OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, November 26, 1876.

THE GREAT AGONY.

The one prevailing topic in the city now, is "who shall be President?" The Republicans are smilingly confident and the Democracy are as ugly and waspish as they can be. They claim that if Hayes is declared elected it will be by fraud, and in the gin mills and gambling hells they talk loudly of resistance, and of inaugurating Tilden by force. It is very hard for these red-nosed, moustached gentlemen who have promises of places under Tilden in the event of his election to resign their hopes, and being compelled to go back to ordinary thieving for a living. Sinecures in custom-houses, with unlimited opportunities for stealing are much easier, and when they think how close they come to it they gnash their teeth in rage. But the business men in the Democratic party take no such view of it. They say, without exception, that if the returning boards declare Hayes elected that he must be inaugurated, and that there will be no fight over it. Rather see him defeated than not, now that they see the reckless, revolutionary element that stands behind him. And they don't like the attitude he occupies. In all this excitement, he has said not a word to allay the fever, or quiet apprehension. He has not said that if his opponent should be declared elected he would acquiesce quietly, but he holds himself in position to take the office by force if need be, and it is a significant fact that all the threats of trouble, in this city, come from those who stand the closest to him. He conducted the campaign with bluff and money, and he will stop at nothing to secure the seat he has so long coveted. Heaven help the country if this arch-demagogue by any means gets his grip on the Presidency.

THE NEWSBOYS

are reaping a rich harvest. The circulation of the daily papers has doubled, and the little gamins know how to keep it up. In one up-town block, the population is entirely Democratic, and the next block on the same street is entirely Republican. The smart newsboy enters the first block, and yells, "'ere's yer extry World, Tilden's elected, sure." The Democrats all rush to buy his paper. In the next block—"'ere's yer extry Times—Hayes kerries Louisaner, Floridy and South Kerliny," and a very lively sale among the Republicans is the result. One, more honest than the rest, was asked what was the election news, and he cried "extry Tryboon! Peter Cooper's defeat confirmed." He sold a great many papers.

THE POOLS.

Among the betting men, and their number is legion, a great deal of interest centres in the pool-rooms. Pool betting is a species of gambling without cards or dice and has become quite fashionable, even among so-called respectable men.

The pool-rooms have been the arena of much excitement during the past weeks. There are a number of these fashionable gambling houses on Broadway, the two most largely patronized are known as Johnson's, corner of Twenty-eighth street, and the palatial establishment of ex-prize fighter, ex-Congressman John Morrissey.

There are several kinds of pools known as auction, French and combination. A portion of the room devoted to such purposes is fitted up with an elevated platform, upon which are seated the auctioneers and clerks. The rooms are provided with seats, and form a comfortable lounging place for the fashionably dressed loafers of the city. Hundreds are usually in attendance but not three per cent. are bidders or buyers. The auctioneer announces that a hundred dollars is bid for the first choice on the general result. The favorite candidate is then named, generally thus; one hundred dollars for Tilden How much do I hear for Hayes? The bidding is varied according to the working of the political thermometer, varying from thirty to eighty dollars for Hayes. Tilden one hundred. The bidding having closed, the gross amount for both candidates, is written on two tickets, and one handed to each party. The successful bidder receives the entire amount, less three per cent. which is the pool seller's fee.

French pools—In another part of the room, neatly arranged side by side, are a number of frames constructed with spaces for names and to indicate consecutive numbers. The favorite candidate is indicated in a slip inserted on the board, together with an indicator, to tell the number of times such tickets have been sold on this favorite. As between Tilden or Hayes there would be but a choice between the two, but when used for horse-racing it is frequently a choice among many. The whole of the money, realized by the sale of tickets for both parties is divided pro rata among those holding tickets bearing the name of the successful candidate. For instance a pool of three thousand dollars made up by the sale of tickets at five dollars each, would indicate six hundred subscribers. If divided as follows: three hundred and fifty sold for Hayes and Hayes was successful the three thousand dollars would be equally divided among the three hundred and fifty Hayes tickets. If Tilden were successful, the three thousand dollars would be divided among the two hundred and fifty holders of his tickets. This class of pools was extensively sold in New York, on the local, State and general election.

Combination pools—This is a favorite arrangement, from the fact that the amount paid to the successful subscribers is much larger than by any other. The process is this: The pool seller puts up four doubtful States, say Louisiana, North Carolina, Wisconsin and California. The buyer selects his States as he chooses, and pays five dollars for a ticket indicating his ideas. Thus he might bet that Tilden would carry California and North Carolina, and Hayes Wisconsin and Louisiana. To win, the result must be precisely as his ticket reads. He may be right on three of the States, but if the fourth goes against him, he loses. This is a favorite method, for the profits of the few winners are enormous. To win on this combination, the better would have marked Louisiana, California and Wisconsin for Hayes and North Carolina for Tilden. The money in the pool is divided among the few who were lucky or wise enough to make that choice. Sometimes a five dollar ticket has won as high as a thousand dollars. The amount invested was enormous.

There is nothing to write about in New York but the election, for it is the only thing talked about. Everything has to make way for it. Things will change as soon as we know who is elected.

PIETRO.

A Singular Marriage.

RIGHT DONE AT THE LAST.

A very quiet wedding took place the other day under circumstances so remarkable that they are worth the telling. Some time ago it was observed in the circles in which they moved, highly respectable circles too, that a gentleman whose age entitled him to be considered a bachelor, and a lady artist not much younger, but very attractive, and who makes a great deal of money, were so intimate and so much together upon all public occasions as to warrant the opinion that they were engaged. This proved to be the fact, and many were the congratulations, and much the joking in consequence for the gentleman, who because of his cynicism, had been understood as a confirmed woman-hater, while the lady had expressed herself after the manner of ladies, on the wrong side of twenty-five, as determined never to marry.

Cupid, however, seemed determined to make them pay up for lost time. They were a most devoted couple, evidently very much in love, and the only question that troubled their friends was, why they did not get married.

Privately this question disturbed the lady as much as it did her friends. There seemed to be no reason why they should not marry. Both were tolerably well off; each seemed independent of the world and of relatives, for the lady lived with and supported, her mother, and had done so for many years, while the only relative of the gentleman that any one knew of was a sister at school. The question of ways and methods had often been discussed between the contracting parties, and it had been decided that the lady should retain her home (she had declared it impossible for her to leave her mother as long as she should live); that she should enlarge her pretty French "flat" by taking two additional rooms, which she volunteered to fit up and arrange in the most approved "Eastlike" style. Yet still, though impatient and eager for the time when they should occupy a joint home, the lover apparently shrank from the mention of the day when the knot was to be tied. But the time came when it was necessary to begin preparations; the rooms had to be taken or left, and of course they were taken, and in a short time exquisitely furnished.

Still though the month had been mentioned, the day had not been set, and one evening the lover, after requesting the lady to attire herself for a walk, took her to a quiet city park and impetuously asked her to marry immediately and leave with him for a five years' absence in Europe. This proposition paralyzed her. Of course she refused. She could not leave her mother; she had just newly furnished her house; she had taken upon herself heavier obligations as regarded rent; she had contracts unfulfilled. It was simply impossible. He, man like, reproached her—declared she did not love him, and left her in a rage, which astonished and overwhelmed her, but which, of course, was principally pretense. A few evenings after that a visitor was announced who requested to see her alone, and was shown into her studio. On entering she found a small, slender woman, dressed in black, who, throwing aside her vail, approached her.

"Madame," she said "you do not know me, but I understand that you are engaged to be married to a man who ought to be my husband, and I came to throw myself upon your pity and forbearance." Her story was that she had been married to a man who neglected her; that some eight years previous she had become acquainted with Mr. D., who first pitied, then loved; that she left her husband for him on his solemn promise to marry her if ever she was free; that subsequently (some five years after) her husband had died of hard drinking, but he had then refused to fulfill his promise, and it was not until recently that she had discovered that he had formed other plans. She had then made a desperate appeal to him, and threatened exposure. He had defied her, and here she was.

This story suggested an explanation to the lady of her lover's conduct of the previous evening, and though the discovery was a shock beyond the power of words to express, for her heart had suggested many reasons for his strange behavior, and never doubted but it would all come out right, she could not help a feeling of pity for the poor forlorn and lovely woman, so shut off from sympathy, so desperate in her need, and so evidenly destined to an early grave, for she was unmistakably in the grasp of consumption.

A week after this, and before she had decided to write to him or not, she received a visit from her affianced, who ignorant of what she knew, began to urge his project for a European trip of longer or shorter duration. She silenced, in fact, stunned him by giving the history of the visit she had received, and urging upon him the duty of making whatever reparation he could to the unfortunate woman, if her story was true. He acknowledged its truth but declared that he had been entirely separated from her since his engagement, only paying a small sum per week for her subsistence.

Finally her voluntary offer that she would never marry unless she married him, her prayers, her tears, her entreaties prevailed. He consented to marry the woman he had dishonored—to allow her to bear his name, but on the condition that he was not to live with her. He took a small floor for her, furnished it neatly under Miss T——'s superintendence, and a month ago was married at the "Little Church Around the Corner," with only Miss T—— and her mother as witnesses. He drives his wife out occasionally, but only when his former betrothed will accompany them, an arrangement perfectly agreeable to his wife, for she relies upon her, and has learned to love her dearly. The other day I met the strange trio in the park, and neither one looked unhappy. On the contrary there were indications of inward peace and satisfaction about them all, and I fancy all will come out right, though few will know through what tangled path they have worked to their paradise; for, at present, it is only known that that wedding has not come off yet—that another one has, so nearly connected with it, the gossips have not discovered.—*Jennie June in Baltimore American.*

"A Roman lictor," said Bates, whose historical information comes by detail; "a Roman lictor! Well, I suppose she deserved it. No one but a Roman knows."

An old Scotch woman recommended a preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through to get at once into the pulpit—"Ye'll be dry enough there."

Shotgun Suffrage.

How Tilden and Reform Carried Ouachita.

The "Will of the Majority Lawfully Expressed" by Firearms.

A Plain Tale of the Political Civil War.

The Republicans of Ouachita have just laid before the Governor the following statement of the condition of affairs in that parish for a few weeks before and up to the election. No intelligent man can read it and believe that there was any fairness in the election in the parish outside of the town of Monroe.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 14.

To his Excellency W. P. Kellogg, Gov. of the State of Louisiana:

YOUR EXCELLENCY—We beg leave to submit to you a report of the unparalleled outrages and intimidation perpetrated by the Democratic party through their agents, known as bulldozers, against the rights and privileges of the Republican party in the parish of Ouachita.

After the State canvassers had passed through the parish of Ouachita it soon became evident that the leaders of the Republican party would be forced to take some measures to control the arbitrary efforts put forth by the Democracy to prevent Republicans from adhering to their principles; every colored man who was controlable was forced to join a Democratic club through various kinds of intimidation; by threats of violence, or by being forced to leave their homes and crops for which they had labored during the year, by refusal by the planters to advance to them the necessaries of life upon their staple or labor, and in many cases by being badly beaten. The people became perfectly demoralized; not being allowed to hold a Republican meeting, they had to bow in humble submission to this tyrannizing despotism. The Republican parish canvass, which, under the circumstances, was eminently necessary, notwithstanding the peril and danger to its leaders, was entered upon with vigor.

On Friday, the 27th of October, the first meeting was held at the Dinkgrave plantation by Messrs. Hamlet, Brewster and Gorham. A large gathering of colored people was present, so proud were they to rally around the standard of their party. The wildest enthusiasm existed, and the meeting was a grand success. On Saturday the 28th of the same month, a meeting was held at the Wisner school-house, in the town of Monroe, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The canvassers were joined by Mr. H. C. Astwood, who was selected as first speaker, followed by Messrs. Hamlet, Gorham, Hardy, Dinkgrave, and Brewster. The colored people were rejoicing and their hearts gladdened, but a dark cloud of discouragement fell like a pall, caused by the daring and threats of the lawless element of the Democracy. From hence it became evident that any attempt at holding a Republican meeting without protection would result in bloodshed, to avert which the commanding officer of United States troops at Monroe would either attend in person or send an officer to such meetings as were distant from the town of Monroe, and unprotected. The wisdom of the commanding officer in this particular was fully demonstrated by the threatening and warlike attitude of the bulldozers, who made it a point to attend every meeting, marching in military style, under commanders, with all the apparent style of an aggressive military body. The colored people who had been forced to join Democratic Clubs, finding they were being protected, at once refused further to attend the Democratic meetings, saving in localities where no protection was held out to them. The most strenuous efforts were now resorted to by the Democracy, determined to carry the parish at all hazards. Their bulldozing party now showed renewed activity under the auspices of some of the leading citizens of this parish, who did not scruple to join with the most disreputable and profligate. These men were well organized into rifle clubs, determined if necessary to carry the election at whatever cost of Republican lives. Our next meeting was held at Cuba, October 31, under the protection of United States troops. The colored people notwithstanding the threats that had been made, left the cotton fields and assembled in large numbers on the ground, where not less than 800 persons had gathered. Messrs. Hardy, Astwood, Gorham, Hamlet, Dinkgrave and Brewster addressed the meeting. Mr. Hardy was called a damned liar, and but for the presence of Lieutenant McCauley violence to speakers would probably have resulted.

The meeting was enthusiastic with continued cheers for Hayes and Wheeler, Packard and Antoine and the Republican party. The colored voters unanimously protested openly before their tyrannizers that they had joined the Democratic party to save their lives and passeded resolution repudiating the Democratic party, and declaring that if protected in their lives, they would vote the Republican ticket, which was their choice.

The meeting adjourned to meet at Grady school-house, on Thursday, the second day of November.

Before we reached the place of meeting crowds of men and women along the road cheered us, and stated that they would be glad to attend the meeting, they had Republicanism at heart, but for their lives they dared not come, as they had been threatened if they attempted to go. The so-called bulldozers, about seventy-five in number, rode on in front of us, yelling and defying the people to attend our meeting. They, the day before, had held a large barbecue, where whisky was administered profusely, and the colored people in this section were compelled to pledge themselves to vote the Democratic ticket. Notwithstanding this display of hostility, not less than 800 persons were in attendance at our meeting, and listened attentively to Messrs, Astwood, Gorham, Hamlet, Dinkgrave and Brewster. The bulldozers now became enraged, knowing that we would hold another meeting the following day, and under existing circumstances we would carry the parish by at least 1,200 majority. They having lost control of the colored people, were resolved, if possible, to prevent us meeting. The next day, again under protection of United States troops, we met at St. James Chapel. On our way thither we encountered one hundred armed Democrats, who rode before us in a hostile manner, as on the preceding day. On reaching the chapel, Mr. Astwood being designated as the first speaker, on taking the stand was surrounded by these armed men and had not proceeded far before he was assailed with the epithet. "You are a G—d d—n liar," by several of the crowd, who instantly attempted to draw revolvers. He coolly told them that he had come there to speak, and would speak or die in the attempt; they could assassinate him, but should not trample on his manhood, and called on one William Howard, directly in front of him, to take his hands from his revolver. For some time the utmost confusion prevailed. Colonel Hale, of the army, was prompt in restoring order, but the Democrats were sullen and threatening. From thence the reign of terror began which will be described after giving the facts of outrages antecedent to the canvass.

About the latter end of August Dr. B. H. Dinkgrave, a leading Republican, appreciated by the entire colored people, in open daylight, not far from the limits of the town, was shot down; being one of the most dastardly outrages ever committed in the State. This act was done to demoralize the Republican party and to keep it from effecting an organization.

During the month of September, Andrew McCloud, a leading Republican, was shot near the line of Morehouse Parish. During the same month, Eaton Logwood, a Republican leader, was shot, being previously threatened; and one Primus Johnson, who was present with his child in his arms, was shot dead, fearing he would testify to the guilt. Fortunately as supposed, Logwood was not dead, but by the protection of United States troops reached the town of Monroe, where he had to be closely guarded, and frequent threats being made to capture him. Logwood now lives, and is in this city to testify to these facts.

William H. Burrell and two others were shot, and are now living to testify to the same. Hawkins Jones was shot while passing on a wagon. He had been threatened by the men who shot him; all about politics.

Jim Jackson was shot while passing on a load of wood; James Thomas, Justice of the Peace, from the First Ward, and Spencer Walkins, were driven away from their homes, hunted day and night, shot at, but escaped.

Testimony of —— ——: I was in my house lying down; my door was violently broken open; I was taken to the cotton patch, and brutally beaten for attending Republican meetings, and refusing to vote the Democratic ticket; I was struck over the head with a revolver, badly wounded on the breast, earth was forced down my throat, leaving me in a helpless condition.

On the same night Henry Pinkton was shot dead; his wife was also shot and badly cut about the head and ankle; a child ten months old is missing, supposed to have been killed and its body concealed; done by the same individuals and for the same cause, as told me by his wife.

On the 4th instant, W. H. Burrell, Charles Williams and Elisha Moore, on their way to Caldwell with Republican tickets were captured by an armed body of Democrats, taken into their camp and searched, and were obliged to burn the tickets in the presence of the Democrats. They were detained all night. Burrell was obliged to saw wood nearly the livelong night to gratify the malice of the bulldozers. After pledging themselves to join the Democratic Club, and vote its ticket, they were allowed to return, by means of a pass.

On the following morning, a woman by the name of Charlotte Miller, in company with a boy named Dink Watson, again attempted to go to Caldwell, but was captured, and ordered not to return, until after the election, being suspected of having Republican tickets.

On the morning of the 7th, Benjamin James, constable and United States Deputy Marshall, while on his way to Logtown with the ballot-box, was captured and dangerously shot by armed Democrats. A revolver was placed to his head and discharged, and he was left, supposed to be dead, but miraculously escaped death and lived long enough to testify as to who were his would be murderers. He is now lying in a dangerous condition. There being no ballot-box no election was held at that point, to the detriment of the Republican party.

On the same morning, United States Supervisor Stephen Woods, United States Deputy Marshal Dan Hill, and Commissioner of Election Herman Bell, while on their way to the Island, to discharge their duties, were halted by an armed body of Democrats, who, upon learning that they were Republicans, were ordered to return, to the detriment of the election in Ward No. 1.

On the same morning, in the town of Monroe, Samuel Jackson, while in the act of voting the Republican ticket, was threatened to be shot for refusing to vote the Democratic ticket.

George Tatem was forced to vote the Democratic ticket to save his life, and heard expressions that $1,000 would be given for the life of Brewster and Astwood after the speaking at St. James Chapel.

The lives of Q. H. Brewster, George B. Hamlet, Daniel B. Gorham and H. C. C. Astwood were threatened for making Republican speeches, and they were obliged to be guarded night and day, and could only leave Monroe under the protection of United States troops. Mr. Brewster was interviewed several times by prominent Democrats and advised of the same.

On the fifth instant, Abram Williams was cruelly beaten; his daughter-in-law Cora Williams, was also badly scourged, her husband having had to escape for his life.

Several individuals whose names we are prepared to give, solemnly stated that after the election they were forced to go before a Justice of the Peace and swear that they did not vote the Democratic ticket from intimidation, but if their lives are guaranteed, they will solemnly swear that both the voting of the Democratic ticket and swearing to the Democratic affidavit was only to save their lives. All of the within statements are correct. Two or three days before and after the election the most barbarous and unlawful intimidation was resorted to. Some 700 men surrounded the town of Monroe, well armed and picketed every available road. Finding that the colored voters were determined to enter the town of Monroe where they could cast their independent ballot without fear or intimidation, not one was allowed to enter on penalty of death, saving those who had made their escape before these preparations. Such acts were outrages u- beyond description, and detrimental to the interest of the Republican party, as no legal election was held outside of the city of Monroe, which can be clearly proved by the foregoing facts. In behalf of the citizens of Ouachita, we solemnly protest against all other polling places save the town of Monroe, and pray that the proper authorities will thoroughly investigate the matter and cede to us our rights that have been wrested from our hands by violence and fraud through the Democratic party.

The result in Ward Three, where we were protected and allowed to vote without intimidation, will clearly prove that our choice was the regular Republican ticket, and for which we contend. We would refer to the United States authorities stationed in the town of Monroe, to prove that the barbarities used against us were unparalleled, and who were called on several times by the Democratic Mayor of Monroe for the purpose of preserving the peace about to be violated by the Democratic bulldozers, who were encamped around the town by hundreds, and who, their leaders acknowledge, were beyond their control.—*New Orleans Republican.*

A Dinner to Order.

Just as I was about to start yesterday morning to attend the first lesson of the New York Cooking school, in St. Mark's place, under the superintendence of Miss Corsen. I asked a fine, sensible girl, who does not scorn to do housework of every kind, whether she would not like to go with me and take a lesson in French cookery. She drew herself up with an air half shy, half proud, and with wide-opening eyes that looked almost like a stare of rebuke, said:

I would rather take lessons in cookery at home, from my mother.

Sensible remark, I thought, but maybe her mother don't know everything in the art of cookery, and perhaps there are some other things that neither her mother nor she could learn from any French cook book, not even that of Professor Blot himself. But I did not argue the point with the young lady. I never do. I know its no use. I put on my hat and went to see Giuseppe Rudmanu illustrate practically Miss Corsen's scientific principles of cookery.

There were six ladies besides myself who were impressed with the importance of the practical illustrations of the divine Gallic art. They were seated around a long table in the glass kitchen or back room opening by glass doors into the kitchen proper of the roomy, old-fashioned, Knickerbocker mansion, where the school is located.

I am sure that nobody's mother, and I respect mothers and mother-love as much as any man in the world does, could give a lesson in cookery and domestic economy combined as I think those six ladies were taught yesterday morning. In the first place, they saw Rudmanu make Potage a Scossais, which, translated, means Scotch broth, a splendid nutritious potage composed of barley, oatmeal, celery, onion, carrot, turnip, water, of course, and seasoning enough for a family of six, at an actual cost of 14 cents. Then a filet de sole (made with with small flounders) and a hot sauce remolade, cost 20 cents; next, the cooking school, rechauffee de mouton (warmed over mutton masked and fried with sauce a la Dauphine), cost 30 cents; then roast beef, English style, an improvement on American roast beef, which I shall not say too much about, lest I should be suspected of a want of patriotism, cost 90 cents; next, potatoes a la Provencale, plain mashed potatoes, but put up in a pretty, Frenchified form that would have tempted anybody's mother to have eaten them, whether she was fond of potatoes or not, cost eight cents; next red cabbage, German style, a kind of hot slaw, cost ten cents; and then the crowning dish *Beignets Souffle* (Queen's fritters), cost fifteen cents. *Cafe noir* (black coffee), cost ten cents. Count it all up and you will see that it amounts to one dollar and ninety-seven cents, and it was a bountiful dinner of six courses for six persons. There are not many American mothers, I care not what section you may select them from, that can give such a dinner as that was at that cost, and then these six ladies had learned not only how to manipulate these pretty and delicious dishes but they had also seen the dinner cooked in the order that it should be, so that the fish was ready to serve at the moment that soup was over and the entrees, roast entrements, and desert, each done to a turn, to be served at the right moment, and a splendid running lecture, or instruction, from the lady superintendent, going on through the entire course of the technical instructions of the chef de cuisine, so that each one knew the why and wherefore of every movement of the whole drama of the dinner, for it was as interesting as a play and every lady looked as deeply interested as the men do who rush nightly to Booth's and to Niblo's to gaze at the wonders of the new ballets there, and who sit with their opera glasses glued to their eyes during the whole of the terpsichorean performance.

"Are you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's back yard. "Yes, darling," was the reply, "jump right over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of her mother, a broomstick and a policeman.

A Western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care," and When I Swallowed Home-made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote on the gate-post the following line: "Here lie the dead, and here the living *lie.*"

The girl whose lover, named Locke, was exceedingly bashful, lost her patience, and declared to him that Shakspeare had not said half as many things as he ought to about Shy Locke.

A young lady said she guessed she knew how to shoot a pistol. The doctor who dug the bullet out of her brother's leg said he guessed so, too.

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heartburn.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man get your hat.

Short of change—the man who has only one shirt.

The greenback vote in Westmoreland county summed up 265.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Our Girls.

The upper reservoir at Central Park has always been a favorite resort of amateur pedestrians, the broad, level walk which surrounds the whole inclosure presenting all the features desirable as a walking track. During the past two weeks a new sensation has been afforded thereabouts by the appearance on the track of a pedestrian of the fair sex, and the usual frequenters of the place forget to do their self-set task in their eagerness to watch the gait, pace and style of the new comer. About 6:30 each day, be the weather foul or fair, a little group is gathered on the bridge leading over the bridle path near the southern part of the reservoir. The central figure is a woman of medium height, clothed in thick garments, for the mornings are raw, and the breeze setting across the surface of the reservoir calls for brisk movement.

A word or two with the gentleman who accompanies her, a pleasant morning greeting as she passes the little group of interested spectators, and Miss Bertha Von Hillern, with a brisk step, passes beyond and takes her position by a mark set in the walk near the railing. A quick movement of the arms, and the heavy outside coverings are removed and flung carelessly over the railing. One of the attendants pulls out his chronograph, and, with somewhat of impatience in her look, Miss Von Hillern places her right foot on the line and leans slightly forward, all in readiness for the start. A moment or two of waiting is improved by the *World* reporter in obtaining a better view. Her face is not a handsome one, but is far from being unattractive. The features are somewhat large, but well shaped, and a pair of good, honest gray eyes give life and expression to her face. Her hair is luxuriant, almost golden, and is twisted in a neat coil, firmly fastened on the back of the head. The figure is almost what might be called stocky, so firmly are muscles and bones and flesh knit together. She is, indeed, evidently a woman of great physical strength and endurance, with an unlimited amount of nerve to bring that strength into full play. She is dressed in a neat-fitting walking suit of dark blue serge, short enough to give a glimpse of the stalwart ankles and fully exposing a by no means unshapely pair of feet. On her head is a low-crowned black "Derby" hat trimmed with a small cock's feather, and around her neck is tied in loose folds a white and blue silk handkerchief. As the word go is given she starts off at a steady, even pace, walking slowly at first, but gradually striking a good gait as she passes around the turn. It is 8,300 feet around the reservoir, or a little over a mile and a half.

In February of this year Miss Mary Marshall and Miss Von Hillern, who had both attained considerable reputation in Illinois, were matched to walk a six days' race for a purse of $1,000. The match took place at the Armory at Chicago, but after walking for five days Miss Von Hillern's friends persuaded her to leave the track on account of bad treatment in the attendance, and alledged unfairness on the part of the referee. Miss Von Hillern felt she was fully a match for her opponent, and a correspondence was opened, decidedly original in its style, and peculiarly feminine in its characteristics. At length the passage-at-arms between the two contestants reached a decisive point, and Miss Von Hillern forwarded a direct challenge to walk Miss Marshall anywhere outside of Chicago for a stake of $500 a side, which was promptly accepted, and by the advice of mutual friends, New York was chosen as the arena for the settlement of the contest. On Monday next at five minutes past midnight they will start upon a six days' walk at the Central Park Garden, the one making the most miles in the six days to be adjudged the winner. Miss Marshall has been training near Chicago, and left there on Monday night for New York. She will walk, it is said, at Fleetwood for practice each day after her arrival up to the time of the match. Miss Von Hillern has been training here for the past three or four weeks. She rises at 5 a. m., and is cared for by her female attendant at her hotel. After a breakfast of eggs and toast she starts for Central Park where she puts in from twenty to twenty-five miles without rest. She then returns to her hotel, and after another course of rubbing and bathing, eats a good, hearty noonday meal of meats, toast, potatoes, oatmeal, and stale bread. She takes a little gymnastic exercise in her room, and goes to the park at 3 p. m., where she walks fifteen miles. This is followed by the usual refreshments, and at 9 a. m she retires for the night, sleeping well and easily.

So Fun in Him.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference, recently held here, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Main street encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon and I'll buy the whiskey!" called the fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon tongue and looking hard at the member, asked:

"Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I'm all right!—I feel first rate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "Come now lets warm up a little."

"I never bet."

"Well, lets take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the underhold."

"I never have fun," solemnly answered the member.

"Well, I'm going to tackle you any way. Here we go!"

The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a neck hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could get his breath.

"Now you keep away from me!" exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane.

"Bust me if I don't" replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use of lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you when your chuck full of it! Blame it, you wanted to break my neck, didn't you? You just hang around here about five minutes, you old Texan, you, and I'll bring on a fellow who'll cave in your head!"

"I never bang," said the minister, as he sauntered on, and the teamster leaned on the wagon and mused.—*Detroit Free Press.*

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.* *New Advertisements.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

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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

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April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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October 11

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Plated Ware, Gold and Silver Chains, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Watchmakers' Tools, Materials, and every description of goods sold by the trade.

LARGE FRESH STOCK FOR Fall and Winter Trade, 1876. Lowest New York Prices. And quality of goods Guaranteed. Wholesale Exclusively. 68 Fifth Avenue, SECOND FLOOR.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, we are now able to number that of a reliable remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A long trial of its virtues throughout this and other countries has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy, it is adequate, on which the public have a right for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves an numbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affections centred on them. It acts specially and surely against pulmonary colds, securing sound and healthful sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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August 16. C. F. WALKER.

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August 9.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Grove & Denison

Manufactures of

Carriages, Buggies, Spring-wagons, Sleighs, Harness etc.

Factory one square east of Diamond.

Somerset, Pa.

April 12, 1876.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Christian Holsapple, late of Conemaugh Township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the residence of the subscriber in Paint township, on Saturday, the 9th day of December, 1876.

Oct. 25. DAVID I. LEHMAN, Administrator.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that Henry Hochstetler, of Meyersdale, Somerset county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Henry P. Hochstetler, to Hiram Boyts, of Davidsville, Somerset Co., Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Henry Hochstetler. All persons therefore indebted to the said Henry Hochstetler, will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

October 11. HIRAM BOYTS, Assignee.

O. W. SADDLER, M. D.,

Oculist and Aurist,

OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, No. 276 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

All diseases of **EYE, EAR and THROAT**, and **Catarrh** successfully treated. Operations for **Cataract**, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," **Cancer** and Tumors of the Eye, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Cordeal Curves, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c. skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.

July 12.

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Sept. 13.

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

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul Line

is the shortest line for Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Pa