The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
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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. R. 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.

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. 18 '70-1y

J. O. GOLE
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] for sale.
Enquire at Cassheer & 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 Kreisinger'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 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 in the Glade House.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years of active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged.
☞ Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 18, '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.
June26.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, 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.
novl1

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Pease'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 county.—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 good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar13

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. jel12-72

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 inestimable truths 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 train of evils that follow in the wake of those who have given way to evil habits, and contains a section devoted to the treatment of Venereal Diseases, and contains more than 200 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 physician 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 marvel of art and beauty—is 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.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butler 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 payable in denominations of

JNO. HICKS LEWIS 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.
augl8.

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, 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 Room 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, Perigloma, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Central Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

A. J. NELLIS & CO., Mfr's.
Agents for Walker's Notable Point HUPPON HORSE HAY FORKS.
Only single, double or shear forks that do not, note or copy without becoming infringement.
Send Stamp for Circular and Price Catalogue. Forks Sent Short Hay Carriers.
Prove the cheapest and most practical way to put hay in the 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 CONTRACTS 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 it dangerous to disturb a debilitated system, 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 dull stupid sensation, 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 ERG. CO., Prop's,
[illegible] San Francisco and New York.
☞ DIRECT OF EATING is a new book every one should read. Will be sent on 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 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.

"THE HOT SEASON."

At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball.

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out—
The pumps could hardly wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like July's best champagne.

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trips in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked their power;
Ball brimstone soon became a drug,
And loco-focos fell,
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But, ere the scorching noons,
Their candle moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only lay
Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

I am an old bachelor. At sixty-five I can say I shall never be anything else; but like all other men—all that I ever met at least—I have loved and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion and those hopes faded forty years ago. Since then I have done penance for the hasty act of one night. I have shunned the society of women, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my shattered joys with new ones.

To none who knew me have I ever told the tale. I should have been esteemed a liar or a madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare recite the events of those four and twenty hours—events which turned life into its well-worn channel, and made me the lonely, hopeless man that I am.

At the age of twenty-four I was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Carp & Cavil, lawyers. I had energy and ambition, health and opportunity, everything in fact that could be wished for a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate creature, so quiet, that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed to be the only one suitable to her. Her step was noiseless, her movement soft, her voice sweet and low. She never herself entertained a large company by her conversation, nor did any of those things which give a woman a reputation for brilliancy; but her mental powers were very fine, and in a tete-tete she was enchanting. A lady to the heart's core, in my eye, at least, a perfect beauty, she might have been forgotten by most men in a room full of giggling girls.

I adored her. I felt that her love was a jewel worthy of an Emperor's wearing, and I scarcely dare utter the words that told her all I felt. Even now her highbred reserve kept me at a distance. I was proud of her. She was at once the saint whom it was my delight to cherish and protect until death should part us.

Six months had passed away since she had promised to be mine. At the end of six months more she was to give me her hand. I had a salary, but my grandmother had left me a legacy which would enable me to go to housekeeping in a plain, comfortable style, and Grace was willing to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of mid-winter forty years ago when I walked through the city streets with Grace on my arm, and looking down on her in her white wrappings, with streams of frosty starlight touching her black hair, wondering if the angels were fairer than she was.

We were going to spend the evening at a mutual friend's residence. There was to be music and dancing, and cards, and a social supper. I went because Grace desired to go.

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other company; but I was young and light of heart, and when I had once entered the lighted parlors I did not sit silent in a corner.

I talked, I sang, I turned the music for musical young ladies, I walked through the lancers. At last I found myself flirting with one of the female guests.

There are women a man is obliged to flirt with. He does not admire them or love them one whit; he does not even desire their society; but he must be even more than man ere he can refuse to respond to their advances. One of these women I know, having been a looker on for so many years, can make any man appear desperately in love with her, when he almost detests her. A woman of that kind was in the company. She had hands that delighted in soft touches of hands masculine; eyes that could cast glances bright and entrancing. She possessed attractions rather than beauty. What she said was nothing; her conversation had no interest, but I know that I was absorbed by her — that I really was absorbed; in two words, I flirted abominably with her.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me and talked to others in her low, sweet tone. Once she sang a pretty love song. Quite calm and self possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, the thought that it troubled her never occurred to me, so that when the evening was over and when we left the house together, I was astonished beyond measure to see an offended look upon her face, and hear an offended tone in her voice. I offered her my arm. She rejected it, replying that the ground was damp, and that her hands were occupied with her dress; but I knew this was a mere pretext, and feeling myself in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the supper table, grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done," I said.

"You know!" said Grace.

"I know!" I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of woman's fancies. You must explain."

"I scarcely think worth while," she said. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you tired of your bargain. She thought you were in love with that creature. So did other people. Under the circumstances, I have a right to feel offended and insulted."

Perhaps she thought I would deny her charge. Perhaps she expected me to plead for pardon. God only knows what possessed me. I only answered:

"May I not talk to a pretty woman because I expect to marry you some day?"

"You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of a woman with whom men fall in love," I replied; "irresistible in her manner. I've heard she makes conquests everywhere. I don't doubt it."

Grace looked at me with a stern face, white in the starlight as a marble statue.

"Other women are always jealous of such women," I added.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She is a terrible woman. But since you admire her, you are free to tell her so, after you have seen me to my door."

'Grace!"

"Miss Hunter, if you please. Mr. Mutherford," she said, "we have both made a little mistake, easily rectified; that is all."

I felt, as I stood looking at her, that the effect of the wine I had drank upon me was stronger than I had thought, but I gave no heed to the warning of my giddy head and rapid pulse.

"Just as you please," I said. "I should think that a jealous woman would curse any man's life. "I'll go now; I won't trouble you any longer. Good-bye."

We were not yet at the door of her house; we were about half a block from it, but I turned on my heel then and there, and left her. I staggered a little as I turned away, and I was hot and angry. I made my way home, and without undressing threw myself upon my bed and fell asleep.

In two hours I awoke sober. I sat up and looked about me. The scenes of the evening recurred to me vividly. I saw how blame-worthy I had been, and a terrible grief oppressed me. I put my head down into my hands and burst into tears. I had lost her, and with her all that made life precious. Then hope dawned upon my soul. I would write to her, and tell her how, unused to liquor as I was, the wine had affected me. I would tell her to my sober self there was no charm in the person who had seemed to enchant me the evening before. I would draw the comparison I felt so keenly between her pure self and the bold-eyed flirt; I would pray for forgiveness, and she would forgive.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to my desk and drew from it a pen and paper and wrote a letter overflowing with remorse and tenderness. I read it and re-read it. Then leaving it upon the spot where it was written, I stood at the window and waited on the tardy dawn, very jealous of the slow hours that kept my missive away from my darling.

I had put out the candle when I left my desk, and the room should have been dark, but as I turned my head after a long and anxious reverie, I saw it was full of a pale radiance like that of moonlight. It startled me. Whence did the light come? Had the moon arisen again? Had a miracle occurred?

Suddenly, amid the silver light, appeared a still whiter radiance. It slowly took form. A female figure in white garments, so bright that they dazzled the eye, stood, bending over my letter.

I remained motionless—to speak or stir was not in my power—and gazed on the strange object with terrified insanity. The figure seemed to turn the pages of my letter with its transparent hand. I heard a gentle sigh, and then the head turned toward me and I saw a face I knew; the face that seemed the loveliest on earth to me, endowed with a mysteriously divine beauty, for which no man can find words; the glorified sweet face of Grace Hunter.

At the sight I burst the bonds that held me; bonds as tangible as though I could have seen them, and rushed forward. I strove to grasp my love, or her shadow, in my arms. A shock, as one might experience from an electric machine, flashed through me, and I fell powerless to the floor.

When I recovered the day had dawned, and under the blue morning sky the city had awakened; but my day never dawned again. My heart never awoke to life's sweetness.

To end the story in a few words. Grace Hunter never reached her home that night, and was never heard of again. The family imagined she had remained with her friends, and was not anxious about her. I left her within sight of her own door, and why she did not reach it I shall never know. But I do know that in some wonderful manner she died that night, and that her parting spirit paused on its flight to bid me a long farewell.

I have outlived my youth, and the suspicion that fell up on me and embittered many years of my existence, but I shall never outlive my remorse for that night's wonderful work. I shall never outlive the knowledge that, in the madness caused by wine and an evil woman's enchantment, I was the cause of my darling's death.

As they were taking their oysters the lady gave a little scream of rapture and detached from one of the bivalves that had fallen to her a pearl. "I wonder," said she, as she examined it closely, "if it is worth anything. There does seem to be a flaw in it." Her lord and master inspects it critically and returns it with a sapient shake of the head. "Bogus, sure," he says; "they could not afford to give real pearls with oysters at twenty-five cents a dozen."

The Paris show covers eight square miles of territory.

Games.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR ORIGIN.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Men" said Liebnitz, "have never shown so much ingenuity as in the invention of games." This is not quite true, for they displayed at least equal ingenuity for devising methods of destroying and torturing one another. Nor can it be alleged that purely utilitarian inventions, like the mangling of the smoke-jack, show less sagacity in conception than the bat or the battledore. Rabelais mentions about a hundred games which Pantagruel could play, and he seems to have cudgelled his brain for every pastime which he had witnessed or ever heard of. This was more than three centuries ago, but the list has not received many important additions since. Cricket and rackets are improvements on some games with bat and ball which Pantagruel knew; whist would have been a novelty to him, but he could hold a hand at piquet, ecarte, cribbage and baccarat; he played chess, draughts, dominoes, backgammon, skittles and bowls, and he might have waltzed (though it is not specified among his accomplishments), for this dance was invented so far back as 1400 although it did not actually become fashionable in Paris until 1810, when it was imported from Germany in honor of the Empress Marie Louise. Dancing is the oldest of recreations. Homer speaks of a new dance invented by Dædalus for Ariadne; Theseus was immoderately fond of the reel or fandango, in which the arms move with the legs. The Normans revived rather than invented round dances in the twelfth century; the Bohemians invented the redowa; the Poles the polka, first danced in England in 1840; the Hungarians the mazurka and galop. The cotillion owes its origin to the courtly Duc de Lauzen, who, for his audacity in contracting a clandestine marriage with the "Grande Mademoiselle," was imprisoned for ten years by Louis XIV. To this now popular and long-winded dance many figures were added by Marie Antoinette, and some more by the Empress Eugenie. Under the Second Empire the post of conductor of cotillions at the Tuileries balls was one of considerable social importance, and was long held by one of the Emperor's equerries, the Marquis de Caux.

Dice and knuckle-bones were known to the Lydians 1,500 years B. C. Perseus is credited with the invention of quoits, and the Hindoo Ressa with that of chess. Ardschio, King of Persia, invented backgammon; Palamedes draughts, Pyrrhus tennis, and the Greeks the noble game of goose. Loto is a comparatively recent discovery, due to an Italian, Celestino Galiani, in 1753. Dominoes, owe their name to the piety of a monk who originated them, and who was happy to pronounce a holy word while taking his amusement; and it is a nun who is believed to have invented both the game of battledore and shuttlecock and the catgut racket used in playing tennis. Excavations at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy, have brought earthenware "marbles" to light, and those of Pompeii have yielded a number of jointed dolls in ivory, which prove that the custom of giving costly toys to children is not one of modern development. Xenophon was acquainted with hoops, and we are told that Œbalus, father of Penelope, was a proficient in the gymnastics of the trapeze, which he had possibly learned from seeing monkeys swing from branch to branch by their tails. Œbalus's grandson, Telemachus, was versed in boxing, wrestling and chariot racing, which, along with the riding of races, is supposed to date from the Thurians; but he also contrived a new sport of his own, which has been improved upon in a multitude of ways up to these times. We read in the Odyssey that he set up twelve pillars, to each of which was suspended a ring, and that from his bow he sent an arrow whistling through all the twelve rings—no mean feat. Here we surely have rudiments of tilting at the ring, at the quintain, tent-pegging, &c.; besides getting a precedent for the difficulties by which it is always sought to test the merit of good marksmen. The Swiss in their "stands" (rifle alleys) still have something akin to the young Greek's rings, for they aim at their targets through loopholes pierced in a series of walls; but if Telemachus really did send his arrow through twelve rings he achieved more than most of the best shots from the Bernese Oberland could do with rifle bullets. Six loopholes, ten yards apart, are generally considered enough to try any man's steadiness of hand and eye.

The invention of cards has often been erroneously attributed to a French physician, who designed them for the amusement of the mad King Charles VI. They are of much more ancient origin, having come from China to Persia in the twelfth century and thence into Europe through the Arabs. They are mentioned in a proclamation of Louis IX. (St. Louis,) in 1254, among the ungodly pastimes which the pious should avoid; but Charles VI.'s doctor, who was abbot, restored them to the favor of the Church and thus licensed a game which has undoubtedly excelled all others in universal popularity. Cards are now a cosmopolitan means of social intercourse. Four men of different nations can play a rubber of whist without knowing a word of one another's language; and possibly the lower orders all over the world will come to adopt some one game as a general favorite. At present each State boasts a game in particular favor with its working classes. The Englishman likes cribbage, the Frenchman piquet, the Yankee and his Chinese friend euchre, the Dutchman and German "marriage," the Spaniard hombre, and the Italian a kind of ecarte. Dice have almost fallen into disuse, but roulettes have greatly multiplied, and every French wine shop has its "tourniquet" which customers spin round to gamble for drinks. Indeed, games of hazard seem to be on the increase everywhere, and the Englishmen may notice with a mixture of regret and pride that theirs is the only country where there has not been a corresponding diminution in athletic pastimes. The French used to be great players of tennis and bowls, they play chiefly billiards. This game, originally called table bowls, and invented by a courtier of Queen Elizabeth to amuse her Majesty when it rained, is athletic in a way, for it gives gentle exercise to all the limbs and keeps the brain and eyes on the alert; but its usual association with stuffy rooms full of tobacco smoke makes it unworthy to be named with the healthy outdoor sports in which Englishmen delight, and in which they seem fated to remain unrivaled. For all attempts to reacclimatize cricket, football, golf or rackets in the Continental States, where they once flourished, have failed. The Frenchman or Italian will not risk his shins to be scored by a hockey stick; the young German, who belongs to a *turnverein* and does gymnastics on scientific principles, cannot see the beauty of "fielding out" all day in a broiling sun; the Russian and Austrian will never take kindly to polo, though both have nimble ponies and wide plains which would do capitally for the sport. As for rowing, which is practiced after a fashion in France under the name of canotage, it is rather an excuse for summer outings with young ladies than a serious exercise for wind and muscle. The French have no national style of rowing, and the days are not nigh when a picked crew from the University of Paris will offer to meet Oxford or Cambridge on the Thames. This lamentable decline in Continental athleticism offers no reason why Englishmen should be put out of conceit with their manly pursuits; it should, on the contrary, urge them to continue as they are doing. After all, an athletic race is a master race; and there need be no talk of British decadence so long as a hundred British schoolboys, taken at hazard, might safely be matched for strength and endurance against a like number from any foreign schools. The time spent in handling bats and oars is not wasted.

Utilizing Frogs.

We have a story from Middletown, Conn., that eclipses the marvels of oleomargarine. The people of that place have accidentally discovered how to utilize bull-frogs by converting them into churners of butter. The discovery was thus made: A farmer in the neighborhood, having placed a pail of milk in a spring of water over night to cool, went there the next morning, and found, it is solemnly asserted, instead of a pail of milk, a large bull-frog sitting in contemplative mood upon a roll of fresh butter. The sole explanation is that the frog had jumped from the water into the pail, and, in trying to extricate himself had, by diligent and continuous strokes of his long legs, churned the milk into butter. Such a thing might happen in rustic Connecticut, but we will venture to assert that no bull-frog, however energetic and trained, or however agricultural in instinct, could in any given time convert the aqueous kind of milk we get here into butter, or even into tolerable buttermilk. Therefore, as we can receive no benefit from the discovery, we shall not attempt to put it in practice. We shall continue, in our usual barbarous fashion, to eat the hind legs of the frogs, and leave it to Middletown to employ them as natural spontaneous, self acting churns.—*New York Times.*

He Preferred to Walk.

"She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a back-woods passenger of a Mississippi steamer, that was racing with another boat.

"So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety valve cord to prevent the steam from escaping.

"I reckon well overtake that craft soon," pursued the passenger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cord another twitch and ballooing through the trumpet to the fireman, to "shove her up."

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers.

"That's about where she's rusticating," put in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously, and walked about the deck for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed: "Hadn't you better let that boat go?"

"Can't do that; must pass her."

"But s'posen we should blow up?"

"Well, said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was gaining, if it is the will of Providence for this boat to blow up, we'll have to stand it." Then he hallooed to the fireman to roll up another cask or bacon, and to mix plenty of rosin with the coal and give her a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered, the man had succeeded in reaching the shore and hallooed out:

"Go on with your race. I guess I'll walk!"

The Strangest Kind of A Watch.

The Reading (Pa.) *Eagle* says that V. Doriot, a Frenchman from Bristol, Tenn., now in Reading, has a great curiosity in the shape of a wooden watch, made by himself. It is of the ordinary size, but only weighs half an ounce. It is open faced, and the dial plate is made of the horn of a buffalo killed on the Texas Pacific railroad by being run over by an engine. The outside is of mottled brown olive wood from Jerusalem, and all the works, except a few of the more important wheels, are of boxwood. The watch keeps excellent time. It was made last year by Mr. Doriot, who is a jeweler, and who carries it as a time keeper. Even the stem and the bow are of wood. It is marked "No. 1." G. A. Schlechter, jeweler. Penn street, took the watch apart and found its construction perfect.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white clothes.

A Cup of Coffee.

To make a cup of good coffee an essential art is requisite. Many women who pride themselves, and justly, upon their skill, fail here. For early risers and those who require an early breakfast there is a mode of making coffee so generally practiced as to be almost universal in this country, and that is simply to boil the ground coffee for a few minutes, and either settle the grounds with cold water or give them time to settle gradually. This mode can be greatly improved by corking the spout with a cork, cloth or paper, thus preventing the escape of the steam, which arises from the boiling coffee. By the escape of the steam we lose much of the aromatic flavor that renders coffee so palatable. Let those who cook coffee after this method try our plan, and they will find a vast improvement. An eminent chemist recommends the following as the way of making this now universal beverage: Three-fourths of the coffee should be boiled and the remaining fourth infused, after which the whole should be mixed. By this means both the strength and flavor are increased. To preserve the flavor of ground coffee it should be wet with the syrup of sugar and then covered with powdered sugar; in this way the volatile parts of the coffee are prevented from escaping. As heretofore said, coffee, after being roasted, should be kept excluded from the air and kept in a dry place if not used at once, as it absorbs from the atmosphere and gradually loses its flavor.

Beecher on the Lazzaroni.

Mr. Beecher had something further to say on the labor question last Sunday. "Crowds of men," may be seen sitting in our public parks as thick as flies around a molasses hogshead on a Boston wharf, but any attempt to relieve their condition by a system of direct charity is a real injury to them and not help. They suffer, of course they do, and suffering is good for them. Let their bellies go hungry. It will do them good. A little starvation is the means of grace now and then. [Laughter.] If you allow them still to sit there idle and feed them, you continue their present condition. It is said that they must not be allowed to starve to death. Well, as they are, they don't grow worse, and they do grow better, and they may as well go into the other world where they may do better than they do in this. The social tendencies of our times are demoralizing and dangerous, and to no class so much as those who advocate them. All dangerous theories fall with their worst effect upon the poor and ignorant. It is true that the o are many wrongs—very many unjust hardships—on the part of the workingmen. The remedy for the evils which are felt by the workingmen is for the laboring man to develop his manhood. Self indulgence in the corner grog shop and grumbling about oppression, will not help men, and men that cannot take care of themselves in the great battle of life, cannot be taken care of. Government and society can not do for the individual that which the law of God has enjoined upon him—the care of himself. The moment you take off individual responsibility, that moment you demoralize the community. Men are very fond of being sovereigns, and it is all well when it comes to voting, but the moment you tell them you take care of themselves then they squeal. They don't want to be sovereigns. Then they want to be taken care of."

The Missouri Mound Builders.

Twenty five members of the Kansas City Academy of Science recently made an exploration of the ancient mounds in Clay county Missouri. Three mounds were selected and opened. Two of them contained vaults seven to eight feet square with stone walls three feet and a half high. In one instance only was an entire skeleton found regularly lying on the back at the bottom of the vault. Most of the bodies had occupied sitting postures. One skeleton measured five feet eight inches, and the bones of another indicated a hight of six feet two inches. Eleven skulls where found, which indicated a type of men much superior intellectually to the present race of Indians. No pottery was found, and the only weapon discovered was a flint spear-head, six inches long. Professor Mudge, of Topeka, who accompanied the exploring party is of opinion that the mound builders belonged to a very numerous race of people which once occupied the country between the Allegheny mountains and the Missouri river and the lakes and northern Georgia and Alabama. He thinks that the Toltec race, which was afterwards discovered with the Aztecs in Old Mexico, once occupied the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri valleys, and that they reached an advanced state of civilization before they migrated to Mexico. He has found the pottery made by this extinct race of people upon the Kansas prairies, of at least two hundred miles west the Missouri river, but he has never discovered mounds or remains of mounds west of that point.

Sir William Harcourt.

An amusing incident is told in connection with a recent debate in Parliament. A conservative off