"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1879.

ACTOR AND PREACHER.

Moralists can strike an easy balance between New York's regard for recreation and religion respectively, by comparing actors' earnings with preachers'. Beecher gets $20,000; Edwin Booth, $100,000 a year. Dr. Hall of Fifth avenue, and Dr. Dix, of Trinity, get $150,000; while E. A. Sothern earns over $150,000 as Lord Dundreary, and John E. Owens plays thirty weeks annually for $90,000. Tallmage preaches for $12,000, and Joe Jefferson plays forty weeks at Rip Van Winkle and earns $120,000. The scholarly and gifted Dr. Storrs has $10,000 salary, and Maggie Mitchell earns $30,000 to $50,000. Dr. Cuyler works hard and faithfully for $8,000 a year, and Dr. Hepworth for $5,000, while Dion Boucicault has just finished a season as the "Shaughraun," etc., at $3,000 a *week*, and his managers scold him in the public prints because he would not play longer at the same price.

Dr. Potter, of Grace church, has $10,000 and a parsonage; the eloquent Dr. Tiffany has $10,000; the once vigorous, now venerable, Dr. Chapin gets $10,000; while pretty Miss Neilson makes over $150,000 a year, and Fanny Davenport earns $1,000 a week, every week she plays. Common players get starvation wages, and so do common ministers. I know preachers, within 75 miles, who work like beavers for $3,000 to $4,000, while the average salary of American clergymen is about $500—equal to the pay of a horse-car conductor.

A FIRM OF CHILD POISONERS.

At Bissville, L. I., is a stable, containing 800 cows who never see the sunlight, never breathe the outer air, take no exercise, stand month after month in a stall 42 inches wide, live on hot distillery swill—and furnish milk to our children. Their food and mode of life have an effect upon the poor creatures which I dare not describe; but it produces what the sanitary officer calls a "filth-sodden atmosphere," which the cows breathe over and over until their lungs become diseased and their bodies heated by a consuming fever. In a manly burst of indignation this official exclaims: "Could any device of man or fiend be contrived which would sooner or more effectually depopulate a community?" The officers asked to see their sick cows, and were promptly told that there was not a sick one in the stable. They searched until they were wearied without finding *one well cow!* Several had pleuro-pneumonia, others had fever, all had kidney and bowel trouble. The cows never leave the stable after entering, until, giving no more milk, they are "fattened," driven to the slaughter house—and we eat the poisoned bodies! Previous attempts have been made to suppress this awful business, but the firm is immensely rich, and our local laws proved "ineffective." Now the Governor has taken the case in hand and the Legislature will be asked for necessary authority. Indignation finds no words scorching enough to apply to the men owning and operating these stables.

ANOTHER OPENING TRADE—HONEY.

England was startled a few weeks ago by the arrival of 80 tons of American Honey in the comb, which was landed in good condition and sold at a fair price. No attempt had heretofore been made to export honey in comb, and this successful venture is due to the enterprise of Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., the leading wholesale grocery house of New York. From them I learn the surprising fact that bee culture is not carried on to any great extent in America, except in New York State and California: that California honey, after paying three cents per lb freight, brings about ten per cent less here than State honey, and that it can be produced profitably at three to five cents per pound under prudent management. If this be true what a vast and profitable industry it might be made to America! What other sweet can be produced at that figure? Honey is equally desirable for a score of uses with either sugar or syrup. Why, if so much cheaper, should it not for many purposes supplant those costly sweets, and become with us, as with the ancients, an important article of food?

England cannot help buying our honey, for her flora is far inferior to ours in honey-producing qualities and her farmers still use the old conical hive and kill their bees to get the honey. Our clover fields are limitless and every State is capable, without diminishing its other products, of growing more honey than New York State now does. The *Pall Mall Gazette* commenting on this initial shipment exclaims: 'There seems to be no limit to the provisions with which America is prepared to supply us.' Our honey crop amounts, with the business in its swaddling clothes, to 35 million lbs. One firm paid to one bee keeper for his season's crop a sum larger than the salary of President Hayes. Over half a bee's time is consumed in building the comb cells, but an enterprising Yankee, Mr. W. M. Hoge, has invented a beeswax foundation for the comb, which the bees work over into cells in a trifling time, and appear not to know the difference. They insist, however, on pure wax, and will not work any that is the least adulterated. Hoge is smart! Any man who can fool a bee deserves a monument! Combs are, besides, being saved by a new process. The caps or outer ends of the honey cells are shaved off, the comb placed on a revolving frame, and the honey is expelled by centrifugal force, and the empty, uninjured frame goes back to the hive for refilling. Is not this growing industry worth careful consideration by our farmers?

MORLEY.

Grain Troughs for Sheep.

There are many ways of making these, but they are best constructed so that they may be revolved. Double boxes may be made by simply nailing three boards together, two of them seven and one four inches wide. Set the narrow board upon one edge, lay the surface of one of the wide ones upon it, and nail it firmly down through the centre of the wide into the edge of the narrow one; then turn the narrow board upside-down and nail on the other wide board in the same way, and you have a good double trough. On the ends of this nail pieces of board fifteen inches long and twelve inches wide, and you have an invertible grain trough. Be careful that the pieces are nailed so that the ends of the trough will be exactly in the centre of the end boards.

A Woman Did It Of Course.

It has been usually understood that Mr. Thomas Alva Edison invented the phonograph while making some experiments in telegraphy. It has been reserved, however, for an ingenious Frenchman to discover that this is not the fact, and some other ingenious Frenchman has sent to Mr. Edison for his edification a book containing among other things a true and veritable account of the discovery. This book is called "Le Trocaderoscope; or, A Bird's eye View of the Exposition."

It is a bulky volume, and is full of pictures in the highest style of French art according to M. Alfred Le Petit, caricaturist. The article on the phonograph states that some years ago there lived in New York a young working girl named Brighton, of whom a neighbor became greatly enamored.

One fine day the gallant young man called upon Miss Brighton while she was busy at her sewing machine and began to pour into her not unwilling ears his tale of love. As he talked she sewed, and was apparently more engaged in stitching upon her dress a galloon of filmy metal than in listening to her lover's ardent proposals. At last, in an agony of emotion, he cried out:

"I swear to you, Miss Brighton, I will marry you!"

Miss Brighton looked up, smiled, blushed and stopped the sewing machine.

Eight months later, according to the historian of the 'Trocaderoscope,' the gallant young man was summoned before the court, at the instance of Miss Brighton, as defendant in a suit for breach of promise.

He was examined, and cross examined, but, however ably the counsel put to him in different forms the question:

"Did you ever promise to marry this woman?"

"Never in my life!" he invariably responded.

The veracious historian tells the remainder of the story much as follows:

"One of these rascally responses threw the young Americanese into such a fury that she was taken with a fit of hysterics and her pretty nails rasped along the galloon on the dress that she wore.

What was the astonishment of the audience to hear coming from the apparel of Miss Brighton a voice which distinctly articulated in the tones of her betrayer those terrible words:

"I swear to you, Miss Brighton, I will marry you!"

These words were immediately followed by the loud sound of a number of double kisses.

Every one gazed in wonder.

The young man became very pale. But recovering his composure he smiled and said:

"Some one of my friends in court who is a ventriloquist is making fun of me."

Mr. Edison was in court simply as a spectator. He did not believe in the ventriloquism. But he elevated his eyebrows with the air of a man who should say:

"Let me say, there is something under all this."

He bought the dress from Miss Brighton at a large price, and hastening away with the precious vestment and submitted it to a minute examination.

He drew his nail along the metal galloon, and it repeated anew:

"I swear to you, Miss Brighton," etc.

After laborious researches he obtained proof that the little marks imprinted on the galloon had been traced by a needle, reproducing the vibrations of the voice.

The phonograph had been discovered!"

Bayard Taylor's First Wife.

Until Bayard Taylor's death, hardly any of his friends knew that he had been twice married, most of them learning the fact for the first time in some of the obituaries.

A Philadelphia correspondent gives many particulars of the first Mrs. Taylor.

She was a farmer's daughter, her name Mary Agnew, who lived near the poet's home at Kennett Square. She was a comely, delicate girl, he an imaginative, romantic youth, not very robust, and disinclined to manual labor, believing that he had a career before him. The two met, and fell in love in the usual sentimental fashion. Nobody thought it would result in anything, and Mary's parents did not wish that it should, for they regarded young Taylor as a dreamy, unpractical fellow, and would never be able to take care of a wife. He was engaged, however, at 19, and after he had returned from abroad and published his "Views Afoot," his rural friends were very proud of him, and the parents of Mary looked more favorably on his suit.

The marriage was long deferred. The rustic gossips said his reputation and knowledge of the world had partially cured him of his boyish affection, but he still saw Mary from time to time, and drove her out, one raw day, in the late fall, and she caught cold, which brought on consumption. When it became evident that she could not live, it was decided that they should be married, and she rose from her bed by an effort of will, and buoyed up by excitement, went through the ceremony.

She then returned to her bed, and never quitted it, dying six weeks later in her husband's arms. She was buried at Longwood, the name of a meeting-house and graveyard of the Progressive Friends, in Chester county, 25 miles from Philadelphia. There Bayard Taylor's remains will be laid, along with other members of the family.

Before the civil war, yearly meetings of the Friends used to be held at Longwood, and such men as Garrison, Phillips, Whittier, Fred. Douglass and Robert Purves took part in them.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came near fainting, but recovered herself sufficiently to ask:

"But, Tommy, dear, what in the world do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people."

That boy stands a chance for the Presidency, if he lives.

The Cincinnati authorities have decreed that bakers must stamp the weight upon every loaf of bread they offer for sale.

Lime.

Several correspondents ask for information concerning the use of lime on land, and all of them contain evidence of several commonly accepted but false theories. First, lime is not plant food; or rather it is so common in most soils, and incidentally comprises so large a portion of many fertilizers, that its application as plant-food is unnecessary. We have seen a soil analysis from which this constituent was missing, and there is nearly always considerable of it present in available form; all superphosphates are composed of one-fourth part or more of lime, and it is prominent in Peruvian and fish guano, in nearly or quite all manufactured fertilizers as well as in barn-yard manure.

Lime, however, has an important effect aside from its action as plant-food. Fresh burned lime (known as "caustic lime" and "quick lime") has a strong affinity for carbonic acid, so that when it and organic matter (which always contains a large proportion of carbonic acid) are mixed together, the lime and carbonic acid unite, promoting the decomposition of organic matter. Newly "slacked lime"—which is lime united with water—has an effect similar to quick lime, though slower, and hence is better for farm use. Fresh undecomposed organic substances, especially dung, contain the most valuable ingredient of plant food, nitrogen, in its simple form, but it is very soon changed into ammonia, which in turn unites at once with carbonic acid. Then when lime is brought in contact with the mass, it at once combines with the carbonic acid, and the valuable ammonia escapes and is lost. When, however, the lime is applied before the ammonia is formed, the nitrogen is oxydized to nitric acid, which unites with the lime to produce nitrate of lime, and the nitrogen is saved. Therefore, lime may be used in stables and house privies, or in composting carcasses of dead animals to advantage; but if mixed with manure a day or two old, the result is a loss of valuable material. The above also shows why, when lime is put into a compost, it has such beneficial action in hastening decomposition, and why it is necessary to use plenty of fresh earth to absorb the escaping ammonia.

Free acids, and those in easily decomposible substances, are also readily taken up by lime, and many injurious compounds, as of iron in wet lands, are rendered harmless. In some soils insoluble silicates of potash, etc., accumulate; but the action of lime will break up these combinations and set the potash free for use as plant-food.

The above statements show that the main action of lime in the soil is in making available plant-food what was before unavailable. Therefore, while it may increase the crop yield of poor land, it will tend to bring about its early exhaustion, unless plant-food is added. In heavy clay soils, the above mentioned chemical reactions of lime destroys their tenacity and makes them friable and porous. Soils containing a large proportion of organic matter are benefited by its application. Wet lands are less benefited by lime than the same when drained, on account of the water. Light soils are improved by it when accompanied by a liberal application of muck or other organic matter; clays should also have the same treatment. As the best effects of lime are not best apparent until the second year, it is better to apply it early in the fall; then if the land is not rich enough, manure or other fertilizer put on the following spring will help to produce a good crop, other conditions being equal. The amount used is from 10 to 50 bushels per acre, according to circumstances, the condition of the soil, etc.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Legal Opinion.

An honest farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him that he wanted an *opinion*. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's *opinions*, and how a great many people went to him to get an *opinion*; and John, though he never had had, nor was likely to have, a law suit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from, thought he would have an opinion too.

"Well, John, what can I do for you?" said Mr. S., when John, in his turn was shown into his room.

"Why lawyer," replied John, "I happened to be in town, and having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion."

"State your case, John, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing. I aint got no law suit; I only want to get one of your opinions; they say there very valuable."

"But John—about what?"

"Oh! anything sir; take your pick, and choose!"

Mr. Sherman seeing the notion of his client on the matter in hand, took his pen, and writing a few words, folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed the paper in his pocket.

"What's to pay, sir?"

"Four and sixpence; yankee money,—75 cents."

When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead in his business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant, the propriety of getting in a large quantity of oats on that day, which had been cut the one previous, or of undertaking some other labor.

John was appealed to, to settle the question; but he could not decide. At length, said he: "I'll tell you what, Polly, I've been to a lawyer, and got an opinion that cost me four and sixpence. There it is—read her out; it's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tail of it!" John, by the way, could not read the plainest print; but Polly, who was something of a scholar, opened the paper, and read as follows—"Never put off till to-morrow, what can be done to-day."

"Enough said!" cried John; "them oats must be got in." And they were "got in"; and the same night such a storm came on, as otherwise would have ruined them entirely.

John often afterwards consulted this opinion, and acted upon it; and to this day entertains a high estimate of lawyers' opinions generally, and of the lamented Mr. Sherman's in particular.

Murdered and Robbed.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 21.—The body of John Garrison, cattle drover of Grant county, was found with his throat cut, hanging to a tree in Kenton county, Ky., near Dry Creek, last night. Garrison sold a drove of cattle in this city, and left for home with over $4,000 in money. He is supposed to have been robbed and murdered.

A Modest Old Maid.

General Passenger and Ticket agent Townsend of the Wabash Railway always loves a good story. He relates the following told him by a well-known politician and tourist of Indiana. The event happened not many nights since while the Indianian, whom we will call Hoosier for short, was riding in a Pullman car over the Wabash road. The car was crowded and the most conspicuous passenger was an old maid, exceedingly peevish and hard to suit. She was extremely modest and had a marked antipathy to men. She had hired a berth in the centre of the car, and never having ridden in a sleeping car before she supposed she had a right to the whole section. Imagine her consternation, then, after retiring, when a man—a great horrid man—pulled aside the curtains and proceeded to climb into the upper section. She screamed long and loud, raising the whole car. When the conductor ascertained the cause of her discomfiture, and explained to her the true state of affairs, she ejaculated:

"Oh, my! I never could sleep with anybody anywhere near me;" and after considerable higgling she purchased the whole section.

By this time the whole car load had wakened up to listen to her sorrows. She, thoroughly roused and excited, started to go to the water cooler to get a drink, but after she had gone part way she chanced to remember that she would not be able to recognize her berth on her return back, and so she pinned a small piece of paper on the curtain of her section, after which skipped down the aisle, congratulating herself on her shrewdness. But no sooner had she got out of sight than one of the many wicked men who had been disturbed by, and led to swear at the modest old girl's screeches and conversation, was vile enough to take the piece of paper pinned to her berth and attach it to a berth a short distance away. Soon the old dame came mincing back to her couch. She steered straight for the tell tale, and hurrying lest the eyes of vulgar men might be upon her, she hastily pulled aside the curtain, and with all the agility of an uncertain age, sprang in and sought seclusion under the folds of the generous coverlids. But suddenly there came from the recesses of that section a howl and a growl which awoke the sleepiest passenger. The old maid had crawled into bed with a man. And that man had actually called her a "bold, bad woman."

Theories Regarding a Fire.

The other day when a house on Fifth street took fire and was saved by the firemen in a damaged condition they set about trying to discover the cause of the accident, and in so doing questioned various inmates of the family. The head of the house had his theory all ready.

'It is my opinion,' he began, 'that some enemy of mine climbed to the roof of the house and emptied coals on the shingles.'

The idea was laughed at and the wife said:

'Well, there was a lamp up stairs but it was not lighted. Now if the rats got hold of matches and tried to light that lamp they would just as quick throw a lighted match on the bed as to blow it out. I don't say they set the house a fire on purpose, but you all know how careless rats are.'

That theory didn't hold with the firemen and the oldest daughter was called upon.

'I expect it was spontaneous combustion,' she began. 'You see in my room up stairs where the fire broke out, there was a hole in the chimney. I didn't like the smoke coming in my room and so I stuffed the hole full of straw. It may be that the straw and the mortar and the bricks caused spontaneous combustion.'

The firemen were about to accept her theory when the small boy of the family came running up and said:

'I know all about it. Ye see Bill Smith he was on the shed a heavin' snow balls at dogs. Tom, the feller with one arm, was in the barn playin' with my goat. That Turner gal she was on the fence out there callin' us names, and her mother had the clothes line and was tryin' to lasso a stick of wood off a wagon in the alley. I went down in the cellar to see if my mud-turtle had got away, and I was jest tryin' to set the cat on him when I heard father fall down stairs and mother give a yell, and that's how the house got afire, and now I won't have to go to school for six weeks.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Preserving Newspapers.

Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any number thrown aside for waste paper, which contains some interesting and important articles.

A good way to preserve these is the use of a scrap book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant familiar pages.

Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap book.

There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time, when almost ready to despair under life's cares and trials.

Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without re-perusing. Just glance over the sheet before you and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold.

Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

Masked Burglars.

RIEGELSVILLE, Pa., Feb.—At 3 this morning four masked men broke into the dry goods and grocery store of B. B. Bachman & Bros., three miles from here, and bound and gagged two clerks and G. W. Bachman, one of the firm, who were sleeping there. The burglars beat Bachman over the head badly, and then broke open two safes. They secured $1,000 in money and $1,000 worth of goods, and escaped, taking with them a wagon and two fine horses belonging to the firm.

He who has not his hand open, has his heart shut.

Equestrian Exercise.

Mr. Henry St. Patrick Tudor, an Englishman by birth and an American by adoption, who proposes to explore on horseback the country between New York and Patagonia, reached the city yesterday, and is stopping at the Continental. Mr. Tudor is 35 years of age, nearly six feet high and looks as if he would accomplish the feat if it killed all the horses in the country. Besides the explorer there is in the party one servant, three boxes and a small arsenal; also other things usually provided by people who may at any time be obliged to camp out. There is nothing notable either about the animals or saddle, except that the former were selected, out of many offered, with special reference to endurance. It is Mr. Tudor's intention not to change steeds until it becomes unavoidable, which will be about the time he reaches Mexico.—He has no definite route mapped out. From this city the gentleman goes to Washington, D. C., thence to Richmond, Va., through North and South Carolina, and from the latter State making Galveston, Texas, his objective point. This course is liable to be altered, abridged or abandoned, should the necessity arise. Mr. Tudor's undertaking is principally prompted by a desire to see the country, and examine its resources in a way at once—to one of his temperament—both pleasurable and thorough. In South America it is the intention to keep on the west side of the Andes, and should the opportunity present itself, gratify a long-cherished desire by crossing that range of mountains. Two years has been mentioned as the time required to complete the journey, but Mr. Tudor thinks he can accomplish the task in one. The distance is between 8,000 and 14,000 miles; and in his encounters with Mexican mustangs, Yucatan sheiks, Chilian constables and Patagonian pirates, will undoubtedly be lucky if he brings back the same quality and kind of hair that he takes with him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"De Sand and Sawdust of dis World."

"Gem'lem If you see a passon rushin' 'roun' dis world enveloped in a dimund pin an' aulster, am dat any sign dat he pays tax, rents a church pew an' brings his chil'en up in de way dey should go?"

Brother Gardner looked down on the sixty-four faces in the orchestra chairs, but not a voice was heard to respond.

"When you see a passon seated in a sky-blue cutter, pushin' de lines over a fast hoss an' lookin' outer his left eye as if he had de bulge on all de co'ner lots in town, am dat any sign dat a single grocer would trus' him fo' a box o' sa'dines or a peck of carrots?"

The Elder Toots heaved a deep sigh; and Huckleberry Jones slowly scratched his off leg just below the knee.

"When a man takes up fo' seats in de kyar, pushes folks aroun' on de market, elbows aroun' de City Hall, an' gits de fust place at de stamp window in de Post Office, am dat any sign dat when it came to de pull he'd give half a dollar's worth of wood to keep an orfun asylum from freezin' to death? Doan' you black folks git dust in yer eyes! Dar's a heap o' sand and sawdust in dis world dat passes fo' sugar to de man walkin' by, but when you comes to de pinch de sugar ain't dar. De sawdust bulges up an' de sand creeps out, an' you am dis'pinted an' disgusted. It's a harder hard to have to eat cold turnip when you know dat de family next doah am luxuriatin' on sweet cake an' turkey, but if de turnip am paid fo' you needn't fear fo' your digestion. I expeck dat de h'arafter am de biggest flog enny of us hev got to work fo', an' I tole you, brudders, dat big seal rings an' pants cut twenty-four inches across de kuil am nowhar along side of a kin' word an' honest heart."

General Jackson and the Frenchman.

The Wilmington *Review* says: On the morning of the 8th, just before the commencement of the fighting, as General Jackson was surveying the line of battle, a wealthy French merchant of New Orleans drove up to the line, and requested an interview with the General. On reaching his presence Jackson demanded of the Frenchman the object of his visit.

"I come," said he, "to demand of you the return to the city of my cotton, which you have taken to make your breastworks."

"Ah," said Old Hickory, "can you point out the particular bales that are your property?"

"Oui, Monsieur, certainement, zat is my cotton and zat is my cotton," pointing to many bales in the near vicinity.

"Well," said Old Hickory, "if that is your property you have just come in time to protect and defend it," and calling to a corporal he ordered him to bring a spare musket, and, giving it to the Frenchman, he told him to stand and defend his property. At the same time he gave the corporal an order to shoot the fellow down if he attempted to *run*. There is no doubt but that the Frenchman was glad that his cotton was there to screen him from the British bullets.

Baby's Awakening.

Did you ever watch a dear little baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettiest sights in the world. There is the crib with its small proportions and snow-white drapery that covers something outlined, round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is, not the slightest movement of the pillowed whiteness that is visible, no sound to indicate actual life, until the hour-hand of the clock that stands sentinel like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then there is a slight pulsing 'neath the white drapery, a pink, tremulous hand, fair as a rosebud, is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into, appears a round diminutive face, with wide open eyes that have not much speculation in them. Soon however, they cease to stare, and become questioning, serious, as if wondering what kind of a world it is they open upon, and the head lifts itself just a little, and two white feet stand up spasmodically, each toe of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back upon the pillow, and hair all moist and golden—the cheeks like twin peaches, and the mouth looking as if the angels kissed it in dreams. A lingering goo bubbles from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its own native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively; the baby is awake and ceases to be an angel.

Sixty-two per cent of negro blood, according to the Liberian courts, entitles a man to rank as a negro.

The Things that Endure.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with cedar and the gold and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another, but the Pool of Bethsaida commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into the dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aquia Claudia still pours into Rome its liquid stream. The temple of the Sun at Tadmore, in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in the rays as when thousands of worshipers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon and nothing be left to mark it save mounds of crumbling brick work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will neither be a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellowmen rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of natural utility or benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to man's works some of its own immortality and in some degree rescuing them from ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition of mere magnificence.

Love Story of Edward III.

M. Hepworth Dixon in his new work, "Royal Windsor," thus speaks of the love story of Edward III

"To crown his gifts of fortune, he was happy in his love. Many and dazzling were the brides proposed for him while he was only Prince—the female youth and loveliness of France, Navarre and Spain. But he had chosen for himself and taken as his Queen the lady of his heart. This girl, Phillippa of Hainault, was the eldest daughter of William the Good, Count of Holland, Zeeland, Friesland and Hainault. Edward had seen her at the age of 15 in her father's court at Valenciennes—a tall, fair girl, with flesh all creamy white and her cheeks all rosy red. A few months older than herself, he led her in the way of love, giving up for her his hard sports, his shooting with the bow, his riding after hawk and hound. For her bright eyes he lingered in the house and passed his morning hours in gazing up into her face. The girl was far from loth, and when they parted company in Valenciennes they were deep in love—so deep that neither time nor distance led to any change of mind."

Senator Chandler.

DETROIT, Feb. 20—The election of Zachariah Chandler to the United States Senate for the term ending with the next Congress was declared at Lansing yesterday noon, with the usual formalities, by the Legislature, in joint convention. Mr. Chandler came to this city yesterday, and will start for Washington to take his seat to-day, reaching there on Friday. He has declined the reception tendered him by his admirers in that city.

Burned to Cinders.

BLOOMINGTON, Feb 21.—The residence of Martin Reddington was consumed by fire last night, probably from a lamp explosion. Mrs. Reddington was burned to a cinder in bed, and Reddington, in rushing into the building twice to save her, was burned so horribly that he cannot survive. Reddington was sixty-five and his wife forty. They had been married but a year. He had lived here twenty-five years, and was well off.

Daring Highway Robbery.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—A daring highway robbery was perpetrated in broad day-light on Fifth avenue this afternoon. The wife of Adolph De Barry, a wealthy importer, was walking on the avenue with a lady friend, when an elegantly attired man darted behind Mrs. De Barry, caught both of her diamond earrings, and endeavored to tear them from her ears. He succeeded in tearing one out, lacerating the ear, and escaped.

West Virginia Senate Going for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

WHEELING, February 20—The Senate to-day passed a joint resolution by a vote of 22 to 2, directing the Attorney General to proceed against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company by a *quo warranto* for the alleged violation of its charter in the matter of excessive charges.

"Tedoy, me boy," said an Irishman to his nephew, "jist guess how many cheese there is in this bag, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five." "Five," answered Teddy. "Arrah, by my soul, bad luck to the man that told ye!" exclaimed the uncle.

Speaking of dull times, a wicked Mobile man says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, and a pleasant rumor at once started that the cotton buyer had arrived, but it only proved to be a Chicago man with the ear-ache.

A young lady once went to a photographer, and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem. It came out with the expression she wore when the editor put the poem in the waste basket.

Mrs. Lucy Anderson, who gave piano lessons to Queen Victoria and all her daughters, has just died. The Queen was always very kind to the old lady, who often made long and pleasant visits to the abode of royalty.

Charles S. Kline, a romantic old bridegroom of 71, eloped from Charlestown, City county, Va., with a fair bride of 20 years, not because he could not have married her at home, but because he thought it more gay and festive to run away like a boy of nineteen.

The Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster has decided that, while the proprietor of a newspaper is liable in civil actions, he is not liable, criminally, for the actions of an editor to whom general authority has been given to edit in a lawful manner.

It is thought that Prince Alexander of Battenborg will be elected as the ruler of Bulgaria.

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. F. 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[illegible]'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS,

CORN PLOWS,

SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

Cultivator Shovels

AND

Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

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

Wanted to cure one Case of

CATARRH,

Agents Wanted

In each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK FOREST OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c. if reached by Adams or Union Ex. Co's.) Address, F. H. BOWER & CO. Gen. Agts. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jan 2

A GOLD MEDAL

has been awarded at the Paris Exposition of 1878 to

J. & P. COATS,

For their 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 their 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 Southerervalley 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. HEFFNER,
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 the grant.

Send for pamphlet, English or German.

Address W. O. HUGHART, Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JET PASTE, STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody—Uses it.
Everybody—Believes it Best.
Everybody—Recommends it.
Everybody's Handy Package.

Patented May 7th, 1878. Re-Issued July 2d, 1878.

Can POLISH When Heated.

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,

Office, 609 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct 9, 9m

1835. Sign of the SWINGING CLOCK. 1878.

CORNER OF WEST MAIN AND ROSANNA STS.

JOSEPH HERR,

The Veteran Watchmaker, is prepared at all times to furnish you a first-class time-keeper, either in the line of

WATCHES OR CLOCKS.

Repairing a specialty. Work guaranteed.

Dec. 4

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 purposes designed ever invented. It scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice etc. [illegible] Territory eagerly taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address,

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

You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

March 27

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

March 27

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 let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his round 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 taking 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

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,

PHILADELPHIA.

May 29

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Magdalena Thomas, widow, Jacob Thomas, Joseph Thomas, John Thomas, Emanuel Thomas, Frany intermarried with Jacob J. Esen, and Elizabeth intermarried with Joseph D. Esab, the above reside in Somerset County, Pa., and Peter Thomas, (of Lowel P. O.) Kent County, Michigan, Moses Thomas (of Rensalaer P. O.) Jasper County, Indiana, and Levi Thomas, (of Sealp Level P. O.) Cambria Co., Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans Court of Somerset County, Penna. I will hold an inquest on the real estate of George Thomas, dec'd, in Conemaugh township, Somerset County, Pa., at his late residence on Thursday, the 27th day of March 1879, where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, Feb. 17, 1879.

EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of a continued order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises, on

Monday, March 17, 1879,

at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, all the following real estate of Wm. Cook viz:

A certain tract of land situate within three fourths of a mile of Lavansville, Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob F. Walker, Alexander Countryman, Lewis Weighly and others, containing 115 acres, about 50 acres of which are cleared, 16 acres in meadow and the balance well timbered. The land is in a high state of cultivation and is well limed. Has upon it a large two story dwelling house, a large bank barn and other outbuildings. Has an orchard of choice fruit. Limestone on the adjoining farm and supposed to be on this; convenient to church, schools and stores.

TERMS.—$1,000 in hand, balance in $[illegible] annual payments, commencing April 1st 1880.

Also some personal property, consisting of sheep, potatoes and household goods, which will be sold for cash on said day.

GEORGE G. WALKER, Assignee.

Feb. 19

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

GUNS $5 Including Shooting Outfit. Every Gun Warranted. Hogarth Moore & Brooks St. Louis.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit [illegible] Dr. [illegible] 1st Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

$2500 [illegible] Address [illegible] CO., St. Louis, Mo.