon one of their number and told him to select six others to assist him in governing his nation; hence the origin of the seven original bands of the tribe. The spirit, while in conversation with this favorite one, directed him to communicate whatever instructions he received for his people through his chosen assistants, and to this day the name of the one upon whom the spirit rested signifies one who talks with God. His lodge is a sanctuary for any criminal who may flee from justice or vengeance, and he ranks with the highest chief in the tribe. Before they came in contact with white people they lived in the enjoyment of peace and happiness, but they are now realizing that white people are as numerous as "leaves in the forest," and that they only constitute a remnant of this once powerful and warlike tribe, and are at the mercy of the white race, and liable to be driven backward step by step into the waters of the ocean.—Their religion tends to give them a gloomy and melancholy cast of character, and among other things they believe that the spirit of the departed hovers in anguish around them until a scalp is taken to accompany it to the Indian's last resting place, the great hunting ground, where the spirit of the slain enemy serves him in the most servile offices throughout eternity. For this purpose, though much has been said and written about the civilization of the Osages, they yet organize mourning parties and go upon the war path when otherwise they are peaceable.

Though at first thought it may strike the minds of our readers as almost incredible, there are Masons among Osages. They were probably admitted to the secrets, rites, and privileges of this ancient institution by the French in early days, they being the first whites with whom they met. They retain a part of the workings of the craft to this day.—Col J. M. Hiatt, a licensed trader for the tribe at this agency, who is a gentleman of culture and large experience, and an honored member of commandery, when alone on one occasion with a more than ordinary intelligent Osage, found upon strict trial, though the Indian could not speak a word of our language, that he was a Master Mason who prided himself in the mysteries of the order.

Their so called "medicine work" is simply the performance of a religious ceremony in which is introduced all the forms derived from Masonry, tradition, and other sources. There are grades in rank, or degress, as in Masonry, and the ceremonies of introduction and advancement to the higher degrees are as elebrate and impressive as any in the world.

A Thunderbolt Through a Wild Goose.

During the thunder storm yesterday a flock of wild geese were seen flying northward. They whirled and changed their course many times, but turned to the north after each change. When over the corner of Tenth and Felix streets, a streak of lightning was seen to strike downward from a large cloud, and one of the geese dropped as if shot. An observer ran to the spot where the goose was seen to fall, expecting, no doubt, wild goose for dinner. Upon arriving on the spot he found what, without a question, was one of the most curious freaks that that most subtile of fluids ever played. The goose had a scarred and burned hole extending from the back down through the body, there being no question but that the electric bolt passed through the flying bird. The feathers were somewhat singed, though not so much as might have been expected. The bird was shown to several persons as a curiosity, our reporter among the number, all agreeing as to the manner of its death.—*St. Louis Herald.*

A Puzzle for the Doctors.

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* writes:

"That mysterious relation which is said to exist between an amputated limb and its parent body receives a fresh illustration in the case of young Palmer, who suffered the loss of a leg recently, and of which mention was made by our correspondent. After the operation, the removed member was deposited in a box and buried by direction of the family. The patient complained severely of pain, and a sense of cramping in the lost foot, and suffered so acutely that at the suggestion of some one the package was taken up and examined. It was found on opening that the box was too short for the limb, and that the foot and toes had been twisted into a strained and unnatural position; a larger case was prepared and the member placed in it in an easy position and reburied, since which time the patient has rested quiet, and no complaint has been made."

At the close of a tavern dinner two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing place and the other rolling to the bottom. Some one remarked that the first seemed drunk. "Yes," observed the wag, "but he is not so far gone as the other gentleman below."

Music from Gas-Burners.

A somewhat numerous company met one afternoon recently at the house of M. Frederic Kastner, in Paris, to witness his experiments with a strange invention of his which he call the "Pyrophone." The pyrophone, as it name indicates, is an instrument which produces sounds by means of gas jets. It had long been known that flames emit sounds, and M. Kastner himself had tried experiments in London; but on that day the special public found themselves in the presence of an almost complete instrument composed of a series of gas tubes similar to organ pipes, of different lengths and dimensions, in which gas jets were burning, and which played some very powerful and very moving *morceaux*. The difficulty of the invention consisted, of course, in regularising the jets. The theory is this: When an isolated gas jet produces a sound, you have only to bring another similar jet near it to make the sound cease. M. Kastner, then, has invented a contrivance which opens and shuts like the fingers of a hand of which each one should allow a jet to escape. When the fingers are extended the sound is produced; when they are closed or approached to each other the sound ceases. He next regulated the force of the sound by the dimensions of the tubes, and by the height at which the jects were placed in the tubes. The contrivance corresponds to the key-board of a piano, and you are deeply moved at hearing those jets sing with extraordinary power, purity, and correctness. The audience was still more astounded at suddenly hearing the gasaliers placed in the centre of the room, and set in motion by invisible electric wire, execute "God Save the Queen" in sonorous and penetrating tones. The invention is still in a rudimentary state, but I hasten to call attention to it because it seems to me destined to produce a great sensation when it shall have received the improvements which will certainly be introduced into it.—*Times Correspondent.*

The Wealth of Brazil.

All intelligent travellers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country. Prof. Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe, and the one in which it is the easiest to obtain a livelihood.—Some who have sailed up the Amazon declare that a vessel can be loaded with Brazil nuts at an expense of only a few cents per bushel. These constitute a valuable article of commerce, while the oil extracted from them is very desirable. All the tropical fruits are produced in Brazil almost without cultivation. The soil in many parts of the country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco or sugar cane without the application of manure. No country in the world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in the variety of its forest productions. Prof. Agassiz states that he saw 117 different kinds of valuable woods that were cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a high polish. One tree furnishes wax that is used for candles, another a pith that is used for food; and still another yields a juice which is used in the place of intoxicating liquor. There is a single variety of palm from which the natives obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishingtackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harpoons and musical instruments. Doubtless the day is not distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes. Brazil is not only "a wooded country," but a country that produces the most beautiful woods in the world.

A Delightful Legend.

There is a beautiful legend connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, but the other had none. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the older brother said to his wife,—

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said to himself.—

"My elder brother has a family and I have none. I will contribute to their support. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their astonishment when, on the following morning, they found that their respective shocks were undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard, and, if possible, solve the mystery. They did so, and on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arm full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this, was the temple of Solomon built—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf?

Hints for a Universal Language.

Yesterday afternoon, says the San Francisco *Call*, a young man much given to slang of the day, called on the prosecuting attorney and announced that he wanted a warrant for the arrest of a saloonkeeper who assaulted him, and this is the way he made his want known:

'Lo k-a-here, I want a warrant for a feller.'

'What did he do to you?' asked the attorney.

'He fired me out.'

'Fired you out! What do you mean by that?'

'Oh, well he stood me on my head.'

'Do you mean to say that he stood you on your head; how did he do it?'

'He didn't exactly do that, but he elevated me. Kinder raised me off my ear.'

'What did he do that for?'

'Why, I asked him for a drink, and when I told him to chalk it in his head, and that when I come around again I'd kick it out, he told me to pull down my vest. I told him to comb his hair, and he just then boosted me.'

He obtained a warrant for assault and battery.

Georgia now claims to hold the political place in the South once occupied by Virginia.

The Central Pacific Railroad will not take silver trade dollars for more than ninety cents.

Extraordinary "Mixed" Marriage

"The course of true love never did run smooth" is a time worn adage which the majority of grown-up folks, as a rule, give their adherence to. Whether, however, this is the cause of a "dead-lock" in the affairs of a newly-married couple residing in the township of Westminster we know not, still the annexed statement is nevertheless true. The male participator in the affair is, we believe, a farmer in good circumstances, while the bride is stated by those who should know to be a rather good-looking young woman of 23 summers. The courtships are carried on as all such courtships are in the rural districts—principally going to and returning from church, meetings, etc. It was rather lengthy, and at times people thought the disparity in the ages would be a barrier, in the long run, to the union. All such surmises, however, were doomed to disappointment, as a week or two ago the loving couple were "made one," the honeymoon trip indulged in, and on Sunday last the orthodox "church-going" took place in a city chapel. The most extraordinary fact, however, remains to be told. While the courtship was proceeding in was usually understood that the couple were near relatives—cousins, people generally supposed. The announcement of the marriage, however, gave rise to a good deal of further speculation on the subject. But imagine the consternation of all parties concerned when, last week, it was discovered that the bridegroom's father had been twice married; that he was one of the first wife's family; and that the bride was one of the second wife's! they being thus constituted stepbrother and sister. The brother left home prior to his mother's death, and never saw his sister till he had (unknown to himself) interviewed her in the role of the lover. The young lady's mother—the "old man" is now dead—since the discovery of the above facts has been almost distracted. Of course, the gossips are having a nice time in discussing the matter; but the newly-married couple have not yet given any definite reply to the numerous inquiries as to what they mean to do. Said the bride to the female interrogater the other day, "We like one another; we have been married, and what can we do?" Although there may be a little difficulty in disposing of such a querry, the only apparent way out of the difficulty is a speedy separation, as neither legally or socially are the parties married.—*London Free Press.*

The Poor Mule.

The amount of fatigue, exposure, and abstinence, which a mule will endure, says a writer, seems almost fabulous. Making long marches across dusty, shadeless plains, going for long intervals without water and with very little food, obliged to pull loads sometimes amounting to five thousand two hundred pounds, up steep hills and through heavy sloughs, subject to cruel treatment and neglect from the teamster, the life of an expedition mule is miserable enough No wonder that when the mule returns he looks woefully angular and thin. The poor animal is frequently driven until he completely gives out, when he is thanklessly turned into the herd of broken down mules.

There is scarcely a more melancholly sight than such a herd. It is a moveing boneyard. Gaunt, lean, with drooping ears, hips that rise like promontories above the general desolation, a disconsolate tail, and a woe-begone visage which would frighten an experienced ghost—the poor bankrupt mule is the most wretched parody on Gothic architecture that ever was forced on the public attention. Every vestige of meat has fled from his bones. He is a walking transparency, an animated hat-rack, and I have actually seen his hip bones irreverently used to hang teamster's hats on.

During our homeward march from the Black Hills, more than one such starved victim laid down his tired frame on the earth which had refused to nourish him, and the benediction of a soldier's bullet called the raven and coyote to a meal which it cost the government one hundred and forty dollars to procure.

Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—It is estimated officially that 120,000 people entered the centennial grounds today. After the ceremonies on the centennial grounds this afternoon Governors Hartranft, Bedle, Carroll visited the buildings erected by their States respectively and held informal receptions. Gov. Rice, of the Massachusetts building, was welcomed by Commissioner Loring. He was escorted to the reception by the Boston Cadets, who on their return to the city were joined by the Lancers. His visit was somewhat more formal than the others and was the only one attended by any military display.

The illumination in the city tonight was on a grand scale. The old State House building was the grand center of attraction, and at one time the crowd was so great on Chestnut street that it was almost impossible to pass. Calcium lights were thrown upon the historical building, and everything was as brilliant as daytime. The many points of interest were inspected by the people, large numbers of whom were strangers. Gen. Grant was serenaded to-night, but no speeches were made.

A Parisian Horror.

A restaurant keeper went into his cellar to bottle several casks of wine he had received. He left his head-servant in charge of the establishment. Three hours after he went into the cellar, a gentleman called to see him, and the servant went down stairs to summon him. The servant ran back in great terror, and could only gasp.—

"Be quick—the rats—my master!"

All the persons present ran into the cellar to which the almost speechless servant pointed, and found a black mass on the floor; it was the restaurant keeper, with rats swarming so thickly on him as to conceal him entirely. They were devouring him. It was necessary to kick them off, so engrossed were they with their delicious meal. It was some time before their victim could be restored to consciousness, when he said he remembered feeling faint soon after he entered the cellar, and this was all he knew. He had swooned and the vermin had swarmed on him. It is feared he will be disfigured for life.

An old farmer once said, with more truth than elegance, "There are two talks in the world to one do."

A man must feel very cheap when he is knocked down for nothing in an auction room.

New Advertisements.

"PEOPLES' DRUG STORE!"

G. W. SPEERS,

N. E. Corner Diamond,

SOMERSET PA.

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

and CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,

FINE SOAPS,

TOILET ARTICLES,

DYE STUFFS,

and KEROSENE OIL.

Pure WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal PURPOSES,

Also an assortment of

Fine Cigars,

and Tobacco.

Particular attention given to the compounding of Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes, by experienced hands.

March 15, 1876.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

This farm is situated in Ligonier Tp. Westmorland Co. two miles west of Ligonier Bor. on the Greensburg and Stoystown pike, containing about one hundred and fifty acres, one hundred acres cleared balance well timbered. Being underlaid with coal, well watered, adapted for grazing, in a good wheat growing country. Ligonier Valley R. R. passing through one side of Farm. Having thereon a plank dwelling house, large bank barn and other outbuildings, good apple orchard, convenient to churches, schools and mills, etc. For further information and particulars apply to the undersigned on the premises.

May 3. ALEXANDER CARNS.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Singleton Kimmel and Mary A. Kimmel having made a voluntary assignment to me by deed dated first day of May, 1876, of all the estate, real and personal of the said Singleton Kimmel for the benefit of his creditors, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said Singleton Kimmel to make immediate payment to me, and those having claims against him to present the same duly authenticated for settlement to me at my office in Somerset, Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT, may3 Assignee.

THE PENN MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA,

Office: No. 291 Chestnut Street,

Incorporated in 1847.

ASSETS, - - - - - - $5,500,000

The Penn is a strictly Mutual Life Company. All of its surplus premiums are returned to its Policy-holders every year, thus furnishing them insurance at the lowest possible cost.

The Life Rate non-forfeiting Endowment Policy issued by the Penn, while giving protection to the family of insured in case of early death, provides at moderate rates of premium, a fund for future support, should he reach old age.

All Policies are non-forfeitable for the vaue1 after third year.

SAM'L C. HUEY, President.

SAML. E. STOKES, Vice President. H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice President.

JAS. WEIR MASON, Actuary. HENRY AUSTIE, Secretary.

SOMERSET BOARD.

ED. KIERNAN, President. C. J. HARRISON Treasurer.

E. D. YULTZ, P. S. HAY, Vice Presidents. J. G. OGLE, Attorney

A. B. ADAMS, Secretary.

April 10.

LEATHER! LEATHER!

The largest assortment in the city of the best sunnages of sole leather, the best brands of French kips and calf skins, just received. Also, a full line of domestic stock on hand and offered at low prices for cash by SIEBERT & BERG, 106 Penn street, PITTSBURG, PA.,

April 26.

CARPETS. CARPETS

OIL CLOTHS,

Linoleum,

MATTINGS,

Window Shades,

At Low Prices.

A liberal discount made to Ministers and on Carpets for Churches.

BOVARD, ROSE & CO.,

29 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, mar8

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, 1873.

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 Store

GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

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

This space is reserved for the

ASSIGNEES NOTICE.

Ephraim Cober and Barbara his wife having executed a deed of voluntary assignment to me for creditors, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims and accounts whether of record or otherwise to present them to me duly authenticated at my office in Somerset borough, on or before Thursday the 8th day of June, A. D. 1876.

JAS. L. PUGH, May 3. Assignee.

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. STEEL,

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.

New Establishment.

MANUFACTURER OF COPPER WARE.

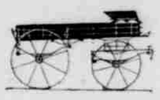
Having just opened a copper factory, we are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Copper Ware for kitchens, hotels, distilleries and brewering use. Repairing neatly done. Factory in rear of Wm. Kuleriem & Son's grocery, 150 North Mechanic street, Cumberland.

EDWARD KORNRUMPH & CO., Manufacturers.

Good price paid for old copper. feb2

CURTIS K. GROVE. AUSTIN DENISON.

Grove & Denison



Manufactures of

Carriages,

Buggies,

Spring-wagons,

Sleighs,

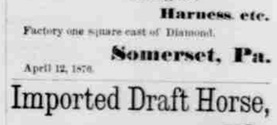
Harness, etc.

Factory one square east of Diamond.

Somerset, Pa.

April 12, 1876.

Imported Draft Horse,



BLACK LEICESTERSHIRE,

will stand the following season commencing April 10th and ending September 1st, at my farm in Somerset