OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1879.

The society of the Army of the Cumberland held interesting services in the big tent, on Wednesday night, after the unveiling ceremonies. The white lot in the rear of the Executive Mansion was black with people. There was a big jam to get in and a big jam after entrance was affected. General Jeff C. Davis presided. The speaker's stand was in the southern end of the tent. The crowd was so great that many people went away, not being able to hear what was going on. Speech making was in order. The exercises were interspersed with music by the Military Academy Band. The audience was very demonstrative.

The President, his Cabinet, Mrs. Hayes, officers of the Army, and distinguished guests were on the stand. Judge MacArthur, of the District bench, delivered the welcome address. "In the name of the District he bade the Army of the Cumberland welcome, welcome, thrice welcome." His speech was eloquent.

General McCook delivered the oration, which was received with loud, long, and continued applause. Miss Story next recited "The Rock of Chickamaugs," a poem, by Edward Renand. The three cheers for Thomas, with which the recitation closed, were given most heartily

General Sherman was called out and made a speech, as also did Generals Buell, McDowell, and Garfield. Calls for "Hayes, Hayes," rose as soon as General Garfield retired. Then, after the President, calls for General Van Vleit, Secretary of War McCreary, Attorney General Devins, and General Slocum were made, each of whom delivered short off-hand remarks, all eulogistic of the life and heroic services of General Thomas. At the close the band struck up "Marching Through Georgia." The large audience sang it and sang it again before leaving the tent.

Going from the tent down town the city seemed ablaze with light. The Treasury building was illuminated by calcium lights all round, bringing out in strong lights and dark shadows its beautiful and classic outlines. The new War, Navy and State Department building was also lit up, that imposing pile making a most beautiful spectacle. Pennsylvania avenue a mile long was lit up by an electric light from the dome of the Capitol. The neighborhood of the Thomas monument was brilliantly illuminated, and thousands of people were out viewing the structure until near midnight.

There is but one opinion in regard to the statue, and that is that it is perfectly elegant.

When the average citizen arose shortly after sunrise on the second morning of the reunion, the first exclamation was, "What a lovely day!" but this was soon succeeded by other than expressions complimentary to the Weather Department, as a brisk snow storm ensued. This, fortunately, continued only for a short season, yet a strong northwesterly wind failed to down at the bidding, and those abroad while tempted to demur, experienced a feeling of relief at the manifest absence of aqueous or icy particles in the atmosphere. The streets, at an early hour, were thronged by members of various societies, organizations, etc., and, altogether, the second ceremonial day, while less propitious than Wednesday, was none the less enjoyed.

At ten o'clock the society met at Williard's Hall, the tent in the white lot having been blown down by the high wind. At the meeting General Sherman read a letter, signed by the widow and daughter of General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, in which they indignantly repelled the insinuation that this brave officer ever faltered in his devotion to the Union.

At the conclusion of the reading, General Sherman offered a resolution, which was adopted by a unanimous rising vote, tendering the sympathy of the society to General Anderson's widow and daughter. The following despatch was then sent her:

MRS. ROBERT ANDERSON,
New York:

"The society of the Army of the Cumberland extend to you its most affectionate greetings. It has just heard from Generals Sherman and Jeff C. Davis, of the cruel slander, which has found some currency, insinuating that Major Robert Anderson once swerved in his loyalty. Such a rumor needed no contradiction in the Army of the Cumberland."

Jeff C. Davis said that he commanded Major Robert Anderson's rear guard when he evacuated Fort Moultrie to take Fort Sumter, and that anyone who had been with him that night would never questioned "Bob's" loyalty. He believed that secession was a heresy. Columbia made no mistake when Bob Anderson let slip the dogs of war. Thomas and Anderson both spelled Nation with a big N. [Great applause.]

General Phil Sheridan was elected President for the ensuing year, and Toledo, Ohio, designated as the place of next meeting.

At noon the members proceeded to the boat which carried them to Mount Vernon, and the proceedings of the meeting were continued on the boat. General Barnum, of New York, called the attention of the society to the recent death of General Joe. Hooker, and, after a brief eulogy, offered a resolution expressive of the feelings of those present over his demise, which was adopted. A committee was appointed to co-operate with a like committee of the Army of the Potomac, in raising a statue in honor of fighting Joe.

A debate followed as to the advisability of proceeding on the trip to Mount Vernon, as the wind was blowing big guns and some of the ladies felt badly before the boat got into the middle of the stream. It was thought that there would be considerable sea sickness, but a remark to the effect that many would be "half seas over" anyway before they got back, caused uproarous laughter, and put flight to this consideration. General Fullerton, the Treasurer, said he would like to make his report before they got out in the stream, for "when the breezes blow, I generally go below." He was immediately set upon and summarily ejected, but was allowed to return upon a solemn promise not to refer to Pinafore again.

General Garfield said that it was but just and proper that the society should in some formal way extend its deepest thanks to the three military organizations of Virginia—the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, Alexandria Light Infantry, and Norfolk City Guards—who had participated in the procession and assisted at the unveiling ceremonies, and who "forgetting past differences by their presence paid respect to our hero and their fellow citizen." The Secretary was directed to officially inform these companies of the action of the society and the adoption of the resolution of thanks which followed.

At Mount Vernon the party landed and formed in ranks of twos, and with the Columbus Barracks band in front, marched to tunes of beautiful hymns through the grounds, the home and last resting place of the Father of our Country. As the procession reached the tomb all heads were uncovered in respect to his memory. When the procession reached the mansion ranks broke and every one proceeded to the mansion. The things of interest to be seen here are of unusual character and will form a letter at some future period. About two and a half o'clock the whistle was blown, and soon the grounds were cleared and all aboard. An elegant lunch was then indulged in by all. General Garfield opened the proceedings with a short speech, after which General Barnum gave several recitations, and various songs were sung.

A gentleman who had been an interested spectator of the proceedings at this point stood up and stated that as a soldier who had fought against General Hooker, and who carried a Federal bullet in his bosom, he wished to raise his voice in honor of the memory of that great General (cheers). He had fought for what he thought was right, but the arbitrament of war had decided against him. It would be a long time hence, however, when he would not be willing to extend the hand of fraternal friendship to those who had fought against him. He now wished to join the Army of the Cumberland in doing honor to one of the bravest, purest and best Generals who ever lived—General George H. Thomas. (Loud cheers and cries of "Good for you!") He stated in response to a question that his name was S. E. Watkins, and that he was clerk of the Court of Howard county, Maryland General Garfield said that Mr Watkin's voice was only the first of that great orchestra of voices that would rise from the States all over the Union in honor of General Thomas. The Army of the Cumberland gave its hand to Mr. Watkins and wished there were a million Watkinses. Such hands as his the Army of the Cumberland would always grasp in fraternal welcome and love. Watkins carried a bullet of the Army of the Cumberland. He now carries its heart. The Army of the Cumberland sent its bullet to wound; it sent its heart to heal. He, Garfield, was glad the day of wounding was over and that the day of healing had come. He was proud of a great many things, but of nothing so much as the love and esteem of his comrades. In conclusion he paid a tribute to the memory of General Thomas, who he said had ever been actuated by the highest motives.

General Negley, of Pittsburgh, and others followed in short speeches full of patriotism. General Kimball made a very happy speech, which kept the company in continuous laughter. He was vociferously applauded throughout, hardly uttering a sentence that did not cause his hearers to become convulsed with laughter. In the main it was a reply to Mark Twain's recent speech on babies. The company dispersed on the arrival of the boat at the wharf, after all joining in singing "The Battle-cry of Freedom," "John Brown's Body," "Marching Through Georgia," and other patriotic songs, closing with "Home, Sweet Home," and re-entered their busses and were driven to their several hotels.

The President's reception in honor of the reunion followed at 7 o'clock The White House was brilliant with light and color, handsome uniforms and elaborate toilets. The east room and the several parlors were decorated in elegant taste. Flowers, bunting and smilax were everywhere The hall running east and west through the house was adorned with flags, and the pots of evergreen along either side, under the brilliant lights overhead, made quite a pleasing contrast. The conservatory was thrown open, and was just lighted enough to make the picture enchanting.

Through the hall to the conservatory, and through its evergreen pathways was a favorite promenade. The reception continued until nearly ten. In the centre of the east room the President and Mrs. Hayes stood, and Senator Matthews and his wife, who were stopping with the President.

The guests as they marched in were presented to the President by Mr. Webb Hayes, and passing on, were introduced to Mrs. Hayes by Colonel Casey, who in turn introduced them to Mrs. Matthews, who presented them to her husband. The hand shaking was constant. The President had a pleasant word to say to all, and Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Matthews were very happy in their short greetings.

After paying their respects to the President and party, the guests found other pleasant receptions awaiting them. All the Cabinet officers, except the Secretary of War, were present, in different parts of the room. The reception rivaled in brilliancy and attendance any reception ever held by President and Mrs. Hayes at the Executive Mansion. The officers of the army and navy were attired in full-dress uniforms, while the members of the Army of the Cumberland were attired in the conventional black. The costumes of the ladies were especially noticeable for richness and elegance. Mrs. Hayes wore lemon-colored silk and satin, and Mrs. Matthews damask silk trimmed with lace. The east room and parlors were filled for nearly three hours, during which time the building sounded with the sweetest music from the Marine band and the Military Academy band. The last visitors left in time for the opening of the ball at the Capitol. Here a grand promenade concert was given in place of having it in the big tent, which had blown down. It was the climax of the honor to the old soldiers.

Although the night was bitter cold and the wind swept down over the city in fierce and flitting gusts, yet about ten thousand persons were there. When the committee found that it was out of the question to have the entertainment in the tent, they set about at once to secure another place. The Capitol being the only place large enough, they sought out Speaker Randall and obtained permission from him to hold the ball there.

The authorities in charge of the Senate side evidently did not consider they had a right to throw open their wing for a public entertainment—a thing almost unprecedented—and therefore placed barriers in the corridors leading to their side of the building.

These, however, were soon carried away by the more daring promenaders, and the sacred precincts of the Senate were invaded with impunity. President and Mrs. Hayes reached the Capitol about ten o'clock; but, after making a circuit of the rotunda in the crowd, and finding it was packed uncomfortably, soon left the building.

PICKET.

A Sad Mistake.

The Rev. George Trask, of Massachusetts, was noted throughout the State as an able and eloquent lecturer against tobacco and all intoxicating drinks. At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whiskey could expect to live more than four or five years after beginning to use them. And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive was his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said:

"I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask a question. One of my neighbors is an old man, some 75 years of age, and has used both tobacco and whisky—all he could get—ever since he was 35 years of age, that is, for some 40 years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whisky could not live more than five or six years?"

Mr. Trask was somewhat startled and to gain time for collecting his thoughts began asking some questions.

"How old did you say that man was?"

"Some 75 years."

"And has been using both tobacco and whisky ever since he was thirty-five?"

"Yes, using them constantly and freely."

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that is going on?"

"Wa'al, no; I don't think that he does."

"Does he seem to love anybody?"

"Wa'al, no."

"Does he seem even to hate anybody?"

"No, I don't think he does; he seems to be sort of indifferent to everything."

"Well," said Mr. Trask who had by this time gathered up his wits, "your old man has evidently been dead for some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him."

Amid the shout of laughter that rose upon the answer, the audience broke up, and Mr. Trask was relieved.—*Harper's Drawer.*

How the Captain's Patent Worked.

Having piped all hands to splice the main-brace, the captain had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and, ascended the quarterdeck of the craft, he took possession of the tiller-ropes (as he styled the reins), and said:

"Now, boys, my invention is very simple—I might make a million dollars of it maybe, but I ain't going to patent it. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line onto the mizzen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapnel. I shall bring this here hoss along the road under double-reefed topsail, sails, and then one of you cusses scare him—open an umbrella at him, or something; then, when he goes tearing along about twenty-five knots an hour and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride on the gale. Git up!"

The horse came jogging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified animal stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested spectators beheld the fearless cap'n sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze; then, with a triumphant smile, they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry "Yo, heave, no!" The grapnel dragged for a few moments in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Cap'n Cornwell rose into the air like a bird on the wing and sailed majestically forward, alighting on his ear: the horse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tearing and smashing, all the wagon vanished into thin air except a piece of the mizzen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened.

Captain Cornwell can't precisely understand why, when the tackle held, he wasn't able to ride out the gale, but is not discouraged, and will repeat the experiment as soon as he has had a new buggy built upon lines of his own designing. Life insurance canvassers are bearing down upon him from all quarters and the liveliest interest is manifested in the neighborhood. We wish the gallant captain all success.—*Chicago Weekly Tribune.*

A Dangerous Juryman.

The latest argument against the jury system comes from southern Colorado.

During the recent trial of a case there one of the lawyers began to practice a little of his favorite process of cross-examination, the subject upon whom he directed his skillful harpooning being a woman and the performance being to the manifest discomfort of a brawny-looking juryman whose appearance indicated him to be as careless of the restrictions of law as the wild buffalo of the boundless Western prairies. As the cross-examination reached a particular point, he astonished the court by springing to his feet, thrusting his hand into his hip pocket, and exclaiming:

"Hi thar, Mr. Stick-in-the-mud! Jack McCabe won't low no man to talk to a woman in that shape; not while he's round!"

The Judge rebuked honest Jack, and he slunk into his seat, embarrassed, but mad.

The lawyer turning, upon him with withering scorn, began bombastically:

"Of what weight with me is the opinion of an ignorant juryman?——"

"That's what I thought," said Jack, as, with one bound, he cleared the rail and wound himself around the lawyer.

Before a constable could reach and separate the struggling pair, Jack had lacerated the lawyer so that he was obliged to give up the case and go home on a shutter. The juryman nearly cleared out the court before he could be placed under arrest, disabling two constables and putting the crier and Judge to flight.

Noah was the first man who strictly observed lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879.

AN EVENING WITH GOUGH.

It was my good fortune to be present at a notable gathering the other night. It was a parlor reception to John B. Gough, on his return from a lecturing campaign in Great Britain, which has eclipsed every former brilliant triumph of his wonderful career.

There was the slight, nervous figure and diminutive head and face of the merchant prince, Wm. E Dodge, whose twinkling eyes dance one moment with merriment, and are suffused the next with a melting tenderness we are accustomed to look for only in a woman. Beyond him stood the solid figure and striking face of the Judge whose sentence hurled Tweed from place and power, and consigned him to a prison cell, Chief Justice Noah Davis. Without fear and without reproach he treads the oft-polluted halls of Justice with a spotless ermine, and carries on his face the soft cross-lines of a gentleness so singular that you feel a strange fascination in his presence. He says that Gough has done more to prevent crime than any man living, and that he knows no higher possible need of praise to award to man than that. There, too, was Dr. Taylor, successor to Dr. Thompson as pastor of that old Bulwark of Freedom, the Broadway Tabernacle. Impartial critics generally pronounce Dr. Taylor the best preacher in New York, notwithstanding his habits of thrusting hands and arms down into his capacious pockets and drawling through his nose. One of the few people who do not admire him once said to me:

"Why, *I'd* be willing to drawl like that for $14,000 a year!"

Then there was Dr. Newman, late of the Metropolitan Church at Washington; friend of General Grant, ex-inspector of Asiatic consulates, with a strong failing for "Hima-alyan snows" and "The Cosmos;" portly, kindly, scholarly, with a real title to greatness which the general world would more gladly recognize if the doctor could only seem less conscious of its validity. There, too, was he of the prolific pen and rattling, ringing oratory, Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, who carries in his face and deportment no sign of the wonderful capacity lodged in his brain, or the boisterous humor that keeps him, old man that he is, acting like a mischievous, fun-loving boy. He calls Mr. and Mrs. Gough "BROTHER JOHN AND SISTER MARY," for he has known and loved them tenderly ever since an awkward young man in country clothes began stirring with his eloquence the people of the Foundry Chapel in Washington over 30 years ago.

Dr. Ormiston was there too—with that head of hair. Did you ever see that hair? No! Well, then, do you never visit this wicked city and go away again without hearing one of the Doctor's good old-fashioned, solid sermons—and seeing that hair! Imagine a Kaffir, a Bushman, a South Sea Islander and a Jack-in-a-Box combined—as to hair; then scalp the front half of him in a straight line across from ear to ear and polish the bare part with sapolio; then comb all the hair on the posterior half of the head out eight inches at a right angle with the skull line without a single hair reclining to its neighbor, and without a pretense of a part or any sort of a highway through the wilderness, and you have only then begun to get a faint, glimmering idea of the museum this saintly old man carries about in his hat.

Good old Dr. Burchard was there, who after forty years of pastorate surprised his people with a resignation, which nobody had asked for, simply because he wanted to drop out before people had wearied of him, and getting a surprise himself in a purse of some $13,000 as a love offering from his church. But I must talk about Gough, if I am going to.

The awkward young man in country clothes has left a wonderful imprint on the time in which he lives. He has addressed more people than any man who ever lived except Whitfield, and probably more than even him. Lecture bureaus unanimously declare that he draws better houses and pays better than any other lecturer, and he has traveled and lectured till a total of his travels represent a journey of three times the circumference of the earth. For fifteen months he has been laboring in England. Just before his departure I was present at a temperance meeting in Cooper Institute, when Gough made his appearance quietly at a rear door and tried to reach a back seat unobserved. Some one recognized him and called out that "Gough was present," when the entire audience turned round and demanded that he take the platform. He reluctantly came forward and made a twenty minute speech, more powerful and tremendous than any bit of oratory I ever heard from pulpit, bar or platform. His magnificent eloquence burst over that vast audience like a swelling tornado, and swayed and swept and overwhelmed his hearers till every ordinary expression of enthusiasm seemed inadequate to convey their feelings, and his auditors abandoned themselves wholly to his magic influence, and were swept along helpless upon its tremendous and resistless torrent.

Gough is an old man, now, and while he promises to live many years yet, ten years more will probably see his honored name stricken from lecture bureau lists, and the silver-tongued English boy will have struck his last hot blow at intemperance and made his last public appeal to the citizens of his adopted country. He went to Europe for rest, expecting to deliver but thirty lectures, but before he reached the dock at Liverpool he was besieged with committees from every part of the kingdom all uttering the same cry, "Come up and help us." The condition of affairs was so stirring that, deferring his rest, he plunged into the work as never before in his life, and delivered over one hundred and fifty lectures. He told us of nine Lord Bishops lately espousing the cause of total abstinence, of Spurgeon at last adding his vast influence to teetotalaism, of the Lord Chancellor himself presiding at one of his meetings, of the mighty work among the lowly in London on the model of and copied from Jerry McAuley's Water Street Mission, and of many other things which fill us with renewed hope for the suffering middle and lower classes of our English cousins. It was a memorable night, a notable company and a cause so worthy of every good man's sympathy that I regret more than ever that newspaper letters must, of necessity, be brief.

MORLEY.

Can refusing an "offer" be called a slight of hand?

PARIS LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

PARIS, Nov. 21, 1879.

At a Cabinet council held to-day it was decided that the chambers should be convoked for the 27 inst.

Since 1871 the Parliament at Versailles has been guarded by a crack corps of gendarmes, formed by M. Thiers. But the new law which arranged the conditions of the return to Paris allowed to the Presidents of the two chambers the privilege of selecting their own guard from any arm of the service. Since his return from the Chateau des Cretes M. Gambetta has decided to be supplied with detachments from the different regiments in garrison here, and M. Martel, who at first had determined to retain the gendarmes for the Senate, has changed his mind, and followed his colleague's example. This is, perhaps, a trifling matter, but it will not be without due effect on the army, and more so as the President of the chamber every morning invites to breakfast the officer commanding his guard.

M. Jules Grevy, as Grand Master of the Order of the Legion of Honor, has just expressed his opinion on the decisions of the Council in the matter of the petitions of the amnestied Communists. Like the Council, the President of the Republic rejects 23 requests for re-installation. Other amnestied Communists may send in their cases for investigation, but the point is now settled that the amnesty does not necessarily restore titles and decorations. Both M. Grevy and the distinguished order of which he is the head are certainly to be congratulated on the result of their deliberations. The dignity of the order has been very worthily upheld, and the discipline of the army well maintained.

A leading article entitled "Social Monstrosities," and bearing Henri Rochefort's well known signature of a star followed by three dots, appears in the *Marseillaise* to-day. The world, says the writer, is open to all, and every man is entitled to his own share of its produce. Property is an absurdity, labor alone the real gain. Look at the workmen who toil all the day long in a mine, and when they return to the free light the proprietor says to them graciously: "With the tools I have given you you have extracted 3,000 francs worth of coal. I retain 2,960 francs, and the 40 that remain are for you Collectivism, concludes Henri Rochefort, is the result of these social monstrosities, of which we shall rid ourselves on the day when this refrain of the "Marseillaise des Travailleurs" is practised: "*Ouvrier, prends la machine; prends la terre, paysan.*"

Essay on Woman

After man came woman.

And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of free extraction, being made of man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shotgun.

She is handy to swear at, whenever you cut yourself with a razor and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about sixty thousand more of her sex than males in that State.

This accounts for the terrified, hunted-down expression of the single man who has emigrated from the East.

Woman is not created perfect.

She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion, and so on.

But she is a good deal better than her neighbor, and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I don't think she was happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and talk with her near neighbor.

All these blessed privileges were denied her.

Poor Eve! she's dead.

Travelled Free.

He entered the train at Passaic, N. J. and took possession of a comfortable corner in the baggage car. As the conductor walked through the train and shouted "tickets" there was no response from the corner. "I must have his fare or I'll put him off" the conductor said:

A tall negro who had charge of the animal answered:

"What! fare for a dog?"

"Yes, the charge is the same for a dog as for a man."

"Well, he won't pay," said the negro; "so put him off."

The animal was a very large bloodhound that had belonged to Mr. Helmas Romaine, and had been used for watching orchards and sheep and bringing home cattle from pasture. He had become vicious, and was dangerous to strangers, therefore Mr. Romaine had presented him to an engine company in Paterson, and he was on his way to his new home.

As the conductor advanced, on nearing the next station, to fulfill his threat, the bloodhound simply raised his head from his paws, measured his antagonist, and with a look of scorn resumed his nap. Being a married man, and having a family to support, the conductor said he felt sorry for the animal, and ordered him to be delivered with care under a D. H. check.

Poor and Proud.

Young men out of business are sometimes sadly hampered by pride. Many young men who go west take more pride than money, and bring back all the pride and no money at all. A young man who "works for his board," no matter what honest work he does, has no cause for shame. A young man who eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much money he has, is disgraced. All young men starting in life ought to aim—first of all at a place where they can earn their bread and butter with hoe, axe, spade, wheel-barrow, curry-comb, blacking-brush—no matter how. Independence first. The bread and butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract, and let him constantly keep his eyes open for a chance to do better. About half the poor, proud young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries an upper lip as stiff as a cast iron door-step scraper, need not starve, and stands a good chance to become rich.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Witches and Witchcraft.

A witchcraft craze seems to have broken out in one corner of Butler county—at a settlement about a mile and a half west of the county seat. A correspondent says it first worked its devilry in the soul of George W. Huselton's nephew, who boards with the Pierces, and then attacked the hired man on the premises. All of Pierce's neighbors say it is the genuine witchcraft, many prominent citizens supporting the belief. The victims profess to hold spirit rappings and see more living monstrosities than Barnum ever invented. The father of one of the unfortunate men came to Millerstown one day to procure the services of a witch-master, who has had them again and again, told the witch-master "that he should think the of matter delirium tremens were not a circumstance to his poor boy's disease."

The witch-master exercised his charms over the witchery that was in the young man, but he could not accomplish anything. Then another witch-master, living a few miles out in the country, was engaged and he commenced operations by cutting a circle around a white oak tree and cordially invited the devil to come out of the person. He performed this ceremony while alone in a forest and the writer has his own words for the same. He said that if the young man were released from the thraldom of the evil ones a terrible noise, as though an army were rushing through the forest, would be heard and the tree in the circle that had been prepared for the devil's reception would be torn asunder with a loud report. Upon making inquiries the writer learned that there are six men following the occupation of witch-masters in this county. Their fees for professional services are very reasonable in simple cases, but when the old boy gets a two months' start of a patient, great difficulty is experienced in casting him out and the fee is five dollars a treatment.

"A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR."

Office of Nichols & Steiner, 48 Pine St.,
NEW YORK CITY, November 13, 1878.

DR. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.,

Dear Sir:—I have been a great sufferer from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for years. My friend Hon. H. C. Lane of the New York Custom house, induced me to try your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. By the use of two bottles I have sustained the most refreshing relief. I look upon it as one of the greatest Remedies of the day, and you as the compounder of the same, as a public benefactor.

Yours truly,
WM. H. STEINER,
Ex-Commissioner of Excise for New York City.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Monument to Adam.

After many years of patient waiting on the part of his friends and descendants, Adam at last is to have a monument.

This unique idea was originated by Mark Twain and is being carried out at Elmira, New York, his former residence. The shaft is to be seventy feet high and the inscription is to be written by Mark. You may be certain it will not be one over which the descendants of Adam will weep; "on the contrary quite the reverse" The whole thing was at first regarded as a huge joke; but unless there is a concerted action on the part of the citizens of Elmira to deceive the outside world they are really in earnest in this affair. A contemporary complains that they have neglected Eve, and says:

"Why a monument to Adam and none to Eve? He was not half as brave, after the detection of his crime, as was Eve, and played a scurvy part in the affair when he was found out as a breaker of the law. We confess to have never had a great admiration for our original progenitor. The maternal branch was much more noble in bearing under her vicissitude, and deserves a monument, on the score of the true qualities of a noble spirit, in a higher degree than her partner in trouble. Adam had a full share in the sin which lost the race in paradise, but Eve has done all the good work in ameliorating the loss, and giving us the best substitute that is possible under the circumstances. Why not build her monument, as well one for Adam?" So say we.—*Lancaster Inquirer.*

Impressive Warning to Mothers.

Mothers, have a care that a passion for dress and personal display be not generated in the hearts of your daughters. How many lives have been blighted, how many souls dragged into the depths of sin by craving for dress! Teach your daughters modesty and contentment. Begin when they are little. Don't make your children, who should be all innocence, women of the world in a sense before they have got into their teens. What should children know of the fripperies of fashion? Yet how many a little miss of eight or nine is, owing to the foolish indulgence of parents, as vain of an elaborately trimmed dress and as alive to the charms of "style" as one twice her years. Teach your little girls the beauty of modesty and the virtue of contentment from their earlier years, and when they grow up they will be nobler women for it and abler to withstand the temptations of the world. It was only the other day that a young girl in the West committed suicide because of the disaster which she had brought upon herself and her family by a petty crime into which she had fallen through the love for dress.—*Catholic Advance.*

Advice to housekeepers—If you can't can all you want to, can all you can and dry all you cant.

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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.

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FOR 1880.

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THE TIMES will continue to place its fidelity to the interests of the Republican Party above the pursuit of personal aims or private ambition, and will steadfastly insist that the usefulness of any party must be measured by the extent of its devotion to the honor and welfare of the country. In the future, as in the past, the attitude of THE TIMES will be that of independence *within* the Republican party. The maintenance of the national credit; the purification of the public service; the advocacy of all seasonable projects of fiscal reform; rigid economy in public expenditures; opposition to subsidies and corporate jobbery in all its forms; and the preservation of equal rights to all citizens, North and South, will be the salient points of the policy of THE TIMES.

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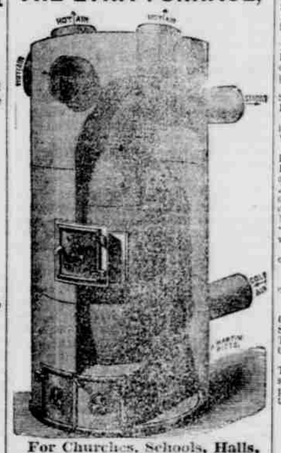

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

SEAL At an Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and for Somerset County, on the 18th day of November, 1879, before the honorable the Judges thereof.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Meyers, deceased.

On motion of Messrs. Colborn & Colborn, the Court appoint H. S. Endsley, Esq., Auditor to determine the rights of all parties interested, to make and report a distribution of the money due or coming to Dennis Meyers from certain recognizances. Also to distribute the fund in the hands of J. O. Meyers, adm'r., and J. M. Ollinger, trustee for the sale of the real estate of said dec'd, to and among those legally entitled thereto.

WM. B. FREASE, Clerk.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the foregoing commission, I will sit at my office in the borough of Somerset, on Thursday, the 18th day of December, 1879, for the purposes recited in said commission, when and where all parties interested can attend.

H. S. ENDSLEY,
Nov. 26 Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

As an Orphans' Court held in Somerset county, Pa., on the 13th day of November, 1879, before the Honorable, the Judges thereof, on motion of Colborn & Colborn the undersigned was appointed Auditor to examine the claims and