The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 43. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1499.

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.

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The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penn'a

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 14-tf.

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-tf.

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 75-ly

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

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

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

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.

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 House Row.

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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. ndy18

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done in short notice.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 18.

PENSION AGENCY.

S. P. Swihart of Sand Patch, Somerset county, Pa. Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim agent—will promptly collect all Bounty and Pension claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing any information will address him at the above named place, enclosing discharge and postage stamp for reply.

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 Street of the county-seat.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, 70-tf.

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

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 Mammoth Block; residence with Curtis Grove.

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. 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 30.

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

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 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 $5, and it 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.
marl1

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. His 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.
S. E. Cor. Diamond,
July 31. Stoystown, Pa.

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

$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.

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CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
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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.

GEO. 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.
aug18.

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

AUCTIONEER.
PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. All letters by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
Dec. 31. Conflumence, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Above F. J. Kooser's Office.)
"MAMMOTH BLOCK,"
SOMERSET, PA.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. Novelty. 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 50 cts. to $5 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. 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, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood.

Are the most effective and compact purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but efficacious 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 Billious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
The KIDNEY-WORT and relief is instant. *It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six quarts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist. Ask your grocer for it.* Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Wholesale prices paid.) Burlington, Vt.

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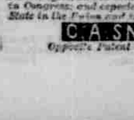
NOW IS THE TIME,
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H Harnhart as my Agent in Somerset county for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Harnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents.
I have a very large stock 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.
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,
Stanton's Mills.
Apr 9

J. H. ZIMMERMAN. GEO. SNYDER
SOMERSET FOUNDRY.
ZIMMERMAN & SNYDER,
All kinds of casting made and for sale, consisting in part of
SUGAR GRATES, SLED SOLES, STOVE LININGS AND GRATES, PLOW AND SHEARS, &c. &c. &c.,
The
BOAZ, STONER and HECLA
Nos. 3, 4 and 5
HEATING STOVES,
Made and for sale.
All kinds of Castings made to order at short notice. A
MACHINE SHOP
is attached to the Foundry in which all kinds of Machinery will be repaired promptly.
We are doing a general
FOUNDRY BUSINESS,
And solicit all kinds of orders in our line.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Nov. 26

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, publishes for
The Hood Orphan Memorial Fund,
BY
GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD,
New Orleans, 1880.
The entire proceeds 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 ten infants deprived of their parents last summer at New Orleans. (the melancholy incidents of which and bereavement are still fresh in the public mind.)
The Book is an elegant octavo, containing 360 pages, with a fine photograph likeness and a fine 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 full Bound Morocco Library style **Four Dollars**, or in the best Levant Turkey Morocco, full Gilt Sid-s 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.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.
Address H. HALLETT, Portland, Maine.
June 11.



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

A Search Warrant.
allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcer in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and Powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper.
R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa

MARY AND HER LITTLE BEAU.

Mary had a little beau
As sweet as he could be;
But every night he wouldn't go,
And that made misery.

For Mary's ma, she never slept,
But listened full of fears;
And when, so late, poor Mary crept
To bed, she'd box her ears.

And pa said gas bills all were high
And that the coal was low,
And swore he'd murder by and by
That chap who wouldn't go.

And Mary she grew thin and pale;
Her lover he grew stout;
Her parents threats had no avail,
He would not be put out.

And spite of Mary's woful gaze
He'd shovel on the coal,
And poke the fire to a blaze
And on the sofa loll.

At length the pa and ma, both grave,
Said things had reached a pass
When something must be done to save
Their winter's coal and gas.

The youth's *contentions* they must know—
And Mary's ma said she
Would question Mary's little beau,
And pa said so would he.

Miss Mary wept, but all in vain;
That very night her pa
Walked in the parlor with his cane—
Behind him came her ma.

And then poor Mary's little beau
Stopped poking at the grate,
And turning pale said he must go
Before it was too late.

But ma backed against the door,
And pa upheld the cane,
And at the frightened youth he swore
That now he must remain

Until he settled for the gas
And coal that he had scored;
But if a marriage came to pass—
He'd take it out for the board.

Alas! poor Mary's little beau
Had not wherewith to pay,
And begged if they would let him go
He'd settle up next day.

"No trust!" the angry parent cried,
And then he took the lad
Across his knee and swiftly piled
The cane, for he was mad.

Then tossed him out upon the snow,
And double-locked the door;
Which settled Mary's little beau,
Who never came there more.

A HAUNTED SHIP.

Three years ago I shipped on board the Nigers, Captain Phillips Our voyage was to Hilo, Sandwich Islands, and back to Puget Sound, whence we sailed.. The captain, officers and crew were, when I joined, Americans and West Indiamen; but, as another hand was wanted besides myself, I persuaded Jack Chester, an Englishman with whom I had become friendly, to fill up the vacancy Jack was a fine looking fellow, a jovial companion, and had lots of information which he knew how to use; but, although he dressed and talked like a sailor, he had not been long on board ship before it became plain that he had not been brought up a salt.

Our captain was a Tartar, and no mistake, and he had the eye of a hawk, no fault committed by man or boy escaped him. This was especially unfortunate with my English shipmate. He shipped on able seaman's wages, but his deficiencies were so many and glaring that our captain, who seemed to watch his movements more carefully than those of the rest of the crew, often inflicted upon him punishments painful to witness. I had a strong attachment to Chester, and stood his friend whenever I could, by taking some of his duties along with my own; but I was not always at hand to help him, so he fell oftener than others beneath the captain's displeasure.

One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose into a gale The captain came on deck and set all hands to reef the topsails. The men were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Chester, instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather fore topsail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. By luffing up smartly, however, we managed to get it checked without carrying anything away. But Captain Phillips, frothing at the mouth, swore he would tan the foolish lubbe's hide who had done so clumsy a thing. Saying which, he rushed at Chester with a piece of rattline, which he brought down upon his neck and shoulders, giving them a fearful cut He was in the act of raising it again, when a voice from aloft roared out, "Hold your hand!"

The voice was wonderfully loud and clear, seemingly coming from the maintop. The captain fell back, and looking up, cried in a great rage, "Aloft there!"

"Hallo!" was the answer back.

"Come down on deck," was the captain's imperious order.

"Come up here, and see how you will like it," was the contemptuous response.

"Come down, I say, on deck!" foamed the captain.

"Come up and fetch me," returned the voice from aloft.

"Who is up there, Mr. Rassom?" cried the captain appealing to the first officer.

"No one, sir," was the reply, "so far as I can see. All seem present on deck."

The captain's rage was now terrible to witness.

"All seem present, Mr. Rassom! What do you mean by that, sir? I ask you again, who is up there?"

"No one known to me," returned the man. "All are present. All are on deck, in sight."

Such was the case. But the second mate, without awaiting orders, sprang up the rigging and looking over the toprim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the masthead, then reported himself alone.

"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the chief mate.

The captain thereupon dropped the rope's end which he held in his hand, and went below. It was evident that he was strangely affected by what had occurred. And so my fellow countryman escaped futher punishment that night.

But in a few days our skipper had forgotten his fears, and looking out for another object on which to vent his spleen, I had the ill fortune to feel his wrath. He ordered me to make a knot in the end of an old fagged rope to be used for a lashing. In a little while I returned, saying that I had made the best job I could of a rope which was quite fagged out.

"Well," said he, "if that's your best, you are as much a lubber as your friend Chester But I'll deck you both to ordinary seaman's wages."

I tried to show him that the rope was too much worn to make a neat job of it.

"Indeed," I said, "it is sadly fagged."

"Fagged, is it?" cried he, scornfully; "then I'll finish it over your lubberly back."

"No, you won't!" roared out a voice from behind the long-boat.

The captain rushed in the direction of the sound, but he failed to discover the speaker.

"Who was that?" he cried in a storm of wrath, adding, "Let me know who it is, and I'll thrash him within an inch of life"

"Will you? Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, dropping seemingly from the maintop.

It was broad daylight when this took place, so every one could see that there was no one up there.

I was as much startled and mystified by the occurrence as was the captain; but neither he nor I, nor any of the crew to whom he appealed, could throw light thereon. But whoever or whatever uttered the words my purpose was served, as was Chester's on a previous occasion. The irate captain went below, filled more with fear than rage, throwing behind him, as he stepped upon the cabin ladder, the rope's end which had so vexed him.

Sailors in general are superstitious beings. Whatever cannot be easily made out or accounted for on natural principles, is laid to the account of the supernatural. Our captain was no better in this respect than his crew, for he was as illiterate as they, except in the matter of navigation, and as rough and untutored. He evidently believed that his ship was haunted, and that a spirit from the vasty deep had a mind to torment him by his interferences. His fears were increased not many days after On retiring to rest, at the end of his evening's watch, his slumbers were disturbed by a loud and fearful cry, which seemed to enter the cabin by the skylight, which was left open for ventilation. The cry was heard by the second officer, who was on the quarter deck, and by Chester who was at the wheel, neither of whom could throw light upon the incident to the captain, who had rushed on to the deck in a state of terror, and demanded in vain for the production of the offender.

From that day it was clear to all that Captain Phillips was tormented by apprehensions of coming disaster An idea was fixed in his mind that his ship was visited by a spirit from the invisible world, which preferred to make itself heard rather than seen And this idea was strengthened by the fact that when he was on deck and became angry at the conduct of any of the men, especially when his anger was made manifest in oaths and blows, the unseen but ever vigilant visitor from afar, would - perched apparently on the top of the mainmast—utter the insolent laugh or the dolorous warning. On these occasions the poor man would rush of to his cabin with blanched cheek and tottering limb, and there abide until the gale in his moral sensibilities should subside.

That it was angry with no one else but the captain was clear, from the fact that it never took notice of the conduct of any other person. The mate or boatswain might act as they liked, or the men might jib and call each other hard names; no matter—the voice was not heard—neither laugh nor moan fell upon our ears. But most of those who lived in the forcastle were far from being happy; many of them shared the fears of the skipper; and I saw that they would much rather have braved his wrath than to be tormented as they were by the "voices of the night" or the "day" Myself and Chester were exceptions What his opinion was, he could not say; he met all my questions by adroit evasions As for myself, I had no explanation to give.

Thus matters went on until we were within two days' sail of the islands

All the while our poor captain had been kept from tyranny by his fears of the voice; but now, exasperated by some fault in seamanship on the part of Chester, and being the worse for liquor, he hurled a belaying pin at him, which struck him on the head. Clapping both hands thereon, with a yell he rushed into the forecastle. It was evident the skipper expected to hear the voice, for he looked nervously aloft; but when all was silent in that direction, his courage returned, and he desired the second officer to call Chester back to the deck. Getting no answer to his call, the mate went below, when he found the poor fellow delirious. Returning to the deck, he reported him to be in a dangerous condition.

This filled the captain with fear He ordered that every attention should be paid him, which was done That night it became necessary to have all hands on deck to reef, and while we were on the yards an awful cry, like that of a maniac, arose from the bows of the vessel, and the next moment several of us saw a human form on a rail near the fore switter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee.

The captain and chief officers, who were on deck, rushed to the side A hat was seen for a moment bobbing on the crest of a wave; the maniacal scream was repeated, when Captain Phillips, himself uttering a cry, fell senseless on the deck. The mate then hailed us who were on the topsail yard:

"Come down from aloft! Clear away the small boats!"

We thought he was as near beside himself as was the captain; and so he was for the moment, for when we had gained the deck, he was ready to countermand the order.

Every thing was awfull beyond expression; the wind and the water were raging wild: it was impossible for a small boat to live in so rough a sea, so, making a virtue of necessity, the search for the poor maddened fellow was abandoned, amid vows of vengeance against the captain and tears for our lost messmate

Forty-eight hours after this we entered the port of Hilo. A vast change had come over the crew. The captain, knowing their peculiarities, had supplied them with money and copious libations of whisky; so, instead of reporting him to the consul, as they declared they would, they were ready to shout his praises all day long. In this, however, I did not agree; but unable to bring the tyrant to justice single-handed, I resolved to quit the Niger.

I did so. After hiding in the woods several days, I was caught and brought back to the ship. As my adventures as a fugitive are not essential to the unfolding of my story, I pass them by, and take up the thread of my narrative.

We set sail on our return voyage. Captain Phillips was an altered man. He abstained from spirits; he controlled his temper, and this, with the addition of a fine steady breeze, made our lives on board happy. But, alas! we were doomed to a sad ending up of the voyage. Keeping too near the land, and a squall laying hold on the ship, we were driven on a lee shore. It was just after midnight when we struck, and the darkness was terrible; and, leaping out of my hammock, I ran on deck. I could see nothing save the wild waters racing over the deck. I cried out to my ship-mates, but got no answer. It was not possible to reach the after-part of the vessel where the life belts were kept. So, acting on the impulse of the moment, I leaped into the sea. Catching hold of a friendly rock, I was saved. Daylight came after a weary waiting. The first thing I saw was the dead body of poor Captain Phillips, and not very far from it that of our Chinese cook. The rest were saved.

We made our way to Portland, where we were paid off. Thence I proceeded to San Francisco. I had often asked myself whence came those strange voices and fearful words which had so alarmed our captain and put most of the crew in terror, and had so opportunely on one occasion saved me from the vengeance of the captain. But it was beyond my power to answer the inquiry; neither could the mate nor any of the survivors throw light thereupon. Had we known what ventriloquism was, we might have had therein a solution of the mystery; but I had never heard an adept in the art, neither had any of my shipmates; otherwise I judge such fact would have been mentioned, and the voices accounted for on that ground. Poor Chester, when with us, our most intelligent shipmate, seemed to be as much in the dark as the rest of us, although he was not in the least put out of the way by the occurrences. Strolling along the streets of San Francisco one night, about a year after the wreck, ready for any thing in the way of amusement that might turn up, my eye caught a large poster which announced the wonderful doings of Professor Meredith, "the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist."

This, thought I, shall be the source of my evening's enjoyment. Turning my face in the direction of the "Hall of Science and Emporium of Amusements," I was soon seated in a snug corner of the body of the building, and was not long in being carried away by the wonderful sayings and doings of the Professor At last he told us he would hold an imaginary conversation with a person up the chimney. He did so. When, in the midst of a dialogue, the person up the flue gave a derisive "Hah, hah, hah!"

I was startled. I sprang from my seat. "Surely," said I, half aloud, "those are the voice and tone and words which more than once came from the maintop of the Niger." And while I was staring at the Professor with eyes ready to leap out of their sockets, he came to the front of the stage to perform his part. Then, in spite of his flowing beard and other decorations. I saw in Professor Meredith, the identical Jack Chester, who, over twelve months before, was believed to have leaped, in a fit of madness, into the sea and drowned

"Chester!" I cried, in my excitement.

"Sit down!" cried one; "Put him out!" said some others.

In the meantime I had come to myself and resumed my seat, but not before I had got from the Professor a sign of recognition.

When the performance was over, my old shipmate (for it was he) beckoned me to him, and taking me to his private room, he grasped my hand in all the fervency of ardent friendship.

"Sit down, Henry, my boy," said he, "and you shall have a solution of the mystery which hangs over me and the past"

"How came you to be saved from a watery grave on that awful night when you plunged into the raging sea?" I impatiently asked.

"I did not jump overboard," replied Chester, laughing; "neither was I any less sane than I am at this moment Then entire affair was a trick of my own invention to frighten the captain and then get away from his clutches My madness was a sham, and the man overboard was simply a bundle of old togs, topped by my old hat, which I had just put together. The moment I pitched them over the rail I slipped down into the fore-peak, where I lay hid until the night after the ship entered the port, when I stole out and went on shore. I had taken care to lay up junk, and I managed to avoid detection until the Niger sailed The cries which you heard from the maintop, from behind the long boat, and in the cabin, I need not now explain"

"No," said I; "all is made clear by the doings of this night."

"Exactly so," said he And then he continued: "I had performed as a ventriloquist in most of the large cities and towns in Europe before you knew me; but, becoming somewhat restless in my habits and having squandered all my earnings, in a fit of restlessness I took to the sea, and, in the capacity of a sailor, found my way to Puget Sound. But I had not in me the stuff of which sailors are made; so, after my adventures on board the Niger, I went back to my old profession, in which I have done well. My wild oats are all sown, I hope, and having learned wisdom by bitter experience, I shall stick to that line of life for which I have capacity—a better thing than splicing old ropes or taking in topsail reefs on a blowing night"

"I should think so," I said. "But you nearly killed the captain with fright, whilst you caused us many a heartache at your supposed loss."

"For the latter I am very sorry," returned Chester. "But I cannot say that I pitied the captain. His cruelty to me was terrible, and he would possibly have ended by killing me, but for my fortunate gift of ventriloquism. 'All's well that ends well'"

"True," I returned. "And I rejoice that you are alive to say so You kept your secret famously, for neither Captain Phillips nor any of his crew ever suspected that incapable Jack Chester was the ghost that haunted the Niger."

Grant's Candidacy.

Our readers know our position toward the candidacy of Mr. Grant The *Freie Presse* was founed in 1871 as a Liberal-Republican paper. As such it fought grant with a great deal of energy. Although many of the suppositions of that time have meanwhile proved erroneous, still it is no pleasing task to recommend a candidate now to whom we were formally opposed.

From these and other reasons our first choice was John Sherman; our second E. B. Washburne. But after the violent attacks of the flatists in the Republican party have seriously injured the prospect of the former, and and after Mr. Washburn has most positively pronounced for Grant, and given it as his opinion that he was only brought forward as a candidate to weaken Grant, whom he regards as the "best man"—since that time the only question is whether Grant or Blaine shall be the candidate of the republican party.

Our political life is rich in disppointment. Whoever wants to exercise some influence in shaping public affairs must join a party and by so doing must sacrifice a great part of his independence. For it is self-evident that of five million members of a party every one cannot have his own individual way; every sensible man sees, likewise that a party can only then be able to succeed when its members squiesce in the resolutions which party or caucus conventions promulgate.

The individual citizen who intends to take part in public affairs must join that party which comes nearest his views, and within this party he has to be guided by the resolutions of the majority. It is true that not always that which is most to be wished can be attained; very often that which is possible remains far far behind our wishes: this is certainly not pleasant, but it cannot be helped. For, as we said before, it is simply impossible that 5,000 000 of men should in all things be of the same opinion.

As we must at present presume that neither Sherman nor Washburn will be our standard bearer, we shall work with all our might for Grant, and we hope that the "independent" German Republicans will not reenact a second edition of the Tilden stupidity by placing their like or dislike of certain pesons above the great question of principle, whether the goverment shall or shall not be turned over to the ex rebels.

Those Germans for whom Mr Washburn is their ideal of a statesman or who at least believes him to be a man who on account of his ability and and sound judgment, would be most fit for the Presidency, those Germans will consequently cheerfully vote for Grant For as Mr. Washburne believe Mr Grant to be the best candidate, nothing remains to the admirers of Washburn than to subscribe to this opinion and vote that way. If they dont do this, if they declare that Grant is not good enough for them, they declare to Mr Washburne that he has recommended to them a corrupt and unfit person and that, consequently, Washburne himself has no judgment, or that he knowingly recommends a bad man. In brief those Germans who are not satisfied with the ideal of their ideal bring themselves into a ridiculous position.

As we have already said, we take things as they are And now as the question lies only between Grant and Blaine we shall occupy ourselves first with the prospect of the former, because he appears to us to be by far the more desirable of the two candidates.

The delegates whom Pennsylvania and New York send to the Chicago Convention are instructed to vote for Grant Add to these 128 votes the 42 of Illinois, which are sure for Grant, and probably the 44 of Ohio. For it is very unlikely that Sherman, after Blaine was indecent enough to fight him in his own State, should unite his strength with that of his indecent opponent in order to fight Grant. To this powerful vote from the four principle States a great many other States will rally, and we shall not be astonished if, finally, the opponents of Grant, when they see the inutility of a longer fight, will agree to make the nomination by acclamation.

In looking calmly over the field the election of Grant appears to be assured beyond a doubt. In 1872 he was antagonized by the most influential Republican papers conducted by men like Greely, Bowles, and Horace White, and also by the most influential German Americans The opinion that the South, if let alone and freed of the carpet-baggers would accept the results of the war and prosper again, was almost universal; still, thanks to his great personal popularity, Grant was elected by an immense majority.

To-day most of the influential papers and politicians who fough Grant in 1872 will support him The belief in a reconciliation with the south has been destroyed by the outrageous bulldozing committed against the Southern Republicans, and by the impudent demeanor of the ex-rebels in Congress; it has given place to a deep rooted conviction that a Democratic victory must by all means be prevented And Grant's popularity is to-day, after the flattering reception which as a soldier and statesman, he has received from all civilized nations, greater than ever before with the masses of the American people, who, in him, feel themselves honored. His victory seems to us therefore fully assured.

We would like to say a few words in regard to the objection against a third term and in regard to the reproaches which have been made to Grant on account of the corruption of many of his officials.

We did never get excited by the fear of a third term; it has always left us quite cool. We cannot see why the people should not elect a man to office three times, if they see fit to do so. The fear that such a man might aspire to the dictatorship is, in view of our small army, indeed, not free from a comical effect The Americans are too gallant soldiers to be afraid of such a bugbear. For the same reason, a business man should be afraid to employ a man longer than eight years, for fear he might become too powerful. We would not like to wear the clothes of a man who would dare to aspire to a dictatorship over the American people.

As far as the charge of the corruption of many officials under Grant is concerned, it is certainly a just one, and we are not inclined to take up, in this case, the defense of the ex-President. But to be just and equitable, it must be admitted that corruption did not only exist under the Grant regime. We have had, for instance, corrupt editors, bookkeepers, and advertising agents in our own newspaper business who combined to rob us, carriers who sold the lists of their subscribers to rival papers, and if all this could be done by 'honest Germans,' in a business which only counts 110 employes, the manager of which is the deeply interested chief proprietor, and said to be a smart newspaper man, why should the President of the United States, who has to appoint 60,000 officials of all grades, not be duped and misled often.

And, urther! Did no Mr. Schurz, whose whole energy during the last years was employed to fight corruption and purify official life, to discover that in his own department the most shameful corruption come to light? Does not this prove that among so large a personnel, some crooked fellows will always slip in, and that the best will in the world cannot make it possible to prevent in the public service that which is of daily occurrence in private business? Let us be just and fair, to admit this, and at the same time to acknowledg, that not a shadow of proof was adduced that *Grant personally* was guilty of corruption, or of knowingly fostering it.

This is according to our opinion, the state of things And as we believe that the country will, for the next four years, be better off under Republican than Democratic rule, we shall support Mr. Grant with all our might, in case he is nominated. We hope as we said before, that our readers will faithfully stand by us in this fight. *Chicago Freie Presse.*

A Slave's Prayer.

Not long since an old gentleman of Harrison county, Ky., was gathered to his fathers, after having attained the age of seventy-five years. A notice of the old gentleman's death was mailed to some old friends in his city and they, of course, had a great deal to say about the life and character of their deceased friend The circumstances of the old gentleman's death recalled to their minds a very remarkable incident in his career, and we have been fortunate enough to obtain the particulars connected therewith. The truth of the story we can heartily vouch for, because it comes from a source perf