The Somerset Herald.

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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.

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VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 15-75.

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JOHN G. 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.19-76-y

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. 26, '76.

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 at short notice and at reasonable terms. ☞ Enquire at Cauffman & Co's Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 28.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '75-tf.

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

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

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Levansville, will continue the business of the office, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Coleville and surrounding country. Feb 7-7

DR. W. H. 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. jun 77

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 $5, 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. march

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years of active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Baptist House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. dec. 12, '71-ly.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. nov21

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST *DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.* Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, life-like and beautiful, 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. jun 13

JOHN A. MEGAHAN, Somerset, Pa. H. S. STONER, Stoner, 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. 28.

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 are invited with the best of hotel accommodations.—The table will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jun15

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. march.

JNO. HICKS. LARUE H. 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 we have a number—less sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug15.

Banks, &c.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 17, 1874. Deposits receivable of all sums, from one dollar upwards. Interest at the rate of Seven per cent. Thirty-five per cent. of profits added to the deposits once every three years, without troubling the depositor for them, or even to present the deposit book. Money loaned on real estate. Preference given to small loans and long time, allowing borrowers offering first mortgage on home worth four or more times the amount of loan, secured. Good references, personal notes, are required. This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor drafts made. No loans on personal security. Blank applications for information, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested. Directors.—James Cooper, David Dibert, G. A. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, S. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Horner, Conrad Supper, Geo. F. Swank, James Moulton, James Storey and W. W. Wolfe. Daniel J. Morrell, President. Frank Dibert, Treasurer. Cyrus Ealer, 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.

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.1.

Tobacco and Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. J. H. Zimmerman, Main Cross St., Somerset, Penna. The best of all grades of the well known manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobacco. These cigars comprise varieties not to be found in any other house. One of the best stocks of these cigars ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. apr.25-1y.

Cook & Beerits' FAMILY GROCERY Flour and Feed STORE. We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, 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 dify— On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa. Oct. 3, 1877

NAUGLE HOUSE! Main St., Somerset, Pa., FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p. The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with entirely new furniture. Still making it one of the most desirable stopping places for travellers 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 18 apr

Orrin E. 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.

77 FIFTH AVE. NEW CARPETS! PRICES the VERY LOWEST, The Assortment Unsurpassed. H. M'CALLUM. 77 FIFH AVENUE. Bet. Wood and Smithfield Sts. PITTSBURG. March 28.

Photography Perpetuates National Greatness. One dozen Stereoscopic Views of the Centennial Exhibition sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price. Our variety includes all the buildings, grounds, statuary, and other beautiful things exhibited. This company has sole authority to use the Photographic art within the grounds and buildings on the Centennial Exhibition. Americans should secure so valuable a collection of authentic pictures of the growth and greatness of their own country. Pleasing and Profitable Presents. Carte de Visite, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents; 8 x 10, 25 cents each. Catalogues sent for three cent stamp. For sale by all dealers and booksellers. Address, CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. (Wilson & Adams) Philadelphia, Pa. STUDIO ON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS. Nov. 21.

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 thereof. 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 twenty miles wide, extending from Lake Ontario, Kansas, thence westward through the entire length of the State, traversing a combination of the best of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, to and including, in climate, soil, and every product of nature, the most favored.

To add to the attractiveness of this superb domain with an unsurpassed climate, these lands, in the choice of the HOMESTEAD, it is intended to contain a full and candid representation of facts; not will it wingly 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 now 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. Country trade will be treated 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 it is 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 prettiest color 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, spring, sat., either in town or country at the lowest price, 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, 1877.

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.

INAUGURATION OF HAYES—1877.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Granite and marble and granite!
Corridor, column and dome!
A Capitol, huge as a planet,
And mighty as marble-built Rome!

Stairsteps of granite to glory!
Go up with thy fate to the sun
They are stained with the footsteps and story
Of giants and battles well won.

Step—stand on this stairway of granite,
Lo! Arlington storied and still
With a lullaby hush . . . But the land it
Springs fresh as that sun-fronted hill.

Beneath us stout-hearted Potomac
In majesty moves to the sea;
Beneath us a sea of proud people
Moves on, undivided as he.

Yes, strife it is over and ended
For all the days under the sun;
The banners unite and are blended
As starlight and sunlight in one.

Lo! banners and banners and banners!
Broad star-balanced banners of blue—
If a single star fell from fair heaven
Why what would befall us, think you?

Lo! Westward and Northward and Southward
The Captains come home from the wars—
Now the world shall endure if we only
Keep perfect this system of stars . . .

The Captain of Captains leads slowly
Up the great rounded stairway of stone—
How unlike on the fierce front of glory
Where he led till he led all alone!

He stops on the topmost gray granite
That tops the fair highway of fame;
He kisses the Book, and his hand it
Uplifts in the great God's name . . .

It is done. God help him! A bolder
Than Theseus might well hesitate
To Atlas-like lift on his shoulder
This proud, splendid Capitol's weight.

God help him! The seven hard laborers
Of Hercules, fate has forecast . . .
O States, stand as neighbors to neighbors;
O Statesmen, be Statesmen at last!

Harper's Weekly.

THE SCHOOL BOY'S STORY

BY R. H. DAVIS.

Oh, yes; I can tell you all about that affair at our school. Pack Markle was the hero of it—C. Packard Markel, Esq., it was on his cards (he had a magnificent case for cards and cigars—solid gold, the fellows said) I've been four years at the Beebe Academy, and in that time I've seen a good deal of the world. Sixty men are usually on the roll—primaries, fresh, and sophs—but among them all, I never knew the match of Pack—the bravest, swellest fellow!

That's his autograph cut on the back gate. It somewhat looks like him—bold, with magnificent flourishes. He always took first prize for original oration on exhibition day; and if you could have seen the bouquets flying up to him, and Pack, holding them to his heart, and the girls whispering how splendid he was! He was big and broad, you see, so that his clothes showed elegantly; Shurtz, on Broadway, was his tailor.

His originals used always to be on the true gentleman or the modern hero. That was the idea he ran constantly.

"Why prate of the wisdom of Cato; the bravery of Brutus, the patriotism of the dauntless three? An American boy has within him all these qualities."

I forgot the rest; but that was the oration we liked best.

Pack was only a half-boarder: on Friday he went home to stay over Sunday. Old Markle had made a billion or two out of sugar or fish, and you may bet that Pack lived at home like a grandee. You ought to have seen him drive off on Friday—coach, sparkling grays, footman in blue and gold; and Pack, straight as a ramrod, touched his hat with his forefinger to us boys at the windows. We often wondered old Markle never sent him a box; most of us got boxes. Pack used to talk of their terrapin and lobster salad until we felt a goneness at our stomachs, but we never tasted them. The little West Indian, Da Costa, who was the others well boy of the school, used to stand treat every week—send out and order in ice cream, fruit, oysters, the best of everything, and hang up the expense! Pack did the honors, of course, Da Costa being such a baby. Pack knew how to do it, I tell you: he sat at the head of the table and helped the dishes like a lord. Oh! there was nothing mean about him!

Leon Da Costa was the only boy Pack ever took home with him. His father was very particular, the fellows say, about social position. But Leon's father was a planter in Jamaica. The story went that he slept on heaps of gold doubloons; so, of course, his position was all right. Leon had been sent down from New York a year or two before to Dr. Beebe, with trunks full of finery, and he had no end of money. He just lashed it about. He was a queer little tad of a fellow—always good humored, sleeping in the sun or munching candy, or begging somebody to do his sums. You could not drive figures into that boy's skull, sir; but in history, or anything with a story tagged to it, he was keen enough. He was always buying the most gorgeous neckties or waistcoats, and wore his hat cocked to one side over his little yellow face. Old Sam Pottle—Gumbo, as we used to call him—used to smuggle things in from the shops for us, and he and Leon were whispering together every day about some new bit of finery. Gumbo, you see, was the old darkey who took doughnuts and tarts about in a push-cart to the schools at lunch-time. He had been at the trade for years, and had laid up money in the the bank, so people said. But he was very humble. It was always "Mr. Briggs" and "Mr. Da Costa," hat in his hand. Oh! Gumbo had very good manners and knew his place. I never saw him forget himself but once, and then Leon and another little chap had his push-cart, and were going about the ground, calling: Hyah's your doughnuts, now!"

"Drop dat ar, young gemplem!" he said, in a rage; "mind you is young gemplem. Push-carts is for poor niggers. You is disgracin' yourself, Mr. Da Costa."

At that, little Da Costa drew himself up to his full height, and stood looking at Gumbo in a queer way, his face growing pale. The old man cringed and bowed to him.

"You know your folks is different from de people, hyah," he said. "Your fadar's got hundreds an' thousands ob slaves a-workin' for him, so I've hearn. What'd he think ob you, sah, a makin' company ob an old pleman?"

Pack took Leon by the shoulders and shook him. "Come along; what d'ye mind the old fool's gabble for?" he said.

Da Costa drew a long breath and went away; but he was pale and quiet all day. He was a moody little chap, with all his fun and capers. The very next day Pack thinking to please him, began tormenting Gumbo the minute he hove in sight, pushing his barrow up the walk.

"Hyah's de old pie-man! Come right along, young gemplems! Bring your pennies."

The old fellow had been sick all winter, but he would drag himself to the school every day. He turned his grizzled head from side to side as he came up, and Pack, seeing that he tottered, put out his foot in front of him. Gumbo tripped and fell and away went cakes and pies into the slush. The fellows shouted and thought it a mighty good trick, all but Da Costa, who sprang right up at Pack's face and struck him between the eyes. Whang! it rang out all over the yard. "Take that you coward!" he yelled.

"De Lord be good to us!" old Gumbo cried. "Dr. Beebe will drive me off de grounds! You'll be de ruin ob me, Mr. Da Costa, if you don't care for yourself."

With that Leon hung his head and walked away.

We boys would have cut Da Costa dead, it was so shabby in him to take a nigger's part against Pack. But old Markle made Pack invite him home next Sunday. Leon didn't go; but Pack made a sort of lion of him all that time, and was never done talking of how planters lived in Jamaica, like princes and all that.

Da Costa that term begun to study as he never had before. The poor little cub could make nothing of arithmetic; but he went up in other classes, over both me and Pack. He stood treat as often as before, but his fun was all gone. There was a story that he had bad news from Jamaica, although some said that he was only homesick, having nobody to go to on Sundays or holidays, like the rest of us. Then it was whispered about that he was actually trying for prizes at the spring examination, but that was so absurd that none of us bothered ourselves about it.

Well, to cut my story short, the miserable little tad took prizes over Pack's head and mine, sir! Dr. Beebe was delighted, and went about mentioning him to the visitors as one of the Da Costas of the West Indies, sir! Our establishment has a wide-spread reputation, sir."

You may bet we boys were mad. However, the story leaked out that Leon was going in the next day for the prize for original oration, and we knew he'd get so thrashed there he'd remember it all the days of his life. Pack had always had such a dead sure thing on that.

Sure enough, when the programmes were out, there was "Human Rights," by Master Leon Da Costa.

"What does that little rat know about human rights?" said Pack, so loud that old Beech heard him.

"Master Da Costa belongs to a most respectable and cultured family, and has had every opportunity of knowing what rights belong to him," he said.

Well, sir, the hall was crowded on exhibition day. It really was only the big school-room, but when the platform for the speakers was up and the windows trimmed with pine, we called it the hall. All the trustees were there, and every body from the town. The Markles came in their carriage, with bouquets ready to throw to Pack when he should win. But none of us thought what kind of a victory he was going to have.

The other exercises lasted for an hour or two, and then the Doctor called:

"Competition for original oration. Messrs. Markle and Da Costa."

There was a buzz all about, and then the band played while Pack walked up to the platform. He had that oration on "Chivalry in 1875." It was very fine indeed—all about the American gentleman, and his bravery and his courtesy and all that. We boys stamped whenever he stopped to draw a breath

After he had done, little Da Costa went up. I never saw him look so little or skinny or yellow; but his big black eyes were burning. He was excited to that degree, sir, that his hands shook as if he had the palsy; but he kept his voice steady. There wasn't much in his oration. Anybody could understand it. It was that every man had a right to education, and all that. That if God gave him a brain, men had no right to hinder him from using it. But when he talked of poor children, who can not be taught or fed or have any chance, the fellow was in such deadly earnest that somehow it made you shiver, and some of the ladies cried. My own opinion is, that such children have a very good time; nothing but loafing all day long. However, the audience took Leon's view of it, I suppose, for they clapped tremendously and called him up three times, and everybody whispered: "West Indian E—normously rich!"

Nobody was surprised, when the first prize was called, to hear "Master Da Costa!"

As soon as it was presented to him with a little speech from the Doctor, the performances were over, and everybody crowded up to the platform where he was, the ladies saying. "Oh, what a dear little fellow!" and asking to be introduced to him. The Doctor stood, with his hand on his shoulder, and introduced him right and left to the ladies and trustees, always giving his full name and where he was from. Just at that moment, what should I see but old Gumbo Pottle's black face thrust in among the rest, in the crush about the Doctor right next to Mrs. Markle, in her diamonds. The old man's eyes were full of tears. Old Beech caught sight of him.

"What are you doing here sir?" he whispered sharply, pushing him back. "The old fellow has mistaken his way to the kitchen. Yes, Judge, this is our most promising scholar. Master Da Costa of the West Indies."

The little fellow had been growing paler and paler since the applause began, but at this he drew back, dropped the prize book on the floor, and faced the Doctor.

"It is not true," he said, slowly. "My name is Joe Pottle, and I am old Gumbo's son!" And he darted after the darkey and threw his arms about his neck. "Come back, father," he cried.

"There was an uproar then, you may suppose. It all came out. Old Gum had saved money, and wanted, he said, his boy to have the same chance as other boys. Of course he couldn't be admitted to Beebe's, being a darkey, so the old fellow had played this trick.

"Why hab you done dis, chile?" he cried, wringing his hands.

"I couldn't act the lie any longer," said Leon stubbornly. "I'm the same boy I was yesterday," looking at the Doctor. "I'll study as well, pay as much, be as good a fellow every way, and my skin will be no yellower. Why can't I stay?"

Old Beebe actually hesitated, pulled and wiped his face, and looked about uncertainly. Then it was that Pack showed the stuff he was made of. He spoke out boldly;

"You can do as you please. Doctor Beebe. If you choose to keep his nigger in your school, I leave it."

And I—I—I'll—I'll called out all the boys.

"Yes, yes, undoubtedly," said the Doctor. "I never approved of mixed schools, ladies and gentlemen, even in the case where the Government has authorized one. The West Point Cadets have nobly shown their disapproval of the plan. I am informed that the colored cadet is not recognized by them as a human being. Leon—I mean Joe, you will go with your father. Your property shall be sent to his cabin this afternoon." So Master Da Costa walked off with the old man. He looked from side to side, as he passed through the school, but not a boy would speak to him, except little Charlie Patmore, who broke ranks and threw his arms about his neck, crying:

"I love you Leon. You've been awfully good to me. I wanted you to come to our house Saturday."

"You forget! You are white!" said the little darkey quietly, and he put Charley aside and went on.

Well, that was the end of it. Pack went back to his old place in the school, and none of the boys ever took it from him, though they all tried to be like him.

Old Gumbo disappeared. I heard that he had taken Leon to a college for boys, saying that he would show some day that there was better stuff in him than in Pack Markle.

"He may do it," old Beebe said, when I carried the news to him. "Packard is—well we'll not be critical," chuckling. "But it won't avail in the long run. Young Pottle is heavily handicapped, sir. He can't change his skin, and we must consider the skin! We must consider the skin!"

Caps and Gray Hair.

Many an elderly woman wears a black cap at all hours of the day, to cover up what she deems an ugly look because she is growing gray.

Now there is not in all this wide land a lovlier sight than a handsome head covered with rippling waves of gray or silver-white hair, lying loose and in wave after wave falling close to the back, where a loose, handsome shaped knot is formed, with a comb lightly holding it to place; or falling in natural curls around the aged face; or formed in those stylish finger-puffs which are so becoming to those laughing happy faces of sixty-five years, of whom Aunt Eliza is a reminder.

And caps are such a bugbear, beside it, there ought to be a law, to prevent their use; and hair dyes, disfiguring the handsomest of all handsome changes, with which Nature in her grand wisdom has blessed our growing old. Even where it does give to some, while yet in early life, gray hair, how much better do their silky locks look, wavy and loose, heavily streaked with gray though they are, than those stiffened and blackened with dyes.

Take an aged grandma, of whom I have several in my mind as I write, with their snow-white locks, soft as thistle down, soft as a baby's first flaxen ringlets, combed in loose waves upon the forehead and falling in natural curls at the side, or drawn up into a knot at the back; what is lovlier?

No young miss's head, dressed with the nicest care, either black, brown, or golden, can compare in softness and beauty, to one of these heads of gray hair, which belong to our beloved grandmothers, or to our own mothers.—*Statesman.*

Hurrying to the Store.

During the last dull season a well-known Main street merchant was observed taking giant steps in the direction of his place of his business at 7 o'clock in the morning. A rival tradesman, who was well assured that large sales was not his motive that this rapid transit, hailed the swift "commercial traveler," and interviewed him as follows:

"What's broke loose, Charlie? Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm going to the store."

"Trade must be active with you!"

"It's not trade that has called me out."

"It's not a woman, is it?"

"No; of course not. But I'll explain the thing to you to keep down your infernal suspicions. There are three partners in our store, and we have only two chairs. The last man that comes in the morning has to stand up all day. It is very important for me to get to the store early this morning—good day."

And Charlie "lit out" like a reporter for a morning newspaper enroute to a fire.—*Western Retail Grocer.*

Early's Raid on Washington.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

From the Republic for March.

The beginning of July, 1864, found Grant with his powerful army of tried veterans in front of Petersburg, the key of the rebel capital. Daily he was tightening the grasp that was to end in the capture of the doomed city. In vain Gen. Lee exerted his consummate skill to break the steel chain that the Federal army was drawing around him. The men that had swept from the Rapidan to the James river in the face of death, and fought their way inch by inch to the very heart of the Confederacy, could not be turned aside from their purpose. They had come to take Richmond, and nothing but some unforeseen disaster could prevent them. The rebel commander, ever fruitful in resources, and desperate as a lion at bay, determined on a bold stroke to raise the siege, and, if possible, escape from his indomitable adversary. He knew that Grant had drawn every available man from the defenses of Washington; that but a small force stood between Richmond and the Federal capital, and that a rapid movement up the Shenandoah would, in all probability, result in the capture of Washington, or the quick release of Grant's iron grasp upon the throat of the Confederacy.

The movement was planned in secret, and its execution was the first intimation of Lee's design. General Jubal Early was put in command of about twenty-five thousand men—the best in the rebel army. Breckinridge and Rhodes were among his corps commanders. On the 3d of July the rebel army had reached Martinsburg without encountering any opposition. Sigel, with his small command, beat a hasty retreat across the Potomac. Weber, at Harper's Ferry, heard of the advance just in time to withdraw his command from that point, and took up his position on the Maryland Heights opposite. Early had thus driven, without a shot, the slight obstacles from his path. The gates of the North were found open and unguarded, and the flushed enemy swept through them to achieve, what was thought at the time, an easy victory ahead. Without an effort to prevent them they crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Point of Rocks, and on the 6th of July had penetrated to Hagerstown. From this point strong detachments were sent out to occupy Frederick and neighboring towns, and to destroy the railroads and canals leading to Baltimore and Washington. Thus far the movement had been a grand success. The Federal authorities had been taken by surprise, and for the time being, it looked as if the superb strategy of Lee was to achieve all that he had hoped for.

General Grant, however, was not idle. As soon as he divined Lee's purpose he adopted measures to defeat it. It was a grand game on the chess board of war, and although Lee had the advantage of a move Grant's masterly activity and sagacity won in the end. Never in his brilliant career did his genius show to better advantage. Quick as a flash his forces were in motion. Hardly had Early's columns left Richmond before Grant's troops were in motion to intercept them. It was, in reality, a race for the Federal capital; Early moving by land, Grant's force by water.

General Lew Wallace, commanding the department of Annapolis, was quickly apprised of the rebel movement, and took measures to defeat it. He had about eight thousand men, the largest portion of which were one hundred day's men, and artillery men from the defense of Baltimore. Rickett's division of the old sixth corps was the only tried fighting material under his command.

The best point of defense was thought to be on the Monocacy, near the railroad crossing. Here Wallace hoped to keep the enemy at bay until General Wright, with the remainder of the sixth corps and part of the nineteenth, could reach Washington.

Early knew the value of time. He knew that Grant was not asleep, and he felt that a single hour's delay might snatch from him the golden prize. He ran against the columns of Wallace, and without stopping to determine their strength precipitated his fighting force of 16,000 men against them. The contest was like to a fight between a full-grown man and a plucky boy. The boy stood his ground, fought like a hero, checked the progress of the man, and retreated from the field only when forced by unequal odds to do so.

Wallace fell back upon Baltimore, leaving the road to Washington open to the victorious enemy.

Early had been crippled by the desperate fight, and for the first time since leaving Richmond was checked in his rapid movements. But he took in the situation at a glance, and with almost superhuman efforts pushed on toward the defenseless capital. The battle of the Monocacy was fought on the 8th of July, yet by forced marches, Early's advance had reached Rockville on the morning of the 10th and by the 11th his entire force was in front of the empty defenses of the Federal capital. The sixth and nineteenth corps had not arrived. A handful of old soldiers held Fort Stevens, at the head of the Seventh street road, while the rifle pits were poorly defended by raw recruits, and as many of the convalescents as the hospitals of the city could turn out for the emergency. Surely, nothing but an act of Providence could save the city, for, at the word of command, the men that had charged our blazing batteries at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg would rush over the weak defenses of Washington as easy as a column of flame over the dry grass of the prairie.

The writer of this sketch was in Washington on the 10th of July, 1864. News of Wallace's defeat had been received, and swift couriers had heralded the rapid approach of Early. The occupation of the city was hourly expected, and temporary defenses were erected at several points. The clerks of the several departments were formed into companies and regiments, and arms and uniforms hastily distributed among them. The most exposed public buildings were quickly barricaded, and at the head of Pennsylvania and New York avenues, near the Treasury Department, batteries of artillery were planted.

Sunday night, the 10th, the enemy was expected. It was known that their advance had reached Rockville in the morning, and a forced march would have brought them in front of the city before night. The streets and avenues were deserted. From the principal streets every vehicle and other obstruction had been removed, while thousands passed a sleepless night, expecting the enemy's entrance before morning. But they did not come, and the morning of the 11th dawned upon the capital—still safe, and upon the advance of the rebel army within gunshot of its defenses.

That Washington could have been captured on the night of the 10th and at any time before the evening of the 11th has been claimed by rebel authorities and generally conceded by the best informed of the Union army. Why was it not taken? Various reasons have been assigned, but the true one must be found in the subsequent admissions of Early himself. They clearly indicate that at the critical moment when orders had been given for an advance, both Early and Rhodes were deceived into the belief that the reinforcements sent by Grant had reached the city and were in strong position in their front.

As this portion of the history of the rebel movement upon Washington is but little known, we deem it proper to bring the rebel commander on the stand as a witness against himself. He had been severely blamed for his failure to grasp the prize which, for a whole day, lay within reach of his grasp, and to defend himself he was forced to explain why it was that he held his army in check at the very moment when its advance must have secured the Federal capital. In his report Early says:

"A short time after noon (July 11) riding some distance ahead of my infantry I got in sight of the fortifications of Washington, into which a force of the enemy's cavalry had retired before mine. The works were apparently feebly manned, though they appeared to be strong in themselves. My whole column was moving by the flank along the road from a necessity of the case, as the character of the country would not permit a movement in any other way and the trains were interspersed in the column for protection. I sent word for the leading division to be brought up as rapidly as possible, and for the other divisions except one to be left as a guard to the trains, to move out of the column to the front. This was the work of time. General Rhodes was ordered to have his division brought into line as it came up and to move at once against the works. While his brigade was coming up he and I were in front examining the works, and before his first brigade could be formed into line we saw a cloud of dust from the direction of Washington and a column of infantry had filed into the trenches on the right and left and a regiment was sent to the front as skirmishers. We saw the men deploy with precision, and Rhodes remarked, 'they are not hundred day's men; they are old soldiers!'"

This was the movement that deceived Early into the belief that a portion of Grant's army had arrived and that made him hesitate about throwing himself upon an unknown force. His hesitation was the salvation of the city, for not until three o'clock in the afternoon did a soldier from either the sixth or nineteenth corps disembark at the wharf at Washington—nearly five miles from the scene of action.

The regiment—or rather the skeleton regiment, for it numbered less than four hundred men—that had advanced as skirmishers, and deployed with such precision as to deceive both Early and Rhodes, was the twenty-fifth New York, dismounted cavalry, under the command of Capt. S. E. Chamberlain. It had been ordered to Camp Stoneman to be remounted, for it had seen active service and by the casualties of battles had lost, not only in numbers, but in everything save courage and endurance. It left City Point on the 7th of July, arrived at Baltimore on the 8th, and Camp Stoneman on the 9th. It was destined to have no rest, for at midnight of the 10th it was ordered to move as quickly as possible into the defenses of Washington. At daybreak it had reached Fort Stevens, and during the morning it kept up an active exchange of shots with the advance posts of the rebel army. Early's sharpshooters had taken possession of the houses within rifle range of Fort Stevens, and to dislodge them and destroy the houses became a necessity. The work might test the courage of the oldest veterans, but Captain (afterwards Colonel) Chamberlain and his gallant men were equal to the occasion. At two o'clock he received the orders to advance as skirmishers. The men sprang into line as if about to go on parade instead of into the face of an army of fifteen thousand strong. To make the attempt with an army at their back to support them would have been gallant work, but to charge upon the rebel outposts with only a defenseless city to fall back upon, was an act of valor unsurpassed in the history of the war. Its very boldness deceived the enemy. The sixth corps was deemed invincible. Its presence on the field was equal to an additional corps. Early had heard of its detachment from Grant's forces; he had been advised of its approach, and when he saw the skeleton regiment deploying with precision under a severe fire and sweeping his sharpshooters from their hiding places, no wonder he was deceived into the belief that this was the van of an army that had come to the relief of Washington.

Medical intelligence is more largely diffused than any other information. There is hardly a house in Iowa where a man can complain of a sore throat or a pain in the head that somebody will not tell him what will cure it.

To Prepare a Hot-Bed.

The first is to select the location, and, if possible, have it on some part of the border of the garden, and facing east, southeast, or south. The best form of frame for a small, single bed—all that is needed for one family—is six feet long and three feet wide. The back board should be thirty inches wide, and the front board twenty-four inches. The side boards should have the upper edge to correspond, on a level, with the end boards. If you have not boards of suitable width for this, make the top surface true, and fill up the lower part with any strips on hand. Next, having the position selected and the frame made, get ready the manure, which should be that from horses that have been bedded with straw or leaves. This should be piled up under cover for a week, shaken up and turned over three times. Now, if the ground is moist where the bed is to be placed, do not dig out any dirt, but form the layer of manure one foot larger than box or frame. Make the manure heap, for bottom heat, thirty inches, and as you make it beat it with the back of the fork from time to time, so that it will settle evenly; do not step on it. The manure being placed, set the frame on, and then one foot out from the base of the manure, dig a spade wide and four to six inches deep, and throw the dirt up next to the box so as to form a bank down to the trench; open this trench, so that when it rains water will not remain in it and soak into the soil under the bed. Now place about eight inches deep of light, rich soil in the frame—after it is placed in the bed—make it level and place the sash over the frame. Leave the sash raised one inch at the head of the frame for the purpose of letting out the rank steam which first arises, say two days, when the soil should be nicely raked over and seeds sown, such as cabbage, cauliflower, celery, tomatoes, lettu