Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if 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. 28. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1484.

ATTORNEYS AT-LAW.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, P

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

D. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

HENRY F. 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 &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 20, '79.

VALENTINE HAY, 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 O. 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

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 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.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. B. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care 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. Upstairs.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. 34|9

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 13.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender 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. out of the diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—The opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr 16, '79-tf.

DR. S. 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 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 citizens of town and surrounding country; office in building recently occupied by Dr. Miller; residence with Curtis Grove.
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.
June 25.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
1872

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above 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 so enlarge my facilities that I can make good 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 there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this 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 a new set free of charge.
mar19

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. The table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
July 21. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

DAVIS BROS.
House, Sign and Fresco
PAINTERS.
SOMERSET, PA.
March 12

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS
have been the standard remedy for the cure of Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, with Headache, and all derangements of the stomach and liver for over fifty years. Read this: "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of an attack of Liver complaint of eight years standing."—Wm. Evans, Joliet, Ills. Price, 25 cts a box. S. E. Sellers & Co., prop's., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK.
:0:
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.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, Md.
WATCHES, CHAINS, SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS, AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVER PLATED WARE, JEWELRY, &c.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Watches and Jewelry Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented
oct 15

New and Elegant
CARPETS!
All Grades. Low Prices.
DRUGGET SQUARES.
Lignums and Linoleum.
BOVARD, ROSE & CO
39 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURG, PA.
Sept 24

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. June 11.

$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.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill for Purifying the Blood.

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

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

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Remedy
THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE
BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why Frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure torment or sick headache?
Why have sleepless nights?
The KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. *It is a dry, vegetable compound and one package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

TO OUR FRIENDS
—AND THE—
PUBLIC GENERALLY!
:0:
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;
and as we buy our goods
EXCLUSIVELY for CASH
We can do better for your
Customers
Than any store in town or county that does not.
:0:
WE WILL PAY CASH
OR
EXCHANGE GOODS
FOR
Flour, Wheat, Maple Sugar, Oats, Corn and Beef hides.
:0:
We invite all to give
Us a Call and Decide for Themselves.
CASEBEER & CO.
Sept. 17

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.
aug13.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.
SALESROOMS
Union Square, New York,
—AND—
154 State Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.
MANUFACTURERS
—OF—
SILVER PLATED WARE.
Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c.
1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.
:0:
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.
:0:
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

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county, for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Barnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents.
I have a very large stock of
WOOLEN GOODS!
of my own manufacture, consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to
TRADE FOR WOOL.
:0:
Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.
WM. S. MORGAN,
Apr 9 Stanton's Mills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John Carver, late of Stonycreek Tp., Deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of deceased in said township on Saturday the 3d day of January, 1880.
ABRAHAM CARVER,
Nov. 19 JACOB J. SPRICHER, Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Catharine Lottig, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday January 16th, 1880, at the house of the Executor in Friedensburg, Somerset county, Pa.
SAMUEL SNYDER, Executor.
Dec. 3.

Written for the HERALD.

THE FORLORN CHARGE.

ORIGINAL.

It was at the battle of Chancellorsville, at the hour of sunset, the hour that Stonewall Jackson fell, that Major Keenan, a brave and darling cavalry officer, led the forlorn charge consisting of three hundred men to "glory and the grave."

When the sun was low descending
Charged the corps of Jackson rending
All our lines.
Death a bounteous harvest reaping,
Where they charged like billows leaping,
Or a flood of fire, sweeping
Through the pines.

Man and beast before that fire,
Fled, to escape the fearful ire
Of the storm;
Freedom saw her banner trailing,
Saw the foeman's fierce assailing—
Knew that blood might prove availing,
Young and warm.

Then she speaks, first child of heaven,
"Sacrifice must now be given,
Now align;
Who will pour out the libation?"
Keenan answered, "an oblation
Of three hundred for the nation.
I assign."

Then there followed hasty mounting,
A to-morrow no one counting—
Hope forlorn;
Proud old England's sages hoary,
Never claimed in classic story,
Nobler knights or brighter glory
Ever born.

Through that sea of steel and fire
Like a whirlwind in its dire,
Rueful ire,
Where the thundering shells were crashing,
Where the sulphur-flames were flashing,
Charged those gallant heroes dashing
Through the fire.

Keenan front and foremost riding,
His bright sword the flame dividing
Every stroke.
"Onward!" "Forward!" he kept shouting,
Onward sped they, no one doubting,
Death was certain. No one louting
In the smoke.

Never cheered three hundred louder,
Never rode three hundred prouder,
Pressing on
O'er the brown leaves reddish growing,
O'er the streams of crimson flowing—
Forms whose souls to God were going,
Faith upon.

Faster still they rode; and faster
Through that field of red disaster,
Fire and lead.
Every hand was red and gory;
Every heart was filled with glory,
Every name should live in story—
Living, dead.

Proudly, brave, those young and handsome
Brought their blood—the nation's ransom,
To her shrine,
Whilst the cannons smoked and thundered,
Whilst the foeman gazed and wondered—
Scene o'er which God's angels pondered,
Scene sublime.

Still the cannons smoked and thundered,
Still rushed on the brave three hundred,
Lunge and stroke,
Through the deadly missiles flying;
Lo! three hundred now are lying,
Friend and foe together dying
In the smoke.

Keenan and his men are sleeping,
One wide grave its proud charge keeping
For that day.
Partial history tells no story,
Of this gallant charge to glory,
Of the heroes dead and gory
Laid away.

—*Hooversville, Pa.*

THE SOAP WOMAN.

It is doubtful if the Judge would have felt as much surprise to hear his wife say she was going to make a voyage to Europe, as to hear her say she was going to make soap! They had not been very long married then, and the Judge was not yet conversant with the full catalogue of that thoroughly home-made woman's accomplishments. She had been one of the five daughters of a widow, left while her children were wee bit girls, in very straitened circumstances. The way the mother reared them up to true and useful womanhood was a marvel of perseverance, industry and economy. She managed to have them well educated for the times, and saw them all married into the best circles, and occupying positions of respectability and influence. Judge Manotte's wife was the youngest of the widow's daughters, and it was thought she had made the best match of the five. The Judge's home was one of the pleasantest in the thrifty village, which has since assumed the more ambitious name of city. He had been gently born and raised, went early to college, and from thence to his profession as a lawyer. Manual toil was a stranger to him, yet he was a man of industry, in no sense given to profuseness of expenditure. He approved and admired his wife's general prudence in housekeeping, and spoke with pride to his guests of the excellent food with which his board was spread, as the work of her own hands. Mrs. Manotte might have kept servants. I think the Judge would have been better satisfied if she would have had a girl—all the ladies of her position had one or more—but she declared with decision, pretty early in their wedded life, that she would not be bothered with servants as long as she had health to do her own work. The exercise was no more than she needed for her own health.

Mrs. Manotte had a will and a way of her own, as the tale will bear abundant evidence. The Judge made the discovery pretty early. He could doubtless make a moving plea in a court room, but he was aware he could make no plea to move his wife when she was bent on a certain course.

But yet when Mrs. Manotte, over the breakfast table on a fair April morning, announced her intention of making a barrel of soft soap, the Judge looked as if stricken with a sudden palsy. I doubt if he would have worn a more rueful face had his best law suit gone against him.

"And I hope you will help me all you can," added the earnest woman, on thoughts of economy, ashes and grease intent.

"Indeed, I can render you no assistance whatever!" returned the Judge, in sharper tones than his wife had ever heard him speak before. Her calm blue eyes surveyed him with unruffled composure, but there was not in look or bearing one symptom wavering from her purpose.

"Then I must go to the job alone," she said.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," continued the Judge, something very like a frown contracting his brow; "I am perfectly willing to buy all the soap we need, and what use should we have for a vile, sloppy stuff the rough-scuff use?"

"Soft soap was good enough for my mother, and it is good enough for her daughter," returned Mrs. Manotte, with a dignity approaching sternness.

"I shall make no vile, sloppy stuff, but an article far more efficacious for cleansing clothes, and for various household purposes than anything to be bought at stores. Are you aware how much money we paid out for soap, last year, Mr. Manotte?"

"No," said the Judge, "and it doesn't matter."

"Indeed, I think it does matter," said the wife. "However much money people may have, they are never justified in wasting it. So I hope you will call at the grocer's as you go down town this morning, and see if you can procure three molasses hogsheads."

"Three molasses hogsheads!" exclaimed the Judge, in a tone of mingled terror and dismay, "do you then propose to manufacture the article wholesale? I shall next be invited to peddle soft soap by the gallon from door to door."

The wife laughed gleefully at her husband's rueful apprehensions, and asked:

"Don't you know that I must set up a leach?"

"A leech, in old parlance, means an understrapper of a doctor," said the Judge, moodily.

"Well, I mean a wash-tub," returned Mrs. Manotte.

"Perhaps two hogsheads will answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

The Judge went out without further words; his wife did not know whether he would heed her request or not, but rather thought he would. She was right in this supposition. Within an hour a dray dumped two hogsheads and a tight barrel in the back yard.

Mrs. Manotte at once attired herself in a short, stout dress, a long, black poke bonnet, shut up the front of the house and retired to the scene of her proposed labor. She drew a pair of her husband's leather gloves on to her hands, adjusted some blocks of wood, and trundled a hogshead into position. Then she arranged some bricks in the bottom of it, and covered it with straw, that the lye from the leached ashes might be clear as it trickled through. She recollected when a little girl, of her mother putting her into an old family mash tub, which served for a score of years, and telling her how to adjust the bricks and straw in proper fashion.

Next she got a great hod and commenced to fill the hogshead with ashes. She worked with such vigor that a tremendous dust was raised in the back yard. People going past in the street outside sneezed and coughed, and wondered what was going on at Judge Manotte's place.

But Mrs. M. was absorbed in the work of the hour to the utter obliviousness of the fact that from the second story of the mansion just across the area from her own, curious and puzzled eyes were fastened on her and her movements. In her washroom two kettles set in the arches were heating the water to drench the dry ashes. She had to climb on a chair to pour each pailful on the leach. Certainly, to unfamiliar eyes, her work might seem strange and mysterious.

The Sequin girls, at the chamber windows opposite, with tatting and crochet, could at length contain their surprise and wonder no longer.

"Do let us call mother," one of them exclaimed, "and see if she can unriddle the mystery, and tell us the meaning of the operations over in Judge Manotte's back yard."

"I think the Judge has got a paddy woman to make some sort of a compost for his pear trees," said the other.

While the two girls gazed, a stiff pole was plunged into the fuming hogshead, and the mass vigorously punched and shaken by the stout worker.

"She is a Hercules," they said. "What muscle those Irish women have. Mrs. Manotte is a worker herself, and she won't hire a woman to sit still."

But now the woman disappeared for a while, and when she next came in view she had under her arm an auger and axe, in one hand a smooth billet of wood, and in the other a huge red hot poker.

The two girls gave a little scream at this sight, but the worker heard it not, her head enveloped in the black poke bonnet. She proceeded to bore through the billet of wood by means of the flaming poker, while the smoke as it burned away, made a dubious blue cloud about her head.

"I declare, things are getting desperate down there," cried the younger girl. "I believe some infernal witch-work is going on; I will have mother called."

Mrs. Sequin was summoned.

She was a city-bred woman, first and last, and the proceedings in Judge Manotte's back yard were as mysterious to her as to her young daughters.

"What the woman is doing I don't know," she said, "but she works with a will. I should like to get her to do our spring cleaning."

"It is very likely you can, mother," said the eldest daughter. "We will get father to inquire of Judge Manotte about the woman—if, indeed she is canny."

Next there was a hole made by means of the auger in the lower part of the hogshead, and the bored billet of wood driven soundly in by aid of the axe, vigorously wielded by the woman's lusty arm, and a whittled plug placed in the wooden spigot.

"What a great, stout creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sequin. "She handles tools like a man!"

Then more boiling water was dashed into the ash-filled hogshead till it stood seething and full to the very brim.

And now all was silent and deserted in Judge Manotte's back yard. In the afternoon, Mrs. Manotte, richly dressed, was seen holding up her skirts, tiptoeing round the great hogshead, as if inspecting the work to see if it had been properly, thoroughly done.

At a very early hour the next morning the Sequin girls heard a noise in the back yard and sprung from bed to see if the witch was at her work again.

Sure enough, she was; they beheld a huge kettle swung on a stout pole between crotched stakes driven into the earth, and a pile of blazing fagots beneath it.

"There is her cauldron; I told you so," said the younger girl. "And look at the pails of black liquid she is pouring into it, and foul lumps of bones she is pouring from that greasy cask. An infernal broth that must be she is concocting."

"And there is another barrel with the dark liquor dripping through the spigot," said the older one.

"So there is," exclaimed the younger, "when did she fix that? What a vigorous creature! She would clean our whole house in twenty-four hours. Let us call father. He knows most everything. I'll bet he can tell us what all this means."

So Mr. Sequin was brought to look down on the spectacle in Judge Manotte's back yard.

"It beats the witches in Hecate all hollow," said the two girls in chorus, as their paternal parent entered the room. After quietly surveying the operations below a moment, he burst out laughing.

"Why, the woman is making soft soap," he said; "that's all; I have seen my old mother do it fifty times when I was a boy on the home farm; and that woman understands her business, too. I declare I'll get her to make up our ashes. Soft soap is better for a hundred purposes in a family than all your patent cleansers found at stores."

"I wish you would, father," said the younger daughter, "for it is first-rate fun to see her work, but what is she throwing old bones into the kettle for?"

"That is the grease; the lye will eat them up. She has got a keg full of scraps. The result will be a barrel of strong soft soap. Mrs. Manotte is a prudent woman. She was country raised; her mother taught her to save meat scraps for soap grease, no doubt. This is the way all farmers do, and make their own soap."

"But Mrs. Manotte need not have done thus, as she is rich," said Mrs. Sequin.

"Yes, and always means to be," said Mr. Sequin. "You know she does her housework when she might have a dozen waiters if she wanted them. Now she has found a hand to work up her ashes into soap."

Mrs. Manotte is rather an odd woman," remarked Mrs. Sequin. "I don't think the Judge is right pleased with some of her ways.

Three days after Mrs. Manotte announced her attention of making soap, she called her husband to see the result, which was a hogshead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The Judge gazed at it rather solemnly as his wife extolled its virtues and spoke exultingly of the "good luck" which had attended her efforts."

"As we burn the best of wood the ashes were strong enough without potash, which makes soap biting and harsh. I added a strong solution of borax, which will render it softer for the hands, and also increase its cleansing properties."

"How much do you call it worth?" asked the Judge.

"I do not propose to sell it," said the wife, "so you will not have the pleasure of peddling it out, but it will last two years, and save $40 or $50.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Judge with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "I am lost in admiration and amazement at this achievement. Could I ever have imagined I should have a soap-maker for a wife!"

Mrs. Manotte laughed; she knew the Judge was rather pleased after all. Though his wife dismayed and almost shocked his propriety sometimes, he had a certain quiet pride in her prowess. He never knew her to make an essay which ended in defeat; nothing she attempted fell through." A few days later, as the Judge was walking home to dinner, he was accosted by Mr. Sequin."

"Judge Manotte, will you have the kindness to give me the name of your soft-soap woman? Our folks saw her accidentally at work in your back yard and we want to employ her to make up our ashes. She is a splendid worker—such activity and strength—you don't find many such in these days.

The Judge was aghast at first, but he soon rallied, and said: "I will send her over to-morrow morning, if you like," and Mr. Sequin went home to tell his wife, "Judge Manotte's soap woman will be on hand with the morrow."

The Judge merely remarked to his wife at the supper table that Mrs. Sequin wishes her to call at her house next morning, and Mrs. Manotte thought nothing strange of this. The ladies were acquainted, and attended the same church—Episcopal. Accordingly Mrs. Manotte made ready at the time specified. The Judge's wife was a handsome, stylish woman when dressed. As she approached the door of her neighbor, she noticed the front part of the house had a decidedly shut up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. Within, the two girls were "peeping," and beheld Mrs. Manotte "dressed so grand" on the front step.

"How strange she should call at such an unseasonable hour," they said, "I never knew her to do thus before, and when we are all in our worst clothes, with the parlors shut up, expecting the soap woman. It is too bad; how can we let her in?"

But the bell rang again rather peremptorily, Mrs. Manotte saying to herself, "as they sent for me, and I have been at some trouble to call at this hour, why do they keep me waiting for entrance in this unseemly style?"

"I must let her in," said Mrs. Sequin, "or she may take offense, and Mrs. Manotte is too good a friend to lose, though it is strange she should call at such an unseemly hour. Something particular may bring her."

So a blind was hastily opened in the parlor end Mrs. Manotte admitted, while Mrs. Sequin excused delay by saying they had some unusual work claiming their attention that morning, and told the girl aside if the soap woman came, to show her the ashes and scraps in the area, and set her to work at once. Then she returned to the parlor with Mrs. Manotte, who was unaccountably silent and rather stiff at length, and she asked:

"Was there anything particular you wished, Mrs. Sequin? and that lady answered, "Oh, no, Mrs. Manotte," as she bowed her visitor out.

Mrs. M. walked home feeling rather vexed.

"I thought you said Mrs. Sequin wished to see me," she remarked to the Judge in the evening.

"So Mr. Sequin informed me," was the response, "then she did not see fit to employ you?"

"Employ me?" echoed Mrs. Manotte, but the Judge was inscrutable.

The very next day Mr. Sequin sought out the Judge and said: "Your soap-woman did not come yesterday; just tell me her whereabouts if you please, that I may seek her out."

"The soap-woman has informed me that she went to your house yesterday morning, but your wife did not say anything about wishing her services; I believe virtually declined them."

"It is not so," said Mr. Sequin. "I fear the woman is not to be relied on."

"I never knew her to break her word; she is rather a willful woman, but by no means an untruthful one," the Judge said, with that sly twinkle in his eye which his neighbor had learned carried a meaning of its own.

Mr. Sequin went home and asked his wife if she had any callers yesterday.

"Only Mrs. Manotte," was the answer, "and she came before 9 o'clock in the morning; I never knew her to call at so an unseasonable hour before. I thought something special had brought her, but she did no errand."

Mr. Sequin roared.

"Why, she was the soap-woman, wife," he said.

Then he related what Judge Manotte had just been saying to him, and it seemed plain. The Judge had been playing a practical joke on his wife, he was fond of such, but they were never instigated by a malicious or vindictive spirit. She proved herself a match for him in this instance. One day at an hour when the streets were fullest of people, she asked her husband if he would "take something to Mrs. Sequin for her?" and he signified his readiness to do so.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You will find it on the area steps," she answered quickly.

It was two buckets of soap! His word was given, and he kept it, as a man of honor and a "Judge" should do. So he came within one of being a soft soap peddler.—*Louiston M. E. Journal.*

San Marino.

A RARE SAMPLE OF A REPUBLIC.

The little Republic of San Marino, which, by the mouth of one of its most prominent officials, gave an indignant denial, a few weeks ago, to the assertion that it intended authorizing the introduction of gaming tables, is inclosed in the kingdom of Italy.

It is bounded on the north, east and south by the province of Flori, and on the west by that of Pesaro. Its territory covers 82 square kilometres (about 33 square miles.) The population numbers 8,500 souls, and the capital, San Marino, has 1,200. It is perched on the summit of a mountain called Mt. Titan, or the Giants, which sometimes leads to this little State being termed the Titanic Republic.

Its origin dates from several centuries back, and for heraldic bearings it has the following:

Argent, three strong towers; azure, on three rocks of the same; three curved flame gules issue from the towers and crown them. The motto is "Libertas." The escutcheon is surrounded by flags, and surmounted by a crown indicating a sovereign State. The Republic has an order of chivalry, created in 1839, under the name of the Order of San Marino. It consists of a Greek cross with towers at the four angles, and in the centre a medallion with the arms of the Republic surmounted by a princely crown closed, and suspended to a striped blue-and-white ribbon. These are the national colors.

In 1796, Bonaparte, after defeating the Austrians, sent the celebrated mathematician Mongo to compliment the free mountaineers, and make them offers of aggrandizement, but they very politely and very prudently declined. When Italy became a Kingdom, Napoleon desired to preserve this small State intact. "It is a rare sample of a Republic to preserve," said the Emperor.

In 1849, Garabaldi, driven from Rome by General Oudinot, took refuge in San Marino, forbidding his soldiers to do any harm to the inhabitants.

Victor Emanuel not only respected the liberty and institutions of this little country, but always showed it great sympathy, especially on his visit to Bologna at the time of the Ancona Railway in 1861. In 1862, a treaty of customs and commerce was concluded between Italy and the Republic. San Marino owes its foundation to a hermit of that name, born in Dalmatia in the fourth century, and who went to Italy to work as a mason at the rebuilding of the walls of Rimini. Marino afterwards took refuge in the midst of the woods on Mt. Titan, and constructed there a cabin, in which he ended his days. The place where he expired soon became the object of pilgrimages, and houses were built there, which ultimately formed the town of San Marino. The fete of the saint is celebrated on the 4th of September.

Terrorism in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 4.—The *Observer*, a Republican organ, publishes a statement, received by the Republican Campaign Committee from Delta, to the effect that Dave Armstrong was hanged Sunday night; R. H. Brown, late postmaster, was hanged, and ex Sheriff Peck whipped and stretched on Monday night, and that twenty-five others ran away from the parish. Terrorism is complete. The parish has been counted by over 2,000 majority for the Democrats. The Republicans did not vote.

How He "Set 'Em Up."

Simply because the man who stands behind the bar of a certain saloon on Gratiot avenue is a pleasant-faced, smiling old man, certain parties came to the conclusion that there was no fight in him. They therefore cooked up a plan to play upon his fears and make him "set 'em up" for the crowd.

Three red-nosed men called upon the old man in a body yesterday, and business was opened by one of them saying:

"When I was in here last night you handed me a glass of beer with a fly in it. No gentleman would do that. You meant it as an insult, and now I demand satisfaction. You must meet me on the field of honor!"

"Ish dot bossible! What field ish dot?" exclaimed the astonished bartender.

"You must go out with me and fight a duel!"

"Good gracious! Ish dot drue?"

"Yes, it is. I'll go out and leave my two friends here to settle the details with you. I must either have blood or an ample apology!"

When the belligerent retired one of the others said:

"See here, old man, I'm afraid you've got yourself into a bad box. That chap is a sure shot, and he'll wing you."

"How vhill he put some wings on me?" innocently inquired the beer-jerker.

"Now, listen. You insulted him."

"Yaw."

"He demands the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Yaw."

"You must fight a duel with him or else apologize and set up the beer."

"Vhat ish a duel?"

"Why, you will go outside the city and pace off ten paces and shoot at each other. Now, then, will you do that or set up the beer and beg his pardon?"

"Vhell, I tells you," replied the old man as he lifted a big navy revolver into sight. "If I sets up der peer I loses fifteen cents; if I go oudt and fights some duels I kills him det!"

"And you'll fight?"

"Yaw, I vhill—it is sheaper."

"Don't you know," said the man, after a blank silence, "that you'll have to fight all three of us?"

"Yaw, I s'pose I vhill. I shall now fight mit you two and [illegible] der odder one to-morrow!"

He thereupon changed his pistol for a club, danced around the bar, and the way he rushed [illegible] out was painful to see.

The belligerent was waiting on the corner, and as the pair came dusting out he called:

"Did he set 'em up?"

"Set 'em up!" shrieked one of the limpers as he came to a halt—"is knocking a man over two beer-kegs and a table setting 'em up?"

The Election in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 5.—Advices received from the country parishes make it clear that in most of them the Republicans either staid away entirely from the polls, for fear of violence, as in Madison, or polled their full vote and then were deliberately counted out. When the negroes were let alone there was a full free vote with the Republicans, in some instances. To illustrate, the Parish of Iberville, the home of Robert Hebert, the Republican contestant for the seat now held in Congress by Acklen, gave a majority of 1,619 for Beattie, and took care to see the same properly counted. This vote was 663 more than Packard got in 1876, and more than was given to Kellogg in 1872. This result is partially owing to the nerve and sagacity of Hebert as a political manager, but illustrates the fact that negroes are as fond of voting now as in the past, when it can be done with safety to their persons.

One instance of bulldozing: A leading white Republican, passing the court house in a parish in which he did not reside, on his way through to a telegraph station, observed the Republican candidates seated on the fence across the street, and a room full of Democrats counting the votes. He demanded admittance, but was refused. He renewed his demand in the interest of the State ticket. A consultation was had, in which this Republican's determination of character and capacity for truth were only weighed, and he was finally admitted. He was told that they were going to count out the Radicals, but if he would be content with the vote on the State ticket, he could have it, on condition that he would interfere in no way with the local officers. This was agreed to. So the strange anomaly appears in the returns, of some hundred majority for the Republican State ticket, and all the other Republican candidates defeated.

It is a noticeable fact that in the sugar-growing parishes there was no trouble, and there are no complaint of interference, except in St. Mary's, where the ballot-boxes were destroyed after the election. The bulldozing swindling, and outrages appear to be limited to the upper cotton parishes. The delegates came in from these points to the late Republican Convention with the rallying cry of "Fair count or Kansas." The word is now "Exodus," and it will now commence in earnest, and probably continue until the acres of North Louisiana are stripped of labor. The result has already had the effect to reduce the market value of State bonds from 42 to 39½ cents, the provisions of the new Constitution limiting the tax to 5 mills on the dollar for the payment of all expenses of the State. This is repudiation pure and simple, so far as the Constitution and laws of Louisiana can consummate it.

Three Men Suffocated.

BOSTON, December 5.—Charles T. Gourse, Dennis Lynch and Dennis Reardon were suffocated in the flour mill of Ellis Packard at Brookton this evening. They were shoveling grain when the floor gave away precipitating them into the cellar, burying them in about 3,000 bushels of grain which fell with them. They all leave families.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By