The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED. 1827.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 12. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1416.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

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

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LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '79.

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.

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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 79-1y

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

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SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., can be obtained at reasonable terms. ☞ Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 16.

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DR. B. 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 Glade House.

DR. J. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. doc. 13, 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 Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

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

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Casebeer & Fresse's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and 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. mar15

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. jel2-72

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DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. His table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, July 31. Stoystown, Pa.

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A Classical, Mathematical and Scientific School for both sexes. Course of Instruction is complete. To prepare students for any of our American Colleges and Seminaries is made a specialty. The Ancient Languages are thoroughly taught. Next School year begins, Wednesday, August 28th, 1878. For circulars address J. M. HUATZ, A. M., Principal, Uniontown, Pa. Aug. 7

GUNS $5 Including Shooting Outfit. Every Gun Warranted. Hesgrift, Moore & Brooks St., Louis. $3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES, Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

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BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
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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
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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. aug15.

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 tobacco.—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. jan28

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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 letting 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

BLAIRSVILLE LADIES' SEMINARY,
FALL SESSION OPENS SEPT. 12, 1878.
TERMS Moderate. Send for a Catalogue.
J. JEWETT PARKS, Principal, Blairsville, Pa. Aug. 7.

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(Pittsburgh, East End,) Pa.
Collegiate year opens September 12th.
Location 4 miles from Court House, overlooking East Liberty valley. Easy of access and free from smoke. Terms for boarding pupils reduced. For particulars and catalogue apply to MISS HELEN E. PELETREAU, Acting President.
GEO. A. BERRY, Treasurer. Aug. 7

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The Summer and Fall styles of E. Butterick & Co's.
PAPER PATTERNS.
at Mrs. E. R. Wagner's,
809 Arch St., and 804 South 2d St., Philadelphia.
Also for sale the Centennial Plaiter. Orders filled by mail on receipt of price. Catalogue furnished on application by mail. Aug. 14

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the invaluable 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 Enfeebled Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless consequent ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 300 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most eminent and probably the most skillful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF**

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 CONTERACTS 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 equal to the size of those at 75 cents.
"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE," Black or Brown, 50 Cents.
C. A. GRITTEN, Prop'r, 7 Cliff St., N. Y.

The Great new Medicine

A Health-Giving Power
PURIFIES THE BLOOD, INVIGORATES THE LIVER, PROMOTES DIGESTION, and STRENGTHENS THE NERVES, Thus effectually curing disease of what ever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.
VIGORENE
Is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is languor nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.
Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, 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 & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's, 13 Church St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.
☞ "THE OBJECT OF EATING." a new book every one should read, sent free upon receipt of a one cent stamp.
FOR SALE BY G. W. SPEERS, *DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.* February 6

Cook & Beerits' FAMILY GROCERY, Flour and Feed STORE.
We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL, OATS, SHELLED CORN, OATS & CORN CHOP, BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Literary and Medical Books, 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.

DAVID GREY'S ESTATE.

Over his forge bent David Gray
And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said,
"And weary toil for the children's bread."

"For him, soft carpets and pictured walls
A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke;
A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

Ox in travis, forge grown white-hot,
Coat and hat were alike forgot.

As up the highway, the blacksmith ran,
In face and mien like a crazy man.

"Schoolhouse afire!" Men's hearts stood still,
And the women prayed as the women will.

"While 'bove the tumult the wailing cry
Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in its shadows hid run and earth;
The rich man sat by his costly hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold,
But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old.

He thought of the family across the way;
"I would, he sighed, "I were David Grey."

The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed
To look once more at each shining head.

"My darlings all safe! O God," he cried,
"My sin in Thy boundless mercy hide!"

"Only to-day have I learned how great
Hath been Thy bounty and my estate.

A RAINY DAY.

BY HARRIET E. BAGG.

The morning was gray and rainy, but the deacon shouted up the back stairs to his boys that it was time that they were up and at work like the Jacksons. They were his favorite "ensamples" -- the Jacksons. They were a family of mill operatives, whose working hours commenced at half past six in the morning, and it was the height of the deacon's ambition to have his family up and at work at the same hour, although there was nothing for them to do at that time of day.

He was a firm believer in various adages of Puritan origin on early rising, and also in the efficacy of a good example; he sallied forth with noisy and vicious punctuality every morning at daybreak.

Phil said that Josh Billings' early riser, who stirred up the geese and worried the hogs at two o'clock A. M., must have been the deacon. "It's father all over, and the girls are the geese and we are the hogs."

Having aroused the boys, the deacon proceeded to "stir up the goose."

"Your mother is attempting to get breakfast without your help," he remarked up the stairs. "Do you hear, girls?"

"Who's that chopping wood down the cellar?" returned a voice.

The deacon deemed it beneath his dignity to reply, and stalked away.

"Bully for Moll," snickered Dave, while Phil exclaimed—

"I vum, I forgot that wood last night, and father'll never do it, he is too busy getting us up."

He scrambled out of bed and into his clothes, and ran down to help cut the kindlings, and found the deacon picking up the wood his wife had split. Phil drew back, but his father had seen him.

"Glad to see you up for once. Catch up some chips and carry 'em up. We've got a good cleaning before us. Fly around and see if we can't have breakfast as early as Jackson's folks do. They are up and off to work before we have breakfast half ready."

"We'll, s'posin' they do," muttered Phil, as he ran up the stairs with the chips. When the fire was made he looked dolefully out of the window. The rain fell steadily, and the sky was not lighted by a single streak of yellow. "And Saturday, too. We've got to stay at home all day and clean, I s'pose. I wish father wasn't so blamed neat. Things don't look half so well as they do if you let 'em alone."

"Nor wear half as long, either," said Mollie, coming to the window.

"Course they don't," returned Phil.

"Always scrubbing and sweeping. I wish somebody would steal the harness and burn down the barn."

"You can be thankful for one thing; the nail box is smashed. When I was Nell's age, every rainy day that came, no matter if it had rained for a week, father would haul out the nail box and make us sort nails. The box had compartments, and I had to pick out all the shingle nails and put them in one place, and all the tenpenny nails and the wrought nails. If there is one thing I do hate it's one of those rough old wrought nails"

"Folks that won't work shouldn't eat," said the deacon, coming into the kitchen. "You needn't stand around talking all day. Life isn't given us to spend in idle words. Fly around! Do something!"

During breakfast the deacon laid out enough work to keep half a dozen men busy for a week. And the work was to be done "thorough," and the first one that whistled should be "tended to." Then followed the devotional exercises, and the deacon prayed long and fervently for "grace to perform the divinely appointed labors of the day," and then after giving orders to his wife and daughters to have plenty of hot water on hand, he marshalled his gang of two small boys to the barn.

"They look like part of the John Rogers tribe going to the stake," said Mollie, looking after them.

In about half an hour the deacon came bustling in for two pails of hot water, and Mollie remarked if they must have hot water a fire was needed.

"Well, keep it up then. What else have you got to do? Perhaps your novel reading is of more importance than my work."

Mollie didn't care much for reading, and novels she abominated, so she was vexed.

"Maybe you think we'll split wood all day. Nell ain't big enough, and mother shan't and I won't."

"When I was young children didn't sauce their elders."

Mollie disappeared in the sitting-room, banging the door behind her.

The deacon returned to the barn with his brimming pails and told Phil that he should go and split wood, and Dave must work for two meanwhile. Phil departed joyfully, and told Mollie that Dave looked "just sick."

"Poor boy, I know how he feels," said Mollie. "When father used to sit by me and kind of chirk me up to my nail box, I felt just so."

Phil lingered as long as he could over his work, but at last his mother sent him out to spell Dave, who came in grumbling about the everlasting harness. He brought up the wood that Phil had split, and then reluctantly returned to the barn, and was to bring more water from the house.

"Then can't I stay and pump?" he asked.

"You can pump water for five minutes and then you can come out here with the water. I won't have any idling to-day."

David speedily left the barn before his orders should be countermanded.

Phil and his father worked silently for a few minutes and then Phil thoughtlessly began to whistle.

"Don't waste your whistling," said the deacon immediately. "When people try to whistle and work, too, they neglect the work for the play. Look at me! I never whistle."

"Good reason for it," said Mollie, coming in with a pail of hot water, followed by Dave with another. "You haven't any teeth. Dave ain't big enough to lug two pails of hot water."

"Mary, you are by your example inculcating in these boys habits of disc---Where's that girl?" for Molly had retreated as soon as she could set down her pail. Phil tried to smother a laugh. "If I catch you whistling again I'll strap you."

"My nose whistles," said Phil. "I can't help it. Must be catching cold, I guess."

"Don't let me hear another word."

By eleven o'clock the harness was hanging on various pegs in the barn, and the boys were lolling on a recess till after dinner, when they hoped to be able to "scoot" unseen.

But their father sent them for a fresh supply of water, and their hearts sank when they returned to the barn and found the second-best harness, the saddle, the horse and carriage blankets, the sircingle and the curry-comb ready to be cleaned.

When dinner time came the second harness was soaking, and a bottle of machine oil that had been bought at some auction was ready to oil the best harness, and a place was prepared for Phil to "pound out" the blankets under his father's supervision.

Poor Phil seemed to "get the buzzard" every time. When they went in to dinner he told Mollie 'what was to be done,' and after dinner when he was told to get the pounding barrel and carry it to the barn, she said—

"You can dry them so nicely to-day. They will look beautiful with the colors all run together."

"Mary!" exclaimed the deacon, "I will not have this baneful impudence! Boys, unless you go to the barn directly and take that harness out of soak, it will rot so we can't use it."

"Seems to me you might have thought of that before you told me to get the barrel," muttered Phil, as he left the house.

"Ain't I thankful that I ain't a boy," said Mollie, watching them from the window. "I have a notion that they don't enjoy life particularly to-day. I can't imagine why father should be so anxious to clean rainy days, unless it is because he can rinse free."

"Mollie, said mother, "I guess we will make some doughnuts for the boys for supper. We'll have them good and sweet too."

"They'll need sweetening by that time likely" — meaning the boys. "I've got a morsel for father, by-and-by, too. I'll take it out to him by-and-by."

Her mother said nothing, but thought that perhaps a sweet doughnut wouldn't hurt Mollie.

Between four and five o'clock Mollie looked out towards the barn, and exclaimed—

"Well do look! The boys are washing the buggy and father has led out the horse. He is coming in for something."

The "something" was hot water, soap and a cloth.

"Now what are you going to do?" asked Mollie.

"I propose to wash the horse's face and neck in soap suds."

"Well, I would!" replied Mollie, heartily. "Better carry out your tooth brush for his teeth."

The deacon went back to the barn with his implements of torture, and found the boys squatting under the buggy talking.

"Go to work!" he shouted. "Stop your talking! Do something! Folks can't talk and work too. What does the law allow a holiday on Saturday for? It is to let the children help their parents to clean up for Sunday.

"We are doing something," snarled the boys.

"Do more then! Work faster! Work so fast you can't talk! When I was a boy I never talked when I worked. When that is done you can wash the wheel-barrow."

"Can't we come in out of the rain?" whined Dave. "We'll catch cold."

"You can play ball when it rains, so you can wash wagons."

"We exercise when we play ball," said Phil, who was studying physiology. "It keeps us warm."

"I guess a strap will keep you warm as a hat would."

Then the deacon turned his attention to his horse. He washed its eyes till it could hardly open them for the soap. He scrubbed its nose and dug into its nostrils with his fingers till it sneezed. He washed its mouth and teeth, and grabbed hold of its tongue and scratched it vigorously with his nails to remove the "fur." Then he got a stick and wrapped the cloth around it and probed its ears till the poor beast snapped at him, whereupon the deacon up with his No. 12 and dealt it a heavy kick "to cure it of a bad trick." Perhaps a kick delivered to the deacon in the proper place might have cured him of a bad trick, too. When the horse was rubbed down, the cow had to partake of "the luxury of a warm bath." He was cornering the pig when Mollie came out.

"Mother's got something good for supper," she said to the boys, and then she went to the stable. "How are you getting on?" she asked.

"I hope for once to have one clean place on the premises. Boys!"

No answer.

"Boys!"

They came running to the buggy from the corner of the barn, where they had set the wheel-barrow under the eavespout.

"Boys!"

"Did you call?" inquired Phil, coming to the stable door, cloth in hand.

"Yes."

"You see the rain makes so much noise we can't hear you. Do you want us?"

"I should not have called you unless I had. How near done are you?"

"Oh I don't know. Pretty near," said Phil, feeling as if he was between two fires.

"When you get done, come and sweep out the mangers and wipe them out with a damp cloth."

"Wouldn't some vanilla be good to scent up the corners?" inquired Mollie.

"Boys, mind you do your work thorough. I do mine so it won't have do be done over again."

"I hope you didn't forget to rinse off their brains," said Mollie, gravely.

"Mary if you have nothing but impudence to offer, you can return to the house."

"All right. I only came out to see if you would be through washing the pens in time to go to that deacons' meeting to-night. It's most six."

The deacon straightened up and looked after Mollie's retreating figure, and then at the damp horse, thought of the newly washed buggy, and of his promise to carry the minister to the meeting. And there was that harness freshly oiled and not put together.

A sniff of brimstone pervaded the stable. Phil appeared at the door followed by Dave.

"Did you call?"

"Go back to your work! Seems to me you hear mighty easy when you sin't wanted."

"The wagon is done."

"Where's the wheel barrow?"

"Oh! Well, we're finishing that."

"We'll you put it up, and then go into the house and don't let me see you again to-night. Do you hear?"

They didn't stop to remind him of the mangers, but capered off, rescued the wheel-barrow from its shower bath, and dashed into the house.

Meantime the deacon wasn't very thorough with the pig. He only washed one ear, and the pig went back into the pen. When the deacon went in to supper the boys were sneaking in the corner, and trying to keep out of his way.

"Did I tell you to go to bed?"

"Why, no," said Phil, "I didn't hear you."

"Well, I tell you now!"

"They won't have their Sunday-school lesson then," said Mollie.

"If I hear another word——Good evening, good evening. Glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

This last was to the minister whom his wife had just brought into the room.

"Thank you. I came to tell you that the meeting is postponed, so I thought I would sit with you for a season. I didn't think it was so near tea time."

"Glad you came in. Draw right up and have some tea. Wish you'd come oftener," said the deacon.

Dave whispered to Phil—

"Ain't ministers boss?"

From Our Regular Correspondent.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, Aug. 6, 1878.

It is worth while to come to Europe, if for no other purpose, to get a bird's-eye view of America; or, as a bright American girl expressed it, to look at our own country through an inverted telescope. We will never as a people see ourselves as Europe sees us, and it is not well that we should, for, with all our national pride and variety, we have not the exaggerated opinion of our own greatness, and the contempt for the unworthiness of everything trans-Atlantic that is so charming and ingenuous in Englishmen and Frenchmen. The average American has not as much conceit as the Frenchman or as much stolid arrogance as the Englishman. But, however so little we may admit the justness of their verdict, it is a wholesome edification to know that a large majority of foreigners, especially in France and England, look upon us with very much the same pitying contempt that we regard the South American republics. I have come to the conclusion, since I have had an opportunity for observation, that we are more liberal and cosmopolitan than our cousins on this side the water. Their ignorance of everything American is sometimes amusing. Last week I was talking with an intelligent English lady, well versed in English literature and politics. We were felicitating each other on the immense number that spoke the English language and the larger number that would speak it in the future. I told her that the English speaking people in the United States numbered 40,000,000; she replied: that includes the slaves, does it not? I have heard of an Englishman who insisted on the right and necessity of secession because, he said, if Providence had intended that the North and South should be one government he would have given the two sections broader geographical connection than the Isthmus of Darien. We have not succeeded in making a very good impression on this side the water, and especially are the habits, dress, and manners of our tourist population offensive to the French. The French are a superficial people themselves, and take a superficial view of everything, and, it must be admitted, the average American traveler is not superficially attractive. With these volatile, amiable, graceful, conceited apes, elegance of manner, of dress and address, are all the law and prophets. The American abroad is good natured, amiable, direct and unconventional; or, in the eyes of the French, awkward, rude, ill-dressed, and disgusting. He is tolerated only in shops, and only for his purchasing power. The mean way in which he is imposed upon and made to pay from twenty to fifty per cent. more than the regular price for everything he touches, tastes, wears, or looks at, for his newspaper, towel, soap, napkin, etc., *ad infinitum*, sometimes makes him use bad language, in plain English, of course, for the language of diplomacy and love, even if he knew it, would not be sufficiently emphatic. When he uses the emphatic language, accompanied by energetic gesture, the polite thieves and pickpockets who have robbed him, look on with aggravating urbanity, their charitable hearts full of pity and contempt for the barbarian who has been so unfortunate as to exist all his existence out of Paris, without opportunity for acquiring the perfection of bows, smiles, facial gayety, gracefulness of pose, and deceitfulness of phrase, peculiar to the people whom Voltaire described as a combination of the monkey and the tiger. I wish I had space to tell of some of the outrageous skinning and gouging of Americans that have come under my own observation. I think it will react on these people, and, in time, they will learn that they have killed the productive goose. But, at present, the mania for European travel is strong. It has become the fashionable thing to come to Europe. Swarms of Americans from all parts of the Union, and from Canada, are ranging the continent, spending usually the largest portion of their time and money in Paris. Formerly only Americans came to Europe, those who had struck oil, a government contract, or cotton plantations. Now the United States sends forth battalions who come with only four or five hundred dollars, for pleasure, to study art, or for general culture. The old class set the example of high prices, and Europeans have been only too happy to believe that the chief pleasure of Americans is to spend money. The old wealthy class of American travellers have by their prodigality done a great wrong to those who come after them. It is edifying to see a number of Americans travel abroad. No people in the world have such a facility of fraternization on foreign soil. The English and the French hold themselves aloof from their fellow countrymen for fear they may meet some one they cannot speak to at home. But Americans, whether from Charleston or Boston, San Francisco or Baltimore, are immediately *en bon raport* with one another, and the way they denounce the customs of the people, the avarice of shopmen and inn-keepers and the poorness of the table from one end of Europe to the other, is, as a showman would say, both moral and instructive. There is only one subject on which they disagree, and that is in reference to precedence in dishonesty of different people. The party is usually divided beteen the French and Italians, but the Swiss have a large and enthusiastic constituency. C. A. S.

A Chinese Woman Roasted to Death.

As officer Avan was patroling Pacific street, below Stockton, about half-past three o'clock this morning, he heard some muffled police whistles the sounds evidently coming from the basement of the second building below Bartlet alley. Plunging down a rickety stairway, into the opium dens and sleeping holes, he groped along a low corridor toward the rear of the building, where a bright light could be seen and where the whistles were echoing furiously. Pushing his way through a group of half a dozen and wholly stupid Chinese that stood around the blaze, the officer got a view of it and saw the horrible spectacle of a Chinese moman lying on her back on the floor, kicking and moaning, while her clothing was in a blaze from head to foot. The horrible roasting continued until the officer could get some water and several buckets of it had to be dashed on before the blaze was extinguished. The Chinese gazed indifferently on all the while and did nothing. With Officer Fleming's assistance the unfortunate victim was picked up and carried to the city prison, together with four of the Chinese, who were arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the affair. The woman was literally baked from head to foot. Her hair was burned from her head, her eyes burned out, and her skin hung in fragments from every part of her body. She still retained consciousness, however, but in response to the question of an interpreter would only say: "I was hungry; I got up to eat and caught fire." There was a deep cut on the back of her head an inch and a half long, evidently made with some sharp instrument, but nothing could be learned of its origin. The hall in which the woman was found was filthy in the extreme, and had every appearance of a prison. She had been there a long time, judging from what could be learned, and was the only woman in the building. She was said to have been incurably sick, and been shut up to die, though only twenty-four years old.

Whether the parties desirous of her death hastened it with coal oil and a match, or whether she, by means not apparent—as there was no fire in the room except a dim lamp on the wall—set herself on fire, will probably remain one of the myriad mysteries that the underground dens of the Chinese quarters conceal. The woman lingered until about 7 o'clock in great agony, and then died. Her name was Quoy Chin. —*San Francisco Post.*

The Hudson River Tunnel.

It is announced that within a month work will be resumed on the Hudson River Tunnel. The company having been incorporated both in New York and New Jersey, there are two sets of directors, those on this side of the river representing $7,000,000 of the capital stock, and those on the other side $3,000,000. The old company dug a circular well, 25 feet in diameter, and 30 feet deep, near the work-house, and walled it with brick three feet thick. The tunneling will proceed from this well. It is to be facilitated by the appliance of an air lock, which will compress the air in a chamber large enough for three men to work in. At one corner of the chamber will be placed a portable funnel, into which dirt and stones will be thrown. The air in the chamber will force the dirt through a pipe which is to run over the shaft, and above the surface of the water to a scow in which it is carried ashore. With a view of preventing danger from leakage or caving, a brick wall three feet thick, the outer layer of bricks to be chemically prepared to withstand moisture, will be built as fast as the tunneling proceeds. The grade of the tunnel will be 5 feet to the 100, descending from Jersey City; then 3 feet to the 100 ascending on this side for 1,500 feet, and then, from that point to the terminus in Washington Square, 2 feet to the 100. The top of the tunnel in the centre of the river where there is a depth of 62 feet of water at ebb tide will be twenty feet below the river bed. Work will commence on the Jersey City side, and will be continued until the tunnel is carried two-thirds across the river. This is to facilitate the removal of dirt. Then workmen will be placed on this side, and the work will be completed when the men meet a few rods off the shore. Col. Wm. H. Payne, the engineer, says that it will take two years to complete the work. The directors expect to spend $10,000,000 upon it. The track will be four miles long.

Solomon's Temple and Its Ruin.

We know from Josephus, that in the time of our lore, Jerusalem was honeycombed with secret galleries and canals; not like the sewers of modern Paris, for drainage: not like the catacombs of ancient Rome, for refuge and enterment, but for the purpose of war. Every fortress had a secret passage for escape. Not once, but many times, the Romans were astonished by the ghosts which seemed to rise from the ground, as John of Gischula rose, wan in aspect, on the startled Roman sentinel. After Titus had fought his way from Moriah to Zion, killing and capturing his foes in the open field, he had to turn up the city (so to speak) in search of fugitives. His soldiers laid down sword and spear, and seizing pick and spade, began to burrow in the ground. A hundred fights took place in the very bowels of the earth. Two thousand dead bodies were found by legionaries of these tunnels, sewers and secret chambers, all of whom had fallen either by their own hands, the poniards of their companions, or from want of food. A poisonous stench came from every trap or vent, so that the air above the city was unfit to breathe. The open streets were bad enough, but under ground Jerusalem was a perfect charnel house.

To stay the progress of disease, the traps and vents were stopped. Shafts leading into tanks were closed and openings into secret passages walled up. Old cisterns were in time forgotten, and the gallery leading under ground from the citadel to Zion to the Temple on Moriah was partly lost. I say partly lost, because a legend long survived among the natives that David street, above ground, was so called from the fact that it ran over and along a subterranean passage which David had caused to be made from his great tower on Zion to that part of the Temple which is now entered by the Gate of the Chains. This legend is preserved by the Arab writer, Mejir ed Din.

Our picks and spades have happily revealed this secret thoroughfare—a main point—perhaps the main point—for a scientific reconstruction of Jerusalem in the days of our Lord. Mejor Wilson hit on the first important facts. Tobler has seen a large pool, called by the Arabs El Burak, from the neighboring Mosque. It lies near the gate of the Moors, a little North of the Jew's Wailing place. Going down into this pool and lighting a magnesium wire, Wilson found himself under an arched roof formed by stones of great size, fixed in their places without mortar, like the blocks of David,s Tower. The span was more than forty feet.

Little more was done, except to give this arched roof or chamber the name of Wilson, just as the lower arch (now gone, as we have seen,) was called Robinson's Arch. When Captain Warren afterward sank a shaft outside the piers, he found that the whole structure was of the same age as the Temple wall. On getting down to the lower courses of that wall, he found water flowing from North to South, much as he had found water flowing down the corresponding valley. In ancient times, as we know from the bible, the sides of Moriah were washed by two living brooks. These waters have long been lost to sight, but under the accumulated heaps of centuries we have now happily found these living brooks.

It soon became apparent that the great arch had been built as a covering for the pool now called El Burak, from the Mosque close by. Further excavation proved that Wilson's Arch had been connected with a roadway from Zion to the Temple. Piers and voussoirs showed the direction of the ancient road. The great span was not repeated, but a series of shorter spans carry the road to a point on the opposite hill.

Along the whole line of this causeway Warren found remains of tanks and conduits; here dug in the live rock; there built of solid masonry. In many places he found halls and chambers, some of which had clearly been used as reservoirs. Leading to the South, under the fifth arch of the great viaduct Warren passed under a small gate with a lintel, to find himself in a passage lying under David street. Here then, we had found the secret passage from Zion to Moriah, which Mohammadan legends ascribed to David.

The Tunnel was twelve feet wide, the each a