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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '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. 15 76-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—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. july15

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
[illegible] reasonable for me.
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 Kristinger's store. apr. 22, 76-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east the Classic House.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years of active practice in Shanksville, has 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. 12, 71-tf.

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 26.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Ostborn's Hotel, 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 the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Colgroth & Kell's new building, Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa.
may1

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frantz'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 enlarge my facilities that I can now put up sets of teeth at lower prices than you can them in any other place within twenty—I have now making a good set of teeth for $5, and it takes but one day period 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 day set free of charge.
may15

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 most approved Styles. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult my letter, can do so by enclosing stamp address as above. may15-72

HOTELS.

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.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the lessons made contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless consequent ills and untold miseries that result from them, 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 steel engravings—a masterpiece of art and beauty—sent free to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

BANKS, ETC.

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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.
:o:
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 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.
augl6.

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 filling money from banks and seeking a home for safety. Address
S. M. STEVENS,
Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 84 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
There is search of farms send for printed Farm Register.
Nov 23

THE
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.

AIR TIGHT, NOISELESS AND AUTOMATIC, keeps 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.
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," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for circular and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July 10.

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 Steel Steel Curtings and Iron Castings.
The Famous Hat Shell Hay Carrier.
To learn the cheapest and most practical way to pitch your hay in mow or on 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 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 dark sallow 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 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.

WALKER & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's,
33 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 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 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.

I WONDER.

A child ran laughing on the beach;
The sun shone warm and bright
Upon her waving golden hair,
Her tiny form so slight.
"I wonder why the world's so fair—
So full of sun and song,
I wonder why *big folks* don't laugh
And play the whole day long."

A maid was walking on the strand;
She gazed far out to sea
Where o'er the sunlit waters rode,
A bark so gallantly.
"Ah, love is coming o'er the waves,
Is coming soon to me,
I wonder how, in this sweet world,
Old folks such shadows see."

A woman stood upon the shore,
Her eyes with weeping red,
Looked sadly on the cruel sea,
That ne'er gives up its dead.
"I wonder why the world was made
So dark and full of care;
No wonder that life's burden seems
Too great for one to bear."

Near by the window's ledge there sat
A grand-dame old and gray—
The window looking out to sea
Where ships at anchor lay.
"I wonder when mine eyes shall see
Life's ship at anchor lie,
Within God's harbor, peacefully,
For all eternity."

MISS VERNEY'S CHOICE.

Chester Vaugan loved Edna Verney.

She was a high toned, flattered beauty, who had fled from fashionable follies for a short time to the quiet of an obscure Hampshire village.

There a kind uncle and aunt received her with open arms.

They loved this niece; she was so warm hearted and impulsive, so unspoiled by flattery.

Who was Chester Vaughan.

The chief engineer on a railroad that took in its course through the little village of Ashmont.

He was one of the noblest men that ever received on his forehead the stamp of royalty.

With a tall form, straight, massive, yet graceful, a dark handsome face, with wonderful magnetic eyes that had twice looked full into Miss Verney's.

Viewed in the light of public opinion he was shades and degrees lower than she.

To the vision, fine enough to discern souls, independent of the accidents of birth or circumstances, he was her equal.

Miss Verney was generous, truthful, high minded. So was Chester Vaughan.

She had a warm, affectionate nature; he possessed the same in a great degree.

She loved all that was fine and enjoyable in literature, and could melt into tears over a grand poem from pure sympathy and appreciation. He had the elements of genius in his own nature—could create what she only could appreciate.

Judge, then, if he was not her equal.

She was at the station to meet some friends, and remarked the fine figure of the man as he stood on the platform.

She had thought, "What a grand looking man he would be in society!" and he had turned and looked her in the face.

She had felt a great thrill at her heart, such as no other pair of eyes had had magnetism enough to send there.

She chided herself for her weakness. Was he not beneath her?

Away from her friends, was she becoming plebian in her tastes?

What right had he to look at her at all?

But still those eyes, in their wonderful depth and beauty, haunted her.

He had known by the fine sense that discerns souls, that this woman was his mate, though he had seen her but twice.

Miss Verney had known it—known that had he been in her circle, he would single her out from all others, and that she would have

"Sprung to him, and known he was her own,
Not a smaller soul,"

Miss Verney loved nature.

She was in the habit of rambling alone through the woods in search of botanical specimens and other curiosities.

One day she had wandered farther than usual.

A strange confusion seized her, and she found that she was lost.

She wandered around with growing alarm, and, at last, suspecting that she was moving in a circle, she sat down to collect her thoughts and rest her weary limbs.

How helpless she felt!

All her wealth was unavailable in an hour like this. The sun was declining and the evening twilight advancing. She felt the drowsiness of exhaustion stealing over her. She had enough presence of mind to try to shake it off and keep moving. The night closed in, starlight and beautiful.

Kept up by the force of her will, she staggered on, until she at last struck an open space.

By the light of the full moon, now risen, she saw a road before her, and gained it.

It was the railroad.

But which way to go? She was totally bewildered.

"I shall not be able to keep up much longer," she thought, looking along the lengthy stretch of iron rails, and there are no houses in sight. I shall have to lay down and die."

Hark, what was that sound advancing—distant yet, but every moment sounding nearer in the hush of the dreamy autumn night.

It was the train that reached Ashmont at nine o'clock.

A feeling of terror superseded the passive state of exhaustion.

She was on a portion of the line bounded on both sides by a steep embankment. If she could only give some signal!

She realized the awful death before her as she saw the gleaming headlight in the distance, and sank down in a dead faint on the line, her white wrap showing conspicuously against the dark ground in the clear moonlight.

It was the headlight of the "Mayflower," and Chester Vaughan's will was controling the impatient, panting monster that seemed determined to overtake the woman he loved with swift destruction.

The orders were to run slowly around the curve, and the speed was slackening when Chester Vaughan, on the look out, saw the white heap in the path of the engine where the road had the sharpest curve.

Instantly a shrill whistle gave the signal to put on brakes, and the train came to a standstill just in time to save a life.

He was on the ground in a moment, and there, not a foot from the engine, with her pale face showing like marble in the lurid light, lay the motionless form of Miss Verney.

"Great Heaven!" he uttered, as he raised her gently in his arms and placed her in one of the carriages. "A lady has fainted on the line," he explained, in cool tones, to the passengers

Even in that moment he felt a secret thrill of exultation that for once this girl was entirely dependent upon him—that she had laid a brief moment close to his heart, when in sunshine she would not have allowed him to touch the tips of her dainty white fingers.

The application of smelling salts restored consciousness, and, with a long drawn sigh, she slowly opened her eyes, to meet those magnetic ones of Chester Vaughan's.

"How came I here?" she asked.

She passed her hand slowly over her forehead.

"Oh, yes; I remember. I was lost and wandered on the line—saw the terrible engine coming, and then all was dark."

"Do you live at Ashmont?" asked the guard.

"Yes, a quarter of a mile from the station."

"We will be there in a few minutes," he said; "try and keep up as well as you can."

Again the train was moving.

The passengers fell back into their seats.

"She is a lady," said one, who knew her face; "rich, they say, though I cannot vouch for the truth of it."

"She is very beautiful," said the gentleman who was addressed.

Edna leaned against the cushions, and closed her eyes. Soon she aroused herself and spoke to a kindly looking lady near her.

"How did they stop the train in time to save my life?"

"The driver saw you on the line, and stopped. He carried you in here as gently in his arms as your mother might have done."

So Chester Vaughan had carried her in.

Somehow she felt glad that he had been the one to save her, and then chided herself with the thought, "How foolish I am!"

In a few moments the train glided into the station. Kind passengers assisted Edna into the ladies' room, and a messenger was dispatched for her uncle.

The good old people had been terribly alarmed at her continued absence; and had been sending messengers in all directions.

They both hastened to her, overjoyed that she was once more safe.

"Waiting there, she thought, "I must see him and thank him for saving me."

Chester came at her request.

His tall, well-proportioned form filled the doorway, and then, with the ease of a well-bred gentleman, he advanced, hat in hand, and stood before her.

"I want to thank you for saving me from a terrible death. I understand that you saw me and stopped the train.

He bowed.

"The act requires no thanks. I am thankful to have saved a life. I hope you are now feeling better."

"I am, thank you. Tell me, was the engine very near me?"

"Very near, indeed. Half another revolution of the wheels would have——"

She closed her eyes with a shudder.

"I must be careful how I get lost again," she said. "I may not be so fortunate the next time."

Mr. and Mrs. Browning then arrived.

"Why, Edna, my child, we have been frightened to death about you," said the old lady, putting her arms around the girl's neck. "Where in the world have you been?"

"Got lost, aunt, and wandered on the railroad. I shouldn't have been here if it hadn't been for that man," pointing to Chester.

"I've been all over the country for you," said her uncle. "Why—" and he turned to look at Chester—"it's Mr. Vaughan! It isn't possible that you saved Edna?"

"It is, though," said Edna, "and I don't know how to feel grateful enough."

"Look here, Mr. Vaughan, this is my niece, Miss Verney. Well, we must be getting home," said her uncle.

"Yes; Edna must have rest," said the kind aunt.

Edna reached out her small, white hand, and Chester took it into his large firm one.

"I should like to have you call and see me," she said.

"I should be happy to do so," he replied.

"Yes; come by all means," said the hearty voice of Mr. Browning; and the old lady added her invitation.

"I will come," he said.

Chester Vaughan did call on Miss Verney, and they were mutually pleased with each other.

They found endless topics of conversation.

She was surprised at the wonderful culture of his mind, the beautiful, original thoughts he expressed.

She felt that he was far ahead of her intellectually.

"What avails all this sympathy of taste?" he thought, bitterly. "I am only an engineer, and she is the rich Miss Verney."

Edna had strange fits of musing.

One evening when she had spent half an hour gazing into vacancy, her uncle rallied her on her abstraction.

"Don't you expect Mr. Vaughan this evening?" he asked. "I notice that he has power to brighten you up wonderfully. Confess, now, Edna, wouldn't you marry if he were in your 'set,' as you call it?"

Edna never knew what impelled her to speak; but she answered, promptly, "I would marry him as he is, and call myself the happiest girl on earth, if he loved me, and asked me to do so."

Chester Vaughan just stepping over the low doorway in the purple twilight, heard the words with a glad thrill at his heart.

He never paused, but stepped up to her, and in the presence of the wondering couple, said, "I love you, Edna, will you be my wife?"

She had known what was in his heart from the first, and was not surprised.

She put her hand in his, and answered, simply, "Yes."

"Just what I have been hoping for," said Mr. Browning. "But, bless me, if I don't think that Edna almost popped the question herself!"

"Nonsense, uncle! I'm sure I've had a real straightforward proposal, in your hearing, too—hav'n't I?" turning to her lover.

"Certainly you have. But I am too happy to discuss trifles. "I've won my wife—that's all I can realize."

When the engagement was known there was quite a flutter among Edna's fashionable friends.

"I always knew she would do some irregular thing—she's so strange," said one.

"Quite a scandalous proceeding—to marry a sooty engineer," said another.

But one day this paragraph appeared in a daily paper:

"Mr. Vaughan, who is likely to realize a handsome fortune by a wonderful invention in connection with the steam engine, is shortly to marry Miss Verney. We understand there was quite a romance attending the courtship."

Miss Verney's choice rose into popular favor at once.

In the refined and cultured circle which received them there were no men more distinguished looking, more manly, in the essential element of manhood, than Mr. Chester Vaughan.

Strength of Greek Soldiers.

The physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust nations of modern times is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of the "Anabasis," the complete accoutrements of the Spartan soldier, in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining and bridge building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in weekly installments, and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety-five or even a full hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four English miles an hour for twelve hours *per diem*, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of southern Syria the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march by one-fourth. The gymnastic tests applied by the *systarchs*, or recruiting-officer of a picked corps, would seem more preposterous to the uninformed exquisites of a modern "crack regiment." Even tall and well-shaped men of the soundest constitution could not pass the preliminary examination unless they were able to jump their own height vertically, and thrice their own length horizontally, and two-thirds of those distances in full armor; pitch a weight equal to two-thirds that of their own to a distance of twenty yards, and throw a javelin with such dexterity that they would not miss a mark the size of a man's head more than four out of ten times at a distance of fifty yards, besides other tests referring to their expertness in the use of the bow and broadsword.—*Popular Science Monthly for June.*

The Three Sieves.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it in the first place is it true?"

"I suppose so, I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place though you may prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I do not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you can't speak well, speak not at all."—*Good Words.*

A Cautious Man.

A friend of mine went a few days back to have a tooth stooped. The dentist advised him that he had better have the tooth taken out, and he would feel no pain if he took laughing gas. But what is the effect of the gas? asked my friend. It makes you totally insensible," remarked the dentist; "you don't know anything about what takes place." My friend submitted, but just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his money. "Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had before the gas took effect."—*London Truth.*

A Dutchman was whipping his boy one day. After laying on the rod for some time he stopped and said: 'Vot you tink now, Hans?' 'Nothing father.' 'Yes, you do; you tink 'Tam your fadder!' 'Now I lick you for dat.'

Pigeon-toed ladies should not wear walking dresses.

The Ludicrous Sides of Life.

The dextrous leap of thought, by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma, is worth all the vestments of dignity which the world holds. It was this readiness in repartee which continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Voltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

Again, you must have heard the anecdote of the young gentleman who was discoursing very dogmatically about the appropriate sphere of woman. "And pray, sir," screamed out an old lady, "what is the appropriate sphere of woman?" "A celestial sphere, madam."

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain?"

A rapid change from enthusiasm to nonchalance is often necessary in society. Thus a person once eloquently eulogizing the angelic qualities of Joan of Arc, was suddenly met by the petulant question. "What was Joan of Arc made of?" "She was Maid of Orleans."

A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. "Ten minutes," was the reply. "I can't wait," was his rejoinder.

Sheridan was never without a reason—never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterward, however, interrupted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it is cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

It was this readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of Congress, a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the Senate, "that the noble bull-dogs of the Administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and, pointing his long, skinny fingers at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—*mice, mice!*"

How a Little Girl Faced Death.

Willie, a bright little daughter of Mr. T. W. Walton, died recently at her father's residence, near Roanoke, in the seventh year of her age. Little Willie had been sick a long time, yet she bore her affliction with all the patience and fortitude of one much older. On the day of her death she called her little brother and sister around her and divided among them her toys. She lingered until 7 o'clock in the evening without the least apparent change, in a perfectly conscious condition, talking to those around her. She counted the strokes as the clock tolled 7, and when it had finished she turned to her father and said: "Pa, I will never hear the clock strike again; give me an apple." The apple was given her, and after eating a piece of it, she began talking of dying, expressing a great aversion to being put under the ground after death. She was assured that only her body was buried—that the spirit left the body and went to heaven. This seemed to give her great relief, and again addressing her father, said; "Is ma watching for me in heaven?" and, on being assured that she was, she said, "Turn me over then and let me die." She was tenderly turned on her side and spoke no more. The clock tolled eight all the same, but little Willie never heard it—she was dead.—*Advertiser.*

Circus Performance on a Farm.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* tells the following story of Toney Denier, the well known clown, who succeeded Fox as Humpty Dumpty in the famous pantomime:

His knowledge of the circus and gymnastic business lately stood him in great need in his new avocation as a farmer, as it enabled him to save the life of a little darling not over five years of age. As he was leaving his farm gate with his buggy team, he happend to look across the field, and saw an enraged cow dashing at a little daughter. Throwing the lines to his colored boy, he made a back spring from the carriage, cleared the gate with one bound, threw himself in front of the child, and met the furious charge of the cow, which he seized by the horns, and was tossed high in the air? No. Tony held on to the horns and his knowledge of the circus business enabled him, when he received the shock of the toss, to turn in the air a complete somersault and alight on the cow's back, which so astonished the cow that she tamed down immediately, and was ridden and driven home by Tony.

A Deadwood paper mentions the shooting of Chris. Hoffman, a saloon-keeper of that city, saying he "was shot twice in the abdomen, and once in the barber-shop adjacent."

About the finest excuse yet was the one lately given by a young lady for not going to the dentist—it was because she disliked to have anyone fooling around her mouth.

An Uninitiated Tramp.

We have before maintained that the tramps scouring around the country are a regularly organized fraternity, having a general understanding with one another, and having a ritual of questions and answers. Their uniform appearance, their periodical visits to the same localities, their regular calls at the same house where they have before procured food, all point to this. Sheriff Walls, of this city, has found curious emblems about them, has studied their character, and listened to their conversation, until he can tell a regularly initiated tramp from an imposter. The following amusing and instructive dialogue took place between the Sheriff and one of the squad of tramps recently committed to jail:

"From whence come you?"

"From a town in New York called Jerusalem."

"What's your business here?"

"To learn to subdue my appetite and to sponge my living from an indignant puplic."

"Then you are a regular tramp I presume?"

"I am so taken and accepted wherever I go."

"How am I to recognize you as a tramp?"

"By the largeness of my feet and my general carnivorous appearance."

"How do you know yourself to be a tramp?"

"In seeking food, by being often denied, but ready to try again."

"How gained you admittance to this town?"

"By a good many long tramps."

"How are you received?"

"On the end of a night policeman's billy, presented on my head."

"How did the policeman dispose of you?"

"He took me several times around the town, to the south, east and west, where we found the City Marshal, Police Judge, and the Jailor, where a great many questions were asked."

"What advice did the Judge give you?"

"He advised me to walk in upright regular steps, and to denounce tramping."

"Will you be off or from?"

"With your permission, I'll be off—a quick."

"Which way are you now traveling?"

"East."

"Of what are you in pursuit?"

"Work—which by my own endeavors and by the assistance of others I hope never to be able to find any."

"My friend, you are now at an institution where the wicked are always troublesome, and the weary are as bad as the rest. You will now be conducted to the middle chamber by a flight of winding stairs, consisting of five or more steps. Instead of corn, wine and oil, the wages of the ancients, yours will be bread and water for five days. When your company escape from this place, divide yourselves into parties of three each, take a bee line for Portland or Bangor, where, in the winter, they usually run free soup houses, and you may be pardoned on condition of your never returning." (Pointing to Edmonds the turnkey.) "Follow your conductor and fear no danger—if you behave yourself."—*Pythian Journal.*

Dangers of Toughened Glass.

Here is a little incident, related by Professor Richard, which recently occurred in Bohemia, and which may give a useful hint to heads of familes: "A child's drinking glass was brought one day to Saaz, and during six months it sustained its character of toughened glass. But one evening in the seventh month, after having been used for drinking sugared water, it was placed, with a silver spoon in it, on a large oak table. Suddenly I heard from my room a violent explosion, like a pistol shot, and a metalic sound. I hastened in and saw scattered all over the floor, needles and fragments of glass; and not only the floor, but the bed, the tables, the curtains, etc., were covered with them. The empty glass had burst without apparent cause, without the approach of a light, and with a force so extraordinary that all the inhabitants of the house were frightened. Such an explosion is doubtless caused by some changes in the extreme tension of the fibers of hardened glass.

He Was Correct

"Broke down, did you?" queried a Gratiot avenue wagon maker yesterday as a farmer's team hitched to the front wheels of a wagon halted at his door.

"Mashed by the cars," was the brief reply.

"Train struck you, eh?"

"Well, kinder. I had on a load of fence posts, and when I reached the crossing the train was right at hand. I put the whip on Sarah, and gave Bill a yank on the lines, and then I figgered on my chances. I'm a whole four hoss team on mental arithmetic, I am, and I wasn't a minute calkelating that that air locomotive would strike the off hind wheel of my wagon. Bill reared up, Sarah shied, and the engin tooted over four hundred times a minute, but I had them figgers right down fine."

"The engine ran into your wagon, did it?"

"Of course it did—struck that hind wheel exactly as I calkelated, lifted me just as I calkelated, landed them horses and fence posts where I calkelated, and now calkelate that you want about $10 to repair the busts on this vehicle!"

He was right on that too. Nothing like arithmetic.

Anything new or fresh this morning? a reporter asked in a railroad office.

Yes, replied the lone occupant of the apartment.

What is it? queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book.

Said the railroad man edging toward the door:

That paint that you are leaning against

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the boy said to the needle.

Capital Offenders.

A woman who says "my love," and "my dear," and "my sweet pet," to her husband in public, and pulls his hair in private.

A young man who is studying statistics, and tells you the quantity of liquor there was in bond in '70, and quotes voluminously about refined tallow and prime butter, etc.

A woman of great intellect, and a young lady at supper who wishes to go into a convent.

A man who is perpetually boasting of his favorite old brandy that has been these fifteen years in bottle, and gives you nothing but bad whiskey.

A woman of fifty years of age who dresses like a girl of nineteen.

A woman who drops her pocket-handkerchief every five minutes at an evening company; in order to test the gallantry of the gentlemen.

An old fellow who is always recollecting a capital thing he heard 25 years ago.

An old play goer who will insist "We haven't a single actor left."

A man who has seen better days, and will recollect the time he had 13 different sorts of wine on his table, and kept his horses and French cook, but no one cares *that* for him now—the *that* being a snap of the fingers.

A man who gives a dinner party, and keeps saying to his guests, you see your dinner gentlemen.