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Business Manager.

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VOL. XXVI. NO. 18. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1380.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

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. july12

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 26.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr. 22, '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 sep1 72

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

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. nov11

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Casebeer & Fraser'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 county.—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. 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. jel3-72

HOTELS.

HILL HOUSE, DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA., JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR. The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The travelling 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.

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. 2.

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

NEW BANK. (In rooms formerly occupied by M. J. Sanner & Co.) Somerset County Bank. CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager. Will open for business on Monday October 1st. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butler and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited. Refer by permission to Hon. W. H. Koontz, Att'y at Law, Hon. W. J. Baer, Att'y at Law, Col. Ed. Scull, Col. U. S. Keyser, A. J. Colborn Att'y at Law, C. C. Musselman, Associate Judge, Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Att'y at Law, Wm. H. Fraser, Merchant, E. Kiernan.

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. jan29

SRPILE (Successor to C. H. Gilbert & Co.) DEALER IN FLOUR AND FEED, GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, QUEENSWARE, WILLOW WARE, SALT, FISH, TOBACCO AND CIGARS, &., &c,. &c., New Stock. ONE PRICE. All Goods Positively Sold at BOTTOM PRICES. FAIR AND SQUARE IS OUR MOTTO. Do Not Fail To Give No. 2, BAER'S BLOCK A CALL. When doing your SHOPPING. October 17

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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, 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 9, 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.

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—MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

Toothache.

Gracious! Godfrey! now it pains me!
Lordy! don't that old tooth jump!
Seems as though ten thousand devils
Tried with crowbars round its stump.

Whew! Can't some one give me something
Just to stop this blasted pain—
Hot-drops, laudanum, cloves, or hop-bag?
Quick! or I shall be insane!

Stop that 'tarnal baby's squalling!
Jehew! don't my tooth ache sweet!
Darn that cat! I'd like to kill it!
Always under some one's feet.

Jove! I'd like to fight with some one,
Just to get my jaw stove in—
Fire! murder! Godfrey! Gunther!
Oh! it's aching now like sin!

Howling, am I? Well, I know it!
And I guess that you'd howl, too,
If you had a blasted toothache—
Same as this one—troubling you!

Curse! I know it don't relieve me;
But I'm crazy with the pain!
Ain't there anything to ease it?
Let me try the hops again.

There, now, gently—place them easy!
Phew! They're hot! Just let them cool!
Well, put 'em on. You're bound to burn me!
There you've done it! Darn a fool!

HOW THE WEATHERCOCK WAS OILED.

"I'm game to do it," says Bill Johnson, "any time you like."

"Not you," says Joey Rance. "It ain't in you."

"Ain't it?" says Bill.

And as he spoke he took a pull at his strap, and Parson says—

"My good man, I couldn't think of allowing it."

You see, this is how it was. We'd got a weathercock a-top of our church spire at High Beechy; and it was a cock in real earnest, just like the great Dorking in Farmer Granger's yard; only the one on the spire was gilt, and shone in the sun quite beautifully.

There was another difference, though. Farmer Granger's Dorkin used to crow in the morn, and sometimes on a moon-light; but the gilt one a-top of the steeple after going on swinging round and round, to show quietly which way the wind blew, took it into its head to stick fast in calm weather, while in the rough wind—oh lor' a mercy! the way it would screech and groan was enough to alarm the whole neigborhood, and alarm the neighborhood it did.

I would not believe as it was the weathercock at first, but quite took to old Mother Bonnett's notion as it was signs of the times, and a kind of warning to High Beechy of some thing terrible to come to pass.

But then, when you stood and saw it turning slowly around in the broad daylight, and heard it squeal, why, you couldn't help yourself, but were bound to believe.

Just about that time a chap as called himself Steeple Jack—not the real Steeple Jack, you know, but an imposter sort of fellow, who, we heard afterward, had been going around getting sovereigns to climb the spires, and oil the weathercocks, and do a bit of repairs, and then going off without doing anything at all—well, this fellow came to High Beechy, and saw Parson, and offered to go up, clean and scrape the weathercock, oil it and all, without scaffolding, for a five pound note.

Parson said it was too much, and consulted churchwarden Round, who said "ditto," and so Steeple Jack did not get the job even when he came down to three pounds and then to a sovereign; for bless you, we were too sharp for him at High Beechy, and suspected that all he wanted was the money, when, you know, we could not have made him go up, it was such a risky job.

The weathercock went on squeaking then awfully, till one afternoon, when we were out on the green with the cricketing tackle for practice, Parson being with us, for we were going to play Ramboro' Town next week, and Parson was our best bowler.

He was a thorough gentleman was Parson, and he used to say that he loved a game of cricket as much as ever, and as to making one of our eleven, he used do that, he said, because then he was sure that no one would swear, or take more than was good for him.

Speaking for our lot, I'm sure it always made us respect Parson the more; and I tell you one thing it did besides, it seemed to make him our friend to go to in all kind of trouble, and what's more it fetched all the lot in our cricket club to church when I'm afraid if it hadn't been out of respect to Parson we would have stayed away.

Why I've known him on a hot evening at practice between the overs suddenly cry, "Hold hard!" with the ball in his hand, and say—

"Tell you what, my lads, I think a glass of Tompkin's home-brewed wouldn't be amiss just now. Smith, my man, will you step across and tell them to send us a gallon?"

Then when it was brought all cool and foaming from out of the cellar, and he took the first glass as a matter of course, he'd got the nack of saying something sensible to a man in a way as did more good than the preaching in a month of Sundays.

"That," he would say, with a smack of his lips, when he had finished the cool draught, "That's good, refreshing, invigorating and hearty. What a pity some men are so foolish as to take more than is good for them. Come, my lads, another glass around, and then to work."

Why, you may laugh at me, but we all of us loved our Parson, and he could turn us all this way or that way with his little finger.

Well, we were out on the green, as I said, and the talk turned about oiling the weathercock and how we heard as Steeple Jack, as he called himself, had undertaken to do Upper thrope steeple, as is thirty feet lower than ours, and had got the money and gone off.

"I thought he was a rogue," said Billy Johnson. "He looked like it; drinking sort of a fellow. Tell you what, I'm game to do it any time you like."

"Not you," said Joey Rance. "It ain't in you."

"Ain't it?" said Bill, tightening his belt, and then—

"My good man," says Parson, "I couldn't think of allowing it."

You see, ours was a splendid spire, standing altogether, one hundred and seventy feet six inches high; and as it says in the old history, was a landmark and a beacon to the country for miles around. There was a square tower seventy feet high, and out of that sprang the spire tapering one hundred feet, and certainly one of the finest in the country

"Oh, I'd let him go sir," says Joey, "he can climb like a squirrel."

"More like a monkey," says Sam Rowley, our wicket-keeper.

"Never mind what I can climb like," says Billy, "I'm game to do it; so here goes."

"But if you do get up," says Parson, "you will want tools to take off and oil the weathercock, and you can't carry them."

Just then a message came from the rectory that Parson was wanted, and he went away in a hurry; and no sooner was he gone than there was no end of chaff about Billy, which ended in his pulling up his belt another hole, and saying:

"I'm going."

"And what are you going to do when you get up there?".

"Nothing," he says, "but tie the rope up to the top of the spire, and leave it for some of you clever chaps to do."

"What rope shall you use?" I said.

"The new well rope," says Bill. "It's over two hundred feet long."

Cricketing was set aside for that day, for Joey Rance went off and got the rope, coming back with it over his arm, and throwing it down before Billy in a defiant sort of way, as much as to say—

"There now, let's see you do it."

Without a word, Billy picked up the coil of rope and went in at the belfry door, to come out soon after at top of the tower, and then, with one end of the rope made into a loop and thrown over his shoulders, he went to the edge of the eight-sided spire and began to climb up from crocket to crocket, which were about a yard apart, and looking like so many ornamental knobs sticking out from the spire.

We gave him a cheer as he began to go up, and then sat on the grass wondering like to see how active and clever the fellow was as he went up yard after yard, climbing rapidly, and seeming as if he'd soon be at the top.

The whole village turned out in a state of excitement, and we had hard work to keep two other brave fellows from going up to try at the other corners of the spire.

"He'll do it—he'll do it!" was the cry over and over again.

And it seemed as if he would, for he went on rapidly until he was within thirty feet of the top; when all of a sudden he seemed to loose his hold, and came sliding rapidly down between two rows of crockets faster and faster, till he disappeared behind the parapet of the tower.

We held our breath, one and all, as we saw him fall; and a cold chill of horror came upon us. It was not until he reached the top of the tower that we roused ourselves to run to the belfry door, and began to go up the spiral staircase to get to the poor fellow, whom we expected to find half-dead

"Hallo!" cried Billy's voice, as we got half-way up the corkscrew: "I'm coming down."

"Ain't you hurt then?" cried Joey Rance.

"No, not much," said Billy, as we reached him by one of the loopholes in the stone wall. "Got some skin off, and a bit bruised."

"Why, we thought you were half-killed," we said.

"Not I," he replied, gruffly; "the rope caught over one of the crockets, and that broke my fall a bit."

"Going to try it again?" said Joey with a sneer.

"No, I ain't going to try again, neither," said Billy, gruffly; "I left the rope up at the top there, thinking you were so clever you'd like to go."

"Oh, I could do it if I liked," said Joey.

"Only you daren't," said Bill, rubbing his elbows and putting his lips to his bleeding knuckles.

"Daren't I!" said Joey.

And without another word he pushed by Billy, and went on steadily up towards the top of the tower.

"I hope he'll like it," said Billy, chuckling. It ain't so easy as he thinks. Let's go down. I'm a good bit shook, and want a drop of brandy."

Poor fellow, he looked rather white when we got down; and to our surprise on looking up, on hearing a cheer, there was Joey hard at work with the rope over his shoulder, climbing away, the lads cheering him again as he climbed higher and higher, till he at last reached the great copper support of the weathercock, and then, drawing himself up a bit higher he clung there motionless for a few minutes, and we began to think he had lost his nerve and was afraid to move.

But that wasn't it—he was only gathering breath; and we gave a cheer, in which Billy Johnston heartily joined, as up there, looking as small as a crow, the plucky fellow gave the weathercock a spin around, afterwards holding on by his legs, clasped around the copper support, while he took the rope from his shoulders, untied the loop, and then tied it securely to the great strong support.

All this time he had his straw hat on; and now, taking it off, he gave it a twirl away from him; and away it went right out into space, to fall at last far from the foot of the tower.

Joey now began to come down very slowly and carefully, as if the coming down was worse than the going up, and more than once he slipped; but he had a tight hold on the rope with one hand, and that saved him, so that he only rested, and then continued to come down.

You see the spire sloped so that he did not hang away from it, but against the stone sides; and so we went on watching him until he was about half way down, when he stopped to rest, and, pulling up the rope a bit as he held on to the tower so as to rest his legs.

We gave him another cheer, and so did Parson, who just then came up, when Joey waved his hand.

As he did this, something occurred which took away my breath; for, poor fellow, he seemed to slip, and, before we could utter a cry, he turned over and hung head downward, falling, with his leg slipping through the loop, till his foot caught; and he hung by it, fighting hard for a few moments to get back, but in vain; and as we watched him his struggles got weaker, so that he did not turn himself up so far in trying to reach the loop where his ankle was caught; and at last he hung there, swinging gently to and fro only moving his hands.

By this time Parson, I, and two more had got to the belfry door, and we ran panting up the dark staircase till we got upon the leads.

"Hold on, Joey," I shouted. "I'm coming."

"Make haste," he cried back faintly, "I'm about done."

By this time I was about ten feet up, and climbing as hard as I could, forgetting all the danger in the excitement; for I don't think I should have dared to go up on another occasion.

It was very hard work, and as I climbed the wind seemed to blow terribly; but I got up and up, panting as I did till at last I was clinging so, there with one foot resting on a crocket, wondering what I should do now.

"Look sharp, lad," said poor Joey. "It seems as all my blood was running into my head."

I leaned over and got hold of the rope close to his ankle, but do anything more I could not. I had all the will in the world to help the poor fellow, but it took all my strength to keep myself with one hand from falling, and as to raising my old companion, I neither had the strength nor the idea as to how it could be done.

The only way out of the difficulty seemed to take out my knife and cut the rope, and then the poor fellow would be killed.

"Come down," cried a voice beneath me.

And looking towards the leads, there was Parson, stripped to his shirt and trousers, and with a coil of rope over his shoulder—for the new well rope had proved to be long enough to let him cut off some five and thirty feet.

"Don't leave me," groaned Joey, who was half fainting. "I feel as if I should fall any moment. I say, lad, this is very awful."

"Here's parson coming up," I said.

And so it was; for he went to the row of crockets on the other side of Joey, who now hung, looking blue in the face, and with his eyes closed.

"He must make haste — make haste," he moaned softly.

I stopped, holding on, while Parson climbed up quicker than either of us had done it, drawing himself up by his arms in a wonderful way till he was abreast of us two—me holding on and Joey hanging by one foot.

As soon as Parson reached us he said a few words of encouragement to Joey, who did not speak a word, and then climbing higher, tied the short rope he carried to the long rope just above the loop knot which held Joey's ankle. Then coming down a little, he tied his rope tightly around Joey, just under the armpits,

"That will bear you my lad. But catch fast hold of it with your hands, while I cut your foot free."

Climbing up higher once more, he pulled out his knife, opened it with his teeth, and then began to saw through the strands of the rope that held Joey's ankle, till there was a snap, a jerk, and a heavy swinging to and fro, for the poor fellow had fallen two or three feet, and was now hanging by the rope round his breast, right way upwards.

He did not make any effort for a few minutes, and as cheer after cheer came to us from below, he swung there, with us holding on for dear life.

"Can you climb down now, Rance?" said Parson, "if I cut you free?"

"No, sir," he said, hoarsely, "I've no use in my arms or legs they're all pins and needles."

"Then we must lower you down," said Parson, calmly.

And getting hold of the long piece of rope, he climbed up once more, as coolly as if he was on an apple-tree in his orchard, and seeing the knots were fast; then, comingdown, he passed his long rope through the one round Joey's breast, and tied it again round him.

"Now," he said, "Fincher and I will hold on by this rope, and you can let him work it over his head," and then with Parson striding from the crockets on the one angle to those on the other, and me holding on to the rope as well, we let him down sliding, with his back to the stone, till his feet touched the leads, when he fell down all of a heap.

"Untie the rope," said Parson, "and get him down."

He spoke very hoarsely, shouting to them below; and a cheer came up. "Now, incher," said Parson, "we've got to get down."

As he spoke, he made a running noose in the rope with the end he had in his hand, let it run up to the big noose, and pulled it tight.

Then he made an effort to get his legs together on one angle; but the distance he had been bending was too great, and he couldn't recover himself, but swung away by his hands.

"I can't help it, Fincher—I must go first," he cried.

And he was already sliding down the rope as he spoke; but I was so unnerved and giddy now that I dared not look down.

I believe I quite lost my head then for a few moments; for I was clinging there for life a hundred and twenty feet above the ground, and the wind seemed to be trying to push me from my hold.

I was brought to myself, though, just as the landscape about me seemed to be spinning round, by feeling the rope touch my side; and I clasped it convulsively with both hands, and then, winding my legs round it, slid rapidly down, the rope seeming to turn to fire as it passed through my hands.

A few moments later, and I was safe on the tower leads, trying like the rest to smile at the danger we had passed through; but it was a faint, sickly kind of a smile, and we were all very glad to get down to the green and cared nothing for the cheers of the people.

The rope was left hanging there, and stayed till it rotted away; but somehow before a week was out that weather-cock stopped squeaking, as if some one had been up to oil it, and, though nothing was said about it, I've always felt sure that Parson went up himself and did it early one morning before any one was up.

He was cool-headed enough to do it, for he certainly saved Joe Rance's life, and I know no one in the village would have done it without bragging after. At all events, the weathercock was oiled, and as I said over and over again to Joey, "If Parson did'nt oil that weathercock, who did?"

Dressing the Baby.

When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year old child she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it the youngster is slid out of her hands with his face wasted and hair combed, his clothing in ship shape order, and a $10 chromo under his arm. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations and puts on the air of one who is getting an eighty-four gun ship ready for a two years cruise. He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for this, and sharp snapping inquiry for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking under the furniture for the other (all of which comes from his having undressed the child the night before) he at length sits resignedly down in a chair and with a feeble attempt at good-nature says:

"Come, Freddie, come to papa, and have your coses on."

The child, who is just then traveling around in his night-dress, and playing with a damp towel and stove wrench, makes a bee line for the door, full of desire to escape into the next room.

"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave effort at patience.

The child keeps on its course.

"Fred!"

This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns and tacking slowly up to the now stern browed parent, gradually gets within reach, when a sudden grab of his arm brings him into position where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove wrench plumps solidly down on his foot.

"Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony nursing his foot with one hand and shaking the poor innocent with the other; whereupon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.

A voice from below, where the wife and mother is busied in getting breakfast, joins in the chorus.

"Olmstead Molleson, what on earth are you doing to that child?"

"Oh, you be darned!" goes back the quick reply, in a short, ugly, desperate growl that silences all further inquiry.

Then the father after rubbing his foot and groaning a while, squares the child around and begins the process of dressing him, which is mostly made up of dreadful struggles between clumsy fingers and smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments hind-side before, upside down, searches after the missing articles, and talk like the following:

"Turn around!"

"Stand still!"

"Hold your arm up!"

"Thunder and lightning! Can't you let things be?"

"Stop reaching!"

"Up I say!"

"Can't you keep still?"

"Where's that other skirt?"

"Shut up!"

"Let go!"

"Blast that button!"

"Now, where in the blazes is that pin?"

"Stand up!"

"There, by thunder!"

"Why don't you fall down and be done with it?"

"Stop howling"

"Stop!"

"Ouch! Devil take that pin!"

"Let that be!"

"Behave!"

"Great scat!"

"Say, why don't you have four or five thousand more buttons on your clothes?"

"Quit!"

"Now, where is that other stocking?"

"Keep your foot still!"

"By jove in Jerusalem!"

"Gimme the other foot!"

"No, the other!"

"Can't you see?"

"Sanctified Solomon! what do you want to spread your toes all out for? How do you suppose I'm going to put your stocking on with your foot in that shape?"

"Stop it!"

"Stop it, I say!"

"Let go there!"

"Prow, wow! e—e—u! Who stuck that pin in that way?"

"You of course," says a cold, thin cutting voice; and he glances up and sees his wife looking down on him in a taunting, exasperating sort of way. "I'd be ashamed of myself," she continued, "to go on in that way and get so out of patience with a little bit of a baby. You've been making noise enough to raise the dead, and the clothes look as if they'd been thrown on with a pitchfork. Gimme him!"

And he gets up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slamming and stamping around the house after the liniment bottle, and banging the doors and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself into such a state of meanness and mortification that, to spite himself, he goes off down town without his breakfast.

Where are you going asked one little fellow of another who had slipped and fallen down on the pavement. "Going to get up!" was the reply.

An old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be able to face death at any time.

The President's Policy.

The country would have been disappointed if the President, in his Message to Congress, had not given his own version of his Southern policy, its motives and objects, its methods and results. His statement of the case, though brief, is comprehensive, and from his point of view conclusive. The disappointment which the country will now experience will proceed from the insufficiency of the explanation, measured by the standard of the Republican Party and from the somewhat remarkable indifference to facts upon which the President bases his claims to success.

The message declares truly that in the campaign of 1876 the pacification of the South was by both parties declared desirable. No one can pretend, however, that the two parties were agreed as to the ends to be sought or the means to be employed.

The Democratic Party consistently impugned the policy deliberately adopted by the Republicans. Its idea of pacification was an unqualified surrender to the White Democracy of the reconstructed States. Under the guise of self-government their supremecy was to be made absolute The Republican Party, on the other hand, insisted that to render pacification permanent, complete protection must be assured to all citizens of the South "in the free enjoyment of all their rights;" and the exaction of guarantees bearing upon this point was indicated as a Republican duty. Now, Mr. Hayes was elected to the Presidency by the Republicans. He was their standard bearer in the contest. When, therefore, he appeals to the party's platform as furnishing a justification of his Southern action, he should be prepared to show that the construction he places upon the Cincinnati demand for pacification harmonizes with the construction which the convention would have put upon its own proposition. Does the President believe that he would have received the nomination had he, or any one in his behalf, informed the convention of the course he intended to pursue in Southern affairs? Does he believe that the great body of the party outside of the convention would have accepted him as its candidate if his opinions and purposes had been understood as as well as they are now? Unless he can answer these inquiries affirmatively, the attempt to find approval of his Southern policy in the utterances of his party must be pronounced a failure.

Is the argument founded upon experience any more successful? The President says that "beneficent results already apparent prove that" his "endeavors are not to be regarded as an experiment, and should sustain and encourage us in our efforts." Surely "beneficent results" which admit of being thus positively stated are susceptible of some sort of tangible evidence. What is its nature? Where is it to be found? We are told, in the first place, that "all apprehension of danger" is dispelled; next, "that a most salutary change in the minds of the people has begun and is in progress in every part" of the South. The precise meaning of the first of these allegations is partially elucidated by a subsequent allusion to "the terrible and often fatal collisions which for several years" were of frequent occurrence and "have almost entirely ceased." These collisions, it should be remembered, and the apprehension of danger growing out of them, were in almost every instance traceable to a political origin. The Republicans asserted their rights, as citizens, to meet, discuss, organize, agitate, and vote; the Democrats employed their strength to render the exercise of these rights as perilous as possible. There has not been an election since the President's "beneficent" policy came into play, or we should have some pretty illustrations of the way in which the danger of further collisions has been dispelled. Even now the it is known that the price of peace which the President would have us celebrate in hymns of praise and thanksgiving is the virtual abandonment of the Republican party in the Southern States. Collisions have ceased because Republicans, white and black, finding themselves abandoned by Federal authority, have quietly succumbed to superior force. They have no further inclination to kick against the pricks for the sake of a party which—as they see the matter—has left them to their fate. The Democrats, having got all they wanted, are for the time quiet; they do not kill or maim or drive into swamps, simply because men are not rash enough to avow themselves Republicans. As for the "salutary change" spoken of by the President, except in the sense just portrayed, we know not where to seek it. The South has become solid for the Democracy Is that a salutary sign? It takes as a matter of course all the President concedes; it dictates appointments and does not thank him when they are made; it assures him that he has done exactly what it wanted him to do, and that it intends to manifest its gratitude by strengthening the Democracy, and rendering impossible the election of another Republican President. Does the President really consider these things salutary? Are they what he designed? Should they silence adverse criticism, or reconcile Republicans to a change which endangers cherished purposes of their party and casts doubts upon its future?

But the President assigns other reasons for his confidence, and prominent among them is the statement that "public credit in the Southern States has been greatly strengthened" by their surrender to the Democracy. If this were correct, it would be a valid argument in his defense. If, as a consequence of his policy, the South evinced a nicer regard for its financial integrity, and re established its credit at home and abroad, we should pause before passing any harsh judgment either upon the policy or upon the Southern people. It is, however, a question of fact, and we admit that all the facts are against the President. Southern credit, he says, "has been greatly strengthened." We reply that it never was worse than at this moment. The record of Southern States has again and again been blackened by repudiation. The whole South now seems to be cursed with the repudiation mania. Georgia, comparatively rich and prosperous as it is, has incurred the brand of infamy by robbing its creditors of millions, and excluding them from its courts. Alabama is a repudiator Arkansas repudiates. North Carolina repudiates. South Carolina, despite the entreaties of its Governor, drifts toward repudiation. Virginia, after "scaling" and funding to its heart's content, is torn by a struggle on the question of further readjustment. Tennesse, which gave to the President an advisor and a welcomer, is engaged in an unprincipled attempt to extort terms from the fears of its creditors, to whom, meanwhile, it will pay neither principal nor interest. Where, then, is the foundation for the Presidents' remark? What Southern State has had its credit "greatly strengthened?" Which among them could to-day sell its bonds in New York, London, or Frankfort? If the President will investigate a little, he will discover not only that Southern credit has not improved, but that the almost universal disposition to repudiate justifies the fears with which conservative financiers regard the influence of a solid South upon the credit of a nation.

After informing Congress that his policy has already borne such rich fruit that it must be accepted as a success, the President in his final references to the subject, practically concedes that everything is yet contingent upon the voluntary proceedings of the Southern States. The National Government can now do little or nothing. The education and general welfare of the colored people, the enactment of just and humane laws and their proper administration,—everything, in short, not specifically provided for in the constitutional amendments, must now be dependent upon the Southern Democracy. They are masters of the situation. To them the President "earnestly appeals" for the recognition of the equality they have spurned, for the protection which is at present a mockery, for the attainment of objects which they fought against when the Republican Party was a power in the South, and which will hardly receive their support now that their authority is absolute. This, then, is the glorious result, this the "salutary change," this the proof that the policy is not an experiment!—*N. Y. Times.*

Out of Doors.

We can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind, soft tranquility which we feel in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep in their jaded hearts! Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil and never wished for change; men to whom custom has been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to learn at last for one short glimpse of nature's face; and, carried far from the scenes of their pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and, crawling forth from day to day, to some green, sunny spot, have had such memories wakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun whose setting, they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before—faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of the world, or of its thoughts or hopes; their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred. But beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

A Submerged City.

A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below water they found what they supposed to be a village, since covered by the lake. Their statements led to an investigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers. On covering the placid surface with oil, these latter were able to distinguish the plan of the town, streets, squares, and detached houses, making the bed of the lake. The ruddy hue which characterized them led the observers to suppose that the buildings had been covered with the famous vermillion cement which was used by the Celts Cimbri, and the early Gauls.

There are about 200 houses arranged over an oblong surface, near the middle of which is a more open space, supposed to have been used for public assemblages. At the eastern extremity lies a large square tower, which was taken for a rock. A superficial investigation seems to indicate that the construction of these buildings dates from some centuries before our era. The Council of Vaud has decided to have the site of the dwellings inclosed by a jetty stretching from the land, and to drain off the water, so as to bring to light what promises to be one of the most interesting archæological discoveries of our day.—*London Times.*

Pedestrian Feat.

The extraordinary feat completed at London, on Saturday night, by Gale, the Cardiff pedestrian—walking 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each—is without parallel in athletic annals. Compared with it, Captain