OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL

I have been to Philadelphia, and have seen the great show. It is a big thing, and everybody in the United States ought to see it. Make no mistake—you ought to see the Exposition. The display of machinery is wonderful; the display of minerals and other productions of that nature is still more so, and the art department is as rich as rich can be. Europe and America have contributed the best of their works. There has been the most generous provision made to show everything that is rich, rare, curious, and instructive, and there can be no better month or week spent than at the great Exposition. It is a liberal education to go through the various departments and study what is of interest. The ancient jewelry, that goes back to the time of Charlemagne, the ancient pottery from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and still farther back of that; the pottery of modern days showing by contrast the difference between the ancient and modern; the world of embroideries, laces, fancy work of taste and utility—in short the wildernes of everything, ancient and modern, that can be used and that can delight the eye or the other senses. Such a collection will not be seen again for a hundred years, and probably never will be again. But while I advise everybody to come to Philadelphia this season, I am equally earnest in advising them not to come now. The fact is, as gigantic as the Exposition is to-day, it is still in a very crude and unsatisfactory condition. There is an entire lack of order, as yet; the classification is imperfect, and consequently it takes twice as long to see what you want to see as it ought. All this will be remedied in time, and the show will be in better shape. The wonderful aggregation will be classified, and order will finally reign where chaos now is. But this alone is not why I advise your readers to stay away at present. There is a reason beyond that. The fact is, the Philadelphian has not yet found out that there is a bottom to the purse of the people, and that the world was not made for Philadelphia to pluck this year. The city is speculating. Presuming that the people would come, any how, the Philadelphian from the hotel keeper to the boot-black, sat down and calculated, not how to make the visit of the stranger agreeable, but how best to pluck him. The Philadelphian has spent nights in calculating as to how much the stranger would stand without rebelling, and he is going to the outside of that limit.

The hotels have forgotten that the war is over, and the best of them charge $5 per day, with everything under heaven that impudent and ingenious clerks can pile on in the way of extras. The smaller hotels are equally extortionate, the boarding houses are equally grasping, the bars are simply outrageous; the railroads have made no concessions to speak of—in short, Philadelphia has its hand on the purse of every one who comes, with its "stand and deliver."

There is just one way to beat this game, and only one—don't come. Stay away until these people get sick and come down. Show them that there is no especial necessity for going to Philadelphia this year, and that to get you, Philadelphia has got to make a bid. Let Philadelphia understand that you must be ensured good, square, honest, treatment, if you come, and the decent people of Philadelphia will see that you get it. Three mechanics went into the regularly authorized restaurant, on the grounds, the other day, for lunch, and were compelled to pay $6.36, for a lunch that would have been dear at $1.00, a month ago. Stay away till Philadelphia invites you by promising you protection against organized robbery. If you stay away long enough they will want you badly enough to do this—if not, stay away altogether. Philadelphia, precisely as Vienna did, is killing its goose while it is yet a gosling. But make your arrangements to come. All this was to have been expected, and in a week or two it will cure itself. There is plenty of room, and the people will find where they can get fair treatment.

FASHIONS.

The most gorgeous contrast of color upon white, or the yellowish tinges in vogue, will be seen in dressy costumes the coming summer. Because it is centennial year, and everybody is under the necessity of wearing red white and blue, taste goes a step farther, and sanctions such unions as cardinal red, with either brighter Marie Louise blue, or, what is more effective, deep navy blue, and ecru or yellow. The three colors are worn in bows and sashes on black skirts, grenadine especially, and on white muslin dresses. Please observe the distinction; the warmest, richest shades must be used, not merely bright ones. It will do to wear cherry-color and azure together, for stylish effect on a white dress or a black one; the reds and blues are to be deep and bright together. Instead of the uniform relief of black and brown trimmings seen so long, street suits of pale brown and the fashionable pearl grays are piped with blue and crimson, very likely both together, in slight lines that light the dress in the most subdued, bewitching way, while linings of the same peep out from sleeves and ruffles, or the reverse of block trimmings on the edge, making a summer-like graciousness of attire, very pleasing to the eyes of men, and those women who do not see any special sinfulness in a bit of color.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

This is a great year for the Presbyterians. They have been a Republican sect from the days of the siege of Derry, and feel specially patriotic, from the fact that old John Witherspoon, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and whose influence was prominent in securing its adoption, was a Presbyterian minister of high repute. It would hardly have answered to hold the Assembly in Philadelphia, because it would not have been the easiest thing to find lodgings there among the Presbyterian families, who are probably entertaining a coutry cousin for every spare bed and lounge within their walls. Besides, it might not have been the easiest thing to keep a quorum of members in the assembly, with the attractions of the Exposition so near. But New York is just close enough, so that the Assembly can get its business done, and then take a run down to Philadelphia before they go home. Meanwhile Broadway shows an unmistakable sprinkling of exceedingly cheerful gentlemen in black, with fresh-looking girls, in debage dresses, just off the style, but making up for any deficiencies in dress by an exceedingly sharp and critical manner of observing things. Don't they know what people ought to take an interest in? Don't they read all about art furnishings, and potterries, and porcelains, cloissonne, and repousse, and all the jargon that cultivated folk talk? They are busy as bees and ants never were; they come down to breakfast in their bonnets, and never take them off till after the evening service, whatever that is, lecture, concert, or visit to the Academy of Design. They swarm in the museum and art stores, catalogue in hand, anxiously studying up high art enough to put them on conversing terms with city visitors next summer, who will open their eyes to hear the wives and daughters of country ministers pick them up on enamels and their Japanese. Every well-cultivated person understands something of Japanese now-a-days; it is quite necessary to correct taste and principles. Just now quotations are a little towards renaissance, that is, the style of decoration where the china and table legs and figures on the wall-paper are all scrolly and finny, like dragoon's wings, and you can't tell whether they are animal, serpentine or flower. But whatever there is, these sharp Presbyterian girls will see all there is of it, and on their return will be quite qualified to write a guide-book of the city and its sights. It is not well known by outsiders like myself, that there is a sort of feminine General Assembly, which meets side by side with the other. It is called the Woman's Board of Missions, but depend upon it that is only a blind, and the women mean to have a hand in managing the affairs of the church, just as soon as they can impress upon the minds of the brethern how capable the sisters are of relieving them of missions and their own work too.

SPORTING.

New York must constantly be amused, no matter how the times are. The latest sensation and one which has occupied the attention of the sporting world more than anything that has happened for a long time is the match made by a Californian named Parker to ride three hundred miles in fifteen hours, on mustang ponies. For this match thirty-five mustangs, wild, unbroken, and ugly, were imported, and have been kept for some time on a farm in Jersey, near the city. Parker's match required him to saddle and mount with the privilege of changing as often as he pleased. The ponies, unused to a regular track, and frightened by the crowd present, made their rider a good deal of trouble, and a rain setting in, which soaked him and retarded his movements, besides making the track very heavy, lost him the match. He rode two hundred and seventy-five miles in the time, and immediately made another match in which he barred bad weather, and which there is no doubt he will win. The idea is to bring that breed of horses to the States, horsemen believing that for saddle and light work generally, a judicious admixture of the mustang element will be of benefit. They are curious looking little beasts, but are as strong and wiry as need be.

THE GAME OF POLO.

This new game, introduced by young Bennett, of the *Herald*, and a parcel of English swells, bids fair to be a sensation this season. The game is nothing more or less than hooky on horseback. Sides are choosen, the players are mounted on horses, and armed with a light, long mallet. Stakes are set, and a ball is tossed into the ring, and the sport begins. Each side tries to force the ball beyond the stakes of its opponents. It affords room for a great deal of fancy riding, and a great deal of dexterrity in the use of the mallet. For this game, these same mustangs are used, their smallness enabling the rider to reach the ball with more ease, and their wonderful quickness suiting them for a game, in which the horse plays quite as important a part as the rider. It is an exciting game, and will become immensely popular—indeed, it will have as wild a run as base ball. Hundreds of amateur horsemen from abroad have already witnessed the practice games of the New York club, and have organized clubs in their own cities. Look out for Polo—it is the coming amusement.

BUSINESS

remains as dull as it can well be. There will be a sale of domestics next week of six thousand packages—the largest ever held—to determine the question as to whether the bottom has dropped out or not. Over a million dollars' worth will be offered; and the prices obtained, or, rather, the readiness to buy, will determine the course of the merchants for the season. In the meantime, the grain people have been awakened to the situation of their business, and an effort is being made to get back a portion of the lost trade. Vanderbilt has commenced an elevator or two, and additional facilities for loading and unloading canal boats are to be at once provided, so that the handling of grain can be done at less cost. Baltimore, Boston and Montreal have all advantages over New York now, and something must be done at once, or the grain trade is lost to the city forever. There were one hundred and twelve failures this week.

THE WEATHER

is delightful, and New York is now as pleasant as one could wish. The health of the city is good; and if business would only revive, so that men's faces would shorten somewhat, everything would be lovely.

PIETRO.

The Interesting Sight in Congress.

One of the most interesting phases of congressional sight-seeing, occurs when little children come in on the floor of the House to visit their dignified papas. Half frightened and shy, the little mites are led by the door keeper; they scarcely look up till the dear, familiar face is in sight; then with a bound and a laugh, whose gladness is fully answered by the father's smile, the child nestles closely in papa's chair, as it were a throne, and papa looks so proud of his darling, that all the gentlemen about him catch the pleasure.

There's Reagan, of Texas, a great, burly, ponderous fellow, looking as if nothing could ever move him; smiles are so rare on that sober face when they do come they don't seem at home one bit; but his little boy comes in, climbs all over him, takes all sorts of liberties with books and papers, and the grim face relaxes, the busy brain stops considering party problems, and the father plays with his child as if Congress were of no possible consequence. Once in a great while a little girl strays in, making a bit of brightness among the black coats on the floor. I don't believe children were ever half as pretty before as they are now, and when one of these darlings in her picturesque dress does appear, every man with any little ones at home, claims a bit of the child's attention.

One Night.

It is a horrible story that I am about to narrate—so horrible that it has haunted me ever since I heard it.

Constantly at night, before I fall asleep, I imagine each line in that ghastly face—but this won't do. If I must tell the story I had best commence at the beginning.

I spent last summer at the seaside—it was not in the least a fashionable watering place, but so quiet that the things that would have been of little or no interest elsewhere, there became wildly exciting.

Among the new arrivals, one day, there came a party that interested me to an extraordinary degree—a lady with her daughter and a maid.

The daughter, Miss Linsee, Jennie Linsee was one of those persons whom you feel sure has a history. Tall, fair hair, with dark eyes and a sensitive mouth. She was extremely handsome; but her face was one of the saddest I ever saw in my life. I thought her face sad before I knew her; but afterwards, in the pauses of conversation, I have seen that expression deepen, or strengthen, rather, into one of perfect misery.

Once in particular I remember noticing this; we were speaking of hands, and I admired hers, saying that they looked so strong, and yet were so delicately shaped.

I wondered at the time what there could have been in this simple remark to distress and annoy her. But since I have heard her story, I understood not only this, but many other things that seemed very strange to me.

Three years ago Miss Linsee was visiting a friend, a young girl about her own age, at her home on the Hudson.

It wes a large, rambling, country house, with an unusual number of sleeping rooms, and Jennie on her arrival, was the only guest, so that on each side of her the rooms were unoccupied.

The evening she arrived her friend insisted on her going to bed early, saying that she must be very weary, but Jennie insisted that she was not tired, and absolutely refused to go to bed.

At last a regular romp ensued, and Jennie's friend locked her guest into the room, shouted good night through the key hole and ran laughing down the long hall.

Jennie smiled as she listened to the footsteps growing fainter yet fainter, and then turning to the long oval mirror, proceeded to take down her hair. This mirror reached from the floor to the ceiling, and hung directly opposite the bed, and was partially draped with muslin.

As Jennie brushed her hair and indifferently looked at herself, she fancied that she saw a movement amid the shadows about the bed. She looked again; the bedstead was low and broad, the shadows deep; but Jennie felt sure that she was not mistaken, but that a man lay extended at full length on the floor.

For a moment she was breathless with terror; her first impulse then, womanlike, was to scream; but Jennie Linsee was no coward, and after a minute or two of strong self-control, was rather amused at such an adventure.

"I'll leave the room," she said to herself, as if she had forgotten something; "and I will turn the key on the outside—good heavens!" and she stood appalled at the thought. The door was already locked! What should she do! She dared not to call for help. A thought struck her.

"Alice!" she cried, "come back a moment. I forgot to tell you something."

Her voice trembled. Again and again she called. All was silent. She listened for an answer. Was it imagination, or did she hear a faint muttered oath from under the bed.

At last she decided to go to her bed quietly, leaving her watch, portmonnaie and jewelry where the man could easily get them, and she would pretend to fall asleep.

First, she inclined the mirror, so that lying in the bed she could see in it the reflection of everything that went over the room. Then going to the fireplace she calmly lighted each candle in the branches, saying aloud with a laugh, "I hope I shall not set the house on fire, but I never could resist candles, and I mean to have an illumination for once."

Then, with an ill-concealed shudder, and slowly, as if going to her own execution, Jennie went to bed.

For hours it seemed to her, but we cannot tell how long it was, Jennie lay, trying to breathe safely, yet regularly straining her ears to catch the faintest sound, her eyes to see the slightest movement under the bed.

At last in the mirror, she saw the dark body move. She could distinguish a hand with—Stay! Was that gleam a knife? "I am to be murdered then," she thought, and with the calmness of despair she watched.

The knife had a terrific fascination for her now it flashed in the blue light, as the man slowly emerged from the bed, crawling flat on his face.

Was there nothing she could do? Must she simply wait until the man rose to kill her.

"If I only had a rope," she thought "I could make a slip noose and throw it over his head!"

So thinking, she mechanically glanced about the room. Her eye caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall by a stout, red cord. Quick as though the picture was unhung, the cord in her trembling hands. She could hear the slow, cautious movements. Should she be too late? At last the noose was made. No need now to watch the mirror.

The man's head and shoulders were all out from under the bed. At that moment he raised himself and glanced in the mirror and saw Jennie sitting up. He saw her but one moment. He half turned, with his legs and part of his body still under the bed. But in that moment the noose fell over him, and Jennie was pulling up the scarlet rope with all her might.

The next morning when the servant went to call Miss Linsee, she knocked again and again. Obtaining no reply, the woman went to her young mistress, telling her that her guest must be ill. Alice was not in the least disturbed, but with a light song on her lips danced down the corridors.

"Jennie," she cried, knocking at her friend's door, "may I come in?"

No reply came, but in its stead, a low, gurggling laugh—Jenny had such a pretty laugh. Frightened, she knew not why, Alice opened the door and went in.

The wax candles burned low in the silver sconces, shedding their yellow light on the bed where Jennie sat, laughing idiotically, still holding in her strong white hands the ends of the scarlet rope. On the floor, half under the bed, lay the dead body of a man.

He must have had a murderer's face living; but, dead, who can describe it? The eyes were starting from the head, and seemed to watch one's every movement.

I cannot describe the scene as it was described to me, nor would I if I could. When they pitied Jane, she burst into tears, and this alone, the doctor said, saved her reason and her life.

I have often read of hair turning white in a single night from terror. I wonder if this be so. I think not; for if it were, Jennie, Linsee's fair hair would to-day be as white as newly-fallen snow.

Society of Penitentes, New Mexico.

The extraordinary credulity and fanaticism of the people are seen in the strongest light, however, during Holy-Week, when large numbers throughout the Territory participate in the exercises of the Society of Penitentes, which is discountenanced by the priests, though it originally sprang from the Church. The headquarters of this organization are at Mora, and its branches extend in every direction, including among its members a considerable part of the population, both male and female. It meets in the Morada, or assembly hall, and its transactions are secret, but its avowed object is the expiation of sin by the infliction of violent bodily punishment. Toward Good-Friday there is an unusual activity in the society, and the town-hall is occupied nearly every evening by meetings, which are signalized to the outsiders by dismal cries, groans, and the mysterious rattling of chains—preparations which result on Holy-Thursday in the public scourging of those members who desire to chasten themselves and make atonement for their offenses. The day is regarded as a festival, and a crowd of eager spectators gather about the hall. After many preliminary ceremonies, the door is thrown open, and the *penitentes* file into the April twilight of the snow-covered street to the doleful music of a shrill reed instrument played by an attendant. They are destitute of other clothing than a thin pair of underdrawers, and their heads and faces are hidden in white cotton wraps, so that their neighbors may not, by recognizing them, have cause to wonder what crime they expiate. The leader staggers under the weight of a heavy cross about twenty feet high, and his companions, shivering with cold as the wind beats their naked bodies, carry thick bunches of thorny cactus in their hands. The attendants place them in position, and at a given signal the procession moves, chanting a plaintive hymn to the time of the musician's pipe. At every second step the men strike themselves over the shoulders with the cactus, leaving a deeper scar with each blow, until the skin is broken and the lacerated flesh pours it blood in a carmine trail on the snow. Several are bound at the ankles by rawhide thongs, a dagger, pointed at both ends, being secured between the two feet in such a way that when they stumble, it stabs them in a most sensitive part. The sight becomes sickening with horror, and repressed moans of anguish fill the air as the cactus brushes afresh the streaming, quivering wounds. No one is allowed to retire, and when the cross-bearer sinks to the ground from exhaustion, the attendants quickly raise him and urge him on again with his heavy burden. The route is traced along the white road in crimson footsteps, and after parading the alleys of the town, the procession turns off towards a steep hill, in ascending which their bare feet are cut to the bone by the sharp projecting rocks. The eminence gained, preparations are made for a new and surpassing torture. The cross is laid upon the ground, and the bearer is so firmly bound to it by lengths of rawhide that the circulation of the blood is retarded, and a gradual discoloration of the body follows. His arms are outstretched along the transverse beam, to which a sword, pointed at both ends like the dagger before mentioned, is attached, and if he allows them to drop a single inch from their original position, the weapon penetrates the flesh. Amidst the unearthly groans of the by-standers and the shrill piping of the musician the cross is raised, and the crucified turns his agonized face to heaven, while the blood slowly trickles from his wounds and a livid hue overspreads his skin. How long he remains is merely a question of endurance, for eventually he loses consciousness, and not until then is he released. At the conclusion of this barbarous performance, which occasionally results in death, the *penitentes* return to the Morada, and the celebration is brought to a close. W. H. RIDEING, in *Harpers Magazine for June.*

The Wealth of Africa.

Lieutenant Cameron, at a meeting in London lately, at which a diamond from Africa worth $50,000 was shown, made a speech describing the richness of the country he had explored. Ivory is there found in greater abundance than anywhere else.—At Nyangwe the Arabs trading amongst themselves give 35 lb of ivory for 7½ lb of beads or 5½ lb of cowries, and very often they are able to buy a tusk irrespective of size, which may weigh from 100 to 150 lb by the present of an old copper bracelet or any worn out useless thing which may take the fancy of the natives. This country of Nyangwe I firmly believe, in fact I am sure, may be reached by the Congo; and hereafter I hope that where my steps have been we shall see a system of trading stations for the purchase of not only ivory, for the richness of the vegetable products of the country is something beyond description. I have walked along for fifty or sixty yards under a grove of nutmeg trees, with the whole ground covered with nutmegs, and no one knew what they were worth. Besides that, there are many other vegetable products in abundance, many different species of cotton, and oil producing palms. Up the valley of the Congo to a height of 2,600 feet above the level of the sea the country is crowded with oil palm, and hereafter that trade alone, leaving the question of ivory altogether on one side, will well be sufficient to repay any enterprising merchants who embark in it. The people in many of the countries I passed through are very clever smiths. They have not yet advanced to the art and mystery of turning, but some of their work turned out simply with a rough hammer without a handle, and with no file to finish off with, might favorably compare with a good deal which is shown in more advanced countries, where we have all the appliances of modern machinery and workmanship to help us. Gold is found at Rhangwe, and I there saw an Arab who showed me a calabash full of small nuggets, or pieces of quartz filled with gold. What he showed me, he said, was found in one evening by his slave in clearing out an old watercourse to get water for his camp. He said, "what is the good of such little pieces?" and if I had not been honest enough to tell him of their value I might have had the whole of them. But there is yet another thing: in Africa there is enough of coal and iron ore to supply the world for untold centuries. There are several different descriptions of iron ore, some very like the ore which they bring from Norway and Sweden—black speculum ore, which I believe furnishes the best iron and steel of commerce. Besides these, I also found large masses of copper. Some of this copper is occasionally brought down to Benguela by the Portuguese traders, and I was told there that a company in Lisbon, conducted by Englishmen, had been formed to take the whole of this product, as in the copper they found a certain portion of gold, and they found that extracting this gold paid them remarkably well. Silver is also among the products of the country, and I have every reason to believe that I have seen what will prove a valuable deposit of tin. Now the country which thus furnishes all that is necessary for commerce, and can also supply the world with the articles I have mentioned, is also opened up by two of the most magnificent systems of water communication in the world.—The river Congo has rapids at Italla, about 160 miles above its mouth, and beyond them the only other rapids that I know of are some small ones a short way below Nyangwe, near where my route quits the Congo. But I think that river ought be hereafter called the Livingstone, for after all it was really he who discovered its sources. In the Zambesi country there is a system of Lacustrine rivers extending for a distance which makes the Congo one of the largest rivers in the world. Perhaps the Amazon and the Yang-tse-Kiang may in volume be larger, but certainly the Congo is entitled to take third place amongst the rivers of the world. It has navigable affluents that reach within 300 miles north of Lake Nyassa, where at present in memory of Livingstone a colony is being formed, which has been reached from the Zambesi. Of course these rivers will be broken at times by rapids; but portages may be formed for the present, and hereafter—though in days far in the future I am afraid—locks will be formed, so that there may be uninterrupted steam communication from the east to the west of tropical Africa, by the Congo and Zambesi systems, and we shall then tap the ivory trade completely. By large rivers which flow into the Congo from the north, a short way in front of Nyangwe, we can get back into the country of Ulega, to which traders come 3,000 miles down the Nile to trade, and from which they draw their principal supplies of ivory. Now by ascending the Congo a thousand miles will take us into this marvelously rich country. Again, the offsets of the Tanganyika would also tap a great portion of the ivory trade which is now carried on by the Arabs trading from Zanzibar. The Zambesi again would form the means of obtaining ivory, if the communication was made by joining it to the Congo, and giving access to its northern affluents. I passed numerous affluents of the Zambesi, some of which take their rise on the West Coast, and these would act as offsets to the main system. By a river which falls into the Congo from the north, we should get close up to the sources of the Nile, for we should reach the water sheds between the Nile and the Congo systems by a very short route, instead of the long route from Alexandria up a river which is far from healthy, and which is choked with grass; while the country through which I have gone may be considered as fairly healthy.

American Silver in Canada.

The Toronto *Globe* says: The shrewd merchants and other business men of Windsor seem to have been quite as unable as most other folks to see the advantage Canadians were to derive from a new coinage of $50,000,000 of depreciated American silver currency. Up to the 1st of October last American silver circulated in Essex at par. When the intentions of the American government to issue the new silver fractional currency became known, the Windsor merchants felt it was time to take action. They accordingly met and entered into a bond, formally executed, by which they bound themselves, under a penalty of $50 00 to take no American silver except at the following rates:

The 3 cent silver coin at 2 cents.
The 5 cent silver coin at 4 cents.
The 10 cent silver coin at 8 cents.
The 20 cent silver coin at 16 cents.
The 25 cent silver coin at 20 cents.
The 50 cent silver coin at 40 cents.
The silver dollar coin at eighty cents.

The result of their energetic action has been the all but withdrawl from circulation of the obnoxious currency. A correspondent writing from Windsor on the subject says: "The discount had reached 6 per cent, and that just represented our loss on all transactions, because people always will use the cheapest money. Any Canadian bills taken over our own counters we had to give the premium for. In a few days American silver went down at the brokers to 10 for large and 15 for small, and in the stores there may have been one dollar taken per day, but not more."

Beef Tea.

First let us take that probably most valuable of all invalids' preparations, viz, beef tea. The quickest and best method of preparing good beef tea is as follows: Take a pound of good lean gravy beef, cut it up into little pieces, pour over them a pint of cold water, and add a little salt. Then take a fork and squeeze these pieces in every direction, in order, as much as possible, to extract the juices out of the meat. Next place it all, both water and meat, in an enameled saucepan, and put it by the side of the fire, and gradually heat it, taking the greatest care that it does not boil. Having continued this process for about an hour and a half or two hours, during the last half hour keeping the beef tea hot without even simmering, strain the whole off through a strainer, pressing the meat again with a spoon, so as to squeeze as much as possible all the goodness out of it. Then remove all the fat. This can be done by carefully skimming it, or, if time will allow, by letting it get cold, when the fat will harden on the top. Good beef tea is one of the nicest things we can take when sick, but sick persons often tire of it and loathe it. When this is the case, very often by adding a little sherry and allowing it to get cold (when, if properly made, it will be a jelly), patients will take it in this form when they could not in the liquid state.

Dauphin county is importing Norman horses.

Meet me at the Gate.

A pale-faced, anxious-looking man, who looked as though he supped with sorrow every week, lives out on North Hill with his wife and seven lovely, blooming daughters. He has, with all these seven lovely daughters, only one front gate, and that is what makes him pale. Last summer he spent $217 repairing that front gate, putting in new ones, and experimenting with various kinds of hinges, and after all that the gate swung all through the winter on a leather strap and a piece of clothes-line, and there was peace in the household and the man grew fat. But when the April days grew nigh, it soon became apparent to the man that his troubles were at hand, and anxiety soon drove the roses from his damask cheeks and robbed his ribs of their substance. He used to climb over the back fence to avoid calling attention to the disreputable looking old gate, but his self-denial was of no avail. One evening his eldest daughter, Sophronia, said:

"Pa, that horrid old gate is the most disgusting thing on this street. If you can't afford to have it fixed, I'd take it away and put up a stile"

And Pa only groaned. But an evening or so later, his youngest daughter came in and said with considerable warmth:

"Pa! I wish you had that beastly old gate tied to your neck, that's what I wish!"

And she dissolved in tears and evaporated up stairs in a misty cloud, while her sisters followed slowly, casting reproachful looks at Pa.

And the next evening his third daughter, Azalea, came bouncing into the room about 9:30 p. m., with gloves in a condition to indicate that she had been patting gravel, and said, with some energy, that if Pa had no feeling other people had, and she wished she was dead, she did, and she hoped that the next time Pa went out of that hateful old gate he'd fall from Arch street to the bridge, so she did. And she broke down and disappeared with a staccato accompaniment of sobs and sniffles. And the next time that Pa went out of that gate he found it prostrate between the two posts, and saw that the fragile strands of the clothes-line had parted, under some extraordinary pressure and that was what ailed Azalea's gloves. Pa saw there was nothing for it but a new gate, and he groaned aloud as he viewed the dreary prospect of furnishing gates to support the manly forms of the best young men of Burlington for another summer. He pondered, and pondered, and pondered. He became the confidant of carpenters; he was often seen guiltily showing certain plans and drawings to blacksmiths and cunning workers in iron and steel. And in due time he had a new gate up, a massive gate, with great posts, ornamented anb substantial, and the seven sisters were pleased. They read in the little brass plate that informed them that a patent was applied for, the words, "for 130 pounds," but they didn't know what it meant until last evening.

Last evening the weather, though sufficiently cool to be bracing, admitted a test of the new gate. A murmur of voices arose from the vicinity of that popular lover's retreat, as Sophronia swung idly to and fro on its heavy frame. Presently a pale-faced man, who held his hand upon his breast to still his beating heart, as he crouched in a dark corner of the porch, heard Rudolphus say:

"But, believe me, Sophronia, my own heart's idol, between the touches of the rude hand of ti——"

As he began the word he leaned forward and bent his weight upon the gate, and with a sharp click a little trap-door in the gate-post flew open, and a gaunt, many jointed arm of steel, with an iron knob as big as a Virginia gourd on the end of it, flew out, and, with the rapidity of lightning, hit Rudolphus two resounding pelts between the shoulders that sounded like a bass-drum explosion.

"Oh-h-h! gosh!" he roared, "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!" and, without waiting to pick up his hat, he fled, shrieking for the doctor, while Sophronia rushed into the house, crying. "Pa! Pa! Pa! Rudolphus is shot!" and swooned. The pale faced man said nothing, but shrank still further back into the shadow, and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth to stifle a smile. Pretty soon he heard the voice of his daughter Azalea at the gate saying good-night. But a rich, manly voice detained her, and the measured swing of the gate was again heard in the distance. Soon he heard Lorenzo say, as he made ready to climb upon the gate:

"But whatever of sorrow may await our future, dear one, I would it might fall upon me——"

And just as he lifted his last foot from the ground, the trap opened and the gaunt arm reached out and fell upon him with that big knob four times, and every time it reached him, Lorenzo shrieked:

"Bleeding heart! Oh, mercy, Mr. Man! Oh taurder!"

And as he ambled away in the starlight, wailing for arnica, Azalea fled wildly to her home shrieking: "Oh, Pa! Pa! Pa! somebody is murdering Lorenzo." And on the porch a pale-faced man thrust the rim of his felt hat into his mouth to reinforce his handkerchief, and hugged himself in placid content. Pretty soon the man's fifth daughter came home from a party, and she, too perched on the gate. And in a moment or two Alphonso said:

"But, my own Miriam, would I could tell you what I feel——"

But he didn't, for just as he leaned upon the gate, the gaunt arm reached out and felt him, and knocked his breath so far out of him that he couldn't shriek until he had run half a mile from the house. And Miriam ran into the house screaming that Alphonse had a fit. And the pale-faced man rose up out of the shadow and emptied his mouth, and as he stood under the quiet starlight, looking at the gate whose powerful but delicate mechanism repelled an ounce of weight over one hundred and thirty pounds, a look of ineffable peace stole over the pale face, and the smile that rested on the quiet features told that the struggle of a life-time had ended in victory and a gate had been discovered that could set at naught the oppressions of thoughtless young people.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Shooting at Connersville.

CONNERSVILLE, IND., May 20.—Geo. Wanley, a prominent hotel man of this city, was shot this evening by a negro in his employ, named Henry Felton, who at this time has not been captured, but undoubtedly will be before morning, as he is closely pursued by Marshal Lillie and *posse.* The ball entered between the eyes, and took a downward course. He will lose his right eye, and probably both.

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. Westmoreland 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.

may3 JOHN F. SCOTT, 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 value after third year.

SAML 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. YOUTZ, P. S. HAY, Vice Presidents. J. G. OGLE, Attorney

A. B. ADAMS, Secretary.

April 19.

LEATHER! LEATHER!

The largest assortment in the city of the best assortment 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, 1872.

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. 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.

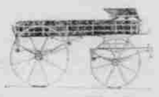
GROCERY AND FEED STORE OF

C. B. COLBORN & CO.,

This space is reserved for the

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 15, at my farm in Somerset Tp. The many fine colts now standing in this county is evidence enough that only by breeding to full blooded sires we get the finest.

Terms $15 to insure a mare with foal.

ALSO,

The Hambletonian Stallion

ALHAMBRA

Service reduced to bottom prices with foal.—$10 to insure a mare for this season only. Now is your time to improve your stock. Mares from a distance cared for at lowest actual cost. Best of care taken but not responsible for accidents.

apr12 P. HEFFLEY.

White Lead! White Lead!

ARMSTONG & McKELVY,

MANUFACTURERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD,

DRY AND IN OIL,

Office 37 Wood Street,