DEMOCRACY'S IMPENDING RUIN.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

To The Editor of The New York Tribune:

SIR: The XLVth Congress closed its session leaving the political future bright for the Republican party. The Republicans were wise, courageous and patriotic. The Democrats were factious, violent and revolutionary, and have precipitated an extra session which will prove injurious to the country and therefore destructive of Democratic success in 1880.

THE DEMOCRATS FORCED AN EXTRA SESSION.

The Democratic House (1) put upon the Army Appropriation bill a repeal of the existing laws requiring United States troops, when duly called upon by United States Marshals, to prevent election disturbances and "keep the peace at the polls." They also (2) put upon another appropriation bill a repeal of the laws authorizing United States Supervisors to witness the Congressional elections in every voting precinct, and punishing fraud and violence at such elections. The Republican Senate refused to agree to these repeals. Conference committees were appointed, but the House refused to recede. Seeing the close of the session at hand without the passage of these two necessary appropriation bills, the Republicans in the House and Senate offered Resolutions continuing the corresponding appropriations of the present year until December next, so as to avoid the necessity of an extra session; but the Democrats defeated these offers, and thus took the full responsibility of an extra session, which the President has promptly called for March 18.

THEIR REVOLUTIONARY PLAN TO BE PERSISTED IN.

This persistent Democratic action, justly stigmatized by Senator Conkling as revolutionary, shows the deliberate determination of the Democracy to grasp at once its political power in the two Houses; and the long, eloquent and able debates of the closing hours clearly show that by such power the revolutionary plan is to be pushed to the uttermost.

THEIR PREPOSTEROUS DEMANDS.

The Democratic demands at the extra session of Congress will be these:

That all laws authorizing the interference of National officers at the Congressional elections—either the presence of United States Supervisors, or the arrest or prosecution of fraudulent voters and dishonest election officers, or the interposition of United States civil or military officers to prevent intimidation, disturbance or murder as election practices—shall be wholly and unconditionally repealed. If separate bills embodying these repeals are vetoed by the President, they will be placed upon appropriation bills, and the threat will be squarely made that the Government shall stop for lack of money unless the election laws are wiped out by Republican votes or the President's consent.

REPUBLICAN SURRENDER WOULD BE INFAMOUS.

If this threat prevails ballot-box frauds like those of Tilden and Tweed in 1868 will be again unchecked in New York City; the Republican vote at the South will be entirely suppressed; all hope of the effective performance of the great National duty of protecting human rights and a free ballot must be abandoned; and the unrepentant rebels of the South and the "thugs and thieves of Tammany Hall" may elect the next President, to do their bidding in the high executive office so recently filled by Lincoln and Grant. Any Republican who yields to this defiant Democratic demand—nay, more, who does not "do his utmost" to expose its injustice and wickedness and to prevent its consummation—will be false to his party and recreant to his duty to his country.

PRESIDENT HAYES WILL VETO THEIR BILLS.

Necessarily the question of paramount importance in the struggle that is close upon us is: What will the President do? Will he yield to the Democracy, or will he defy their clamor and stand firmly to his duty as a Republican President? I am rejoiced to be able to answer this question by predicting that President Hayes will resist the reactionary Democracy at every point; will interpose his veto against every attempt, by special act or by riders on appropriation bills, to withhold the protection yet possible under the laws to the colored men of the South in the exercise of a free, and to the white people of the whole country in the enjoyment of an honest ballot, and will unite cordially with Republicans of every grade in fighting the momentous battle for vital Republican principles which is to be waged without intermission from the 18th of March until November, 1880.

I make this prediction without changing a single opinion or retracting a single expression of mine concerning the past motives and actions of the President and his principal advisers. But now he is relieved from the fear that the Democrats will turn him out of the Presidency and install Mr. Tilden; and he has also come in the progress of political events to the place where two ways meet. He cannot travel in both; he can no longer hold with the Democrats and run with the Republican; he cannot serve both the Lord and the devil; the issues are to be sharply defined, unmistakable and not to be evaded; he must choose this day whom he will serve; to yield to the Democrats would result in infamy which he will not incur; and when he has made his choice and sent in his first veto the threats and anathemas of the enraged Democracy, if nothing else, will keep him true in the rest of the fight. His anxiety to avert the dangers of "rebel rule and a solid South" will be almost as great as it was before election in 1876, and he will again be acting with, if not securing the confidence of, the stalwart Republicans of the nation.

Mr. Murat Halstead wrote me, shortly after March 4, 1877, that President Hayes was liable to be the most radical President we ever had. It looks now as if that liability after two years of defalcation were to be partly redeemed by the President. Among the first to denounce his treachery and delinquencies in 1877, I intend to be as prompt to recognize and acknowledge his fidelity and courage in 1879, if it manifests itself, as I believe it will.

THE DEVIL IN THE DEMOCRACY WILL DESTROY THEM.

The inevitable conflict thus to come at Washington, between an aggressive, reactionary and revolutionary Democratic majority, and a compact, united, unyielding Republican minority, backed by a President using the veto power for the defence of the most important National safeguards, and of the most sacred interests of humanity, cannot fail to arouse the North and produce Republican victories everywhere.

The extra session caused by Democratic fatuity and obstinacy, will sound the death-knell of the Democratic party.

There are some wise and discreet leaders among them, but the pressure behind, from the hungry and infuriated masses, now, after twenty-two years exclusion, again possessing Congressional power, will hurry on the whole organization to certain destruction.

The devil is in them; he cannot be exercised, and their fate will be that of the crazy herd of swine which ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were choked.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1879. } W. E. CHANDLER.

What Is to be Done.

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done?

The child should be immediately undressed and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic, composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the antimony is not handy, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child and wrap it carefully in a warm blanket.

2. Some one's nose bleeds and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum Arabic, and insert it in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

3. Child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been spread for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed tea, ferment the bowels. Scrape iron rust of anything, mix with warm water, and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

4. A young lady sits in a draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat.

Wrap flannel around the throat, keeping out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

5. A child falls backward into a tub of boiling water and is much scalded.

Carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed, on its breast if the back is scalded; be sure all draughts are excluded; then dust over the parts scalded bi-carbonate of soda, lay muslin over it; then make a tent by placing two boxes with a board over them, in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

6. Mower cuts driver's legs as he is thrown from his seat.

Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut; slip a cork under it in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with sticking plaster.

7. Child has a bad earache.

Dip a plug of Cotton wool in olive oil, warm it and place in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep it out of draughts.

The Democratic Programme.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The Democratic programme prepared for the extra session is undoubtedly that which was outlined by Senator Beck in the last night's session. They will first incorporate in separate bills the repeal of the jurors' test oath, repeal of the law permitting the use of the army at the polls, and the repeal of the supervisors' and marshals' law. Should these, or any of them, be vetoed, the Democrats will then attach to the appropriation bills the same features, and in event of a veto of these bills, will refuse supplies and appeal to the country on that issue. It is certain that the Republicans will present a united front against the proposed Democratic legislation, and that the Republican minority will have the earnest support of the President.

Stanley Matthews, who ought to know the President's opinions, says that there is no doubt that Mr. Hayes will stand squarely with the Republicans, and never make any compromise on the supervisors' law, or the feature of the presence of troops at the polls in the Army bill. Mr. Matthews says that he purposely marked out in his resent speech the line he thought the President ought to follow, and recent talks at the White House confirm him in the belief that the President will be unyielding. Zach Chandler has also urged the President not to yield a hair's breadth. Chandler told Mr. Evarts yesterday that if the President would stand firm in the political portions of the appropriation bills, and veto bills as often as they might come to him, the Republicans would come here and camp, and never desert their tents, even though cholera, yellow fever and black vomit should break out among them.

Fiendish Murder in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, March 5.—A special from Lexington, Ky., received tonight, says a gentleman arrived there this evening bringing intelligence of a horrible murder which was committed near Manchester, Ky., about two weeks ago. A little girl aged 10 years, daughter of a laborer named Martin Destin, was taken to an outhouse by her stepmother, and there dealt a blow on the head which fractured her skull. To finish the deed the female fiend placed one end of a rope around the girl's neck and the other she tied to a beam above, and then weighted the body sufficient to break the neck. After finishing her dastardly deed she took the body down and placed it in a field near by in which a vicious horse was kept, and sent word to her husband that his daughter had been killed by the horse. The suspicion of the neighbors were aroused, and a Coroner's jury was empanneled to hold an inquest on the body of the girl. Numerous scars upon the body showed how badly the girl had been treated during her stay with her step-mother, and the broken neck showed plainly that the girl had not been killed by the horse. The murderess is now in jail awaiting trial.

Barn Burned.

NAZARETH, March 6.—The large barn of Jacob P. Rohn, near this place, was entirely destroyed by fire last night and four horses and eight head of cattle perished. The loss amounts to about $4,000, which is covered by insurance in the Farmer's Mutual, of Nazareth.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1879.

THE NEXT UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

The next great International Exposition comes 'here.' Judge Hilton says so, and while everybody will not accept that as conclusive prophecy, enough other citizens say likewise to assure us of the fact. The richest and most influential men in the metropolis are on the committee, and have fixed the time for the Exposition at 1885.

NO SMALL CONTRAST.

Two little midgets are exhibiting themselves at Masonic Hall, who are really the tiniest people ever found by a showman. "General Mite" is fourteen years old, weighs 9 pounds, and is truly "a bigger" dwarf than old Tom Thumb. His mate is a little Mexican girl of fifteen, weighing four and three-quarter pounds, so they claim.

Her hand is not large enough to span the manager's forefinger, and she stands in a silk hat, rests her hands on the rim, and converses pleasantly with her admirers. While this four pounder exhibits in one section of the city, a Bowery museum mourns the loss of its fat girl weighing 514 pounds.

The Bowery lass would make just 108 girls like the other, and have nearly a pound to spare. Filthy lucre is not the only article that is unequally distributed in this little world!

A NEW FIELD FOR WOMAN.

Among the wholesale houses on Church street, down in a neat little basement barber-shop, two trim and tidy young women from Boston are shaving the face of masculine New York at ten cents a head—or face. They are demure, well-bred, lady-like, neither fast nor coarse in manner, but carry a quiet, womanly dignity and grace about their work which disarm criticism, and shame frivolity into respectful silence.

One of them whisked off your correspondent's grizzly beard with a lightness of touch most charming by contrast with the average masculine biped, who mistakes your face for a harfield.

Her work was done delicately and well, except that, being a woman, she must look around at some gentlemen talking behind the stove, and scratch my face with the razor—but women can't change their natures, even when they become barbers! The girls draw immensely, and the proprietor has been obliged to put on several male barbers to accommodate the rush.

The experiment is a grand success, and as I looked into the brown eyes of the brave little woman giving the finishing touches to my grey moustache, I wondered how many struggling women, hungry for honorable employment, but drifting past the few overchocked avenues of woman's industry towards shame, will yet thank these plucky Yankee girls for pioneering another path through the tangled wilderness that frowns before every poor girl's life. Success to the Barberess! May her name be Legion!

Send your big burly fellow out to swing a scythe, and let his delicate sister wield scissors, comb and razor. Too long, far too long, a thousand avenues of honorable industry have been closed against her. Make way for women in the new field! Run up the flag of "Woman's Rights—to shave," and if any man shall attempt to haul it down, shoot him on the spot!

THE TENEMENT HOUSE MOLOCH.

The tenement house contains *forty* per cent. of New York's inhabitants—and furnishes *seventy* per cent. of her funerals! Nine-tenths of all the children born in these houses die before reaching the age of five years. Moloch is outdone, Herod is out Herroded in the richest city of the New World. Human hives—in all but industry and sweetness—covering a single city lot 25x100 feet hold over a hundred people; fifty to seventy children are often found in a house fifty feet front; four families occupy a single room with but a chalk mark on the bare and dirty floor to divide their spaces; ventilation and light in the halls and inner rooms are unknown.

Sixteen men, women and children are found eating, cooking and sleeping in a single room. Seclusion is impossible; virtue a fable rising dimly out of the mists of the Past; religion and cleanliness are smothered in rags and despair and shame—and *a population outnumbering that of Chicago*, lives, moves and has its being in this fearful way! Do you wonder it takes an army of police half as large as Burgoyne surrendered, backed by as many more citizen soldiery, to keep Baxter Street from cutting Fifth Avenue's throat? And don't you wonder that no awful pestilence, starting in these plague spots, has swept Five Points and Murray Hill to a common ghastly dead? Thank God for a narrow island between broad, swift, salt rivers; and the ocean breezes that roar up our bay from the Narrows for immunity from that!

But the Tenement House has no forgone all revenge. It can vote. It gave us Tweed, and Tweedism sent coal and shoes and rum—mostly rum—back to the Tenement House in payment for its vote, stealing fifty millions in ten years to do it with. The Tenement House wards did Tweed's bidding at the polls long after the whole city was in arms against him.

They are mighty once a year, and any man who will send them rum, shoes and coal, can have their puissant consent to plunder the taxpayer to his heart's content.

Over a year ago *The Plumber & Sanitary Engineer* began urging this subject upon public attention; and a few months ago united with several public spirited gentlemen in offering $500 in premiums for designs of houses for workingmen where light, ventilation, drainage and comfort might teach these wretched beings that there is a meaning to the sweet word "home." The world should know such men by name, and I hold them up that men may see and honor the authors of this humane enterprise. In addition to the owners of the *Sanitary Engineer*, they are F. B. Thurber, D. Willis James, Henry E. Pellew and Robert Gordon.

Then they called the clergy together, and when the Church lifted up her mighty voice, the press and people took up the cry. Now we are having meetings, discussions, building subscriptions, and are promised laws to prevent overcrowding, to destroy these charnel houses, and build up healthful dwellings for the poor, where sheer despair need not necessarily, as now, drive men to ruin, crime and communism. God speed the day!

MORLEY.

Brooms and Boom.

One day while on a visit to one of our smaller Massachusetts cities, I hailed a horse-car, settled myself in a corner, and looked out on the shifting scenes on the streets. Two young men, evidently book-keepers or clerks, followed me in, and took seats near me. They were friends, it seemed, and this was their conversation:

"Whom are you going to take to the Walter Scott Society this winter, Joseph?" asked the older and taller of the two.

"I had intended to do myself the honor of inviting Miss Nellie Stoughton to go with me, but yesterday I changed my mind."

"How came that about?"

"You will call me whimsical if I tell you."

"What if I do? The wisest of men have their whims. Out with it."

"Well, yesterday, a man from the country drove into town with a load of brooms, which he hoped to dispose of at the house-furnishing stores; but not finding a market for them, and the roads being so bad, he determined not to take them home again. He drew up at the corner curbstone near our store and commenced selling his stock from the sleigh about the time the people were going for their two o'clock mail.

"They were good brooms. The price was low, and they went like the first hot chestnuts of the season. Quite a group gathered around him, and it seemed that almost every representative of a family bought one or more. Ever so many women took one and walked along naturally and independent with it.

"Mr. James, one of the partners of the house where I am employed, and who is a bachelor, stood by my side looking out of the window; with a very evident enjoyment of the scene. All at once he dodged out of the doorway, and as the south wind blew his gray hair in every direction he ran across the side walk to the cart, saying:

"They are dirt cheap; give me half a dozen."

They were handed out. He paid for them hastily, and turning round, gave one to Biddy Flynn, who sweeps the store, two to Parson Potter, and one to an old lame man who lives with his wife in the alley back of the store. Just then, Nellie and Jane Stoughton and Kate Holt came along. Mr. James knows them all well, and he now greeted them cordially, and in a few of the pleasant, pet words which are always at his tongue's end, sent a broom to mother Holt and one to mother Stoughton. They are both widows, you know.

"Kate Holt took the one tendered her, saying, 'I thank you, gratefully; we were just needing a new broom, sadly. Mother will be glad, but I shall appreciate it the most, because, you see I do all the sweeping,' and she tripped gracefully up the street, carrying the broom as gracefully as if it had been a silk umbrella or a roll of music.

"The Misses Stoughton, however, hesitated about accepting the gift. Neither of them offered to take it, but as it was held out to Nellie, and she dared not offend Mr. James, who is the superintendent of her Sabbath school, by refusing it, she carried it a little distance, looking exactly as if she had never seen a broom before, and supposed it to be an insignia of dishonor.

"Afterwards the two girls turned the corner and started down Federal street, I ran around to another room in the store to look at them. Mr. James, who had just come in, followed, chuckling, after me, and we peered through the closed shutters to see what they would do. Nellie had laid the obnoxious article against the lamp-post, and was determined to leave it there. But Jane would not allow that, and they quarreled about it until some people came up, to whom they made excuses, Jane laughing, and nearly bending herself double, and covering her face with her hands in a paroxysm of merriment, and Nellie giggling, and holding that 'dreadful broom' gingerly in her hand.

"After a while they compromised the matter by locking arms, taking the despised article between them, covering the brush with their drapery, and mincing slowly away.

"'Little things test the character,' chuckled Mr. James. 'The wife of a poor man who has got his way to make in the world mustn't be afraid to handle a broom.'

"'Thank you, Mr. James,' said I. 'All my interest in the Stoughton family has vanished with the broom-handle. I think I shall transfer my attention to Miss Kate Holt.'

"'Ah!' said my employer, 'she's a girl in a thousand—quiet, intelligent and lady-like. There she goes now. Put on your hat and walk with her to the bank; here's a draft to be cashed.'

"I obeyed, and matters were settled satisfactorily with Kate, as she walked along by my side, broom in hand."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the tall young man. "I'm glad that your eyes are open at last, Joe. I was afraid that you intended to throw yourself away on that bundle of affectation, Nellie Stoughton, and asked the question I did for the purpose of giving advice, which I am glad to hear is uncalled for. But we part here. Good morning."

"Good morning," replied Joseph, and with a shake of the hand, one left the car on one side, and the other on the other. But the narrative made an abiding impression upon my mind.

A Stranger at Home.

Men may escape the law, but their own conscience they cannot flee from. Many years ago a young man in this city was guilty of an offense against the law, an offense which brought social ruin upon himself and his family. The man and his offense are forgotten by the public, yet he lives, and lives here in Boston. But from the day his offense was discovered—although, having escaped the law, he is free to come and go as he pleases—he has never been outside of his own home in daytime. Sometimes, under the cover of night, he walks abroad to take an airing and note the changes that thirty years have wrought, but an ever acting conscience makes him shun the light of day and the faces of men, and he walks apart, a stranger in the midst of those among whom he always lived.—*Boston Transcript.*

The ex-Empress Carlotta.

BRUSSELS, March 3.—The empress Carlotta, widow of the late Emperor Maxamilian, of Mexico, who has been insane for many years, resided in the castle of Tervuersen, which was destroyed by fire to-day. She was safely removed from the castle and is now at the Royal Palace at Lacken, near Brussels.

Headquarters—a pillow.

American Manners.

There are two views of the origin and importance of manners, each of which answers the characteristic habit of mind or tendency of life. Some people take it for granted that our manners are to be made, and to be put on and off like fine clothes; and others are of the opinion that manners grow out of the character and conduct, and that they are valuable mainly as expressions of the man. Perhaps the first view has prevailed among American families, and most of us were brought up to think that children must be fitted out with a certain set of rules and usages of what is called good breeding, just as they are fitted out with jacket and trousers or frocks, and that in set form and in due season they are to make their manners, as the phrase is, just as they are to make a summersault on land or to make a dive into the water. Better experience and more culture are curing us of this mistake, and we do not often see now the sorry spectacle of a reluctant urchin compelled by his parents to make his manners to an exacting company of old school gentlemen and ladies, with a bow as forced and painful as a young ox to the yoke. Our boys breathe generally a certain atmosphere of good manners now in the school room, and they have a certain grace and courtesy of their own which is telling upon society and teaching how it is that manners grow within instead of being made to order and put on and off at will. A deeper reading of history, moreover, is showing that the manners of nations are as much rooted in life and time as are their languages, and that the prince and the peasant learn their expression from the vitals sources in which the tongue finds its copious speech. If the manners of well-bred persons in various nations and in various classes of society could be philosophically interpreted, we should have most significant illustrations of the whole current of private and public life for ages; and every accomplished gentleman, and every well trained rustic, would represent the powers that have come to a head in them, and been footed up and handed down from the old time to our day. Patriarchs, kings, philosophers, poets, artists, soldiers, aristocrats, and democrats have gone into our blood and breeding; and as our republican manners ripen and sweeten, we find them far more comprehensive, gentle, and lovely than captious visitors have seen or narrow countrymen have been willing to allow.

Perhaps in a general estimate we may say that there are three styles of manners. The first may be called the patriarchal style, and it comes to us from the East and speaks in the old Bible and in the historical Church, calling all people to look up to the Supreme Father in heaven and to all who represent the fatherly authority on earth in law and religion. Then, in the second place, we have the royal style, which is emphatically European, having culminated in Rome, and speaking always with personal power, claiming indeed the grace of God, yet backed up by force, and never condescending to reason with its subjects, as if reason were the seat of its authority. The third style of manners may be called the popular or democratic, which regards all men as equals and accepts their combined voices as the only sufficient authority, or perhaps as the only adequate interpretation of the supreme justice.

It may seem wholly absurd for us to speak of any other style than the last of these three, the popular or democratic; and we may be easily laughed at for even hinting that the patriarchal and royal styles have anything to do at all with us good republicans. Yet we Americans are children of time, and we cannot get rid of our parentage. Old Father Abraham and his patriarchal progeny are in our blood and culture; and so are king Alfred and his royal line. The patriarchal element is very strong in our American life, surely; and the old Puritans were as full of it as our new Roman Catholics. Jonathan Edwards had in his dogmas and his discipline as stiff a pastoral staff as Cardinal McCloskey has in his golden crosier; and perhaps even the Puritan stoic, the Pontiff of New-England Transcendentalism, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his mild but unflinching eye, carried as much the spirit of fatherly empire as either of them. It seems odd, but it is none the less true, that the extreme champion of democratic principles among us must favor a certain patriarchal authority. While our radical free religionists must abound in manworship, and build their trust upon a few leading minds, our most rabid democrats are special friends of the Papacy, and they have done their best or their worst to raise the Peter's Pence needful to bolster up the Pope's shaky temporal throne. But apart from any such extremes, there is a yearning among our American people for a larger element of patriarchal authority, for better family discipline, and more reverend and effective pastoral administration. An impressive worship is liked in our churches by thoughtful men, and especially by devout and susceptible women. All the dominant churches are showing this tendency, and the idea of mere preaching, and, of course, wherever there is reverent worship the church is a school of manners, and every marriage as well as every burial lifts the family and the assembly above private joy or grief to the supreme authority and its pastoral representatives. So, too, we are having our share of the kingly element. Our George Washington and his set of statesmen ruled by the grace of God and the authority of law, just as decidedly as, and far better than, the Georges of his day in England; and all true civil service has this ruling element, and ought to have it under just and abiding law. As things are now with us, however, business is the most kingly power among our people, and money claims the supreme prerogative, not always with due deference to justice and to law. But, without quarreling with the too frequent insolence of money-kings, and their invasion of civil and human rights, we may recognize with satisfaction a certain wholesome discipline, authority, and subordination in the best managed business of our people. Every great business house is a little kingdom, and wholesome word goes out from centre to circumference. Orders are given by the head with authority, and are obeyed with respect, and sometimes thousands of men and women are schooled in manners as well as supplied with money for their service by the firm and friendly rule. Within the last thirty years our American manners have gained much in dignity and order by this business economy, and the railway, the telegraph, the press, and even the factory have often helped our schools and our churches in training the rude and refractory into deference and civility.

Perhaps the best feature of our present manners is the promise of the ripening of our republican spirit into more positive and humane excellence. In the first stage of protest against the domination of priestcraft and kingscraft, the rebellious American tended to a kind of insolent independence in general, as though to say in the face of every superior or equal, "I am as good as you." But with gain of culture and maturity of power, he tends to say what is only the other side of the same idea, "You are as good as I." In this spirit of true citizenship and sterling humanity our American people are marvelously mending their manners, and are likely to become the most civil and courteous people on earth.—*N. Y. Times.*

For Young Men.

Young men do you realize the fearful responsibility that rests upon you, as you fool away the precious hours of your youth? A few years hence and the men who are of your age today rule the land. You will be one of them. What position will you take? You have the mind and the ability to be a leader; to be one of those who by pluck and culture shall be lifted above the mediocre herd, and placed with the solid, substantial business men, or the honest, upright statesmen of your land. But the course you are pursuing to-day is not calculated to bring about such an end. The hours spent in idleness and loafing would go far towards fitting your mind for a sphere of usefulness. If you are not educated, you could educate yourself in the time you fool away. If you have a faint education, you could be burnishing up the rough diamonds in your mind by careful study and by reading useful books. Do not hang around the street corners, or loaf around some store. If you have nothing to do borrow some good book, useful and instructive, and spend your evenings at home. If a business man wants a clerk he will not go to the crowd of loafers on the street corners, and select one as he would a man to dig post-holes; but he will take one whose character will bear scrutiny, and whose associations are not those of the street. The man who wishes to employ a young man for any place of trust or confidence, never goes to the saloons to find one, and very few men who drink themselves will employ a clerk who does. The eyes of the community are upon you, though you know it not, and your daily conduct is scrutinized and commented upon by men that you do not suppose even know you by sight. If you wish to succeed and rise in the world, you must cut loose from low and vicious associates, and go only with persons that you will introduce to your mother or your sister, and not be ashamed to see them associate with. Be saving and do not spend your money foolishly. Instead of a spree, or splurge of some kind that cannot benefit the mind, save your money and buy some good and useful book that will add to your mental store. In short, be temperate; be industrious; be studious; be frugal; be careful in selecting your associates, and you will have the confidence and esteem of all good men, and lay a foundation for a life of happiness and usefulness.—*Oskaloosa Herald.*

The Small Boy's Fun.

He had a long string and a brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a maple tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by the leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys had climbed.

"Now wait," said the principal, "till the first victim comes, and don't make any noise."

Pretty soon an ordinarily dressed woman came along, and just as she passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk, immediately drawing it up again. Both now watched developments. The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pockets and wondered what she could have dropped. She started on, but she had not gone far before she came back, impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk. Meanwhile the boys in the trees had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from scaring their game, and hardly dare to look below for fear of laughing out. A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones and turned over all the chips on the walk. No money, no key, nothing did they find, and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

The trick is harmless; no one breaks a leg or loses an eye in the process. It might be recommended to constitutionally tired boys as a good way to sweep the walk. The victims will throw all the chips and stones into the street by curiosity power, as it were.—*Rochester Express.*

On the Wrong Side of the Door.

It was a pale young man with a high forehead, who went out from Louisville last month to teach a country school; and it was a morning last week that as he went to open the door of the school-house, he could not find the key. He felt through his coat pockets and his vest pockets and his trowsers pockets. He looked in his hat, pulled off his boots and searched them, and even absently glanced into his watch. Then he took the road back to his boarding house, and searched it carefully. At the house he had his landlady, the housemaid and the cook to go through it from garret to cellar, and then to join him in looking over the road to the school house. Arrived there again he enlisted the pupils in the hunt. Together they went to the boarding house once more, and together they came back, still having failed to find the key. The pale young man buried his hands in his pockets and himself in reflection. In half a minute he suddenly clapped his knee and exclaimed very joyously:

"I'm mighty mistaken if I did not leave that key on the inside of the door when I locked it yester day!"

Whereupon he leaped up into the window and was half way through it before he bethought himself of what they were all giggling about. Then he got mad and smashed in the door with a fence rail.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Reservoir Broke.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—A dispatch from Los Angelos says the reservoir, with one hundered million gallons of water, broke this morning, but was so far from the city that the damage was confined to the flooding of streets and cellars.

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
ESTABLISHED 1877.

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.

RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

LARGEST CIRCULATION —IN— SOMERSET COUNTY.

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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 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 & 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. 327 & 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. 28

Sign of the 1835. 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 timekeeper, either in the line of WATCHES OR CLOCKS.

Repairing a specialty. Work guaranteed.

Dec. 4.

Wanted to cure one Case of CATARRH, in each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK PERFECTED CATARRH REMEDY. Some dollar packages free to those willing to pay express charges. Sent C.O.D. Address Adams or Union Ex. Co's.

ADAMS, P. H. POWERS & CO. Gen'l Ag'ts. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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 "SUPERIOR STRENGTH AND EXCELLENT QUALITY."

The Second Prize of a Silver Medal was taken by the Williamantic 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.

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 23d day of March, 1879, when and where they will attend for said purpose.

JOHN G. RAY, 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 the MILLION ACRE [illegible] the Grand Rapids and [illegible] Railroad Company, TITLE PERFECT. Strong soil—sure crops—plenty of timber—no drought—no chinch bugs—no "hoppers." Running streams—pure water—markets—schools—Railroads—equipped through cars [illegible]. Send for pamphlet, [illegible] German. Address W. O. [illegible] Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH. ALWAYS READY FOR USE. Packages—Size 12. Packages—Reduced to Half. Packages—Unwrapped 1 lb. Packages—Handy Pint Size. Patented May 7th, 1878. Re-Issued July 9th, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. ZIEGLER'S READY MIXED PASTE STOVE POLISH. PATENTED MAY 7TH 1878 RE-ISSUED JULY 9TH 1878.

One POLISH Will Heat Many.

NO MIXING, DUST, DIRT, WASTE, BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer, Office, 609 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct 9, 9m

Janney & Andrews, WHOLESALE Oysters & Produce Commission Merchants Nos. 111 and 113 Market Street. May 29 PHILADELPHIA.

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 "DON PEDRO'S CHOICE," to be nothing but fine selected Coffee, Coffee, imported from "RIO" by ourselves.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Magdalena Thomas, widow, Jacob Thomas, Joseph Thomas, John Thomas, Emanuel Thomas, Fanny intermarried with Jacob J. Kaun, and Elizabeth intermarried with Joseph D. Kaun, the above reside in Somerset County, Pa., and Peter Thomas, (of Lowel P. O.) Kent County, Michigan, Moses Thomas (of Rensselaer P. O.) Jasper County, Indiana, and Levi Thomas, (of Scalp 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. 12, 1879. EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Brouse, late of Somerset Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, Administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of John Brouse, dec'd, gives notice to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at once.

March 5 JOHN BINGNER, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of D. W. Buchanan, late of Shade 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 19th day of April, 1879, at the late residence of dec'd.

ELIZABETH C. BUCHANAN, Administratrix.

March 5

BAYARD TAYLOR HIS LIFE, TRAVELS AND LITERARY CAREER.