The Somerset Herald.

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W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

J. G. OGLE ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

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

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice and at reasonable terms. Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug16.

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.

D. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb. 7.

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.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block. sep'72

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar18

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. Night calls promptly answered. dec. 13, '71-1y.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building. Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa. nov11

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa., Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. je12-72

J. R. MEGAHAN. Somerset, Pa. H. S. STONER. Berlin Pa.
MEGAHAN & STONER. PLASTERERS. Respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset County, that they are prepared to take contracts for all kinds of Plastering. Repairing promptly attended to. Address as above. Work solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nov. 29.

HILL HOUSE, DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA., JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR. The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor. This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

JNO. HICKS. LARUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance, JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., **And Real Estate Brokers.** ESTABLISHED 1850. Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

Banks, etc.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book. Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required. This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security. Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested. TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsly, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters. Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

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 Co. Bank. M. W. KEIM & Co. *No. 266 Main St., Johnstown.* A General Banking Business transacted. Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits. Loans Negotiated. Drafts Bought and Sold. Jany. 5.

Tobacco and Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, **J. H. Zimmerman,** Main Cross St., Somerset, Penna.

The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

Cook & Beerits' FAMILY GROCERY Flour and Feed STORE. We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on *MAIN CROSS STREET* And in addition to a full line of the best **Confectioneries, Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,** We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the BEST QUALITY OF **FAMILY FLOUR,** *CORN-MEAL, OATS, SHELLED CORN, OATS & CORN CHOP, BRAN, MIDDLINGS* And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. FOR *CASH ONLY.* Also, a well selected stock of Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds, and STATIONERY Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest. Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment. Don't forget where we stay—On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa. Oct. 2, 1872.

NAUGLE HOUSE! Main St., Somerset, Pa., **FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p.** The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with entire new furniture thus making it one of the most desirable stopping places for transient or resident custom in the State. Tables are always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords. Large and commodious stabling is attached and faithful and attentive hostlers always in attendance. Boarders taken by the week, day, or meal. Bar always supplied with the choicest liquors. July 19. apr1

CURTIS K. GROVE. AUSTIN DENISON
Grove & Denison

Manufactures of Carriages, Buggies, Spring-wagons, Sleighs, Harness etc. Factory one square east of Diamond. **Somerset, Pa.** April 12, 1876.

Miscellaneous,

"PEOPLES' DRUG STORE!" G. W. SPEERS, N. E. Corner Diamond, SOMERSET PA. DEALER IN *DRUGS, MEDICINES, and CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FINE SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES, DYE STUFFS, and KEROSENE OIL* Pure WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal PURPOSES, Also an assortment of **Fine Cigars, and Tobacco.** Particular attention given to the compounding of Physicians Prescriptions and Family Reciepts by experienced hands. March 15, 1876.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC HOMESTEAD Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises **OVER 5,000,000 ACRES** OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, in Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored. To aid in the settlement of this superb domain with an intelligent and industrious people, is the object of the HOMESTEAD. It is intended to contain a fair and candid representation of facts; nor will it ever give, intentionally, any statement that will not, upon investigation, be fully sustained. The Company obtains its title to these lands from the Government of the United States. They are being offered at prices lower than any other lands in the West, that will compare with them in soil, climate and general advantages. The terms of payment, as will be found on a careful examination, are more liberal in all essential features than have heretofore been offered by any railway company. **THE HOMESTEAD** IS FOR FREE CIRCULATION, And will be sent gratis to anyone upon application. All communications in reference to the lands of the Company should be addressed to **S. J. GILMORE,** Land Commissioner, K. P. Ry., SALINA, KANSAS. March 7, 1877.

E. H. WARDWELL, WITH **ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO.** 285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D., Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for **NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS.** assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

SLATE ROOFS. Those who are now building houses should know that is it cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of **Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE** for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with NOAH CASEBEER, Agent, Somerset, Pa. WM. H. SHIPLEY. April 4th, 1876.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO. Merchant Tailors, And Manufacturers of **Gent's, Youth's and Boys, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods** 121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue, **PITTSBURGH.**

A LESSON FOR BELLES.

Faire Madame! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose,
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest and bends with dew.

Which shows, though fate
May promise still to warm our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an eclipse;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor silly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the spring perfume;
Thou may'st be cropt, this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O' th' pillow of some ladie's brest;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

—*William Habington.*

NORA AND JAMESY.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor this simple stone was erected by his fellow workmen."

These words you might read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate—without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above one poor, humble man.

In a shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware shop, one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages till I could do better; and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn declared that he never could employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; that 'od make it easier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I'v done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor; I tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good for nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man despairingly; "for I've tramped all day, for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get; and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English half penny upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and looked back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other's me child," said the man. "Oh, masther thry me. How'll they ever come to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it—and me with arms like them!"

He bared his arms to the shoulders as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Conner worked hard, and actually, at the end of the week, he was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew he boarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing of Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me—better no clothes to my back than no wife and no boy to my fireside; anyhow, it's mighty slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, and share their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship, but he would not delay the long looked for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors from others. He kept his way—a martyr to his own great wish—living on little, working at night, and on an extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, by running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen of his one great hope, and Nora and little Jamesy.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawn at pay day set Nora, as he said "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than at first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid his treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it day and night, until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing and understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

At first the men who prided themselves on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a workbench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red 'kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whorroo! I've got it!" all felt a sort of sympathy for his joy.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man, even he, who had coldly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes in the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Baker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in a basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for Nora's mantle piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power.

And the days flew by and brought a letter at last from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless those who had been so kind to him." This was the substance of the epistle, which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's two, and moreover she knows all a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow workmen, with tears in his eyes, and asked:

"Do you wonder that the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day, Nora at noon, Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come into port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung up his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like o' that in the ould counthry," he said. "But she'll know how to kape them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him. That spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of immigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, carters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who were watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently first, eagerly, but patiently; but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would niver go alone," he said. "She'll be lost entirely. I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys. I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a moment he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor. "But perhaps she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked.

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor, said the man.

"And your wife's was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily:

"Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind," said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" said Connor.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials. God sends them. Yes Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to the lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We had illness on board—the cholera. You know that?"

"I didn't," said Connor; I can't read—they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one man, in a half whisper.

"You know how long we laid at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did you say Nora went ashore? I ought to be looking for her, captain.

"Many died," went on the captain, many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick—"

"Jamesy?" gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could; but at last he died—only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking upon the water." "It's his father I'm thinking of," said she, "he is longing to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish anyone had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, very suddenly. She grew worse fast." Tell Connor I died thinking of him," she said; "and tell him to meet me." "And, my good man, God help you. She never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He was trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends and said:

"I've got my death boys," and then dropped to the floor like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home in the little bed which had been made for Nora, after her long voyage. There at last he opened his eyes, old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now. I'll be with her soon. And look ye, master, I've larnt one thing—God is good. He would not bring Nora over to me; but He's taking me over to her and Jamesy—over the river—don't you see it—and her—standing on the other side to welcome me."

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora. God only knows. And so he died.

This is the House that Sam Built.

The Republic—This is the house that Sam built.

The Ballot—This is the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The intelligent Contraband—This is the mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Buildozer—This is the cat that made an assault on the sable mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Returning Board—This is the dog that was fed by the State that made the cat hop up on the gate, the quarrelsome cat that made an assault on the ebon mouse that gobbled the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Democratic Party—This is the cow whose sharp horn rowelled that creole dog till he rose and howled, that dutiful dog that got in a huff and drove to the peak of the gable "ruff" that sputtering cat whose principal fault was chasing the mouse that nibbled the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Democratic Office-Seeker—This is the maid that sat on a barrow and tried to milk the cow that was farrow, the cow that didn't know what she was at when she tossed the dog that worried the cat that hastened over the fence to vault to catch the mouse that nibbled the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

House of Representatives—This is the priest with the ugly mug that gave the maid an encouraging hug in trying to milk the cow that appears to have run dry now some twenty years, that tossed that dog till it lost its breath that frightened the cat almost to death, the Kuklux cat whose principal fault was teasing the mouse that nibbled the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Senate—This is the cop that put the priest in a cave of gloom because he kissed the maid with the milking-pail who tugs at the promising cow with the sterile dugs that tossed the dog till he yelped "kiyi!" that chased whenever she lingered nigh the furious cat that made the assault on the timid mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

The Electoral Commission—This is the Constitutional law that put its puissant and ponderous paw on the officer's arm that caught the priest that kissed the maid that "milked" the beast that tossed the dog till it almost ceased to worry the cat that made an assault on the freckled mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

Cronin—This is the man with the stalwart nose that over the land like a beacon glows, that lights his path wherever he goes with a pillar of fire for friends and foes, and a glare like a gleaming bonfire throws to the for-off realm where "Gable" grows, that shines on the priest's and the maiden's woes, on the farrow cow who for office lows, on the dog that delights to discompose the querulous cat at her meal of crows, who when she couldn't get any of those just arched her back and made an assault on the musky mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

W. A. C.
—*New York Graphic.*

A Dreamer's Dream.

A man in the prime of life, living in this city, tells a story to the following effect: About a year ago he lost his wife by death, and was therefore left a widower. Time wore on, and grief at the loss wore off; but one night his former wife appeared to him in a dream in the form of an angel. The once beloved introduced to the solitary man a woman whom she wished to be his second wife. The face was a strange one, but the form and features were much impressed on the mind of the man. Several weeks passed on, but he failed to find a woman's face corresponding with the likeness he carried in his heart, until one day a fair one passed him in the street. The mystery was solved, the dream had partly come true—but the woman was a stranger! Time, however, works out such matters, and a few weeks after the twain met at a party, became acquainted, and the sequel was that the dream was fully realized. The people are now living in happiness at the Chaudiers.—*Ottawa (Can.) Free Press.*

It appears that within a year London will have imported Chinamen to do work in the collieries.

Balls in Place of Birds.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, of Elkhart, Ill., champion wing shot, has made a match of novel character with a prominent citizen of New York. He has bet $500 even that he will break 1,000 glass balls in two hours and forty minutes, the balls to be sprung from three or more traps, though only one ball to be sent into the air at a time. The shooter will stand eighteen yards from the traps, and no ball to be counted unless broken before striking the ground. It is also stipulated that Bogardus shall use one gun throughout the match. unless the gun becomes disabled, when another gun can be chosen. Two sets of barrels are allowed and he will confine himself to 1¼ ounce shot. In order to give the people of this city and vicinity an opportunity of witnessing this trial against time, skill and endurance, Gilmore's Garden has been engaged for Friday evening, 16th inst., when the shooting will take place. This is the first time the captain has ever attempted the feat, and he is of the opinion that to win he must average ninety broken balls in 100 and fire fully 1,100 shots. Though not confident, he has hopes of success, yet if he fails, he is willing to bet $1,000 against $500 that there is no man in the world who can break them quicker than he will. Bogardus has recently returned from California, where he astonished all the crack shots of that section, and though not quite so well satisfied with the trip as he was with his journey to England, it was, on the whole, satisfactory. The shooting at Gilmore's will commence at eight p. m., sharp.

A Baby Whale.

Last week our Portuguese fishermen killed a large female whale of the California Gray species (*Rachianectes Glaucus*), about sixty feet in length, being some twenty-two feet larger than has ever been killed here before—the average of females being about forty-two feet. After cutting off the blubber they found inside a nearly full-grown male calf, which measured eighteen feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail, or fluke, as the whalers call it; the circumference of the body at its centre, nine feet; the head about four feet in length; pectoral fins three feet; breadth of tail three and a half feet, and it had two ridges on the lower jaw. When brought on shore it still had three feet of the umbilical cord attached to it. The whalebone on its upper jaw was soft and white; the tongue large and soft; the eyes nearly full size, about as large as a cow's, and the skin was of a dark-brown, mottled white. It had no dorsal fin. The females, when with young, generally keep off shore when on their way down South, to bring them forth in the warm waters of the bays of Lower California, where they remain all winter and go North in the spring. The females, with calf, are dangerous, as they often attack the boats of the whalers. The writer once saw a boat cut completely in two by the flukes of one of these whales, and it looked as if it had been chopped in two by a dull ax; and several of the men were wounded. The term of gestation is about one year. Formerly these marine monsters were so numerous in Monterey Bay that whalers would fill up lying at anchor. Oftentimes they would be seen playing in the surf, and rolling the barnacles off of their sides and backs on the sand beach—an odd way of scratching themselves.—*Monterey Californian.*

Why We May Expect Good Times.

1. Our population was never so large as it is now.

2. There was never before so much land under cultivation in these United States, nor such a large aggregate of produce raised.

3. There were never greater facilities for transportation.

4. Our wheat, corn, provisions, butter, cheese, petrolium, cotton, silver and other products have been bringing cash at fair prices.

5. There is plenty of money to be had at moderate rates of interest as soon as its owners consider it safe to lend it.

6. The hard times have been the best times we have had for revivals of religion and temperance.

7. The whole nation has been practicing economy.

8. The state of exchanges with other countries is such as would enable us to restore specie payments now if we choose.

9. Our political troubles are over, and an era of good feeling is returning to this long-divided and distracted country.

All these reasons combined lead us to anticipate the return of good business generally, and a gradual rise in values of nearly all kinds of property.

He Went Back on Him.

At precisely two o'clock by the bells the other morning a policeman who was walking up Beaubien street, Detroit, caught sight of a negro who was skulking along a fence, and he called upon him to stop.

"Ize in a big hurry to ketch de mawning train for Toledo," called back the African.

The officer threatened to shoot if he did not stop, and the skulker halted.

"Does you imagine that I hez dun got a chicken heah?" he asked as the officer approached.

"Yes, sir; that's exactly what I imagine."

"And if I hezen't got a chicken I kin go right down to de depot, kin I?"

"I guess you can."

"Well, sah, den gaze on dis yere an' tell me if de same is a chiken?" said the man, as he pulled a big goose around in front of him.

The officer went back on his word and took the negro under arrest, and the victim yesterday was explaining:

"What's de use ob tryin' to get along wid dem p'licemen? De best way is to drop de goose and make fur de woods."

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen year's courtship.

In a Vienna Cafe.

The most comfortable place to study the people of Vienna is in the large windows of a *cafe*; here you can see every one passing, as well as the people drinking coffee or reading the papers inside. Here you will find every class of society at almost any hour of the day. A few days ago I went into a *cafe* to amuse myself for an hour, and had just comfortably seated myself, and ordered a "Schwartzen," when in came a lady of about two hundred weight, and seated herself at my table, with about a dozen and a half of newspapers of all descriptions—English, French and American illustrated papers—so covering the table that, when the waiter came with my coffee he was obliged to clear a space for the little tray. This drove the old lady into a passion, and her grumble continued till something in the *Kickeriki* changed the channel of her thoughts. After she had finished all her papers, and looked round the *cafe* to see if there was anything else she could do, I ventured to ask her if she had always lived in Vienna. She said she had and did not propose to leave it, and immediately asked me to what nation I belonged. Upon my saying I was an American, she started and looked toward the door as if about to run, but a glance reassured her, and she asked if it were safe to walk the streets of America alone. She said she had heard that every one carried pistols or guns. To this I replied that she would be as safe as on the streets of Vienna, if not more so. She then wanted to know if it were safe to ride in a railroad train there; she had heard that they always ran off the track and killed lots of people. I answered this by saying that she might get her life insured, and then she would be perfectly safe. This seemed to be a conundrum which needed more study than she could give in a *cafe*, so she arranged her costume and departed, much to my relief.

A Vienna *cafe* is something different from anything we have in America; it takes the place, in some respects, of our bar-rooms—that is you can get all the liquor you want, but you must drink it straight, as the Austrians know nothing about mixed drinks. Brandy, schnapps and absynthe are the only liquors which are drunk as a rule with water, while schnapps is taken in a small glass which holds about a thimbleful. Coffee seems to the Austrian what whisky is to the Irish. When an Austrian feels as if he needed something to "brace up" on, he takes a "schwartzen," which is black coffee without milk; if he be hungry, he takes a white coffee, that is with milk and sugar, and takes a long stick of bread, which he puts in the coffee to soak it up, the bread acting as a sponge. This is not an exceptional case, but every one does it, some even break the bread up wring it with a spoon into a sort of mush, which does not look at all inviting.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Boys' Work.

"I wish, John, you would drive a few nails for me in the wood-house," said Maggie to her brother, "I have been wanting them this long time, but alway forgot to ask you."

"Why not drive them yourself, Maggie?" asked her father.

"Why I don't know how father; I don't believe I could do boys' work," she said doubtfully.

"Come, my girl, I will show you in a minute how it is done. Go on mending your harness, John, we will attend to the nails."

Maggie drove in all the nails successfully, and so pleased was she with her success, that she would have set a double row around the shed, I think, if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present.

"There, that little lesson helps to make you more independent, my girl. Now I will teach you some day to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't leave the door creak for want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in the winter for the want of a little grease."

You too, boys, might learn to advantage how to make your beds and sweep a room, and sew up a bag on a sewing machine. Don't ask any one to sew on a button for you, when there hangs a cushion with needles in it and mother's thread basket is so handy.

A little cooking will never hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and mother says I can beat any girl making a pot of coffee. I don't often get a chance to try nowadays, but I have seen the time when my knowledge of the business came into play. No telling where you will be cast some time in life. The most helpless people I ever met are those who can only do one sort of work. Learn to do some one thing very well indeed, and make that your dependence for a living, and add to it just as much skill and knowledge as you can. It costs nothing to carry knowledge.

Thirteen at Dinner.

Concerning the curious superstition about thirteen at dinner, we have come across this singular incident in a recent English book: Some years ago poor Albert Smith gave a supper of thirteen that discredited the superstition in a remarkable manner; Himself on the point of starting for China, he entertained twelve friends who were bound for the Crimea, to encounter the perils of war as military officers or as journalists reporting the incidents of the conflict. Deeming it in the highest degree improbable that they would meet again on English ground when they had once started for the scene of danger, the twelve guests met their host with light hearts, and laughed about the fate which some of them would of course encounter in a few months. Strangely enough, all twelve returned from the war in perfect health and supped again at a table of thirteen with the humorous lecturer.

Paris has fifty-one daily papers.

A Printer's Misfortune.

Some years ago when the writer was a reporter upon an eastern paper, it devolved on him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a patent hog killing machine that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made Dr. Mudge mad, was this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forms got the two locals mixed in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the appalling result:

"Several of Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam, until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained to him the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, and swung him around, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut in fragments was astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, the machine seized him and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was cut into fragments and worked into delicious sausage. The occasion will be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best piece can be obtained for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been so handsomely treated."

Mad? Well about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron, so that he could see clergyman tearing around down in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war, and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription.

Clean Cattle.

It is not a pleasant sight, this entering a barn and seeing cattle with flanks all covered with dung matted into the hair. We usually carry our ideas from the beast to the owner, and characterize him in our minds as slovenly, and we go about that place prepared to find much to criticise. We do not expect to observe land sodded with dung, for such a sight would be in ill keeping with what we observe in the barn. We do not expect to see the mows filled up with early cut hay; we do not expect to see the barn battened, but to find staring cracks, ill sheltered beasts, piles of dung against the building, and not under cover, soiled and ill-drained yards and other things of that kind.

Not only is the good farmer considerate to himself and the land, but also to his stock. The thrifty owner, and to have this thriftiness, some attention must be paid to the demands of the animal nature. Throughout the skin are numerous pores, which have their function in eliminating material from the body, and this material must be eliminated for the highest health. How unwise then, to allow filth to accumulate and blind these pores, these outlets of the body. It is an easy matter to keep animals clean, provided they are not allowed to get dirty. A card and a brush used a few moments each day, and the act is accomplished. Besides this, the brushing of the body induces a cleanliness of the skin very conducive to health and thrift, and economy of food; it makes the cattle more attractive to the eye, and encourages to other acts of cleanliness in their surroundings. We usually note clean cattle in the barns of our best farmers. We usually note clean fields and attractive homes accompanying cleanliness, in the outbuildings. We therefore believe in cleanliness, and must believe that it pays—pays in profit—pays in comfort.

Gathering Florida Arrowroot.

A correspondent, writing from Ciscayne Bay, Dade county, Florida, gives some items of interest, among them the gathering of the roots from which arrowroot is made. The correspondent says: The men with mule and cart, usually make $100 per month, gathering and preparing the cootie for market. One hand gathers twelve barrels of the root, which makes about one and a third barrels of marketable cootie, or what is known as Florida arrowroot. The roots much resemble the rutabaga turnip. It is washed and ground, then put into a tub and water applied, stirred thoroughly and left to settle about two hours, or until the starch "thick as soft cheese" settles to the bottom. Then they draw off the water and change to another tub, separating the light cootie which collects on the top, leaving the pure article in the first tub, to which sufficient water should be added to give a consistency thin enough to facilitate its passage through the finest sieve or strainer. It is then placed in dryers containing twenty-five pounds each. In two days of good weather it is ready for market. The refuse or "mash" is fed to stock; horses, poultry, hogs all thrive well upon it. By boiling the skimmings, a substance as hard as bread is produced, which keeps well, and fattens hogs for market as readily and as well as corn.

An Absent-Minded Farmer.

The Kingston *Freeman* tells the following: "An absent-minded farmer resides in the town of Olive. He generally depends upon his wife, not only to conduct the affairs within doors, but also expects her to keep an eye on all the farming implements, such as plows, mowing-machines, axes, shovels, hoes, etc., that are liable to go astray. A few days ago he actually came to the house and made inquiry of his better half: 'Sarah Mariar, hev you any idee where them barn doors is?' It seems he had been butchering, and to facilitate the work, had removed from their hinges the small doors of the barn, and had forgotten what he had done with them. He thought 'Sarah Mariar' ought to know, and she did, taking the gentleman by the arm and showing them to him. With a puzzled expression on his face, he looked at the doors several minutes, and then gave expression: 'Waal I declar, I never would hev found them if it hadn't been for you, Mariar!'"

Florida is sending baby alligators only a few inches long all over the country as curiosities.

American colleges teach everything but the English language.