The Somerset Herald.

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

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

ED. R. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

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. 28, '76.

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. 12-1y.

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 76-1y

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 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 reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug15.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr. 25, '76-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 sep472

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. 12, '74-1y.

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June20.

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.
novl1

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 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

ARTIFICAL 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. jel2-72

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.

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, 1874. 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 mortgage on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references, 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. Lapsley, 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. jan26

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.

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. 3, 1876.

MISCELLANEOUS.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and
Furnishing Goods
NO. 42 FIFTH AVENUE.
PITTSBURGH.

Dr. Harris' Cramp Cure.

A certain, safe and speedy cure for every ache and pain. It gives instant and permanent relief, and may be used as a liniment if desired.
Dr. Harris' Summer Cordial
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
And an unfailing remedy for Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
Send for Pamphlet containing valuable information.
HARRIS & EWING,
Wholesale Druggists, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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 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, churches, &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. 119 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHRIVER.
April 5, 1875.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPTONE & 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.

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.

REST IN THE GRAVE.

Rest in the grave!—but rest is for the wear,
And her slight limbs were hardly girt for toil;
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary
Which have no brightness left for death to spoil.

We yearn for rest, when power and passion wasted
Have left to memory nothing but regret;
She sleeps; while life's best pleasures, all untasted,
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet.

Her childlike eyes still lacked their crowning sweetness,
Her form was ripening to more perfect grace.
She died with the pathetic incompleteness
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face.

What undeveloped gifts, what powers untested,
Perchance with her have passed away from earth;
What germs of thought in that young brain arrested
May never grow and quicken and have birth

She knew not love who might have loved so truly,
Though love-dreams stirred her fancy, faint and fleet;
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat.

We drank the sweets of life, we drank the bitter,
And death to us would almost seem a boon;
But why, to her, for whom glad life were fitter,
Should darkness come ere day had reached its noon?

No answer,—save the echo of our weeping
Which from the woodland and the moor is heard,
Where, in the spring-tide, ruthless storm-winds sweeping
Have stain the unseen flower and new fledged bird.

—*Temple Bar.*

IN BLACK RUSSIA.

A STORY.

"Why, it is Musgrave! ce cher Arthur! I thought you, mon ami, to be in Spain still. What good wind, what wind of fortune, has blown you to us here, in Russia?"

Such were the words which reached my ears, as a gloved grasp was suddenly laid upon my arm, while I was traversing the railway platform at Minsk. I turned to find myself confronted by the smiling face of Demetrius Vassili, a Russian whom I had known for some three or four years at St. Petersburg, Paris, and wherever diplomatists and birds of passage congregate. He, this well-whiskered, glib-tongued Vassili, belonged to both categories, since, when I first knew him, in the Czar's capital, he was a Professor of the University, while in Paris he was an underling of the Russian Embassy, and at Madrid a gentleman at large.

I confess that I did not much like Demetrius Vassili, though I was more than half ashamed of my prejudice, for the man was friendly, almost too ostentatiously so; was polite, genial, and one of those amiable persons who are always taking our good opinion by storm, as it were, by the graceful rendering of some little service or other. Vassili, when I was a raw lad new to the Continent, had been kind to me once or twice, and I had repaid his good nature by taking his part when others spoke evil of him, in a vague way, behind his back, for he was not popular, somehow. There he was at any rate, and evidently delighted to see me.

"By the by!" abruptly put in my acquaintance, linking his arm in mine, "I have to congratulate you, have I not? Is it true that you are about to marry the beautiful Mlle. Marie, daughter of Count Constantine Orloff, the young lady who at Madrid, when I was there, broke all hearts?"

It was true that I was betrothed to Marie Orloff; indeed, I was on my way to her father's mansion, at which it had been arranged that I should be a guest until the wedding should take place, according to both the English and Russo-Greek forms, at St. Petersburg. Our engagement had come about in this wise. I, Arthur Musgrave, as an attache of our legation at Madrid, had been thrown much into the society of the daughter of the Russian Envoy, had learned to love her, and had been lucky enough to teach her to love me. My chief difficulty was with the Count, who was at first very much annoyed and displeased. Russia—youngest of nations—has an aristocracy that in pride and pretension rivals the "blue blood" of Spain, and every Muscovite noble is convinced that the English are, as Napoleon called us, a nation of shop-keepers quite unfit to mate with their own upper classes. Fortunately for me, however, I was heir to an entailed property, small, indeed, but the rent-roll of which seemed respectable in Continental eyes; while I was able to convince Count Orloff that my border ancestry had driven off Scottish cattle, and ridden in warden raids, at a time when his own forefathers were probably unbaptized Tartars, for it is a curious fact that the titled families of Russia are Georgian, Tartar, German, Swedish, anything but Russian.

All now was happily settled, and, as I have said, I was on my way to my future father-in-law's country chateau, a Summer residence in the lake district of Ostaschkoi, near Tver on the upper Volga. The Count's estate lay chiefly in that neighborhood, and he had lately been appointed, by one of those abrupt transitions from one service to another, which are common under the Czar's rule, Governor of the province.

"But what chance, M. Vassili, brings you here?" I asked, when we had shaken hands. "I heard of you last as in Rome."

"Here to-day, there to-morrow," answered Vassili, airily. "I have been in Asia lately, shall be at Wilna to-morrow, and in St. Petersburg next week. I serve a master who has dealings in far away places."

"You mean the Emperor?" I inquired, and the Russian nodded with a look of good-humored mystery. At this moment up came a porter to tell me, cringingly, that my excellency must be feared, be content to wait six hours or more for a train. There had been a movement of troops toward Poland, disordering the company's arrangements, and taking up the rolling-stock."

"The Emperor's orders, noble gospodin," he added, with a deprecatory shrug, as he saw my vexed face.

Then Demetrius chimed in. His train, too, had been delayed by the concentration of troops on the Polish frontier. He, too, had some hours to spend at Minsk. He had ordered dinner at the Black Eagle, hard by. The landlord knew him well, and would serve up a tolerable repast. Would I be charitable and share what would otherwise be a solitary meal?

Vassili gave me a good dinner, and we lingered long over our cigars and coffee, chatting of other scenes and old times. Then, at length, word was brought that the train for Wilna was in sight.

"Now I think of it," said my host, in his careless way, "on your way to the Count's chateau you will pass Staritza—yes!" he added, glancing at the open map that lay beside me on the table: "of course you will, and change horses there. I wish, if it be not too much to ask, that you would kindly give a message for me to the village priest, or papas, there—Pope John Perovich."

"I will with pleasure," I replied, "but remember my Russian is not very fluent, and I presume the priest talks no French."

Vassili assured me that the words were very few and simple, and suggested that I should pencil them, from his dictation, on a slip of paper which he pushed toward me. These were the words of the message: "Your son" ("our clergy marry, you know, like the laity," interjected Demetrius) "has been ill, but take comfort. He is doing well now, and, if he acts promptly, with the blessing of the Panagia, will succeed. He sends his love, faith and duty."

"I saw the Pope's son," exclaimed Demetrius, "the other day at Odessa. Young Cyril is a corn dealer and hay merchant, a pushing, speculative fellow, but as honest as the day. He was recovering from a fever, but hoped to fill his purse by buying up all the——ah! there is the railway whistle, so we must be quick! You'll do my errand, then, dear Arthur, will you not, and gladden the heart of the good old man?"

It was not until long after Vassili and I had parted that it occurred to me to wonder why he should charge me with such a message. It would have been simpler, surely, and more speedy, as a means of communication with Pope John, to have relied on the post. But then these rustic priests were ignorant, and possibly the eyes of the popas were not very well accustomed to deciphering manuscript. At any rate I would make a point of executing the commission.

"Pope John, English lord?" said the inn keeper at Staritza, falteringly, as I asked for a guide to show me the way to the parsonage, while the slow postillions were unharnessing, in the tardy fashion in which work is done in Russia, the tired horses from the carriage.

"Certainly," said I, observing his embarrassment. "Is the priest ill, or what is there surprising in a traveler's inquiring for him?"

The landlord bowed obsequiously.

"You'll find the papas in good health, noble gospodin," said he, in sugared accents. "Yonder is the parsonage, with the white gable."

"Then I want no guide to conduct me there," said I, laughing, and at once walked across to the garden gate. A neat, snug little dwelling was the parsonage, with its white walls, its tiny flowers, and the sacred pigeons cooing softly as they sunned themselves upon its red-eaved roof. An ill looking fellow opened the door in answer to my summons, scanned me narrowly, and, as I thought, with suspicion, and after some colloquy conducted me to what I guessed by the few books and the many pictured saints on the wall, to be the priest's study. Ten minutes elapsed, and then in came the master of the house, Pope John.

"Forgive me, noble sir, if I have kept you waiting," said the priest with as low a bow as he could have executed in the presence of the Bishop. "You bring me news, I am told, of my dear son?"

I cannot say that the revrened gentleman impressed me very favorably. Pope John was a corpulent old man, with a snowy beard that would have done credit to a hermit; long white locks falling from beneath his black velvet skull cap, a snuffy and frayed cassock, and dark-blue spectacles, from behind which a pair of keen though half-shut eyes surveyed me with a watchfulness that had in it something feline. The priest's voice, too, at once coarse and wheedling, grated on my ear, though nothing could exceed the bland urbanity of his reception of me. Twice over did I repeat the substance of Vassili's remarks concerning the young corn-dealer at Odessa, and twice, at the old man's request, did I mention the circumstance of my interview with Demetrius, "his kind and noble patron," as he called him; then I placed the written slip of paper, on which I had penciled the message, in the priest's hands, and declining his offer of refreshments, took my leave of him. As I left the parsonage I thought I heard some whispered talk, and then a low, sneering laugh.

"I am much mistaken," said I to myself, as I stepped into my carriage, and gave my postillion the signal to start, "if Pope John, 'the good old man,' as Vassili called him, be not as consummate and greasy a humbug as any in Muscovy." Then my thoughts reverted to rosy dreams of Marie and the future, and I sank into a reverie, from which I only awakened to perceive that my driver was proceeding in a leisurely manner that was most unusual, for if Russians work slowly the drive fast.

"Come, come, my lad!" said I, good-humoredly; "surely three good nags and a light kibitka ought not go at a snail's pace like this?"

As I spoke I heard the gallop of distant horses, mingling with the clank of steel. We were on a shady road, traversing one of those huge pine forests, the sombre gloom of which, alternating with the glare of the white sand, has occasioned the name of "Black Russia" to be assigned to these central provinces of the ancient Muscovy. Very soon we were overtaken by the hard riders in our rear, their swords clashing against flank and stirrup, their horses in a foam—in all, some 25 mounted men. Most of these, by their long lances and barbarian equipment, I knew to be Cossacks, but others wore the uniform of gendarmes, and three at least were officers.

"Pull up! halt, I say!" shouted he who seemed to command; and in an instant my driver obeyed.

"Secure the foreigner!" was the next order; and with amazing quickness I was grasped by two of the dismounted troopers.

"Resist and I fire!" growled a Cossack Corporal, pressing the muzzle of his pistol to my left temple, while his soldiers dexterously chained my wrists together. Then, shaking off the stupor of surprise, I found my tongue. There was, I said, evidently some mistake, some confusion of persons. My passport, if they would kindly look for it in the breast pocket of my ulster, would prove me to be Arthur Musgrave, of the British diplomatic service, junior attache of H. B. M.'s Legation at Madrid.

"Prisoner, you trifle with justice!" said the commandant sternly, in French; and, indeed, when the morocco case was drawn out and opened, it proved to be empty. My passport and papers were gone, inexplicably to me. As I stared blankly there was a roar of laughter, mingled with comments on my effronery.

"Remove the pretended Englishman!" ordered the Colonel, and I was thrust back into the carriage, a soldier on each side of me, and conducted to the town of Torjok, where I was lodged in jail.

I do not like, even yet, to recall what I underwent during the miserable three weeks that I spent in the prison of Torjok. It was not that the cell was narrow, the bed squalid, and the fare hard and bad. I was young and strong, and could rough it. But it was maddening to be externally examined and cross-examined by civil magistrates and military functionaries, none of whom would listen to the plain truth, and all of whom tried, by threat, promise, persuasion, to wring out of me a confession which, as they said, would enable me to claim the Czar's mercy and a lighter punishment for my crime. I was browbeaten, bullied, argued with, coaxed, but never accused of anything. When I inquired the nature of my offense I was jeered at. When I adjured my captors to write to the British Embassy, my prayer was treated as an impudent jest. And when I mentioned Count Orloff, the Governor of the province, as my future father-in-law, I really thought the Judge of Instruction would have flown at my throat, so angry was he.

"Only bread and water for the contumacious!" I heard him roar to the jailer as he went out. I thought, between them, that they would have driven me mad, and should have welcomed Siberia as a release.

I grew sullen at last, and refused to return any answer to the interrogatories with which they plied me. I began almost to doubt my own identity. It could not be myself, Arthur Musgrave, who was the tenant of this Russian den, and daily questioned as to my complicity in something extremely subversive of Church and State. Let them knout me, hang me, banish me if they would, I felt as though I were the only sane man among a pack of madmen.

"Here is the wretch, your Excellency," said a voice one day as my cell door was thrown open, with a clatter of swords and spurs on the stone floor that indicated the arrival of some distinguished personage; "there the desperado is, lord Governor!"

I looked up. There, in front of the group stood, in a rich uniform, the breast of which sparkled with orders, the "excellency" in question. The recognition was mutual.

"Count Orloff!" "What! Musgrave! Arthur, my dear boy, what terrible error is this?"

And to the scandal of the Judge, the jailor, and the rest of them, the Governor of the province hurried across the grimy floor to clasp my hands, and to order in a voice that brooked no denial or delay, that my chains should instantly be taken off.

"My poor fellow, how you must have suffered," said the Count feelingly, as he saw how pale and haggard I had grown. And then came explanations, the cream of which was that there had been a socialist conspiracy, a whispered one, luckily detected in time, a prime mover in which had been my acquaintance, Vissili, who had evidently made a cat's-paw of me in inducing me to carry his message to the priest, while at the same time he purloined my English passport and papers, probably for the sake of escaping, in case of the worst, under my name.

"But Pope John, and his son," said I bewildered.

"The real Pope John, a sad old rogue," answered the Count smiling, "had been arrested the day before you reached Staritza, and you found his house in possession of the Police. The white-bearded person to whom you gave the message, disguised in the priest's clothes, was Major Bulow, of the Imperial Gendaremie; and the message itself was an artful concoction, couched in a sort of verbal cipher, the key to which a traitor gave us, and which, but for our military precautions, would have led to a revolt of the Polish regiment at Tver, and a raising of the peasantry in 50 parishes. As it is, all is safe, and a telegram has just informed me that Vassili himself has been captured on the frontier. If ever a man deserved Siberia—but you are free, Arthur. Come with me, and Marie and I will teach you to forget this misery."

I have been married and happy now this many a year, but I do not think that the ill-omened face of Demetrius Vassili will ever be seen again on this side of the Oural.—*All the Year Round.*

A cross dog will make the top of a hemlock board fence feel soft as downy pillows.

Short men are not much in favor with Newark belles. They prefer hymen.

A little girl in Clinton, Ill., was teaching her brother the Lord's Prayer the other night, and when she had said, "Give us this day our daily bread," he suddenly called out: "Pray for sirup, too, sister; pray for sirup, too!"

The Teutonic Woman of Old.

The Teuton of old led a life of hardship. His was a simple mode of living. He knew few of the luxuries of an Oriental or a Roman civilization. His sluggish nature retained all its innate vigor. There was in his daily life nothing to enervate it and render him effeminate. But he entertained for woman no chivalric sense of delicacy. A creature of impulses, he was incapable of restraint. He guarded her virtue simply through the motive of right and property which was vested in her. His sense of independence could not brook encroachments upon his possessions, whether of person or property. Hence he hedged woman in with laws that were as wounding to her modesty as they were derogatory to her honor. They ignored her personality. They guarded her as they would have guarded a pet animal or a fruit-bearing tree. Thus was it enacted that the freeman who presses the finger of a freewoman is liable to a fine of 600 pence; of 1,200 if he touches the arm; of 1,400 if he places his hand above the elbow, and so on through a grade of fines, entering into details as disgusting as they must have been futile. Nor were these laws confined to the old English and their neighbors. They were generally used throughout the Teutonic races. In the Bavarian laws he who disarranges a woman's hair or detaches her comb is fined a certain amount. Legislation on such a subject, entering into such minute details, taking such stringent measures, implies great abuse, and proves conclusively that woman was not the object of respect to the ancient Teuton which some would make her, and that she was simply cared for because she was to be the mother of the young heroes and viking's who were to perpetuate the name and the prowess of their fathers. Commenting on the punishment inflicted on the woman unfaithful to her husband, as related by Tacitus, namely, that her hair was cut, and she was whipped, ignominiously through the village, Balmes remarks: "Certainly, this punishment gives us an idea of the infamy which was attached to adultery among the Germans, but it was little calculated to increase the respect entertained for women publicly. This would have been greater had they been stoned to death." Be this as it may, the more we study the condition of women in those early days, the less pleasing a picture does it represent. She was the companion of man in peace and war; she attended to all the indoor and outdoor work; while he sat dozing in half stupor by the fire she was up and doing; she accompanied him to the battlefield; she stood by his side and encouraged him in moments of greatest danger. Women were known to fight after their husbands and sons had been defeated. Thus Flavius tells us that, in a battle between Marius and the Cimbri, the struggle with the enemy's wives was not less severe than with the enemy himself, "for the women being mounted on the wagons and other carriages which had been ranged around as a defense, fought from them as from towers, with spears and pikes;" and he adds that, when they were refused the privilege of being committed to the custody of the vestal virgins, "they either fell, after strangling or braining the whole of their children by mutual wounds, or hanged themselves with ropes made of their own hair, upon the trees and the yokes of their wagons." The reading of such a page freezes the blood in one's veins, and he asks: Could this be told of mothers? The history and literature of all the Teutonic races answer in the affirmative. So do the Sagas of the North. Their ideal woman is one bloodthirsty, cruel, cold, heartless, and fatally beautiful. In the Volsung Saga, Signi counsels Sigmund to destroy her own children because he does not consider them valiant enough. "The daughter of the Danish jarl, seeing Egil taking his seat near her, repels him with scorn, reproaching him with seldom having provided the wolves with hot meat, with never having seen for a whole Autumn a raven croaking over the carnage. But Egil seized her and pacified her by singing: "I have marched with my bloody sword, and the ravens have followed me. Furiously we fought; the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates." Such is this maiden's ideal of a hero and of life. A fancy so steeped in carnage and crime could be possessed of a small share of tenderness and humanity. Nor is the ideal of woman of the Nibelungen-lied less fierce. Brunhild forces her suitors to contend with her in the games of throwing the spear, leaping, hurling the stone, under the barbarous penalty of losing their heads in case of defeat. She afterward has Siegfried slain; in return, his wife, Crimhild, after brooding over her wrongs for years, revenges herself by slaying his murderer. She is possessed of as little humanity as her rival. She asks Hagen where the fatal Hoard is; Hagen replies that he will never disclose it while any of her brothers lives, whereupon she orders her brother's head to be cut off, and, holding it up, exclaims: "I bring it to an end." Thou has: it now according to thy will," said Hagen; "of the hoard knoweth none but God and I; from thee, she devil—*Valendinne*—shall it forever be hid." In her rage she kills him with her own hand. Not in representations like these are we to find the ideal of true womanhood. Such characters bear no other traces of their sex than the name, and woman unsexed is a monster. No surprise is it, then, to read of the English lady of primitive times cruel to her servants and slaves. The types set up for her admiration were such as belittled the tenderness and delicacy of feeling and thought that belong to true wifely, motherly, and sisterly qualities. The Edda has summed up the Teutonic estimate of woman in these words: "Praise a woman when she is buried; * * * praise a maiden after she is married."—*The American Catholic Review.*

A hailstorm which swept over the Big Horn country on the 7th of July is said to have killed 700 ponies belonging to the Indians.

Tampering with History.

Popular taste would have military heroes imposing in presence as well as doughty in deed—a relic of impression by inheritance from what was anciently true, that prowess in battle required men of brawn rather than brain. After its long experience of the outgoing of spears and breastplates and the incoming of steam and gunpowder, the popular mind still does not quite realize that statesman Marshal Saxe, who twists a horseshoe like a wisp of straw in his fingers, is less formidable than aged Moltke, and that battles are planned in the closet and fought by telegraph. The popular conception of a great general is illustrated in the colored prints of the Bowery show windows. He bestrides a coal-black charger, from whose glistening eyes and distended nostrils red flames are shooting; he waves on high a sword fit for Goliath; bombs burst idly in thick profusion about the charmed hero, though dead soldiers are piled three or four deep around his horse's hoofs; steed and cavalier are of Brobdingnagian mould, and the total is labelled "Major General Sherman at Resaca," or "Sheridan at Five Forks," as the case may be. Yet we know that if Hancock, and Franklin, and Thomas were mighty in stature and massive in thew and limb, the reverse is true of Sheridan, and Grant, and McClellan. The popular idea of an infantry charge appears, also, in the old fashioned pictures, where a straight line drawn from the bayonet tip on the extreme right of the charging regiment to the tip of the bayonet on the extreme left, would just graze every intermediate weapon.

The painter, whether with pen or brush, has not always skill or candor enough to present his hero in his faults of body and soul; besides, the hero himself has rarely so little vanity as to expose his own defects and deformities. If an occasional Cromwell stoutly demands to be painted with his wart, illustrious men are not equally eager to set forth their moral blemishes and mental blunders, but suffer their reports and their official chroniclers to excuse or deftly disguise them.

National pride and various kinds of partisanship also resent the rough handling of historic heroes. The portrait of William Penn which Macaulay drew roused the indignation of many Quakers, in whose minds Penn had come to be a figure quite free from the human frailties which the historian ascribes to him. When Thackeray, in the "Virginians," sketched Washington as an ordinary mortal falling in love and quarreling in a very ordinary way, the picture shocked many Americans, for Washington is our patron saint. We had preferred to divest him of the frivolous gallantries in which youth commonly indulge, and to think of him as "loving but once," when he led the widow Custis to the altar. Bishop Meade, however, tells us in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," that Miss Cary had previously captivated the affections of young Washington, and rejected the offer of his hand; and there are rumors of other like experiences in Washington's life.

A rare, perhaps solitary lapse into profanity, under sudden irritation, is hardly a matter to be concealed in Washington's life, since it really serves to bring into the light of positive virtues his habitual self-restraint and decorum; yet some eulogists would gloss even that speck on the sun. Such eulogists think it wise to figure our first President as a recognized demigod among his contemporaries, ignoring the fact that hostile newspapers called him a traitor, an ally of Britain, "a stupendous monument of perfidy, ingratitude and degeneracy," and that his impeachment was called for. While the treaty with England, which he favored, was under discussion "his merits," says Young, "as a soldier and statesman, were disparaged. His private character did not escape detraction. He was accused of having overdrawn the amount of his salary and appropriated the money to his private use." Washington himself, in regard to the attacks of the press upon him for his treaty policy, wrote that he could not have believed that every act of his administration would be tortured, and the grossest misrepresentations of them made, "and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."—*he Galaxy.*

What Ailed Him.

One of our dry goods clerks called around to see his girl the other evening. She observed that he appeared very restless, and as he had been paying her pretty sharp attention she stiffed a proposal. She determined to assist the young man.

"George, dear," she said, in a sweet voice, "What's the matter with you this evening?"

"There ain't nothing the matter," remarked George, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"I think there is," said she, with great interest.

"Oh no, there ain't," returned George; "what makes you think so?"

"You appear so restless," she exclaimed: "you act as if there was something on your mind."

"It ain't on my mind," observed George; "it's—" and then he suddenly caught himself, and stopped.

"What is it—where is it, dear?" entreated the young miss; "won't you tell your darling?"

"It's on my back," blurted George, with an effort.

"On your back?" repeated the young miss, in astonishment.

"Yes," said George, desperately; "it's a porous plaster, and it itches so I can't keep still."

The young lady fainted.

Mary Loverin has just did at Croydon, N. H., at the age of eighty-seven and after a happy married life of sixty-five years duration.

The Deadwood *Pioneer* predicts that next year there will be employment in the Black Hill for three times as many men as there are now.

Fruit as a Medicine.

The importance to health of eating plenty of fresh, ripe fruit at this season of the year cannot be too strongly argued. Not imported tropical production, but the fruit of our own latitude and climate. Not green or rotten fruit. All the patent pills and half the physicians' prescriptions for average human indisposition are for one simple purpose—to drain the system of dead and injurious matter. Headache, dullness, sluggishness, fever and