

The Terrier Girl.

Chicago is probably the very last place to which a young man in search of a wife would think of going. Not that Chicago is destitute of marriageable girls, but it has gained so much notoriety as a city of refuge for women desiring to rid themselves of a public mind with divorce rather than with marriage.

Outwardly this novel young woman resembles the ordinary girl of commerce. She has the features, the hair, the eyes, and the complexion of the average girl of her age. Her bearing is purely canine. She converses exclusively in the terrier dialect, and her accent is conceded to be perfect. In the day-time she curls herself up on the rug or on a conventional chair, and sleeps soundly, unless awakened by a strange footstep.

Her right eye is particularly wide awake, and takes pains to apprise the entire neighborhood of the fact. Night after night she will go into the back yard and there sit on end and bark at the moon until even middle-aged deacons get out of bed and make mysterious allusions to ancient Gaul, and to the modern process of refining woolen stockings, while they hunt for bootjacks and old slippers.

So powerful and effective is the young woman's expression of her canine views in regard to her admirer, that the average person has calculated that the average monthly pay of a miscellaneous miss in his back yard is fully three inches. She is wonderfully quick in her movements, and has been repeatedly known to overturn the feet of her admirer, and to kick him in the face.

In regard to rats her habits are precisely those of the accomplished Sisyphus. It is a rat-hole is pointed out to her, she will scratch at it with tremendous vigor, barking meanwhile, with the full force of her lungs, and apparently with no amount of torment because the rats do not promptly come out to be killed. Of course, she has a passion for bones, and will stand on her hind legs to say will stand up and beg for bones with all the solemnity, and more than the habit of a dog.

There may possibly be faults in this girl which have hitherto escaped notice. She may, for example, have an indistinct habit of sneezing with her mouth open and panting in hot weather, and she may perhaps bury her spare bones in the flower-bed. Still, her merits are incontestable, and could not fail to render her a model wife. She has youth and beauty—qualities which every man desires his wife to have.

She does not play the piano, and cares nothing for dress. She is capable of loving her master with unswerving affection, and the more he might snub her, or box her ears, the more she would love him. The unwomanly idea of improving her mind, and of being an independent woman, would never occur to her. She would always come when called, and would never express a desire to leave her home or to mingle in any society.

If her master would desire to hear her voice, he could always make her speak for a bone, or bark at a passing stranger; while, on the other hand, she would never annoy him by silly feminine conversation, and in case she persisted in barking at the moon at inappropriate hours, she would be readily reduced to silence by being shut up in the cellar. She would never be guilty of reproving her master for coming home at late hours under the influence of salmon and oysters, and would never shock him by impudently entertaining private religious views. She would totally forget the existence of her own relations, and would even fly at her mother's ankles and rend her umbrella, were that misguided old lady to venture to enter her son-in-law's house. In short, she would be beautiful, affectionate, submissive, and absolutely devoid of any intellect or soul, and that she had a right to regard those imaginary articles as her personal property. This is the ideal wife for which thousands of men have vainly sighed.

Such men believe that a wife has no right to have any opinions or convictions of her own, and that she should model herself as closely as possible upon a good and affectionate dog. Chicago has at last produced a girl who cannot fail to make a perfect wife, and it would be the height of folly for any man to marry without first inspecting her, and testing this beneficent production. "Men and brethren, the world does more"—as the Tribune was formerly accustomed to say. The days of the wife who makes a feeble pretense of intellect and chatter, about her alleged soul, are numbered. The terrier girls of the Chicago pattern will speedily drive all rivals out of the matrimonial market, and husbands will become—in the fact as well as in name—the lords of creation.—N. Y. Times.

An Episode of the War.

The following is an extract from a private letter written by a Russian officer: "Coming to a place where I could somewhat widened, about two miles from Tenuis, we halted, and after a short rest, we started on a short skirmish a party of Turks who were busy robbing our dead, we stopped to form before going on. As I rode along the front, shouting orders to my men, an agonized cry for help arrested my attention. I looked around. Nothing but heads of dead everywhere. Of these men we needed me. But half an hour more, and again these pitiful cries. Hastily dismounting I threw the bride over my sound arm and ran toward some bushes from behind which the sounds proceeded, and there, in a small pool of clotted blood, lay that which I at first failed to recognize as a human being, though human it certainly was in his piteous cries, and the seemingly gloved hands that clutched the air in his agony.

The face of the man was pale, and his eyes were closed. He lay on his back, his hands clasped in prayer, and his feet were pointed toward the east. I saw a mass of raw, quivering flesh—the face featureless, eyelids and eyes cut out, the man flayed alive, and but the hands, whose white skin at first gave the appearance of being gloved. This ghastly object lay a few steps from the dead horse, and I looked around. Nothing but heads of dead everywhere. Of these men we needed me. But half an hour more, and again these pitiful cries. Hastily dismounting I threw the bride over my sound arm and ran toward some bushes from behind which the sounds proceeded, and there, in a small pool of clotted blood, lay that which I at first failed to recognize as a human being, though human it certainly was in his piteous cries, and the seemingly gloved hands that clutched the air in his agony.

A sudden impulse prompted me to seize the poor helpless hand in my own, and I felt it warm and throbbing with words of comfort. At the sound of my voice came the sudden appeal: 'Nichola, for old friendship's sake send a bullet through my heart!' This voice sounded so strangely familiar, and yet I could not recognize it. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Alexis S. Alexis, my old comrade, who had a few hours ago shared by breakfast our bivouac fire, and then rode away, handsome and bold, at the head of our gallant first squadron. He had fallen wounded, helpless, his horse shot under him, and he was lying on his back, his hands clasped in prayer, and his feet were pointed toward the east. I saw a mass of raw, quivering flesh—the face featureless, eyelids and eyes cut out, the man flayed alive, and but the hands, whose white skin at first gave the appearance of being gloved. This ghastly object lay a few steps from the dead horse, and I looked around. Nothing but heads of dead everywhere. Of these men we needed me. But half an hour more, and again these pitiful cries. Hastily dismounting I threw the bride over my sound arm and ran toward some bushes from behind which the sounds proceeded, and there, in a small pool of clotted blood, lay that which I at first failed to recognize as a human being, though human it certainly was in his piteous cries, and the seemingly gloved hands that clutched the air in his agony.

They stood up before the window, looking out upon the wintry day. The cheerful fire on the hearth sent its ruddy glow into the room. They were man and wife. She said with enthusiasm: "Is it not a grand sight?" "Why, this glorious sight of the year?" "Pshaw! I thought you referred to that old gentleman who fell on the sidewalk just now. Let's get near the fire; I'm chilly." "Dear," she said, "I have a plan. We agreed with each other that each should be watchful, careful, never, by act or word to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, both hot tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible. We agreed that if there was a bell—a place of eternal punishment—we all ought to know it, and if those who are posted in regard to the matter—there are any such—do not give us the bottom facts they will fall far short of their duty.

The matrimonial contract of late in relation to future punishment is likely to bring to the surface a skeptical undercurrent that has long troubled the waters of religious belief. It will also develop certain "peculiar views" long held and secretly written in the Bible, means that what will it all amount to? The Stanley's, the Parrars, the Beechers, the Ingersolls and all the rest of them will be unable to change the fact that there is a hell. They will, though, by the agitation of the vexed questions, the expression of opinions, and the controversies, cause the heads of many dyspeptic theological students and susceptible school girls to turn themselves inside out and upside down. The discussion of this subject will in our opinion do more harm than good. Supposing the word "hell" is written in the Bible, and that there is a hell, what is the "bad place," or supposing it means the grave, what possible difference can it make with good Christians? Their salvation is sure, whether or no. Then if it should be clearly demonstrated that no one knows whether there is a hell or not, how will mankind be benefited by the result? Many people are very anxious to find out the full truth of the matter, and we presume they will, but as far as we are concerned we hope we may never know anything more about hell than we now do. And to all those who are anxious to know, we would say: follow the teachings of your Divine Master, and you will probably remain as ignorant of the place under consideration as we hope to, and stand a good chance to take a front seat over them.—Bellevue Watchman.

Performers.

Many persons have a fixed belief that it is the most vulgar of vulgar things to have scent on the handkerchief; others, again, appear to think they cannot do a thing so much as to have a handkerchief with a floral or other design; it seems as though he gets nothing. But in private he bewails his treacherous memory. I never knew a student yet who did not seem to get indignant with himself over the unclean propensity of all the letters that strike him. He usually forgets. Mr. Cook is no exception to the rule. Yet he marvelously preserves and utilizes the results of his readings. His methods are peculiar. I violate no confidence, and may give to students, lay and clerical, if I report here these methods, as he told them to me. This preserving machinery consists of three pieces: (1) He always carries with him a cheap memorandum book. In this he jots down, wherever he happens to be, a thought, a phrase, a sentence, a striking line. The book fills up quickly. Then a new one takes its place. These books are dated and filed away. He trusts his memory to serve as an index to suggest to him the date of the reading, the incident, or the thought. The homographs are pinned together. As the pile increases they are sewed. "I am to lecture to-night," said he to me, on Ultimate America. I put in my bag my package of extracts on America—a hundred or more—and look over them this afternoon as a last preparation for my lecture. The method he uses is simple. He has the full use of his resources in each subject in each lecture. (3) He has not the contempt of some would-be scholars for the newspapers; he reads and uses them. With a red crayon he marks whatever strikes him as suggestive or worthy to be in the course. Mr. Cook, who is a sturdy bunch of lavender hung to each of the pegs by his coats in his dressing room. And yet people declaim about the extravagant coquetry of women, as if the hanging up of those masculine coats over fragrant lavender did not emit any of that harmless little device.

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How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which it bestows like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweet to the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like stars beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day. How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which it bestows like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweet to the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like stars beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

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Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable; your heart bright; she has done for you a great deal; her pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. Don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have this ten years, but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women to-day who are doing for their husbands a language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have dragged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know if the floor is clean, manful labor has been performed to make it so. You know that the drawers in your chest, and the drawers in your chest whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous.

Everything that pleases the eye and the sense is bound to be a blessing. The more you praise her, the more you love her, and the more you love her, the more you will love her. It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they do not care to come with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank their tailor for their suits; they thank a man in a full omnibus who gives them a lift; they thank the man who carries them in a concert room—who, more than that, think everybody out of doors, because it is a custom; and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, and pull out the newspaper; grumble if their wife asks them to go to the store; and if anything is just right, shut their mouths with a snap of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

I tell you what men, young and old, if you do not show ordinary civility to those common articles of household equipment, if you do not give them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all that she does for you, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by her own.

I married my wife about thirty-five years ago. The ceremony was performed about 7 o'clock in the morning. Before retiring that evening we had a talk with each other, and the result has sweetened our entire lives. We agreed with each other that each should be watchful, careful, never, by act or word to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, both hot tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible. We agreed that if there was a hell—a place of eternal punishment—we all ought to know it, and if those who are posted in regard to the matter—there are any such—do not give us the bottom facts they will fall far short of their duty.

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The Great New Medicine.

A Health-Giving Power. INVIGORATES THE LIVER, PROMOTES THE BLOOD, AND STRENGTHENS THE NERVES. This effectually cures disease of what nature it may be, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a health-giving power, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a health-giving power, and restores the system to its normal condition.

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Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints. OILS & C. & C. The following is a partial list of goods in stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Axes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Belovs, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tail Traps, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools, Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock of White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Dittson's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

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TENNANT, PORTER, BOYTS & CO. Successors to Porter & Co. FOUNDRY, Machine & Forge Works, Water Street, Opposite B. & O. R. R. Depot, Connellsville, Pa. Manufacturers of Railroad and Machine Castings, R. R. Frogs, Switch Stands and Bridges, Trucks, Pit Wagons, Larries, Iron Wheel Barrows, Stone Picks, Hammers and Chisels, Bridge Trusses and Bolts, Plows, Furg Castings, Cook, Parlor & Heating Stoves, Grates & Fire Fronts, Fenders, Hollow Ware, Miscellaneous Castings Made to Order. Machinery of all kinds built and repaired, at Short Notice and Reasonable Terms. Also on hand all kinds of Material used about Steam Engines. Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fittings, Brass Valves, Brass Wire, Gun Holes, Gun and Pistol Muzzles, Packing, Leader and Boiler Bolting, Consoles, Springs, Rivets, April 11. BOLTS ETC.

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SOLEMAN UHL, SULPHUR SOAP. Having purchased the Shop Store lately owned by H. C. Beerlis, MOROCCO and Gaiters, BOTH OF Eastern and Home Manufacture as can be found anywhere. We also will have hand constantly a full supply of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters. Sole Leather, SOLEMAN UHL, SULPHUR SOAP. MOROCCO and Gaiters, BOTH OF Eastern and Home Manufacture as can be found anywhere. We also will have hand constantly a full supply of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters. Sole Leather, SOLEMAN UHL, SULPHUR SOAP.

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NEW STORE.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON. Store and Warehouse. In the Excelsior Mill Building, West End of Main Street, SOMERSET, PA. We have for sale a full and varied stock of General Merchandise, consisting of: Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stoves, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Notions, and a Large and Full Stock of CLOTHING, SALT, FISH, WHITE LIME, PLASTER, FEED Flour, etc., etc. ALSO a full line of farm implements, among which are the CHAMPION MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, with made and repaired. We also have on hand a full stock of all kinds of machinery, and will give every one the best of our services. We also have on hand a full stock of all kinds of machinery, and will give every one the best of our services.

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