The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

ATTORNEYS AT-LAW.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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 at. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '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. & H. 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. KIMMEL, 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, entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, evidence searched, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. may9

F. J. KOOSER, 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 the adjoining counties. Office in Printing Press 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, P

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be faithfully and promptly attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Baptist Church.

J. H. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care will be promptly attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done at short notice. Inquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. aug13

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main St., opposite the Lutheran church.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. apr 22, '79-tf.

DR. S. BEUHAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barn Hotel.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material 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 the citizens of town and surrounding country; office in building recently occupied by Dr. Miller; residence on Clarke Grove. april29

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. may2

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Nell's new building, Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa. may21

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office in Casebeer & Frease'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 enlarge my facilities that I can now put sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if you think so any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have not fitted for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get their money back. Office free of charge. may1

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$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., June 11 Portland, Maine.

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A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS.

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THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect. If they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine; or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,

are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

will restore the healthy action and all these sufferings will be banished; sickness driven from the system and health will come to those who use it. Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will come more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back?

Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?

Why be so fearful because of disordered urine?

Kidney-Wort will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is a dry vegetable compound and One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Make upon between

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Cut this out and mail) Burlington, Vt.

TO OUR FRIENDS —AND THE— PUBLIC GENERALLY!

A. J. CASEBEER, of the old and well-known firm of

CASEBEER & CO.,

has just returned from Philadelphia, where he purchased a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS;

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EXCLUSIVELY for CASH

We can do better for our

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Than any store in town or county that does not.

WE WILL PAY CASH OR EXCHANGE GOODS FOR Flour, Wheat, Maple Sugar, Oats, Corn and Beef hides.

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CASEBEER & CO. Sept. 17

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Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

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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. aug13.

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Citizens and visitors will find it to their interest and comfort to buy Cigars and Tobacco at my store.

I believe I can undersell any establishment in the county, and am certain that my stock cannot be excelled in quality. Cheroots and cigarettes for beginners in the practice of smoking, and Tobacco and Pipes for those accustomed to narcotics, are kept on hand. Very choice brands of Chewing Tobacco and Cigars have just been received and are disposed of at less prices than have been heard of since the war began. A choice lot of Pipes on hand. The best Fine Cut in the market is sold over my counter.

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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.

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes. May 29

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for resuling or other components, trade marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to. Inventions that have been REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

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C. A. SNOW & CO. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

LYDIA INCANTATA.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted.
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enscrolled:
"Whatever hand would win me
To strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to trial
To find the magic string
(If there were such a thing.)
Then, after such essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won:
But when his song was done,
Although the hard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared,
And the high hall resounded
With a merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed at that soon after.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The listners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wreath and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

Theodore Tilton.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A lovely afternoon in October. A party of young people, carrying paper bags, satchels and baskets, strolling up a pleasant country road. Leaning over the garden gate of the picturesque and many-gable house they have just left, looking after them, the gentleman shading his eyes from the sun with his right hand—Mrs. Melicent Ogden, widow, and Mr. Sidney Maurice, old bachelor.

Mr. Maurice (turning to his companion, still shading his eyes). One would imagine, judging from those happy youths and maidens, that the violets were here instead of the golden rod, and that the roses were coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go as merrily to gather autumn leaves as they went to seek for May's sweet blossoms. Life's spring makes all seasons its own.

Mrs. Ogden (laughingly). True. But that is no reason you should protect your sight any longer. You have turned your back upon the sun.

Mr. Maurice (dropping his hand, and walking beside her, as she saunters toward the grape arbor). When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly). That was a great many years ago.

Mr. Maurice. We'll say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it to be nineteen). At least sixteen.

Mr. Maurice. Is it possible? Looking at you, I can scarcely believe it to be half that number.

Mrs. Ognen. You have not lost your talent for flattering.

Mr. Maurice. I could not lose what I never possessed. I abhor flattery. Time must have fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life—I don't wonder at it—and the old graybeard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, only gazed upon you smilingly, and passed on. No hand of his has been laid upon your dark tresses. He has never touched your broad smooth brow. Your wine-brown eyes have the same sparkle and your pretty mouth the same smile as of old. Only your form is more matronly, and your chin not quite as round, and I should suspect—glancing at her plump hand—that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopena I ever gave you—I let you catch me, by-the-way—was a pair of gloves. As for me, the foot-prints of the crow are plainly visible around my eyes, my hair and my moustache are turning gray, and the buttons and button-holes of the brown coat in which you first beheld me—it was at the elder Miss Sargent's sixteenth birthday party, and you threw Bob Taylor over immediately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening—wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. Ogden. 'Tis false! He has only touched you with one finger. You look your age, I will confess—nine-and-thirty (she knows he is forty-one) but not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no "silver threads among the gold." So, Mr. Maurice, you get no sympathy from meon that score

They reach the arbor, and seat themselves upon a rustic bench shaded by heavy vines.

Mr. Maurice, suddenly, after a few moments' thought. Ah! Melicent, what happy, happy days those were when, you seventeen and I two-and-twenty, were so wildly in love with each other. That is, when I was wildly in love with you, and you also thought you were very much in love with me.

Mrs. Ogden. I remember the day we went for water-lilies, and came near being drowned.

Mr. Maurice. And I said: In what more beautiful shape could death come to us? The smiling sky above, the smiling waters beneath, and the fragrant flowers around us.

Mrs. Ogden. You were always awfully poetical. But in spite of the poetry, I caught a severe cold, and looked like a fright for a week. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were sauntering through the woods one August day, and the fearful clap that shattered the maple-tree beneath which we sought shelter?

Mr. Maurice. Can I recall it? Can I ever forget it, you mean. For the same clap which you call fearful, but which I thought Heaven sent, threw you into my arms, and—I kissed you.

Mrs. Ogden, blushing rosy red. And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and, stopping to rest on the porch of the Widow Marshall's cottage when half way home, forgot them, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers and vases and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice, with emphasis. In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. Ogden, ignoring the interruption. And the day I stole the jar of peaches from the storeroom, when we contemplated a lunch among the hens and chickens in the barn.

Mr. Maurice. And the day I started for Japan, and you promised to remain true to me forever? Do you remember that?

Mrs. Ogden, leaning forward to look down the garden path. Indistinctly.

Mr. Maurice, impulsively. Melicent, why weren't you true to me?

Mrs. Ogden. I was; though appearances, I confess, were against me.

Mr. Maurice. You were true to me? Why, I hadn't been gone three months, when I heard of your flirting desperately with Jack Hall!

Mrs. Ogden. Poor Jack! He was so entertaining, and used to say so many funny things. I nearly died a-laughing at them many a time. But as to flirting with him—you accused me of it in your second letter, and I was so indignant that I did not answer it—

Mr. Maurice, sarcastically. Ah! it was indignation, then, that kept you from replying?

Mrs. Ogden. I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Will Brown.

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Will! His brains were all in his feet. What a capital dancer he was! No one could keep step with me as he did. And it's so refreshing to find a partner who don't tread on your train, or jerk you awkwardly about, or stop before the dance is half through. I did dance with him a great deal one winter, but that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Percy Germain?

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Percy! I never heard anybody, not even you, repeat poetry—especially love poetry—as well as he did.

Mr. Maurice. And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh, bless his dear old heart! He took me out yachting three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's Day. But the idea of flirting with him! (Laughing merrily). Fancy one's flirting with one's grandfather.

Mr. Maurice. And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh, dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. Maurice. And you?

Mrs. Ogden. I? I regarded them as brothers, with the exception of Mr. Atkins. I thought of him as I said before, as of a grandfather.

Mr. Maurice. But, Mr. Ogden, whose wife you became—you must have regarded him as something more than a brother, or—a grandfather?

Mrs. Ogden. Well, yes, Sydney—I should say Mr. Maurice—

Mr. Maurice. I am quite satisfied with Sydney.

Mrs. Ogden. I did. Fred was a fine-looking, dark-eyed, Spanish-complexioned fellow, with an Italian voice. He sang divinely, and you know I always adored music; what a pity you don't sing! and you look so barytoney; and he was here and you were in Japan; and one lovely moonlit summer eve Fred sang that lovliest of love songs, 'Ah, te o cara,' from *Puritani*, you know, in a heavenly manner. I was completely carried away by it, and when I came back to earth again I found myself engaged. I had promised myself for a song.

Mr. Maurice, meaningly. He was very wealthy, was he not?

Mrs. Ogden, demurely. Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. Maurice. After you married him.

Mrs. Ogden. After I married him.—You seem to be well informed on the subject. (With a little sigh.) He was a very good husband, and never scolded me during all the ten years of our married life.

Mr. Maurice. And you loved him?

Mrs. Ogden. Certainly. As soon as we were engaged I considered it my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. Maurice. Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs Ogden. You had not written for three months. You were angry about some one of the 'brothers' or the 'grandfather'—I forget which; and papa, who didn't like you as well as mamma did, said you weren't coming back for five years. Five years! why, that length of time seems an eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked papa, and he was on Fred's side anyhow. And yet, now that we are old people, I will confess that I *was* very fond of you. I never went to gather spring flowers with anyone else.

Mr. Maurice. Nor water-lilies?

Mrs. Ogden. Nor water-lilies.

Mr. Maurice. Never was caught in a thunderstorm with a 'brother' or a 'grandfather'?

Mrs. Ogden. Never.

Mr. Maurice. In short, you only *married* another?

Mrs. Ogden, not noticing the last remark. And you—can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? Are you quite sure you have not left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. Maurice. Quite sure. I don't like almond eyes. I like well-opened large, wine-brown eyes that glow in the light like rare old sherry. Melicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a *pretty* woman.

Mrs. Ogden, with much animation. Sydney, Miss Ballston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfully fond of you. She knows all your favorite dishes. I can only remember you have a fancy for poached eggs and peaches. She ordered your breakfast before you came down this morning, to save you the trouble, she said, and you fairly beamed when the waiter brought it to you. She reads Macaulay mornings to talk him with you evenings. She practices—oh, heavens, how she practices!—when you're away, the two songs you like so well—'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' She is pretty. You needn't shrug your shoulders, she is. True, the blue of her eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not as goldy as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long—

Mr. Maurice. I never admired fair hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Ogden. She would be constant, I know she would. I never saw any male body paying her the slightest attention. I mean I never saw her coquetting with any one. She never could be sung away from you! Never! I'd stake my life on that.

Mr. Maurice, absently. What fools we men are!

Mrs. Ogden. Have you just discovered it?

Mr. Maurice. We forgive everything to the women we love, and we love bewitching, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts—

Mrs. Ogden. And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

Mr. Maurice. Because we *are* fools, I suppose. Melicent, have you any charity for a fool?

Mrs. Ogden. It depends upon what 'fool,' and the manner of his foolishness.

Mr. Maurice, rising. He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithlessness, he loves you still. Will you marry him?

Mrs. Ogden, also rising, and looking anxiously toward the west, where the clouds are darkening. If it were not too late in the season, I should fear we were threatened with a thunder-storm.

Mr. Maurice, extending his arms. If you are at all frightened, Melicent, come to your old refuge. I am as ready to receive and kiss you as on that summer day, some sixteen years ago.

She bends toward him. He then folds her in his arms and kisses her.

She, looking smilingly up in his face. Sydney, to become your wife will be a fearful punishment. Pause before you inflict it upon me, for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring flowers, no more summer blossoms for us, nothing but autumn leaves.

He, my darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.—*Bazar.*

The Character of Christ.

This character, of which Christ was the perfect model, is in itself so attractive, so 'altogether lovely,' that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truth which He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would do without Him. Take away the blessing of the advent of His life and the blessings purchased by His death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost and darkness.

In my view of the life, the teachings, the labors and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of scepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are yet to come.—*Bayant.*

Cost of the 'Know How.'

There was much gumption evinced by that particular darkey whose master was a surgeon, who had performed on another darkey an operation requiring a high degree of skill. This latter darkey was well-to-do, and the surgeon charged him twenty-five dollars for the operation. Meeting the doctor's servant afterward, this dialogue occurred:

"Dat was a mighty steep charge of the doctor's for cuttin' on me tudder day."

"How much did de boss charge?"

"Well, Julius, he charge me twenty-five dollars."

"Go 'long, nigzah, dat ain't much charge."

"Well, he wasn't more dan three or four minutes doin' it, and I think five dollars was all he oughter took."

"Look-a-heah, Sam; you don't un'stan' 'bout dat ting. You see de boss have to spend a great many year larnin' how to use dat knife, an' it cost him heaps o' money. Now de fact am dat he only charge you five dollars for the operation; de tudder twenty dollars he charge for the *know how.*"

"That's it—the time and money to learn the *know how.*—*Harper's Magazine.*

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go to the South where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips, "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from going to hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business!" said Phillips.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20, 1879.

Washington is beginning to resume its society smile and political manners. Congress with its numerous nondescript train is beginning to arrive. The Executive and his cabinet have at length settled down in their homes. Foreign ministers, attaches of legation, military and naval officers may again be seen driving or promenading on the great boulevard that stretches from the Treasury department to the Capitol. Dashing government clerks, aristocratic daughters of a bankrupt old regime, and stylish parvenudom, opulent in government contracts, vie in the display of Parisian fashions and American manners on Pennsylvania avenue. In short the political mill, Mammons court, and Vanity Fair, have been again brought in proximity at the only place where they can be seen in such development, on this side of the globe. What are these to us or we to them? Has not every American citizen a political sphere in his municipality, county or State? And as for the sphereless six, or, at least, those whose sphere is in dispute, have they not social realms of their own—little pent up Uticas of fashion, narrow and provincial, they may call them, but they contain the germ and the elements of all that we see in Washington, Boston, or the proudest court of Europe. But it is well for one, both bodily and mentally, to get out of his accustomed environment for a little while and, as the most eminent investigators have not yet thought it beneath them to study the lowliest forms of life and the most primitive systems of polity, the American citizen and citogenne will find their horizon broadened and their usefulness enchanced by studying political movements and social tendencies, at the only seat of National Government that is accessable to them. Those who imagine there is nothing worth knowing outside their own village in Virginia, will make a greater mistake than the greatest mistake of Dr. Johnson, for the village which he mistook for the world was London.

The habitue of Washington who has been away during the summer will observe but few changes. The city has grown to such grand proportions that the addition of a hundred or more houses make no perceptable addition to the mass. It is only when some new and imposing building is added, like the annex to the Smithsonian Institution, or the new Government printing office in South Washington, which are about half completed, that the architectural growth can be seen becomes conspicuous. Few capitals have so many and such splendid public offices as our own, and on none is so much money lavished for interior adornment and luxury. In this respect the contrast between the U. S. Treasury offices and the Bank of England is striking and suggestive. In the Treasury department offices are richly carpeted, supplied with mirrors, easy chairs and lounges, in the other only coarse matting covers the stone floor, and it is in other respects furnished with little less severity than a prison. The appearance of the committee rooms of the Houses of Parliament contrast with the chambers of our congressional committees as does the cell of a recluse with a ladies' boudoir.

C. A. S.

A Coon Swallowed by a Snake.

Not many years ago the writer was homeward bound from the South. When our boat drew up to the bank a few miles below Vicksburg, to take on wood, a number of passengers, I among the rest, ventured ashore. While engaged in drawing down a huge streamer of Spanish moss, my attention was called to a raccoon that was descending a leaning tree a few yards away. Approaching, I discovered a very large serpent eagerly inspecting his coonship, and seemingly speculating on the amount of nitrogenous matter surrounded by that glossy hide. Down came the coon, and his serpent foe swallowed him without a struggle. By this time a number of the party were on the spot, and we were preparing to liberate the animal by opening the abdomen of the snake, when to our surprise the coon emerged from the caudal extremity of his living person, and scrambled for the tree he had recently occupied. In this attempt he was foiled. The wily serpent seized him, tail foremost, and sent him howling home. But not as easy as before, for the coon resisted every effort of deglutition, and in this he was aided by the displacement of his fur, for the snake was swallowing him against the nap. Such being the case, we concluded the coon would never find the way out via the alimentary, and we again prepared to open the reptile. In this we were mistaken, for after a series of struggles, starts, stops, blind switches, etc., he struck the main track and came backing out, bewildered but not discouraged, and again set out for the tree. But the snake arrested him head foremost this time, and drawing up his his huge body into a dozen or more lateral angles, curves and convulsions, hoping thereby to retain him, he slid him down his esophagus like a worm lozenge. 'But all too late.' The cunning coon had learned the route, with all its by-roads, blind paths, drifts, dips and angles. He again emerged, only to be seized by the hungry serpent, who now stood guard at the door.

This was repeated until the serpent was enfeebled by exertion, and the coon animated with success, came galloping through like a steer in a cornfield, sprung clear of his foe and regained the tree. The snake was then killed.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A young lady advertised for a maid. One applied, and, in response to the inquiry whether she was quick, she replied: Oh, so quick that I will engage to dress you in half an hour." "In half an hour," reiterated the young lady; "and what shall I do the rest of the day?

Fogs are mist before the yare gone.

Ice Waggee Comee Nextee.

A short time ago the hub of the universe was visited by a terrible thunderstorm, accompanied by a well developed sample of a Kansas tornado. Many lives were lost among the shipping along the Massachusetts coast, and especially in Boston harbor. The damage to glass in the city of Boston was very heavy. The next day after the storm one firm on Canal street reported the sale of 2,000 panes of window glass. The whole performance was without a precedent in the memory of the oldest native. The startling appearance of the sky previous to the bursting of the shower warned travelers and pedestrians to seek cover. Among the many careless ones caught in the storm was George B., a young reporter of the Boston *Telephone.* He was caught by the shower on Hanover street, and stepped into a doorway to wait until the heaviest was over. George had company in the doorway. There were two Chinese washees from Howard street and several less aquarious looking individuals, each and all of whom, it would be safe to say, had not for a long time back had any very close relations with a laundry. The rain fell in torrents, and soon great hailstones struck the sidewalk and rebounded a few feet in the air. Rushing out in the rain, the enthusiastic reporter got several specimens, drew a tape line from his pocket, measured them carefully and recorded the exact figures in his memorandum. Repeating this operation several times, he attracted the attention of some young clerks in the office up stairs, who broke large chunks of ice from the block in the ice cooler, and threw them out to the reporter, who measured them carefully and recorded the result. Every one in that doorway was struck with the size of the hailstones, and the Chinamen were exhibiting eyes of an unusual roundness and prominence. One of the chaps in the office accidentally dropped the balance of the block of ice from which the monster hailstones had been chipped, and it came down and landed on the sidewalk with an immense crash. It must have weighed all of 20 pounds, and spattered the water right and left. Just at this instant came that awful crash of thunder that startled every one that heard it, and of which the papers spoke next day. This was too much for John Chinaman. They both ran yelling up the street, in the driving rain, the last one saying as he cleared the doorway:

"Wheopee up, belle! Icee waggee commee nextee. Goon bye John."

How Gold in the Assistant N. Y. Treasury is Kept and Watched.

This structure contains at present $114,000,000 of the national wealth. The details may be given thus: $11,000,000 in silver, $130,000,000 in gold and $23,000,000 in greenbacks. The new silver vault, which has been in use some months, will store 40,000,000, and the present prospect indicate that it will soon be filled. The vault is in the basement and connected by an elevator with the specie room on the main floor.

The silver is placed in bags containing $1,000 each, and the varied issue of coins are kept separate. Gold is held in bags containing $5,000, and greenbacks in packages each of one thousand notes. In addition to the silver vault there are two other vaults on the main floor, each of which is built on the plan of a first-class safe. They contain the gold and the greenbacks, the lock combination being held by Mr. Ashley, the specie clerk, and Mr. Brittain the cashier. Once a month, the surveyor of the port makes an examination of the treasure on hand, but with this exception it is under the care of the above mentioned officials.

At night four men, suitably armed, are put on guard and patrol the main floor. Eight men are engaged in the service, their tour being alternate nights. During the day there are two policemen in their usual uniform on duty in the hall, in addition to which two detectives in ordinary citizens dress are keeping watch. One of these, Thomas Simpson, is an expert of high order of skill, and hence demands a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year.

These detectives often see professional thieves loitering around, but as the latter all know Simpson, his presence prevents any attempt at crime. The watchmen receive $75 per month. They come in at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the detectives leave, and then lock up and remain until relieved in the morning. In addition to this the treasury has lately been put in a condition of self-defense against the attack of a mob. The windows are protected by steel bars, and the inside shutters are perforated with loopholes. The entire clerical force is seventy, for each of whom a musket is kept in the armory. Such a force could hold a large body at bay, but in addition to this Gatling guns will be stationed on the roof, which will insure the safety against popular violence. The vast institution is under the general care of T. Hillhouse, Assistant Treasurer. He was bred in the western part of the State, and has held his present office for several years. His salary is $8,000—a small sum for one who must give bonds to the amount of half a million. Next in official importance is Cashier Brittain, whose salary is $4,000. The pay here is generally small, and an immense business is done in a very economical manner.

Why the Pyramid was Built.

It was built to supply the Egyptian public with the means of sliding down hill in a country where snow never falls. The Egyptian who paid the requisite entrance fee was allowed to ascend the pyramid by the stair case, and then slide down the polished granite side, plunging pleasantly and harmlessly into the sand at the foot. No sleds or other apparatus needed. The Egyptian simply sat down on the warm and comfortable granite, and slid down without any unpleasant friction. Doubtless this was a fashionable amusement for both sexes and all ages, and the builders or lessees of the Great Pyramid Sliding Bank must have made a good thing out of it.

The Dignity of Office.

A Detroiter who was rusticating in one of the wilderness counties of Michigan, was one day hunting when he came upon a hamlet, consisting of a saw mill, two houses and a log cabin. The sign of Post Office greeted his vision over a door on one of the houses, and he entered. The office was an eight by ten room, and the boxes for mail matter numbered just four.

A written sign on the wall announced that the mail arrived and departed once a week, and the postmaster sat behind a pine table reading the Postal Guide and chewing a