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JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1398.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 31-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. 20, 79.

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 collections &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 C. 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. 16 79-ly

J. C. 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 carefully and punctually attended to.
Office—In 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. feb9-ly

SURVEYING.
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Enquire at Casebeer & Co's Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug30.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store.
apr. 2, 1942.

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. H. 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. J. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, Main Cross, opposite the Herald. 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 & Nell's new building,
Main Cross Street,
Somerset, Pa.
apr11

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country. I am now making a good set of teeth for $6, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that is under teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
march

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, war ranted 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. jan25-72

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 are invited with the best of hotel accommodations.—The table will always be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan27

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.

$2500 A YEAR. Agents wanted. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COUVERS & Co., Chicago.

BANKS, ETC.

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

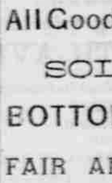
NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks solicited and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of

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 tobacco.—Tickler, Virginia twist, &c., constantly kept on hand and for sale by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan16

BOOTS AND SHOES.
PARKER TRENT,
Late of Allegheny City, Pa., has removed to
SOMERSET, PENNA.,
and opened out a shop, for the manufacture of
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
in the building, corner Main and Pleasant Sts., East of Diamond.
He is able to turn out first-class work at the lowest prices, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who give him their patronage. Orders promptly attended to. Repairing neatly done. jan. 9-1yr.

S. R. PILE,
DEALER IN
LOUR AND FEED
Groceries, Confections,
Queensware, Willow ware.
Salt, Fish,
Tobacco and Cigars,
&c., &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.
Jan. 30

WANTED Farms to sell and exchange. We have hundreds of customers wishing to buy farms part or whole. Also, many wishing to rent farms at fair prices, as people are tilling money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 121 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register.
Nov28



O. W. SADDLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No 256 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the Skin, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Plastic Cubical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for free circular and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

WALL PAPER!
Spring Stock immense! Paper from 6c up! All the new style of Dados, Borders and Friezes. Papers of every grade, style and quality, at lower prices than can be found in the city. Sample Screens newly papered with latest parlor papers. A fine display of New Goods for every room a house contains.
New York Paper Store.
Dot. 6th and 7th Aves. 170 Smithfield Street.
March 20 PITTSBURGH.

DIPHTHERIA!
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure when cases is ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.
March 6

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS,
POSITIVELY CURED, the worst cases of the largest standing by using DR. HERBADE'S CURE. "NO HUMBUG." IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS. We give $1,000 for a case it will not benefit. A Sample Bottle free to all addressing J. E. DIEBLER, Chemist, Office, 1,323 Broadway, New York.
Feb 20

$45 PREMIUM WATCH AND CHAIN—8 diamond-winder, Free with every order. Lowest price ever offered. Illustrated Circular Free. Address J. B. Gaylord & Co., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JNO. HICKS LA RUE 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.

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 the job. Call and see him or address him at his office, No. 124 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
Wm. H. SHIVELY.
April 1, 1878.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO.
285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D.,
Would respectfully ask the attendance 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 us 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 Grates, Etc.
Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address.
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 24.

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 NewStore 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, 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.

CANTASTOPTRIS.

From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.

STROPE.

Oh, he was a quest, young, lithesome man,
And he moved with a tender grace;
And a smile like the sweep of an angel's wing
Played over his fair young face.

ANTISTROPE.

"I bring," he said, and the editor bowed,
For he loved the sweet young thing:
"I bring," he murmured, "a poet's song,
A lay of the balmy spring."

CLIMAX.

Then the editor gathered his cane on saw,
And the mail grab, all the same;
The big sledge hammer, the long crow bar,
And the club with the terrible name.

CATASTROPHE.

He sawed him in two, and he flattened him out,
He tore out each quivering lung,
He pinned him up to the sanctum wall,
So scattered, and yet so young.

A GHOST OF THE SIERRAS.

It was a vast silence of pines, redolent with balsamic breath, and muffled with the dry dust of dead bark and matted moss. Lying on our backs, we looked upward through a hundred feet of clear, unbroken interval to the first lateral branches that formed the flat canopy above us. Here and there the fierce sun, from whose active persecution we had just escaped, searched for us through the woods, but its keen blade was dulled and turned aside by intercostal boughs, and its brightness dissipated in nebulous mists throughout the roofing of the dim brown aisles around us. We were in another atmosphere, under another sky, indeed in another world than the dazzling one we had just quitted. The grave silence seemed so much a part of the grateful coolness that we hesitated to speak, and for some moments lay quietly outstretched on the pine tassels where we had first thrown ourselves. Finally a voice broke the silence.

"Ask the old Major; he knows all about it!"

The person here alluded to, under that title was myself. I hardly need explain to any Californian that it by no means followed that I was a "Major," or that I was "old," or that I knew anything about "it," or indeed what "it" referred to. The whole remark was merely one of the usual conventional feelers to conversation—a kind of social preamble, quite common to our slang camp intercourse. Nevertheless, as I was always known as the Major, perhaps for no better reason than that the speaker, an old journalist, was always called Doctor, I recognized the fact so far as to kick away an intervening saddle so that I could see the speaker's face on a level with my own, and said nothing.

"About ghosts," said the Doctor, after a pause which nobody broke or was expected to break. "Ghosts! sir! That's what we want to know. What are we doing here in this blank old mausoleum of Calaveras county—if it isn't to find out something about 'em, eh?"

Nobody replied.

"That's that haunted house at Cave City. Can't be more than a mile away, any how. Used to be just off the trail."

A dead silence.

The Doctor, (addressing space generally,) "Yes, sir, it was a mighty queer story."

Still the same reposeful indifference. We all knew the Doctor's skill as a *raconteur*; we all knew that a story was coming, and we all knew that any interruption would be fatal. Time and time again, in our prospecting experience, had a word of polite encouragement, a rash expression of interest, even a too eager attitude of silent expectancy, brought the Doctor to a sudden change of subject; time and time again had we seen the unwary stranger stand amazed and bewildered between our own indifference and the sudden termination of a promising anecdote, through his own unlucky interference. So we said nothing. "The Judge"—another instance of arbitrary nomenclature—pretended to sleep. Jack began to twist a *cigarrito*. Thornton bit the end of pine needles reflegively.

"Yes, sir," continued the Doctor, coolly resting the back of his head on the palms of his hands; "it was rather curious. All except the murder. That's what gets me, for the murder had no new points, no fancy touches, no sentiment, no mystery. Was just one of the old-style 'tenderhead' paragraphs. Old-fashioned miner revels along on hard tack and beans, and saves up a little money to go home and see relations. Old-fashioned assassin sharpens up knife, old style, loads old flintlock, brass mounted pistol; walks in on old-fashioned miner one dark night, sends him home to his relations away back to several generations, and walks off with the swag. No mystery there; nothing to clear up; subsequent relations only importunence. Nothing for any ghost to do—who meant business. More than that, over forty murders, same old kind, committed every year in Calaveras, and no spiritual post obits coming due every anniversary; no assessments made on the peace and quiet of the surviving community. I tell you what, boys, I've always been inclined to throw off on the Cave city ghost for that alone. It's a bad precedent, sir. If that kind of thing is going to obtain in the Foot Hills, we'll have the trains full of chaps formerly knocked over by Mexicans and road agents; every little camp and grocery will have stock enough on hand to go into business, and where's there any security for surviving life and property, eh? What's your opinion, Judge, as a fair minded legislator?"

Of course there was no response. Yet, it was a part of the Doctor's system of aggravation to become discussive at these moments in the hope of interruption, and he continued for some moments to dwell on the possibility of a state of affairs in which a gentleman could no longer settle a dispute with an enemy without being subjected to succeeding spiritual embarrassment. But all this digression fell upon apparently inattentive ears.

"Well, sir, after the murder, the cabin stood for a long time deserted and tenantless. Popular opinion was against it. One day a ragged prospector, savage with hard labor and harder luck, came to the camp looking for a place to live and a chance to prospect. After the boys had taken his measure, they concluded that he'd already tackled so much in the way of difficulties that a ghost wouldn't be of much account. So they sent him to the haunted cabin. He had a big yellow dog with him, about as ugly and as savage as himself, and the boys sort of congratulated themselves, from a practical view point, that while they were giving the old ruffian a shelter, they were helping in the cause of Christianity against ghosts and goblins. They had little faith in the old man, but went their whole pile on that dog. That's where they were mistaken.

"The house stood nearly three hundred feet from the nearest cave, and on dark nights, being in a hollow, was as lonely as if it had been on top of Shasta. If you ever saw the spot when there was just moonenough to bring out the little surrounding clumps of chaparral until they looked like connecting figures, and make the bits of broken quartz glisten like skulls, you'd begin to understand how big a contract that man and that yellow dog undertook.

"They went into possession that afternoon, and old Hard Times set on to cook his supper. When it was over he sat down by the embers and lit his pipe, the yellow dog lying at his feet. Suddenly 'Rap! rap!' comes from the door. 'Come in,' says the man gruffly. 'Rap!' again. 'Come in and be d——d to you!' he had no idea of getting up to open the door. But no one responded, and the next moment smash goes the only sound pane in the only window. Seeing this, old Hard Times gets up, with the devil in his eye and a revolver in his hand, followed by the yellow dog with every tooth showing, and swings open the door. No one here! But as the man opened the door, that yellow dog, that had been so chipper before, suddenly begins to crouch and step backward, step by step, trembling and shivering, and at last crouches down in the chimney, without even so much as looking at his master. The man slams the door shut again, but there comes another smash. This time it seems to come from inside the cabin, and it isn't until the man looks around and sees everything quiet that he gets up without speaking and makes a dash for the door and tears around outside the cabin like mad, but finds nothing but stillness and darkness. Then he comes back, swears and calls the dog. But that great yellow dog that the boys would have staked all their money on, is crouching under the bunk, and has to be dragged out like a coon from a hollow tree, and lies there, his eyes staring from their sockets, every limb and muscle quivering with fear, and his very hair drawn up in bristling ridges. The man calls him to the door. He drags himself a few steps, stops, sniffs, and refuses to go further. The man calls him again with an oath and a threat. Then what does that yellow dog do? He crawls edgewise toward the door, crouching himself against the bunk till he's flatter than a knife blade, then, half way, he stops. Then that d——d yellow dog begins to walk gingerly—lifting each foot up in the air, one after the other, still trembling in every limb. Then he stops again. Then he crouches. Then he gives one little shuddering leap—not straight forward, but up—clearing the floor about six inches, as if——

"Over something," interrupted the Judge, hastily lifting himself on his elbows.

The Doctor stopped instantly. "Juan," he said coolly to one of the Mexican packers, "quit foolin' with that *riata*. You'll have that stake out and that mule loose in another minute. Come over this way!"

The Mexican turned a white, scared face to the Doctor, muttering something, and let go the deer-skin hide. We all upraised our voices with one accord, the Judge most pusillanimously and apologetically, and implored the doctor to go on. "I'll shoot the first man that interrupts you again," added Thornton, persuasively.

But the Doctor, with his hands languidly under his head, had lost his interest. "Well, the dog ran off to the hills, and neither the threats nor the cajoleries of his master could ever make him enter the cabin again. The next day the man left the camp. What time is it? Getting on to sundown, ain't it? Keep off my leg, will you, you d——d Greaser, and stop tumbling round there! Lie down."

But we knew the Doctor had not completely finished his story, and we waited patiently for the conclusion. Meanwhile the old, gray silence of the woods again asserted itself—but shadows were now beginning to gather in the heavy beams of the roof above, and the dim aisles seemed to be narrowing and closing in around us. Presently the Doctor recommenced lazily, as if no interruption had occurred.

"As I said before, I never put much faith in that story, and should not have told it, but for a rather curious experience of my own. It was in the spring of '62, and I was one of a party of four, coming up from O'Neill's, where we had been snowed up. It was awful weather; the snow had changed to sleet and rain after we had crossed the divide, and the water was out everywhere; every ditch was a creek, every creek a river. We had lost two horses on the Truth Fork. We were dead beat, off the trail, and slushing round, with night coming on, and the level hail like shot in our faces. Things were looking black and scary, when, riding a little ahead of the party, I saw a light twinkling in a hollow beyond. My horse was still fresh, and calling out to the boys to follow me and hear for the light. I struck out for it. In another moment I was before the little cabin that half borrowed in the black chaparral. I dismounted and rapped at the door. There was no response. I then tried to force the door, but it was fastened securely from within. I was all the more surprised when one of the boys who had overtaken told me, he had just seen through a window a man reading by the fire. Indignant at this inhospitality, we both made a resolute onset against the door, at the same time raising our angry voices to a yell. Suddenly there was a quick response, the hurried drawing of a bolt, and the door opened.

"The occupant was a short, thick-set man with a pale, careworn face, whose prevailing expression was one of gentle, good humor, and patient suffering.

"When we entered, he asked us hastily why we had not 'sung out' before.

"'But we knocked!' I said, impatiently, 'and almost drove your door in.'

"'That's nothing,' he said, patiently. 'I'm used to that.'

"I looked again at the man's patient, fateful face, and then around the cabin. In an instant the whole situation flashed before me. 'Are we not near Cave City?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'It's just below. You must have passed it in the storm.'

"I now looked around the cabin. 'Isn't this what they call the haunted house?'

"He looked at me curiously. 'It is,' he said, simply.

"'You can imagine my delight! Here was an opportunity to test the whole story—to work down to the bed rock and see how it would pan out! We were too many and too well armed to fear tricks or dangers from outsiders. If—as one theory had been held—the disturbance was kept up by a band of concealed marauders or road agents, whose purpose it was to preserve their haunts from intrusion we were quite able to pay them back in kind for any assault. I need not say that the boys were delighted with this prospect when the fact was revealed to them. The only one doubtful or apathetic spirit there was our host, who quietly resumed his seat and his book, with his old expression of patient martyrdom. It would have been easy for me to have drawn him out, but I felt that I did not want to corroborate anybody else's experience; only to record my own. And I thought it better to keep the boys from any predisposing terrors.

"We ate our supper and then sat patiently and expectant around the fire. An hour slipped away, but no disturbance; an other hour passed as monotonously. Our host read his book; only the dash of hail against the roof broke the silence. But——"

The Doctor stopped. Since the last interruption, I noticed that he had changed the easy, sleepy style of his story to a more perfect, artistic and even studied manner. His drooped now suddenly into the old colloquial speech, and quietly said: "If you don't quit stumbling over those riatas, Juan, I'll bubble you. Come here, then; lie down, will you?"

We all turned fiercely on the cause of this second dangerous interruption, but a sight of the poor fellow's pale and frightened face withheld our vindictive tongues. And the Doctor, happily, of his own accord, went on:

"But I had forgotten that it was no easy matter to keep these high-spirited boys, bent upon a row, in decent subjection, and after the third hour passed without a supernatural exhibition, I observed, from certain winks and whispers, that they were determined to get up indications of their own. In a few moments violent rappings were heard from all parts of the cabin; large stones (adroitly thrown up the chimney) fell with a heavy thud on the roof. Strange groans and ominous yells seemed to come from the outside, (where the interstices between the logs were wide enough.) Yet, through all this uproar, our host sat still and patient, with no sign of indignation or reproach upon his good-humored but haggard features. Before long it became evident that this exhibition was exclusively for his benefit. Under the thin disguise of asking him to assist them in discovering the disturbers outside the cabin, these inside took advantage of his absence to turn the cabin topsy turvy.

"'You see what the spirits have done, old man,' said the arch leader of this mischief. 'They've upset that flour barrel while they wasn't looking, and then kicked over the water jug and spilled all the water!'

"The patient man lifted his head and looked at the flour-strewn walls. Then he glanced down at the floor, but drew back with a slight tremor.

"'It ain't water,' he said quietly.

"'What is it, then?'

"'It's BLOOD! Look!'

"The nearest man gave a start and sank back white as a sheet.

"'For there, gentlemen, on the floor, just before the door, where the old man had seen the dog hesitate and lift his feet—there! there!—gentlemen—upon my honor, slowly widened and broadened a dark red pool of human blood! Stop him! Quick! Stop him, I say!'"

There was a blinding flash that lit up the dark woods, and a sharp report. When we reached the Doctor's side he was holding the smoking pistol, just discharged, in one hand, while with the other he was pointing to the rapidly disappearing figure of Juan, our Mexican vaquero!

"'Missed him! by G——d!' said the Doctor. "But did you hear him? Did you see his lurid face as he rose up at the name of blood? Did you see his guilty conscience in his face! Eh? Why don't you speak? What are you staring at?'

"'Was it the murdered man's ghost Doctor?' we all panted in one quick breath.

"'Ghost be d——d! No! But in that Mexican vaquero—that cursed Juan, Ramirez—I saw and shot at his murderer!'"—*Bret Harte in the New York Sun.*

People should always dress to suit their figure. A humpedbacked lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

"How to keep an umbrella," is the title of a newspaper article. We know; dig a hole sixteen feet deep and bury it.

From the Altar to the Scaffold.

The novel spectacle of a priest being found guilty of murder in the first degree was presented in Judge Mitchell's court this afternoon. Blasius Pistorius, the prisoner, was one of the most brilliant of that portion of the German priesthood is active opposition to the early and severe policy of Bismarck. During the time when all Germany was brawling, and immediately after the attempted assassination of the great German Chancellor, Pistorius received information that led him to believe that Bismarck proposed punishing him severely for his too active opposition to his plans. The priest just at that time received a letter from America, in which he was given to understand that in the western part of the United States he could probably obtain the pastorate of a church. He sailed for this country, and at once paid a visit to his brother, John Pistorius, who was a tenant on a farm in Montgomery county, near Norristown. Here, a few weeks after his arrival, he killed Isaac Jacquette.

The farms of John Pistorius and Isaac Jacquette adjoined each other. Stony Creek being the disputed boundary line, and there had long been difficulty between the two farmers owing to the frequent trespassing of Jacquette's cows upon the former's premises when the latter brought them to drink at the creek. On the 24th of July, 1875, when a boy brought the cows to water, Blasius Pistorius, who had heard of the trespassing from his brother, standing on the opposite bank with a pistol in his hand, pointed the weapon at the lad, as he says, to scare him. The boy ran away, and brought back Jacquette, who spoke angrily to Blasius Pistorius, who in return pointed the weapon toward him and said: "I shoot." Jacquette crossed the stream, picked up two stones and said: "If you shoot I'll bring you off that bank." Jacquette then walked up the steep bank and dropped the stones. Blasius Pistorius allowed the hand holding the pistol to fall by his side. Jacquette walked within a few feet of him, and what subsequently transpired is differently related by different witnesses. The Commonwealth alleges a deliberate shooting by Blasius Pistorius. The defense claim that Jacquette attempted to seize the pistol hanging by the priest's side, and in the slight scuffle that ensued the weapon, which is a self cocking affair, was accidentally discharged. Jacquette was a large, burly man.

Pistorius was tried and convicted in Norristown, in December, 1875, and on the 5th of May, 1876, sentence of death was passed upon him. Thereafter the Supreme Court ordered a new trial, and, in order that he might not suffer from the feeling against him in Montgomery county, a change of venue was granted to Philadelphia. The second trial closed to-day.

Pistorius was enraged to the point of madness by the adverse charge of the Court. When the jury retired he suddenly arose, and, with a face white with rage, and his sharp, glittering eyes almost starting from their sockets, began in a loud voice, directed to a tipstaff who stood near the dock, to disparage his counsel's management of the case. Quivering with rage, through his clenched teeth he accused his counsel of not having thoroughly commented upon what he considered variances in the testimony of the Commonwealth's witnesses. Finally the Judge had to order his removal until he could become calm.

When the jury returned, Pistorius fastened his glittering, bead-like eyes upon them. Their verdict was: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The doomed man spoke not a word, and remained, staring like a statue, seated in the stadler dock, until a friend approached and addressed him in whispers. Blasius made an inaudible reply. The prisoner was then taken to Moyamensing Prison, pending a motion for a new trial.—*Phila. Aalphia Telegram.*

Absconding Bank President.

DENVER, Col., April 10.—It is publicly announced here that H. A. McIntry, President of the First National Bank of Colorado Springs, Col., has absconded with $10,000. The first disclosures were made recently, and showed that McIntry had in the interim following the death of the late President of the bank at Colorado Springs and before the vacancy was supplied, secured from the deposits of this bank between $30,000 and $40,000. In addition to this he has hypothecated stock of the two banks with which he was connected amounting to $25,000. It is feared that the effect upon the Lake City Bank will be irreparable, and that further disclosures will swell the estimate already made.

Only Plain Smith.

"Who is that," asked Brown of Jones, as Smith passed by his store.

"That is Mr. —— Smith, sir," replied Jones, "and I will bet you the cigars you can't spell his name."

"I'll take that bet," quickly rejoined Brown, casting a glance towards the clouds with a look of scholarly wisdom as he complacently removed a fresh Havana and puffed from his lips a cloud of blue smoke that floated in wreaths and curls over his head. "Smith—S-o-h-m-i-d-t," was the first effort.

"Try again."

"S-o-h-m-i-d."

"Wrong again."

"Well, it ain't S-m-y-t-h-e, for that spells Smythe."

"No."

"Now I have it; S-o-h-m-i-t."

"No, sir, you have missed it again and I have won the cigars."

"Well, then, I give it up," said Brown. "How in thunder do you spell it."

"Easy enough—I spell Smith—S-m-i-h."

"But that," said Brown, with a look of innocent surprise, "is plain Smith."

"Certainly," replied Jones, "that's what I said—plain Smith."

Brown gently relighted his cigar and walked back into his office, repeating as he went, Schmidt, Schmitt, Smith.

A Dublin doctor says "fatal cases of sunstroke cannot be cured."

Matrimony.

Matrimony presents here and there interesting peculiarities. A bridegroom in Herkimer county, New York, unable to relish the fun of a discordant serenade on the wedding night, got out of bed and shot through the window at the serenaders, wounding three of them. A Mormon had just married, at one swoop, a mother and her daughter. Has he a mother-in-law? A miner returned from California to Michigan to marry the girl that he had left behind him. He announced that he was commissioned also to pick out a girl for his mining partner and take her to him to wed. After a careful prospecting he made a choice, and the chosen damsel has gone with the wedded pair to California to meet her future husband. Kepler and Stevens traded wives in Tipton, Iowa, two years ago, the latter getting $700 on account of the wife that he gave being far handsomer than the one he received. Stevens has since grown wealthy, and his lawful wife seeks by a lawsuit to reinstate herself. Sally, a Piute princess in Nevada, married a white man and returned with him to her tribe. The indignant Indians shaved his head, whipped him soundly, and drove him back into civilization. A Troy clergyman publishes a complaint that the pay received for marriage services is not adequate, considering the risk that is incurred in uniting couples against the wishes of their families. He says that the fees given generally range from one to five dollars. Recently he rode ten miles into the country, spent a whole day, paid five dollars for the use of a horse, and received only one dollar and a quarter.

Japanese.

The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our way of doing as the proper way, is very curious, and in some of its details, very interesting. Mr. Griffiths, in his work on Japanese, discusses it thus: "Another man is planing. He pulls the plane towards him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He pulls the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner pot boiling with the waste flames. His whole family, like the generation before him, seem to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it. Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. They call all our penmanship crab writing, because, they say, it goes backward. The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby toys of the Aryn race squeak when squeezed; the Turdonian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which race has the negative? Which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down? What is up?"

General Notes.

A pail of milk standing ten minutes where it is exposed to the scent of a strong smelling stable or any other offensive odor will imbibe a taint that will never leave it.

The manure, if all saved, from a ton of hay and economically returned to the land will grow more than a ton next year. If this were not so our agriculture would be a humbug, and the world would starve.

Let us aim to sell nothing off the farm that will impoverish the soil unless we are sure of a price that will make all good. Let us remember the good rule, "No manure, no crops; no cattle."

The Inhumanity of Stag-Hunting.

The London *Lancet* calls attention to the perilous and unsportsmanlike character of Stag hunting, as practiced under royal patronage. It is, or it should be, well known that the animal whose terror-stricken flights affords the excuse for this diversion—in which dames of high degree, no less than noblemen and gentlemen of all rank, take part, is in no rational or constructional sense "game." The deer unearthed for a run before her Majesty's hounds are tame brutes, little better for sporting purposes than calves. They are "trained" for the pastime by being hallood and cheered with whip and dog round a paddock until sufficiently timid to fly when pursued. It is difficult to start them, and they suffer in the terrible ordeal, as we know from the painful experience of last season. In taking part in this stag-hunting, the votaries of a silly fashion incur great risk. The accidents are many and the sport is vile. Huntsmen fall in crossing plowed fields and topping light fences. Ladies are thrown and dragged by their habits, collar bones are broken, shoulders are dislocated, and other severe injuries are sustained in the practice of this weak and unworthy amusement. Women are always out of place in the hunting-field, but never more obviously than when wanton cruelty is inflicted for the sole gratification of a whim which has more of vanity than earnestness in its motive impulse. It is probably useless to appeal to the finer feelings of humanity in this matter; but it should surely be possible to move men with sportsmanlike instincts to discountenance an amusement which involves needless barbarity, and is no sport.

A whole family named Pell, in Utica, have resolved themselves into a brass band. There are six of them in it, and all the neighbors are looking out for a six Pell, accordingly.—*N. Y. Adv.*

Absurd Bets.

Toby Candor writes from San Francisco to the Boston Journal:

Californians have an inherent, inordinate desire for betting. It amounts almost to a mania. If they are not disposed to fight ye tiger or play poker, or bet their coin on any game of chance, they are sure to exhibit their propensity for betting in some way, and they will go their whole pile on anything, no matter how preposterous.

"I'll bet you $10 that man's name is Snelder," said one Californian to another, as a man who was an utter stranger to both passed by.

"It's a go," said the companion.

Inquiry was made, and the wager lost by the man who proposed it.

Up in one of the mountain towns a stage coach tipped over, and it is related, as the passengers went tumbling down an embankment into a gulch, a fellow shouted:

"I'll bet the drinks for all of us that half of us get killed!"

The bet was taken, but the casualties were not fatal.

A doctor reported that a well known citizen who was at the point of death would not live twenty-five minutes longer.

I'll bet five dollars that he will," said one of his friends.

The wager was accepted, and the stakes were scarcely put up when the report came that the man was dead.

"Do you give it up?" asked the man who won.

"No," was the reply; "I'll now bet $10 that he isn't dead."

The bet was taken, and about that time the doctor reappeared.

"Is the man dead, doctor?" was then asked.

"Yes, dead as Julius Cæsar."

"Then I've lost again," was the reply.