A Whoppin Story.

The Ohio editors visited the Zoological Garden yesterday morning. The brown bears the moment they saw them plunged into the water and never came out till the editors left. The chimpanzes appeared pleased and frisked about and extended their hands numerous times in token of hearty welcome. The editors didn't like their familiarity and withdrew to the snakes. There was one man in the party who eyed the boa-constrictor and other large reptiles that are wont to arouse the wonder of spectators with such indifference that he attracted the attention of all who saw him. He looked like a deacon and some thought his manner toward the snakes was on account of convictions that disapproved of visiting such a place on Sunday. But among the other editors a whisper went round that he was the man who had the recent experience with a large snake in Ohio. Some had not heard of the affair, and after they got out in the shade and seated themselves on benches near the sea-lions, by dint of a good deal of urging he was prevailed on to relate the story, as follows:

"About a month ago, feeling the need of relaxation and knowing I had an able substitute in my partner and business manager, I took a brief vacation from my editorial duties and went down to visit my brother on his farm on the Sciota. The house stands on a sloping piece of ground; below them flows the Sciota river, clear and cool, and above them the ground rises to a gentle knoll. It is very rocky in that region and rattle snakes, blacksnakes, of the racer species, and copperheads are said to be thicker there than in any other part of Ohio. I had never seen any myself and so went there thinking little or nothing about them. My brother's wife is a great woman for raising chickens. At the Ohio State fair last year her chickens took the first and second prize for choice of breed and for large size. When I got down to the farm I found Mrs. ——in great distress. All her chickens had disappeared but two or three, and nobody could tell what became of them. Varmints were not plenty about there, so the blame could not lay on foxes. Neither could it be put on persons, for everybody about there were honest farmers and belonged to the church. One day I was up on the hillside, seated in the shade as we are now, reading. Presently I looked up, and saw, not twenty yards from me, one of Mrs. ——large shanghia roosters. It was almost as large as a turkey, and I remember, as I watched him strutting around, I wondered whether it wasn't his great size that had kept him from going with the rest. I resumed my reading again, but in less than a minute I heard a flutter of wings and looked up. The rooster was nowhere to be seen. The ground was clear for an area of half a mile. I got up and noticed a short distance away, near where I had last seen the rooster, what I took to be feathers in the hollow of a black stump. I went to the spot. They were feathers. The stump, as I came closer, seemed to recede a short way into the ground, and the feathers with it."

Here the editor paused and swept the perspiration from his brow with a red handkerchief, while the crowd, with horror depicted on their faces as plainly as these words are printed on paper, drew their seats up closer and pushed their heads nearer.

"Gentlemen," said the editor, carefully placing his handkerchief in his breast pocket, "if I live to be nine hundred years old I shall never forget the cold sensation that seemed to creep through my blood when I saw that stump had two glittering eyes and a white ring around its neck. It was a racer, and I saw the tail of the rooster sticking out of its yawning mouth. I got down to the house and my legs seemed like limber pipe stems as I went. Half an hour later my brother, myself and three or four of the neighbors returned to the scene with ropes and a log chain. We knew it would only be a waste of powder and lead to try to shoot the snake, so we got above him and rolled stones down the hill till he drew his head into the ground. Then we quickly laid the log chain around the hole in a sort of a draw loop. To the other end of the chain we attached the rope. Then we got down the hill with the end of the rope and waited. We didn't have long to wait. In less than thirty minutes he came out. We waited till his neck protruded for about half a foot, and then we jerked the rope. The next moment we had him fast. Three of us pulled the rope while the other two got handspikes. Yard after yard we drew out, till we had him tail and all. His body seemed a foot in diameter, and his length—" Here the crowd with one accord thrust their heads so close that the narrator was obliged to move back a little for more room. "—his length was thirteen feet and six or eight—let me see; I made a note of it;" and he fumbled for his note-book, but the crowd said never mind; they'd take his word for it. "I've left it in my other coat pocket," he said. "But never mind. It was either thirteen feet six or thirteen feet eight inches; my impression is that it was thirteen feet eight, but I want to be correct, and we'll give veracity the benefit of the doubt and say thirteen six. We killed him with handspikes and afterward cut him open. In his body we found the rooster he had last swallowed, and every one of the other chickens that had so mysteriously disappeard. There were nine all told, and every one living."

"Living!" ejaculated the crowd in chorus.

"Living," said the editor, calmly. "Before I returned from my vacation I had the satisfaction of seeing three as fine broods of chickens as I ever expect to see anywhere hatched by three of these same hens that had been so long imprisoned in the snake's body."

The party said no more, but sat in deep silence for about one minute, when somebody suggested that they be going, and they arose and repaired thoughtfully to the place where they keep the polar bears.—*Phila delphia Times.*

A Disappointed New Yorker.

A young New Yorker who has been traveling in the East could not resist the temptation of journeying to Bagdad, which had long appealed to his imagination through the *Arabian Nights* and their roseate description of the Sarrcenic capital. He has written home a private letter expressing bitter disappointment at the Bagdad of his fancy as compared with the Bagdad of fact.

Instead of finding a beautiful city, the centre of Arabic civilization and refinement, possessed of 300,000 picturesque inhabitants, he found a shrunken town of 60,000 ignorant and repulsive Musselmans, with narrow, dirty streets, full of ruts, and strewed with carcasses which would make perpetual pestilence but for devouring dogs, the only scavingers. He might have learned what the actual city is without going there by consulting any geographical work.

No wonder he feels agrieved with himself for making the uncomfortable and unremunerative journey so late in the season, too, that he was nearly burned up (Bagdad is one of the hottest and most oppressive places on the globe in summer,) and may congratulate himself on having escaped the plague which visits the city every ten years.

Skobeleg's Dinner to Tefik Bey.

This affair is described by a correspondent of the London *Daily News*:

I had attached myself to General Skobeleff, and while riding through the streets on our way to our old quarters on the Loftcha road we met Tefik Bey, Osman's chief of staff, the same who had come over the bridge to us with the white flag. He had become separated from Osman and was wandering about with his escort through the muddy streets. Nobody seeming to know where to take him or where to go, General Skobeleg immediately invited him to dine and pass the night at his headquarters on the Loftcha road. Tefik Bey at first hesitated, as he thought he ought to endeavor to join Osman, but nobody knew where Osman was. It seemed then probable that he had accompanied the Grand Duke to Bogot, and at any rate if he were in Plevna, the task of finding him might be one of hours in the darkness. General Skobeleff's persuasions, joined to those of Colonel Galliard, whom Skobeleff had likewise invited, finally prevailed. A warm fire burning gayly in General Skobeleff's mud hut, a glass of vodka and some hot soup, at once thawed out our benumbed hands and feet, and we were soon enjoying a hot dinner, with the appetite of men who had been in the saddle since daylight, with not a morsel to eat. Tefik Bey seemed much depressed and downcast. He spoke little, and was at first almost as taciturn as he had been on the bridge. He brightened up, however, as the meal progressed, drank a glass of red wine, a glass of sherry and a couple of glasses of champaigne, when General Skobeleff proposed the health of Osman Ghazi, and drank to the brave defenders of Plevna.

A merry smile overspread his face when Skobeleff inquired of him who had commanded the Turks on the Green Hill, and I believe it occurred to him now for the first time that his entertainer was Skobeleff, the indefatigable, restless, daring spirit with whom he had exchanged so many hard blows on the Loftcha road and Green Hill. Nobody had mentioned Skobeleff's name in his presence, nor had Skobeleff told him who he was; but the fact that he had come out of the Loftcha road, together with Skobeleff's question about the Green Hill was quite enough to enlighten him. So he said, with a smile, "Ah, it is you who gave us such tough work on the Green Hill all this time? You are General Skobeleff?" He laughed and said, "Yes." "That was a very good attack of yours that evening in the fog and darkness. Very well done. But you did not get it all." "No," said Skobeleff; "I did not want it all." And they both laughed. But after this momentary fit of sunshine Tefik Bey soon again relapsed into melancholy and gloom. It was partly the despondency and sadness natural under the circumstances, partly the reaction on the extreme excitement and tention of nerves during the last few days when preparing for the sortie, and partly extreme lassitude and fatigue. We had hardly swallowed our coffee when Skobeleff, taking pity on him, turned us all out, gave up his bed to Tefik, had another hastily made up for Colonel Galliard, and then retired and passed the night in a hut of one of his officers; so ended this eventful day on our side of Plevna.

Heroism.

In 1706, Turin was besieged by a powerful army of the French, and though the Turinese opposed to their beseigers the most powerful and skillful defence, and kept them at bay for many weeks, by foiling their attacks with frequent surprises and sorties, and with heavy firing from the walls, yet at the end of three months, the assailants were so far advanced, that all the defensive fortifications had been mastered, and one alone remained to the Turinese, the capture of which, seemingly probable would render citadel and the town incapable of further defence. The governor of Turin, Court Daun, in order to save the last post of defence, and to get rid of a tremendous battery which threatened it, ordered a chosen body of men to approach the battery by undermining the ground, and to destroy it by a subterraneous explosion. The captain of these miners was Pietro Micca. He obeyed Daun's orders with the liveliest solicitude and most unremitting labor, and got so far in undermining the battery, that nothing remained to be done but to lay the train of powder, and to set to it. When, lo and behold! the occupants of the battery, probably apprised of subterraneous operations by the usual expedient of putting dry peas upon a drum-head, which, by their disquietude, indicate that something wrong is going on below, began to delve and agitate the ground from above in such a manner as to apprise the underminers that they might every minute expect a meeting with the counterminers. The roof of the subterraneous passage shook down so much dust, and brought such unwelcome noises over the heads of the former, as to show that the battery holders had no mind to be blown up without their own consent. The minutes of the awful crisis soon contracted into moments. For the whole body of sappers to retire without leaving one individual to blow up the mine, was to give up the whole project. No resource remained for its success but for some one to set fire instantly to the powder in the mine, though this necessarily inferred the death of the firer. Pietro Micca took this task upon himself, and resolved to perish in accomplishing it. He ordered his company to retire "Remember," he said to them in a melancholy voice, "to recommend my tender children to the paternal heart of our king. Let him be their supporter and father. I die joyfully to serve my country and king." He then advanced to the mass of powder that was to be exploded, set fire to it, and blowing up the battery, expired under its ruins. To this devoted act of Micca, Turin for that time owed its preservation.

The culprit was brought before the magistrate and asked his name. It was given as Kachenschlager. "Did you shoot the dog in self defense?"

"No; I shot him in the lek, und he yumpeded ofer de fence."

Clouded Mediums.

How expressive are the changes wrought by light and darkness! How marked is the contrast! But a few hours ago we were living in gloom. Night had cast her sombre shadow over every form of grace and beauty. All were hushed in silent repose. Now the king of day is seated upon his golden throne. He has dispersed the gloom of night. His radiant beams give new energy to living nature, while everywhere there is life and activity.

This is a typical picture. Darkness is the emblem of vice, ignorance and oppression. Light is the emblem of virtue, intelligence and freedom. As the physical world has its days and nights, so the moral and intellectual world has its intervals of light and darkness. But light can only reach us through mediums. That which gives brilliancy to this spacious chapel, comes streaming through the windows. They are the mediums of the sunbeams. Darken them, and we are in gloom; build up the solid walls and we are in impenetrable darkness. The sunbeam is the emblem of truth and virtue; the window the emblem of the means by which the mind is enlightened. The glass may be clear as crystal to let in the heralds of health, life and beauty, or it may be stained with the darkest colors to make obscure and unattractive every thing within these walls. Thus it is that man may welcome truth and virtue, and live with the intelligent and the free; or, rejecting these, pine with the ignorant and the oppressed.

In the early ages the tendency of man was to avoid the light of heavenly truth. Then the world preferred to "look through a glass darkly." For when the source of light had disappeared from Palestine, how rapidly gathered the succeeding darkness; how quickly fell the veil of superstition upon all nations. Then truth gave way to error, intelligence to ignorance, and divine light to the base superstitions of the Papal church. But there came a time when man became weary of groping in the dark; there came a time when the great Luther pierced the black cloud and let in the light of revelation—feeble at first, but gathering strength, it penetrated deeper and deeper into heathen minds, until to-day every tribe and nation may boast of its advantages, and every civilized people claim a Christian religion.

Intellectual light has had its struggle. In the chaos and confusion of the dark ages, few and feeble were the rays that penetrated that cloud of ignorance. When the men of science were few, the scope of intelligence was narrow; but now that light is the power of nations and the strength of men. Every day brings forth some new law, or evolves some new truth for the benefit of society or the advancement of education.

Again, the stain of oppression had been one of the deepest dyes in the world's history. Nations have struggled on for years, but at every attempt made, the veil of tyranny and oppression was only drawn closer, until the star of freedom refused to shine through the years of despotism. But even that dark stain could not stand the growing intelligence. Man would be free, and the last century has shown him capable of resting the government upon the individual.

Fortunately, ours is a country where the sunbeams of heavenly truth shine far and free; intelligence is provided for on every hill-top; while liberty is stamped upon the brow of everyone that treads American soil. As a nation, we look through a medium of apparent clearness—a window with no deep stain upon it. But are we as individuals living in the same light? Is the medium of each mind transparent? We need but notice the ignorance, the selfishness, and the dishonesty by which we are surrounded, to find an answer. Ah, there is diversity among individual minds. One looks through a window, dimmed by ignorance, clouded by superstition, darkened by selfishness, to him, nature is veiled in obscurity; the fiery orbs of heaven are but so many demons created to exert an evil influence over him; the noble actions of the great and good are the result of selfish motives. Another looks through a transparent medium—a window that offers no resistance to the pure light of science, the genial rays of truth, the radiant sunbeams of a generous spirit. To him, nature uncovers her hidden beauties; the the starry heavens declare the power of their Creator; the circle in which he moves is made happy by his presence.

Need it be thus? Has God created one man to be happy and another to be miserable? Has he set one in the pure light and another in the darkness? Nay, we are free and equal. We are the authors of our own happiness; the architects of our own fortunes. Is our mental vision darkened by ignorance? In the vast storehouse of knowledge may be found means for the culture of every faculty. Every effort made for self-improvement brings us in a purer light; every hour spent in the acquisition of knowledge evolves new truths for the intellect, and new beauties for the heart. Is the window of the mind stained by jealousy, selfishness, envy and vice? Around us are our fellow-men; they claim our assistance, they demand our generosity, they need our sympathy. But above these is he who claims our all. The condition is effort on our part. Every act of kindness gives us strength to do another; every word of cheer makes us only the richer; every good thought is a jewel to the thinker.

It is light or darkness, and we choose the one or the other. Little by little the dust gathers on the pane by our neglect, or disperses by our efforts; moment by moment the light is breaking or the gloom is gathering; day by day we are living in the light of an educated mind, or standing despondent and gloomy in our own shadow; forever sustained by the power of an approving conscience, or weighed down by the bitterness of a stinging remorse.

But be it for us who here to-day begin our work,—our mission of life, be it for you who are treading the path we have trod, be it for all to avoid the darkness, to seek the light; to shun ignorance, to spread intelligence, to dethrone error and wrong, to uphold truth and right. Then, and then only, will each be a light unto himself and a blessing to society.

Indiana, Pa., July 25, 1878.

Omaha's Hottest Day.

OMAHA, August 8.—To-day was the hottest of the season, the thermometer registering over 100° in the shade. Four cases of prostration by heat occurred, one probably fatal.

When is a jealous husband like a cat? When "he smells a rat."

Memory and Dreaming.

THE WONDERS OF MENTAL ACTIVITY.

The property in mental life called memory is that by which we may be said to live over past occurrences, and it is this continued possession of former consciousness which constitutes in us the knowledge of continued existence. He who should be conscious only of the present, forgetting entirely the past, would have no idea of continued duration; although he might live forever, he would not possess the sense of prolonged existence. Memory, then, would seem to make man conscious of immortality; and without memory *now* would be the all of life, even though it were immortal.

One curious phase of dreaming is that it rarely brings back and repeats the pleasant facts of life, but almost always those which were troublesome or undesirable.

This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that experiences which constituted the average current of daily life make no special impression upon the mind, whereas those occurences which were remarkable and impressive by their offensiveness, anxiety, care or cost, made a vivid impression, which left, as it were, an ineffaceable scar.

We are very apt to remember the errors and mistakes of ourselves and others much more vividly than our excellencies or the average current of experience. How the recollections of an awkward blunder in company, or a careless, ill-advised remark will send a chill of shame and regret through the system! A faithful horse may carry his rider a hundred miles without a misstep, but a round stone concealed in the sand may betray the step of the horse and bring him to his knees, causing the rider to give him a bad name as a saddle-horse, forgetting the millions of steps securely taken, and remembering only the one failure, and even in that case overlooking entirely the adequate cause of the misstep. And this is a good analogue of human character or conduct. One may live half a century a model of correct deportment, and a single act of impropriety be recorded as more than an offset to all that was commendable.

More than fifty years ago I was employed in weaving on a fly shuttle hand-loom, and even now in my dreams I am often weaving and get the shuttle caught in the web and break down threads, or the shuttle fails to get clear through, and I must push it to its destination by hand. I never dream of dashing on freely and pleasantly with the work; only the troublesome part or the incomplete motions are revived in my dream-memory.

Over forty years ago I was connected with paper manufacturing, and my work consisted in running the machine which formed the paper. As we had no dryer, the paper run from press-rolls, and was wound upon a reel or "lay-boy" in the wet state. Sometimes the paper would break and wind around the upper roller, and, if allowed long to wind on, it made a kind of wet pasteboard, which must be broken at one side and peeled off by the hand as the roll revolved. This required a very dexterous and energetic effort, and it was one of the troublesome things about the work; and just this process I often perform in my dreams. It is not the smooth running of the machine, hour after hour without a break, except when one full "lay-boy" was to be removed and an empty one put on, that haunts my dreams, but it is the incidental breaking of the paper.

Moreover, I dream of driving, not on the smooth road, at an exhilarating speed, but with a toppling load on a sideling road. I am driving over a defective causeway-bridge, or through a deep and rushing stream; phenomena, which, in my early experience, constituted an exceptional and unpleasant fact.

I once forgot, on a rainy Sunday, to feed my horse until nearly night, and fifty times since that time I have dreamed of neglecting to feed a horse for two or three days and nights, waking, with thankful joy, to find that it was but a dream.

Will the memory of past misdeeds be the undying scourge of those whose life is misdirected and wicked?

School Books.

Quite a discussion is going on in certain sections of this State as to the propriety of school boards purchasing the books necessary in their respective school districts and taxing the people for the same. As this is a question which pertinently belongs to the several districts, and with which no outsider has any right to interfere, we cannot but say, that we are decidedly opposed to any such innovation upon the present system. Public schools are provided for all the children, and parents and guardians ought of right to furnish their children or wards with such school books as are required. If books should be published at the public expense we all know, or ought to know that it will be one of the most fruitful sources of fraud and speculation ever introduced. Besides this, what is to hinder the school directors from entering into some disgraceful bargain with a book agent to supply the district schools with books and have the profits divided among them. If ever this system should be adopted there are not two districts in the county in which the same books would be used. Let the present system alone and all these schemes and plans proposed which have no other object in view, as we honestly believe, but speculation be condemned once and forever. We have already innovations enough without converting the whole system into one of plunder and thievery.—*Ex.*

Why he Wanted a Receipt.

In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer crafty, subtle and cute as a fox. An Indian of the Miamac tribe, named Simon, owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for his tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with lawsuit, process and executions. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor. The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt?" said the lawyer, "a receipt; what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one and I will give you a receipt."

The Indian looked at him a moment, and then said:

"S'pose may be die; me go heben, me find the gate locked; me see 'Postle Peter; he say, 'Simon, what you want?' me say, 'Want to get in; he say, 'You pay Mr. J——dat money?' what me do? me had no receipt! had to hunt all ober hell to find you!"

He got a receipt.

Newspaper Patronage.

One who knows all about our cares, trials, hopes, disappointments and grievances, has put them so pertinently into shape, that we lay the paper before our readers for their edification and improvement. It may prove as a mirror where certain persons may possibly see themselves as others see them.

Many long and weary years, says he, have forced the conclusion upon us that the newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition or are dishonest in a strict biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage is composed of as many colors as a rainbow, and is as changeable as the chameleon.

One man comes in and subscribes for a paper and pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with the profound satisfaction that it is his. He hands in his advertisment, asks the price, pays for it and goes to his place of business and reaps the advantage thereof. Another man says you may put my name on your books, and goes off without saying a word about the pay. Time passes on and you want your money, and want him to pay you what is honestly due. He flies into a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped.

Another man brings in a fifty cent advertisement, end wants a two dollar notice given it, and if you refuse he goes off mad. And this is called newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you—he does not take the paper—he didn't like the editor—the paper don't exactly suit him—yet he goes regularly to his neighbor and borrows it, and quarrels with the opinions of the editor. Occasionally he sees an article he likes; he begs or gives a half dime for the number. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man likes the paper and takes a copy for his family, and pays for it, and does all he can to get subscribers; he rarely grumbles and generally has a cheerful word for the editor. If any little item of interest occurs in the neighborhood, he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man has a patent and wants you to give it a two dollar notice every week; it will be of interest to your readers, he says, but although knowing that it will benefit him most of all, he does not offer to pay for it. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man has taken the paper for several years, but has not paid for it, and comes in with a four or five dollar advertisement and asks you to insert it for nothing, because he is an old patron of yours. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man—"a young man about town"—no use of taking a paper, knows all there is going on. By and by he gets married, and hands in a notice with "just give a dozen copies." He gets them, and when you mention pay, looks surprised—"You surely don't charge for such a thing!" And this is called newspaper patronage.

Now isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when the gentleman in black gets his dues, as he surely will, how many of the patrons enumerated above will fall to his share? Now it will be seen that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are other kinds of patronage that are more destructive than the deadly night shade.

What George Washington Did Not Know.

We don't like to be irreverent; but would like to ask what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steamboat; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for a picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the "fizz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never took laughing gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob." H—but why go on? No, when he took an excursion it was on a flat boat. When he went off on a train it was a mule train. When he wanted to talk to a man in Milwaukee he had to go there. When he wanted his picture taken it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at the enemy he had to trust to a crook barrelled old flint lock. When he wrote it was with a goose quill. When he had anything to mend his grandmother did it with a darning needle. When he went to a fire he stood in a line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clam he never dreamed it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarinet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never stopped yelling. When he got out of teeth he gummed his victuals. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friend up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labeled bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. When he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted ground hog or the goose bone. When—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he, anyway?

Sensational Criminals.

San Francisco rejoices in the possession of two sensational criminals. Julius Stein is in prison for forgery, and the exhibits in his case show that he has traveled under 27 aliases. Some thirty women have appeared at the jail whom he had either defrauded, seduced or agreed to marry; some of them wish to marry him even now. One in particular, to whom the day before his arrest he had suggested throwing herself with him under the wheels of an express train, insists on remaining with him in the cell. Mrs. Helen Ames, the other party, has not been captured. She would drive up to a house in a neatly appointed carriage, and, dressed in the height of fashion, send up her card, and while waiting for the lady of the mansion to descend take any valuables in her reach—lace, tidies, Sevres vases, carved ivories, tobacco sets in solid silver, fans, albums, card cases, jewelry, and now and then a purse. Besides this, by representing herself as a collector for a fashionable charity, she obtained not a little ready money from her victims.

A very unsatisfactory sort of bread—The roll of fame.

A Monomaniac.

NASHVILLE, July 18.—The people in the village of Rhea Springs were thrown into wild excitement yesterday by the peculiar antics of a religious monomaniac named Collins. At five A. M., he went into a Methodist church and tore up all the books, as he said, to get the devil out of them. He then passed through and out of town a distance of two miles.

Concluding that the devil was in his clothing, and that Jesus had commissioned him to go into the church as naked as he came into the world, he pulled of his clothing, and in a state of nature started back in a run, followed by a constantly increasing multitude of people, who failed to overtake him. Passing through the town, he finally approached the church. A man attempted to stop him and was knocked senseless by a stone; another he felled with his fist. By this time a crowd had gathered about him, owing to a profuse perspiration, which made him as slippery as an eel, it was difficult to hold him. Once secured and bound, he was taken to the jail at Washington.

On Monday morning the jailor went into his cell to give him his food, and he seemed perfectly quiet and harmless. The jailor passed inside the cell door and turned to lock it. Collins at this moment picked up a heavy board and struck the jailor on the back of the head, knocking him down, and then beating his head into the condition of jelly. The jailor's wife subsequently came in to see what had become of her husband; but raising her dress to go up stairs, she did not see Collins until she got to the top. He was covered with blood from head to foot. Collins at once struck her a violent blow on the head, knocking her down the stairway, and then rushed to his cell, in which was his bloody victim, and locked himself in.

Collins is an Irishman, and was, until two years ago, a Catholic; at that time he joined the Methodist Church South, with the understanding that he was to cease drinking intoxicating liquors. A religious meeting had been in progress, and it was not known that he had become a religious monomaniac until Sunday morning.

Capillary Attraction.

No one who looks down from a gallery in a church upon a devout and God-like congregation, can fail to notice how very prone the Christian is to the loss of his hair. Piety and baldheadedness seem to go together, that the head of the believer may be a shining light, a city on the hill. And yet if one goes to a godless theatre the same thing is observable. Worldliness is as bad as piety. The bloated capitalist and the money-handed son of toil are equally liable to barefootedness on the top of the head. And this too in the face of the fact that proud science has long wrestled with the problem, and inventions innumerable announce themselves as causing a luxuriant growth of hair. Baldheadedness, however, does not impair a man's value in the ordinary affairs of life. He can buy or sell, insure, run a bank or accept an office, with not enough hair on his head to make a first class eye-brow; but when it comes to making love to a girl it is very much in the way. There is a great deal of capilary attraction in love. Girls adore a handsome suit of glossy hair. It is lovely. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a greased pumpkin, he is at a disadvantage. Just as the words that glow and the thoughts that burn begin to awaken in her bosom a sympathetic thrill, she may happen to notice two or three flies promenading over his phrenological organs—and all is over. Girls are so frivolous. She immediately becomes more interested in those flies than in all his lovely language. While he is pouring out his love and passion, she is wondering how the flies manage to hold on to such a slippery surface.

How Coal is Drawn in Scotland.

Small tramways are laid from the pit bottom into almost all the working places, on which a light wagon called a hutch runs on slim malleable iron or steel wheels, and these hold from six to ten hundred weight of coal, according to the steepness of the mine, or of such capacity as a man can run it up and down the small railway easily. On all the level roads this work is performed by horses or Shetland ponies—of late years by underground engines and wire ropes. If the mine be low, a pony will draw six and a full-sized horse nine or ten hutches. And by steam twenty or more to the wire. The main level roads run straight out from the pit bottom, and at every six places another level road is made, the hutches being lowered down to each level by self acting inclines. A set of men called the put rers collect the hutches, and bring to the top of the inclines, when they are let down by incline men, one at the top, and another at the bottom. They are then connected and marshalled into trains ready for the horses and drivers to bring them into the pit bottom. This work is often performed by the ton also, and it costs from 6d to 8d a ton for underground transit. In a large pit a great deal of nice arrangement is required to keep all going steadily, and for eight or ten hours without stop. But as all are paid by piece work, it is every one's interest to push on the work, and it is really a cheerful and animated scene, often as animated and cheery as reapers on a harvest field.

Sagacity of the Deer.

A Nimrod who has been in the habit of hunting deer in the Adirondack mountains is of the opinion that the deer is often more than a match for a dog in sagacity. The deer seems to be well aware that the dog is guided by his faculty of scent in tracking him; and all the deer's efforts are directed to baffling and thwarting this keen and wonderful scent with which the dog is gifted.

With this purpose the deer will often make enormous leaps, or run around in a circle so as to confuse and puzzle his pursuers. He will mount a stone wall aware that the dog cannot scent him so well on the rock as on the grass. If he can find a pond or stream of water, the deer will plunge in and swim a long distance, so that the dog may loose his trail.

It is a joyful sound to the poor, hunted deer, when the dogs send up that sad, dismal howl, which they give utterance to when they lose all scent of the deer, and despair of finding it. He is then a happy deer. He hides quietly in some covert among the bushes, and he will take care to place himself where the wind will carry all odors of his body away from the direction where he supposes the dogs to be.

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for medicines or other compounds, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to. Inventions that have been REJECTED by the Patent Office may be now patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS will do well to send us a model or sketch of their device; we make examinations and advise as to patentability, free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer to, Washington, to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. E. D. Power, The German-American National Bank, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Representatives in Congress; and especially to our clients in every State in the Union, and in Canada. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless. Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila.
Feb. 6

PHILADELPHIA COFFEE.

We have recently made great improvements in the process of Roasting Coffee, and now offer to the trade the

FINEST ROASTED COFFEE

ever put up in Packages. We guarantee every package branded "MY CHOICE" or DOM PEDRO'S CHOICE" to be nothing but fine selected Coffee, Coffee, imported from "RIO" by ourselves.

Janney & Andrews,
WHOLESALE
Grocers & Produce Commission Merchants
Nos. 121 and 123 Market Street,
May 29 PHILADELPHIA.

HUNT'S REMEDY

The Great Kidney Medicine is not a new compound; it has been before the public 30 years and need by all classes. HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by Physicians to die. HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Incontinence and Retention of Urine. HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health in the results. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and all Complaints of the Urine-Genital Organs. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. Send for pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY

WM. E. CLARKE, Sole Proprietor, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Aug 7

WESTERN PENN'A. CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE.

The Institute prepares Students for College, Business, Professional Schools, Home Life, and Teaching. Location elevated, healthful, easy of access, and picturesque, commanding an extensive view of Chestnut Ridge. Full corps of Instructors. Five courses of Study. Open to both sexes. Expenses moderate. New building for ladies. Open grate in each room.

Address the Principal,
JONATHAN JONES, A. M.,
Dec 6. Mt. Pleasant, Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Catherine Phillippi, late of Milford Tp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, Sep. 7, 1878, at the late residence of said deceased, when and where he will attend for the purpose.

GEORGE W. CURLEY,
July 31 Administrator.

PUBLIC SALE.

In pursuance of an order granted by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, the undersigned Assignee of Valentine J. Miller, will offer for sale on the premises, on tract No. 1, in Quemahoning township, on

Saturday, August 24, 1878,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, viz:

No. 1. Home farm containing 161 acres more or less, situate in Quemahoning Twp., adjoining lands of W. H. Miller, Samuel J. Miller, Harry Shaffer and others, with Swiss barn, dwelling house and other outbuildings thereon erected, fine orchard of fruit trees, with 60 acres in meadow, 140 acres clear and in good state of cultivation.

No. 2. Also a farm known known as the Witt farm, containing 121 acres, adjoining Jacob S. Miller, Harry Shafer and others, in Quemahoning township, of which 100 acres are clear, 21 acres in meadow, with house and barn thereon erected.

No. 3. Also a farm known as the Spencer farm, in Quemahoning township, containing 115 acres, adjoining lands of Franklin Barnhart, Jacob S. Miller and others of which 100 acres are clear, 20 acres in meadow, with house and barn thereon erected.

No. 4. Also a farm known as the South farm, in Somerset township, containing 100 acres adjoining lands of Herman Shaffer, Franklin Barnhart and others, with dwelling house, stable and other buildings thereon erected; 90 acres are clear and 10 acres in meadow.

No. 5. Also a tract of land taken from the Ephraim Shaffer farm in Somerset township, containing 42 acres, adjoining lands of Josiah Good, Harry Shaffer and the Witt farm, all of which is clear and under a good state of cultivation. These farms are within one mile of the Cheese Factories of Sage, Burrell & Co.

TERMS.—One-third in hand, on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from day of sale, with interest on deferred payments from day of sale.

The Assignee will give additional information to persons desiring to purchase.

W. H. MILLER.
July 24 Stoystown, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., there will be sold at public sale, on the premises, in Friedensburg, in said county, on

Saturday, August 24, 1878,

the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. A lot or piece of ground situate in the town of Friedensburg, Somerset Co., Pa., bounded on the north by land of Samuel S. Snyder, on the east, south and west by public roads, containing about 60 perches; the improvements are a one and a half story dwelling house, stable, wood-house and other buildings; late the residence of Gabriel G. Walker, dec'd.

No. 2. A lot or piece of improved land adjoining the Lutheran church lot in said town of Friedensburg, containing about 1 acre.

No. 3. Lots Nos. 11 and 12 in the western part of said town of Friedensburg, containing about ½ acre.

No. 4. A tract of wood-land situate in said town of Friedensburg, adjoining lands of Wm. A. Berkhart, Frederick Smith and others, containing 6 acres.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. on day of sale; one-third of balance on the 1st of April 1879, one-third on the 1st of April 1880, and one-third on the 1st of April 1881.

O. P. SHAVER,
July 31 Adm'r of Gabriel G. Walker, dec'd.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Manoah Tannehill, Sarah Lingenfield, Elizabeth, intermarried with William Shaw, Joseph Tannehill, all of Somerset Co., Pa.; Margaret J., Harriet, Minerva, James and Clementine, children of Alpheus Tannehill, dec'd., residing in Rossville, State of Iowa, Wm. Tannehill residing in the State of Missouri, and Catherine Beverage, residing in the State of Maryland.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphan's Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday the 26th day of August 1878 to accept or refuse the real estate of Joseph Tannehill, dec'd, at the appraised price, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

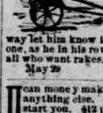
Sheriff's Office, GEO. W. PETLE,
July 10, 1878. Sheriff.

Do you want to make some money?

If so here is your chance. Competent Agents Male or Female want to sell the Rotary Nutcracker. The most Convenient Article for Domestic use, for the purpose designed ever invented. It scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice, etc.

Over 100 Agents are now engaged in selling them in the west. Territory cheaply taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address,

C. M. WHITE,
Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh, Pa.



C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to