Nasby.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Which is in the State uv Ky.,)
April 22, 1879.

The North is filled with all sorts uv absurd stories uv the treatment the colored citizens are receivin in the South, the desire bein, clearly, to prejoodis the North agin the Southern Seckshun which was crushed in an unholy crooseade agin its rites, and wich hes never recovered from the same.

It is especsibly charged that the cussid nigger has no rites in the Courts, and that when opposed by a proud Kentucky Cawcasshen he is crowded to the wall, without the slightest chance for his life. To show the utter nonsense uv this statement, I give a truthful report uv a case tried afore Square Pettus, Justice uv the Peace for our Township.

Simeon Clagboro, ez he calls himself now, tho he wuz a slave wunst uv that sweet and gilelis saint, Deekin Pogram (wich family he resembles to a degree that made the late Mrs. Pogram inkorporated whenever she saw his mother, he havin the genuine Pogram nose), wuz a tenant of the Deekin's, and hez been for 2 yeers. He agreed to pay the Deekin $10 a yeer per akre for the land, and also agreed to buy his entire supplies uv that libral and Curischen man. At the end uv the first yeer, the Deekin took his entire crop and brot him in debt suthin like $400, which the nigger tried to work out in the winter cuttin and gettin out railroad ties, from the Deekin's woodlot, on which he hez lived ever since the crool war deprived him uv his labor.

The next season the nigger found hisself in debt about $800, and he submitted the matter to Joe Bigler, which is pisen, and Josef acting ez his attorney, come down on the innocent old Deekin with a demand that the nigger hev a kerect account uv the grain and stuff which he had turned over to the Deekin, also a itemized account uv the supplies which the Deekin had furnished the nigger, that it might be made manifest ez to how the account stood.

The Deekin wuz enraged. "Why shood not my word be taken agin a nigger's?" he demanded. "I never wuz called upon for anything uv the kind afore. It is an outrage!"

But ez Josef sod him afore Square Pettus for the full amount uv the crops which the Deekin hed taken, the good old man wuz forst to degrade himself by comin into court agin a Ethopian. It wrung his sole, tho he sucumbed, ez we all hev bed to do since the Linkin dynasty.

I helped the Deekin out. The two season's crops footed up $2,000, and I didn't pay any attention to the Deekin's books. I made out a bill charging the nigger with $400 worth uv bacon, $600 worth uv flour, $400 worth of mules, and the balance, to make his claim good, in silk dresses for his wife, and sich other goods ez sejested theirselves to a fertile imagination.

That bill I presented afore the justice, wich received it with the gravity uv a Grand Chancellor.

The good old Deekin swore to his account ez he bed it made, wich clearly established the fact that the nigger owed him $1,200.

The nigger presented another account wich drot the Deekin in debt to him sunthin like $600.

Joe Bigler remarked that the Deekin hed led his sware, and that the nigger shood be put onto the stand to sware to his statement.

I protested. "Is a nigger, a inferior brin, to come into this Court, over wich Justice is supposed, figgeratively, to be hovern, and hev his testimony taken agin one uv the proud Cawcasshen race?"

"Square!" exclaimed the Deekin in agony, "am I, a white man, to hev a nigger brot into Court to rob me? Et my bill ain't big enuff to offset hian and bring him in debt to me, I can easily amend it. Don't let this gross injustis be done!"

It wuz a critikle and solumn moment.

On the decision uv Square Pettus hung the fate uv Kentucky. It wuz a soupreme moment.

One minnit of indecision, one minnit falterin, and the white race uv Kentucky lay grovelin at the feet uv the inferior Afrikin, and we wuz in chanes furever.

Square Pettus wuz fortinitly, ekal to the emergency.

Risin in his seat and stiddying hisself at the desk in front uv him, he sed that he knowed the eyes uv Kentucky wuz onto him, and that Kentucky shood never be disappointed.

"I know sunthin uv this case," sed the Square, sippin a sip uv Bascom's best, wich he bed sent over to him in a quart bottle, "afore it come into court. I immejitly antissipatid that this plaintiff wood demand to be sworn, and that on this joodishel arena the inferior African and the pooperior Cawcasshun wood meet in a final conflict. I prepared myself I went and got a man wich cood read, and bed him go thro the statoots uv the State uv Kentucky, passed prior, (wich ez I am informed, means before), the late onholy crooseade. I found there a statoot wich perhibits the takin uv the testimony uv a nigger in a court uv justis, wich this is. It is troo that the Federal vuurpashen made other laws, but a Kentuckian don't recognize that. A Kentucky Justis only recognizes his own State, wich is sovren. Recognizen only Kentucky, spittin onto an abolishn Congress, and ignorin everything else, it is the yoonanimous decision uv this yere court, that all Fedrel laws recognizen the rites uv the cussed African is Unconstitooshnel, and that therefore his testimony can not be admitted. I stand by the State."

"But my wife never hed a silk dress, not anythin but a calico one," howled the nigger.

"It don't make no difference wat yoo say," replied the Justis.

"The Deekin, wich is a Cawcasshun swares that yoor wife bed four silk dresses, uv him, and ez you can't be allowed to sware at all, there ain't no testimony agin hizzen. This is a court of law, and law is law, ez yoo will find out. Git one white man to swear that yoo never got them dresses, and I will consider it."

'I demand to be put on the stand,' said Joe Bigler.

"The court can't admit your testimony, for yoo are a prejudist witnis."

Josef laffed and left the court, much to the Square's releef, wich continuered:

"I may say, however, that there may be no misunderstandin, that I, ez an individual, and not ez a court, will shoot any white cuss that dares to come into this court and sware for a nigger."

And that sturdy old Spartan cocked his double-barriled shot gun and sat down.

"I may as well decide the case here and now," said the Square, after a moment's thought. "Verdict for the plaintiff, and the constable will immejitly go for the defendant and make him put up everything he's got for the costs."

The bill uv costs wuz immejidly made out, and the Constable rushed out to the mizrable wretch's house, and took wat furniture he had.

Now what did the ongrateful nigger do? Despite the fact that the Deekin wanted him to keep right along, and live in peace and quiet and plant his little farm, and work it thro the season, and reap the harvest, that nigger got together some little money from the sale uv a mule wich we overlooked, it bein pastered out of sight uv the house, and started for Kansas. He utterly refused to stay among his friends and pertectors, perferrin to rely upon the cold mercies uv a calkilatin selfish Northern community, rather than trust them ez he hed been brot up amidst.

The ongratefulness uv the people is sunthin beyond understandin. They don't know when they are well enuff off, and they never did know who their friends wuz. I shall never attempt to do nothin more for em. They don't appreciate us. Over a hundred uv em hav left already, leavin us without labor, and more wood go, if they could sell their accumulashuns wich they hev robbed us uv.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Caucashun.

Lightning Benefits.

When I boarded the train at New York yesterday morning, a man said to me:

"Big thing, this telegraph."

"Yes," I said, "it was as big as a grapevine."

"No; I king," he said. "I came here to New York yesterday, 100 miles out of my way, to see a man. When I got here, I went to the St. Nicholas, and when I was ready to go out and see my man, by jiks, stranger, I had lost his address, and by George, I couldn't think of his first name, even. And his last name was only Johnson. Easy name to hunt, eh? I was left. You know what it is to find anybody in New York when you don't know their address. It is worse than finding an honest man. Well, this man was a new comer here; his name wasn't in the directory. I asked questions until I make a fool of myself.

"Then I said to the telegraph operator at the St. Nicholas:

"'It'll keep me here a week. I've got to write to St. Louis and get that man's address.'

"'Telegraph,' the operator said.

"Well, I never thought of that before, I wrote a dispatch right away:

"'To Gettit & Keaph, Brokers, St. Louis—What is our man Johnson's first name, and what's his address?'

"And in due course the answer came back:

"'James P., St. Nicholas Hotel.'

"What do you think of that, stranger? I went to the clerk and said:

"'Is Mr. James P. Johnson in his room?'

"'That is James P. Johnson,' said the clerk.

"The man, stranger, was standing beside me, waiting for me to move so that he could speak to the clerk. And I had just sent one thousand and sixty-four miles to find out where he was. Funny, stranger, wasn't it?'"

Four Meals a Day for Children.

The idea that four meals a day are necessary for the young will be new to most readers, but experience shows the wise and kind physician that this is quite right. No less an authority than Dr. Thomas K. Chambers, in the new "Encyclopedia Britannica," is responsible for the advice that "up to at least fourteen or fifteen years of age, the rule should be four meals a day, all varied, all sufficient, which hardly seems to point to cookies and crackers as one of these repasts. The same opinions are held by the best physicians here and abroad. It is certain that the delicate thin-armed boys and girls, exhausted with their growth who fill our schools would have their chances in life improved by a tempting meal spread for them four times a day of the most nourishing kind, and sufficient rest from study and engrossing occupation allowed to give them time to get up an appetite for it. Study and use of the brain often sharpens the appetite more than bodily exertion, for the direct waste of the nerve and blood is often far greater, a waste which requires the most stimulating and sustaining food to supply it. When a child at school begins to lose appetite, it is a sign the brain is too much worked to leave proper strength to the stomach for digestion—a state of things that must be stopped at once, till they regain their balance. The weakness and languor often seen in growing boys and girls shows the want of more supporting food, which should be just what would be given to a fever patient to keep up his strength, broths and soups, meat extracts, and oatmeal or wheaten grits, with cooling fruits and vegetables which fever would not allow. Nor should pudding or cake be left out, for young people need sweets and flavors and variety as, for that matter, does every son and daughter of Adam who eats at all.

Diamonds Unearthed.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with but a single thread.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.

Nothing is so fierce but love will soften, nothing so sharp-sighted in other matters but it throws a mist before the eyes on't.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because so many young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Virtue and vice are not arbitrary things; but there is a natural and eternal reason for goodness and virtue, and against vice and wickedness.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise, good, and happy purchase.

There are prating coxcombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare were the orator and human nature the theme.

There is not any one vice incident to the mind of man against which the world has raised such a loud and universal outcry as against ingratitude.

The fact that George Washington's wife never asked where he had been when he came home late at night goes a great ways toward accounting for his extreme truthfulness.

A little girl with the mumps, said she thought her headache had slipped down into her neck.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 2, 1879.

NEW YORK'S GREATEST PROBLEM.

Turning off Printing House Square into a side street the other day, I was partly conscious of a little urchin trotting by my side begging for money, at whom, wrapped in my own thoughts, I was mechanically shaking my head in negative response to his appeal. In a city swarming with beggars you contract this habit in very self-defense. Still he trotted on until I turned into a hallway and began to climb the stairs. Roused from my abstraction as the little figure left my side, I remembered he said he was hungry—he hadn't eaten since yesterday. Of course, he lied; they all do—but surely he didn't want money for rum—perhaps he was famishing in a big city, and I had refused him a mouthful of bread! I turned about and below me was a well-knit little form, covered with rags and dirt, still standing in the vestibule. Nimbly responding to my whistle, he bounded up the stairs. He had neither father nor mother; sometimes, when he had money enough, he bought newspapers and sold them; his home was an ash box or lumber pile, and he warmed himself by squatting on the grating over our quondam friend the Chained Slave under the Spruce street sidewalk. The dirt appeared a month old on his hands and wrists; and when, in my friend's office, he got down somewhere near the skin the little chapped hands began to smart, and I hadn't the heart to push the cleaning process any further. A few coppers brought out a moment's gleam into his stolid face, and down stairs he darted. "They are a bad lot of boys on this street. They feed on the scraps passed out from these offices after merchants have finished their lunch. When they get any money, instead of going to a lodging house, they go to a Bowery Theatre, and next day act it off again on the street. There's a swarm of them, and all are bad boys, but keen as razors." So said my friend. Passing down stairs, there sat the little fellow, perched on a wagon where I could not fail to see him, diving ravenously into a huge roll that hid half his still dirty face. Here was New York's greatest problem! Not Rapid Transit; not new piers and ocean lines; not East River bridges, nor North River tunnels, but her own street boys: boys that are training, every day, for the penitentiary and the gallows; boys growing up uncared for by any living soul, faring worse physically than the horses and dogs of Manhattan Island, and morally in a darkness and turpitude beside which the Gaboon seems white and pure. This group of boys, huddling over the warm grating, will be the highwaymen, burglars, tramps and murderers of fifteen years hence as surely as effect follows cause. What else can they be? Why should not humane legislation sweep all these poor boys from the slums into a State factory or farm, where, under judicious restraint, they may learn to make an honest living, and be taught their superiority to a skye terrier or a stage horse? Viewed from an economic standpoint, it will cost less money to save these boys than to hang them. Yet nothing is surer than that all these thousands of street boys will grow up hard, unreasoning criminals, preying on society till they finally fall into the hands of the law. Private charities cannot provide for them. They are vicious, idle, reprobate—why shouldn't they be? It will need the compulsion of law to draw them from the wild freedom of their vile and miserable life. I make this appeal to you, gentlemen of the Press! For God's sake, for humanity's sake, use the mighty power of your honorable calling to procure such legislation in behalf of these poor children, and their pitiful counterparts with which every large city is teeming and festering to-day, as will, at least, lift them out of a condition of life where manliness, purity, and piety have less than a ghost of a chance!

A HINT TO PARENTS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Put the question to a thousand fathers: "What vice do you most fear in your boy's future life?" and nine hundred will answer, "Intemperance." But what are the nine hundred doing about it? However men feel about legal prohibition, all men acknowledge the justice and necessity of instructing young and old upon this important subject. Yet we are mostly drifting along from day to day blindly hoping and half expecting that somehow our boys will be saved whatever becomes of the rest. And so amid the wreck of firesides and the crash of fondly cherished hopes, the days run into years that witness no thoroughly earnest, systematic efforts to prepare the boy for the struggle just ahead. It need not be so.

There is in New York a society, and Publication House' which, starting without a dollar of capital and supported almost wholly by voluntary contributions, has published six hundred varieties of books, pamphlets and tracts upon every phase of the liquor question, spent $70,000 in stereotyping and for literary labor, printed over three hundred million pages of temperance literature and scattered it throughout every State and Territory and in nearly every country on the globe. It publishes two firstclass monthly papers, one, the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, illustrated, being as its name indicates, devoted to the children.

But a new department has lately been added of which no Sunday School should be ignorant. This Society is now publishing some ninety

TEMPERANCE LIBRARY BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

from the pens of the most gifted writers of the day. A list of these can be had by writing the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York. What better method could be possibly be adopted for arming the children of our land against the fierce but insidious temptation sure to assail them a few years hence? The lasting impressions of childhood make an unequally foundation on which to build a sober, manly life, and it seems a pity that these Temperance Library books for Sunday School should not be more widely known and used to this end. Let it be borne in mind that this is not a money making scheme. The Society is purely a benevolent and humane institution, and except the few hard worked inmates of the publication house, it is all outgo and no income for every person connected with it.

Forty years ago Joshua Nye and others in Maine began work among the children in Sunday and day schools, and when that generation of pledged and instructed boys grew up, the State of Maine took the foremost position of any State or country in the world upon this question. The moral is obvious! MORLEY.

Grant Sightseeing in Bombay.

Our home in Bombay is at the Government House, on Malabar Point, in the suburbs of the city. Malabar Point was in other days a holy place of the Hindoos. Here was a temple and it was also believed that if those who sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul. The Portuguese who came to India were breakers of images, who believed that the religion of Christ was best served by the destruction of the pagan temples. Among the temples which were subjected to their pious zeal was one on Malabar Point. There are only the ruins remaining, and masses of rock, bearing curious inscriptions, lie on the hillside. Malabar Point is an edge of the island of Bombay jutting out into the Indian Ocean. Where the bluff overlooks the waters it is 100 feet high. This remnant of the rock has been rescued from the sea and storm and decorated with trees and shrubbery, the mango and the palm. Overlooking the sea is a battery with 5 large guns, shining and black, looking out upon the ocean and keeping watch over the Empire of England. It is difficult to describe a residence like the Government House on Malabar Point. Architecture is simply a battle with the sun. The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds, through stone gates that remind you of the porter's lodges at some stately English mansions, you pass through an avenue of mango trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come to a one storied house, surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance, covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot, a native guard wearing the English scarlet, on his shoulders the number indicating his regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on either side. The servants are all Mohammadans. They wear long scarlet gowns with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty. You enter a hall and pass between two rooms—large, high and decorated with blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the seas beyond and the towers of Bombay. One of the rooms is the State dining room, large enough to dine 50 people. The other is the State drawing room. This house is only used for ceremonies, for meals and receptions.

You pass for 100 paces under a covered way over a path made of cement and stone, through flower beds and palm trees and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This is also one story high and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. These are the apartments assigned to General Grant and his wife. There are drawing rooms, chambers—the walls high, the floors covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend their head. You note a little group of shoes at the door and learn that in the East, custom requires those in service to unclipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas, somewhat larger than the General's. These are the guest chambers and here a part of our party reside. Still further on is another house, and here the writer finds a home, and as he sits at the table writing these lines he looks out of the open door, shaded by a palm tree, and sees the white surf as it breaks over the rocks and hears its drowsy, moaning, unending roar.

I look out of the window and see a large flag staff with a stone base. From this staff the flag of England floats when the Governor is home. My house is a series of rooms arched over with high walls. The chamber in which I write is a comfortable working room, with many windows and easy chairs. The room adjoining is a bed-chamber. Other rooms complete the suite, and from my chamber window I can look out on the sea, on the embrasured guns and watch the coming and going of the tides. You note that the builders of this house had only one idea—to fight the sun. It is now the coldest winter weather, remarkable cool for Bombay. Every window and every door is open, and even my summer garments are warm, and, when very with the heat, I throw down my pen and walk out under the palm trees and look at the surf and woo the breezes that come over the seas from Persia, and throw myself upon the lounge and dip into one of the books piled about—books about Indian history, religion, caste—which I have found in the library and in which I am trying to know something of this ancient and most wonderful land.

So far as beauty is concerned—beauty of an Indian character, with as much comfort as is possible in Hindostan—nothing could be more attractive than our home on Malabar Point. We are the guests of the Governor, and the honors of his house are done by Captain Frith and Captain Radcliff, of the army, two accomplished young officers, the last representatives of the last type of the English soldier and gentleman. We take our meals in the State dining room, and when dinner is over we stroll over to the General's bungalow and sit with him on the verandah looking out on the sea—sit late into the night, talking about India, and home, and all the strange phases of this civilization. Mrs. Grant seems to enjoy every moment of the visit, more especially as we are to have two week's mail on Wednesday, and the steamer never breaks its word. Mrs. Borie is in fine spirits and health, all things considered, and has surprised us in the virtue of early rising. All manner of plans are proposed to induce Mr. Borie to add lustre upon the expedition by destroying a tiger and carrying home a trophy of his prowess to Philadelphia, but he steadily declines these importunities, taking the high-minded ground that he has never had a misunderstanding with a tiger in his life, and does not propose now to cultivate the resentment of the race.—*J. Russell Young, to the New York Herald.*

Body Snatching Again.

UTICA, N. Y., April 22.—The body of Harry Burrell, a well known cheese and butter buyer of Little Falls, buried in March, was stolen from the cemetery vault in that village this morning. As he was a man of wealth, the supposed motive is the hope of a reward for its return. There is no clue to the thieves.

Which is better, to die eating or die not?

The Holy Sabbath Day.

The Raleigh (N. C.) News of a day or two since contained the following timely and truthful contribution on "The Sabbath Day:"

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Again, 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." Again, "In it—that is the sabbath—thou shalt not do any work". This commandment was given to the Jewish church, and it is as binding now on all as then. Christ has expressly affirmed this law, and has declared himself "Lord of the Sabbath day." He also says, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day;" that is, works of benevolence and mercy are peculiarly appropriate to this day, and works of absolute necessity may be done on this day. But what are the works of necessity? Any who are really desirous of knowing what secular or worldly work may be done without sin on Sunday, may surely and accurately ascertain by reading the sayings of Jesus in the Gospels. No one need doubt on this subject who candidly examines for himself. No secular work which may be absolutely necessary should be done on Sunday, which could have been previously performed or postponed until Monday. "In it thou shalt not do any work," is the commandment.

Christians are especially enjoyed to keep the Sabbath Day for themselves, for their families, for their churches, and as an example unto others. Outsiders, that is the unregenerate, seldom read their Bibles. If a Christian break the Sabbath, the unregenerate persons will say, "see that professor; some people think he is a good man, but to my knowledge he doesn't keep his Sunday as he should, and is therefore no better than I am." Christian man! Christian woman! is that unregenerate soul stumbling over you down to the pit?

Christians must keep the Sabbath, not only with their bodies by resting from the labors of the week, but they must keep it with their minds and hearts. Like John on the Isle of Patmos, they "must be in the Spirit on the Lord's day." They cannot true their masters, if on the Sabbath day, they engage in a secular amusement, or think or talk of their worldly concerns, or lay plans for business for the ensuing day or gossip from house to house about the mere worldly amusements of the day, or neglect the assembling of themselves together for divine worship.

Sabbath breaking is one of our greatest national sins. Let every follower of Christ and every thoughtful, moral person who is not Christian, unite to encourage a due observance of the holy day.

The Art of Stopping.

It has been truthfully remarked that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully. A writer in the London Saturday Review begs to differ here, and declares that the ability to leave one, easily and judiciously, is superior. He thinks it painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons concerned would gladly dispense with their company. The art or science of departure both from localities and positions is worth studying in small as well as great matters. Many cases at once present themselves to the mind in which the judicious exercise of the faculty of bringing things to a conclusion would be appreciated. Sam Weller once said that the great art of letter-writing was to make the recipient "wish there was more," and the article on "The Art of Going Away," in the Saturday Review, brings this excellent advice to mind. It is one of the greatest merits of a novelist to know when to wind up his story, and the orator who can sit down at the right moment and in the right way, and the editor who can wind up his leader at the right point, is master of a good half of his art. Many preachers complain that their greatest difficulty is that of concluding their sermons; but in this particular case there is little need for the exercise of any special ingenuity, as an abrupt but early ending is a fault, of all others, most readily pardoned by a congregation. After all, a bulky essay might be written on the art of going away and the difficulty in bidding farewell to a host in a manner that will convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. The subject is commended to the consideration of those eminent students who make social conventionalities a study.

A Herd of Buffaloes Drowned.

An army officer who had arrived in Chicago from the Yellowstone valley recently, tells a story of what happened to a herd of buffaloes that were migrating southward. The herd numbered 2,500 head. They had been driven out of the Milk river country by the Indian hunters belonging to Sitting Bull's band. The herd struck the river near Cow-island, and ventured on the ice with their customary confidence. The animals came upon the river with a solid front, and began crossing with closed ranks. The stream at the point of crossing was very deep. When the front file, which was stretched out a quarter of a mile in length, had nearly gained the opposite shore, the ice suddenly gave way under them. Some trappers who were eye-witnesses to the scene said it seemed as if a trench had been opened in the ice the whole length of the column. Some four or five hundred animals tumbled into the opening all of a heap. Others fell in on top of them and sunk out of sight in a twinkling. By this time the rotten ice was breaking off short under the still advancing herd. The trappers say that in less than a minute the whole body of buffaloes had been precipitated into the river. They were wedged in so thickly that they could do nothing but struggle for a second and then disappear beneath the cakes of ice of the swift current. Not a beast in all that mighty herd turned tail and tried to escape when the ice began breaking up. In a solid phalanx they marched to their fatal bath in the "Big Mudy." In a minute from the time the first ice broke not a buffalo head or tail was to be seen.

You need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the little fellow looks into your eye and speaks the honest truth, if he is respectful to those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, yet with no shame of being gentle, thank heaven, and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vines strengthen so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

We seek for riches, and do not find them; we do not seek for death, but alas! he comes.

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
ESTABLISHED 1867.

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- SUBSCRIBE!

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

A LARGE NUMBER OF BLANK RECEIPTS ON HAND.

ED. B. SCULL,
Business Manager.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S COMPOUND *Fluid Extract* BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL Diseases OF THE BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu" DOES IN EVERY CASE.

Helmbold's Buchu IS UNEQUALED.

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physcians all over the world in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Compl'ts, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle, Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Hight, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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

NEW ARRANGEMENT. Great Inducements to Cash Buyers.

One of the firm of Casebeer & Co. has just returned from the Eastern Cities, where he purchased

FOR CASH

The best and cheapest stock of GOODS that will be brought to town this season, consisting of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS, DYE STUFFS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,

These goods we will sell

FOR CASH

Or on a short credit to responsible persons if paid promptly when due. We will also exchange them for

GRAIN, FLOUR, MAPLE SUGAR AND FARM PRODUCTS GENERALLY.

We will Pay CASH for FLOUR, WHEAT, OATS, CORN AND MAPLE SUGAR.

Products must in all cases be delivered before the cash or goods are wanted. Those wishing to save money by buying at the

LOWEST PRICES

Can do so by giving us a call and examining our prices and terms with other stores. Our long experience and ample capital enable us to do better for

OUR CUSTOMERS

Than any other store in this TOWN OR COUNTY.

CASEBEER & CO.
April 3

NEW PENSION LAW.

All pensions by new law, begin back at day of discharge. Rejected cases also reopened. Pensioners and applicants, send two stamps for new law, blanks and instructions to N. W. FITZGERALD, Feb. 26 Box 888, Washington, D. C.

KIDNEY COMPLAINT Piles, Constipation, Permanently cured by KIDNEY-WORT

DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has done better than any remedy I have ever used. I have prescribed it for PILLS with good effect having cured several very bad cases," and a year later he says "It has never failed."

Thousands who have been cured when all other means have failed, testify to the remarkable power this great remedy has in overcoming these and many other diseases.

AS A SPRING MEDICINE

ALL should USE IT. It acts mildly, but surely, on the liver and bowels, removing all morbid secretions, and by its great Tonic powers restoring the feeling of strength and vigor which is natural to every healthy person.

There is no one but what needs just such a remedy to do away with the natural torpor of the system after passing through the winter.

One package makes six quarts of Medicine, containing no spirit, being prepared in pure water.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Or we will mail a package, prepaid, on receipt of the price, one dollar. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Apr

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—real's—markets—schools. Railroad completed through centre of the grant. Send for pamphlet, in English or German. Address W. O. HUGHITT, Land Commissioner, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH. ALWAYS READY FOR USE. Everybody—Uses It. Everybody—Believes It Best. Everybody—Recommends It. Everybody's Handy Package. Patented May 7th, 1872. 1st Patented July 9th, 1872.

THE HANDY PACKAGE ZIEGLER'S READY-TO-USE MIXED STOVE POLISH

49 Cts POLISH Worth Having NO MIXING. NO DUST. NO RUST. NO WASTE. NO BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer, Office, 629 St. John Street, Philadelphia. Oct 9,m

$2500 [illegible]

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

West End, Main St., Somerset

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

C. E. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Razors for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one or more, would do well to send him a postal card or in some other way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he is his remedy selling not find all who want razors. May 29

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

SALESROOMS: Union Square, New York, —AND— 154 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL., MANUFACTURERS —OF— SILVER PLATED WARE.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c. 1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.

These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries, And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World.

Ask your Jeweler for these Goods. April 16

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL, ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H. Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Barnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents.

I have a very large stock of WOOLEN GOODS! of my own manufacture, consisting of BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS, COVERLETS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C.,

which I wish to TRADE FOR WOOL.

Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.

WM. S. MORGAN, Stanton's Mills.

Apr 9

THE FARMERS HORSE.

WAX WORK JR.,

The property of Alexander Countryman will stand for service the ensuing season, ending July 10th 1879. The first three days at the stable of Josiah Brant in Somerset borough, the next three at the stable of Philip Shaver in Friedens, and the next three days at the stable of the owner in Lavansville and so on alternately throughout the season. Sundays excepted.

DESCRIPTION.

Wax Work Jr. is a beautiful mahogany bay, 9 years old, 18 hands high, and weighs 1200 pounds; perfectly clean and sound, with heavy, short legs, close jointed, of great strength, good action, thoroughly good tempered and has proved himself a good stock getter. He was got by Wax Work, imported from England at a heavy expense by the Pennsylvania Stock Importing Company, (Geo. Johnson, agent,) was owned by the Westmoreland and Fayette Horse Company. He can be large, well formed, Bay Chester Lion more, or "Stomper." His grand sire "Glory," the property of Mr. Taylor of Somham, England. He, by the noted horse "Glory" who won a cup at Walton and a prize at Winchock. The dam of Wax Work Jr. was a superior brown mare by Young Henry Tom. The sire of whose grand dam was the celebrated horse "Highest Bid" that was sold for $2,000. Mr. Countryman purchased Wax Work Jr. of Philip Ankarman of Lyons, Westmoreland county, Pa., for a large sum of money. Wax Work Jr. was on exhibition at the Westmoreland county fair held at Greensburg, Pa., where he drew first premium. He was also on exhibition at the Somerset county fairs held in 1873, 1874, 1876 1877, where he won first premium each time.

TERMS.

Five dollars ($5) to insure a foal to be paid as soon as the mare is known to be with foal. Parting with a mare before she is known to be with foal forfeits the insurance money. Mares must be brought regularly, and if put to any other horse the insurance money will be claimed. N. B.—Good care will be taken, but no responsibility for accidents and escapes.

ALEXANDER COUNTRYMAN, Owner and Keeper.
April 16

NOTICE.

My wife having left my bed and board, the public are hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I will be responsible for no debts of her contracting, unless compelled to do so by due process of law.

April 9 CORNELIUS C. LOHR.