The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 2. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1302.

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

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LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

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HOMES FOR ALL. I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon. feb24 D. WEYAND

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J. O. KIMMEL & SONS, BANKERS, Successors to Schell & Kimmel, SOMERSET, PA. Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made. jan12

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., Henry Schnable's Brick Building. A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. april 16-73.

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New Firm. SHOE STORE, SNYDER & UHL Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits. We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect to keep constantly on hand as complete an assortment of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters BOTH OF Eastern and Home Manufacture as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of SOLE LEATHER, MOROCCO, CALF SKINS, KIPS, AND LINING SKINS Of all kinds, with a full line of Shoe Findings, The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of N. B. Snyder, Esq. Whose reputation for making Good Work and Good Fits is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest. SNYDER & UHL.

Miscellaneous.

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The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts and the convenience and refinement of social life. Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.

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THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

A poem for the Patriot Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, Read at the Reunion, June 6, 1876.

Bright on the sparkling sward this day
The youthful summer gleams;
The roses in the south wind play,
The slumberous woodland dreams,
In golden light, 'neath clouds of fleece
Mid bird-songs wild and free,
The blue Potomac flows in peace
Down to the peaceful sea.

No echo from the stormy past
Alarms the placid vale,
Nor cannon roar, nor trumpet blast,
Nor shattered soldier wail.
There's nothing left to mark the strife,
The triumph or the pain,
Where Nature to her general life
Takes back our lives again.

Yet in your vision evermore,
Beneath affrighted skies,
With crash of sound with reek of gore,
The martial pageants rise.
Audacious pageants rend the air,
Dark Steeds of battle neigh,
And frantic through the sulphurous glare,
Raves on the crimson fray.

Not time nor chance nor change can drown
Your memories proud and high,
Nor pluck your stars of greatness down
From glory's deathless sky.
For evermore your fame shall bide—
Your valor tried and true!
And that which makes your country's pride
May well be pride to you!

Forever through the soldier's thought
The soldier's life returns—
Or where the trampled fields are fought,
Or where the camp fire burns.
For him the pomp of morning brings
A thrill none else can know,
For him Night waves her sable wings
O're many a nameless woe.

How often face to face with death,
In stern suspense he stood,
While bird and insect held their breath
Within the ambushed wood.
Again he sees the silent hills,
With danger's menance grim,
And darkly all the shuddering rills
Run red with blood for him.

For him the cruel sun of noon
Glares on a bristling plain.
For him the cold disdainful moon
Lights meadows rough with slain.
There's death in every sight he sees,
In every sound he hears,
And sunset hush and evening breeze
Are sad with prisoned tears.

Again worn out in midnight march,
He sinks beside the track;
Again beneath the pitying arch
His dreams of home come back;
In morning wind the roses shake
Around his cottage door,
And little feet of children make
Their music on the floor.

The tones that nevermore on earth
Can bid his pulses leap
Ring out again in careless mirth
Across the vales of sleep;
And where in horrent splendor roll
The waves of vict'ry's tide.
The cherished comrades of his soul
Are glorious at his side.

Forget! the arm may lose its might,
The tired heart beat low,
The sun from Heaven blot out his light,
The west wind cease to blow,
But while one spark of life is warm
Within this mould of clay,
His soul shall revel in the storm
Of that tremendous day.

On mountain slope, in lonely glen,
By Fate's supreme command,
The blood of those devoted men
Has sanctified this land.
The funeral moss—but not in grief—
Waves o'er their hallowed rest,
And not in grief the laurel leaf
Drop's on the hero's breast.

Tears for the living, when God's gift—
The [illegible] of man to be—
Wastes, like the shattered spars that drift
Upon the unknown sea!
Tears for the wreck that sinks at last,
No need of valor done.
But no tears for the soul that past
When honor's fight was won.

He takes the hand of Heavenly Fate,
Who lives and dies for truth!
For him the holy angels wait
In realms of endless youth!
The grass upon his grave is green
With everlasting bloom;
And love and blessings make the sheen
Of glory 'round his tomb.

Mourn not for them, the loved and gone;
The cause they died to save
Plants an eternal corner stone
Upon the martyr's grave;
And, safe from all the ills we pass,
Their sleep is sweet and low,
'Neath requiems of the murmuring grass,
And dirges of the snow.

That sunset wafts its holiest kiss
Through evening's gathering shades,
That beauty breaks the heart with bliss
The hour before it fades.
That music seems to merge with heaven
Just when its echo dies,
Is nature's sacred promise given
Of life beyond the skies.

Mourn not! In life and death they teach
This thought!—this truth—sublime:
There's no man free except he reach
Beyond the verge of time!
So, beckoning up the starry slope,
They bid our souls to live,
And flooding all the world with hope,
Have taught us to forgive.

No soldier spurns a fallen foe!
No hate of human kind
Can darken down the generous glow
That fires the patriot mind!
But love shall make the vanquished strong
And mercy lift their ban,
Where right no more can bend to wrong,
Nor man be slave to man.

So from their quiet graves they speak,
So speaks that quiet scene,
Where now the violets blossom meek
And all the fields are green.
There wood and stream and flower and bud
A pure content declare,
And where the voice of war was heard
Is heard the voice of prayer.

Once more in perfect love, O Lord,
Our silenced hearts unite!
And clasp across the broken sword
The hands that used to smite!
And since beside Potomac's wave
There's nothing left but peace,
Be filled at last the open grave,
And let the sorrow cease!

Sweet from the pitying Northern pines
Their loving whisper flows,
And sweetly where the orange shines
The palm tree woos the rose;
And let that tender music run
O'er all the years to be,
And Thy great blessing make us one,
And make us one with Thee.

—*William Winter.*

HARATIO'S FIFTY CENTS.

Farmer Brown was a very respectable man. He had some oddities, but they were harmless ones, and people who knew him best rather laughed at them than feared them.

The farmer had two sons, Marcus, a good steady boy, who, who worked with his father on the farm, and Horatio, who was just home from college, and was considered "handsome" and "smart" by all the neighbors.

Mrs. Brown had been dead some years, and her sister, Miss Erminetta Griggs, better known as "Aunt Ermy," was housekeeper and general manager of all the "men-folks" on the farm.

Aunt Ermy was a very industrious woman, both with her hands and with her tongue, and could do more and say more in a given time than any other woman in the village of Tusculum. She knew it, and was proud of her "gift." As she was also a woman who always knew "what was what," and could give it to you in a nutshell, her opinion of the family was of course perfectly reliable as well as pithy and concise.

"You see, Horatio is smart, but he's lazy. Here he's been t'home 'most two months, and here he is, readin', and fishin', and huntin'; that's what 'Ratio does. And brother ain't very patient, and naterally he don't like that kind of doin's. He's awful disappointed, and gets angry at 'Ratio; but 'Ratio takes it as cool as a cowcumber, and brother gets angrier and angrier, and things aint as they'd orter to be. Now look at Marcus; he aint particular handsome to look at, but 'handsome is as handsome does.' That's what I say!"

And what she said was true. Marcus was very "handsome" in all his doings, and Horatio was, indeed, very lazy. When his father asked him what he intended to do with all his learning, Horatio would look very wise for a little while, and answer:

"I really don't know, father. I haven't decided yet. I am studying nature just now."

Then he would take his gun or his fishing line and saunter away, as if nature had an appointment with him, and he had just recollected it. And Mr. Brown went back to his work, grumbling to himself, and sometimes it made him petulant even with Aunt Ermy and with Marcus, who had done nothing wrong.

Things were bad enough in the summer, but in the autumn something happened which made them still worse. One bright, cool morning, when Horatio was on his way to the woods to kill partridges, he saw a great cloud of dust rising from the middle of the road, and coming rapidly towards him. Then he saw a red cow, and the next instant, in the thickest of the dust behind, he saw a girl holding fast to the cow's tail, and running with all her might.

"Why, that's Gazena Hartman," he said to himself. Then he said aloud: "Zena, what are you doing?"

"I am having a ride!" she answered, laughing merrily, and showing all her little teeth as she flew out of sight.

But Horatio could not forget her, Gazena's red cheeks, her flashing eyes, her curly brown hair flying in the wind, were before him all day, and saved the lives of many little birds.

"How she has grown, and how bright and pretty she is! 'Having a ride.' in deed! How handsome she would look in a fine carriage!" And he had a great many other thoughts on the same interesting subject.

After supper he asked his father: "What is Hartman doing now? Does he get on well with his little farm?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Brown, gruffly. "I have enough to do minding my own business, I don't meddle with other people's."

Horatio did not make any reply; but as he had no business of his own to mind, he thought he should "meddle" just a little. "Hartman is a worthy man if he is a Dutchman, and it would please him to be noticed in a friendly way. People ought to be kind to each other in this hard world!"

The very next morning Horatio took the trouble to go to Hartman's farm, to be kind to his neighbor. Gazena was not visible, but Gazena's father, short and stout, stood at the gate, smoking his pipe.

"Good-morning," said Horatio, kindly "How do you do?"

"Do pretty well," answered the farmer.

"Fine morning," said Haratio.

Mr. Hartman looked round to see how fine the morning was, but he reserved his opinion.

"I hope Mrs. Hartman is well."

"Yes, yes, pretty well," answered her husband. "She's very bissey. We are all very bissy. And now I go to vork in mine field. Good-day."

A few days afterward he young man went again to the litte farm and presented some birds to Gazena's father. "I shot them myself," he exclaimed.

"So! I nefer kill te leede pirds." said Mr. Hartman regretfully.

Then Horatio kindly offered to carry them into the house.

"Nein, nein, I do dot mineself," said the farmer. "Mine wife, she's very, very bissey always. She vants no strange peoples round. Our place is not a pig one, and I like to lif by mineself.'

Horatio understood that delicate hint, and retired politely. He was provoked, but he did not tell his neighbor so. The father of such a daughter must be humored if he was blunt.

As for Gazena herself, Horatio could not understand her at all. When she happened to meet him, she gave a little nod a shylook, and a merry smile, but she never spoke to him, or stopped long enough for him to speak to her more than a monosyllable or two. She always seemed to be in a great hurry—"very bissy," as her father said.

At last, one evening he met her at one of the neighbors, and insisted upon walking home with her. And as he was not sure that he would ever have such a good chance again, he decided to make the most of it.

"I have been trying to speak to you for the last five months," he said. "Why do you run away from me so?"

"Oh, I don't know: it's such fun!" answered Gazena, laughing.

"It's not fun to me," said Horatio. "It makes me feel very unhappy. Do you dislike me?"

"No, I don't care anything about you. It's only the fun," said Gazena, too frankly.

"But won't you feel sorry for me, and try to like me?" asked Horatio.

"Like you!" she said. "What do you want me to like you for?"

"Because—because—you know you will like somebody sometime, and get married"—

"No, never!" interrupted Gazena. "I don't want to get married. I am going to be a nun and work on the farm."

"No, you won't," said Horatio. "You will get married, and—and I wan't you to marry me."

Gazena stopped suddenly, looked up at him with flashing eyes. "You are a bad boy! Don't you know you shouldn't talk so to me?" she said, hotly and fast. Then she ran away and left him alone on the road.

Some owl must have heard the conversation, and told the story, for Aunt Ermy said to Mr. Brown the next evening: "So we're gone' to have a weddin'. I s'pose they'll have to come and live here."

"Who is coming to live here?"

"Why haven't you heard?" Our 'Ratio has proposed to 'Zena Hartman. Of course she'll have him."

Farmer Brown was so angry at first that he could not speak. But he got over that in a few minutes, and spoke his mind pretty freely to his son. "I won't have it!" he said. "You sha'n't bring a Dutch girl into this house where your mother has lived—not while I live!"

"Who said I would?" said Horatio, quietly enough; and he too was very angry and disgusted with everybody, Gazena included.

When Mr. Hartman heard the story, it made him laugh, and he only said: "Vat? Gif mine daughter to von lazy man? Not much!"

Gazena did not laugh at all. She cried every night when she was safe in her bed. "Oh, what bad people they are!" she said. "I wish I could get a chance to speak my mind to somebody!"

She had her wish. One afternoon she met Farmer Brown as he was going to his fields. They were alone on the road and he spoke first.

"Look here my girl, you had better be careful what you do. You are not wanted at my house. You understand?"

Gazena's face turned red, then white, but she answered bravely: "Farmer Brown, I aint your girl, so you needn't call me so. And I don't want to live with proud folks, and work for my husband. We are so good as you be, my father is!"

And away she ran.

Farmer Brown was so surprised at this speech that instead of going to his fields, he went home and went to bed, declaring that he was sick and should die. That was a way he had. It was one of his oddities.

When he was more than ordinarily troubled about his affairs, he always thought he was going to die. Sometimes he made a few last remarks, then took a dose of rhubarb, and then—the next morning he was well as ever.

So when Aunt Ermy called out: "Come in quick boys! Your father thinks he is dyin'!" the boys went into the house without hurrying very much. They had seen their father in the same condition before.

The scene was quite impressive. Mr. Brown lay on his bed, dressed in his Sunday clothes, his head propped up on several pillows.

"Come here, boys," he said, in a weak voice. "I am going to die for good this time, and I want to speak to you."

The boys stood by the bed, and Aunt Ermy sat down near the patient, who spoke thus:

"Ermy, you have been a good sister to me, and it is my wish that you should stay here till you die. You dear, Marcus? Take good care of her. The house is yours, my son, and the land; the whole farm is yours, because you have been a good and dutiful son. Horatio, come here. I haven't much to say to you. Here are fifty cents. Go and by a rope to hang yourself with."

Horatio took the fifty cents with very faint thanks. If he had any doubts before, he was certain now that his father was going to die. He did not even stay to see. He put on his hat and marched out of doors in a transport of mingled wrath and mortification.

Alone in the open air, he begun to plan what he should do. He would go to a large city, and become a great preacher, a great lawyer, a great"—

"No, I won't," he said, stopping suddenly. "I will stay here and work. I will be a great farmer, and marry Gazena Hartman! Then we shall see who will buy a rope and hang himself! Aha! I will keep that fifty cents for good luck" (taking out the coin and holding it up in his fingers). "There, that's settled."

He went back to the house and to his room, slept a few hours, got up very early, made a bundle of his clothes, and left the house before any one was awake.

At broad daylight Farmer Brown got up, well and strong as ever—of course. But it was some time before he discovered that his son was gone.

The next day the whole village of Tusculum was all a-buzz with great news. 'Ratio Brown had left his father's house and had gone and hired himself for a year to Mr. Maynard, of West Farm! Wasn't it queer? and how long would it last?

It lasted a whole year, to begin with. Then it was said that Farmer Maynard found Horatio so handy that he had hired him for another year, and paid him good wages, all of which was true. During the first and even the second year Horatio was not once seen in Tusculum. But one bright day, when Mr. Hartman was enjoying his after dinner pipe, surrounded by his women folks, there was a knock at the door that startled Gazena.

"Coom in," said Mr. Hartman. And Horatio came in.

Gazena blushed rosy red. Mrs. Hartman stared, and her husband took the pipe out of his mouth. But before he had time to speak, Horatio said:

"Mr. Hartman, I have come to see you on business. I have worked hard for two years, and am now a pretty good farmer. I have saved all my wages, and bought forty acres of woodland and a yoke of oxen. Now I have a plan for making money out of my trees, and by next year I intend to buy forty acres more and make more money. If I succeed, will you give me your daughter—if she is willing?"

"Now look what a good boy!" said Mrs. Hartman. "He workhard two years, and no mother, nor no home, and he says nothing, but is good and true all himself. Now I like that; that's very good. I take him, and you take him, father, and 'Zena, she take him, too. She tooked him two years past when he go away, and she cry so to break her heart, I knowed it then. Now you take him, father."

Two such long speeches overpowered Mr. Hartman. He "took" Horatio.

Then Mrs. Hartman remembered that her chickens had not yet had their dinner, and Horatio was left alone with Gazena and his dozing new papa. Gazena had not said a word all this time, and had tried to look as if she were somewhere else, very far away. How she felt, was what Horatio wanted to know, for he did not much admire this Dutch way of courting. So he turned to the young lady, and said: "Gazena, will you come out on the porch with me?"—Gazena got up obediently and went to the porch, but she looked down at some tin pans that were drying in the sun, as if they were novel objects, and both new and interesting.

Horatio took courage, and said what he had to say as well as he could say it; then he waited for Gazena's answer.

"I will do as my father and mother say," she answered; "but there's one thing: I have never been engaged before, and I don't want to be engaged now. So, if you don't mind, I'll be a nun, as I said I would, till—till"—

Horatio did not mind, and was quite willing to let her be a nun one year longer It was decided that he would come every Sunday to see his little nun, and that it was all to be a secret in the family.

"Because," said Gazena, "I don't want people to talk about it, and look at me as if they had never seen me before."

Horatio was very happy and worked harder than ever. He cut down his trees, and burned the timber to make "black salts," which he sold at a good price in the city With that money he bought forty more acres of woodland, and, early in the spring, he sowed wheat on his cleared land. Then he hired from Farmer Maynard a small cottage, with orchard and garden to match. It was quite a pretty little place.

"It will do very well to begin with," said Horatio, "and in two or three years we will build a house just as we want it."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Hartman, "you begin small and you grow big, but you begin big and you grow small; except you be very rich, and it is not everybody who can."

But now something was the matter with Gazena. She did not look as happy as might have been expected. No, she did not object to the cottage; it was large enough for her. Yes she was willing to give up being a nun, and June was a very pretty month to be married in. But—

"I will tell you what it is," she said, one evening, to Horatio. "I was saucy to your father once, and I am sorry for it, though it was the truth I told him. I don't want to live with proud folks to look down on me; but I don't like to marry a man that hasn't any father, when his father is living."

"You mean that you want me to make it up with my father?"

"Yes, I mean just that. Now please go and tell him, and make peace—that will bring us happiness. It will be so right and nice!"

Horatio promised that he would go, and he went the next afternoon.

It was more than three years since he had left his home. He had sometimes seen his father riding past the West Farm, but they had never met face to face, or spoken to each other.

"Let him alone," Farmer Brown had said to Aunt Ermy, when she had proposed to go and see Horatio. "Let him alone, and don't bother."

But when the wedding was talked about, Aunt Ermy could restrain herself no longer. "Marcus, I suppose you have heard that your brother is going to be married?" she said, one day after dinner, addressing her nephew, but intending her speech really for her brother-in law.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "what of it? It don't hurt us any, does it?"

"No, but—you see he has taken that Gazena."

"Of course he has. Why shouldn't he? She is the pluckiest little girl I ever saw!" and Farmer Brown began to laugh.

Suddenly, while he was laughing, the kitchen door opened, and Horatio walked in. They stared at him for a moment; then he said:

"Well, father, how about the fifty-cents?"

"All right!" answered his father. "I never got so much out of fifty cents in all my life!"

"I declare!" said Aunt Ermy, advancing upon Horatio with open arms. Thus peace was made and sealed.

The Brown-Hartman wedding was the event of that summer. Everybody in Tusculum remembers it to this day, and says there never was a handsomer bridegroom nor a prettier bride.

Gazena really looked very pretty—"beautiful"—Haratio said. And Mr. Hartman gave her away as if he knew that it is not every father who has such a daughter to give away.

After a substantial dinner at the house of the bridegroom's father, the newly married pair took a short wedding trip as far as their little cottage, which Farmer Brown had bought and presented to his daughter Gazena.

A Detroit lady purchased a jacket at a Woodward avenue store the other day, and the clerk said he would send it right home inside of half an hour. In about four hours a package boy appeared with the garment, and the impatient lady exclaimed: "You boys are the greatest nuisance in town! I suppose you stopped to play marbles or hunt up a lost dog." "Indeed I didn't" he replied. "I went up home to change hats, and ma she had to try on the jacket and parade before the glass. Then Katy she put it on to make a call, and when she got back ma was determined to walk over on Woodward avenue to show it off, and I got here as quick as ever I could."

The difference between an overcoat and a baby is: one you was and the other you were.

A truism: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

A Kindred Tie.

She was a lame woman. She limped and carried a cane, and it was natural to infer that she was lame. As she entered the Twenty-second street depot to wait for the train, she was closely followed by a lame man. He had a stiff knee and he also carried a cane. Two lame persons are no great sight in this big city. Lame men and women limp their lame way up and down Manhattan Island and few people ever remark them.

The lame woman took a seat, and after a little she was joined by the lame man. He wore a bright smile, and as he dropped down he cheerfully remarked:

'Quite a coincidence.'

She made no reply. She was ugly looking, but she looked him over and made up her mind that she would go and hang herself if she looked as homely as he did.

'I am lame and you are lame,' continued the man.'

'Who are you talking to, sir?' she demanded, giving him a contemptuous look.

'Madam, there must be a kindred tie between us,' he softly replied, 'I am lame in the left leg—and you are lame in the left leg.'

'Are you addressing me?' she exclaimed, flushing very red.

'I say, madam; I say there must be a kindred tie between us.'

'There is no such thing, sir, and I don't want you to speak to me again, sir!' she said.

'I am lame and you are lame,' he went on. 'Rheumatism got into my knee joint and spoiled one of the best legs in New York State. Was it rheumatism in the case of your leg, madam?'

'You drunken loafer, how dare you talk that way to me?' she gasped.

'I can furnish the best kind of reference to my character,' he replied, 'and I suppose you could. But doesn't it strike you as a curious coincidence that we are both lame in our left legs, both in New York at once, both waiting to go home, both so ugly looking that we can't get married.'

'You—you,' she choked.

'I am fifty years old, and dye my hair,' he coolly continued, 'and you are about the same age, and I observe that you dye your hair; I wouldn't go a rod to see a circus procession, and I judge you wouldn't. I love onions, and should say you did! I love'—

"I'll have you arrested!' she yelled. 'I'll have you jailed in a minute!'

'G'way! g'way!' she shrieked, clutching her cane.

'Nevertheless, I am convinced that there is a kindred tie, madam. Two persons lame in the left leg, must'—

She whacked him vigorously with the cane, and rushed off to another seat, while a gentleman came over to the lame man and told him he would get into trouble if he didn't look out.

'I'm through,' quietly remarked the lame man. I'll never have a kindred tie to any living female who is so stuck up that she won't listen to philosophy.— She can take her old leg and go home!'

And he sat down to read an almanac for '76.

Dr. McCosh on Miracles.

In his reply to Dr. Carpenter under the heading, "Prepossessions for and Against the Supernatural," Dr. McCosh says:

Everybody acknowledges that all witnesses are not to be trusted; yet in the common affairs of life, in trials, in history, we do find testimony which we implicitly believe. To the great body even of educational men, scientific knowledge depends upon the trustworthiness of those who have made the observations and experiments. Notwithstanding all preconceptions, there are declarations of men of science as to matters of fact which we can trust; and it would be a violation of their whole nature, in fact it would be a miracle, were they to deceive us. Dr. Carpenter is entitled to credit for having helped to expose the fooleries and rogueries of spirit rapping, rope-tying, and of levitation. But he seems to think that it is possible by the same method to undermine the miracles of the Old and New Testiment. All who have inquired carefully into the subject see that the testimony in favor of spiritualistic manifestation cannot stand the common tests of evidence. But it has been maintained by many of the greatest and most sagacious minds, and by the highest moral minds which our world has produced, that the testimony in behalf of the essential events of the New Testiment cannot be set aside without undermining the whole of ancient history. Even at first sight the spiritual seances and performers have no moral prestige in their favor. The products are unworthy of God, and inconsistent with His mode of operation in nature. We can discover motives enough to induce them to act as they do—such as the desire to create wonder—with some the hope of getting money. How different with our Lord, who, so far from taking advantage of the wonder-loving spirit of the Jews, actually restrained it! The wonders of the Spiritualists are performed in rooms prepared for that purpose or in darkness, whereas the miracles of our Lord were performed in open day, in unexpected circumstances, and before all men. Then the whole teaching of Jesus was totally above and altogether opposed to the spirit of his age and nation, and only exposed Him and His followers to opprobrium, poverty and suffering.

A young lady, in a class studying physiology, made answer to a question put, that in seven years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it. "Then, Miss L——," said the young tutor, "in seven years you will cease to be Miss L——." "Why, yes sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

The New York Court House cost $12,000,000 and now it cannot be ventilated.

Go to the Centennial.

Rev. Dr. Potts' Perplexity.

Rev. Dr. P. the other day found a pack of playing cards in the possession of his eldest boy, and after giving the lad a thrashing for owning such engines of Satan, the doctor placed the cards in his own pocket, intending to destroy them the first opportunity. But he forgot them, and consequently, while in the cars on the way to the city, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards came out with it and fell uppon the floor. The doctor gathered them up, with a very red face, and while he was arranging them in his hat, he saw a rough looking man in the seat opposite to him wink at him. He turned his head away, but upon looking around a moment later, the man winked at him again. Then he winked several times, and finally he came over, and sitting down by the side of the doctor, he said:

"I say, pardner, what's your little game?"

"I don't understand you sir," replied the doctor.

"Oh, you needn't [illegible] me," said the man. "I'm doing a little of that thing myself. Now, how do you work it?"

"What do you mean? How do I work what?"

"Oh, you know well enough. What do you skin 'em on?"

"Skin them! Skin who? Really, sir, your remarks are incomprehensible to me."

"Now, see here, I understand the whole thing. You're hunting up somebody to play seven up with, and you intend to beat 'em out of their money. Now, don't you?"

"You don't know who you are talking to."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, There's no man on this earth that kin turn jacks faster'n I kin; and less you and me start up a game on some of these fellars, and I'll run three or four jacks up my sleeve, with a couple of aces maybe, and when we get to town we'll divide the profits and go down and get roaring drunk at the tavern. Is it a bargain?"

"You are a scoundrel sir!" exclaimed the doctor. "Let me change my seat, if you please."

"Won't do it? Won't club in with me and try a few games?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Won't lend them jacks to put in my sleeve?"

"You seem to forget that I am a clergyman, sir."

"A cler—Oh, bo. You don't mean to say that—that—you are a preacher; now, honest, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am the Rev. Dr. P."

"Too bad! too bad! Believe me, if I didn't think you were one of those fellows who play cards on the cars to gouge greenhorns out of their money. You look like one, anyway, now don't you? And what are you doing with a pack, old man, hey? Would you mind if I showed you how to run 'em over so's when you play they can't fool you? I'l do it for nothing."

Then Dr. Potts went into the hind car and got off at the next station. When he got home he gave that boy of his a couple of extra floggings in order to ease his feelings.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Girl Shot.

The Cheyenne *Leader* says: Last evening, shortly after eight o'clock, Miss Jennie Martin, a sister-in-law of our City Clerk, George B. Stimson, aged fifteen walked up Seventeenth street. She was leading her sister's child and was accompanied by Miss Minnie Montgomery, a girl of about the same age, Reaching Eddy street the two crossed it, and at Underwood and McGregor's cornner turned to go up Eddy street intending to visit the Catholic church.

Miss Montgomery noticed several colored boys playing in the middle of the street, but paid no attention to them. The girls walked along and had gotten but a few yards from the corner—Miss Montgomery being on the outer edge of the walk, with the child between her and Miss Martin—when the latter's head being turned slightly toward the building, a shot was fired almost in Miss Montgomery's face and her companion fell upon the walk, a small round hole in the right temple, near to and a little above the eye, showing where the bullet entered the brain of the unfortunate girl. Miss Montgomery at once screamed for aid, and, before it reached her, endeavored to raise the body herself, the right hand of the murdered girl still clasping that of her little relative.

People rushed to the spot, and the corpse was conveyed first to Fred Landau's market, when after the face had been washed, it was taken to Mr. Stimpson's residence, where an inquest will be held upon it to-day.

At first speculation was rife as to how and by whom the deed was committed. Two or three ladies who were walking on Ferguson street heard the shot, and immediately after met a man running at headlong speed in the direction of the depot. It was thought by some that he had fired the fatal shot, probably by accident, and becoming alarmed, was hurrying to catch some out-bound train. Our vigilant Sheriff, Nick O'Brien, was on hand, however, and within an hour after the commission of the act the suspected party was lodged in jail. It proved to be a young colored hoodlum named Butler.

A rather well authenticated report reaches us to the effect that young Butler has made threats against the life of Miss Martin, and if this be true there can be no doubt but that he committed the fearful act deliberately—creeping quietly upon his victim, taking only to sure aim, and pulling the trigger with the coolness and skill of a practiced marksman. We hope that it was not a planned murder, but even if accidental the boy, or those who allow him to carry a deadly weapon, should suffer for this appalling act.

Farm Notes.

Swine will wallow in the mud, but not when there is clean water near by.

The Boston *Cultivator* tells of a man who paid $40 for two bushels of hulless oats, and raised seven bushel. He thinks if we depend on them for our porridge we shall go hungry, to say nothing of the horses.

Raising seeding potatoes is no more difficult than raising tomato plants; and if the boys on the farm would practice a little more of this kind of diversion good results might follow, and it would certainly do them no harm.

Carlessness or neglect in selecting seeds occasions great losses every year. Above all things avoid foul seeds. A man who will recklessly seed his ground to weeds is unworthy of the honored name of farmer, and a man who will deliberately and knowingly sell foul seed ought to be liable to a criminal prosecution.

A beneficial strike—striking a