Terms o .Publication

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The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXVIII. NO. 52. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1508.

ATTORNEYS AT-LAW.

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

ED. S. 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. 11-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. 12-1y.

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

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 collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. C. OGLE, 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 Press Row.

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

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Somerset Pa. Office in the Court House. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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. 16|y15

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice. Inquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 16.

PENSION AGENCY. S. T. 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 St. east of the diamond.

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

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet 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. 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. June30.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Nell's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. aug11

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 do a change my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $5, 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.

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, Stoystown, Pa. July 31.

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.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit positively and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity; fees reduced; for pamphlet, 2c. Dr. Cannon, 527 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BANKS, ETC.

NEW GOODS! Casebeer & Co. have just received from the Eastern cities a very large STOCK of GOODS Which they are now offering at extremely LOW PRICES. Their stock of DRESS GOODS is very large, and as they had sold off their old stock at REDUCED PRICES, They now have on hand an entirely NEW and well SELECTED STOCK of DRESS GOODS, of the very LATEST and BEST STYLES Found in the Eastern market which they will sell at prices to suit all. Their' is a general stock, consisting of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HARDWARE, HATS and CAPS PAINTS and OILS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, FISH, CARPETS, TABLE & FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, WALL & WINDOW PAPER &c., &c., &c. From the long established reputation for fair dealing this firm has gained, the fullest confidence can be placed in all representations made by any person connected with the store. They now have on hand the LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN. When you come to town, call and see for yourself. CASEBEER & CO. Somerset Pa., Apdtr 22mo

NEW BANK. 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. JNO. HICKS. LAURE 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. angl8.

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, Confluence, Pa. Dec. 31.

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above Henry Hoffley's Store.) SOMERSET, PA. LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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 round 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, Ulcers 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.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. May 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 GEORGESTINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. June 11

$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.

LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. WANTED! A first-class Life Insurance Company in New York wants SPECIAL, GENERAL and LOCAL AGENTS, in unoccupied territory in the State of Pennsylvania. Address MANAGER OF AGENCIES, Box 100, New York Post Office.

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. 28

H M'CALLUM, 77 FIFTH AVENUE, Above Wood Street. CARPETS, LIGNUM, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTHS, AN IMMENSE STOCK BOUGHT AT Low Prices of Three Months Since, The Greatest Advantage in Prices will be given to Early Purchasers. FEBRUARY, 1880. March 31 2m

R. C. LANDIS Has constantly on hand at his distillery PURE RYE WHISKIES, For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES. Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attention. March 2, 1880

WALTER ANDERSON, MERCHANT TAILOR, COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE, AND NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. febl8

SPRING, 1880. CARPETS A Large and Choice Stock of Ingrains, Tapestry Brussels, Body Brussels, Marquetts and Axminsters, with Rugs and Borders to match. Also Oil Cloths, Linoleums and Lignums. BOVARD, ROSE & CO., No. 39 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILLS. ESTABLISHED 1812. Having for the past year or two, been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing. I have now on hand a large stock consisting of BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS, COVERLETS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C., which I wish to TRADE FOR WOOL. Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your WOOL! to work up RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY, and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Dougherty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of this county. I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all. New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to WM. S. MORGAN, Quemahoning, Pa. Apr 7

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphan's Court of Somerset county Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale by public auction on the premises in Paint township, on

Tuesday, June 8th, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the following valuable real estate, late the property of Peter Berkeyhile deceased, viz:

No. 1. A tract of land situated in Paint township, Somerset county Pa. Containing 89 acres more or less, adjoining lands of John R. Miller, Peter Ott, Emanuel Hummel, and the old homestead of the deceased, of which there are about 35 acres cleared. There is a good sugar camp on said premises.

No 2. A tract of situate in Paint township, Somerset county, Pa Containing 169 acres, more or less, of which there are about 100 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow. Adjoining lands of Frederick Ott, Simon Berkey, John Geisel, Emanuel Rummel and tract No. 1., having a large two story brick Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings thereon erected, also a good Apple Orchard thereon, the said farm being pleasantly situated and convenient to church and school.

—TERMS OF SALE.—

One-third cash, one-third in six motnh one-third in one year with interest, deferred payment to be secured by judgment on the premises, 10 per cent. of bid money to be paid as soon as property is knocked down.

JACOB HOFFMAN, Administrator of Peter Berkeyhile decd.

$45 PREMIUM WATCH AND CHAIN—a stem-winder. Free with every order. Outfit free. J. B. Gaylord & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

On a sunny October day, according to instructions I had received from the officers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I accompany him upon the engine, as the better post for the observation along the rails I had been commanded to attend.

After reading the note he touched his hat and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as he could provide for the long ride which lay before us.

It was a novel experience for me and a highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave the air, the train thundered along behind us, and I could but look admiringly at the man who stood until nchingly at his post, and in whose hands lay, in reality, all our lives.

He was a tall handsome fellow, whose keen, gray eyes never stirred from his post, either to right or left, but whose cheery laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes to take on coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed standing on the platform a young women, holding a neat covered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years old.

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed in delight, and glancing at my companion's face, I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes

"My wife and child, sir," he said, turning to me. "I have only one day a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here with my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her."

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely."

"No matter where I am, sir," he replied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Mary's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me my happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fill the wife's bright blue eyes as she fondly kissed her husband goodbye, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hands a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what he meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. You read so many book stories of the people who make up *your* world that you have not much time to look *down* to mine. There are people who think such as we have not time to love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, and—you'll tell me if I tire you?

"I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my work when at my post, but fond of a good time when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right before we had gone far on our way.

"One evening, at a dance, I met Mary Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of a coquet in those days, though no more than natural, with all the young fellows trying their best to turn her head.

"I was not long behind the rest I could not get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart. The only question was, would she turn me adrift or give me hers for that I had stolen? It was many a week before I got up courage enough to determine to ask her to be my wife. Every moment off duty I would spend with her, until I grew to fancy she used to watch and wait for my coming.

"But I was not without my jealous hours, for all that. How did I know how she spent her time. I was so constantly away from her?

"At last I heard of another dance, to be given the night I would be off duty. I could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure she would know I would come for her, and would go with no one else.

"But when the evening arrived I found when I called for her that she had already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys his future happiness by it.

"My first words to Mary were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away and her face grew white.

"'I did not know you were coming, John. How could I?'

"You might have waited!" I exclaimed.

"'And staid at home, perhaps to have had you laugh at me, with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my escort, and I believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter.'

"'As you will,' I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word "coquet!" between my teeth, and unheeding the little, pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room to where I stood.

"She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of dissipations with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life—not as before, for so-called good will and good fellowship, but to drown memory.

"I did not go near Mary for a month. To me it seemed a year. Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears my haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentant, to ask her forgiveness and perhaps her love.

"On a long, lonely night ride I made up my mind to do this, though like a thousand mocking devils, memories of the moments I had spent in the last few weeks crowded around me, as though tauntingmen in contrast to her purity; but with God's help I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and thought the hours would never drag along until I could find myself once more in her presence. She came in to see me, holding out her hand with a sweet smile of welcome, as though we had parted only yesterday, and yet—and yet there was a change. Ah, I learned it all too soon! In those few moments I told her the story of my life for the past few months—of what it had been before I knew her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flush was in her cheeks, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her lips faltered not.

"'John,' she said, 'I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must *be* a man. Perhaps I might have loved you—' here a little tremble crept into her tone—'but I have *almost* ceased to respect you. Were you my husband, I would fear for you, and fear and love cannot go hand in hand.'

"'Stop!' I said. 'Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be so cruel. Be my wife, and let me prove the stuff that is in me.

"'No, John,' she answered, softly; but the blue eyes she raised to mine were swimming in tears. 'If you have seen the wrong, surely you will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me, *prove yourself* a man. It does not take a battle-field to make a hero.'

"'Prove myself a man.' These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would else have drifted into, but torturing me with their helplessness. What hope had I in my daily routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of words, something in her eyes had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my life.

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to C——. We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red flutter on the track.

"I strained my eye—I blew my whistle. What could it be? Merciful heaven? Another instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guided to its destruction.

"I whistled 'down brakes,' but as I did so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the order could be obeyed, it would be rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at the peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that and praying for you at home.'

"It takes a long time, sir, to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bitter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance; but it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind me.

"'Take the engine!' I screamed to him 'Good-bye, Mary,' I whispered low to myself.

"The next minute, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, mangled? No! I looked down. It was safely held within one strong arm, its red dress fluttering in the wind, its golden head close pressed against my shoulder. How was it done? I cannot tell you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall.

"Then the train checked its speed, stopped, the passengers came crowding about us, men grasped me by the hand, women cried over me, and I stood dazed and bewildered in their midst, the child tight pressed within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this," throwing back his coat and showing a gold medal.

"I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount, but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mothers grateful tears.

"The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, looking at it, than to me, who had no time to stop and think; but something more was in store for me. I was off duty the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it over, when someone whispered my name. In another moment some one was sobbing in my arms—some one who had come of her own sweet will—some one who from that moment has been the sunshine of my home and my heart.

"That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I trust I have not tired you."

But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand true heart within, could only echo his Mary's words:

"It does not take a battle-field to make a hero."

The Toledo *Blade* denounces the English sparrow as "a swaggerer, a boaster, a liar, and a caucus packer, a frequenter of free lunches, and a deadbeat generally. He has no domestic virtues, and is as devoid of public spirit as a defeated candidate after a county convention. His appearance in this country was a misfortune and his continuence here is a nuisance that ought to be abated by general legislation. The City of New York may want him to keep people out of Central Park, but so far as Toledo is concerded the sparrow must go."

New Arrivals at the Zoo.

On Tuesday the long expected and long wished for Rocky Mountain sheep arrived at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia. This animal is one which the Society have for years been endeavoring to secure, and now that they have been successful they naturally feel very much elated over the acquisition. This specimen is a young female, about a year old, and was purchased from a man in Colorado recently, and after its arrival in the Garden was given spacious quarters in the deer park. Mr. Arthur E. Brown, the Superintendent of the Garden, says that the Rocky Mountain sheep is one of the rarest of specimens in any collection, and that this one is the first he has ever seen. There is no other one on exhibition on the Atlantic side of the continent and the only specimens on exhibition in the West are a pair now in California. The scarcity of these animals in zoological collections is owing to the great difficulty experienced in their capture. Like the chamois, they live on the very tops of the mountains, and always stay in the places most inaccessible to man. The only way in which they are brought down is by means of a rifle, and it always has happened that they have been too seriously wounded to keep them alive. Mr. Brown said this morning to a reporter that, "ever since the Garden was started about half the United States army (not necessarily a large number of men) have been trying to secure us a Rocky Mountain sheep." The present animal was caught soon after it was born, and the mother was shot. It is now a year old and seems to be in excellent condition. It is now about the size of a good-sized sheep, but will grow to be much larger. The males, when full grown, are quite large and wonderfully active, and are provided with great recurved horns, of prodigious size and strength.

Another recent arrival at the Garden is that of the four howling monkeys from Nicaragua. These animals have the reputation of being able to make more noise in proportion to their size than any other animal yet discovered, except perhaps the tree frog. In their native woods, just before sunrise, the howlers commence, and their dismal howls, it is said, can be heard for miles around. They are enabled to make this terrific noise by reason of a special development of the vocal organs. They are small animals, and are generally found in South America. The ones at the Garden are known as the "Mantled Howlers," because of a line of gray hair around the back and sides, and are the most northern of several species. They are the first which have ever been in the Garden, as they are scarce and hard to capture. Besides that, they are very delicate, as was shown by the fact that the four which arrived here are all that was left of fourteen which were sent from Nicaragua. To capture these fourteen little monkeys it took about eighteen men for several hours, and necessitated the cutting down of about four acres of trees. A tribe or lot of the animals were observed in the forest, and the method by which they were secured was briefly as follows: The men first surrounded the tribe, so as to drive them as closely together as possible. Then an outside ring of trees were cut down, the fall of which drove the monkeys still closer to the centre. More trees were felled, until but a single clump of two or three trees were left standing and the monkeys were sheltered in their branches. Then one after another of these trees were cut down, so that all the tribe had to take refuge in one tree. The capture of a number of them was then a comparatively easy matter. The four little strangers were placed in one of the cages in the monkey house. With them arrived a "black-handed spiuer monkey," specimens of which have been in the collection before. The name indicates just about what they look like. They have black hands and long arms and legs, which make them resemble a spider very much.

The collection of sea lions has been enriched by the addition of two sea lions, one an adult female and the other a female cub. They were placed in the middle pond, where they were well received by the heretofore solitary occupant. They were brought from the Island of San Miguel, off the coast of Lower California, where they are found in large numbers. Both are apparently healthy, and much is hoped for from the addition. —*Bulletin.*

Two Tons of Silver Per Week.

There are five establishments in the United States where the smelting and refining of silver-bearing lead ores is carried on. One of the most extensive if not the most extensive of the works is that of the Pennsylvania Lead Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Here the "base bullion" of Leadville and of Utah is brought to meet the cheap coke and coal of Pennsylvania and though the freight per car averages $300, the business has grown to great proportions. President Schwartz of the above company, gives figures showing that 60 per cent. of the "base bullion" output of Leadville is shipped to the Pittsburgh refining works, besides 75 per cent. of the output of Utah lead mines. "Base bullion" is the product of the ore smelters of the mining regions, and bears about the same relation to refined silver as pig metal to refined steel. At the Pittsburgh refining establishment this base bullion is converted into lead, silver and gold. The precious metals find their way to New York, while the lead is consumed by the makers of white lead. The Utah ores are the richest in gold, sometimes reaching 40 ounces per ton. Of silver, the Pennsylvania Lead Company ships 50,000 ounces per week, or two tons, representing in value, at $1.14 per ounce, $57,000. This metal leaves the works in pretty bars of 2,000 ounces each.

If a big head denotes ability, it is an interesting sight to observe what a showing of ability this town puts forth every Monday morning.

A Good Story from Texas

General Thomas Harrison, who was commander of a Texas regiment during the war, and known by the boys as the "Jim Town Mayor," was soon after the war elected Judge of one of the districts of Texas. Shortly after his election he visited one of the counties in his district for the purpose of holding his court. He arrived at the county town on Sunday evening and sent for the Sheriff and asked him if a jury had been summoned for the court and if any upon the jury were colored.

The Sheriff replied that he had summoned a jury, but there were no colored men on the jury, and but few in the county. Judge Harrison told him that under a recent order of the Department Commader, no legal jury could be impaneled unless one or more negroes were on it, and ordered him to have some negroes in attendance on the following morning, to be placed upon the jury. The Sheriff, after some trouble, succeeded in finding three or four negroes, and upon organizing the court Judge Harrison placed one on each jury.

About the first case called was one against a party for murder. After hearing the evidence, and arguments of counsel, and charge of the court, the jury started down stairs to consider their verdict, the colored juror happening to be in the rear. Following was the defendants attorney. At the head of the stairs (and in hearing of the colored juror) the attorney was asked how he thought the case would be decided. The reply was, "I think that the defendant will be acquitted or the jury will be hung."

The jury went down the steps and out into the yard, and upon looking around the colored member was missing. Upon investigation, they saw him making 2:40 time in the direction of the brush. The Sheriff was called; and after a vigorous pursuit, Mr. Juror was captured and brought before the court and asked why he ran away. His reply was, "He had heard a gentleman say that if the man wasn't cleared the jury would be hung, and as he hadn't done nothing, he didn't want to take any chances.

The Great Conundrum.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

Many persons have heard the question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" without knowing the origin of it. I propose to enlighten them a little on the subject. William Patterson was a very wealthy tradesman or merchant of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland. In the early days of Franklin county he bought up a great many tracts of land in the county, and spent a good portion of his time in looking after his interests there. He was said to be as strong as a bear and as brave as a lion, but like all brave men he was a lover of peace, and, indeed, a good, pious man. Nevertheless, his wrath could be excited to a fighting pitch. On one occasion he attended a public gathering in the lower part of Franklin county, at some district court ground. During the day two opposing bullies and their friends raised a row, and a general fight was the consequence. At the beginning of the affray, and before the fighting began, Billy Patterson ran into the crowd to pursuade them not to fight, but to make peace and be friends. But his efforts for peace were unavailing, and while making them some of the crowd in the general melee struck Billy Patterson a severe blow from behind. Billy at once became fighting mad, and cried out at the top of his voice, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" No one could or would tell him who was the guilty party. He then proposed to give any man $100 who would tell him "who struck Billy Patterson." From $100 he rose to $1,000; but not $1,000 would induce any man to tell him "who struck Billy Patterson." And afterward, in his will he related the above facts, and bequeathed $1,000 to be paid by his executors to the man who would tell "who struck Billy Patterson." His will is recorded in the ordinary's office at Carnesville, Franklin county, Ga., and any one curious about the matter can there find it and verify the preceding statements.—*Carnesville (Ga.) Register,*

An Indian Joke.

You would hardly expect to find wit among the Indians, and yet they are just as human as the rest of us, and, in spite of their stoicism, indulge in a joke now and then which has a flavor of its own. During a banquet which was given by the pale faces to several red men, one of the Indians took a spoonful of mustard, supposing it to be some delicacy. The tears came to his eyes. He could die without flinching, but a spoonful of mustard was something which even his heroic soul could not endure, so he wept profusely, even as a white man does sometimes. The chief, who sat opposite to him naturally asked him why he cried. He naturally replied that he was thinking of his old father, who died a horrible death. A few minutes after, the chief himself fell upon the mustard pot, and swallowed more than was necessary. The tears came into his eyes, too. A thousand tomahawks were nothing, but the pungent quality of the mustard made him weep like a child.

"And why do you cry? asked the first victim, with savage delight in his tones.

"Well," was the quick retort, "I am crying because you were not killed when your father was."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge to the man on trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, solemnly, "Judge, there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on, Judge, and give us as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush!"

Selling Road Repairs.

Down in Chester county, they have a queer way of doing many things and among those queer things is the auctioning off the repairs of the township roads. The other day the roads in East Bradford township were sold for three years and are to be kept in perfect order during that time. Three years ago the entire public roads of the township brought $5,570, but on Monday about $3,250 was realized, or a gain over the last sale of $2,500. It appears that John Hildburn and Aaron Davis were competitors for a certain piece of road which, at the sale three years ago, brought $70. They commenced bidding at this contract at the above figure, and gradually come to *nothing,* when Mr. Davis said he would give one cent for the privilege of mending and keeping it in repair for the next three years. This stirred up Mr. Hildburn's mettle, and he said he would give $1, and so the contestants crossed each other alternately, until the contract was knocked off to Mr. Hildburn for the sum of $9. The laugh comes here, inasmuch as the lucky purchaser will be compelled to keep the road in good repair for the next three years and pay $3 a year for the privilege of doing so, and also pay his share of road tax in the bargain. This mode of doing business is a novel one, and the first of the kind ever on record; but what's the use, mettle will tell.—*Carlisle Mirror.*

He Didn't Understand.

Governor David Tod, of Ohio, was a confirmed punster and humorist. In early life he was a cord-wood chopper in the employ of the Mahoning Iron Company, of Ohio. He rose gradually from this position to be Governor of the State during the stirring times of the rebellion, and occupied the same position as did Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania.

Previous, however, to his elevation to the Gubernatorial chair of the State of Ohio, he had been elected to represent his district in Congress, and at the close of the term he was appointed by the President Minister to Bogota, and while waiting in Philadelphia for transportation to Bogota, he was surprised one morning, when walking up Dock street, with a—

"Hello, Dave!"

The Governor tells the story himself:

"I turned round and at once recognized a comrade chopper. I stopped, of course, and he came up with his old wood buck and saw on his shoulder. We shook hands cordially. It was Tom Sturgis, with whom I had worked many a day.

"Why, Dave, what are you doing here?"

"Well," I replied, "the President has appointed me Minister to Bogota, and I am just waiting here for a passage."

"Thunder!" said he. "Dave, all the Presidents in the world can never make a preacher of you."

Hotel Mysteries.

"Why is it," asked the man with the sample case, "that at the average hotel, the shortest man is always set down at the end of the table, where there is nothing, and where he can reach nothing else?"

"And why," asked the sad passenger, "is the waiter always fluttering over some deliberate, fussy old gourmand, who is going to stop over three days anyhow, when you have only fifteen minutes and then have to run for your train?"

"And why," asked the tall, thin passenger, "is the black pepper cruet always in the castor on the next table?"

"And why is it empty when you get it?" asked the cross passenger.

"And why," asked the fat passenger, "do the two young married people who sit opposite you always stop eating and gaze at you with such pitiful reproachfulness every time you look at them?"

"And why," asked the brakeman, coming in to light the lamps, "doesn't the hash shave?"

"And why," suddenly said the woman who talks bass, "don't men ever talk sense?"

The peaceful silence came drifting into the car, noiselessly as a fog, until the car was full of it. And these questions are unanswered conundrums even unto this day, especially the last one.

A Fuddled Elephant.

"I saw Betsy as drunk as a fiddler one time, and she was a funny sight. We were showing late in the fall in Indianna, in very severe weather. Some monkeys, and birds, and snakes, had already frozen, and Betsy showed that she was suffering greatly from the cold. Long John went to manager Older and said to him:

"You'd better get some whiskey for Betsy or she'll freeze."

"How much?"

"Her ears are just beginning to freeze; get three buckets."

"Well they knew that was two for Betsy and one for Long John; but when it came to elephants, he was the boss, and the whiskey was got as beordered. Only you should have seen the barkeeper's eyes stand out when they ordered three buckets of whiskey for two drinks. Betsy drank all they gave her, and got staving drunk. She'd stagger, and roll over, and pick herself up, and pick Long Jim up and toss him on her back, and sort of laugh, and he'd laugh, and it was nip and tuck between them which was the drunker. Elephants are very fond of whiskey, or any sort of liquor, especially if it has lots of red pepper in it, and they are not only fond of getting drunk themselves but they are very considerate of drunken men. I never knew of an elephant hurting a drunken man. That Long John, when he was staggering drunk, would go right up to Sultan or Canada, when nobody else dared to go near them, and swing on their tusks, and toss their trunks about and go to sleep right down at their feet, and they would not only not do him any harm, but wouldn't let any body else go near him until he chose to wake up. And any real drunken man can do pretty much as he pleases with an elephant.—*New York Sun.*

Sheridan's Ride.

THE HISTORY OF THE WRITING OF T. BUCHANAN READ'S FAMOUS POEM.

A splendid lyrec which has been pronounced one of the most fervently patriotic that ever enriched any language or land was composed in Cincinnati on the morning of October 31, 1864. A somewhat trifling minor circumstance which cannot be generally known, was the cause of its production at that time. How its author might have sung later his theme of glory, no mortal can tell.

Mr. Cyrus Garrett, brother-in-law of Thomas Buchanan Read, with whom the artist and his family some time resided on West Eighth street, that morning discovered in *Harper's Weekly* a spirited drawing by