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The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXVII, NO. 4. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1408.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

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

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 13 '76-1y

J. O. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
[illegible] at reasonable rates.
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 Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Baptist 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 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 Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 12, '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 29.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

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

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & 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 $8, and it there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar14

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST,
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jel3-7y

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical work ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION. Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Tobacco and Vinous Stimulants, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most eminent and probably the most skillful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest medical engravings—a sure preventive and a beautiful work of art, sent free to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

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

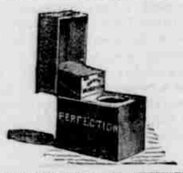
NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring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

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 to 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.
aug14.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

S. R. PILE,
DEALER IN
FLOUR 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 wanting to buy farms just now. Never knew a better time to sell. Acres at fair prices, as people are lifting money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 134 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register.
Nov 28

THE
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.


AIR TIGHT, NOISELESS AND AUTOMATIC.
Sent always clean and free from dust, and so 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,
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET COMPANY,
No. 30 Water St. Brooklyn, Long Island.

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," "Crossed Eyes," "Wild Hairs," **Cancer** and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Corneas, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

A. J. NELLIS & CO., M'f'rs
Nellis' Original & Walker's Movable Point HARPOON HORSE HAY FORKS.
The only single, double or shear Forks that can be MADE, SOLD or USED without becoming liable for infringement.
Nellis' Cast Tool Steel Castings and Iron Fastings.
The Pronong Pot Shaft Hay Carrier.
To learn the cheapest and most practical way to put your hay in now or in stack, address
A. J. NELLIS & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
May 29

MISCELLANEOUS,

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.
THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.
This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind, such as tan and freckles. It renders the CUTICLE MARVELOUSLY CLEAR, SMOOTH and PLIANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.
ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are insured BY THE USE OF ***Glenn's Sulphur Soap,*** which in addition to its purifying effects, remedies and PREVENTS RHEUMATISM and GOUT.
It also DISINFECTS CLOTHING and LINEN and PREVENTS DISEASES COMMUNICATED BY CONTACT with the PERSON.
IT DISSOLVES DANDRUFF, prevents baldness, and retards grayness of the hair.
Physicians speak of it in high terms.
Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c. and $1.20.
N. B.—The 50 cent cakes are triple the size of those at 25 cents.
"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE,"
Black or Brown. 50 Cents.
C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Av., N.Y.

The Great New Medicine

A Health-Giving Power
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing disease of what ever 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, a Bilious habit, 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.
Its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy, a turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it.
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 in 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.
WALKER & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's,
32 John St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.
"THE OBJECT OF EATING." a new book every one should read, sent free upon receipt of a one cent stamp.

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 al 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.

LOST LOVE.

The heart of the simplest woman
Is a mystery unrevealed,
And the love that seems transparent
Is most hopelessly concealed.

We are not for love while we have it,
We know not of love till 'tis lost;
We scatter its treasures broadhanded,
Nor reckon the ultimate cost.

Lo! a hand comes forth from the shadows—
A touch that I knew of old—
That could crown the gloomiest fancies
With an aureole of gold.

And I think how that hand so loving,
That craved but to lie in mine,
Oft met an impatient gesture,
Nor found no responsive sign.

And from yonder painted canvas
I catch the old, wistful look,
So timidly, meekly jealous
Of the love that I gave my book.

And I only too well remember
How I chaffed at the dumb reproach,
And swore that no thought of woman
Should on my studies encroach.

Was I blind, or mad, or but heartless?
The face and the hand are gone,
The light of my life has vanished,
I am utterly alone.

The brain that her glances kindled
Is blighted and dead and chilled,
And the gorgeous dreams of the future
Can never more be fulfilled.

I loved as a man who is selfish,
She loved in a woman's way;
And man's love compared with a woman's
Is as darkness unto day.

As a spendthrift scatters his birthright,
I wasted the dower she gave,
And too late I find my ambition
Has followed her into the grave.

—*San Francisco News Letter.*

THE HUSKING FROLIC.

A merry-making *par excellence* is a New English husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There, is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But, at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," drawa together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times the husking was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the "city folks," gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirits; and, when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the thrashing floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leafy coverings, amid sweet voices, as of old, mere "labor" comes in too often to perform the services, and silently and coldly does its work. Yet, here and there a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his annual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merry-making for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ebpraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was ever fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual husking was never omitted. It was like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in the omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D——, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic, that from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, to make one of the party in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D——, who quickly joined some score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh, yes; all that and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on as the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain, "now for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling, for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough, brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him toward her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, miss! Plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer, "The tighter we fit in the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

"Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added:

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. A red ear, by jingo!" suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and as he spoke he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had recovered from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half round the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phrase in the life of Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a practical view and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vageries conceived. An old-fashioned, straight-backed, flat-bottomed chair stood near, and, unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every girl in the room.

"First-rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. Springing from her chair, she fled into the next room; but this only increased his eagerness to touch the lips of "the beautiful girl from Boston," and he soon had his arms around her and his hands upon her cheeks. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden; but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never seen before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pocket, for all the girls avowed that never before had Farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed until making, as she alleged to her friend, a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindliest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length, the great pile of corn disappeared, and the guests arranged themselves for dancing; but they all had hardly been on the floor half an hour when supper was announced—and such a supper as it was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candid oranges. No mock or real turtle; no oysters in a dozen styles. Turkies there were, but not scientifically "boned." No; there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, "a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and the end of the end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; while pumpkin-pies, apple-pies, apple-sauce and a host of other 'fixings' filled up the spaces."

This was the bill of fare of the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another like frost work on window panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves' gals—make a long arm, and let the men folks take keer of themselves. If any on you like turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally set the table in a roar. All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'"

"Soon as supper was over, all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blindman's buff was then introduced; the company was uproarious! Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his violin, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe; whilst some of the party who were somewhat skilled in the terpsichorean art, put in the 'double shuffle rigadoon.' Presently the lookerson caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adepts and novices took the floor and did their utmost:

"'Twas right and left, and down outside, six
around and back to back;
Harum-scarum, helter-skelter, bump together,
whack!

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up this jolly gathering."

So it was at old Father Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merry-making, and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

The fever and ague request—Shake.

Two men murdered a third in Wooster Ohio, while on their way to the hanging of a murderer.

Old-Time Militia Musters.

The "rude militia" companies, according to law, met twice a year at their respective head-quarters for a day's drill and instruction. The regiment was assembled once a year, usually in the month of May, at the county town, where it was manœuvered and instructed rather after Dryden's system than either of those prescribed by Congress.

Preparatory and for three days immediately preceding the general muster, the officers of all arms were assembled and drilled together as a light infantry company, commanded by their field-officers. They were instructed in the manual of arms, company tactics, regimental manœuvres, and wound up by a ceremonious rehearsal of the part they were to play in the grand review next day.

Although this company represented the *elite* of our regimental splendors, glittering with tinsel and daunting with feathers, a more heterogenious and unsoldiery parade could scarcely be imagined. There were the elect from the mountains, who sometimes marched to the rendezvous barefoot, carrying their boots and soldier clothes in a bundle—the ambitious cobblers, tailors, and ploughboys from cross-road hamlets and rural districts, short, tall, fat, skinny, bow-legged, sheep-shanked, cock-eyed, hump-shouldered, and sway-backed—equipped by art as economically, awkwardly, and variously as they were endowed by nature, uniformed in contempt of all uniformity, armed with old flint-lock muskets, horsemen's carbines, long squirrel rifles, double-barrelled shot-guns, bell muzzled blunderbusses, with side arms of as many different patters, from the old dragoon sabre that had belonged to Harry Lee's Legion, to the slim basket-hilted rapier which had probably graced the thigh of some of our French allies in the Revolution. The officers of the volunteer companies, on the other hand, were generally selected for their handsome appearance and martial bearing, and shone with a certain elegance of equipment, each in the uniform pertaining to his company. There was also a sprinkling of veterans of 1812, recognized by a certain martinet precision in their deportment, and a shadow of contempt for their crude comrades, but quick to resent any extraneous comment derogatory to the service. A city dandy who undertook to ridicule the old-fashioned way in which some officers carried their swords, was silenced by the snappish reply: "Young man, I've seen the best troops in Great Britain beaten by men who carried their swords in that way."

This harlequinade of equipment, costume, and character was duly paraded twice a day, marched through the streets and put through its manœuvres on the green common adjoining our village, much to the satisfaction of all emancipated schoolboys, negroes, ragamuffins, idlers, tavern-keepers, and cake and beer vendors, and somewhat, perhaps, to the weariness of our Quaker element, industrious mechanics, who had apprentices to manage, and busy housewives who depended upon little negroes for help. Then came the great day of days, when all vulgar industry was for the time suspended, and all hopes of domestic industry deferred. Even the law students were constrained to close their commentaries on Blackston, and when they met at the "bar" would learnedly observe (between a glass of whisky and a quid of tobacco), "Inter arma silent leges."

But how we school-boys leaped at the first tap of the reveille, eager for the realization of our golden dreams! How hopefully we scanned the eastern horizon for assurance of a clear day! With what miserly delight we counted over our stock of coppers, hoarded for the occasion, and calculated their equivalent in cakes, beer and sticks of taffy! How doubtfully we considered the worn effigy of "Georgius Rex" on a coin we had found in a dirt pile, and wondered if we could pass it on Murquart for a "gunger!" Then how we watched the dusty roads as the wild mountaineers came trooping in to swell the buzzing swarms already gathered around the taverns, groceries, and street corners! And with what sublime emotion we mingled with the crowd, saw the plumed heroes hurrying to and fro, as with ceaseless rub-a-dub-dubbing, sound of bugles, waving of banners, flashing of swords, with the "thunder of the captains and the shouting," this incoherent and refractory mob was at lenght marshalled into some semblance of a line of battle! Then the march afield, with its exciting incidents, several hours of tactical manœuvres, such as we might imagine Sitting Bull and staff would execute with a herd of buffaloes. Then the return of dusty, thirsty veterans of the day's campaign, and the final resolution of martial organization into a storm of drunken, anarchy and fisticuff fights. For besides the prescribed military duties, it was well understood that general muster day, being reckoned among the *dies non* in civil law, offording the people a convenient opportunity for settling all the standing accounts, jealousies, rivalries, quarrels, horse trades and swindles of the current year, after their own fashion; and the solution of these difficulties by whisky and judicial combat was considered quite as satisfactory as a resort to lawyers, and far more economical. For, all in all, it was a day worthy of six months' eager anticipation and six months of pleasant remembrance.—PORTE CRAYON, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

Hints For Anglers.

Never fish in troubled waters unless you are certain that there are plenty of fish to be caught.

You cannot weigh a fish in its own "scales."

The angler's favorite dance is "the reel."

Some fishermen's receipts are all "net" profits.

A worm on the hook is worth more than two in the mud.

Give a fish ever so much line and he will never hang himself.

A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside his paper and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am growing out of patience with the text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are hundreds of us poor fellows who owe all we are, and all we have, and all we can hope to become, in this world or the next to the unselfish love of woman.

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly, so much so that his wife rocking her baby to sleep in the further corner of the room, inquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be so. We don't think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! And you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart; but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection! and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am, worthy to be the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching, with baby still held tightly to her "bosom, you absolutely frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be expected; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded:

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap, without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of selfappreciation, I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oath he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and stomache wrenching, I came off victorious and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them. True every word of it," continued the speaker. "One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said, softly and pleasantly:

"Would you please, little boy, be more careful, for I am going to a party, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled."

I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving, to my boyish heart; it was the countenance of an angel! "What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman affected her husband.

Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did was to look I managed to dispose of tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon.

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same tone.

"No ma'am," I answered, and felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am, no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither, ma'am."

"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has your mother been dead?" and the dear woman waited till I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, so sweetly—oh! I never shall forget it: "And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek where the telltale cud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now;" she continued, but here is my card; if you come to see me almost any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I could do nothing—with her I could grow to man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never crossed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage, I called upon the lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point of my life, and, before I bade her good-bye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings a week at her house, and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meeting with the mistress of his heart, any more than I did to those meetings with my friend.

I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe that woman. During the last three tmonths of those years I noticed that she grew pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes, when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would answer.

"Oh, no! I'm a little tired—that is all."

One evening she kept me much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough it seemed to me for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and suspected the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?"

"I think you can ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, "There's a woman at the bottom of it," I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."

A Failure.

A gaunt, hen-pecked looking man, with a sepulchral voice, glided into the Central station office and sat for two hours and a half, irritating a pimple on his nose, before he managed to muster sufficient nerve to unbosom himself. Having screwed himself up to the sticking point, he stepped softly up to the 'squire and said with marked forceness:

"Judge?"

"Well, sir," said the Court.

"I've come—"

"Well?"

"To ascertain—"

"Go ahead."

"How much—"

"This sounds like business," thought the Court.

"How much will it cost—"

"Yes, yes."

"How much will it cost if, in an unguarded moment, I should be seized with a spasm and should smite the woman who doubles my trouble, over the brow with the palm of my dexter finger?"

"Let me understand," said the court. You wish to know the penalty for wife beating. Is that it?"

"That's the English of it."

"Well, about thirty days."

"Thirty days," repeated the hen-pecked man. "Judge, would you let her get within a hundred yards of my prison home if I protest?"

"Certainly not."

His mournful countenance blossomed with anticipated joy as he started for the door. As he was passing out he turned boldly to the justice and remarked:

"Make her out, judge, I'll be here to pay the penalty in just about two hours."

Thirty days. How cheap! Oh, won't I—won't I whang her one! I can't hold a candle to her one jaw movement; I've not even pretended to wear the trowsers but my manhood is aroused. I'll simply gyrate in an irregular orbit about her head-piece, and then I'll give myself up to the law for thirty days with pleasure. If I can get one grand, glorious sling of this No. 10 bull skin at her, I'll go down for sixty days without a groan."

Two hours later, four men carried him to the hospital on a shutter, and his wife was arrested for assault and battery.

The Freight Brakeman.

He lives amid peril from the moment the engineer whistles up brakes until he calls them down—from the time he steps upon his train until he leaves, he is subject to perils and hardships such as no class of men in the world must endure. The sailor before the mast is indebted to ship-builders for at least a little thought in providing for his safety. No ship is ever launched until it is ascertained to be seaworthy; and however some shipmasters may neglect the means of providing for the safety of crews, all maritime nations have enacted laws to insure these precautions. But in the case of the freight brakeman and "freight crews" generally, the law-maker has never deigned to devote a thought. Railroad companies have no restrictions placed upon them as to affording these men any specific facilities for the performance of their duty; the cars are not constructed to facilitate their labors—we have never heard of an improvement designed expressly for the benefit of a train hand—of no "platform" constructed for night use—of no car top so arranged as to afford him a safe footing—of no brake that will enable him to work with ease. All "patents" on freight cars are designed to extend their capacity or cheapen their construction. The mere matter of a freight brakeman conductor or flagman is of no account. If one is killed the company can supply his place without cost; but if a platform is broken, a car wrecked, it costs money to repair or replace it. In winter's storm, summer's heat, the flash of lightning, the roar of thunder, the howl of the storm, it is all the same with the brakeman—he must stand firm when the shrill whistle indicates his action—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Lake of Soda Water.

A lake of soda water known as the Lake of Lonar, in India, has heretofore formed one of the most useful as well as picturesque features of the Hyderabad Assigned Districts. The sal