The Moon.

The benefits derived from the solitary attendant of the earth are threefold. First. As the principal cause of the tides are so essential to the purity of the fluid which covers two-thirds of the surface of the planet around which it revolves. Second. By the light which it affords and the influence of that light on the growth of plants and the ripening of fruits. Third. The aid which it furnishes to the navigator in determining his position on the trackless deep.

By means of the tides the moon serves as a mighty broom, which daily sweeps the shores of rivers, bays and oceans, and removes impurities which would be the sources of disease, pestilence and death. It also promotes evaporation by the constant agitation which it causes, especially of the bodies of water exposed to a tropical sun. Rain is consequently more frequent, and countries are thereby made habitable which otherwise would be only parched deserts.

The cheering light of the moon has been the solace and the guide of the benighted traveller in every age, and the poets from the days of Homer to the present have sung the praises of the "Queen of Night." Savage nations, in particular, welcome the new moon with votive offerings and rejoicing, while even civilized communites watch with interest and pleasure the daily increase of illuminated surface. Those engaged in husbandry and gardening well know that the rays of the moon hasten the ripening of grain and fruits, and cause substances liable to putrefaction to undergo decomposition sooner.

By the aid which it affords the navigator in directing his course across the ocean the moon has been an efficient means of enlarging commerce and of extending civilization. Being apparently the swiftest moving body in the heavens, and passing like the hand on a clock over the stars as fixed and glittering points on the dial of the sky, this planet enables the mariner to estimate his distance east or west from a pre-arranged meridian, or twelve o'clock time. So much of importance have commercial nations attached to the determination of the moon's distance from certain bright stars which lie along its path that large sums have been offered at different times by the Dutch, French and English Governments for tables which would indicate the exact position in the heavens of the satellite of the earth at any desired moment.

The phases of the moon were undoubtedly the first measures of time, and the interval between the same appearance of the surface of that body was equivalent in early ages to the present reckoning by years. The American Indians still speak of events which happened many moons ago, and it is altogether likely that the long reigns of one hundred years and upward recorded in Chinese and Egyptian annals were only so many periods from new moon to new moon, or from the time when it was full till a return of the same brilliant appearance.

But, independent of its benefits, the moon presents much that is both curious and interesting. As this planet is connected by indissoluble bonds with the earth, it is not uncommon to regard it as agreeing in its physical aspect, in its intervals of day and night and in the changes in its landscape, with those that are observed on the earth.—Such, however, is far from being the case. The moon revolves on its axis in the same time that it makes a revolution around the earth, and its day is therefore equal to about fourteen days and nights on this planet, and the night is of the same length. During half of each lunation, or the period from new moon to new moon, the surface is continually exposed to the rays of the sun, which give rise to a temperature unknown in the hottest regions of the earth, while the equally long night must be productive of a degree of cold never experienced by man. The inhabitants of the moom, if there are any, must be subjected to extremes of temperature, a summer and a winter, during their long days and nights, beyond the endurance of sentient beings upon the earth. It is true that a lunarian, by traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour, might keep in perpetual sunlight, and, owing to the diminished attraction of gravity, a pound here weighing but two and a half ounces there, might walk that distance without experiencing more muscular energy than would be required for a journey on foot of three miles on the earth. But such a tread-mill condition of existence cannot be supposed to have been assigned to the inhabitants of the planet, nor is it possible to imagine any progress in civilization, in the arts or sciences, in regions where such extremes of temperature prevail. The surface of the moon, however, exhibits but a rugged, barren waste, and is entirely unfitted for the residence of beings analogous to those on the earth.

In it there are no proofs of an atmosphere, no appearance of water, no clouds that float in the sky, and no twilight blends light and darkness. The rainbow's majestic arch, the lightning's flash and roseate hues of evening are never seen. Immense craters, including an area greater than is contained in many European kingdoms, are relieved by mountains relatively higher than any on the earth.

At the moon the earth appears as a moon thirteen times as large as that body does to the inhabitants of this globe and undergoing similar changes, but always seen in nearly the same part of the heavens, and unlike the satellite of the earth, presenting sometimes a bright and at others a clouded disc. But, as the same side of the moon is constantly turned toward the earth, the lunarians in its opposite hemisphere must travel hundreds of miles to behold the gorgeous luminary which dissipates the darkness of the long night.

There are but twelve of its days in the lunar year, which is the same as a year on the earth; its seasons are therefore each but three days long, if what are properly called seasons can occur on a planet where there is neither vegetation, wind, rain nor snow.

Astronomers have usually regarded the surface of the moon as in a condition of entire rest, and that the volcanic action which caused its rugged appearance has long since ceased. This, however, may be a premature conclusion. The elder Herschel believed that he saw volcanoes in a state of eruption. The late Professor Winlock, of Cambridge Observatory, Massachusetts, in 1869, watched for two nights what seemed to be a volcanic action on the moon. Dr. Klein, of Cologne, in may, 1877, positively asserted that a crater two miles wide had appeared near the centre of the planet where none previously existed, and within the last few months an amatuer astronomer in Iowa, has announced with great confidence the observation of changes taking place on the lunar surface.

While the occasional eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla and other volcanic mountains and the earthquakes which nearly destroyed Lisbon, Aleppo and some of the cities of South America, show that the pent-up gases which upheaved the mountain chains of the earth are still capable of producing great changes, analogy leads to the conclusion that the forces which have covered the moon with elevations and depressions may have grown weaker, but have neither ceased to exist nor become entirely inactive.

Butter Making.

Butter making, says the Iowa State "Register," is one of the fine arts.

It requires skill and the exercise of the most refined sensibilities to comprehend the subject. The more it is investigated the wider is the gulf between pure and impure butter. The food which supports the human body should be the subject of profound consideration by all civilized society. And there is no one item requiring a higher state of perfection than butter. Cream contains one of the most refined and delicate oils used as food for the human stomach.

In its purity it is better relished and more easily digested than any other oil food. At the same time it is so delicate and sensitive to all taints or smells, and imbibes so readily all impurities from the atmosphere, vessels, or food of the animals, that it requires the nicest manipulation of all the agents in feeding and care of cows, or handling of milk and cream. Not only must the milk and cream be screened from all injurious taints and smells, but it must be so handled and protected as to retain its natural, delicate aroma and flavor.

Sweet grasses, pure water, healthy cows and the right atmosphere are plenty almost anywhere. But the skilled operatives are scarce, while the learners are willful and ignorant. It costs no more to make good butter than it does a mixture of hair, grease and buttermilk.

The skill consists in knowing the nature of milk and cream, and the process necessary to exclude the evil and retain the good qualities. If the cows are kept all right, and the milk comes to the milk room in a pure state, then it must be kept at the right temperature—neither too warm nor too cold.

The cream must be removed just at the right time, when the milk begins to sour. The cream must be kept at the right temperature, just at 60°.

The butter to be worked with great care. The atmosphere of the milk room must be kept perfectly pure. Then, if the cows have been fed and watered all right, their apartments kept clean, and all after operations are scrupulously observed, then gilt edged butter will be the result.

Educating Young Horses.

What an inappropriate term education as applied to a colt would have been thought a few years ago. Yet the colt's training is as much education as the training of a child is.

The Rev. Dr. Murray always uses the word "education," and his Golden Rule recently had the following upon the subject:

If you have a colt to teach, and have the habit of speaking sharply and loudly, correct yourself of it at once. Colts are timid, high spirited things, if they are worth anything; and he who manages them should be of quiet habits and have a low, pleasant toned voice.

The trainer that yells, stands in the same category as the driver in the public race who screams and whoops like a Comanche Indian when coming down the home stretch; the one should be banished from the track, and the other turned out of the gentleman's stable.

Our method of educating a colt to the harness and wagon is to educate him singly, by himself; and this education should begin very early. When the colt is twelve or fourteen months old begin to put the harness on him. In a few weeks he is accustomed to it and ready for the shafts.

But, in doing this, do not be in a hurry. Give the youngster time to get thoroughly acquainted with every strap and buckle, as it were. Let him see everything and smell everything.

The sense of sight, smell and touch are the greatest avenues of knowledge to the horse, especially the last two.

A Great Feat of Memory.

One of the most remarkable feats of memory is not recorded in the books, though it came before the public in a singular manner in January, 1847.

At Sidney, Australia, a prisoner set up as his defense on trial an *alibi*, claiming to have been at the time that the complainant was robbed at home in his own but listening to the recital of Horace Walpole's novel, "The Old Baron," which a man named Lane had, with other novels, committed to memory, the matter of time being disposed of by the declaration that Lane's recitation took two hours and a half. The attorney-general declared that this was incredible, whereupon Lane clearing his throat, began:

"In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the wars in the holy land, where he had been sojourning for a number of years, there"—and had recited several pages when the attorney-general told him to stop—he was quite satisfied.

But the counsel for the defense was not, and insisted that as the veracity of his witness had been questioned the witness should be allowed to set himself right, also to prove the allegation as to time by reciting the whole novel.

"Do you expect me to take it all down as evidence?" stammered the chief justice, in great dismay, and finally a compromise was arrived at and Lane gave a chapter from the middle of the story and its conclusion. The prisoner was acquitted.

Fire in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—Early this morning a fire occurred in the four-story brick building at 122 North Second Street, occupied as a confectionery manufactory by Gotthold, McCook & Co. The three upper stories were completely destroyed. The stock of confectionery, together with the machinery, valued at about $10,000, is almost a total loss. Loss on the building about $2,000.

Horrible Accident.

ALTOONA, Feb. 6.—Bertie Weaver, eleven years old, boarded a passing train this morning to obtain a short ride through the town. As he was stepping off again a passing engine struck him and completely cut off his head and one arm.

A Curious Old Village.

New Geneva, Fayette county, Pa., is a curious, tumble down, old fashioned village of 250 or 300 inhabitants. It is situated at the head of navigation on the Monongahela river, and is the "jumping off place" to the isolated regions of West Virginia, which are reached by rugged mountain roads of a decidedly primitive kind. The people who live here now are the descendants of those who lived here at the beginning. An adventurous lad or restless laborer occasionally departs, but nobody ever comes in to stay.

The houses are built on the river margin at the base of a great hill, and are divided into two rows by a country road, on which they stand. They all have immense fireplaces, for fuel is abundant here, and the whole place is dingy with the stains of a century of bituminous coal smoke. The hills around are filled with treasures beyond the expression of figures. Here is coking coal equal to the Connellsville, with iron ore and limestone lying beside it in unlimited quantities. The State Geologist will state in his next report that on this spot iron can be manufactured cheaper than anywhere else in the United States. Yet it is all untouched. The village sleeps on peacefully over mines richer than the Comstock lode, and will continue to do so until the long slumber is broken by some enterprise set on foot from abroad. The Justice will sit with his feet on the stove for a week waiting for the storekeeper to sue on a five dollar book account. The landlord at the broken sign will sit in the bar and count the bottles on his mantel, and the doctor will ride drowsily out of the alley on his fat cob, and take his dangerous, but apparently comfortable nap, as his predecessors did from time immemorial, while his horse picks his difficult way along paths that overhang mountain precipices, and are lit by the faint glimmer of a star or moon. But some day there will come a change, when some bold spirit will cast his eye over this peaceful scene and change it all in a twinkle, driving his shaft here, erecting his furnace there, putting work into idle hands, and many more that will come in after him. In the meantime the chief industry at this time of year is hog killing. The fire is built in the house yard beside the road, the iron kettle is hung over it, the fat hog stands in the corner, the neighbors are gathered along the fence, guessing at his weight and otherwise assisting at the great event, while an accommodating marksman is preparing to shoot him with a long barreled rifle loaded with bullet and with patch.

Yet this drowsy village has a history. It was founded by Albert Gallatin, and named by him in honor of his native place in Switzerland. He established here the first glass works west of the mountains. He had subsequently a gun factory on the hillside, and things were brisk enough. He came here in 1786, and moved away after his return from the French court. After him came an enterprising Frenchman, Mr. Moliere, who bought Mr. Gallatin's estate, went into boat building and various other enterprises, and lived in feudal style at the Gallatin mansion on Friendship Hill, about a mile from the village, until he failed and died. Then the village died also, and the briers overran the fields of the Gallatin farm, while a family of old servants lived in one corner of the mansion, and bats and wasps occupied the rest. Thus it was until 1857, when the Hon. John L. Dawson bought Friendship Hill, and by judicious management made it before his death one of the most beautiful and productive estates in this part of Pennsylvania. But he did nothing at the village, and there matters went on in the old way.

Just above New Geneva, overlooking the little town and a bold bend in the river, stands an old stone house. It is now a part of Friendship Hill, and is just within the entrance to the place. Beyond it is a deep wood through which the road winds to the Gallatin mansion. But it never, I believe, belonged to Mr. Gallatin. In his day it was the property of a roystering young bachelor Irishman by name of Tom Clare, and was the scene of wild revels, such as Lever would have delighted to paint, but which, in these times, no decent rustic community would tolerate. Clare's fine bottom lands were covered with a luxuriant peach orchard, and peach brandy and honey was the top at his feast. It was in the days of slavery, before Tom the Tinker and the Whisky Insurrection, that old Tommy Clare had barbecues, and horse races and dances, and all sorts of furious frolics, under his sinister patronage in and about this old house. But the time came when Tommy's purse gave out and his liver swelled under this course of life; and his bones now rest in a rude and neglected enclosure near his house, surrounded by those of his negro servants. The briers grow densely over the graves, the mortar has crumbled from the wall, and the loosened stones have rolled down to mingle with those that mark the graves, and fill the cavities made by the sinking earth. It is said that Tommy did not die peacefully. His conscience was loaded with a dark secret. Tradition relates that, when Tommy's exchequer had run low, a peddler sought accommodation at his house one stormy night and was never seen again. He was murdered by a giant negro slave at Clare's command, and his body buried in the sand bank across the road.

Russian Legend.

The Russian peasants have a curious tradition which may be new to some readers. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christian child.

"Come with us," they said. "We have seen His star in the East, and go to worship Him."

"I will come, but not now," she answered. "I have my house to set in order; when that is done I will follow and find him."

But when her work was done, the three Kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For His sake she takes care of all little children. It is she, who in Russian and Italian houses, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are awakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and springing up, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.

The Plague.

The people of eastern Europe are not a little alarmed by the reports of the plague having appeared at different points on the river Volga and its vicinity. The medical authorities are earnestly discussing the question as to the nature of the disease that has made its appearance; but this is the very discussion which has been carried on whenever the plague has appeared in times past, its real nature never having been fully established. Many eminent authorities have maintained that the plague is an aggravated or peculiar form of typhus fever. But all accounts agree in stating that an alarming disease has broken out in the Southern part of European Russia, and that measures should be taken to prevent its introduction into the heart of Europe. The days of indifference to precautionary and quarantine regulations have passed away. Experience and common sense, if not high scientific theory, sustain the maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, especially since one grain of want of precaution has often been the means of introducing disease, where all the physicians and medicine that could be obtained have failed to stay its progress.

The plague had its origin in the fourteenth century, in Central Asia, the birthplace of nearly every destructive pestilence that has swept over the earth. Under the name of the Black Death it passed into Europe, desolating nearly every great city on the continent. It prevailed in England in the seventeenth century, depopulating the city of London just before the great fire of 1666, nearly 50,000 having died within a few months in 1665. In 1720 about half the population of Marseilles were destroyed by it. After prevailing extensively in Russia, toward the close of the last century, it seemed to have expended its force, although it has several times broken out on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

The existing plague first broke out on the shores of the Caspian, and thence ascended the Volga into the Russian empire, and at last accounts was within a few miles of Moscow. The mortality has been very great. Hardly any of the persons attacked survived. Ninety-five per cent, according to the official reports, die. A physician, sent by the government to the infected localities, say that in the village of Vietlianka, which had a population of 1,700, there is not now a living being. Four hundred corpse strew the streets, while the rest of the inhabitants have fled, carrying the infection wherever they go. At Prischibe, of 880 inhabitants, 530 died in two weeks. The worst is, says this physician, that the malady spreads with startling rapidity, and appears simultaneously at points eight or ten miles apart. In four days it advanced in the direction of Estonievsk more than thirty versts. Russian physicians give the following as the characteristics of the terrible malady:

A swelling of the size of a hen's egg appears under the groin. This is accompanied with a general indisposition and a violent headache. From these signs of the disease to its complete development only a few hours elapse. Immediately afterwards ensues severe internal pains, copious vomitings, and soon after black spots break out on the body, mostly on the breast, the fore arm and the top of the back. In an hour or two the patient dies. Generally the disease carries off its victim in ten hours after its first appearance, but it often proves fatal within four hours after the first symptoms. No wonder that vigorous measures are being adopted in Europe against the extension westward of this terrible of epidemics. Germany threatens to establish a sanitary *cordon* of eighty thousand soldiers on the Russian frontier, and Russian importations into both Germany and Austria will be prohibited. It will be difficult, however, unless it should soon be stamped out, to prevent it reaching Constantinople, and thence diffusing itself along the Mediterranean.

Origin of Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is believed to have originated in Egypt more than 2,000 years ago. It prevailed in Egypt and Asia Minor, to which it extended during the first 500 years, and hence was early called Egyptian or Syriac disease. Having invaded Europe, the disease appeared in Rome, A. D. 330; and being akin to the plague, of which it may be a remote modification, having had the same origin, with some similar characteristics, and being like it and malignant typus, highly contagious, the disease in its 4,500 years transit on the continent of Europe affected mainly rural districts and garrisoned towns. It had extended to Holland, in which it was epidemic, in 1337; to Paris in 1576, and appeared in 1771; having prevailed more extensively in France in 1818 and 1835, and in England and the United States from 1856 to 1860, and more or less since.

In both city and country more cases have occurred, other things being equal, in warm autumnal and winter weather in damp localities, where the air is almost destitute of ozone, a powerful disinfectant, and being saturated with moisture is in a low or negative electrical condition of the nervous system, and correspondingly diminishing vitality, in those predisposed to the disease; damp air also, doubtless, by diminishing the cutaneous exhalation, and otherwise may increase the predisposition to this as well as other kindred diseases.

What Chin Lan Pin Says.

New York *Graphic*: Melican man left fifteen Chinamen come on Melican ship. Welly good. Chinaman he do allee same. He say to Melican man on ship at Hong Kong, 'Fifteen come ashore; no more;' Melican missionary no can do. He bad man. He preachee too muchee fool. He bad man for Chinese civilization. No saebe! What for Melican man killee his God? Welly bad. Melican man to muchee lie, too muchee steal, too muchee tramp. Bimeby tramp come to China. We make welly good law. Jess like yours. We say, 'Oaly fifteen tramp come ashore.' Allee same as Melican man to Chinaman. Too muchee Melican man no hab work. Spose come to China. Welly bad! Good-bye, John.

A young man of twenty-two years went into the private office of the Judge of the County Court, in Milwaukee, recently, and asked for an injunction to prevent the young woman he was in love with from marrying a cripple to whom she was devoted. The woman's father accompanied the young man, and they were much chagrined when they learned that no legal injunction could be laid to prevent a wedding.

A Desperate Naval Encounter.

One of the most desperate naval engagements on record was that between the English ship, Revenge, commanded by Sir Richard Greenville, and the Spanish fleet. Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral to Lord Thomas Howard, and lay off the Azores with the English squadron in 1591.

He was a noted tyrant to his crew—a dark, bullying fellow apparently; and it is related of him that he would chew and swallow wine glasses, by way of convivial levity, till the blood ran out of his mouth. When the Spanish Fleet of 50 sail came within sight of the English, his ship, the Revenge, was the last to weigh anchor, and was so far circumvented by the Spaniards that there were but two courses open—either to turn her back upon the enemy or sail through one of his squadrons. The first alternative Greenville dismissed as dishonorable to himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship. Accordingly he chose the latter, and steered into the Spanish armament. Several vessels he forced to luff and fall under his lee; until, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a great ship of three decks of ordnance took the wind out of his sails, and immediately boarded. Thenceforward, and all night long, the Revenge held her own, single-handed, against the Spaniards. As one ship was beaten off another took its place.

She endured, according to Raleigh's computation, "eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries." By morning the powder was spent, the pikes all broken, not a stick was standing, "nothing left overhead either for flight or defense;" six feet of water in the hold; almost all the men hurt, and Greenville himself in a dying condition. To bring them to this pass, a fleet of fifty sail had been mauling them for fifteen hours; the Admiral of the Hulks and the Ascension, of Seville, had both gone down alongside, and two other vessels had taken refuge on shore in a sinking state. In Hawke's words, they had "taken a great deal of drubbing."

The captain and crew thought they had done about enough; but Greenville was not of this opinion; he gave orders to the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a fellow after his own stamp, to scuttle the Revenge where she lay. The others, who were not mortally wounded like the Admiral, interfered with some decision, locked the master-gunner into his cabin, after having deprived him of his sword, for he manifested an intention to kill himself if he were not to sink the ship; and sent to the Spaniards to demand terms. These were granted. The second or third day after, Greenville died of his wounds aboard the Spanish flag-ship, leaving his contempt upon the "traitors and dogs" who had not chosen to do as he did, and engage fifty vessels, well found and fully manned, with six inferior craft ravaged by sickness and short of stores. 'He at least,' he said, 'has done his duty as he was bound to do, and looked for everlasting fame.

Vegetable Plants.

Many who have gardens, omit or neglect to provide a stock of cabbage, tomato, pepper, and other plants, depending upon some good natured neighbor to supply them from his surplus. It is well to be neighborly in such matters, but it is also well that those who neglect to provide themselves with such plants, should pay those who are at the trouble of raising them. Many a boy, or man either, if he lets it be known that he will have plants to sell at the proper season, may establish a profitable little trade. It is about as much trouble to raise a hundred plants as it is several thousand, and when it is known that the plants may be had with certainty, those who need but a small number will buy in preference to raising them. For the very earliest cabbages, cauliflowers and lettuce for marketing, cold-frame plants are preferable, but these have to be prepared in the previous fall. In the absence of these, the next best are properly treated hot bed plants, and if these are well managed, they are almost as good as those that have been wintered in cold frame. Of course to get the plants early, there must be hot-beds. We are not able to give every year a full account of the method of making these important aids in gardening, and at best, we cannot give so full a description of their management as one making a business of raising plants requires. As a part of his outfit, one should have a Book on Gardening, not only for this, but for reference in many other matters.—*American Agriculturist.*

Be of Good Cheer.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin.

When troubles come upon him, instead of rousing his faculties, he grows dull and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair, and, if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him.

How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him.

A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

Tobacco Tax.

WASHINGTON, Feb 6.—It is regarded as beyond doubt that the Senate Finance Committee will report in favor of a reduction of the tobacco tax from twenty-four cents to sixteen cents. Senators Bayard and Kernan, who were for twenty cents, are now for the lower rate.

The Indians.

OMAHA, Feb 5.—At Moorehead's cattle ranche, on Miobrera river, Jan. 27, Frank Moorehead and Mr. Ashbaugh, well known cattle men, and two of their herders were killed by Indians, supposed to be a part of Little Wolf's band. Eighty head of horses were run off and a number of cattle killed.

Counterfeiter.

LEBANON, Feb. 4.—An attempt was made to day to arrest John A. Miller, on a capias, against whom an indictment is pending for passing counterfeit national bank notes. He fled to the mountains. Three shots were fired, one of which is supposed to have taken effect. He is said to be a member of a gang of counterfeiters in the Blue mountains.

About Young Women Whom Nature Made Graceful.

Young women, whom nature made graceful, tender, delicate, affect to despise both the duties and limitations of their sex and study mainly how to make themselves the most like men, pretending what they are not, and to pose for what they can never be. Or they adopt the airs and graces of another school altogether, and are ultra-feminine, artistic and æsthetic to their finger tips—women to whom the homely life of work and duty is degradation, common sense the denial of the higher spirits, and affection the altar to which the domestic altar is raised and the daily tribute brought. Who does not know these artistic daughters of the commonplace? Homely in feature and clumsy in form, they drape themselves in the flowing, tight fitting garments of the ideal lady of mediæval times; she whose lines should be all long and slender and instinct with natural grace; long visages and melancholy; they frizz out their hair, put on coquettish hats, much be-ribboned and be-flowered, and go as near a group of predresses after Wateau as the times will allow; with small, twinkling black eyes, snub noses and roguish faces, they pile up their heads in Pompadour, or ape the majesty of Mary Antoinettes; four feet nothing in height, and round not say pody about the waist and hips, they attempt that swimming gliding walk which goes only with a lengthy kind of willow wand, but it is impossible to all else; but if they are tall and lean, they probably skip and prance like youthful faries, thinking that art can conquer nature, and that a sufficient amount of affection can make them seem what they are not.

This is one exhibition of airs and graces patent in society, where every thing is set forth save naturalness. That independence which is part of the English character, happily for us, every now and then blossoms out into bold eccentricities, which prove nothing but individual hardihood, and the æsthetic style of dress is one of them.

For, unless there is the most absolute harmony between the style and the person, nothing is more ludicrous than these affectations of costume. But oddly enough, for the most part that harmony is wanting, and the woman who has spent precious time in studying patterns, tints and ornaments knows nothing of the exigencies of her own style, or how to utilize what she has, supply what she has not, and conceal what she ought not to have.

Large feet wearing glaring stockings and voyant slippers; scraggy shoulders, low dresses, an inch below their neighbor's; short, thick throats wear puffy frills and broad black velvet bands, while straight smooth hair, the merit of which is its silkiness, is tortured into the staring spectres of curls and crimps, and hair that no ingenuity can make to lie straight is plastered and braided down, worn *a la Chinoise* when nature imperatively demanded a fringy and fuzz and refuses a compromise.—*London Queen.*

A Dog Story About a Mouse.

A gentleman writing to this journal relates the following curious occurrence:

"I was alone with my laborers in a field where potatoes were being harvested. My watch dog was with me. I saw him seize a mouse, swallow it and then lie down at my feet.

I went home to dinner, and while seated at the table was asked what was the matter with the dog. He was turning round and moaning, and something was hanging from his side. I took him up in my arms and found it was a mouse which had just been killed. At first I thought it had merely stuck in the long hair, but on examining closer I saw that only one half of the mouse protruded from the dog's body.

When the aperture was cleared it was found to be an inch in depth. The dog had no front teeth, had swallowed the mouse, and the little animal had at once begun to gnaw its way out.

It was at first stopped by one of the ribs, and had actually burrowed out between the skin and rib. The dog killed the mouse when it put its head out by munching it with his jaws. The dog died the same day.—*Berlin Journal*

Grace Greenwood, writing from Denver, says:

Nature did antelopes an ill turn originally, in affixing to them a mark by which they can be seen, and a bead drawn on them at a distance. It renders them especially liable to attack in the rear, which reminds us of a little story:

A small Colorado boy who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of great excitement, saying that he had seen some antelopes in a gulch near by.

At his entreaty, his mother went out to look at them, but nothing of the kind was to be found. She became incredulous, and said:

"I don't believe you saw any antelopes; it must have been your imagination, my child."

To this the indignant little mountaineer replied:

"Humph! I guess my imagination isn't white behind!"

Does Her Own Work.

Does she? What of it? Is it any disgrace? Is she any less a true woman, less worthy of respect than she who sits in silk and satin, and is vain of fingers that never labor? We listened to this sneer a few days ago, and the tone in which it was uttered betokened a narrow, selfish, ignoble mind, better fitted for a country whose institutions do not rest on honorable labor as one of the chief corner stones. It evinced a false idea of the true basis of society, of true womanhood, of genuine nobility. It showed the detestable spirit of caste, of rank, which a certain class are trying to establish—a caste whose sole foundation is money, and so the meanest kind of rank known to civilization. Mind, manners, morals, all that enter into a good character, are of no account with these social snobs; position in their stilted ranks is bought with gold, and each additional dollar is another dollar in the ladder by which elevation is gained.

A cunning lawyer, meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him. "Good morning, daddy! Pray what makes your horse look so pale in the face?" "Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through a halter so long, thee would look pale, too!"

Fatal Fall.

MILLERSTOWN, Feb. 7.—H. P. Sanderson, of Rodgers' Mills, while tearing down a building in this city to-day, fell from a window, struck on his head, and was killed instantly. He was aged 28 years, and leaves a wife.

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
ESTABLISHED 1827.

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.

RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

LARGEST CIRCULATION —IN— SOMERSET COUNTY.

Subscription $2 a year. Transient advertising 10 cents a line. Special rates to yearly and quarterly advertisers. 52 papers to the year; no postponement on account of Christmas, Fourth of July or other legal Holidays.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

A LARGE NUMBER OF SCHOOL ORDERS ON HAND.

ED. B. SCULL, Business Manager.

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'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

FARQ 'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS, CORN PLOWS, SHOVEL PLOW SHARES, Cultivator Shovels AND Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

M

JUST RECEIVED AND NOW OPENING AT J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S STORE

West End, Main St., Somerset, Pa

A Large and Well Selected LOT OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOE AND The Largest, Best and Cheapest Assortment of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING

Fresh and New, Ever Offered in SOMERSET.

All Kinds of Produce Taken in Exchange for GOODS.

May 1

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION. THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

AGENTS WANTED. WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO. 827 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

TO THE LADIES.

The Summer and Fall styles of E. Butterick Co's. PAPER PATTERNS at Mrs. E. R. Wagner's, 809 Arch St., and 804 South 24 St., Philadelphia

Also for sale the Centennial Platter. Orders filled by mail on receipt of price. Catalogue furnished on application by mail.

Aug. 14

Do you want to make some money? If so here is your chance. Competent Agents Male or Female want to sell the Rotary Solve. The most Convenient Article for Domestic use for the purpose designed ever invented. It scrapes, slits, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Blacking etc. Over 150 Agents are now engaged in selling them in one week. Territory eagerly taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address, C. M. WHITE, Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted to cure one Case of CATARRH, in each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK PERSIAN OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar per package, free to those who send to pay express charges ($1.00 if not prepaid by Adams or Union Ex. Co's) Address, P. H. BOWER & CO. Sole Agts. Pittsburgh, Pa. Agents Wanted. Jan 2

A GOLD MEDAL has been awarded at the Paris Exposition of 1878 to J. & P. COATS, For the best Six-Cord Spool Cotton, confirming the estimate placed upon their goods at all the World's Expositions, from that at London, 1862, to the Centennial Exposition of 1876, where they took a diploma for "S PERIOR STRENGTH AND EXCELLENT QUALITY." The Second Prize of a Silver Medal was taken by the Willimantic Linen Company, which claims to be the special champion of American industry, and which has extensively advertised a Grand Prize at Paris.

NO GRAND PRIZES were awarded for Spool Cotton at PARIS.

Messrs. J. P. Coats have established in Pawtucket, R. I., the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States. Every process of manufacture, from the raw cotton to the finished spool, is conducted there. Their American-made Spool Cotton took the award at the Centennial, and which they have never claimed special merit for their American-made Spool Cotton over that manufactured in their Scotch Mills, they have the satisfaction of announcing that they have so identified themselves with this country, that

AMERICA, as represented by J. & P. Coats, is still Ahead in Spool Cotton. BATES & COATS, Sole Agents in Philadelphia for J. & P. COATS. Nov. 6

Blairsville Ladie's Seminary. Second Term begins Feb. 1st, 1879. For terms and information apply to REV. T. R. EWING, Principal, BLAIRSVILLE. Jan.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE. Whereas J. R. Boose made voluntary assignment of all his property real, personal and mixed for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned by deed dated the —— day of January 1879, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Assignee to make immediate payment, and those having claims against him to present them duly attested for settlement at store of the said Assignee, in Hedgeversville Twp., in said county, on Saturday the 22d day of March, 1879, when and where they will attend for said purpose. JOHN G. HAY, AARON F. BITNER, Assignees. Feb. 12

SURE REWARD 5 YEARS TO PAY $4 to $10 Beech and Maple Land in the BIG LOG DISTRICT, on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company. TITLE PERFECT. Strong soil—sure crops—plenty of timber—no drought—no [illegible] no "hoppers." Running streams—pure water—good markets—schools—Railroad completed through centre of the district. Send for pamphlet, English or German. Address W. O. HUGHART, Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE, STOVE POLISH. ALWAYS READY FOR USE. Everybody—Uses it. Everybody—Believes it good. Everybody—Recommends it. Everybody's Handy Package. Patented May 7th, 1878. Re-Issued Sep. 30, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE. ZIEGLER'S JET READY MIXED STOVE POLISH. CAUTION. THE ONLY GENUINE BLACK LEAD HANDY PACKAGE. NO CAKE TO SOIL THE HANDS. 48 Cos. POLISH With Handy Pkg.

NO MIXING. DUST. RUBS. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer, Office, 500 St. John Street, Philadelphia. Oct 9 9m

THE MOST USEFUL PRESENT FOR YOUR WIFE, Intended wife, mother, or sister is one of our Nickel Plated and Polished Fluting Crimping Irons. 4 Irons on one handle and gr atuitly Reduced Prices. King Reversible Fluting Iron, $0.50. Home Fluting and Crimping Iron, $2.75. SENT PREPAID on receipt of price. Howitt Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh Pa. F. O. Box 565, or 706 Penn Avenue. An Agent Wanted in this County. Nov. 29

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland Maine. March 27.

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 see him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he is his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes. May 29

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 hitting 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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Fredrecka Shomber, late of Berlin Br., deceased. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, 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, March 1, 1879. HENRY SHOMBER, Administrator. Jan. 15

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Samuel Swank, late of Quemahoning Twp., Somerset county, Pa., 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, the 1st day of March, 1879, at the residence of deceased. HIRAM SWANK, Administrator cum testamento