Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

Published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held able for the subscription. Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 6. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1462.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

HENRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection etc. Office in Mammoth Building.

E. R. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 25, '79.

VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & R. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN G. KINZEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 '79-1y

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, formerly occupied by Hon. Geo. Cook. Collections made, estates settled, title examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. may 9-1y

F. J. KOONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and all the adjoining counties. Office in Printing Office Row.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

H. S. ENSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office—In Main Cross Street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. S. COBLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

SCHERICH & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—In Baer's Block, Up Stairs.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done at short notice. Inquire at Cluubser & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 28.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Out-of-the-door professional calls will be promptly attended to. Office—Opposite the Lutheran Church, Main St. Somerset, Pa.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr 9, '79-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can be found at all times to attend to all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and set on a natural base inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. A. G. MILLER *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. G. B. MASTERS has located in Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to Somerset and surrounding country; office in building recently occupied by Dr. Miller; residence at Mr. Parker. April 23

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG, Late Resident Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat. Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Casebeer & Frantz's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can furnish good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them at in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if you should be any person among my thousands of patrons within or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get their teeth fixed free of charge.

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN PA. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new furniture, which has made it a very popular stopping place for the traveling public. Its table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the house. Also large and roomy stabling. First class handling can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

DAVIS BROS., House, Sign and Fresco PAINTERS, SOMERSET, PA.

SERKY'S TEA. Guaranteed to preserve and promote the thoroughness and health-glow of youth to the aged age. DIRECTIONS FOR USE. One teaspoonful steeped in one quart of water, when cool to be drunk hot or cool, clear or with cream and sugar. Spice lemon in it makes a wholesome summer drink. About one quart of tea to be drunk daily. Price 50cts. and $1.00 per Box. Sent free in small box for 25 cents. Orders by letter promptly attended to and goods forwarded to any address. Address "Dr. Serky's Tea Co. 809 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank

CHARLES J. HARRISON, *Cashier and Manager.*

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug 16.

LEGAL SALE

By virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county I will sell the Real Estate of John Polster, at public sale on the premises in Milford twp., on

Saturday, August 2, 1879,

at one o'clock P. M.,

A tract of land in Milford township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 66 acres, more or less, of which 30 acres are cleared; 10 acres in meadow with dwelling house, grist mill, saw-mill, barn and other buildings and orchard on the same.

TERMS.—One-third on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year with interest on deferred payments from day of sale.

Ten per cent. will be required at noon as the property is struck off.

R. H. BULL, Assignee of John Polster.

June 18

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

Sealed proposals will be received on and before the 12th of July next, at the office of the Secretary of the Jefferson township School Board, in Markersville, for the building of a frame school-house in the said township. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Secretary.

JOHN SCHLAG, Secretary.

J. G. BARCLAY, President.

July 2.

SETTLEMENT

OF THE SUPERVISORS

OF SOMERSET TOWNSHIP.

ELI BOWMAN, Dr.

Amount of duplicate	$723 05
Cr.	
By work	$655 62
" salary	80 25
" expenditures	2 20
" exoneration	2 74
" attending settlement	1 50
	$745 32
Balance due Eli Bowman	5 27
A. J. SAYLOR, Dr.	
Amount of duplicate	$425 56
Cr.	
By work	$375 00
" salary	50 00
" orders, etc	7 29
	$432 29
Balance due township	13 27
JACOB J. BAKER, Dr.	
Amount of duplicate	$831 96
Cr.	
By work	$780 18
" salary	52 43
	$832 61
Balance due Jacob J. Baker	65
JONATHAN NEDROW, Dr.	
Amount of duplicate	$809 87
Cr.	
By work	$397 96
" material	20 56
" salary	187 50
" cash	5 00
	$610 52
Balance due township	49 35

ADAM S. MILLER, Township Clerk.
JEREM. MILLER,
CHRISTIAN STRENG,
GEORGE C. LICHTY,
Auditors.

June 1.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

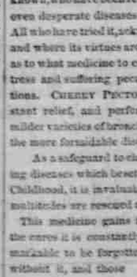
By virtue of a certain writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

Thursday, July 17, 1879,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, A. W. Faith, of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in Somerset Twp., Somerset county, Pa., containing 23 acres, more or less, of which there are about 15 acres cleared, with a one and a half story frame dwelling house and log stable thereon erected, adjoining lands of George C. Lichty, Henry Walker and others, with the appurtenances. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of August Court, the time fixed by the Court for securing the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, June 25, 1879. June 25 — EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral



For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

$2500 [illegible]

THE SUFFERENS OF NATHAN SPOONER.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, if there wus a heavy fine to pay for shettin' up doors, you would never loose a cent of your property in that way, and," says I, clutchin' my lap full of carpet rags with a firmer grip, for truly, they were flutterin' like banners in the cold breeze, "if you don't want me to blow away, Josiah Allen, shut up that door."

"Oh, shaw! Samantha, you won't blow away, you are too hefty. It would take a Hurrycane and a Simon, too, to tackle you, and lift you."

"Simon who?" says I, in cold axents, caused partly by my frigid emotions, and partly by the chilly blast, and partly by his darin' to say any man could take me up and carry me way.

"Oh! the Simon they have on the desert; I've hern Thomas J. read about 'em. They'll blow camels away, and everything."

"Says I dreamily, "Who'd have tho't twenty years ago, to have heard that man a-courtin' me, and callin' me a zephire, and a pink posy, and a angel, that he'd ever live too the day he'd call me a camel."

"I han't called you a camel! I only meant that you wus hefty, and camels was hefty. And it would take a Simon or two to lift you 'round, either on you."

"Wall," says I, in frigid tones, "what I want to know is, are you a-goin' to shet that door?"

"Yes, I be, jist as quick as I change my clothes. I don't want to fodder in these new briches."

I rose with dignity, or as much dignity as I could lay holt of—half bent, trying to keep ten or twelve quarts of carpet rags from spillin' over the floor—and went and shet the door myself, which I might have known enough to done in the first place, and saved time and breath. For shettin' of doors is truly a accomplishment that Josiah Allen never will master.

I have touched him up in lots of things, sense we wus married, but in that branch of education he has been too much for me; I have about gin up.

In the course of ten or fifteen minuts, Josiah came out of the bed-room, lookin' as peaceful and pleasant as you may please, with his hands in his pantaloon pockets, searchin' their remote depths, and says he, in a off hand, careless way:

"I'll be hanged if there ain't a letter for you, Samantha."

"How many weeks have you carried it 'round, Josiah Allen?" says I. "It would scare me if you should give me a letter before you carried it 'round in your pocket for a month or so."

"Oh! I guess I only got this two or three days ago. I meant to hand it to you three days ago. But I hain't had on these old briches sense that day I went to mill."

"Three weeks ago, to-day," says I, in almost frenzy axents, as I opened my letter.

"Wall," says Josiah, cheerfully, "I knew it wasn't very long, anyway."

I glanced my gray eye down my letter, and says I, in agitated tones:

"She that wus Alzina Ann Allen is comin' here a visitin'. She wrote me three weeks ahead, so's to have me prepared. And here she is liable to come in on us any minute, now, and ketch us all unprepared," says I. "I wouldn't have had it happened for a ten cent bill, to had one of the relations, on your side, come an' ketch me in such a condition. Then, the curtains are all down in the spare room; I washed 'em yesterday, and they hain't ironed. And the carpet in the settin' room up to mend; and not a mite of fruit cake in the house, an' she a-comin' here to-day. I am mortified most to death, Josiah Allen. And if you'd give me that letter, I should have hired help, and got everything done. I should think your conscience would smart like a burn, if you have got a conscience, Josiah Allen."

"Wall, less have a little suthin' to eat, Samantha, and I'll help you 'round."

"Help! What'll you do, Josiah Allen?"

"Oh! I'll do the barn chores, and help all I can. I guess you'd better cook a little of that canned sammon I got to Jonesville."

Says I, coldly, "I believe, Josiah Allen, if you was on the gallus, you'd make 'em stop and get vittles for you, meat vittles if you could."

I didn't say nothin' more, for, as the greatest poets has sung, "The least said, the soonest mended." But I rose, and with outward calmness, put on the tea kettle and potatoes, and opened the can of sammon, and jist as I put that over the stove with some sweet cream and butter, if you will believe it, that very minute, she that was Alzina Ann Allen drove right up to the door, and come in.

You could have knocked me down with a hen's feather, (as it were) my feelin's wus such; but I conceeled 'em as well as I could, and advanced to the door, and says I:

"How do you do, Miss Richerson?"—she is married to Jonathen Richerson, old Daniel Richerson's oldest boy.

She is a tall, spindlin' lookin' woman, light complected, sandy-haired, and with big, light blue eyes. I hadn't seen her fer nineteen yeers, but she seemed dreadful tickled to see me, and says she:

"You look younger, Samantha, than you did the first time I ever seen you.'

"Oh, no!" says I, "that can't be, Alzina Ann, for that is in the neighborhood of thirty years ago.'

Says she, "It is true as I live and breathe, you look younger and handsomer, than I ever seen you look."

I didn't believe it, but I thought it wouldn't look well to dispute her any more, so I let it go; and mebby she thought she had convinced me that I did look younger than I did when I wus eighteen or twenty. But I only said that I didn't feel so young anyway. I had spells of feelin' mazzer.

She took off her things, she was dressed up awful slick, and Josiah helped bring in her trunk. And I told her just how mortified I wus about Josiah's forgettin' her letter, and her ketchin' me unprepared. But, good Lord! she told me that she never, in her life, see a house in the order mine wus, never, and she had seen thousands and thousands of different houses.

Says I: "I feel worked up, an' almost mortified, about my settin' room carpet bein' up."

But she held up both her hands (they wus white as snow, and all covered with rings.) And says she:

"If there is one thing I love to see, Samantha, more than another, it is to see a settin' room carpet up, it gives such a sort of free, noble look to a room."

Says I: "The curtains are down in the spare bed room, and I am almost entirely out of cookin'."

"Says she: "If I had my way, I would never have a curtain up to a window. The sky always looks so pure and innocent somehow. And cookin'," says she, with a look of complete disgust on her face. "Why, I fairly despise cookin', what's the use of it?" says she, with a sweet emile.

"Why," says I, reasonably, "if it wasn't for cookin' vittles and eatin' 'em, guess we shouldn't stand it a great while, none on us."

I didn't really like the way she went on. Never, never, through my hull life, wus I praised up by anybody as I wus by her, durin' the three days that she stayed with us. And one mornin', when she had been goin' on dreadfully, that way, I took Josiah out one side, and told him, "I couldn't bear to hear her go on so, and believed there was suthin' wrong about it."

"Oh, no," says he. "She means every word she says," says he. "She is one of the lovliest creeters this earth affords. She is most an angel. Oh!" says he dreamily, "what a sound mind she has got."

Says I, "I heard her tellin' you this mornin', that you were one of the handsomest men she ever laid eyes on, and didn't look a day over twenty-one."

"Well," says he, with the doggy firmness of his sect. "She thinks so," and says he, in firm axents, "I am a good lookin' fellow, Samantha. A crackin' good lookin' chap, but never could make you own up to it."

I didn't say nothin' but my gray eye wandered up, and lighted on his bald head. I rested there searchivly, and very coldly, for a moment or two, and then, says I, sternly:

"Bald heads and beauty don't go together worth a cent. But you wus always vain, Josiah Allen."

"What if I wus? She thinks different from what you do about my looks. She has got a keen eye in her head for beauty. She is very smart, very. And what she says, she means."

"Wall," says I, "I am glad you are so happy in your mind. But, mark my words, you won't always feel so neat about it, Josiah Allen, as you do now."

Says he, in a cross, surly way: "I guess I know, what I do know."

I hain't a yaller hair in the hull of my foretop, but I thought to myself, I'd love to see Josiah Allen's eyes opened; for I knew my name was Josiah Allen's wife, and that women didn't think Josiah was so pretty and beautiful.

But I didn't see how I wus goin' to convince him, for he wouldn't believe me, when I told him, she was a makin' of it; and I knew she would stick to what she had said, and so there it wus. But I held firm, and cooked good vittles, and done well by her.

That very afternoon we wus invited to tea, that was Sylphina Allen's, Miss Nathen Spooner's, us and Alzina Ann Allen.

Sylphia didn't use to be the right sort of girl, she wus a kind of helpless, improvender thing, and threw herself away on a worthless, drunken feller, that she married for her first husband, though Nathen Spooner wus a dyin' for her, even then. But when her drunken husband died, and she wus left with that boy of hers, about six years old, she up and jined the Methodist church.

I didn't use to associate with her at all, and Josiah didn't want me to, though she wus a second cousin on his father's side. But folks began to make much of her. So I and Josiah did everything for her we could, to help her to do well, and be likely. And last fall she wus married to Nathen Spooner, who hadn't forgot her in all this time.

They make a likely couple, and I shouldn't wonder if they do well. Nathen Spooner is bashful; he looks as if he wanted to sink if any one speaks to him; but Sylphina is proud sperited, and holds him up.

They hain't got a great deal to do with, and Sylphina, bein' kind o' afraid of Alzina Ann, sent over and borrowed her mother-in-law's white handled knives, and, unbeknown to Alzina Ann, I carried over some teaspoons, and other things for her comfort, for if Sylphina means to do better, and try to get along, and be a provider, I want to encourage her all I can, so I carried her the spoons.

Wall, no sooner had we got seated over to Mrs. Spooneres, than Alzina begun.

"How much!—how much that beautiful little boy looks like you, Mr. Spooner," she cried, and she would look, first at Nathen, and then at the child, with that enthusiastic look of hers.

Sylphina's face wus red as blood, for the child looked as like her first husband as two peas, and she knowed that Nathen almost hated the sight of the boy, and only had him in the house for her sake. And truly, if Nathen Spooner could have sunk down through the floor, into the celler, right into the potato bin or pork barrel, it would have been one of the most blessed reliefs to him, that he ever enjoyed. I could see that by his countenance.

If she had just said what she had to say, and then left off; but Alzina Ann never'll do that; she has to enlarge ideas, and she would ask Sylphina if she didn't think her boy had the same noble, handsome look to him, as Nathen had. And Sylphina would stammer, and look annoyed more'n ever, and get as red in the face as a red woolen shirt. And then Alzina Ann, looking at the child's pug nose, and then at Nathen's which was a sort of Roman one, and the best feetur in his face, as Josiah says, would ask Nathen if folks hadn't told him, before, how much his little boy resembled his pa. And Nathen would look this way and that, and kind o' frown, and it did seem as if we couldn't keep him out of the celler, to save our lives. And there it wus.

Wall, when it came supper time, more wus in store for him. Sylphina, bein' so determined to do better, and start right in the married life, made a practice of makin' Nathen ask the blessin'. But he, bein so uncommon bashful, it made it awful hard for him, when they had company. He wasn't a professor, nor nuthin', and it come tough on him. He looked as if he would sink all the while Sylphina wus settin' the table, for he knew what wus before him.

He seemed to feel worse and worse all the time, and when he wus a-settin' the chairs 'round the table, he looked so bad that I didn't know but he would have to have help to get to the table. And he'd give the most pitiful and beseechin' looks to Sylphina that ever wus, but she shook her head at him, and looked decided, and then he'd look as if he'd wilt right down again.

So when we got set down to the table he gave a kind of a low groan, and shet up his eyes, and Sylphina and me and Josiah put on a becomin' look for the occasion, and shet up our'n, when all of a sudden, Alzina Ann, she never asked a blessin' in her own house, and forgot other folks did, leastways that Nathen did. Alzina Ann, I say, spoke out, in a real loud, admirin' tone, and says she:

"There! I will say it, I never see such beautiful knives as them be, in my hull life. White handled knives, somthin' I always wanted to own, and always thought I would own. But, indeed, never did I see any that wus so perfectly beautiful as these 'ere."

And she held out her kinfe at arm's length and looked at it admirin'ly and almost rapturously.

Nathen looked bad—dreadful bad, but we didn't none of us reply to her, and she seemed to sort o' quiet down, and Sylphina gave Nathen a look, and he bent his head, shet up his eyes agin, and she, me and Josiah shet up our'n.

And Nathen wus jest a-beginnin' agin, when Alzina Ann broke out afresh, and says she:

"What wouldn't I give if I could own some knives like them? What a proud and happy woman it would make me."

That roused us all up agin, and never did I see—unless it wus on a funeral occasion—a face look as Nathen's face looked.

Nobody could have blamed him if he giv up, then, and not made another effert.

But Sylphina, bein' so awful determined to do it jist right, and start right in the married life, she winked to Nathen agin, a real sharp and encouragin' wink, and shet up her eyes, and Josiah and me done as she done, and shet up our'n.

And Nathen (feelin' as if he *must* sink,) got already to begin agin. He had jist got his mouth opened, when says Alzina Ann, in that rapturous way of her'n:

"Do tell me, Sylphina, how much did you give for these knives, and where did you git 'em?"

Then it wus Sylphina's turn to feel as though she must sink, for bein' so proud sperited; it wus like pullin' out a sound tooth, to tell Alzina Ann they wus borrowed.

But bein' so set in tryin' to do right she would have up and told her, but I, feelin' sorry for her, branched off, and asked Nathen if he lived out to vote Republican, or Democrat, or Greenback. So we had no blessin' asked, after all, that day.

Sylphina sighed, and went to porin' out the tea.

Nathen brightened up, and said, if things turned out with him as he hoped they would the comin' fall, he calculated to vote for old Peter Cooper.

I could see from his mean, Josiah was gettin' kinder sick of Alzina Ann, and (though I hain't got a jealous hair in my foretop) I didn't care a mite if he wus, but, truly, werse wus to come.

After supper Josiah and me wus a settin' in the spare room close to the winder, a-lookin' through Sylphina's album, when we heerd Alzina Ann and Sylphina, out under the winder, a-lookin' at Sylphina's speary bed, and Alzina Ann was a-talkin', and says she:

"How pleasant it is here, to your house, Sylphina, perfectly beautiful! Seein' we are both such friends to her, I feel free to tell you what a awful state I find Josiah Allen's wife's house in.

Not a mite of carpet on her sittin' room floor, and nothin' gives a room such a awful look as that. She said it was up to mend, but, between you and me, I don't believe a word of it. I believe it was up for some other purpose. And the curtains wus down in my room, and I had to sleep all the first night in that condition, I might jist as well of sot up, it looked so.

And when she got 'em up the next mornin', they wusn't nuthin' but plain white muslin. I should think she could afford sumthin' a little more decent than that for her spare room. And she hadn't a mite of fruit cake in the house, only two kinds of common-lookin' cake. She said Josiah forgot to give her my letter, and she didn't git word I was comin' till the day I got there, but between you and me, I never believed that for a minit. I believe they got up that story between them to excuse it off, things lookin' so.

If I wuzn't such a friend of hern, and didn't think such a sight of her, I wouldn't mention it for the world. But I think everything of her, and everybody knows I do, so I feel free to talk about her. How humbly she has grown! Don't you think so? And her mind seems to be kinder runnin' down.

For, how under the sun, she can think so much of that simple old husband of hern, is a mystery to me, unless she is growin' foolish. He wus always a poor, insignificant lookin' creeter; but now he is the humbliest and meakenest lookin' creeter I ever seen in human shape. And he looks as old as granfather Richerson, every mite as old, and he is most 90. And he is vain as a pea hen."

I just glanced around at Josiah, and then, intentively, I looked away again.

His countenance was perfectly awful. Truly, the higher we are up the harder it hurts us to to fall down. Bein' lifted up on such a height of vanity and vain glory, and fallen down from it so sudden, it most broke his neck, (speakin' in a poetical and figurative way). I, myself, havin doubts of her all along, didn't feel nigh so worked up and curious, it more sort of maddened me, it kind of operated in that way on me.

And so when she began agin, to run Josiah and me down to the very lowest notch, called us all to naught, made out he wuzn't hardly fit to live, and wuz most fools, and then saying agin:

'I wouldn't say a word about them for the world, if I wuzn't such a friend to 'em.'

Then I rose right up, and stood in the open winder, and it come up in front of me, some like a pulpit, and I s'pose my mean looked considerable like a preacher's, when they get carried away with the subject, and almost by the side of themselves.

Alzina Ann quieted the minute she set her eyes on me, as much or more than any minister ever made a congregation quail, and says she, in tremblin' tones:

'You know I do think everything in the world of you. You know I shouldn't have said a word against you, if I wuzn't such a warm friend of yours.'

'Friend!' says I, in awful exents. 'Friend, Alzina Ann Richerson, you don't know no more about the word, than if you never see a dictionary. You don't know the true meanin' of that word no more than a African babe knows about slidin' down hill.'

Says I: 'The bible gives a pretty good idea what it means; it speaks of a man layin' down his life for his friend. Dearer to him than his own life. Do you s'pose such a friendship as that, would be mistrustin' around, a tryin' to rake up every little fault they could lay hold of and talk 'em over with everybody? Do you s'pose it would creep around under winders, and back-bite, and slander a Josiah?'

I entirely forgot, for the moment, that she had been a talkin' about me, for truly, abuse heaped upon my pardner seems ten times as hard to bear up under, as if it was heaped upon me.

Josiah whispered to me:

'That is right, Samantha! Give it to her!' and upheld by duty, and that dear man, I went on, and says I:

'My friend, those I love and who love me, are sacred to me. Their well-being and their interest are as dear to me as my own. I love to have others praise them, prize them as I do; and I should just as soon think of goin' 'round, tryin' to rake and scrape suthin' to say against myself, as against them.'

Agin I paused for breath, and agin Josiah whispered:

'That is right, Samantha; give it to her!'

Worshipin' that man as I do, his words wus far more inspirin' and stimulatin' to me than root beer.

Agin I went on, and says I:

'Maybe it hain't exactly accordin' to Scripture; there is suthin' respectable in open enmity, in beginnin' your remarks about anybody honestly, in this way.

(Now I detest and despise that man and I am goin' to try to relieve my mind by talkin' about him, jist as bad as I can,) and then proceed to tear him to pieces in a straightforward, manly way.

I don't s'pose such a course would be upheld by the 'postles. But, as I say, there is a element of boldness and courage in it, ammountin' almost to grandeur, when compared to this kind of talk.

'I think everything in the world of that man. I think he is jist as good as he can be, and he hain't got a better friend in the world than I am.'

And then go on, and say everything you can to injure him. Why, a pirate runs up his skeleton and cross-bars, when he's goin' to rob and pillage.

I think, Alzina Ann, if it wus in your place, I would make a good effort, and try and be as noble and magnanimous as a pirate.'

Alzina Ann looked like a white hollyhawk, that had been withered by an untimely frost.

Bat Sylphina looked tickled (she hadn't forgot her sufferens, and the sufferens of Nathen Spooner). And my Josiah looked proud and triumphant in mean. And he told me in confidence, a goin' home, 'that he hadn't seen me look so good to him, as I did when I stood there in the winder, not for upwards of thirteen years.' Says he:

'Samantha, you looked, you did, almost perfectly beautiful.'

That man worships the ground I walk on, and I do his'n.

Mean Congregation.

A clergyman was engaged in 1877 to give his time for one year to a church near Hartford for $400. He preached twice each Sunday, attended two prayer meetings each week, attended funerals, free, visited the sick, delivered nine addresses on temperance, and being handy as a painter produced oil paintings during the year that he sold for $480. His church has paid nothing, and now demands $80 from him, on the ground that as he was hired by the year, all his time and result of his labor belong to the congregation. The minister contemplates engaging to serve the Devil—by preaching to that gang another year!

It is said that rattlesnake oil is a cure for rheumatism. It is known that a live rattlesnake will cause a rheumatic man to move about with a fresh and vigorous step.

Circulation over 2,000.

A BAFFLED CONSPIRACY.

The result of the extra session of Congress is now difinitely known. Whether the adjournment comes soon or late, it is settled that there is to be no change in existing laws. The Election laws will stand. Whatever power has existed for the prevention of fraud will still exist, and the laws will be neither repealed nor emasculated. The Army, also, will remain under the control of a President armed with all the constitutional powers for the enforcement of the laws. Every power that President Hayes or his predecessors has had, to employ the Army and Navy in the suppression of resistance to law, and in the protection of civil officers in the discharge of their duties, President Hayes will retain to the end of his term. So much is settled. The conspiracy of the Democrats to capture the next election by force and fraud, so far as it depended upon any change of the laws, is beaten already.

The Democrats do not yet confess a final defeat. Their backing down from the positions taken and the threats uttered when the extra session was made necessary, and again at the opening of that session, has indeed been complete; no change whatever has been or will be made in the laws which they resolved in caucus to wipe out. As to the present session, they confess defeat, but they still declare that they will renew the contest at the beginning of the regular session in December. But this they could have done without refusing appropriations in February, or making an extra session necessary. Of what use has been this long and costly session, the country will ask, What excuse was there for it, if the contest could after all have been postponed until the regular meeting in December next? The practical people of this country have a wholsome contempt for socalled statesmen who make desperate efforts to do impossible things at unnecessary times, thus involving great expense and long turmoil without any practical excuse. By adjourning the contest, as the Democrats of the Senate have resolved that they must, they confess that the public contempt has been richly deserved.

But they know that a renewal of the struggle next Winter will not help them. No change in the laws is possible even then. The President has taught them what they ought to have known from the outset, that enactments cannot be defeated by a mere refusal to make appropriations. He has given them notice that he has all the power needed to enforce the election laws, whether they make appropriations as the law requires or show themselves lawbreakers by refusing. No repeal of law can be effected without his signature. He has proved that he has all the clearless of mind and fixedness of purpose to prevent any evil change of laws, and it has been shown that his vetoes are death to the bills at which they are aimed. Even if it should be found possible so to frame an appropriation bill as to prevent the enforcement of a law, it is clear that he will veto any such measure. And the Democrats have given proof that they do not dare to stop any branch of the Government on such an issue. What they dare not do to-day, they will not dare to do next Winter. As to the practical ends sought by their revolutionary policy therefore their defeat is final as well as complete.

It is certain, too that the contest will cause the disputed laws to be enforced more thoroughly than ever, and the disputed powers to be employed more efficiently. For, as the President well observes, these enactments depend for their efficiency upon voluntary acts of the people; if citizens do not apply, supervisors and marshals will not be appointed, and if Federal officers have not the courage to enforce laws and to demand protection in doing so, the powers of of the Executive cannot be used. It is well known that there has been great uncertainty among officials all over the South, to what extent and under what circumstances they would be sustained. The contest which Democrats brought on has removed all doubt. Ample notice has been brought to the attention of every officer of the United States that in the full, fearless and faithful discharge of his duty, he will be backed by the President with all the Army and Navy of the United States. The election law, though it stood on the books, was practically unknown to the people in almost all parts of the country. Men did not realize what they could do under it, and therefore, did nothing. Now the law is understood in every county in the land. Now its large powers for the prevention of fraud will be called into use, as they never have been before. Thus it has come to pass that the vain assaults of Democrats upon laws which they were powerless to repeal, have made those laws far more effective than ever before for the prevention of fraud and violence.

Beaten in every practical end sought, the Democrats will presently find that they have also been beaten in an attempt to dodge the financial issues which divided them. To do this with success, it was requisite that new issues should be brought forward, involving some tangible and practicable action, and offering some practical result to be attained. But no such issue can be raised by butting hard Democratic heads against immovable stone walls. So long as the President does not yield, nothing can be done to change the laws until after the next election, and every plain man in the country sees the fact. Any amount of fuss in the next campaign or now will come to nothing. If the Democratic voters cannot elect a President with the laws as they stand, they cannot elect one at all. If they can elect a President with the laws as they stand, there is no sense in railing at laws which do not impair their power. Meanwhile, there will arise, with plain and sensible citizens, a profound disgust at the course of leaders who waste six months in howling about laws which they cannot repeal, and which do not impair Democratic chances of success in any honest way while they stand. Finally, the party has already earned and will receive in full measure hereafter the scorn of sincere men on either side of the financial issue, by its attempt to dodge those questions and crowd them out of the way. It begins to feel that contempt in the action of the Greenback party of Ohio. Before the Summer ends, it will find that the fictitious issue, which it sought to raise by a revolutionary scheme of coercion, has cost the party the support of thousands of honest men, both of hard money and of soft money beliefs.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What is a Doctor?

"Well, what do you say, Mattie, what is a doctor?"

"Oh, he's a man in black, with spectacles, that comes and tells us to put out our tongues."

"What does he do then?"

"He tells mother that little Fanny is a very pretty young lady."

"What else?"

"Then I pinch him, and he tells mother how I am well-behaved and says we're all growin'."

"Well, go on."

"I don't know any more, only he gets in a wagon and drives like lightning 'till he gets round the corner."

"Is that all?"

"Why, when father gets the doctor's bill and says its a big shame and mother says, 'Didn't i tell you you'd better get the children new shoes or you'd have a doctor's bill to pay.'"

"And what does your father say to that?"

"I don't like to tell."

"Well, Johnny, what are you holding up your hands for?"

"I've got a brother, he's studyin' to be a doctor, and I know all about 'em; I hear 'em talk."

"Well, then, what is a doctor?"

"He goes in to keep his hands white, and he knows everything. Father says he's lucky to have such a son as Jim, that can tell him what to do without his having the trouble of asking. He says when he was a boy he used to get licked when he gave his father valuable information; but his age is too long on science for that."

"Your brother reads a good deal, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he always has a lot of big books open on his table; aunty says she knows he learns his lessons thoroughly, 'cause he's always reading at the same place."

"Well, go on."

"He told aunty once there was nothing like a man's giving his whole mind to a thing, and she said that was why his moustache grew so fast."

"What, has he a moustache?"

"I haven't seen it, but I know he's got one, 'cause he's always looking at it and brushing his lip with his finger; besides, he shaves it off every day."

"Anything more about doctors?"

"Oh, yes, lots; he kisses cousin Sarah; he tells her about medicine I guess, 'cause she always seems to feel better afterwards."

"I suppose he is active in his attendance on lectures, isn't he?"

"Yes, he goes everywhere he can to learn anything; he went to see 'Count Jones' and the 'Pinafore' to find out what real life was; he told mother so."

"What did your mother say?"

"She said it helped a young doctor to be acquainted with the aristocracy."

"Does he study hard?"

"You're right he does; he don't let anybody in his room at night but medical students, an' you can hear him study. Father has to get up sometimes and stop his studyin' so hard—oh, he studies awful. Father told him this thing was gettin' played out."

"Of course he writes a good deal?"

"No, he don't; he says he's too busy studying to waste time on writing; he's hired a poor literary fellow to do it."

"What does he write?"

"He calls it a—s—it begins with T."

"Thesis?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Does he try chemical experiments?"

"I don't know, but he works on medicines; I saw him pourin' 'em out for the others to drink; he said they was tryin' different kinds of medicines; then he laughed."

"So you think he's pre