OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Mar. 3, 1877.

THE BUILDING PROSPECT.

There has been no building in New York to speak of for three years; because there are now on the island more houses than there are families, and more stores than there are merchants. Real estate is the poorest property a man can have in this city, for there is no such thing as dodging taxes on it, and rents are nothing. But as bad as the lookout is for rents, there will be a very large amount of building this season. The average New Yorker is foolish enough to believe in the final triumph of the city over the adverse circumstances it finds itself in, and that within a year or two there will be a demand for property; and he is going to build this summer, because he will be able to build cheaper than he ever will again. For instance, common laborers are getting only 90 cents a day, hodcarriers, $1 and bricklayers, $2. The latter used to command from $5 to $7. Carpenters, painters, plasterers, in short all the trades that enter into building, are reduced in the same proportion. And there is almost as great a difference in building material. Brick and stone are down to hard pan, and there must be an improvement in the next year. The owner of improvable real estate reasons that if he can build this summer at half of what it will cost him two years hence, he can well afford to let the building stand idle for the time. Consequently, there will be a great many buildings erected this year which will stand empty. But it will be a good thing, for it will give the poor employment, and help to bridge over what otherwise would be a terrible year.

POLITICAL.

There is no change in the political situation. The Democracy are chagrined beyond telling at the turn things have taken in Washington, but the business men in the party insist that the decision of the Commission shall be respected. That eminent reformer Mr. John Morrissey, is indignant at their apathy. Mr. Morrissey put up a great deal of money to aid in making his friend and associate, Mr. Tilden, President, under the promise that he was to control the appointments in New York. He wants Tilden to make him good, but the astute Samuel declines to do anything of the sort, claiming, and properly, that Mr. Morrissey went into the speculation as a speculation, and that if he has lost it is the same as though he had bet it on any other game. Morrissey swears that there is no honor among politicians, and he is going back to regular gambling. He says the worst skin game in New York has more honor in it than he has found among the Democratic politicians. He is disgusted, and has made his last appearance in National politics. He will confine himself hereafter to plundering the city and State, and his faro banks. I think, myself, he will do better. There isn't a gambler in New York who is up to the tricks of Tilden and his gang. They can lay such men as Morrissey out every time.

CRIME.

The city is full of it. Men are killing women—women are killing men, and cashiers are getting away with the balances. The gamblers are getting their harvest in, and, in short, the ten commandments are having a hard time of it. A curious case came to the surface yesterday. The confidential man in a Wall street banking house was suspected by the President of using money that belonged to the bank. The President, to assure himself, put a detective on his track; and it was made a certain thing that he was living a long way ahead of his salary, and that he could not carry his expenses without stealing at least ten thousand a year. The President took him into his private office, and, without a great deal of gravity, informed the cashier that all his outgoings and incomings were known—that he spent his nights at a certain house up town—that he paid the rent of the house, and the expenses of the lady who lived in it; and that ——

He didn't go any further, for the clerk interrupted him.

"You are mistaken sir. I do spend a great deal of my time in that house, and it costs a great deal of money, but I do not pay it. In my situation I cannot afford to."

"Who does support her?" was the question.

"You do," was the reply. "Mrs. —— in the next house, *the lady you keep*, happens to be a sister of the lady who is fond of me. The two women have always been partners, and knowing that I was a mere subordinate, Mrs. ——, your woman, makes you pay enough to keep both houses going. I am stealing something, but I am not so imprudent as to squander it. I am laying up provision for old age, sir."

The bank president, who belonged to one of the most aristocratic churches up town, blustered for a moment, but his clerk kept very cool.

"I have thought, sometimes," said the merciless young man, that it was my duty to the stockholders to have an investigation made of your accounts, but I thought better of it."

What else transpired will never be known. Only this, the young man was promoted immediately, his salary was raised, and, retrenchment being a proper thing in these times, the two ladies moved into one house, saving the expense of keeping up two establishments, and besides it is convenient for the two principal men in the concern to meet there to discuss the affairs of the bank. When it finally smashes two of its officers will be well provided for.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Newspaper property is about the worst thing to have in New York. The *Herald*, which used to make a profit of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars per year, is only a little more than paying its expenses. It charges 40 cents a line for advertising, and gets all the "wants," "for sales," and what is known as the servant girl advertising. But the servant girls have'nt got any money now, and its pages are bare. The *Tribune* is losing money, the *Times* is just holding its own, and hardly that, the *Sun* is making something, but not much, and the rest are sinking money. People have no more interest in newspapers than they have in anything else, but nothing so well and truly indicates the condition of business as the condition of newspapers. The hard times cuts off circulation, and in bad times there is nothing to induce the advertiser to make investments. There are no bonds selling now, the manufacturers are sailing close to the wind, the times are too hard for swindles even, and so the revenues of the newspapers are cut down very close. They are all struggling along, however, hoping with everybody else for the good times that are to come.

BUSINESS

Generally is very bad, though a little improved since last week. It is safe to expect a steady improvement right along now. The mills in New England have started up, and trade from that section is improving. The South and West is coming in more freely, and the prospect for a moderate trade in the Spring is promising. One manufacturing house up town that has been running on half time goes into full time next Monday, and a great many more are increasing to seven and eight hours. The outlook is decidedly better.

PIETRO.

The Widow Brooks.

The Raleigh *Observer* says: We hear of a Miss Barker, in Caswell County, who can shoulder two bushels of corn as easy as going to mill. But the strongest woman lives in Rockingham. The widow Brooks is the best wrestler in all the county. Doc. Horton settled at Reidsville and boasted himself the champion belt, till he was told one day there was a woman in the county that could throw him, and Doc. said he'd have a bout with her before sundown, and rode over for that purpose. The widow was out with the hands in the barn stripping tobacco.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brooks: my name is Horton. I have come over to rassel with you."

"Sir! do you mean to insult me?"

"Not at all ma'am," said Doc; "but I've thrown the crack rassler in this country, and I ain't goin' to have it said a woman can throw me, so cut your capers!" and Doc. reached out for an under hold and made for the widow.

A bulk of tobacco lay near the door and as Doc. ambled up, the widow took him by the hip of the pants with one hand and the coat collar with the other, and she dashed him head-foremost over the tobacco, flat on his back to the floor. As soon as he got his breath he jumped on his horse and was off, the widow resuming her work and saying to the hands:

"Don't stand lookin' at that fool; go on with your business."

A Case of Hereditary Baldness.

Over in Harrison Township, Grant County, Wisconsin, resides a family who have been singularly afflicted, and whose story, so far as we have been able to learn, has never been given to the public. Some twenty years ago, William Steinhoff, with a young wife, came from Germany and settled near Platteville. A year or two afterward a son was born to them, but much to their sorrow the child was perfectly bald. Months passed away but the boy's head remained without a vestige of hair. The parents feared that their child would continue bald, and were much grieved at the thought. Finally they wrote to friends in Germany narrating the singular circumstance. An answer was returned stating that several of the ancestors of one of the parents had been afflicted in a similar manner, but that their hair had grown out before they reached maturity. This gave the parents some hope that their child's baldness would not be permanent. Since then eleven children have been born to them, ten of whom are still living. They now have eleven children, five of whom, three girls and two boys, are perfectly bald. The oldest is now a grown man and his singular affliction is an annoyance to him.—*Dubuque Telegraph.*

The Fate of Impolite Americans.

The incivility which greets the American traveler at every stage in his own domain is so rare an accomplishment among foreign railway, steamboat, and hotel officials, that it is possible to journey from Dan to Beersheba—certainly from Ponkapog to Pesth—without meeting a single notable instance of it. I think that the gentlemen of the Dogana at Ventimiglia were selected expressly on account of their high breeding to examine luggage at that point. In France—by France I mean Paris—even the drivers of the public carriages are civil. Civilization can go no further. If Darwin is correct in his theory of the survival of the fittest, there will ultimately not be a single New York hackman left on the face of the earth. We shall have to import Parisians. I am not positive but we shall also run short of railway conductors and ticket-sellers. We have persons occupying these posts here who could not hold similar positions in Europe fifteen minutes.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Hollow Horn.

Frequently cows are sick, having cold horns and ears, and eat very sparingly of food. The diseases producing this effect are mostly all called hollow horns; and with many farmers the remedy is boring holes in the horns, which is of doubtful utility. With cows thus affected gentle treatment is decidedly the best, and the painful process of boring the cow's horns does more harm than good. Take strong vinegar and turpentine, each one gill, beat them together, add half a gill of salt and pepper, and rub the cow's head well around the roots of the horns as hot as it can be borne with the hand. Then bind the horns around with strips of woolen cloth. For sick cows give a bran mash, in which put a tablespoonful of powder, night and morning. The ingredient of the powder is two parts gunpowder, one part sulphur, and one part alum.

The Apple Maggot.

This new insect is described as being of a greenish-white color, about three-sixteenths of an inch in length, "with the tail squarely docked, and tapering in from the middle of the body toward the head; head pointed and when the mouth is protruded, displaying two slender coal-black hooks." In its work it is distinguished from the larvæ of the codling moth, which confines itself to the core of the apple, by boring through the fruit in every direction, leaving its excrement along its pathway. Its original breeding-place is in the native crab, and it has only recently begun to infest the cultivated apple. As it produces but a single brood in the course of a season, it may not prove so formidable as the codling moth, which matures two broods in the season. These insects hybernate in the ground during the winter; very late fall plowing is probably one of the most efficient remedies.

The destruction of all infested fruit is one of the essentials to the subjugation of these insects, and this can be best accomplished by having hogs consume the fallen fruit until the time of ripening approaches.

The boy who sat down on a hot poker wanted to say something when the subject of base burners was under consideration, but his father choked him off.

A MESALLIANCE—IN THREE LETTERS.

"MY DEAR OLD DAN"—wrote Jack Livingston, from a mountainous county in New Hampshire, to his college chum and confidant, the Rev. Daniel Delaney—"I have happily broken my leg! The doctor assures me it is a compound fracture of rather a serious and complicated nature, so that I may hope, despite my inevitable drawbacks of youth and vigor, to be laid up for some months. But don't pull a long face in my behalf; rather rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. I'm the happiest man in the world. A benign Providence threw me from the back of a vicious and untamed brute over the relentless pickets, and into the heart of a hitherto inaccessible paradise, peopled by only two women, one of them pale, placid, peaceful, profound, pious, the other capable, comfortable and culinary. Mary and Martha Marks they are called, and they live together half-way up the mountain. Their long, low cottage can scarcely be seen at all from the main road, so hidden is it by a tangled and beautiful mass of bloom, but appears to the ascending traveler like a fresh, vivid, beckoning oasis in the desert of uncompromising clay and rock up which he has been toiling. I fell in love with the spot before I knew it had been peopled; and when I saw the pretty nest, with its irregular porches and gables, its dormer-windows and quaint eaves, its jutting bits of wood, carved into artistic shape, I paused before it with delight, and with my usual imprudence went in at once. All the people hereabouts keep boarders, and although I had an uncomfortable misgiving that there might be a general exception to the plain, the greedy and prosaic, I had the hardihood to ask the little maid that came to the door if such a thing were possible. This little girl was well known to me, fortunately. I, in fact, boarded at that time with her people, who lived in a miserable hand to mouth way in an old dilapidated house half a dozen miles off.

"'Hetty,' I whispered, as, with a sort of prolonged hope, I pleaded thirst, and we went together to the well, 'can't you put it to these maiden ladies in the light of a charity? You know how things are at home. Tell them I shall only be sketching up here for a few months at the farthest.'

"'I told them everything, sir," said Hetty; 'how that pappy was drunk most of the time, and the baby cried and cried, and we had a sick sheep that bleated in the cellar.'

"'And what did they say then, Hetty?'

"'Just nothing sir—only shuddered and looked kind o' sorry like. Folks say they hate men; but if they could only see you, if I could only tell 'em how different you are from anybody hereabouts, if they knew how much you looked like a picture they've got of a holy man over the mantle-piece; but you bid me not to chatter, sir.'

"'And do you mind everything I say, Hetty?'

"'Everything, sir.' A pause here, Dan—a sunburned, sun-glorified face lifted to mine; eyes which are as quick to tears as smiles; a baby mouth, fresh and dewy as a violet, and as tremulously sweet—— Ah, well, Dan, let's go back to the conversation again.

"'Then it's a hopeless case, Hetty. I'd better go back to town.'

"'Oh, please, no, not yet; something may happen. They may be brought to see you. If you go back to town——' A sob here, Dan by way of punctuation.

"'Well, Hetty?'

"'I shall die.'

"You see Dan, I have to tell you *verbatim*, so you'll get the whole gist of it. This Hetty Bilsby is a foolish little body, with an unmanageable crop of hair that takes every shade of brown in the sun, from a pale yellow to a deep reddish-ochre. To a colorist these things amount to a study, you know. Then one can see her pure soul through the unfathomable depths of her eyes. For the rest, she is freckled, thin and crude in outline. I happened to put her in two or three of my sketches, paying her well for her time; but Hetty, being a child of nature, and babbling innocently, like one of her mountain brooks, the rapacious maw of village gossip got hold of it all. The end of it was, they bundled her out here to service. However, there's no law against traveling the highway, and my vicious brute, that ought to know the road well enough, took fright at a stump by the way-side the other day, and though Hetty was foolish enough to cling to the bridle, and did check him in the main, he broke her arm and my leg, and we were both brought in to be mended.

"Hetty lies up over the kitchen somewhere, poor child, and I am in a capacious chamber in the front of the house, the three windows of which command the whole panorama of splendor in light and shadow on yonder misty mountain tops. My leg holds a high carnival of agony at times, by way of contrast, but there's a capital doctor here that knows how to manage this sort of revelry, and a faculty for nursing close at hand. Anyhow, I'm within here, and I'm glad, and I'm always your worthless

"JACK LIVINGSTON."

"My best Dan," wrote Jack Livingston, later on, "do you remember Whittier's 'sweetest woman ever Fate, perverse, denied a household mate'? who kept so long 'her genial mood and simple faith of maidenhood'? Well, here she is, and her sister, too. The first time our excellent buffalo of a doctor helped me down into the sitting room, and into a stuffed chair that just fitted my aching spine, and lifted to a magical footstool my demon of a leg, and my eyes fell upon Miss Mary, who sat opposite me, drawing in and out her needle upon some tasteful design for a pulpit cushion, I recognized the gentle, gracious element so happily pictured in the poem—the pale, low forehead, from which was drawn back her hair, without crinkle or curl; the mild beam of her hazel eyes; the low monotone of her voice; the perfect curves of her lips, which never vary or break into smiles, or draw themselves out of shape as other lips are prone to do, with agony or joy or nasty sarcasm. It was fine, it was good, Dan. Then no sooner had I lain back and shut my eyes to digest this comfortable felicity for the tired soul and aching brain, than I found close to my fainting lips a mug, to which I was impelled by some intuitive power—a mug of quaint device and transparent texture, which I afterwards admired, but not then, Dan. I drained the delightful beverage to the dregs, and opened my eyes upon the generous cup bearer, and here, in plump, dimpled, comfortable humanity was the other element needful to the household—the sagacious, the culinary, the administering. Fancy your poor tempest tossed, crippled Jack in the hands of these two dear women! Only this morning I held out my hands to them in helpless gratitude, and audibly thanked God for my broken leg.

"'O yes,' I said, 'I can't help it. You know many and manifold are the ways in which his infinite mercy is directed. I was gone in body and spirit; not a bit of faith, hope or charity left in me—only a blind drifting to that species of feline fatalism popularly known as the dogs. Nothing but you two women could have saved me. Now I'm disarmed, I'm happy, I'm grateful. I feel like Christian did when he lay down his burden at the heavenly gate.' For I can't tell you, Dan, just what a point in Turkish philosophy I had reached when I mercifully broke my leg and poor little Hetty her arm that morning. I have incidentally learned that Hetty is not yet very strong, but she is in good hands, and will doubtless speedily mend. Old Bilsby is to go out West, they say, in the spring, and take his whole wretched brood. Its old ramshackle of a place is for sale—unbearable, perhaps, for the amenities of life, but wondrously alluring to a vagabond taste. There's a bit of rocky waste behind the old barn where Hetty and I spent one whole perfect June morning afield. We were all alone with the queer wild grasses and blossoms that grow there, and would puzzle you to put into recognizable Latin. Hetty named them all, with doubtless the same simplicity that Adam did in Paradise; and the child was so verily akin to the shy, mysterious growth of nature about us that I painted her in a part of it all, and I wouldn't take a big nugget of gold for that sketch. I can tell you, when old Bilsby takes her out West—— B'r-r-r! what makes me shiver, I wonder? The seasons are short up here, Dan; in the early morning the air is already chill. I'm glad they've put Hetty on the south side. I think I know the bit of gable that shelters her fallen head; but I won't hobble that way—it is best not.

"We are to take advantage of the few noon tides left us, now that the season is on the wane; Miss Mary is to bring a soothing old volume out on the sheltered porch this morning, and we are to have one of Miss Martha's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the way of a luncheon in the early afternoon; the excellent doctor will take me to drive, and I am your unspeakably comfortable and lucky

JACK LIVINGSTON.

"P. S.—I've just come back from the drive. Whether it is that autumn is really creeping upon us, and the winds up here at nightfall chill to the marrow of one's bones; whether it was that icy fog that crept down from the mountains and enveloped us before we had gone many miles, or the lugubrious mood of the doctor that made me out of sorts, I cannot tell; but I have limped up to my room and shut out the ghastly phantoms of the mountains yonder, stirred up the fire—and it would be hard to find in the four quarters of the earth a cheerier nook than this—yet, Dan, I am grim and uneasy, a dull perception of misery somewhere makes my whole harmony out of tune and harsh. Confusion to the worthy surgeon and his prophecies! It cannot be expected that weak little bones like Hetty's should knit together as satisfactorily as my grizzled muscles; and yet he did not say it was her arm. He muttered some trash about an unconquerable weakness and apathy that had seized the child; how she would lie for hours with her face to the wall, big tears rolling out of her eyes, and an indefinable yearning in her face, which haunted the worthy doctor day after day, and which he declared had reached a positive pain to him. And if this burly follower of Jason, this chopper of sinews and splinterer of bones, can be thus affected, is it any wonder that he has infected me with his grim follies? Besides, I can fancy it so well, even when Hetty was as strong and lithe as a young fawn, there was always that beseeching fervor in her eyes—I caught it pretty well in that sketch I told you of. I'll get it down now and have a look at it—no. I won't! I ought to have been satisfied with that morning's work. I intended to take it back to town with me that afternoon, and go the next day to Newport to my mother and the girls, but old Bilsby was a little violent that night, and Hetty clung to me. Oh, well Dan, I didn't go, as you can plainly see, and I'm your perplexed and mutinous

"J. L."

"When you get this scrawl," ran the third and last letter of Jack Livingston to his friend the Rev. Dan Delaney, "I shall be well beyond the reach of all storms, howls, and execrations save those of the old Atlantic. This mountainous region is beautiful yet; even in its grim severity there's a wonderful charm. But the air is keen, the winds are bitter, the days are short, the nights long and uncompromising, and I have it in my heart to seek a more merciful climate, and take shelter under softer skies. There's a torn soul and a broken body to be mended, Dan, and I mean to take them over to a shop we know of—you and I—beyond the seas. Unfortunately, in patching up one existence I must make a drain on another, and in your hands, my old comrade, I leave it to smooth out this tangled skein of destiny as best you may to my poor, proud, blue-blooded mother, who will, perhaps, unravel it to my excellently imperious sisters; they, in their turn, will shape it to suit the big bombastic world to which they belong.

"A month or so after that last letter of mine the good doctor burst into the sitting room, where we were listening, Martha and I, to the conclusion of that soothing old volume, rendered to us by the musical monotone of Miss Mary. The fire in the grate cracked cheerily; the south window was a mass of sheltered bloom; peace, serenity, the joy of calm, were apparently there; but I vaguely felt some indefinable horror, and for an hour back a tumult of confusion had racked my brain—when the doctor broke in upon us and told us that Hetty Bilsby had not long to live; and the women, stirred by a quick sympathy, began to question him in her behalf, I went out the open door and down the south side of the garden—a by-path my halting steps would fain have trod before; but a stubborn will withheld, so strong are the shackles with which this shallow world's conventionalities and creeds bind a weak and unmanly soul; but they were broken now, only I couldn't master a tremor of the nerves and a faint chill that touched the whole length of my vertebræ, so that my body was freezing while my heart was burning.

"A big band of leaden mist brooded on the horizon; downy particles began to fill the air; a vague sense of storm and whirlwind pervaded everything about me; and looking up at the threatening sky I was arrested midway by a face closely pressed to the window-pane of a little dormitory beneath the eaves—a pale, eager, devouring face, so eager and so devouring that it hungrily ate up the space between us, and I found myself unwittingly but rapidly climbing up to it, and in less time than I have taken to write it I had the little, trembling, shrinking body in my arms. They found her there when they came, Mary and Martha and the good doctor, the wet curls of her close-cut hair tight against my cheek, the wild yearning kissed out of her eyes. And, Dan, you read to me long ago that story of the daughter of Jairus, she that was raised by a miracle. Pray for me, will you, dear old friend; all I ask is her life. For the rest—

> The world's a wrack we'll share o't,
> The warstle and the care o't
> Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
> And think my lot divine.

"JACK LIVINGSTON."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

An Indian Romance.

Says the Omaha *Herald*: A dark swarthy individual, dressed in semi-Indian garb, was at the Union depot yesterday making numerous inquiries in very imperfect English dialect, concerning the name of C. G. Gaskill, who left some portion of Eastern Iowa, for an overland trip to California during the gold excitement of 1851. This half wild fellow claimed that he was five or six years old when his father set out with his family for the overland wagon trip to California. The family two years later, were in Arizona, and one night the Apache Indians made an attack upon them and carried him away, while the others made their escape. Mr. Gaskill has a vivid recollection of the battle and also the long wagon trip from Iowa, while he has little or no recollection of the home or just where it was located. He was carried away by the Indians and lived with them, sharing the same neglect and attention of their own children, until he grew to manhood. He describes his life as being pleasant and one that he fully enjoyed. He became acquainted with the great chief Cochise and followed him in many of his battles; he painted, tatooed and besmeared his skin like the savages themselves, until now it is the same copper color. He describes Cochise as being a great warrior and a most wonderful savage. He remained with these Indians until about six years ago, when he was captured by the Comanches in one of their battles with the Apaches, and with them he lead a wandering existence, first as a captive and afterwards as one of the tribe. Last fall he became tired of such a mode of existence and left the tribe, making his way toward the Pacific coast, made inquiries concerning his family, but failed to learn anything of them. In his wandering, nomadic life he had accumulated considerable wealth in the form of gold dust, and on the proceeds of this he was traveling in search of his lost home and friends. No one seemed to be able to give him any information, and he started on his way East to prosecute the search in Iowa

Wooing by Proxy.

A curious case came up in the Court of Common Pleas in New York. Leopold Stern, a member of the modest guild of "commercial travelers," has begun a suit against his employers, Satro & Newmark, of New York city, to obtain $400 for special services. The story of the plaintiff is that one of the members of the firm was enamored of a maiden in New Orleans. The claims of business were too urgent to permit his absence from the city, the demands of love were equally pressing. Loth to choose between cupid and cupidity, he finally selected Stern as his matrimonial envoy, gave him *carte blanche* to conduct the wooing of the Southern beauty, and relying upon the address of his "drummer," pursued the even tenor of his business life. Need it be said that the Stern chase, though long, was successful! The commercial traveler was equal to the occasion. How he conducted this vicarious wooing will forever remain a mystery. Suffice it to say that he put himself in his employer's place more adroitly than Charles Read's hero could have done, and was present at the hymendal altar when business and beauty were made one flesh. The sentiment of this story ended here; now enters the sordid element. Before the honeymoon had waned Stern began to grow impatient. His employer was painfully reticent about the pay for his services. When a personal demand was made by Stern, the ungrateful husband thought that $500 would fully compensate for this special service in the Crescent City. The traveler would listen to no such cheapening of his work, demanded $900, refused; hence the suit.

A Picture in Colorado Life.

The Denver (Col.) *News* tells the following story: A bad story comes from Deadwood about an old Denverite—D. Tom Smith. The writer says Tom has been behaving beastly for some time past, threatening to kill his wife and several other people in town. Recently, on a certain evening, he went into a saloon where the mayor, city marshal and two others were engaged in a game of "freeze out." He pulled off his coat, took a corner from which he could cover the players and the barkeeper and then "pulled his gun," cocked it and held it at a present upon whoever made a motion to rise or change his position. He told them that he came there for murder and meant murder, but they might go on with the game. The game did go on with a great deal of solemnity. The Writer says: "It was probably the most solemn game of freeze out ever played in the Hills." No one of the five present wanted to be a martyr. But the city marshal kept working his chair around, and at last suddenly ducked his head and made a spring for D. Tom. At that instant the latter "turned loose" his battery. The shot passed through the crown of the marshal's hat, out through the side, through the rim, twice through the back of his coat, crossed the table and struck the marshal's late partner square in the forehead, between the eyes, where it split in two, and one-half traversed the skull in each direction, finally stopping near the temple on either side. But the marshal got Tom before he had time to pull again, and now he has gone to Yankton for confinement and trial. The man he shot is getting well. If he had been killed they say Tom would have died rather suddenly.

"Can you work miracles?" asked Mr. Skeptic at a camp meeting. The brethren kicked him off the grounds with the reply: "We can cast out devils."

Now and Then.

A glance at the first census of the United States will give us an idea of how our country has grown in its first century of life. If any of our young readers should be puzzled by the "three-fifths" item in the following table, we will explain to them that by Art. 1, sec. 2, of the Constitution of the United States, it was provided as follows: "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding the whole number of free persons, (including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed,) three-fifths of all other persons." Thus three-fifths of all the slaves held in the country were to be represented in Congress, though only holding the status of beasts of burden. The following is the first census of the thirteen original States, taken in 1787, while the Convention was in session which was to frame the Constitution, and perfect the Federal Union. Thus were the returns of the inhabitants made to the Convention: In New Hampshire, 102,000; in Massachusetts, 360,000; in Rhode Island, 58,000; in Connecticut, 202,000; in New York, 238,000; in New Jersey, 138,000; in Pennsylvania, 360,000; in Delaware, 37,000; in Maryland, 218,000, (including three-fifths of 80,000 negroes); in North Carolina, 200,000, (including three-fifths of 60,000 negroes); in South Carolina, 150,000, (including three-fifths of 80,000 negroes); in Georgia, 90,000, (including three-fifths of 20,000 negroes). Here we have a total population for representation of 2,573,000. Deduct the three-fifths of chattles, and we have a free population of 2,177,000. Take the negroes in full, counting them the same as the whites, and we have the entire population at 2,697,000. To-day the three cities, New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn, contain almost as many free inhabitants as there were in the whole country in 1787. Add Boston and Chicago, and we find the five cities outnumbering, by 15,000, counting everything in its full value, the entire population of the old Thirteen States on the day that George Washington was introduced into the Presidential chair. If we could grow in goodness as we grow in numbers, and wealth, and territory, what a nation ours might be.—*New York Ledger.*

Dust for Animals in Winter.

The most indispensable necessity of an ample supply of dust for animals in Winter, is understood by very few stock growers. All sorts of animals delight in a dust bath. Chickens which have easy and continual access to it will never be troubled with vermin either in their houses or on their bodies. Cattle delight to stand in a dirty road, scraping it up with their fore-feet and flinging it all over their backs. The cheapest and most effectual cure for lice in cattle is to scatter a quart of perfectly dry dust along the spine, from the horns to the tail. In Winter when they can not get it, many animals become covered with vermin. The writer has a rain-tight wagon-shed, with strips eight inches wide nailed close to the ground on three sides, into which half a dozen wheelbarrow loads of dust are placed every Fall. Here the poultry delight to wallow and roll in the sun. It is also kept and used on the other stock at stated intervals, and no vermin of any sort is ever seen on any of them. This is at once the most certain remedy for these pests, while the stock thrives by being supplied with what they crave, and what in a state of nature they would surely supply themselves with, but which they cannot when restrained and tied up in yards and stables.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Wonderful Cat.

A few evenings ago Alvy Moody was paying a visit to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while Alvy told his story of love. The muttered words reached that parent's ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her. "It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply. "Drive it out of here!" thundered pater-familias. "Scat!" screached Mary; and then sotto voce: "Alvy, meow a little." Alvy set up a woful yowl. "Confound it, bring a light and scare the thing out." This was too much, and poor Alvy made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him. "Thunder what a cat!" exclaimed the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it; and confound it! its tail is made of broadcloth," as he viewed the fluttering remnant hanging from the window.

A Thief and Counterfeiter Arrested.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The police early this morning arrested August Sohn while driving a wagon which contained stolen property. Detectives went to Sohn's residence and found a woman who, on seeing them, threw a cigar box into the fire. They rescued it and found that it contained counterfeit fifty cent pieces. A search was made and a great quantity of fifty cent pieces done up in $10 packages was found. Numerous counterfeit dollar bills were also discovered. The woman had 600 of them in her pocket when arrested.

A Son Murders his Father.

MATTOON, Ill., Feb. 21.—On last Sunday morning Gideon Frizzle, an old citizen of Richland township, Shelby county, was shot and killed by his son. Mr. Frizzle, on Sunday, went to his son's house, and they got into a quarrel. Mr. Frizzle started to take his departure. While yet in the doorway the son took down his rifle, stepped out, and fired at his father, the ball entering the back, just below the right shoulder, but failing to kill him. The son reloaded his rifle and fired a second time, the ball entering the back about two inches from the first shot, causing immediate death.

Death of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Rear-Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough died here early this morning of typhoid pneumonia. He entered the navy in 1812 from the District of Columbia, of which he was a native. This makes the sixth death among rear-admirals within four or five weeks, namely—in addition to the above—Admirals Smith, Alden, Wilkes, Bailey and Davis. All except the last named were on the retired list.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" "I really don't know. I don't recollect attending one."

THERE were 104 new papers started in January, and 120 died.

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 comprise, 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.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SOLOMON 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 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.

SOLOMON UHL.

O. W. SADDLER, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, NOFFICE AND INFIRMARY, o. 256 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hair," Cancer and Tumors of the Lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pitrigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Corneas, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases. July 12.

Sewing Machine

FOR SALE

CHEAP.

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

HERALD OFFICE.

"PEOPLES' DRUG STORE!"

G. W. SPEERS,

N. E. Corner Diamond, SOMERSET PA.

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

and CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY,

FINE OAPS,

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 by experienced hands.

March 15, 1876.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. mar8

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 habitual habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.

apl1 D. WEYAND.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhœa, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.

This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind, such as tan and freckles. It renders the CUTICLE MARVELOUSLY CLEAR, SMOOTH AND PLIANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.

ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are gained BY THE USE OF *Glenn's Sulphur Soap*, which in addition to its purifying effects, remedies and PREVEN