A GIRL'S TRIAL.

"My darling, this makes me realize that in only two weeks' time you will be married, and I shall be without my granddaughter."

"Yes, but you will have gained a noble grandson," softly whispered Eleanor's sweet voice.

Mrs. Hamilton bent her gray head fondly and kissed the speaker's soft cheek.

The old lady and her grandchild stood before a lounge upon whose crimson cushions lay Eleanor's wedding dress, which had just arrived, a delicate marvel of satin and lace.

Of course it must be tried on, and with the assistance of Margaret, Eleanor's maid's fingers, the young girl soon stood before the mirror blushing at her own loveliness.

Just then a knock came upon the door. It was a servant with a letter.

Eleanor glanced at the superscription without recognizing the writing.

"It is not from Ralph," she said, in reply to her grandmother,s questioning look.

After the bridal costume had been pronounced a perfect fit and entrusted to Margaret to be replaced in the cedar chest, Eleanor took up the letter and broke the seal.

She read the first few lines carelessly, then into the brown eyes a look of unspeakable horror sprang.

"What is it, Eleanor!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, as she saw her agitation, but without speaking, the young girl rapidly read on to the end. Then, with a sobbing, long-drawn breath, she threw herself into her grandmother's arms.

"Read!" she cried, "Is this true what is written here? or is it a plot of some enemy to crush out my happiness!"

"Grandma, speak! And I—Ralph's promised bride—the child of—O! for pity's sake, tell me I am dreaming!"

Then Mrs. Hamilton spoke.

"Eleanor, try and be calm, and I will tell you the truth. You know that your mother, my only child, died at the early age of twenty; but you have not heard that she died of a broken heart! When the man whom she married against her parents' wishes, abused her, she bore it without complaint, never letting us dream of her unhappiness; but when, after being his wife only three years, she discovered that her husband was a criminal, living upon his ill-gotten gains, then she left him, fleeing with her babe to our protection. Not long after, your father was arrested for a bank robbery, and imprisoned. The shock was too much for your mother's frale strength, and after lingering a short time she passed away. After her death your grandpa saw your father and obtained from him the promise never to disclose himself to you. But, alas! he has broken it. Do not blame us, Eleanor, for thus keeping you in ignorance of what would have always clouded your life. We thought we did it for the best."

The young girl listened with bent head and tightly clasped hands. As her grandmother paused she looked up.

A woeful change had come into the round, blooming face.

"Grandma," she said, and her voice was low and strained, "does any one know of this?"

"Only one—your friend, Mr. Stearns, your grandfather's lawyer."

"And Ralph—does he not know?"

"I do not think he does."

"O! (the young voice was very piteous) it was a cruel kindness to keep it from me. Now I shall never be Ralph Ogden's wife."

"Eleanor," expostulated her grandmother, winding her arms around the drooping figure, "he never need know. You can go and see your fathbr. He says it will be the last time he will ever send for you."

Drawing herself away, Eleanor looked firmly into the tearful face near her own.

"Grandma, I will not bring a tainted name to him I love. I can never marry Ralph Ogden."

That evening Mrs. Hamilton sent for Mr. Stearns, and the two old friends had a long consultation together. The kind old lawyer's eyes moistened as he heard of Eleanor's grief.

"The scoundrel!" be ejaculated, "after ruining one life, could he not have held his peace and refrained from blighting another? But stay," said he, taking up the letter again and reading: "I have fought against the longing to see you, my daughter, but I can no longer restrain myself. I promise you that if you come to me this once it will be the last time you shall ever hear from your wretched father." "This looks to me as though he must be very sick—perhaps dying."

"So Eleanor thinks, and the noble child persists in saying she will go at once to him. She declares it is her duty. Poor, poor child; I see now that this concealment has been very wrong."

"Do not fret, my friend; you and your good husband could not look into the future. You did as you thought best. So Eleanor has written 'about it to Mr. Ogden? She is a noble creature, and if he is what he ought to be, it will bring him on the wings of the wind."

The next day a heavily-veiled, girlish figure and an old, gray-haired gentleman were led through a gloomy corridor, and into a prison cell.

Eleanor moved as in a dream. She was dimly aware of a long, narrow bedstead upon which lay a prostrate, quiet form.

Two gentlemen, a doctor and a clergyman, were the only other occupants of the room. The latter rose as she entered and came forward.

"Is this Miss Moore?" he said, gravely. "My child, I fear you are too late—your father has been in this unconscious state for hours."

Eleanor gave one long, earnest look into the pale, drawn face with its closed eyes.

This then was her father! An icy hand seemed to clutch her heart. Her father! and dying thus!

"Courage! my brave little Eleanor," whispered Mr. Stearns. With an effort the girl looked up into the old friend's face, as if to gain strength from his sympathy; then she went steadily forward to the bedside.

As Eleanor gazed down at the face which retained many traces of the manly beauty which had won her mother's love, and realized that she was indeed his daughter, all the strength and nobility of her soul rose to the surface. Stooping, she laid her soft hand upon his cold forehead.

"Father?" The pitying tone pronounced that word so sacred, and so wound around the tenderest fibers of our human natures, forced tears into all eyes. "Father, it is Eleanor!—your daughter!—can you speak to her?"

The call pierced the apathy of death

The dying man's eyes opened and fastened upon her face. A wave of consciousness swept over his features.

"My child!" he exclaimed, brokenly, "then you did come. God will—bless you!" His voice sank, while into his eyes sprang a look of eternity as he tried to finish, but with the words, "My child—forgive—" his breath failed, and with a long fluttering sigh, all was over.

Tender hands led Eleanor from the sad scene. Several days passed, and no reply had as yet come from Ralph Ogden to the letter Eleanor had written, and in which she had disclosed the story, the knowledge of which had, therefore, brought her such sorrow.

In it she had told him in a few but tender words the pain it gave her to look forward to a life unshared by his presence; but though in her ignorance of the disgrace upon her name, she had promised to be his wife, she could not, knowing all, expect him to take home a convict's child. Still another trouble wrung the poor girl's heart. Before long the invitations to the wedding would have to be countermanded, and then the broken engagement would be the comment of all. She heard in imagination the remarks which would be passed, and shrank from the curious words and looks she knew would follow her wherever she went.

"Had I not you grandma, and my Bible," she said, despairingly, "I should surely die. It is almost more than I can bear."

Mrs. Hamilton kissed the quivering lips, she knew caresses would help where words would only wound.

Thursday morning arrived, and with it Ralph Ogden. Instead of the expected letter he had come himself. Eleanor received his card, and read the penciled request that she would see him, and for a moment a film came before her eyes, and all grew dark before her; then, white as death, but very calm, she went down into the library, where he awaited her.

She had always known the intense love of family which had always filled the hearts of the Ogden race, and of their pride in a name which had never been sullied by aught dishonorable; and until a short time before she had thought she bore a name as stainless as theirs, Now she knew differently.

The library door swung back on its hinges to give entrance to the slender, dark-robed figure which falteringly went forward.

"My precious Eleanor!" Ralph exclaimed in a low voice, but with every word distinct and clear, "if I loved you when I bade you good bye one long month ago, I worship you now! When I read your letter I lost no time in coming to you; as if anything could make you less dear to me! and beside, my darling, all that you wrote in that letter I knew long ago."

Then Eleanor found her voice:

"You knew long ago?"

"Yes; when your grandfather first surmised that I loved you, he told me all under promise of secrecy. Now is my Eleanor content?"

With a long sigh of perfect happiness, Eleanor suffered herself to be drawn once more into her lover's arms, and in her lustrous eyes, uplifted to his face he could read the depth of the love which filled her heart, and which had only been intensified by the trials she had undergone.

Although Eleanor's sensitive nature shrank from the idea of a joyful wedding festivity so soon after the sad death scene she had witnessed, she could not withstand Ralph's loving entreaties; and no one ever guessed that the sweet face beneath the bridal veil (withal it was a little pale,) had lately been clouded by a depth of anguish such as few in a long life have ever known.

"Did I not tell you Mrs. Hamilton," said old Mr. Stearns, "that if young Ogden was what he ought to be, how it would be, how it would end? I see he is of the right stuff. Let me congratulate you, my dear friend, on the surety of your granddaughter's future happiness."

TWO YEARS AN INVALID—CURED.

NEW BETHLEHEM, PA., July 12, 1865.
Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—About two years ago I had an eruption of the skin and swelling of my upper lip and both legs. I could not wear a boot for nine months. I also had a cough for fifteen years. I began the use of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic with your Salt Rheum Ointment and Cough Honey in Ferbuary last. I improved so fast that I commenced work the first of March. The cure is complete, no trace either of the cough, eruption or swelling remains.

Yours truly,
J. M. SEYLER.

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. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

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. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

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

Terrible Disaster.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 5.—A negro cabin thirteen miles north of Columbia was destroyed on Tuesday night. Two men, a woman and six children perished in the flames. The fire was discovered by a colored woman, who ran to the burning building and pulled off a board, when she heard one of the children attempting to wake its father, but without success. Before other assistance arrived the cabin and its occupants were burned up. The chimney, a crude affair, made of clay and sticks, is supposed to have ignited while the negroes were asleep. The cabin had but one door and no windows.

TEN CHINAMEN BURNED TO DEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 5.—A Chinese wash house, on Pine street near Taylor, was destroyed by fire this morning. The number of its occupants is not known, but the bodies of ten Chinamen have been recovered from the ruins.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1880.

The conflict in Maine is finally over. Northern Democratic backbone, as usual, is at a discount up in Maine. It is a peculiarity of the opposition party in the North, and one that our Southern brethern discovered to their sorrow at the breaking out of the rebellion, that they bluster out and talk big up to the very point of fighting when they invariably retreat into their holes and draw their holes in after them.

The Fitz-John Porter case, will in all probability cause an animated discussion when his case is properly got before Congress. The Senate military committee report a bill for the reinstatement of General Porter to his former rank and seventy-five or one hundred thousand dollars thrown in for disloyalty to his country in the hour of its need. This is the way the Democrats are going to compensate him for causing the defeat of the Union armies at the battle of Bull Run. General Logan dissents from the proposition to reinstate Fitz John Porter to his former rank, with back pay, amounting to a large sum of money. In that General Logan acts the part of a true soldier. Under the circumstances the punishment inflicted on Porter for his dereliction of duty at the second battle of Bull Run was very mild and merciful. He could have saved that battle and the lives of many a soldier, had he obeyed orders, and moved his troops as directed by his superior, but he disobeyed the orders given him, and the battle was lost, with terrible slaughter. Had the rules of war been rigidly applied to him at the time, there would be no Fitz John Porter to beseige Congress and the National Treasury under the sympathy of Democrats and rebs, who have remembered his act of treachery, for the reason that it gave advantage to the enemy. By his dissention in this case General Logan earns a fresh need of praise from all loyalists.

As soon as the Porter case is concluded in Congress some descendant or admirer of Benedict Arnold should move for a resolution of thanks for his patriotic services while in the United States Army.

The tone of the Democratic press the country over and especially here at the capital of the Nation, has been unfavorable to the Parnell—Dillon exploit in behalf of suffering Ireland. The Republican press on the contrary, reflecting the true inspiration of that party in its sympathy for the oppressed and its habitual encouragement to the cause of liberty and progress, has with rare exceptions, tendered the most cordial welcome to those gentlemen. And it is a significant fact that, while the movement in this community has been carefully guarded against the encroachment of partisan influences, its management has naturally devolved upon Republican leaders.

This will be a big week for Ireland in Washington. People here are looking forward to the Yorktown centennial. Most of Governors of the thirteen original states have appointed commissioners to represent said states in the matter of the centennial celebration of Yorktown, Virginia, October 1881. From the propositions and suggestions which have been made, enough can be devised to have the celebration last one month. One week is to be set aside for the reception and entertainment of the French guests; an extensive parade ground will be laid out, and festivities of all kinds, concerts, &c., provided for day and night. A formal invitation will be sent to the French government to participate in the ceremonies, and the French Society in New York is now in correspondence on the subject. It is understood that the descendents of Lafayette will attend. A French fleet and at least one regiment of French troops are expected. It is proposed to select thirteen ladies, one from each of the thirteen states, who will inaugurate a series of Yourktown tea parties througout the country. These ladies will probably meet at Old Point, Va., during the coming summer, and arrange the programme. Representative Goode, has had an interview with the Secretary of State; Mr Evarts expressed the greatest interest in the celebration, and said the State Department would in its correspondence with the French Government, make a strong point of its importance, and the earnest desire of the United States Government, that the French would take an active and hearty part in the ceremonies. It seems to be the intention of Congress to help this celebration.

Public Printer Defrees, publishes a statement regarding the dissatisfaction which exists among some of the employees of the Government printing office under his charge, because they are not paid for legal holidays when they do not work. He says:—"As an appeal has been made to Congress on the subject, until a law has been passed directing me to distribute the public money, to persons for not working, there will be no holidays in my office at Government expense."

The town is still full of live Indians in search of their rights, and new arrivals are expected from the far West. Perhaps no Indian delegation was ever in Washington who come so directly to the point of their petition, obtained so readily what they asked for, were so soon ready to go home as the Piute delegation, which was here for only a week. It was a small delegation, being limited to Chief Winnemucca, Bisson Matchex, a nephew, and Sarah Winnemucca, the "Piute Princess," whose name has frequently appeared in Western newspapers. Probably much of the expedition with which business was dispatched was due to the fact that Sarah Winnemucca speaks English fluently, and there was therefore no need that all communication should be filtered through an interpreter. The Princess Sarah is a power among her own people. She received an English education at San Jose, and in thought, speech and religion she is civilized and Americanized. But she still retains the nature and the instinct which give her an insight into Indian character and motives such as no outsider could obtain. Her ideas and opinions are valuable because she is on both sides of the question. For years she has acted as Government interpreter at the agency, and during the Bannock troubles she rendered the Government invaluable service by consolidating and bringing into camp disaffected and hostile Indians. Letters which she has in her posession from the Commanding Officer, testify that under hardships in the field to which most men would succumb, she brought in valuable information and exercised the best influence over her people. What she askes here is an honest agent, who shall be the choice of the tribe; and that the Piutes that have been sent away may return to the agency. She wants teachers and the means of civilization. She is satisfied with the result of her interview at the Department of the Interior, and goes home glad that she came. She delivered, at one time, five lectures in San Francisco, and the reports of them there prove that, although she is not a graduate of a Boston school of oratory, she has a good platform presence and a power of expression and manner that was, on occasions dramatic. Rather below medium height, she has a frank, pleasant manner that accords well with the strong, pleasant face that lights up as she talks. She has the keen dark eyes and the straight black hair of her race, but the hair is piled up in the rear and banged in front in the most approved style, and the last symptom of the "blanket Indian" is lost in a brown cashmere walking dress, with satin trimming and a bunch of red gold at the throat. On the whole, Sarah Winnemucca is a living refutation of the argument that an Indian woman cannot be civilized.

Receptions are all the go now and will be kept in full blast until Lent begins. On Tuesday the President had his second levee. Under the direction of Mrs. Hayes, the White House has grown to be a "homely" charming place, and the great rooms have a look of occupancy never before distinguishing them. The night was bad, but the weather had no effect in diminishing the crowd; the entire lower floor was open, and along the walls, trailing from chandeliers or set in pots, were flowers, vines and tropical plants, with the rich colors of our National standard, making a pretty background for the floral decoration. Mrs. Hayes is a most remarkable women, and it is a perfect study to stand and watch her during the presentations made on such busy evenings. She has a gracious word of welcome and a kindly smile for those of high degree as those most lowly born; as cordial in her greeting to Sir Edward and Lady Thorton as to the poor countryman and his wife who timidly followed in the footsteps of the representative of Her Majesty. Indeed, if there was a difference, it was in favor of the shy, illy-dressed couple, who shuffled along as if uncertain of their right to stand amid the glitter and show and pomp of the world's splendor.

One of the most brilliant hops of the season was given at the National Hotel on Friday night. It was a leap year affair, admirably managed by the ladies, at which the gentlemen behaved with becoming modesty, and bore the honors of belleship blushingly. In fact, observance of the strictest propriety was exacted from the dear creatures, none being permitted to present themselves unless suitably chaperoned and certainly not allowed to walk across the ball room unattended, or otherwise to expose their tender characters to comment. Some of them had grown alarmingly fragile and become suddenly helpless, demanding the most assiduous attention. Their delicate hands could scarcely hold their handkerchiefs, and they required constant fanning and a world of waiting on, yet the appetites they developed were by no means so delicate, although they insisted upon being taken to their mothers as soon as supper was over. Among the many elegant toilets worn by the gentlemen it is impossible to particularize. Most of their costumes were biased and gored in the usual places, with a notable absence of ruffles. They were generally of the severely simple style, without much trimming and all short or walking-length. White shirt fronts appear still to be fashionable, and several were garnished with huge hoquets, collarettes of lace, or neck chains. Many affected a Grecian bend, and a few more gloves. The toilettes of the ladies were exceptionally elegant, the music good, and the supper, with its fruits, ices and more substantial viands a triumph of the *cuisine*.

PICKET.

What was Paid for Illinois.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an old document of considerable historic interest. It is a deed or conveyance of land bearing date July 20, 1773. The parties of the first part in the transaction are 10 Indian chiefs of the different tribes of the Illinois nation of Indians, representing all of them, and the parties of the second part are twenty-two white men of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Penn., and London, England. The premises conveyed by the Indians to these white men are two several tracts of land, viz: First the tract now commonly known as Southern Illinois, and, second, the remainder of the state to the northern border, and a portion of Southern Wisconsin. The consideration for this immense tract including the whole of the state of Illinois and a good part of Wisconsin, is thus expressed in the deed:

'Two hundred and sixty strouds, two hundred and fifty blankets, three hundred and fifty shirts, one hundred and fifty pairs of strouds and half thick stockings, one hundred and fifty stroud breech-cloths, five hundred pounds of gunpowder, four thousand pounds of lead, one gross of knives' thirty pounds of vermillion, two thousand gun-flints, two hundred pounds of brass kettles, two hundred pounds of tobacco, three dozen gilt looking glasses, one gross of gun worms, two gross of awls, one gross of fire-steels, sixteen dozen of gartering, ten thousand pounds of flour, five hundred bushels of Indian corn, twelve horses, twelve horned cattle, twenty bushels of salt, and twenty guns, the receipt whereof we do hereby acknowledge.' These articles have been 'paid and delivered in full council,' the deed was signed and executed before a French notary public at Kaskaskia Village.

A Woman Who Married Three Wives.

Australia is greatly excited respecting a woman who has for many years passed herself off as a man and who has married several wives. In 1857 a girl bearing the name of Ellen Treymane came to Melbourne in the Ocean Monarch. On her arrival she married a fellow passenger of the name of Mary Delahunty and assumed herself the name of Edward De Lacy Evans. Mary having died, she married Sarah Moore, and on the death of Sarah she married Julia Maynard. Julia is still alive, but Miss Edward De Lacy Evans having gone mad has been confined in the Kew lunatic asylum, where his or her sex was discovered, owing to each inmate being forced to take a bath. The curious circumstances connected with this case is that not one of the wives revealed the imposition that had been practiced upon her; nor did the miners with whom Miss Edward worked for above twenty years ever suspect that she was a woman.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I recall my conversation with Gen. Grant about those who held a high place in the civil administration of the war, and especially about Lincoln. Of Lincoln the General always speaks with reverence and esteem.

"I never saw the President," said the General, "until he gave me my commission as Lieutenant General. Afterward I saw him often, either in Washington or at headquarters. Lincoln, I may almost say, spent the last days of his life with me. I often recall those days. He came down to City Point in the last month of the war, and was with me all the time. He lived on a dispatch boat on the river, but was always around headquarters. He was a fine horseman, and rode my horse, Cincinnati. We visited the different camps, and I did all I could to interest him. He was very anxious about the war closing; was afraid we could not stand a new campaign, and wanted to be around when the crash came. I have no doubt that Lincoln will be the conspicuous figure of the war, one of the great figures of history. He was a great man, a very great man. The more I saw of him the more this impressed me. He was incontestibly the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him especially was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs. Under all this he had a firm will and a clear policy. People used to say Seward swayed him, or Chase, or Stanton. This was a mistake. He might appear to go Seward's way one day and Stanton's another, but all the time he was going his own course, and they with him. It was that gentle firmness in carrying out his own will, without apparent force or friction, that formed the basis of his character. He was a wonderful talker and teller of stories. It is said his stories were improper. I have heard of them, but I never heard Lincoln use an improper word or phrase. I have sometimes, when I hear his memory called in question, tried to recall such a thing, but cannot. I always found him pre-eminently a clean minded man. I regard these stories as exaggerations. Lincoln's power of illustration, his humor, was inexhaustible. He had a story or an illustration for everything. I remember as an instance, when Stephens, of Georgia, came on the Jeff Davis Peace Commission to City Point. Stephen did not weigh more than eighty pounds, and he wore an overcoat that made him look like a man of two hundred pounds. As Lincoln and I came in, Stephens took of his coat. Lincoln said after he had gone, "I say, Grant, did you notice that coat Aleck Stephens wore?"

I said "Yes." "Did you ever see," said Lincoln, "such a small ear of corn in so small a shuck?" These illustrations were always occurring in his conversation.

"The darkest day of my life," said the General, "was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and starting up in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination, Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. Lee surrendered on the 9th of April. I arrived in Washington on the 13th. I was busy sending orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see our children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have the note, as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuse to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue a horseman rode by us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looked into it. Mrs. Grant said: "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterwards it was Booth. It seems I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave disarranged the plan. A few days later I received an anonymous letter from a man, saying he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as our car was locked he could not get in. He thanked God he had failed. I remember the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination, as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around and took a train for Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

A question was asked whether Lincoln's presence was in connection with the army direction. "Not at all," said the General, "I merely told him what I had done and what I meant to do. I was then making the movement by the left which ended in the surrender of Lee. When I returned to Washington, Lincoln said, 'General, I half suspected that movement of yours would end the business, and wanted to ask you, but did not like to.' Of course, I could not have told him if he had asked me, because the one thing a General in command of an army does not know is what the result of a battle is until it is fought. I never would have risked my reputation with Mr. Lincoln by any such prophecies. As a matter of fact, however, my own mind was pretty clear as to what the effect of the movements would be. I was only waiting for Sheridan to finish his raid around Lee to make it. When Sheridan arrived from that raid, and came to my quarters, I asked him to take a walk. As we were walking, I took out his orders and gave them to him. They were orders to move on the left and attack Lee. If the movement succeeded he was to advance. If it failed, he was to make his way into North Carolina and join Sherman. When Sheridan read this part, he was as I saw, disappointed. His countenance fell. He had just made a long march, a severe march, and now the idea of another march into North Carolina, would disconcert any commander—even Sheridan. He, however said nothing. I said: 'Sheridan, although I have provided for your retreat into North Carolina in the event of failure, I have no idea you will fail—no idea that you will go to Carolina. I mean to end this business right here." Sheridan's eyes lit up, and he said, with enthusiasm: 'That's the talk. Let us end the business here." But of course I had to think of the loyal North and if we failed in striking Lee it would have satisfied the North for Sheridan to go to the Carolinas. The movement, however, succeeded, and my next news from Sheridan was the battle of Five Oaks—one of the finest battles in the war.

"I am always grateful," said the General, "that Mr. Lincoln spent the last, or almost the last days of his life with me. His coming was almost an accident. One of my people said one day, 'Why don't you ask the President to come down and visit you?' I answered that the President was in command of the army and could come when he wished. It was then hinted that the reason he did not come was that there had been so much talk about his interference with Generals in the field that he felt delicate about appearing at headquarters. I at once telegraphed Mr. Lincoln that it would give me the greatest pleasure to see him, and to have him see the army. He came at once. He was really most anxious to see the army, and be with it in its final struggle. It was an immense relief for him to be away from Washington. He remained at my headquarters until Richmond was taken. He entered Richmond and I went after Lee."

Improvement of Heavy Horses.

From the earliest time to the present day it has been a great misfortune and loss to mankind that so little attention has been paid to the breeding and rearing of a more perfect and powerful race of horses for heavy farm and road work, and the use of the city dray and large express and truck wagon.

Poets, from the sublime Job down to the high-spirited Byron, have been profuse in their descriptions and praises of the horse for war, the chase, and the course; while historians, travellers and sportsmen have been ever eloquent over them in volumes of prose. Strange that the most generally useful of all the different breeds of horses should, with a few exceptions, be ignored and passed by in silence, and so much be written and spoken of others which, although requisite for special purposes, and worthy of high admiration, have contributed less to the benefit of humanity. But fortunately a great change in this respect has taken place within the past few years in Europe as well as in America.

A numerous society, composed of noblemen, the landed gentry, and farmers of Scotland, has recently been formed for the purpose of improving the breed of their larger sort of horses. This society takes the name of Clydesdale, and that distinguished nobleman Earl Dunmore has been devoting a considerable part of his time during the past two years to editing a Stud Book of their horses, classed also as Clydesdale. The first volume of this has already been published, and the matter for the second is collecting.

England is now zealously following the laudable example set her by Scotland for what has long been known as the Shire and other of her best large breeds of horses. The Prince of Wales, Earl Ellesmere, and other noblemen are giving no little attention to the getting out of their Stud Book, and the whole landed interest of the United Kingdom is fast waking up to the importance of improvement of this most useful of all their breeds of horses.

Within the past three years 200 to 1000 guineas ($1000 to $5000) has been the common price in Great Britain for select heavy horses for breeding purposes, and even 1500 guineas ($7500) has been refused for a few of the very choicest, while 50 to 80 guineas ($250 to $400) is the ordinary price of those for farm and dray work alone. In France, Belgium, Holland, and a few districts of Northern Germany, prices have also advanced considerably, and greater attention is given than formerly to the improvement of their horses, all of which shows the rapidly increased interest in the subject abroad. Nor has this matter been neglected in America, particularly in the past four years, during which large numbers of powerful heavy animals have been imported into Canada and the United States from Great Britain and France, with a few also from Flanders. The Clydesdale breed has been more generally preferred for Canada, while the Percheron and the Norman have taken precedence in our own country.

For the Percheron and Norman in America a Stud Book was oublished in 1877, by Mr. J. H. Sanders, of Chicago, Illinois. A revised edition followed the next year, of 212 large octavo pages, handsomely got up, with numerous fine engravings. The object of this Stud Book is to preserve an accurate record of the males and females imported from France and their full-bred descendants, so that the public may not be imposed upon hereafter by unprincipled dealers palming off their inferior grades for full-breds.—*A. B. Allen, in Harper's Magazine.*

Terms Cash.

A Woodward avenue policeman was, the other day, halted near the City Hall, Detroit, by a two hundred pound woman with a parcel in her hand, and she requested to be directed to the store where they sold mottoes. He asked her which particular store she wanted, and she explained:

"Well, I can't tell. My old man came to town yesterday, and I wanted him to buy the motto of 'God Bless our Home.' He got in somewhere where they told him that stylish folks no longer hung up that motto, and the old idiot went and brought home this one."

She unrolled the parcel and held up a card on which was very tastily painted:

"Don't ask for credit—Our terms are cash."

"You needn't grin," she said as she rolled up the card again; "I'm heavy on foot, and this walking is bad, but I'm going to walk this town till I find the man who got this thing off on Samuel for 'God Bless our Home.'"

Cremation.

WASHINGTON, PA., Feb. 6.—The body of Miss Dolly Hartman, aged 18 years, who died in Allegheny City on Tuesday, will be privately cremated in the Le Moyne furnace on Saturday. This will be the second woman cremated there.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

Some one says that one of the hardest things to swear off is swearing.

A modern philosopher says that men do not go to the pantry to buy pants.

OLD TEA HOUSE.

TEAS,
A SPECIALTY.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
FANCY and STAPLE
GROCERIES,
FINE TEAS,
AND
RARE and CHOICE
COFFEES.

J. R. JENKINS,
28 Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES.

The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!
Guaranteed absolutely pure.
The Fancy French Flag Flour!
Best in the World. Took First Medal at Paris Exposition.
The Celebrated Snow Bird Flour!
For extreme White Bread and Pastry use.
Jenkins' Bread Flour!
In 3 and 6 lb. packages, ready for baking.
The Celebrated Delmonico Coffee
This Delicious Coffee is Unrivaled for its Delightful Aroma.
The Fancy French Coffee!
A RARE mixture of RARE Coffee.
Imported and American Cheese!
Every Variety Fancy Cheese.
The Oneida Community Fruits!
The Pure Vermont Maple Syrup!
The Largest Variety of Imported Table Goods!

TEA!
THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT KEEPS A FULL LINE OF THE
CELEBRATED
Garden Grown Teas!
PRICE OF TEA.
THE NEW CROP.
YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, IMPERIAL, OOLONG, JAPAN Per pound, 40, 50, 60, 80 cents, $1.00, $1.20, $1.40.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST. Per pound, 40, 50, 60, 80 cents, $1.00, and $1.20.
A reduction of FIVE CENTS per pound will be allowed on all orders of FIVE POUNDS OF TEA.
In sending a written order for Tea, don't fail to mention the *quality* you desire, and *price*.
All the Teas quoted above at $1.00 per pound and upwards are the GARDEN GROWN TEAS.
If so desired, will pack any of the above in 5 or 10 lb. boxes without extra charge.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN INVOICE OF VERY FANCY
Crop 1879. FORMOSA OOLONG TEA! $1.00 per l
—GOOD TEAS AT LOW PRICES!—
GUNPOWDER—IMPERIAL—YOUNG HYSON—JAPAN—OOLONG—ENGLISH BREAKFAST.
25 CENTS PER POUND.
NO REDUCTION BY ANY QUANTITY.
COFFEE!
RARE AND CHOICE.
—THE—
CELEBRATED DELMONICO
COFFEE!
This delicious Coffee is unrivaled for its delightful Aroma. If all other Coffees have failed to please you, give this a trial.
THE FANCY
FRENCH COFFEE!
PRICE PER POUND - - 28 CENTS.
Genuine Mocha Coffee, Plantation Ceylon Coffee, Maracaibo Coffee, Old Dutch Java Coffee, Laguayra Coffee, African Coffee, Costa Rica Coffee, Pea Berry Coffee, Golden Rio Coffee.
A PARTIAL LIST OF GOODS
Constantly Arriving.
F. Schumacher's Oat Meal, Oat Groats, Cracked Wheat and Graham Flour.
Mackerel, extra No. 1 Shore Mess, No. 1 Shore No. 1 Bay, No. 2, No. 3 Large, No. 3 Medium in 20 lb. kits.
WINTER WHEAT FLOUR.
Cincinnati Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef.
Refined Lard in Pails, 20 lb. 10 lb. 5 lb. and 3 lb.
Fresh Lobsters, Salmon, Shrimps and Cove Oysters.
Cooked Corned Beef and Pressed Tongue
PICKELS and TABLE SAUCE.
Sugars the best quality of each grade.
SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.
NEW YORK GOSHEN
AND
OHIO CREAM CHEESE.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS.
PURE SPICES.
COLMAN'S ENGLISH MUSTARD.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.
J R. JENKINS
No. 28 Fifth Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE
Herald
FOR
1880!
PREPARE FOR THE GREAT
PRESIDENTIAL STRUGGLE!!
THAT OCCURS THIS YEAR, BY
SUBSCRIBING FOR SOME
GOOD PAPER
IN TIME!
KEEP YOURSELF POSTED ON THE
EVENTS OF THE COUNTY!!
GET THE COUNTY NEWS.
READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS
AND LEARN WHERE TO
BUY CHEAP!
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE
EDITORIAL COLUMNS!!
AND SEE THEM BOOM!
IF YOU WANT POLITICS,
The Herald
—IS—
RED-HOT REPUBLICAN!!!
—AND A—
STALWART of STALWARTS!
IF YOU WANT
GENERAL NEWS!
The Somerset Herald
CONTAINS AS MUCH AS ANY
COUNTY PAPER
—IN—
PENNSYLVANIA!
IF YOU WANT THE
LOCAL NEWS,
THE HERALD IS THE PLACE TO FIND IT!
We have made arrangements by which this department will not only be EQUAL, but MUCH BETTER than in the PAST!
SUBSCRIPTION $2.00
NO CHROMOS!
ADDRESS,
THE HERALD.
SOMERSET PA.

JUST OUT!
HOOD'S GREAT BOOK OF THE WAR.
ADVANCE AND RETREAT
Personal Experience in the United States and Confederate States Armies:
By GENERAL J. B. HOOD,
Late Lieutenant-General Confederate States Army, published for
The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund,
BY
GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD,
New Orleans, 1880.

The entire presents arising from the sale of this work are devoted to The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund, which is invested in United States Registered Bonds for the nurture, care, support and education of the infantile deprived of their parents last summer at New Orleans, (the melancholy incidents of which sad bereavement are still fresh in the public mind.)

The Book is an elegant octavo, containing 360 pages, with a fine photograp likeness and a line steel engraving, made expressly for this work, four large maps of battle fields, bound in handsome Gray English Cloth, at **Three Dollars**, or in a Fine Sheep Binding, with Mar le Edge, **Three Dollars and Fifty Cents**—In Half Bound Morocco Library style, **Four Dollars**, or in the best Levant Turkey Morocco, full Gilt Sides and Edges, **Five Dollars**.

On the receipt from any person remitted by mail or express, of the amount in a registered letter or by a postal order, bank draft or check, a copy will be immediately sent free of postage, registered as second-class matter.

The volume is published in the best style of typography, on elegant paper, with illustrations, executed as highest specimens of art.

The author, the subject, the purpose, all alike render it worthy to a place in every library,—on every desk—or upon the book shelf of every house in the country.

Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States, and a preference will be given to honorably discharged veterans from the army.

To the ladies, who feel a desire to express their sympathy with *The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund* the sale of this book among their circle of friends, will afford an excellent way of contributing substantial aid to so deserving a cause.

FOR TERMS, RATES TO AGENTS, ETC., ADDRESS WITH FULL PARTICULARS,
Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, Publisher,
ON BEHALF OF THE HOOD MEMORIAL FUND,
New Orleans, La.

APPEALS.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of Somerset county, that Appeals will be held by the undersigned Commissioners, on the days and at the places, hereby specified, to wit:

For Addison township, on Tuesday, February 24th, at the house of Dean Bevis, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M.

For Confluence borough, on Wednesday, February 25th, at the house of Scott Sterner, from 1 to 8 o'clock P. M.

For Ursina borough, on Thursday, February 26th, at the Benford House, from 1 to 8 o'clock P. M.

For Lower Turkeyfoot township, on Friday, February 27th, at the Benford House, in Ursina borough, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M.

For Salisbury borough, on Monday, March 1st, at the house of Mrs. Lydia Longsdorf, from 8 to 8 o'clock P. M.

For Elklick township, on Tuesday, March 2nd, at the house of Mrs. Lydia Longsdorf, from 9 o