The Somerset Herald.

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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.

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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 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.
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Reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger'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. 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.
June 20.

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

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
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DENTIST
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HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

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Successors to
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CHARLES J. HARRISON,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
J. H. Zimmerman,
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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.
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AIR TIGHT, NODELESS AND AUTOMATIC,
Seat always clean and free from dust, and no odor can escape.
Especially adapted for use in Hospitals, Hotels and Families. Can be used in the Bedroom without giving any offence.
Prices, 10, 14 and 18 Dollars
Address, with stamp, for circular,
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No. 30 Water St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS,

JEO. HICKS. LAURUS 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. aug28.

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

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A Health-Giving Power
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing disease of whatever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.
"VIGORENE"
is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is languor nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.
Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, as Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.
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Inflammatory and Chronic RHEUMATISM will soon disappear by a persistent use of VIGORENE.
For the cure of Skin Diseases and Eruptions of all kinds, VIGORENE is most certain.
VIGORENE is composed of the active properties of HERBS, ROOTS, GUMS and BARKS, that Nature alone furnishes, great care being taken by us that they are gathered at the right season of the year, and that they possess their native virtues.
That VIGORENE has the power to PURIFY THE BLOOD, INVIGORATE the LIVER, and STIMULATE the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, is indisputably proven by those who have given it a trial and have been permanently cured.
We do not ask you to try a dozen bottles to experience relief, for we GUARANTEE you will feel better from the first few doses.
VIGORENE is astonishing the world with its cures, and is throwing all other TONICS, ALTERATIVES and INVIGORANTS, into the shade. Put up in large bottles, double strength. Requires small doses, and is pleasant to take.
Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
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THE OBJECT OF TESTING "A new book every month" is to give our readers a chance to select for a one cent stamp. mar6

FOR SALE BY
G. W. SPEERS,
DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.
February 6

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 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

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. March 27

NOTHING IN THE PAPER.

Aunt Polly heaved a sigh and said,
"There's nothing in the paper;
Land sakes! the deacon's oldest son
Has cut another caper!
And Susy, do stop ironing,
And come here just a minute,
Another bank is busted up
With Granny's money in it.

There's nothing in the paper tho,'
I'm sure I'd run it better—
Why, here, among the advertisements,
I see for me a letter.
Old Uncle Peter White is dead!
They bury him on Sunday—
Now, Susy, you can't tend the bull
That's coming on next Monday.

"The Russians gained a victory,
And coal is getting higher,
While out in 'Arkansaw,' I see
They've had an awful fire.
And now they're going to put and end
To old LeMoyne's cremation,
For lately it has took the lead,
Of every tongue and nation."

A MURDERED PEDDLER

BY JUDGE CLARK

An old-time Pennsylvania Governor was once interviewed as to the methods he proposed proposing in his forthcoming message.

"First and foremost," he said, "I think of recommentin' a bill to panish Yankee pettlers vrom de Shate. You see dem fellers does noting but go apout hoompuckin' de beeple mit deir pocus chimcracks, such as bassvoot nutmegs; vereas anypoty, as knows anyding, knows dot de cinnywine nutmeck is made out of sassyfrack."

Had such a law been passed and strictly enforced, it would have saved Jed Sinkey a world of trouble.

It was my first murder. Don't be startled, reader—I only mean it was my first case of that kind; the aforesaid Jed being the accused party, and his alleged victim a Yankee peddler.

Jed was too poor to employ counsel; so the court *confiscated* my services in his behalf. In other words I was assigned the horrible duty of conducting his defense *gratis*. We young lawyers got most of that sort of business, and we willingly accepted it; it served to bring us out you see.

The case was a tough one. In brief, it was this:

On a certain evening a Yankee peddler, who had been making a profitable tour of the neighborhood, found himself at Jed's door, and applied for a night's lodging.

Jed gave him a hearty welcome. He would have done so at any time; but, on this occasion, this greeting was the more cordial because he was alone, his wife having gone to attend a sick neighbor, and Jed was a man fond of company.

He and his guest, and a neighbor who dropped in, spent a jolly evening, and when the last mentioned had gone, Jed—at least that was his story—and the peddler bade each other good night and good-bye, the latter intending to make an early start next morning.

The sun was some hours high, when Jed, who was never an early riser, and whose late hours the night before had probably deepened his morning slumbers, was aroused, after some effort, by a crowd of excited neighbors gathered about his bed.

"The peddler! the peddler!" were the words in everybody's mouth.

"A plague on the peddler!" growled Jed, rubbing his eyes; "he left afore daylight—leastways he said he would, and I suppose he kept his word, tho' I warn't fool enough to lay awake to see."

"But his horse in your stable."

"In course he is. Didn't him and me swap yesterday evenin'? Guess the Yankee didn't get much the best of it, nuther. Old Rockey's fifteen, ef he's a day, and if his eyes keeps on, he'll hev to take to specs soon; besides he's had the lampers these ten year. But it was a fair and square trade. Jem Burkitt here stood by and seed it."

But Jem Burkitt, the neighbor who had called on the previous evening, failed to confirm this statement.

"I didn't see no swap," said Jem; "and wot's more, Old Rockey's out there in the lot now."

"You don't say so, cried Jed, starting up; I wonder if that tarnal Yankee's coming back to me."

"The Yankee won't never come back," uttered half a dozen voices in solemn concert.

"It's to be hoped he won't," said Jed, "but if he comes back on such a fool's arrant—a trade's a trade the world over."

"He won't never come back—not in this world," gravely repeated a gray-haired, earnest man — "he's dead! — murdered! — his head all split to pieces, and it's only right to say there's a strong suspicion that you done it!"

The light of that morning had, in truth, revealed a horrible deed of crime. The peddler's lifeless body, covered with sickening wounds, had been discovered in a ravine, not far from Jed's cabin. A bloody hatchet lying near, evidently the instrument employed in the murder, was identified as Jed's property, while in his stable was found the horse the peddler had ridden.

Jed was more profuse than coherent in his explanations. He protested that after retiring for the night, he had neither seen nor spoken to the peddler, that the latter, in accordance with his previously expressed purpose, must have left before daylight, and the story of the swap Jed stuck to with dogged pertinacity, in the face of Jem Burkitt's flat contradiction.

Black as Jed's case looked at first, it was not long until it looked blacker. A search of the premises was instituted and under a pile of straw in the stable was found the dead peddler's pack. The murdered man was known to have had a considerable sum of money, none of which was found, either on the body or in Jed's possession—a circumstance which weighed but little in the latter's favor, for money is a thing easily concealed.

Everybody believed Jed guilty—everybody but his poor wife, who reached home just in time to see her husband led off to jail. She clung to him to the last, sobbing out, "Indeed, indeed, he never did it."

The day of trial was at hand. I was sitting in my office at a late hour, giving the finishing touches to a speech I was preparing, more, I confess, for my own sake than the prisoner's—when the door opened, and the prisoner's wife, with hasty and unsteady steps, advanced and stood before me. Her face looked haggard, but a gleam of eager joy shone from her eyes.

"I have walked twenty miles to see you to-night," she said, "I have at last the proofs of my husband's innocence."

She spoke in an assured tone, and when I had heard her strange story through, my conviction of its truth amounted to certainty.

"Have you any evidence of the facts you have related other than your own word?" I asked.

"No," she replid, tremulous and anxious, "is that not sufficient?"

"A wife cannot be a witness for her husband," I answered, reluctantly.

The strength that had borne her up gave way, and reeling back, she fell swooning to the floor.

I raised her gently and placed her in a chair, and when she had sufficiently recovered to understand my words, I did my best to sooth and calm her—striving to make her comprehend that, though her lips were sealed as a witness, now that she had placed the clew of truth in my hand, I might, with heaven's help, be able to find for her husband a way out of the perils with which lying circumstances had surrounded him. Above all things I cautioned her to keep her secret, and by no means, unless I sent to her, to be present at the trial.

On the morning the case came on Jed looked despodent; but, on the whole, bore up with courage. A jury was soon obtained, and the case opened. The prosecution proved substantially the facts above narrated by a number of witnesses, all of whom I suffered to go without cross-examination, till it came Jem Burkitt's turn.

Jem, as the strongest witness, was reserved to the last. In addition to what the others had told, he knew the fact of the peddler's presence at the prisoner's house on the fatal night, where he had left them together at a late hour, and besides he was able to expose the falsehood of Jed's story of the horse-swap.

The witness gave his evidence with confidence and clearness. It evidently had the effect of dispelling any lingering doubts of the jury, in whose faces a stern look of conviction was plainly visible.

For the first time, I rose to cross-examine. The witness confronted me with an air of composeure.

"Please open and examine that," I began, handing him a small parcel.

He eyed me suspiciously, and with nervous fingers began to undo the wrapping. He gave a sudden start when he had removed it, and a silver-cased hunter's watch fell from his hands to the floor.

"Did you ever see that before?" I asked; taking it up and reaching it toward him, but he shrank from touching it.

"I—I never did," he stammered, his face turning ghastly white.

"Let me refresh your memory," I proceeded. "That is the dead man's watch, and here is the pocket-book containing the money for which you murdered him. You were followed on your last visit to the hiding place in which you have kept them, where you were seen to take them from their concealment, and after assuring yourself of their safety, to replace them. When you had gone, the person who watched you, and who is now within call, took possession of these evidences of your guilt, and they are here to confront you."

The base wretch shrank upon his knees in abject terror.

"Have mercy!" he exclaimed, turning appealingly from one wondering face to another. "Have mercy, and I will confess all;" and he did so, relating in broken sentences, the story of his waylaying and murdering the peddler in the darkness of the early morning, and the steps he had afterwards taken to cast suspicion on the prisoner.

The words, "NOT GUILTY" had just fallen from the lips of the foreman, when a cry of joy rang through the court room, and Jed's wife, who, in spite of my injunction, could keep away no longer, fell weeping on her husband's bosom. Convinced from the first of his innocence, she had felt almost an equal conviction of Jem Burkett's guilt, and by stealthily hanging on the latter's steps, with the vigilance of a woman devoted to a purpose, she was at last enabled to unvail the terrible secret, and save her husband's life.

A Rosy Future.

They were in the bell tower of the city hall yesterday, and she leaned her yellow haired head on his agricultural shoulders and listened to the mighty "tick! tick! tick!" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we, darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy," he answered, as he hugged her a little closer; "I kin buy a clock for two dollars which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already!"

"We'll be very, very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour, and one pound of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account?" she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one."

"And will you keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows, with shams on them."

"Yes, my tulip—yes; we'll sham every durned thing, from cellar to garret; have the front door painted blue and—let's go'n look at some second hand cook stoves!"

In China 100 canceled postage stamps will buy a baby.

Shooting at a Stuffed Man.

A correspondent who seems to have nothing to do but to travel, tells us that he was on his way up a short time since from the Black Hills country, and as the train started from a station a tall Missourian took a seat beside him, and began to talk:

"The hills are full of gold," he said, by way of introduction. "I reckon you think different."

"Not at all, sir," I replied.

"Have you been there?

"Yes."

"Then you know all about it?"

He buried his face in his hands and sighed heavily.

"What troubles you?" I finally asked.

"Troubles me," he repeated, starting up and looking at me with his large gray eyes; "It's no trouble at all, sir, but disgrace;—pard, don't you forget it, disgrace!"

He sighed again, and pulled his long yellow whiskers with a nervous hand.

"Well, sir," I said, with more curiosity than is usual with me, "disgrace is bad enough, but when coupled with defeat—"

"Cheese it, pard," interrupted the stranger; "you strike heavy, and somehow, I tumble to you at once. "Disgrace coupled with fear!" That's good; I like it. I've been there myself. It's rich. That's why I left the hill?"

"Oh."

"It is fer a fact. I left all of a suddint. I skipped out."

"And yet the hills are full of gold?"

"Sartin. But I couldn't stand the racket so I left. You live hereabouts, I s'p-ose?"

"No; I'm a traveler. I've lived in the Black Hills, though, a very short time."

"In Deadwood!"

"Deadwood."

"Then you know Stumpy Jacobs, I reckon?

"O, yes; I know Stumpy; a fancy beer jerker is he."

"True. Wall, you see Stumpy and I war chums, mighty big friends; but it's all over now."

"Impossible," I cried.

"Yes," said the stranger, "we couldn't agree on the gal question."

"Hum, any girl that I know?"

"Maybe. She did the dance biz at the Variety Theatre. They called her Sprightly Nell. She went for me and I tumbled, and then——"

"Stumpy——"

"Went for her."

"And she——"

"Tumbled. In course that settled it between Stumpy and I. So I told him we'd separate for a while, and p'haps take a little rifle practice to see which could get in his work. Thar wasn't much preparation necessary; we just took down our shooting-arms mounted our horses, and struck for the bush. Then he hunted for me, and I hunted for him. But we were both tolerably shy; jist kept circling 'round shootin' at one another without doin' any harm. But the third day I fetched him.

"What! Stumpy?"

"I should remark. Listen."

"It was about noon; I had been sneakin' around for an hour or so, and no Stumpy. Then suddenly I came on him, he was sittin' on his hoss, not more than fifty yards away, sittin' straight and kind o' thinking like, for he didn't see me."

"Stumpy! Stumpy! I yelled, not wishing to shoot him without his knowing of it."

"He turned his head, I thought, and then I blazed away. Did I hit him? Don't you forget it, I did. He kind o' threw up his hands, and went off his horse all of a heap.

The longest pole knocks the persimmons, I said, and rode slowly down to whar the boys were at work; then, after a while I went back to town."

"You kept clear of the Dew-drop for a while," I said.

"Not much, stranger. I rode straight up to the door, got off my hoss, went in and called for whiskey straight; and will you believe me? Thar, just as natural as ever, in his red shirt, before the bar, was Stumpy Jacobs! And, what is more, Sprightly Nell was with him, and they both larfed when they seed me."

"I thought I killed you," I said, lookin' at the little chap with bulging eyes.

"But it wasn't me," said Stumpy, grinning, "it was a stuffed man on horseback. I got tired of foolin' wid ye, and so manufactured a man to take my place. I tied a string around his neck, and Nell and I hid in the bushes to watch proceedin's. So when you shot him, I pulled the string, and off he tumbled, kind o' life-like, and you rode away like a conqueror. It's all up with you in this hamlet. Better go and shoot yourself to onct."

"They both laughed again, and Sprightly said:

"It's all writ in rhyme now, and I am larnin' to sing it on the stage to-night. It's a rough joke over you, ole man, and I think you'd best seek other pastures."

"I was disgraced and beaten; so I jest shook hands with Stumpy, kissed Sprightly Nell in the ear, mounted my hoss, and rode away."

The engine whistled, and the disconsolate stranger rose to his feet.

"I get off here," he said, "but I'll be in Omaha in a day or two and I'd like to meet you there. And, say, if you come across an able-bodied man, who wears No, 12 boots engage him for me, for he'll have more fun and bigger wages in kickin' me around the world than in any other employment.

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End, yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.

A lady asked her grocer to give her a trade dollar for a greenback, saying she was collecting coins, and at the same time requesting him to "save a silver bill for her as soon as they came out."

Cured By Cremation.

Mrs. Boggs had been under the weather for two or three days. At least she said she was, but these attacks came rather frequently. Boggs thought; for when his wife had one of her off spells he had to cook the meals and do all the housework. We don't remember what particular state the weather was in the last time, but Mrs. Boggs was under it, and she was under it very bad. She even told Boggs that she didn't believe she was ever going to get up out of it, and she made him a hysterical request that he bury her in some sunny spot where the birds might come and sing to her, and she made him promise that he would bring flowers once a week and scatter them over the grave. A dozen times that day was Boggs called from his work in the kitchen to bid farewell to his dying wife, but she still lingered. He had experienced this a great many times before, so he was not so much alarmed as he might otherwise have been.

That night as he sat watching, like the affectionate husband he was, at the bedside, she saw that he was deeply engrossed in a book.

"What book are you reading, dear?" she faintly asked.

"A railroad guide, my love," was the reply.

"What do you want with a railroad guide?"

"I want to see how far it is to Washington, Pa., and how the trains run."

She would have asked him what he had to do with Washington, Pa., but he got up and went out, and she fell into a doze, the inclination to which she didn't care to repress, even though she delayed the final departure that she so often prated about. When she awoke she saw Boggs bending over her with a candle. He evidently had not observed that she was awake, so closing her eyes she feigned sleep and overheard the following soliloquy, which sufficiently explained to her now awakened senses his inquiry of the railroad guide about the route to Washington, Pa., "Splendid subject for cremation — a little scraggy (Mrs. Boggs's fingers worked nervously under the bedclothes and she had hard work to keep from flying at him), but the scraggy ones incinerate quicker than the fat ones, the doctor says. She could be greased if necessary to make her go quicker. Think I'll send her up by 'express, as I'm too busy in the store to get away. Her ashes can be forwarded to me in an envelope through the mail. I'll know them (audible chuckle.). They'll ask me to bury them in some sunny spot where the birds can come and sing to 'em. I'll send word to Dr. LeMoyne to make it hot for her—she has kept things hot enough for me. And I'll tell him to let all the reporters in, so as to give her a good send off, through the papers, and, whoop'er up Liza Jane. Sorry I can't be there to stir her up myself, and—" A thrilling, ear piercing scream came from the woman under the weather, and with a bound sufficient to land her on the top of any weather that ever lived, she sprang out of bed and had Boggs by the ear in a flash, while she fairly screamed:

"You'll cremate me, will you, you baldheaded old reprobate! You'll send my scraggy body up to Washington by express, (giving his ear a wring between the sentences) and tell that wicked old wretch, LeMoyne, to make it hot for me; and you'll have my ashes sent to you in a letter (growing more and more wrathy, and thumping him over the head with a candlestick she had snatched away from his hand;) and bury me in some sweet, sunny spot (whack!) where the birds may come and sing (bang!); and you want the reporters there (bang) to whoop'er up Liza Jane (boom!) Oh, you mean, wretched, wicked old man, you; I'll live a hundred years to spite you, see if I don't."

Then she pushed Boggs out of the door and bolted it, and he had to make up a bunk on the kitchen floor that night, next to the stove. But a peculiar smile played about Bogg's face, even when he was rubbing the sore spots upon his bald head, and he murmured softly to himself, guess I've cured her of them spells for a while.

Mrs. Boggs hasn't been under the weather since, but mention of the word cremation drives her almost wild.

An Irish Munchausen has turned up at a Boston restaurant in the humble capacity of a writer. A guest who has been served with a small lobster:

"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?"

"Faix, I believe they do be callin' thim lobsters here, sure. We call 'em crabs at home."

"Oh!" said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?"

"Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creek is full of 'em. Many a time I've seen 'em when I laped over the sthrames."

"How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?"

"Well," said Mike thoughtfully, "to sphake widin bounds, sur, I'd say a matter of at least five or six feet."

"What! Five or six feet? How do they get around in those small creeks!"

"Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide," said Mike.

"But," asked the guest, "you said you had seen them when you leaped over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea."

"Sure, I did, sur; we're powerful leapers in Ireland. As for the say, sur, I've seen it red with 'em."

"But, look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking that he had cornered Mike at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled."

"Don't I know that?" said Mike, "But there are bilin' springs in the ould counthry, and they swim through them, and come out all ready fur ye to crack open and ate 'em."

He is indeed an afflicted man who can pass a beautiful woman without for an instant forgetting his sorrows.

Heavy Guns.

The sort of ordance used in the American navy would not avail much in a war with any of the great European powers. The heaviest of our guns weigh but 42,000 pounds; their muzzle velocity is 1,560 feet per second with a solid projectile of 440 pounds. At our late Centennial exhibition a magnificent display by the celebrated German gun manufacturer, Herr Krupp, of Essen, attracted every one's attention. The largest of the guns had fired a 1,146 pound shell at a velocity of 1,937 feet per second, with a striking force of 21,295 in foot tons. More powerful cannons than these are now in England's possession. No later than last month she purchased from Sir William Armstrong four 100-ton guns, each one of which is capable of sending a 2,000 pound projectile through 27 inches of iron plate placed at a distance of 1,000 yards. At a distance of a mile they would penetrate the thickest armor afloat. England was not very forward in these implments of war until she learned that Italy was placing 100-ton guns upon her ships, and that they would break down the armor of any of England's ironclads. Then, in order to keep up the reputation of the English war fleet as being the best in the world, these pieces were purchased.

Exclusive of the gun-carriage, Herr Krupp charges $100,000 for one cannon of the above description, and he is at work now manufacturing a steel breech-loader of 124 tons, whose calibre will exceed half a yard, calculated to throw a shot weighing a ton, requiring a charge of 500 pounds of powder. For this gun he will charge $65,000. The cost of purchasing such a weapon, mounting it, and then of paying its running expenses for powder, balls, etc., in war time will be simply enormous. Only the wealthiest powers will be able to keep up such war-fleets. Some time ago Krupp proposed to the English Government to lend them a gun for $75,000, requiring also that in case it was a success, England should give a ten million dollar order for similar pieces. And he gave as a reason for this last condition that he had to carry out such an immense number of costly experiments, unaided by Government grants, to perfect his breech-loaders that he was not disposed to furnish one to the English for them to use as a model for future construction. It will be seen by the above that the navy of the United States is hardly worthy of the name, as compared with the magnificently equipped war fleet of England. It is no longer a personal question of bravery in time of war, but that nation wins which possesses the most powerful armament, the best equipped navy or army. The Prussian needle-gun assisted largely in the success of the Germans in their late war in France. It costs immense sums to make war nowadays. Money has to be shed as freely as blood used to be in the old times.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Chicago Romance.

A Chicago correspondent states that some four years ago there came to that city from Germany, Baron Von Daron, a young, handsome man of good education and noble family. At twenty-four he had spent three fortunes and was so heavily in debt that he was obliged to leave the Vaterland. He could not speak English. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury, which has a disagreeable way of letting its pets down upon the floor. He could not dig, to beg he was ashamed, and it was only when the fox of hunger gnawed under his German surtout that he thankfully accepted the position as coachman in a well to-do family on Calumet avenue, and there he has remained with Micawber expectation, the mistification of the male servants and a Teutonic puzzle to the daughter of the family, a pretty blonde with a fondness for the language. She had been to school in Germany; she loved the stolid, warm-hearted people of that land; she knew their ways and customs, could speak their tongue and now she could keep in practice by talking to Carl.

Carl was willing and not averse to display his knowledge. Finally as time went on, his heart already gone, his confidence followed, and he revealed his history, but said nothing about his love. But the love of Carl was not unreturned, though with true Yankee sharpness our fair haired heroine worked away until he had proved the truth of his story, and after that many a dangerous conversation was carried on between "coachee" and the young lady in silk and seal-skin who occupied the carriage. But recently a letter came from Germany. Exit a spinster aunt and entree Baron Carl Von Daron into a fortune of 300,000 thalers. And the end is to be a pretty quiet wedding, and a tour to the old country, to live, as the fairy stories say, "happy ever afterward."—*Boston Traveller.*

Burke, in his history of Virginia, says: "I find that the Governor was obliged soon after to issue a proclamation forbidding women to contract themselves to two several men at one time. For women being yet scarce and much in request, this offence was becoming very common, whereby great disquiet arose between parties, and no small trouble to the Government. It was therefore ordered: That every minister should give notice to his church that what woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to several persons at one time, although not precise and legal, yet so as might entangle or breed scruple in their consciences, should, for such offence, either undergo corporal correction or be punished by fine or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so offended. Although the supply of women is not so limited as it was when the law was in force, we have no doubt there are many young fellows in Farmville who would like to see it re-enacted.—*Farmville (Va.) Mercury.*

Motto for tramps—Hunger is the best saw-horse.

Irish Humor.

The drawer is indebted to a friend in Colorado for the following, which was related to him by a Catholic priest, Father H——, who in his mission work in Southern Colorado and New Mexico met with many extraordinary people and incidents. On one occasion he happened to hold service in a small out-of-the-way chapel, where the varied duties of janitor were discharged by a gentleman of Irish descent. During the service a child was brought forward for baptisim. It may not be generally known that in the Roman Catholic ritual the priest, before touching the child with water, puts a little salt into the water in the presence of the congregation. The janitor, however, had prepared the water beforehand, according to his own