Her Hair Won't Curl.

A boy about twelve years old entered Bijah's parlor so nobly, and sat down so quietly that the old janitor kept on singing "Whoa! Emma!"

When he finally became aware of the presence of the lad he looked down on him kindly, and gave his white head a fatherly pat and said:

"Bub, you don't look the least bit like a murderer."

"No, sir; I never murdered nobody in my whole life," was the mournful reply.

"I'm glad to hear it, my boy—real glad. The boy who has remorse on his mind can't half enjoy a velocipede or a mince pie. Did you call here to consult me?"

"Mother said I might."

"Did, eh; the good old soul. Well, my son, you can unbosom yourself as freely as if I had banged hair and wore dollar store rings over yaller kid gloves."

"It's about my sister," began the lad. "She's eighteen years old, and she has got freckles and her hair won't curl."

"Do tell! And so she is always a writing poetry on the sad sea and the pale moon, and is probably out to-day gathering Autumn leaves?"

"I guess so, sir, but she's always stealing all the money I can save up. She takes it and buys stuff to remove freckles and make her hair curl. I've talked and mother has talked, but she won't behave herself, sir, and mother said I should come and get advice from you."

"Hum—yes—yum. She takes your hard earned wealth and squanders it for Bandoline and freckle lotions, eh?"

"Yes sir."

"And has she succeeded in taking off the freckles?"

"Not a one."

"And does her hair curl?"

"Not a curl."

"Good. It's a judgment upon her! The wicked never prosper, and don't you forget it! However, she is bound on trying if it takes all the money you can earn, I suppose?"

"Yes sir. She says she'll take those freckles off if it kills her, and if I hide my money where she can't find it she'll run mother in debt at the drug store. Mother says she wishes you would scare her most to death."

"Scare her. Why, let me get a sight of her, and I'll give her some statistics that will curl her hair till she can't get her jaws together! Boy do you know what these freckle lotions are composed of?"

"No, sir."

"Of course you don't—you are too young and innocent for that. They take and dissolve old cross-cut saws in nitric acid, add a butcher knife or two, douse in some vinegar, sprinkle in kyann peper and a bowie knife, and it is mixed up by a man who has committed six murders."

"But sister isn't the least bit afraid of it, sir," protested the boy.

"Just like the rest," muttered the janitor, as a shadow of disappointment passed over his face. "I verily believe that the average American woman would take the chances of going over Niagry Falls if she was sure that the trip would remove her freckles.'

"Yes sir," replied the good boy.

"And yet freckles are a positive indication that a female is kind hearted, high minded, noble, forgiving, charitable, lady-like, and is certain to have a large funeral and the best lot in the cemetery. At this very hour I can name five queens, six dukesses, ten earlesses, five countesses, and the wives of 194 members of Congress who have freckled faces and comb their hair back straight."

"Yes, sir," sighed the boy.

"Go home, bub—go home and feel easy in your mind. I'll drop in on your folks to-morrow about noon, and when I get through talking to your sister she'll never want any more freckle syrup. Don't give her any hints, as I want to come upon her suddenly, the same as a trusted bank cashier starts for Europe."

A Silenced Father.

The other day a boy about fifteen years of age entered a grocery store on Gratiot avenue, and after looking around for a few minutes, he secreted a loaf of bread under his coat and started out. He was overhauled on the street by the grocer, who was shouting for an officer, when the lad's father came along and cried out:

"What! is it my Thomas? Has my Thomas come to be a thief? Take him to the station at once!"

"You want him locked up, do you?" asked the grocer.

"I do. A child of mine who steals shall go to prison. Thomas is a wild, bad boy."

And who has made me so?" cried the boy, as he looked around on the crowd. "Mother — mother died three years ago, and father there hasn't spoke a kind word to any of the children since! I haven't slept in the house for months! See here how he beats me! Look at the bruises on my arms!"

"Thomas, you know I'm kind to all of you," replied the father, as he had hared his arms.

"Kind! Have you ever read a word to us about Heaven, as m—mother used to? Have you ever seen her grave but once? Have you sent us to school? When I worked, have n't you pounded me till I gave up the money?"

"But—but, Thomas, you are a thief," stammered the father.

"I—I haven't got a shirt to my name," continued the boy as he threw open his coat, "and Sam and Mary are worse of, 'cause they are barefooted. There hasn't been fire or wood in our house for two days, and when I came here to steal that bread the children were in bed shivering and starving. If you don't believe it come with me!"

The crowd believed it; there were tears in the boy's eyes and a quiver to his chin, and when the father went to remonstrate, a man in the crowd seized him, shock his heels in the air and yelled:

"You old Satan, you are a loafer and a gutter drunkard, and I know it, and if you ever lay hand on one o' the children again I'll follow you to Texas but what I'll break every bone in your body."

"Let the boy go!" cried the crowd, and he was released. More, he was given more bread and provisions than he could carry home at one load.—*Free Press.*

The Cowardice of Suicide.

Almost daily the papers spread before the community the details of some new case of suicide. The interesting traits of the deceased, character are dwelt upon, and the sympathies of the reader are enlisted, until he gets in his mind a confused association of agreeable qualities mixed up with that peculiar mode of death.

It is a matter of very grave doubt whether it is possible to print accounts of suicide in such a manner as not to increase the number of suicides. When a story of self-destruction in some peculiar way is printed, it is almost always followed by another similar case within a short time. There are many evidences going to show that dwelling upon suicide has a tendency to incite persons to self-destruction. Where a garrison was stationed at one time, in Europe, a soldier hanged himself to a post in the yard. Within a few months 11 men had hanged themselves to that peculiar post. The post was removed, and there was not another suicide.

But it is probably practically impossible to abolish the practice of publishing suicides, with the full particulars. And it would be hard if a man's virtues could never be exceled because he died by his own hand. But we do think it would exercise a salutary influence if the press were always to characterize suicide itself, by whom soever committed, and as an act of cowardice, for such it is. A man who quails before the adverse circumstances of life—the buffetings of fortune—is a coward.

The virtues of a suicide should be summed up with the conclusion, severe but just, that at last, by one crowning act, he wrote coward over his name—coward for his epitaph.

Answering Questions for a Prize.

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York *World*, animated with an ingenuous desire to relieve the Christmas season and to put its readers in the way of at once improving their minds, passing a few moments agreeably and usefully and earning anywhere from $5 to $50 in gold, announces that it will distribute on the day before Christmas twelve prizes in cash to the successful competitors in a novel game of questions, to be submitted weekly until the prizes are distributed.

We enter the list of contestants with the understanding that if we win a prize, as we no doubt will, it will be used as a nucleus for a Democratic campaign fund for 1880.

1. What was Lucifer's Lawsuit, and in what particular did it resemble the Vanderbilt case?

It was all about a dog, and resembles the Vanderbilt case in that it created a great public scandal, made several lawyers immensely wealthy, and left both plaintiff and defendant "poor as Satan."

2. What do you think the most remarkable instance in history of great events flowing from a trifling cause?

Ben Butler's campaign in Massachusetts on the Greenback basis.

3. When did the first American rebellion occur?

When Columbus stepped ashore and told the Indians to "go West."

4. Who invented milch punch?

Edison's grandmother; Heaven rest her good soul!

5. Who wrote the familiar lines,

"There is a happy land
Far, far away?"

The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

6. Has it ever been settled who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." If so, who did write it?

We are the long-lest, and can show the necessary strawberry mark, thank you. We also wrote "Beautiful Snow."

7. Who wrote the lines,

"Here's a cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!"

The lines are the joint production of the Stewart grave robbers.—*Oil City Derrick.*

How a Man Goes to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says:

"There's where the man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair pins out and her shoes unlaced."

That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is in reality;

Wife—"I am going to bed, my dear. It's half-past ten."

No reply.

Wife—"Now, John, you know you are always late in the morning. Do get to bed!"

Husband—"Yes in a minute?"

He turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article "Cypher Telegrams." Fifteen minutes later she calls out from the bedroom.

"John, come to bed, and not keep the light burning all night."

She creeps between the cold sheets while John sits placidly on, his feet across a chair and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and seizing the shaker proceeds to that rigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires:

"For pity's sake, ain't you ready for bed yet?"

"Yes, yes, I'm coming. Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?"

Then he discovers that there's coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. He next wants a drink of water, away he promenades to the kitchen. When he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for a last "warm up." As the clock strikes twelve he blows out the light and with a flop of the bed clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—not yet; he forgets to see if the front door was locked, and another flop of the bed clothes brings forth the remark:

"Good gracious! If that man ain't enough to tire the patience of Job!"

Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires "if he is settled for the night," to which he replies by muttering:

"If you ain't the provokingest woman!"

Anecdote of Godey.

The late Louis A. Godey was as ready of wit as he was generous with his money. I remember how, in the midst of a sudden altercation at a large party of gentlemen, many winters ago, he established peace and reconciliation in the very crisis of a quarrel. The angry disputants were facing each other, almost ready to resort to blows, when Godey picked up a huge carving-knife from the supper table, and handed it to the most violent of the two. The latter unconsciously received it, at the same time demanding of Godey: "What did you mean by this, sir?" "I mean," said the jolly editor of the *Lady's Book*, "I mean, General, that you should cut off the quarrel right here." The general explosion of merriment made the controversy so ridiculous that it was stopped at once, the excited adversaries themselves joining in the laugh, as they shook hands and begged pardon of the host.

A Battle in the Mountains.

The war correspondent of the London *Standard* thus describes the capture of Fort Ali Musjid, in Khyber Pass:

Presently the guns of Ali Musjid opened fire upon us. As they had been practicing for the last three weeks they had got the range with considerable accuracy, and their shells fell very close to our men. The Sikhs were sent forward to the right to distract the attention of the enemy, and the rest of the infantry were withdrawn out of the direct line of fire, while our horse artillery guns replied to the fire of Ali Musjid.

It was now midday, and the infantry ate the food they had brought with them. There was a general eagerness for orders to advance, and when a shell fell unusually near there were exclamations of "That's a Russian."

It was not until one o'clock that a sound of firing was heard far away on our right, and we supposed that Macpherson had come into action with his brigade on the Khotas Kho. Soon afterward the forty-pounder battery, which we had been expecting for some time, came up and opened fire upon Ali Musjid, its fire being evidently far more effective than that of the pieces of the horse artillery. The Sikh Infantry's fire from the slopes on our right front was now heavy, and must have annoyed the Afghan gunners severely. The long hoped for order for a general advance at last came, and the Eighty-first and Twenty-fourth native infantry advanced on the right-hand slopes of the valley, climbing the heights, while the Fifty-first, the Sixth native infantry, and the Forty-fifth Sikhs worked along to the left.

The scene was now strikingly picturesque and pretty. From Ali Musjid, standing on its almost perpendicular rock in the centre of the valley, the flashes of the great guns came fast and steadily, while the edges of the forts and rocks were tinged with the tiny puffs of musketry. Behind us the heavy forty-pounders roared steadily, while the batteries of horse and one of royal artillery moved forward in the valley, taking up position, and opening fire from time to time as they moved forward. On both sides the hill-slopes were alive with the British infantry, the quick flash of the rifles breaking out from every rock and bush. The din was prodigious, for the hills re-echoed every sound, until the roar of cannon and the crack of musketry seemed mixed in one confused roar.

Gradually the skirmishes crept up till they were nearly abreast of the fort, but the afternoon was already far advanced and we had as yet no evidence whatever in the cessation of fire or in any signs of confusion among the Afghans visible on the rock that Macpherson's brigade had accomplished its task and carried the Khotas Kho, or that Tytler had worked round to the village in the rear. Until these points were cleared up it would have been involving a useless loss of life for the Third and Fourth Brigades to attempt an attack in front, and the order was therefore given to cease firing. Ali Musjid followed our example, and half an hour later, when darkness fell no one entering the valley would have supposed that it had lately been the scene of a battle, or that some ten thousand combatants were only waiting for morning to renew the fight.

Every one slept where he stood last night, a vigilant lookout being maintained among the troops nearest the fort, as the Afghans have ere now proved themselves capable of plucky and determined night attacks. Before daybreak this morning the advance cautiously began.

No fire, however, opened from Ali Musjid, and, advancing cautiously, lest a trap should be laid, our troops approached the fort and found that the garrison had stolen away in the night, leaving their guns, tents, and stores of all kinds behind them. It was soon found that Macpherson had gained the Kohtas Kob, and that Tytler had come down to the village in the pass behind Ali Musjid. These facts accounted for the flight of the Afghans, which must have been conducted in wonderful silence to escape the ears of our advanced sentries.

A Steam Juryman.

The other day a summons commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service in the jury-box was returned to the commissioners of jurors with the information that it had been served upon the wrong party. The commissioner said to the bearer:

"That settles it as far as you are concerned, but Magoin must come here and show cause why he should not be a juror."

"He can't," was the reply; "he's too busy. If he did come he would make things hot for you. Besides, you would have to send a derrick and a truck to bring him. He turns the scales at 5,000 pounds."

The commissioner was incredulous; worse, he made remarks not complimentary to the speaker's sobriet. Then the summoned man explained:

"I am telling you facts, Mr. Commissioner," he said. "Thatcher Magoin is a steam engine, and is located at the foot of Fletcher street. I am Nicholas Morris, the stevedore. Years ago I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin. I named my engine on pier nineteen, East river, after him. When the directory man came to the dock to get the names, he saw the name Thatcher Magoin on the engine, and thinking that he was the boss, put it on the book. You will see it on page 949."

This, we believe, is the first time that a steam engine has been called to do political duty. There appears to be no reason, however, why a well conducted or well constructed piece of machinery, with a phonographic metric attachment should not be able to hear and weigh evidence quite as efficiently as the average jury.—*Scientific American.*

How to Discourage a Minister.

Go to church only occasionally, and when you go, go late; take no part in the singing, but keep up whispering. Find all the fault you can; point out his deficiencies before your children and others. Don't aid his work, but despise his lack of good sense. Tell tales to him about the people and their criticisms of him. Tell him how much his predecessors were thought of. Keep away from week-day meetings. Get up gayeties, particularly some entertainment near the communion season. Require him to be present everywhere. Keep back his salary. Keep talking about general dissatisfaction.

Patient continuance in these practices will surely drive away both the spirit and the minister of God.

Crimes of the White-Liners.

HOW "THE SAGACITY AND PROPERTY OF THE COUNTRY" RULE IN THE SOUTH—SOME ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORIES.

Information has recently been laid before the President and the Attorney General, by a person of undoubted responsibility, showing that a state of affairs now exists in certain parts of Louisiana, as a sequel to the late election riots, which seems almost incredible. The facts in the case are, nevertheless, vouched for as true in every particular.

Two prominent Republicans, whose names for prudential reasons must be surpressed, were cognizant of outrages on the part of Democrats against colored men, in the vicinity of Ouachita Parish, of a nature so damning that the Democrats, as a means of self-protection, have been seeking means to put these men out of the way. To this end they brought charges against them before the Grand Jury of Ouachita Parish, that the two men referred to had been conspiring to incite the colored people against the whites. The Grand Jury was packed for the purpose of conviction, but one juror, a democrat, a resolute and honest man, rebelled when he learned what was expected of him, and cross-examined the witnesses brought before the Grand Jury in a manner not laid down in the programme. He made some of them take off their coats and exhibit their bare backs, which were found to be incrusted with scabs, the result of recent whippings. With much trepidation on the part of the witnesses, the story was then drawn from them that they had been whipped since the election by white Democrats, and told that the whippings were only an earnest of the fate in store for them if they did not testify as they were instructed to do.

The persons through whom this information is received, and who was in Ouachita when these occurrences took place, reports that about two hundred colored men were whipped in this way. He has no doubt that the Democratic purpose in this conspiracy was to get the two men indicted by the Grand Jury, in which case they would have been put in jail and there murdered by an irresponsible mob, as was done with the Coushatta prisoners a few months ago.

The two men whose testimony is feared are native-born Louisianians of standing and influence. The Attorney General has ordered that they be summoned by District Attorney Leonard, and that means be taken to afford them a safe escort to New Orleans. Every letter now received from Louisiana which makes any reference to Democratic election outrages bears corroborative evidence of the state of terror in which the writers are living. The writers in every instance beg that nothing shall be published, as their dangers have been increased many fold by the publication of letters in Northern papers exposing the political crimes of the White-liners.

Mixed Grammar.

The witness in the following Court scene may have been one of those boys who cannot see the use of studying grammar:

A man had been caught in theft and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

Court (to policeman, who was witness): "What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness: "He said that he was drunk."

Court: "I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say *he* was drunk."

Witness: "Oh, yes he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness's stupidity): "You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say, I was drunk?"

Witness, deprecatingly: "Oh, no, your honor. He didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor: "Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all; his honor means, did not the prisoner say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness, reflectively: "Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the prisoner: "What the Court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise fotm of the pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I, second person, thou, or the third person, he, she or it? Now, then, sir, (with severity) upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness, getting mad: "No, he didn't say *you* was drunk, either, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you s'pose the poor fellow charged the whole Court with being drunk?"

An Indian Love Romance.

One of the dancers who was really handsome and of superb physique, was pointed out to us as the loving "husband," an anomaly in Indian domestic economy and which fills the whole tribe with amazement. There is quite a romance connected with him. He served with great bravery and faithfulness under General Miles in his campaign against the Nez Perces, leading the charge against them and conducting himself in a highly meritorious manner, returning to his tribe covered with glory. To show their appreciation of his valor, the tribe selected the most beautiful maiden for guerdon. "None but the brave deserve the fair" was a truism in this case, for he was smitten by her charms, and has exhibited the most exemplary devotion ever since, riding by her side through long marches, and cheering her in their mutual exile by love and tenderness. Wherever opportunity offers they wander off alone, finding pleasure in that sweet solitude of two after the most sentimental fashion. Another redoubtable warrior with them has met a cruel fate in loving a too disdainful maid. He purchased his bronze love of her father for three ponies, which he gallantly delivered before securing his bride; but alas, love laughs at lucre even in the wild-wood, and she steadily refused to enter his tepee or bestow a look upon him. Instead of hiding his broken heart like a white lover, or finding oblivion for his sorrow in fire-water, he goes about with his blanket drawn tightly over his face as a signal of his degradation, an object of derision to the whole tribe. Loud and piercing are his lamentotions, and no man sees his face, and the father-in-law retains the ponies and the obdurate maid refuses to be wooed, much less won.

It is said, every time you kiss anybody, you lose a hair. This is rough on baldheaded single men.

Death of a Robber King.

The Hungarian papers announce the death in the prison of Szamos-Ujvar, of the celebrated bandit, Rosza Sandor, known in Hungary as the "Robber King."

He was born at Szejedin in 1813, and both his father and grandfather were robbers by profession. His achievements, however, soon eclipsed those of his family, and he was admired as much as he was feared. The reckless courage with which he attacked the Police, and even military escorts, on the high road in broad daylight, his generosity toward the poor, and his gallantry toward women made him a sort of national hero.

Some 30 years ago few people of the wealthier class ventured to travel in Hungary without paying him tribute. His bands were well armed and organized, and the *szegony legeniuck*, (poor fellow), as the bandits were called in those days, found many sympathizers and accomplices among the peasantry.

He was first imprisoned in 1836, but escaped in the following year by the assistance of his mistress, a peasant woman named Kati, whose husband he had killed by blowing his brains out with a pistol.

During the revolution of 1848, Rosza Sander was pardoned by Kossuth, and he then organized a free corps which did good service against the Government troops. After the suppression of that rising, Sander resumed his former career.

He did not again fall into the hands of the authorities until 1856, when he was betrayed by one of his companions, whom he shot as the soldiers were advancing to capture him. After a trial which lasted three years, Sander was sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He remained eight years in the fortress of Kufstein, and was then set at liberty in virtue of a general amnesty. But he soon resumed his old pursuits. In 1868 he attacked, with some of his companions, a railway train at Felegyhsza.

The Government sent a body of troops, under Count Gedeon Raday, to capture him; and four years later he was again brought before the criminal tribunal, together with a number of his accomplices, among whom were several magistrates and high civil functionaries.

He was again sentenced to death, and the sentence was again commuted to imprisonment for life. The prison to which he was then sent is the one in which he died.

The Next Royal Marriage.

The marriage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaugh, with the Princess Louise of Prussia, is to be solemnized at St. George's chapel, Windsor, on the 7th of February. The ceremony will be performed with much state and with great festivities. Although it appears that a dramatic representation is not in the programme, yet the Queen will take prominent part in all the festivities. The royal bride is to be attended to the altar by eight bridesmaids, the daughters of two English dukes, of two Irish marquises and of four earls—two being Scotch and two English. The dukes are Bedford and Marlborough, the marquises Headfort and Conyngham, the earls Errol and Elgin, Bradford and Mount-Edgecumbe. The household of the future Dutchess of Connaugh, as was the case with that of the Dutchess of Edinburgh, is to be composed exclusively of English It is reported in Tory circles that the Prime Minister intends, at the first opportunity, to arrange for the Duke of Connaugh and his bride to reside a great part of the year in Ireland.

The Duke of Connaugh is about to visit Berlin for the last time previous to his marriage. His Royal Highness will reside at the Royal Palace, where the Princess Frederick Charles and her daughter are at present staying. During the Duke of Connaught's stay in Berlin, the final arrangements respecting the marriage will be made. Angeli, the Viennese painter, is now engaged upon a portrait of the Princess Louise Margaretha, at Potsdam. A speech is reported of Bismarck, opropos of this picture, 'They contentedly resign the real—they covet the ideal.'

A Four-Ton Fish that Stopped a Steam-Ship.

A collision between a steamship and a gigantic fish, took place the other day in the vicinity of the Tong Tong Islands. The Messageries Maritimes steamer *Anadyr*, on its voyage to Shanghai, was suddenly brought to a stop by a violent shock. The cause of the collision was found to be an enormous ray or flat fish, estimated by those on board to weigh from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds. The monster was lying asleep on the top of the water when its repose was rudely disturbed by a "dig in the ribs" from the stem of the steamer. After the first alarm had subsided, efforts were made to haul the creature on board; but, owing to its unwieldiness, all attempts in this direction proved fruitless, and the fish, doubtless even more "shaken" than the passengers on the boat, reluctantly allowed to move off and seek such remedies for the injuries it had sustained, as are to be procured in the mysterious deep.

Foul Murder.

CHAMBERSBURG, December 18.—Chambersburg and vicinity were greatly excited this morning by a brutal and cowardly murder, committed late last night. A dance was had at the house just occupied by John Anderson and wife, in which none were permitted to participate unless they paid admission. Among those who visited the house were Joseph Lane, "Fiddler," and his friend Peter Swingler. During the evening the former informed the latter that Anderson's wife had threatened to cut Swingler's throat with a razor. Swingler pulled off his coat, when Mrs. Anderson seized an axe with which to defend herself. Her husband induced her to surrender the weapon, when he, after some expostulation, put Swingler out of the house.

At midnight he returned, accompanied by Joseph Lane, who rapped at the door. Anderson answering, Swingler shot him with a musket in the abdomen and followed up the act with a blow from the musket, which prostrated Anderson. His bowels protruded and in a few minutes he was a corpse. Swingler escaped in the darkness and is still at large. Lane has been arrested as an accessory. The parties are all negroes.

Small beginnings lead to the mightiest consequences. For those who desire to be good, the great things to attend to are the little things.

The violet grows low and covers itself with tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humanity.

Astonishing Jugglery.

In Delhi, India, we saw the celebrated basket trick, which is sometimes poorly imitated by professional jugglers in this country. A native produced a basket and a blanket, and after permitting us to see that they contained nothing, inverted the basket on the ground and covered it with the blanket. We paid no attention to his incantations, but kept our eyes fixed on the basket and the space around it, resolved that no boy should be smuggled into it or out of it without seeing him. What made the trick still more wonderful was the fact that the performer stood in a clear space, and we could look down upon him as he proceeded. He went through the customary act of thrusting a sword through the insterstices of the basket, when the cries of a boy were heard as if in mortal pain issuing from the basket. Turning it over, there was a boy apparently unhurt and seemingly enjoying the fun. Restoring the basket, with the blanket over it, to its former position, with the boy under it, the juggler went through the same incantations, and then running his sword under the basket, tossed it away from him. Turning over the basket, no boy was to be seen. So far as anything could be observed there was no possible place in which the little fellow could be concealed. Another feat quite astonishing we saw performed in the streets of Constantinople. An itinerant magician showed us a cane which had the appearance of being of wood and very knotty. This he tossed in the air as high as he could, and when it touched the ground it took the form of a live serpent, with blazing eyes and rapid movements. It looked like a dangerous specimen. Catching up this monster the fellow coiled it around his neck and fondled it, while it writhed and exhibited the most venomous qualities. Throwing it high up in the air it fell to the ground the same cane which we had handled at our ease.

Torn to Pieces by a Mexican Lion.

Reference was made in the *Herald* yesterday to the mammoth cougar, or Mexican lion, that was chained in the stock yard of S. M. Wharton in South Flores street. Hardly was the description of the animal in type before Flores street was in a furore. Crowds rushed to the stock yard. Little Jose de la Barrera, a child of the widow Guadalupe Rameros, was seen in the ferocious animal's clutches. Andrew Hogan, who was standing by the gate, says that the cougar had leaped unexpectedly to the length of its chain, and seized the boy's arm through the gate. Little Jose was pulled through the gate and literally torn to pieces. All that the hundreds of bystanders could do was to pull out their revolvers and empty their contents into the cougar's head, but it was too late.

Grave Robbing.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Dec. 19.—Considerable excitement prevails in town to-night over the discovery of the body of Frank M. Murphy, a respectable printer, in the dissecting room of the Evansville Medical College. Murphy was buried last Monday and his wife received an anonymous letter late this afternoon instructing her to go to the college and she would discover his body. She followed the instructions, and the police have taken possession of the building. She identified the body, which was partially dissected, by marks and initials on his arm. An inquest is being held with the intention of getting at the person who robbed his grave. Serious developments are anticipated leading to shocking disclosures.

Accidental Homicide.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 19.—Dr. George W. Angier, a well known veterinary surgeon, died this evening from the effects of a pistol shot received early Wednesday morning. The deceased and a friend, John B. Rice, were visiting together, when Rice drew a revolver to show Angier. The weapon was in some way discharged and the ball entered Angier's abdomen. Rice was arrested, but claims the shooting was accidental. He will be examined on Saturday. Rice is a well to-do farmer in Ashtabula county.

Family Killed.

DETROIT, Dec. 19.—The *Free Press* special from Kalamazoo says that a passenger train on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railway struck a cutter containing John McIndre, his wife and three children, at Hunt's crossing near Plainwell, Mich., this evening. McIndre was instantly killed, and his wife and one child fatally injured. The train was stopped and the dead and dying taken to Plainwell where medical aid was summoned.

The Dead Princess.

OTTAWA, ONT., Dec. 18.—All places of business was closed from 2 to 3 o'clock this afternoon out of respect to the memory of the deceased Princess Alice. A cable telegram orders that the court mourning at the government house should be observed until the 10th of January, 1879. His excellency has issued an order requesting that all classes observe the ceremony of general mourning from the 15th of December up to and including the 5th of January.

Somnambulist Killed.

TOLEDO, December 18.—Warren S. Waite, a prominent citizen of this city, formerly assistant postmaster under Capt. P. H. Dowling, met with a violent death last night. During the night Mr. Waite left his bed and proceeded to the third story of his residence, climbed out on the roof, over which he walked, falling to the ground, a distance of forty feet, and receiving injuries from which he soon expired. It is supposed to be a case of somnambulism.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.

Scarlet and blue stockings contain poison. Don't eat 'em.

On the deep blue seize—A man who stole a sailor's trousers.

Whisky is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

There are men so constitutionally dull that a blister would not make them smart.

It only takes a popular song three weeks to get twenty years old in this country.

When Gambretta is married he and his wife together will only have three eyes, being a majority of one in favor of his wife.

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for medical 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 still, in most cases, be 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.*

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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.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Jacob P. Zigler to James L. Pugh. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., No. 158, January Term, 1878. (Voluntary Assignment.)

The undersigned auditor, appointed by said Court to distribute the funds in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit for the said purpose at the office of J. L. Pugh, Esq., in the borough of Somerset, on Friday the 20th day of December, A. D., 1878, when and where all persons interested can attend.

S. U. TRENT,
Nov. 20 Auditor.

Saved from the Grave.

Mr. J. E. Youman, Long P. O., Ills., says: "It saved my two children from the grave." A. L. Simmons, of Baltimore, Md., also says: "It will sure the worst cough immediately." Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing." J. H. Conlter, Clarion, Pa. Over 1,000,000 bottles of Seller's Cough Syrup sold. It is the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, and all Throat and Lung Diseases. Has been in use for half a century. Sold by all druggists and country storekeepers. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nov. 20

The Great Blood Cure,

For the cure of all diseases arising from impure Blood. Are you weak, nervous, debilitated, pale and emaciated? Have you lost your appetite? Have you nausea, pain in the back, &c? If so, Dr Lindsey's Blood Searcher will drive out the disease and bring back the Bloom of Health. Pimples, Boils, Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, &c., are but surface indications of Blood Diseases; and Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher, by purifying the system, softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. Cures performed by the Blood Searcher read like old-time miracles. Try it. Sold by druggists' $1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEGAL NOTICE.

TO Moses Young, Barbara Young, Esther Young, Elizabeth, intermarried with Jacob Barkman and five grandchildren of his daughter Hannah Ayers, dec'd, Daniel Ayers, Amos Ayers, Jacob Ayers, Maria Elizabeth, intermarried with Abraham Bumgard, Margaret, intermarried with William Nichols, the children all residing in Somerset county Pa., and the grandchildren of Sarah Fayette county, Pa., you are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition, issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Henry Young, deceased, in Somerset and Jefferson townships, at his late residence, on Thursday, the 26th day of December, 1878, where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, GEO. W. PILE,
Nov. 16, 1878. } Sheriff.
Nov. 29

LEGAL NOTCE.

To Samuel J. Johnson, Bonnetville, Marion County, W. Va., Emeline, intermarried with John G. Rittenour, Cameron, Marshall County, W. Va., Janey K. Johnson, Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., Susanna, intermarried with Jesse Fasbrink, Meyersdale, Somerset county, Pa., Geo. W. Johnson, Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., Henry W. Johnson, Cameron, Marshall Co., W. Va., Sarah Catharine Anderson, Confluence, Somerset county, Pa.,

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Sarah A. Moon, dec'd, formerly Sarah A. Johnson, late of Lower Turkeyfoot Tp., at her late residence, on the 27th day of December, 1878, when you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, GEO. W. PILE.
Nov. 29, 1878. } Sheriff.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Annual Election of the Farmers' Union Association and Fire insurance Company of Somerset county Pa., will be held at Berkley's Mills on Wednesday, January 1st 1879, for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, Secretary, and six directors, to serve for the year ending Sept. 30, 1879.

Notice is also given that an effort will be made to reorganize the said company upon a different principle, on the day of election, when all persons interested are respectfully requested to attend.

J. R. BOOSE, Sec. D. J. BRUBAKER, Pres.
Pine Hill, Nov. 23, 1878.

COMPLETE FALL STOCK
—OF—
CARPETS.
OIL CLOTH DRUGGETS.
Linoleum, &c., &c..

At the Lowest Prices in this Market,

HENRY McCALLUM,
77 FIFTH AVENUE,
ABOVE WOOD ST.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
—FORMERLY—
W. D. & H. McCALLUM,
Established 1853.
Oct. 2 3m

THE HANDY PACKAGE **JETPASTE.** STOVE POLISH.
ALWAYS READY FOR USE.
Everybody—Uses It.
Everybody—Pronounces It Best.
Everybody—Recommends It.
Everybody's Handy Package.
Patented May 7th, 1878. Re-Issued July 9th, 1878.

BLACK LEAD WARRANTED TO CONTAIN NO PARIS GREEN OR ARSENIC

Use POLISH When Heats Go

NO MIXING, DUST, RUBS, WASTE, BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,
Office, 509 St. John Street, Philadelphia.
Oct 9 9m

STRAY HEIFERS.

Came trespassing on the premises of the subscriber in Paint township, Somerset county, Pa., one dark red, and one red and white spotted heifers. Supposed to be a year and a half old; no artificial marks. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay cost and remove them.

Dec 11 ELIZABETH SHAFFER.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on Monday January 13, 1879, at the store house of George Johnson, in Berlin, for the purpose of electing a president and directors of the Buffalo Valley Rail Road.

Dec. 11 D. A. BRUBAKER, Secretary.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,
STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS
FOR THE SALE OF
CHAMPION MOWERS AND REAPERS, OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, HAGERSTOWN GRAIN SEED DRILLS, EMPIRE THRESHER AND SEPARATOR, HORSE POWERS.

FARQUAHR