The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

E. D. 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. aug 14, '72.

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-ly.

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

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

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

JOHN 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. 11 '74-ly

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—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. jul y18

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., [illegible] Inquire at Carrier & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. A. E. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. sept. 23, '74-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 Barnet House.

DR. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Stoystown, has now permanently located in Somerset for the practice of Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in [illegible] Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. Calls promptly answered.

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 Cassbeer'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.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Cassbeer & 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 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 if 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 great satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.

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.

HOTELS.

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

KNOW THYSELF [illegible] HEAL THYSELF
[illegible] Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

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.

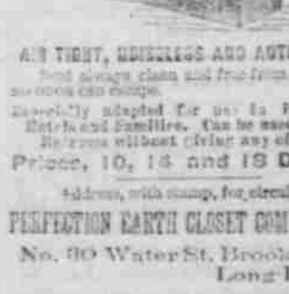
NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring 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 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.

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.

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 Farms at fair prices, as people are filling money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 131 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa. Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register. Nov. 28

THE
PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.

AIR TIGHT, ODORLESS 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, 16 and 18 Dollars.
Address, with stamp, for circular,
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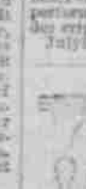
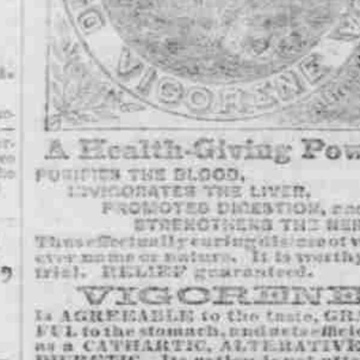

G. W. SADDLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No. 256 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Pleats, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases. July 12

A. J. NELLIS & CO., Mf'rs [illegible] Horse Hay Forks [illegible] 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, ALTERNATIVE 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 afflicted 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.
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 & BARGER MFG. CO., Prop's,
[illegible]
"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 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.

RETURNING.

MARY B. BRADLEY.

Lord, where Thy many mansions be
Hast Thou a little room for me,
Whose restless feet these many days
By hard forbidden paths have trod,
And wandering in uncertain ways
Have missed the way that leads to God?
Lord, is there any room for me
Who, sorrowing, would return to Thee?

Far have I strayed, still tossed about
On fears that would not be cast out
For all the subtle theories
That men have framed wherein to find
For troubled hearts a doubtful ease,
And freedom for a willful mind;—
Thy word, once hidden in my breast,
Forever robbed the night of rest.

I heard its still, small voice above
All other voices—not in love,
As in the old sweet days of peace,
But in a tone of sad complaint:
"Why art thou swift to seek release
From easy yoke and safe restraint?
Why hast thou taken for thy guide
False lights that lure thee from my side?"

Lord, if I heard, and in despite
Of warning chose the false, false light—
If, heedless, I Thy spirit grieved,
And slighted as an idle tale
Love such as no man has conceived—
What late repentance can avail?
How shall I dare to lift my face
Once more within Thy holy place?

I know not, verily; and yet
With doubts perplexed and fears beset,
And the sad heart unsatisfied,
Lord, I remember what sweet rest
I did discover at Thy side:
With yearnings not to be expressed
I long to walk once more with Thee:
Lord, hast Thou any room for me?

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

KING BONHOMME, THE COMMUNIST JACQUERIE.

A herculean man of thirty-five, broad shouldered, above six feet and a-half in height, with a repulsive face crowned with unkempt red hair, was walking rapidly through the beautiful forest of Arlons, on a lovely summer morning in the year 1358. He carried in his hand an enormous battle-axe made of solid iron, and much too heavy for a man of ordinary strength.

Although he was dressed in the coarse costume of the French peasants of that period, there was about his whole appearance and bearing something indicating that he did not belong to the humble tillers of the soil.

Upon passing through a clearing, his eyes fell upon the distant old castle of the Lords of Montgomery. His countenance assumed an almost fiendish expression; he clenched his fist, and said, menacingly toward the ancient manorial seats:

"Infernal aristocrats, your time has come!"

He moved on.

Suddenly in a thicket of splendid old oak trees, the noise of approaching horses fell upon his ears. He passed on, without paying any attention to it, until he was suddenly confronted by two mail horsemen. One of them said to him, sneeringly:

"Where did you steal that battle-axe, low born cur?"

The herculean made no reply.

"What?" cried the other horseman, angrily. "Has it come to this that a French peasant refuses to answer a nobleman? At him, Monseigneur de Chaloux!"

The two horsemen spurred their horses and drew their swords against the tall man.

The latter looked at them for a second or two with a defiant, contemptuous expression of countenance.

Then, quick as lightning, he lifted his huge battle-axe, and dealt each of his assailants a tremendous blow upon the head. With loud groans they sank from their horses. Several more blows from the axe completely dispatched them. The victor uttered a triumphant cry.

"Ah-a, my proud seignors!" he exclaimed. "Humble Le Grand Ferre was more than a match for you. This is an auspicious beginning for me. Let me first tie you horses together, and then take everything valuable from you."

He fastened the two horses to a tree, and then divested his victims of their coats of mail.

"Ah! Ah!" he exclaimed, upon taking the helmets from their heads. "Here I fell in with two rare birds! One of them is the young Duke de Charleux, one of the worst oppressors of our peasantry, and the other the Baron de Trechon, who boasts of having seduced five hundred of our prettiest country girls. Well, I shall hang both of them up by the legs to this tree, where the hawks and crows will feast upon their worthless carcasses."

Having stripped off every shred of clothing from the corpses, he carried his horrible threat into execution, loaded the spoils upon the backs of the two horses, and drove them along at a rapid rate of speed.

Half an hour later he stood still and uttered a shrill whistle, which was immediately answered.

"I am here," he said.

A few moments afterward he reached an aperture in the ground, hidden behind a cluster of dwarfed oak trees.

At the entrance he was met by two men, dressed like peasants, but whose faces indicated a high degree of intelligence.

"All hail, good Le Grand!" they said to the man with the two horses.

"All hail, Guillaume Caillet and Guillaume Aux Alouettes!" was the reply.

He hurriedly told them all about his terrible adventure in the forest.

"What a stroke of good luck!" exclaimed Caillet. "These horses must be slaughtered immediately. We have in this cave one hundred and ten persons on the brink of starvation."

"Be it so!" said Le Grand. "And all these valuables shall be divided among them, too."

They led the horses down three wide steps, and entered a large cave, which was dimly lighted up with pine twigs stuck into holes in the walls.

On either side of the cave were banks made of rough hewn timber.

From these bunks issued the wails of persons of both sexes.

The cave was one of the hiding places, constructed by the down-trodden peasantry of France to conceal themselves from the rapacious soldiers, both French and English, who were perpetrating all sorts of atrocious outrages upon the poor people, and especially from the nobility, most of whose members at that period were little better than remorseless highway robbers and blood-thirsty murderers.

In those caves the poor peasants frequently underwent truly harrowing sufferings.

Often they had to subsist for weeks upon a few roots and brackish water.

No wonder, then, that the announcement that there were two horses destined for food filled the inmates of the cave, with which we have to deal, with unfeigned delight.

The animals were noble chargers, but their throats were remorselessly cut, and, horrible to say, some of the famished peasants drank the warm blood, while others ravenously devoured shreds of the raw and still reeking flesh.

In the mean time the meantime Le Grand Ferr, Guillaume Aux Alouetts and Guillaume Caillet held a whispered conversation.

Caillet was the principal speaker.

"The time has come for us to strike the blow," he said. "Poor France has never been in such an abject condition before. Her king, John, a prisoner in England, his anon prince a virtual slave of Marcel, the able but unscrupulous dictator of Paris; Charles de Navarre, the famous scoundrel all-powerful wherever the English do not occupy France; the country laid waste, the peasantry a prey to the rapacity of English and French soldiers, and to the infamous greed of the nobility, which robs the poor agriculturists of everything destined to sustain life, and even of life itself. The starving peasants are ripe for a rising. Let us move without delay."

"I am ready," said Le Grand, dryly.

"One word," interposed Guillaume Aux Alouetts. "Before the movement begins, we must have a leader."

"Who shall be that leader?"

"Caillet," said Le Grand, gruffly.

"No," said Caillet, "the responsibility is too great for me."

"Are you afraid?" asked Le Grand, almost contemptuously.

"Oh, no, let Alouetts be our leader!" rejoined Caillet.

"I gladly would give my consent to it," said Alouetts; "but I cannot command an armed force in the field. You can, Caillet."

"Well, then," replied Caillet, "I will be leader. What title shall I assume?"

"King!" exclaimed Le Grand. "Our peasants think a king almost a supernatural being."

"But King what?"

Alouettes said: "The noblemen sneeringly call every peasant Jacques Bonhomme. Suppose you call yourself King Jacques Bonhomme?"

His two bearers laughed.

"A splendid idea!" said Caillet. "I am King Jacques Bonhomme now, and in that I order you two to accompany me to the cross-road tavern at Lointes. Some noblemen are carousing there at this very hour. There we will strike the first blow."

The three men left the cave where the peasants were feasting upon the flesh of the two horses.

Fifteen minutes later they entered the Picardie Arms tavern at Lointes

In the small bar-room they found three young noblemen, already considerably under the influence of liquor.

"Host," cried Le Grand Ferr, in a stentorian voice, "three bottles of your best Fleury wine."

"Have you got the money for it?" asked the landlord.

"Yes," cried Le Grand, "here it is!"

And he felled the hapless fellow with his battle-ax to the floor. The three young noblemen sprang to their feet.

"What means this?" they cried.

"It means this!" replied Le Grand, slaying them, too, with the murderous weapon.

And thus was inaugurated that terrible civil rising known in the history of France as "La Jacquerie."

The three men set fire to the tavern.

The flames attracted a large concourse of peasants.

King Jacques Bonhomme addressed them as follows:

"Peasants! the hour of your deliverance has come. Follow me! I am your King Jacques Bonhomme. We will first avenge our wrongs upon the noblemen. We will punish them in a manner that will be remembered. Their wives and daughters belong to you. Dishonor them, and then slay them. We will divide the property of the nobility. Follow me to Castle Lointes!"

That castle was the manorial seat of a very bad man, the Marquis de Lointes.

Two hundred peasants rushed into it. They killed every male inmate. As for the females, their fate was still more horrible.

In three days there were four thousand well-armed men under the command of King Jacques Bonhomme, who caused every nobleman to be slain in the country between Montargis and Amiens, and who entered that city in triumph seven days after the beginning of the rising.

For certain reasons the citizens of Amiens received him with open arms.

His army looked somewhat grotesque, for it was dressed in the gorgeous clothes of the murdered noblemen and their servants.

King Bonhomme was solemnly crowned in the market place.

Meanwhile the movement spread all over Southern France. Sixty thousand persons fell victims to La Jacquerie in the course of one year.

Then King Charles of Navarre thought it was time for him to interfere.

He invited Caillet to an interview, and treacherously caused him to be killed by having a red hot crown pressed down upon his head.

Le Grand Ferre made his escape by an almost indescribable *tour de force.*

Charles attacked the Jacquerie at Montdidier, and routed the peasants completely.

Then the surviving noblemen took heart and revenged themselves upon the peasants.

They killed eighty thousand of them, Le Grand Ferre being slain by the daughter of the Count of Arlis, who stabbed him to the heart.

Hope.

In the vicissitudes and changes incident to human life; in the numerous disappointments, sorrows, and afflictions, which in the allotments of Providence we are destined to endure; in the sudden and untimely loss of our nearest and dearest friends; when the husband, at the moment the sun of happiness begins to shine upon him in all its lustre, is deprived of his only joy; when the wife is doomed to roam in this wide world alone, unpitied and unknown, what can cheer the mind, raise the drooping soul, calm the agitated bosom, and throw a cheering light on the future? It is Hope! Sweet Hope! Thou Heaven-descended maid! visit thou the abode of misery; wipe the tear from the sorrowing eye; chase away the anguish of despair; sweeten the cup of affliction with thine all-soothing dregs! When giddy youth shall leave the paths of virtue and honor, to wander on the barren, yet alluring fields of vice, when the fond parent beholds the impending ruin of her darling offspring, do thou remain to afford comfort and consolation; let thy healing influence take possession of his heart, and yield relief. When fickle fortune deserts the good, to leave the tender ones without a home or a friend, do thou put underneath them thine all-supporting arm, and say to them:

"I will never desert thee." And when mortality shall fail, and the lamp of life shall glimmer in this feeble frame, do thou unveil thyself, and bid me wing my way to worlds beyond the sun, to live and reign in never-ending bliss.

Done Brown.

It seems incredible that a man born and raised in Annisquam, Massachusetts, should have been done so concededly brown as the particular Caleb described to the Drawer, *Harper's Magazine,* as follows, by a lady:

A well-to-do resident of the village, Captain W——, wished to employ Caleb to saw some wood, three cords and a half in all, and promised to pay him fifty cents a day. Caleb owned no saw, but as the captain had a good one, it was agreed that Caleb should hire it, and pay for the use of it at the rate of nine pence a cord. At early dawn next morning —it was in July—Caleb was at work. Those were the days of wide fire-places, and each log needed to be sawed but once. Before night he had finished the job, and went into Captain W——'s house to settle.

"Let's see," said the captain; "you were to have fifty cents a day; we'll call it a day, though it isn't sundown yet. That's fifty cents for you. And you were to pay me nine pence a cord for the use of the saw: there's forty three and three-quarter cents due me. I say, Caleb, you don't seem to have much coming."

Caleb looked dubious. He scratched his head thoughtfully, but presently a light seemed to break in upon his mind. "How unfortnit," said he, "that you did not have half a cord more, *for then we could a' come out just square*"!

Two Baltimore Merchants Shot.

PORT DEPOSIT, July 4.—The quiet of this little town was rudely disturbed at about eleven o'clock this morning by the rapid reports of pistol shots from the office of Armstrong & Co., stove manufacturers. A crowd immediately gathered, and those entering the shop saw a bloody spectacle. The body of McGill lay on the floor with his brains blown out, James Armstrong, of the firm, lay prostrate with a pistol wound in the right breast, and his brother, Thomas Armstrong, was bleeding profusely from a pistol wound in the leg.

It appears that some time ago McGill, while working for Armstrong & Co., made a model for a new stove, which they had patented, and he insisted that he was entitled to compensation for the invention to which he laid claim. Legal proceedings are pending in regard to the matter, and McGill has felt very much aggrieved in regard to the course of the Armstrongs. Meeting them this morning, he entered into conversation with them about the matter and became very excited and heated in his language. Mr. James Armstrong tried to avoid controversy, and replied to him in a conciliatory manner, and finally the two Armstrongs walked with him into his place of business to talk over the matter. When he got inside he immediately drew a revolver and began firing. A bullet took effect in the right breast of Mr. James Armstrong, penetrating the lungs, and another took effect in the abdomen. Another bullet took effect in the left leg of Mr. Thomas Armstrong. Then, turning the pistol upon himself, he blew out his brains and expired instantly. Mr. James Armstrong walked several squares towards an apothecary store before he fell.

Physicians were summoned at once, and pronounced Mr. James Armstrong's injuries as extremely serious and probably fatal, internal hemorrhage having taken place. They also found it necessary to amputate Mr. Thomas Armstrong's leg, which was done.

McGill has been out of employment for a long time, and his friends say that the matter has worked upon his mind with injurious effect. He is a connection of the Armstrongs.

Alabama Republicans.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., July 5.—The Republican State Convention, which met yesterday, adjourned late last night. A resolution endorsing President Hayes for his wise and patriotic policy was laid on the table; also a resolution to nominate a State ticket. The platform is violent in denunciation of the Democracy of the State.

"Have you heard my last song?" asked a music writer of a rough critic. "I hope so," was the reply.

Bird Lore.

In the Loch Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia and Tyrol, a superstition prevails that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great good fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in a nest of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible, it must be sought by the aid of a mirror. In Pomerania and Rugen the method is somewhat different. The parent bird must have attained the age of one hundred years, and the would-be possessor of the precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and, thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man, however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Pugen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of the devil, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance. The Swabian peasantry maintains that the young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them; but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breasts by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carrion.

Important Facts.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails will put them on.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

Tincture of benzoin is highly lauded by Mr. Philip Cowen as a simple and most effective dressing for fresh wounds. In a recent paper on this subject he holds that this application is much more healing to a recent wound than either water dressings or any form of fat. After twenty-four hours he considers a wound no longer recent, and advises free ventilation of them rather than closing them up.

Even fowl-houses should possess the means of admitting sufficient light, either through an ordinary window, or through a pane or two of thick glass in the sides, or a few glass tiles in the roof. In wet weather the birds will be the more ready to take shelter within, while the inspection of their domicils is more readily performed.—*American Builder.*

Marrying an Editor.

Yes, I'm Mrs. Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. I confess I like Mr. Snow, and thinking it would be a fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said "yes," as pretty as I knew how, and I became Mrs. Snow. I have seen ten years of married life and find my husband to be an amiable, good-natured man. He always spends his evenings at home, and is in that respect a model man; but he always brings a pile of exchanges, which is only limited by the length of his arms, and reads while I patch the knees and elbows of his pantaloons and coat. After we had a Quaker meeting of an hour's length I broke the stillness by asking:

"Mr. Snow, did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come to-morrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and rather liking a noise of that sort, I made no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," said Mr. Snow, after he had cried a minute or so, "you had better give the baby some catnip tea to quiet him; he troubles me very much."

The baby is still. Another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming tired, I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged with the papers that he does not see me leave the room. Toward midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen asleep the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quietly as possible and try to still him. Then another baby begins to scream at the top of his lungs. There is no other course but to awake Mr. Snow, and so I say:

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

The third time he starts up and cries:

"What, Tom, more copy?"

You can't kill 'em.—A Phœnix, N. Y. cat that had been shut up in a shed for two months and a half without food or water was taken out alive the other day, and attended a soiree mewsicale on the back fence the following evening.

A Chicago lady complains of the unremitting love of an absent husband. He never sends her any money

Mind Your Own Business.

What a good thing it would be in this world if everybody would mind their own business! I know it is perfectly natural for us all to want to know what our neighbor is worth, what his wife gave for her new hat, and what beau his daughter is going to marry; but if we could attend to our own affairs and let him attend to his, it would be more pleasant, to say the least. There is a vein of curiosity running through the whole human family, differently developed of course. Some have a peculiar talent for asking questions. You might as well think of getting away from hornets after you have stirred up their nest, as to get away from these human hornets. They will ask all about your affairs, where you are going and what you are going after, and the only way you can rid yourself of them is to tell them to "mind their own business."

Another class delight to find out all they can, so as to tell it—to be the first to spread the news; and if the story increases a little, it only makes it more sensational. Closely allied to these are the genuine mischief-makers—those who will keep a whole neighborhood in an uproar by going from place to place and telling what this or that one says about the other. But what is the use of mentioning these different characters —you all have them in your neighborhood. You have said a great many times, "You did wish those persons would mind their own business."

Of course, we are all more or less dependent on each other; it is of no use to carry ourselves above everybody, for sometimes we are obliged to ask help. But there are some things that every family and every person wish to themselves, and we ought to respect this feeling in them enough to attend to our own affairs. We shall all find that no matter how industrious we may be, we shall be busy enough if we "mind our own business."

A Wonderful Escape.

A correspondent writing to the Erie *Dispatch* says:

Ever since Lake Erie has been navigated by civilized people, especially for the last century, she has swallowed up large numbers of human beings by shipwreck, by fire, and by other casualties, and while many bodies are recovered there are hundreds that are never found and many that float ashore that are never identified.

I propose now to give an instance in which a human being was shipwrecked on Lake Erie, remained in the water five days, and was finally rescued alive. In the Autumn of 1833 Captain Gilman Appleby, of Conneaut, Ohio, was Captain and part owner of the schooner New Connecticut. A steamboat was then being built at Conneaut, (the North America,) of which Captain Appleby had charge, and for many years her master. An aunt of his, then residing at Black Rock, below Buffalo, was at Erie on a visit, staying with a brother who was then a resident of the town. The lady went to Conneaut in company with a nephew to visit her brother there. After remaining for some time she became exceedingly anxious to get home. Capt. Appleby, who was busy with the steamboat, endeavored to dissuade his aunt from taking the home journey until he should be going out with his vessel, when he would take her home. His efforts in that direction, however, were unavailing, and he had her taken on board the schooner to go to Buffalo in charge of the crew. The vessel being light, and the time of the year August, the Captain had entire confidence in the ability of the crew to manage the craft and land his relative safe at her destination. Everything passed off quietly until after the vessel had passed Erie, when a sudden squall struck and rolled her over upon her side, when she nearly filled with water, but continued to float. The crew, loosening the vessel's yawl, jumped in, and pulled for the shore, leaving the woman in the cabin, as they supposed drowned. The party landed at or near Portland, Chautauqua county, N. Y., and made their way as best they could back to Conneaut. Three days after the accident Captain Wilkins, of the steamboat, William Peacock, in coming down from Detroit was besought by Captain Appleby to board the wreck if he saw it, and if possible get the body of his aunt out of the cabin, and convey it to Buffalo. Captain Wilkins discovered the disabled vessel drifting down the lake, and, after coming along side, Captain William Henton, then first mate of the Peacock, boarded the wreck and made search. The schooner lay upon her side, and, to all appearances, was full of water. A pole was employed and it was supposed every part of the cabin was touched, and as no object in the shape of a human body was felt, the conclusion was reached that the remains had floated out of the cabin into the lake, hence further search was given up. Two days afterward Captain Appleby came down with a vessel with facilities to right the schooner and tow her into the nearest port, the drowned woman's son being along to assist in the recovery of the body. The vessel was finally righted, and when the cabin door had nearly reached a level position, the woman walked through the water and came up the stairs upon deck. She was caught by Captain Appleby and supported, while her son wept and sailors screamed.

Five days and nights had she been in the water, while a portion of the time she was up to her arm pits. She could not lie down, and what sleep she got was in that position, and all the food she had was a solitary cracker and a raw onion, which floated on the water. She stated that after the vessel capsized and was abandoned by the crew, she found herself alone in water waist deep. The cabin door was open but the flood was two feet above it, and the sea made constant changes in her position. When Captain Wilkins stopped she could hear the boarding-party talk and walk on the vessel, and although she used her voice to its utmost to attract their attention she could not make them hear. She saw the pole thrust into the cabin door by captain Henton and asked if she should hold on to it and be pulled out, but no answer came, the captain hearing no noise other than the splashing of the water, and having not the remotest idea that the woman was there, dead or alive.

This event occurred forty-five years ago, and I have never heard of a parallel case either on the lake or other waters, and her salvation from drowning may be regarded as little less than a miracle.

Some Satisfaction In It.

"Just give me a chance to pour my voice into that machine, will you?" said a red-nosed man, stepping to the front of a phonograph matinee, the other day.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gilliland. "Put your mouth down close, without presing, speak distinctly, and the instrument will repeat every word exactly as you say it."

"Ain't you joking now? Will it really say the same thing I say without any mixing up and changing around to turn the joke?"

"You will get back your own words—nothing more nor less, said the proprietor.

"Hold my hat then, and pull open the valves," said the man, as he nervously brought his mouth to the proper position. Steady, now, I'm about to warble."

"Come —up —boys—every—body —and—drink—with — the— land — lord!" was what the man said, with an emphasis on every word, and the same was what the marvelous little wonder shrieked back.

"That's the sweetest music I've heard for about ten years," said the man, with a moist pate and a glowing eye," and I reckon it's about that long since I've heard that good old tune ground out. I don't s'pose I'll ever get another chance to hear it again, and so, if it ain't too much trouble please run her back and shoot it out once or twice more. It's good for the rheumatiz, that is. My, what a head that man has! If he could only get up a jug that could be never emptied!" and the man walked out with a sad look and an unsteady step.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

An Aching Void.

She got a letter at the Post office yesterday. It had a bluky financial look, and she didn't wait to reach home before breaking the envelope. Rushing to one of the windows she tore one end of the envelope off hunted through the four page letter for greenbacks, and her countenance fell exactly eight inches by the Government gauge as she didn't find any. She seemed about to tear the letter into shreds, but female curiosity never defeats itself that way. Turning to the letter she read:

"My darling, this is my fifth letter to you within a week. I inclose——"

Here she looked the letter over, peered into the envelope, and then carefully searched the floor, but she didn't find it. Turning to the letter she read:

"I inclose—my love—my undying affections."

It was all she could do to restrain her desire to tear the letter from the big "I" at the upper left-hand corner down to the word "darling" at the lower-right corner, but she suddenly saw something that made her almost smile. It was a paragraph beginning:

"Next time I write I will send something more substantial. I will send you fifty——"

She stopped there to smile, a real genuine smile, and then finished:— "——fifty beautiful pictures to paste on your fruit jars!"

One of the carriers was looking at her from behind the glass screen, and says that she jumped eighteen inches high and came down on her heels with a grinding motion that gave him a pain in his ribs for more than an hour.

More Quickened Conscience.

A fair to medium Detroiter went home to find that his wife had entered the house only a moment before him and he naturally inquired where she had been.

Richard," she answered, in a very sober way, "I have been to consult a fortune teller, "what!" he exclaimed, turning pale in an instant and staggering back against the wall.

"Yes, I have been to consult a fortune teller," she went on, as the tears came to her eyes.

"Bosh! madam fortune tellers are humbugs—swindlers—liars!"

"Richard, this fortune teller told me——"

"I won't hear it—I want none of their nonsense!" he interrupted.

"Richard it concerns you."

"I don't care! I want my supper—I have no time for foolishness!"

"Richard, she says that you are——"

"I tell you I won't hear any of her balderdash! She lied about me, of course, and I'll make her take it back or go to prison!"

"Richard, won't you let me say she said you were gradually killing yourself by too close attention to business!"

"Did she say that!"

"Why, of course she did."

"Lizzie, forgive my harsh words. I see that they tell the truth and the truth only. After supper I'll get a carriage and we'll ride out and while we go down you'd better get that new bonnet you spoke of." *Detroit—Free Press.*

Revival of Falconry.

The attempt in England to revive the old sport of falconry promises to be moderately successful. Six trained peregrine falcons were publicly tried at rook hawking a few weeks ago, at Thruxton, near Andover. In spite of a high wind and occasional heavy showers, several good flights were obtained, and in most cases the quarry was killed. The perfect training of the birds was shown by their return to the falconer after a miss, the distance traversed in one instance being fully three-quarters of a mile. It is supposed that if the performances of the birds were generally exhibited, a few years would see the revival of falconry in England an accomplished fact.

An old salt sitting on a wharf the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since."

"Red is used for danger signals on railroads, and always means "stop." On a man's nose it ought to give the same warning.

Some people like oysters on the half shell, others quail on toast, but as for us we prefer eagles on $10 gold pieces.