The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 51. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1351.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

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

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

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

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

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. 13-ly.

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.

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.

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.

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-ly

J. O. 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 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.

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

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

PHYSICIANS.

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

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

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

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country.
Feb7 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block sep4'72

DENTISTS.

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.

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

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-ly.

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.
mar15

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. jel2-73

HOTELS

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.

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

BANKS, ETC.

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. 3.

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

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. 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.

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. jan28

JNO. HICKS. LAURE 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.

J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 11.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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.

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 1h, 1875.

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.

HIGHEST AWARDS! Centennial Exhibition.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
NORTHWEST CORNER
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS.
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURES OF PATENTED
Wrought-Iron Air-Tight Heaters
WITH SHAKING AND CLINKER-GRINDING GRATES FOR BURNING ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Crates, Etc.
Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address.
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 25.

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

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.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman full of hope.
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Savior for a friend
Who would keep her to the end."

Sometimes happening along
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word,
In regard to what I heard;
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with that monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and rub,
On the wash-board in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming to her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring,
For the woman has a friend
That will keep her to the end.

JUST WHAT YOU MAKE IT.

A SERMON FOR GIRLS

"I am sick of this cant and twaddle, for I can call it by no better name. It is all nonsense—no girl need throw herself away. Couldn't support herself! And so she married that man with no moral stamina, no more fit for her to mate with, than an eagle is to mate with a crow!"

"Why, what could she do? She couldn't teach—she had no gift in the way of business. She *had* to marry."

"Do," said I, "why she could do housework!"

"Do housework!" My companion lifted her hands in horror and amazement. "Do housework! Who would recognize her, and then she is not able to do housework."

"Is there caste in this land? I would recognize her none the less because she made my bread and washed my dishes. Not able to do housework! What has she taken upon her but housework? Will not the vows of wifehood and the care she has assumed be housework? Working out, as you term it, would be nothing to the responsibility she has taken."

"Oh, well, the world does not look at it in this light."

"Does that make the work any easier? I fail to see the point."

"You always do put things so queerly. I for one would do just as Emma Haze did, if I were situated in the same manner."

Would you, reader? The circumstances are these:

Emma Haze was an orphan. She had a home at an uncle's, if such a place can be called home. She was tolerated there because she was a brother's child. She worked for her board and was grudgingly allowed the clothes she needed. Although her education was good, she had no tact for teaching. She had no taste for business, as has been already said. Her forte was doing housework, but rather than support herself in that way—for fear of what Mrs. Grundy and her train of followers would say—she married a man who had no mind, no principle, no education, but a little money.

Would you have done it? I put the question to each one who reads this—would you have done it? If you would, then you are—must I say it? a coward.

And now I want to preach a sermon to every girl in this land. Perhaps there will be nothing beautiful in it, nor any poetry in it, but it will have this merit, there will be truth in it. This is the text: "Girls, your life will be just what you make it."

Nothing is lowering to your dignity, if you do not let it lower your dignity. Keep in the path of virtue and you are in the right. It is no worse for you to go into the kitchen of another and do the work and be paid twenty shillings a week for it, than it is for you to marry and do the same work, and get nothing for it but what you eat and the clothes you wear.

I went in search of a servant girl last summer. For seven long weeks I searched sorrowing. One pretty looking girl told me that if I only lived in the town instead of the country she would help me, but she was afraid she would spoil her complexion. Yet her father was a drunkard, and her mother earned their daily bread by going out at day's work, scrubbing, washing and the like. And there the daughter was content to sit with folded hands, waiting, hoping that some one would come and marry her.

"But," says one, "I don't want to think that I must work out all my life for a living."

You need not, but you will need courage, perseverance and a will to do. Let me tell you a story. Mary Barnum and her brother were left orphans. She was sixteen, he fourteen. The father had been a shiftless, inefficient sort of a man, and had laid up nothing for the future, so they were obliged to support themselves. Fortunately for her, she knew how to do housework, and anyone who secured Mary secured a treasure. So she went to work. She sent her brother to school. At the age of sixteen he went to learn a trade. Soon after he came to me.

"I am tired of doing housework, tired of scouring knives and cooking dinners, and now I am going to school," she said.

"Going to school! What are you going to live upon?"

"I'll earn my living."

And she did. She worked at one place for a year. She earned twenty shillings per week. She spent fifty cents a week, so that at the end of a year she had $104. Now she was ready to start for school. She selected the best school in the State—the State Normal. She rented a room for fifty cents a week. The school term for the year is forty weeks. Twenty dollars of her money was gone. Some few friends, seeing that she was determined to go to school, furnished her room very plainly and cheaply.

She then resolved to live on one dollar a week; this necessitated the strictest economy. Thus sixty dollars of her money was spent. That left her but forty-four dollars with which to pay her tuition, buy her books and get the needfuls.

To be sure, she was not noted for the number of her dresses, nor was her hair frizzled and puffed in just the latest style, nor did she appear at every social; but one thing she was noted for, perfect lessons. She gave attention to her studies so that at the end of the year her scholarship was such that she received a training certificate, entitling her to teach without a public examination. Whatever she undertook she did well. Her motto was: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The next two years she taught, receiving $400 per year. At the end of two years she managed to save $400, to send her to school the remaining two years. With the utmost economy, it served her purpose. She had so little left that she had not enough money to buy a new dress in which to graduate.

But when the bouquet was thrown her at the close of reading her essay, I hardly think she thought as to whether her dress was new or not. Afterward I heard the Governor and the State Superintendent congratulating her.

The next year she was offered an excellent situation in one of our union schools. But, her health having suffered during the last term she was in school, she went out doing housework, instead of accepting the position. Did it degrade her any? No; she did her work just as faithfully as if it were the chosen business of her life.

At the end of six months, her health being established, she commenced teaching. She was a successful teacher.

Where is she to-day? The wife of an eminent professor in one of our Western colleges.

I know another lady who borrowed the money to take her through school, and paid it after she commenced teaching. To-day she is one of our most successful writers.

Another who had no means of her own, had a brother who was a farmer. He had not much ready cash, but he gave her enough provisions for herself and a little girl boarder. For the board of the little girl she received five dollars per week. The five dollars per week carried her through school. After graduating she taught. Her health failed, and the physician advised her to give up teaching and go to doing housework. Fortunately for her, she knew how.

She had a piano, and was very fond of music. So her next thought was, could she not find some place where she could earn her board and a little more, and take music lessons? She went here and there to find such a place. She succeeded at last, and was offered one dollar a week. She accepted the situation, and did her work so faithfully and well, that the lady paid her two dollars instead of one. She told her she earned it. Was not that better than to have sat down and folded her hands and bemoaned her fate?

At the end of the year her health was established, and to her other attainments she had added that of music. Do you think she lost one womanly grace during the year she did house-work? Far from it. She had gained in many things that which makes the true woman, and to-day few are her equals.

Girls, you need not say, "mother was to blame; she never taught me to work." Put your mind to it, and your heart in it, and in a year's time you will be mistress of housework.

Mary Mead was left penniless; she was then seventeen. A few days after the death of her parents she came to me.

"What shall I do?," she said, "I absolutely know nothing which will enable me to take care of myself."

And it was so. She could sing a little, play a little, and paint a little. Her mother had done all the work just as a good many other mothers are now doing, and left Mary to romp and play, and have a good time generally.

"What shall I do?" she said, bursting into sobs. "If I knew anyone who would teach me housework, I would work one year for my board."

I told her I would find such a place, and did so, and so thoroughly and well did she learn, that at the close of the year, the lady of the house was glad to keep her and pay her wages. She stayed six years.

At the end of that time the son, a noble young man, who had just entered into business with his father, astonished his mother one morning by saying:

"I am going to ask Mary Mead to be my wife. Mother," said he, "not a word. Do not say anything you will wish unsaid. If I mistake not, Mary will be just as astonished as you are."

And Mary was. But why should she have been? She had a good deal of leisure, and she had improved that leisure. Sometimes she read, sometimes she played, sometimes she painted. The lady of the house had seen that she was lady-like and reserved, and had given her access to the library and piano at proper times—privileges which are not usually given to servants; nor do they usually deserve them. She never intruded, but made the most of her privileges. She had saved her money, and when they were married—for married they were—she had enough to plainly furnish their home, and over it she presided with grace and dignity.

Now, I would not have you girls go out doing housework for the sake of getting a house, for you might fail if that were your intention, but I would have you all remember your life will be *just what you make it*.—*Signs of the Times.*

Remarkable Snipe-Shooting.

He was a long, loose-jointed, red-faced man, dressed in a greasy yellow shooting suit of corduroy, and he entered the smoking cabin of a Courtland street ferry-boat with an easy, careless step. His face was covered with a stubby growth of beard, and his hair was ginger-colored and matted. He bore upon his shoulder a double-barreled bird gun, and he led by a strong cord a yellow Jersey cur. He took his seat by the door, and after kicking his dog under the bench folded his coat-collar above his chin and looked grimly around the cabin. Everybody looked at him, but nobody could guess what his ultimate intentions were. Just as the boat splashed out into the stream a jolly German in a snuff-colored garb, rolled gracefully through the cabin and dropped into a seat near the man with the dog and gun. He espied the hunter.

"Snipe?"

"Yes," was the surly answer.

"Well, I'll tell you wot; snipe is awful thick around Jersey now. They say Jersey is aboud covered over wid snipe."

"Is that so?" the hunter broke in, as he shifted his position. "Well, I guess I'm the man that can get as many snipe in a day as anyone. I'll tell you what I've done many a time, if I do say it; an' yer can allus find me if I don't tell what's true. I shot 319 of 'em in a day, and I'd had a dozen more, but my dog got arter a herron an' chased her into an old mud puddle an' got drownded; otherwise, whar would I ha' ended? I I think I'd a cleaned Jersey, from Sandy Hook, of all her snipe. On that very day, afore ther dorg got stuck in the mud, he caught a snipe himself; treed her and killed her. An' if I don't then——"

Everyone stared at the story teller, until the German slowly arose and said: "Mine friend, dot is a ferry goot story, but I'll tell you one dot is so mooch petter as dot is goot. Listen! I haf a leetle yeller cat dot is not mooch smaller dan dot ar dorg. But she's a hooper. De order morning I heard a terrible racket in de back yard, an' I vent oud for to see vot it vas all aboud, and vot der yer dinks I saw all in de gleemer?"

"Well, I don't know; I suppose nothing."

"Nothings, nothings, yer say? Well, I tole yer. There was dot leetle yeller cat of mine sitting in dot yard, und in her jaws vos dot yeller dorg of yours and der same snipe."

The man in corduroy slowly arose and walked out on the deck.—*N. Y. Sun.*

On the Rampage.

Gilmore's Garden, New York, was in an uproar the other morning. A big elephant named Borsen, which arrived from Liverpool for the menagerie, was assigned to a place where three other elephants were chained; and, being unaccustomed to stand otherwise than alone, he became very belligerent. He walked in front of the other elephants as far as the chain would permit, struck them on the head with his trunk, and seemed determined that they should acknowledge his superiority. Always when several elephants are chained together one masters the rest, before peace is established. Mr Hale, the keeper of Borsen, gave him blows with a stout stick, and aided by several other men, watched the beasts through the night. Borsen entertained a consequent grudge against the keeper, and as the latter about seven o'clock in the morning was giving him water, hit him a blow on his side that knocked him twenty feet away. Hale ran at Borsen with his stick, but was seized and thrown over the railing. On returning to the charge, he was again seized, and this time the beast was on the point of plunging his tusks into him, when Mr. Charles McLain, the boss canvassman, went to his rescue and dragged him out of reach. Borsen then became furious. He broke his chain, and started through the premises with his trunk elevated and his tail standing stiffly in a horizontal position. He tore down a wooden railing as if it were a thread, and went to the lion's cage, which he knocked over. There was then a pandemonium of roars from all the beasts, including the seals and sea lions. Over twenty fled, but soon rallied, and under the leadership of Messrs. McLain and McDonald, prodded the elephant with pitchforks and tore his ears with hooks until he was secured. This was done by first lassoing one of his legs as he stepped, and then twining the rope around his other legs, which caused him to fall heavily. Then, being helpless, his fore and hind legs and tusks were chained. In this condition, after tremendous beatings, he rose, and was led to one of the posts in the garden, to which he was attached. His ears were badly lacerated, and blood streamed from wounds on his sides.

An elephant after being conquered, rarely attempts the second rebellion, and Borsen was quiet in a few hours, obeying the commands of the attendants. It took six hours to subdue him, and men were afterwards occupied for hours washing away the constant flow of blood. Mr Hale was badly, but not dangerously hurt. Charles Rivers had a narrow escape, for the elephant at one time held him with his trunk, and was on the point of driving his tusks into him when a violent blow of a club caused the trunk to loosen.

Precocious boy munching the fruit of the date tree: "Mamma, if I eat enough dates will I grow up to be an almanac."

The bishop of Lonsdal's directions for the way to heaven: "You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."

Turkey and Russia.

Frederick the Great, so it is reported, used to say that a war between the Russians and the Turks might be compared to a duel between a Chinaman and a man with one eye, and that it was not easy to know which was which. And yet, from the days of Peter the Great, the Russians and Turks have been almost habitually at war, and the record of their struggles presents some of the most exciting episodes in Modern history. As to the war of the eighteenth century, the conditions of a conflict between the two Powers have not wholly changed; and some strategic questions are the same now as they were during the eighteenth century. Then, as now, says a writer in the London *Times*, the command of the Black Sea was of the highest moment to either belligerent; then, as now, the ill-opened tracts and pestilential regions around the Balkans were a dangerous barrier to an invader, and then, as now, the immense distance between the Danube and Constantinople was in itself a most serious obsticle. The innate qualities, too, of the hostile armies were probably then what they still remain; the solid and disciplined Russian infantry had an easy superiority in the open field; the Turks were admirable in the defense of fortresses, and for patient endurance of want and hardship.

But the enormous extension of the powers of Russia, and the corresponding decline of that of Turkey make these old examples no longer opposite; and the essential difference is largely increased by the improvements effected in modern war, and by the altered condition, in recent times, of the subject races of the Ottoman Empire. In 1736-40, the Porte contended on equal terms against Russia backed by the whole strength of Austria; in 1787-90 the troops of Suwarrow were scarcely able to advance at the rate of five miles a day; when Catharine and Joseph agreed to divide the spoils of Turkey in Europe between them, the Christian population made no signs of life, the wars, therefore, of these remote periods cannot teach us much for the present juncture.

It is more important to take account of the general results of these bygone contests and of the political combinations which marked their course, or which may be connected with them. The first broad fact that appears is that the power of the Czars has prodigiously grown, and that of the Sultans has much diminished; and this memorable change, as is well known, has almost ever since been in rapid progress.

The frontier of Russia in the war of 1736 was on the Don and Dnieper only; in that of 1787-91, it had advanced to the verge of the Pruth; Suwarrow had already approached the Balkans, traversed afterwards by his successor, Diebitch. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that the alliances which in modern times have upheld the fabric of Ottoman rules are founded on long established traditions, or indicate a settled European policy. Twice Austria, in the tenth century, combined with Russia to crush the power of the Turks in Europe, and ever since the day of the Emperor Joseph a party of weight in the councils of Austria have advocated a return to this very system.

Nor has the attitude of England been altogether different; during the long struggle between England and France, England often dealt with the Turks as enemies, and in fact, it was not until the time of Pitt that it considered the Porte as a "neutral ally." It deserves notice, too, that ever since the wars which revealed her decay in the last century, Turkey has been treated practically by the great Powers of Europe as in no real sense an independent State, as justly subject to the will of the stronger. It is not necessary to lay stress on the partition planned at Tilsit; but that of Duckworth's passage of the Dardanelles; of Navarion, and of the liberation of Greece, if on these occasions the Porte had the same kind of international and sovereign rights possessed by every European kingdom. The eighteenth century, in fact showed what the Ottoman Empire really is; and nothing but a series of strange accidents have since kept together its dissolving frame.

Predestination.

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will to be."

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer to the stern when it takes place."

"MONEY! give me money, or I shall be driven to a deed my soul abhors." The citizen produced a handful of silver with tremulous alacrity, and in then occurred to him to inquire what particular form of felony his benevolence had defeated—"Work," muttered the wanderer, as he fobbed the coin and silently passed away.

At a prayer meeting in a Providence church recently, Deacon I—— arose and expressed himself as follows: "My friends, with great sorrow and regret I have just learned of the decease of our beloved Brother B——. Let us now sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

"Mary," said a Fourth street woman to a new servant, "when you hang out the clothes, be careful to put the nicest pieces nearest the fence."

Florence.

The early history of Florence is involved in doubt and obscurity. According to some authorities, the city was founded by the Romans; according to others, by the Etruscans. The most probable conjecture is that it owes its origin to a colony from Fiesole, whose ancient ruins are still visible on the neighboring heights.

What vicissitudes has she not experienced? What experiments in government has she not tried? Foreign invasion followed by internal strife and dissension—Frank, Lombard and Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibeline, *Bianchi* and *Neri*, white Lily and Red. Now a fief of the German Emperor, now an appanage of the Pope; then a dependency of the King of Naples, or a province of the Austrian kaiser; duchy, grand duchy, republic; at one time aristocratic, then democratic, afterwards theoretic, while running through all the political phases of civil liberty, republican license, anarchy, and chaos; then ending in military despotism, until at length she has found repose beneath the standard of a constitutional monarchy.

And yet with her dukes, grand dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, and the rest, as if human experience did not furnish a sufficiently wide range for her political experiments, she elects the Marzocco, a brazen lion, as gonfalonier; and then by a strange freak of religious fanaticism, casts her ballots for Jesus Christ as king, who, having been declared duly elected, was strangely enough deposed by his vicegerent, a Pope.

It is scarcely possible to photograph with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city, or if you could, it would only be a photograph after all, lacking warmth of color and depth of tone. We must content ourselves with a silhouette. Let us take a brief survey of Florence from the heights of San Miniato or the Boboli Gardens. It is like looking at a person in profile. You get a clearer outline of the more prominent features, though it may be at the expense of the minuter details of form and expression.

The city lies mapped out before us in the form of an irregular polygon unequally divided by the Arno, which with its broad and handsome quays and its numerous bridges with their graceful arches, constitutes one of the most striking features in the landscape. To the extreme right, conspicious with its lofty tower and ornate facade of variegated marbles, is the dark, gloomy mass of Santa Croce, the "Pantheon" of Florence. Beyond are the funeral cypresses of the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Farther on are the heights of Fiesole, the ancient rival of Florence, with its Franciscan convent and hoary crown of Cyclopane walls. Between Fiesole and Carreggi, once the seat of Lorenzo the Magnificent's Platonic Academy, is the famous Villa Palmieri, where Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose, laid the scene of his "Decameron," which inspired the "Canterbury Tales" of our own Chaucer, the Father of English poetry.

Directly in front of us is the enormous rectangular mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its mediæval tower and frowning battlements. To the right the tapering spire of the Badia shoots heavenward. Beyond, looming up in imposing grandeur, is the wondrous dome of Brunelleshi, flanked by the marvelous Campanile of Giotto, solid as a fortress, and yet light and ethereal as an air castle. Immediately to the left of the Cathedral you can just see the octagonal dome of the Baptistery, the "*bel San ocannie*" of Dante, whose magnificent bronze doors transported Michael Angelo to the seventh heaven of artistic enthusiasm. Beyond the Baptistery, San Lorenzo, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, proudly lifts its crest, as if in ambitious rivalry of the Duomo, while farther to the left Santa Maria Novella, with its graceful campanile, beautiful facade, and spacious cloisters, rejoices as the mystic bride of the great Buonarotti.

Crossing the Arno and sweeping westward, the eye is arrested for a moment by the dome of Santa Spirito, and then finds repose upon the the beautiful heights of Bellosguardo. Nearer by is the Pitti Palace, with its famous gallery. From this you can trace the covered corridor that connects it with the Uffizi, uniting the two like Siamese Twins of art, as they are, and constructed, it is said, upon the model of that which, according to Homer, once connected the palaces of Hector and Priam. As for the rest, Florence resembles most Italian cities viewed from an eminence—a heterogeneous jumble of red tiled roofs, chimney-tops, dormer-windows, sky-lights, terraces, belfries, crosses and flag-staffs, without the faintest hint of the crowded squares and thoroughfares below.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Lie Without Words.

"George, bring home your arithmetic to-night; I want to see how nice you have kept it," said Mrs. Wilson to her little son.

"Yes, ma'am," answered George, as he ran off.

Now, George had not kept his book nice at all, but had been very careless about it. It was marked with his pencil, and in one place stained with ink, besides being torn, and having a great many dog's ears in it. George was ashamed to take it home, and was a little afraid also, because he knew his mother would be displeased to see the book she had so recently bought for him so badly used.

What do you think George did? He borrowed Freddie Howe's arithmetic, which was just like his, only well taken care of, and carrying it home, handed it to his mother without saying a word. Mrs. Wilson examined the book, and praised George for taking such good care of it.

Do you think, little reader that George was happy after acting such a mean lie?

An excellent blacking for fine harness can be made by dissolving five or six sticks of black sealing wax in a pint of alcohol.

Population of the World.

Probably many of our readers would find themselves puzzled if some inquisitive child should suddenly demand of them to say what is the present population of the world. Nor could they be charged with any culpable ignorance if they should confess that that could not tell exactly—within a few millions or so. For the estimated increase of population in 1876 over that in 1875, upward of 27,000,000. Of course it must not be imagined that this enormous increase is entirely owing to the excess of births over deaths, but in a considerable degree to the results of recent censuses, mainly in Europe and India, and to a more accurate knowledge of regions hitherto unknown. According to the estimate given in the recent yearly issue of Behm and Wagner's reliable statistical work, the population of the globe in 1876 may be considered as being 1,423,917,000. This estimate is founded on the most recent data which it was possible to obtain from every country. These data result in the following figures for the chief divisions of the globe: Europe, 309,178,300 inhabitants; Asia, 824,548,590; Africa, 199,921,600; America, 85,519,800; Australia and Polynesia, 4,748,600. Behm and Wagner give a list of about 215 towns which contain 100,000 or more inhabitants, and 29 whose population reaches or surpass 500,000. Those at or above a million, are London, Paris, New York with Brooklyn (dated in 1875), Vienna, Berlin, Canton, and Seangton, Schauchowfu, and Singanfu, in China.

Phases of Life.

There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitudes—early youth and old age. In the middle of life we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempesttorn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the new and evening hours when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need to be at rest beneath! Youth is no less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know what they expect. Despite their gayety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porrige-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buck-knight. He has given himself sympathizing love-powder, that works upon him till dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshiping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space—as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportions.

Scandal.

What "they say" is beneath your notice. What's the use of lying awake of nights with the unkind remarks of some false friend running through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will, until it dies of inherent weakness.

"Johnny have you learned anything during the week?" asked a teacher of a five-year-old pupil. "Yeth'm," "Well, what is it?" "Never to lead a small trump when you hold both bowers."

A little boy of our acquaintance, who had just learned that the names John and Jack were used interchangeably, took occasion not unnaturally, to call his sister's attention to a picture of "Jack the Baptist."

Wendell Phillips the other day lost a favorite setting hen. In the goodness of his heart he took the eggs home, talked to them warmly for fifteen minutes about Susan B. Anthony, and they hatched out.—*Ex.*

A great many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We should like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her first baby.

Blue glass has achieved another triumph. It has cured a book agent of lock jaw, but it was as pale as a ghost when it got through.—*Hartford Clarion.*

Mrs. Partington isn't at all surprised to hear that the Ottoman is the seat of dissatisfaction. Give her a good old-fashioned sofa, if you want to sit like a Christian.

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why to help me draw my beau."

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who is going to write the life of her husband, says that if he had lived, the war might have had a different ending.

A blind mendicant in Paris wears this inscription round his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a sou." I can't see.

IT is said that the Chinese make a broth of a certain kind of paper. It must give them soup-ream pleasure.

Ten Millions of dollars are said to be invested in the culture of flowers in and around New York.

An ember from which the spark has fled—an old maid.

A Barber's epitaph.—He dyed and made no sign.

BRIGHAM YOUNG gets $40,000 a month.

Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of the ex-President is now in Europe.