Rembrandt.

A SKETCH OF HIS EARLY CAREER—HIS FIRST PAINTINGS.

Rembrandt was the youngest of seven children, of whom two died in infancy.

His father, Herman Gerretsz, was a miller who lived on one of the ramparts near the White Gate of the city of Leyden. According to Blanc, who claims to have gained access to documents heretofore unknown, he was born on the 15th of June, 1606, and received his baptismal name of Rembrandt son of Hermensz van Ryn that is, Rembrandt son of Herman of the Rhine.

His father, being well off in worldly goods, determined to give his youngest son an education, and he was, when at a suitable age, sent to the University of Leyden. This university, which numbered among its leaders Scaliger, Grotius (the monster of erudition,) Arminius and Boerhaave, was founded by William the Silent, in commemoration of the brave defence made by the Leydeners against the Spaniards.

He offered the people their choice, the remission of taxes or the founding of a university, and they chose the latter. Rembrandt much preferred to the study of letters that of art, and his parents wisely let him follow his bent.

Accounts differ as to who were his teachers—the pupil at any rate soon outgrew them—Sandrart, his contemporary, asserting he studied first with Swanenburg, and then spent six months in the studio of Lastman at Amsterdam; while Houbraken with equal positiveness declares Lastman was his first teacher, whom he left in six months, in order to study under Jacques Pinas.

Certain it is that in both Lastman and Pinas's works are to be found the rudiments of the style of art which was rendered imperishable by their pupil.

The year 1623 brought him, a lad of seventeen, again home, studying himself the arts of painting and etching. He is justly called the "Prince of Etchers," using not only the needle, but also the dry point, and the graver in giving the finishing touches.

In 1867 a fine collection of his etchings was exhibited in London, and a series of articles commenting on them appeared in the *Academy*, written by C. H. Middleton, under the title of "Notes on Rembrandt."

His first etchings, as far as known, were done in 1628, his mother being the subject; and this same year he accepted his first pupil, Gerard Douw, who remained with him for three years. The next year he etched his own portrait, the first of the series representing him from youth to age, in every variety of position and costume, there being no less than thirty-three portraits of himself, the last bearing date 1667. The first of these is the likeness of a man alert and vigorous.

His broad forehead, slightly arched, shows the developments which announce imagination. His abundant hair, of a warm hue bordering on red, and naturally curly, seems to disclose a Jewish type. His face, spite of its ugliness, is one of much expression; a large broad nose, high cheek-bones, a coarse, rough skin, give an air of vulgarity, redeemed, however, by the brilliancy of the eyes.

Such was Rembrandt in his youth; and the character of his figures would necessarily resemble the character of his own person; that is, they would have expressiveness without nobility, a great deal of "sentiment," but no style.

The last portrait is that of an old man, the face wrinkled by age, and toneless, dressed, however, in the bravery of a fur robe, a velvet cap, and across his breast a chain.

The first paintings that can be authenticated as Rembrandt's were executed in 1630, one of which is now in the gallery at Cassel, the portrait of an old man, showing even in this early picture the wonderful effects of light and shade for which the master is celebrated. His fame was no longer confined to Leyden. He had once or twice visited the Hague, had received commissions from Amsterdam; connoisseurs and art lovers came to seek him out; and in consequence of repeated suggestions he, in 1630, removed to Amsterdam, and took at once his acknowledged place as the head of the Dutch school of art.

Creation.

THE JAPANESE IDEA OF THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

Of old the heavens and earth were not separated. Land and water, solids and gases, fire and stone, light and darkness, were all mixed together.

All was liquid and turbin chaos Then the mighty mass began to more from within. The lighter particles of gas and air began to rise, forming the sky and heavens. The heavy parts sank and cohered, forming the earth. The water formed the four seas.

Then there appeared something like a white cloud floating between heaven and earth. Out of this came forth three beings—the being of the middle heavens, the high august being and the majestic being.

These three "hid their bodies" Out of the warm mould of the earth something like a rush sprouted up It was clear and bright like crystal. From this rush sprout came forth a being whose title is "The Delightful and Honorable Rush Sprout."

Next appeared another being out of the buds of the rush sprout, whose name is "The Honorable Heavenborn." These five beings are called "The Heavenly Gods." Next came into existence four pairs of beings, viz:

1. The Being Sprung from the First Mud and The Being of Sand and Mud.

2. The Being with the Hands and Feet Growing and The Being Having Breath.

3. The Male Being and the Female Being of the Great Palace (the earth).

4. Being of Complete Perfection and the Being who carried out "Strange and Awful" (to her mate)

Thus the last pair that came to existence were the first man and woman called Izanagi and Izanami. It is said that the other pairs of beings before Izanagi and Izanami were only their imperfect forms of the processes through which they passed before arriving at perfection. These two beings lived in the heavens.

The world was not yet well formed and the soil floating about like a fish in the water, but near the surface, and was called "The Floating Region."

The sun, earth and moon were still attached to each other like the head to the neck or arms to the body. They were little by little separating, the parts adjoining them growing smaller and smaller. This part—like an isthmus—was called "Heaven Floating Bridge."

It was on this bridge that Izanagi and Izanami were standing when they saw a pair of wagtails cooing and billing sweetly together. The heavenly couple were so delighted with the sight that they began to imitate the birds. Thus they began the art of love which mortals have practised to this day.

A Mountain Lion.

HE GIVES BATTLE TO A MONTANA HUNTER AND IS SLAIN.

On last Wednesday Mr. Wesley Curnutt took his gun and started to hunt the horses. About three or four miles from the White Sulphur Springs he discovered a band of mountain sheep, and as soon as he gained a proper location he fired upon the game.

At the crack of the gun one of the largest mountain lions we have ever seen (you can imagine how large he appeared to a bold hunter) sprang from a cliff of rocks and landed not over thirty feet from Curnutt, in an attitude looking anything but friendly, and ready to contest titles to the game in question.

Mr. C. being an old mountaineer and an experienced hunter, took in the situation at a glance, and saw there was no time to lose, as his antagonist meant business, so he immediately drew bead on the gentleman and let him have a bullet before he concluded to give way, and as he ran received a number of shots, which he carried but a short distance Mr. C., after dressing his sheep, which was a very large one, the head and horns weighing 37½ pounds, returned to the battle-ground and found his antagonist dead.

Mr. C., having procured the assistance of Colonel Kent, brought the lion to camp, where they weighed and measured him, finding him to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, and measure nine feet eight inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, which the Colonel (though a bear hunter in the Rockies for many a year) acknowledges to be the "boss" of the mountains.

Mr. C. intends shipping the lion by next Monday's coach to Dr. Parbery, at Helena, who will have the skin stuffed and preserved in a proper manner.

Where Tomatoes Were First Eaten.

It is a Newport tradition that tomatoes were first eaten in this country in about 1823, in a house still standing on the corner of Corne and Mill streets. About that time there came here an eccentric Italian painter, Michael Felice Corne. He bought a stable on the street now called for him, fashioned it into a dwelling-house, and there lived and died Previous to his coming, and long after, tomatoes, then called "love apples," were thought to be poisonous. A gentleman told me to-day that in 1819 he brought them from South Carolina and planted them in his yard, where they were looked upon as curiosities and prized for their beauty. They became later, however, a very unpleasant missile in the hands of the small boy. A charming old lady also told me to-day that in 1824 she was sitting with a sick person when some one brought the invalid as a tempting delicacy some tomatoes. 'Would you poison her?' was the exclamation of the astonished attendants, and yet Corne in this section of the town had been serving them for a year previous. As late as 1835 they were regarded as poisonous throughout Connecticut.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Remarkable Recovery of Speech.

Some years ago Mr. Frank Woods, the son of a formerly wealthy citizen of New Orleans, received a sunstroke which affected him so seriously that at his sister's wedding in Baltimore, in May, 1875, he entirely lost his speech. Sometime afterwards he was placed in an insane asylum at Hartford, Conn., but in September, 1877, was discharged and sent to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr J. J. McComb, on Fifth avenue, New York. From there, however, he was sent back to the asylum, but soon taken away to board with a private family. A week or two since he was on a train, near Pittsburgh, when a collision occurred, and with the shock he felt a change take place in his condition, and, running out to the brakeman actually spoke. The brakeman not fully understanding him, said, 'What?' but Mr. Wood was too much excited to attempt to speak again, and went back to his seat. The Hartford *Times* of Saturday evening gives the following interesting sequel:

'Arriving in New York, he 'felt as though he would soon talk.' One hemisphere of his brain seemed to be 'sleking.' Going to Mr. McComb's office on business he tried to write what he would say; but could not. Finally, becoming excited, he wrote, 'I'll go out and be back soon and talk to you with my own tongue.' He took a Staten Island ferry boat and getting a position out of the way of every one on board, he began singing and shouting. Returning he went to Mr. McComb's office and said 'O. K!' Mr. McComb jumped up and embraced him in his joy over his recovery of the power of speech. He goes to Indianapolis to establish himself in business. His age is probably thirty-five. He has a wife and two children in New Orleans.'

Remarkable Conduct of a Dog.

A Broughty Ferry lady, writing to her friends from Dublin, gives an account of a strange occurrence by which her husband was saved from being run down in a ferry-boat. The gentleman was just about to step into the ferry-boat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught hold of his trousers with his teeth, and at the same time kept up a constant howl.

It was only after considerable difficulty that he could get himself released, and by that time the ferry-boat had been shoved off into the river.

The gentleman naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings were changed when, a minute later, he saw the ferry-boat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat.

The passengers were thrown into the water, but, fortunately, the crew of the steamer were successful in saving them all, some being very much exhausted, however.

While thinking of the singular means by which he had been saved from the accident, the gentleman could not help noticing the conduct of the dog, which followed closely at his heels.

He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and has already shown great attachment to the gentleman and his family.

Concerning Flunkies.

There are some noodles and flunkies in this country who disparage American things and fall down and worship the English. They think it "so swell y' know."

Some carry their adoration so far as to get their clothes and shoes made in England—very ugly they are too—they affect the drawl and the English thick-tongued accent, wear English whiskers and eye-glasses, and even persuade themselves that they would have been lords if they had been born on the other side. Englishmen, as a rule, have a deep contempt for such creatures, as well they may; they like a man who bullies them more than a man who toadies them.

But the English worshippers in this land have recently had some tough morsels to swallow, for America is ahead of England almost every where and is still gaining. Our wealth has been shown to be more solid and substantial, our manufactures are beating theirs in their own market, even in cutlery and cotton fabrics. We send them our cloths and cassimeres, our cheese, our beef—we are actually, not figuratively, sending coals to Newcastle and selling them at a profit. Our athletes are beating theirs at their favorite games; our actors are far superior to theirs. It is true we have no Tennysons, Geo. Eliots or Thackerays, but our lighter literature, or periodicals and humorous productions are better; our credit stands higher in the London market, the English consols ranging in the nineties while the American bonds are at a high premium.

The boasted commercial honor of England and Scotland has fallen under suspicion. The Glasgow Bank, that was opened every morning with prayer, and the West of England Bank showed in their failures rascalities that would have made Jim Fisk blush. In fact almost every thing on which England prided herself and which Englismen boasted of has suffered a serious loss. It really begins to be time for these American noodles and flunkies to stop worshiping England, to shave off their side whiskers, and begin to speak the American language instead of the English. America after all is a large fact, and the higher the intellectual level of the Englishman, the more highly he appreciates this country.

The Deacon's Mistake.

A good deacon in Davenport, Iowa, saw a drunken man whom he knew, driving aimlessly about the streets one dark night. The deacon kindly got into the sleigh and took the reins, intending to take the drunkard to his home, which was two miles away but disliking the idea of walking back, he stopped at the tavern to find somebody who could more conveniently do the job.

While he was in the tavern the drunkard drove off by himself, and a young fellow arrived with his girl in a sleigh. The young fellow entered the tavern, leaving his girl muffled in a blanket, to wait while he got a drink. The deacon found a volunteer to take his place as guide to the drunkard: but the volunteer, on going to the sleigh that then stood in front of the tavern, discovered the occupant was not the drunkard, and said to the deacon:

"It's a girl out there."

"No, 'taint," replied the deacon, who thought that she was the drunkard.

He put one arm around her and roughly pulled away the blanket. She screamed for help. Her lover ran out and gave the deacon a severe whipping. Then they took the good deacon into the tavern, washed the blood from his face, the girl kissed him, and all was forgiven.

Garibaldi on Governments.

The following letter of Garibaldi to a paper at Rome, gives his views of European governments at the present time:

Mr. Editor, I have read the article entitled "Il Mal Essere Politico" in the *Capitale* of the 27th ultimo. You have treated the question in a masterly style. Yes, the present unhealthy state of politics is the consequence of fatal and sinister governments, who are the real creators of assassination and regicide. Socialism, Communism, Nihilism and Republicanism are synonymous; they all signify the discontent of the poor with those who enjoy power illegally.

We have not yet reached the centenary of '89, and already we discern on the horizon the precursory signs of the storms which, under the regime of men like Polignac, have filled Europe with blood. Let the Governments, the priests, and the millionaires reflect.

The authors of the twelve milliards of debt, the Turin massacres, and the Convention of September, which forbade Italy to go to Rome, ought not to have the right to question the honest men who formed the Ministry, and who I hope, will know how to remedy the evils caused by their predecessors. (Signed)

GARIBALDI.

The South.

Representative Cain, (colored) a member from South Carolina who was once a slave, uttered some humiliating but wholesome truths in Congress last week, in urging a more liberal educational policy by the government.

He presented the startling statement from official sources, that in the States of South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, a larger percentage of whites are unable to read and write than there are of blacks.

Since all classes in the South, regardless of race or color, are now citizens of the United States with equal rights and privileges, the education of the two races is equally important and it was an impressive appeal to the law-makers of the nation when the disenthralled bondman urged the more generous education of both races, and proved that in four States of the Union, where the colored vote is larger than the average in the South, the whites are behind the blacks in general knowledge of their language and government. — *Philadelphia Times.*

Explosion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13.—A dispatch from San Jose says that a fire damp explosion in a tunnel of the Southern Coast railroad, near Alma, injured fourteen men. Nine Chinamen will probably die.

A man who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied. 'Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife.'

He Was a Fighter.

Speaking of duels, recalls a famous one.

There was formerly in the French service in Algeria a general of Arab origin, Yusuf by name. One day all Algeria was moved to laughter by a satirical sketch of Gen. Yusuf in the local paper, under the title of "Mousieus Joujou."

The writer was, it is said, M. Arthur de Fronvielle, the editor of the paper took the responsibility. Moreover one fine morning, the journalist heard a terrible knocking at his door.

"Come in!"

It was Gen Yusuf who showed his Arab visage at the threshold. He was followed by a very ordinary officer.

M. de Fronvielle was still in his bed.

"Are you Monsieur de Fronvielle?" asked the General. "Was it you that called me 'Monsieur Joujou?' We must fight!"

"At your command, General. I will have a couple of my friends——"

"No! no! no! none of that nonsense!" thundered Yusuf. "We will fight immediately. Understand? I want to kill you!"

"Ah! in that case permit me to rise. And where shall we fight, if you please, General?"

"Right here."

"In my bedroom?"

"In your bedroom."

"All right. And this gentleman will serve as a witness?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'm ready for you now."

Yusuf drew his saber, and at a sign his ordnance officer did the same. The bedroom was very small. Nothing cheerful about this strange duel.

"Take your choice, monsieur," said the General, holding out both swords.

Fronvielle took the officer's saber. Yusuf threw off his tunic, roll up his sleeves, and held his saber in his bare arm, which was corded with the muscles of an athlete.

His white teeth shone from his swarthy face. Possibly Fronvielle recalled at that moment a little affair in which Yusuf had been formerly the hero.

The general was in love with the Princess Kasoubah, the daughter of the Bey of Tunis.

One day he stabbed in the chamber of his mistress, a Tunisian slave who threatened to expose them, and cutting out the slave's tongue, he threw it at Kasoubah's feet, with the remark:

"He won't talk any more!"

The reminiscence, if it occurred to Fronvielle, was sufficiently tragic to cause him to reflect, especially as at that moment Yusuf, his eyes protruding from his head, uttering yells like a jackal, and bounding like a tiger, savage, frightful, was making ready to transfix his adversary, with his very first stroke. This stroke the newspaper man fended, but it cut him terribly in the right arm.

Yosuf stuck the point of his saber in the floor, and said:

"You can't use your arm; to continue the combat would be murder. We will finish this affair when you are cured."

M. de Fronvielle saluted.

The second day after the fight the general presented himself at the wounded man's lodging.

And regular every morning thereafter.

"I hope you will forgive me for getting well so slowly general," said Fronvielle; "a little patience and I am with you."

"I am very patient," answered Yusuf.

When the wounded man was able to go out at last, Gen. Yusuf was the first to meet him.

But it was to offer him his arm, and ask him to lean on it. All his anger had slowly changed to esteem.

Saturday Night.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasures of the heart!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man in business! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts flying by!

Leave your books with complex figures, your dingy office, your dingy shop! Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

In Doubt on One Point.

In Court at Canterbury, England, the other day an action for debt was brought where the plaintiff's counsel was so satisfied with the defendant's lawyer's statement of the case that he declined to address the jury, and the judge said that it was so plain that he needn't sum up.

The intelligent jurors then retired, and after a long consultation said they could not agree. Being sent out again they returned and found for the defendant, the court's surprise being increased when one of the twelve said the jury desired to be instructed which was the plaintiff and which the defendant, this being the point on which they could not agree. Instruction being given, they retired and found for the plaintiff, the judge well worthy to preside in such a court kindly remarked that "if there had been a little want of understanding among them, they might console themselves by thinking they had given very sound judgment."

A boy on West Hill started to school the opening day of the term, and before he was five blocks from home he lamed a dog, lost his geography, scared a horse, broke his slate and had three fights. Times are looking up.—*Hawkeye.*

Get your spring job work done at the office of the HERALD. We are prepared to do all kinds of work, and our terms are lower than prevail elsewhere.

Gin and Ginger.

The time was ten o'clock in the evening. Ten o'clock is a first rate hour for such things, as the police are on the alert, and store porters haven't yet locked up their sleds and wheelbarrows.

His step was slow—his heart was sad,
And he wanted a drink most awful bad;
His home in the country was far away,
And he struck the town with intent to stay.

His name was alleged to be Abel Ford, and his object in coming to the city from the pines of Isabella was to secure a job at house painting. He selected a saloon, approached it by degrees, and when confronting the bar-tender he said:

"I'd like a drink of gin——"

He meant to say ginger beer, but the man behind the bar whisked down the decanter and poured out a big drink of gin, and rather than make a fuss about it the wanderer swallowed the fluid and went softly out.

His eyes grew brighter, his step was light,
And he praised the weather with all his might,
He saw four horses on each street car,
And lamp-posts doubled on him afar.

He entered a hardware store and insisted on buying a pair of socks, and to get rid of him they gave him the next thing to what he asked for—boots. This little business brought the police.

"Abel Ford, where do you belong?" asked the court.

"On earth," was the calm reply.

"Well, is that the reason you enter a strange city, get drunk, raise a row and pass the night in the police hotel?"

"I s'pose I'm doomed, and words are therefore useless," mournfully replied Abel.

"Do you want a chance to reform?" asked the Court, as he looked down on the prisoner's lonesome face.

"Nosp—I'm reformed now."

"When did you begin?"

"At the early age of ten."

"Well, you left off pretty suddenly last night, according to the testimony. The idea of your going into a hardware store and demanding a pair of socks!"

"Well, I ain't to blame 'cause they happened to be out of them, am I?" answered Abel.

"Do you want a chance to go home?" asked the Court.

"The snow's too deep, and if I got there the old woman would be jawin' all the time," said Mr. Ford, as he chewed at a straw.

He is up in the granary now, and perhaps they gave him a cell with a frescoed ceiling as a reward for his humble spirit.

Matthew Arnold.

Professor Francis Bowne, in the *Independent*, describes Mr. Matthew Arnold in very severe but very just terms, as follows:

We have no wish to be disrespectful toward Mr Arnold, who has acquired some just reputation as a poet and a critic of literature; but as a writer on theological subjects his conceit and unfairness, together with his insolence toward those who differ from him in opinion, are intolerable. In view of his unmannerly and unprovoked attacks upon some of the most eminent and irreproachable men in England—upon Lord Shaftesbury and the Archbishop of York, and especially upon the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester—it is but a fair retort to hold up his own writings for what they are, as those of a supercilious literary prig, a coiner of dainty phrases and insulting nicknames, the use of which he substitutes for fair-minded discussion and honorable controversy.

He tries to stigmatize a large portion of his own countrymen—the whole middle class of England—as ignoble and uncultured "Philistines;" and he compares most of the nobility and gentry to those lusty barbarians—the Molossian or Chaonian Greeks—who "lived in the open air, loved field sports, and never read." All the taste and learning, all the "sweetness and light" to be found in England have been appropriated—as he evidently thinks—by a little group of Oxford scholars, of whom Mr. Mark Pattison and himself are the head chiefs.

Married With a Key Ring.

A curious incident occurred at a marriage at St. Mary's parish church, Dover, England. A French couple from Calais, having been staying in the town a sufficient length of time to have the banns published in that church, came up in the morning to be married, and the ceremony proceeded satisfactorily until the joining of hands and the putting on of the ring, when it was discovered that the Frenchman had no ring. There was an awkward pause; no one in the company could lend a ring for the occasion, whereupon the officiating clergyman sent the verger for the church-door key, the eye of which instrument was said to have been used in other places in similar emergencies. The bridegroom searched his pockets again, and brought out a bunch of keys attached to the ring. This ring, with its appendages, was placed on the book, from thence it was transferred to the bride's finger, and with the steel ring of the bunch of keys the ceremony was duly completed.

Dry Cows.

It is a common practice among some dairymen to give their cows, while dry, but scanty living. When a cow ceases to give milk or is dried up, any feed is considered good enough for her. I think this is a great mistake, and the result is a diminished product of milk both in quantity and quality when she does come in. There is a large draft on the system to sustain the calf while the cow is carrying it, and to keep the cow in good condition good feed is as important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that a dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth one dollar and a half's worth after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as one in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in she will not digest enough food to support the system, and at the same time to make a large quantity of milk. The practice of turning cows out on poor feed while dry expecting to make up when they come in, by good feed, is a very uneconomical one and will not be followed by good and careful dairymen. The way I treat my cows when they get a calf is as follows:

In the summer time I keep them in the stable for two days, feed good hay, give one quart of wheat bran morning, noon and evening. I also give them a bucketful of lukewarm water with a pint of rye flour in it, morning and evening. In the winter I keep them three days in the stable, and with such treatment I never had a sick cow. My father kept cows forty five years and he always gave them rye flour in the water; he never lost a single cow, and he owned as high as thirty different cows in one year.—*D. N. Kern, in Practical Farmer.*

Jealousy.

Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause— a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and feeding alike upon its heart and brain, it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment seat, and gives the reins to passion; it is the punishment of Tantalus, without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill with which it adduces proofs from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain; the proofs which convince but tend to confirm its fatal error.

Where it Never Rains.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great southeast boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northwest the blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they areladened with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supply with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrung the last particle of moisture that a cold temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see how the tops of the Andes become reservoirs from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Bullet in Her Brain.

One of the most remarkable cases of shooting on record is that of a Chinawoman who was shot through the brain, and is still alive with the ball lodged in her head. One night, about two years ago, a Chinese woman named Lee Queen, while seated in her house on Spofford alley, was approached by a Chinese highbinder, who asked her to give him some money or jewelry. She refused to comply with his demand, whereupon he drew a revolver from under his blouse and fired at her head. A few moments after the shooting the police came up and finding the woman wounded in the head, conveyed her to the Central Receiving Hospital, where upon examination it was discovered that she had been wounded over the left eye, the bullet in its course destroying that organ. The bullet passed inward and upward, and touched the brain. Before Dr. Stixers, the police surgeon, who had been sent for, arrived, the woman lost nearly three spoonsful of brain matter, which had oozed through the wound. The surgeon dressed the wound, but gave it as his opinion at that time that the woman could not live but a few hours. He was desirous of keeping her at the hospital, but her friends insisted upon removing her to her home, and he consented to let her go. He continued to visit her, and in the course of time she gave hopes of recovery. She did not die, as was expected, but continued to improve, and now she is alive and well. The bullet, which could not be traced or extracted, is still in her head.

Early Rising.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening the old custom of early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till 10 or 11 o'clock, and then rises at 5 or 6, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise" is committing a sin against his soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All the stuff that has been written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocrophial. They have been put upon such small allowances occasionally and prospered, but no man ever kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you can't get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at 8 as it is for another to rise at 5. Let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rise. It is barbarous to expect children to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us, to roll over, gape at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

Tramps.

Fifty years ago there were no tramps, but there were plenty of apprentices. Then everybody could learn a trade. Now boys are shut out from all trades by the arbitrary laws of trade unions. Manufacturers dare not employ any boys, and the beneficent, time-honored apprentice system is entirely abolished. Boys without trades grow up without education, and become idle members of society, living upon their relatives while times are good, and when they cannot keep them longer, the youngsters are turned loose upon society perfect outlaws. If the apprentice system can be again introduced, which means the destruction or modigcation of trade unions, we shall soon see a wholesome change. Tramps are the result of an excess of foreign mechanics; let us encourage home manufactures by home manufacturers.

A good motto for a young man just starting a mustache—'Down in front.

A snow plow is no plow when there is no snow.

Attending a bawl—Minding the baby's cry.

A Friend in need—A Quaker in want of money.

Barbers always predict short crops.

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.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR —TO— SUBSBRIBE!

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

A LARGE NUMBER OF BLANK RECEIPTS 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 OPENIMG 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 & SHOES
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 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

Sign of the SWINGING CLOCK. 1835. 1878.
CORNER OF WEST MAIN AND ROSANNA STS.
JOSEPH HERR,
The Veteran Watchmaker, is prepared at all times to furnish you a first-class Timekeeper, either in the line of WATCHES OR CLOCKS.
Repairing a specialty. Work guaranteed.
Dec. 4

Agents Wanted to cure one Case of CATARRH, in each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK FOREST OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c. if registered by Adams or Union Ex. Co's.)
Address, F. H. BOWER & CO. Gen. Agts. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jan 2

Do ou want to make some money?
If so here is your chance. Competent Agents Male or Female want to sell the Rotary Seive. The most Convenient Article for Domestic use for the purpose declared ever invented. It scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice etc.
Over 1,000 Agents are now engaged in selling them in the west. Territory eagerly taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address,
C. M. WHITE, Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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 "SUPERIOR 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 while 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 Assignor to make immediate payment, and those having claims against him to present them duly authenticated for settlement at store of the said Assignor, in Brothersvalley 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. BITTNER, Assignees.
Feb. 12

SURE REWARD.
5 YEARS TO PAY FOR A FARM.
$4 to $10 Per Acre.
Beech and Maple Land in Michigan in the MILLION ACRE GRANT of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company.
TITLE PERFECT.
Strong soil—sure crops—plenty of timber—no drought—no chinch bugs—no "hoppers."
Running streams—pure water—ready markets—schools—Railroad completed through centre of Township.
Send for pamphlet, English or German.
Address W. O. BUCKHAM, Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH,
ALWAYS READY FOR USE.
Everybody—Uses It.
Everybody—Believes It Best.
Everybody—Recommends It.
Everybody's Handy Package.
Patented May 7th, 1878. 2nd Patent July 9th, 1878.
THE HANDY PACKAGE ZIEGLER'S READY PASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH
BLACK LEAD MANUFACTURING CO. PHILADELPHIA
Gas POLISH Wage Heated
NO MIXING, DUST, RUSTY, WASTE, BRUSH.
HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer, Office, 609 St. John Street, Philadelphia.
Oct 9, 9m

A VALUABLE INVENTION.
A GOOD MEDAL
J. & P. COATS.
BATES & COATS.
WILSON SEWING MACHINE
ZIEGLER'S READY PASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH

A Large and Well Selected LOT OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES
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

A GOOD MEDAL
J. & P. COATS.
BATES & COATS.
WILSON SEWING MACHINE
ZIEGLER'S READY PASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Fredricka Shomber, late of Berlinkiar, 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., dec'd.
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 annexo.
Jan 22

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.

LEGAL NOTICE
To Magdalena Thomas, widow,