The Somerset Herald.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
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And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.
feb 1870-ly

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All business entrusted to their care will be specily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—In Baer's Block. Up stairs.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

N. I. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NEW BALTIMORE, SOMERSET CO., PA.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Sales and loans negotiated, and all other legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Collections a specialty. [June 2, '79.

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BAER & BAER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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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 adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

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

JAMES L. PUGH,
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Somerset, Pa.
Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

ED. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL.
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, 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 on Main street, west of the Diamond.

DR. A. G. MILLER,
SURGEON,
Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, 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. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY.
S. F. Sweitzer 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.

DAVIS BROTHERS,
HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO
PAINTERS,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.

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. Confluence, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN, PENN'A.
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 travelling public. His table and rooms cannot 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 the week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Cor. Diamond,
Stoystown, Pa.

LEGAL NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that W. H. Miller, assignee of Valentine J. Miller, has made application to the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, for an order to re-convey the real estate unsold to the said Valentine J. Miller, and be discharged from the trust, the debts being all paid. All persons interested will therefore take notice, that the same will be presented at the Adjourned Court, to be held on July 16, 1880, at 7 o'clock P. M.
H. F. SCHELL,
May 5 Prothonotary.

BUILDING NOTICE.
The School Board of Somerset Township School District will sell to the lowest responsible builder the erection of an additional school room in Friedensburg, for the purpose of establishing a graded school for said district, as specified by the school law, on the 20th day of June, at the Glade House, in Somerset borough. Specifications shown on day of sale. Sale at one o'clock P. M.
D. HUSBAND,
jun 16. President.

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 markets which they will sell at prices to suit all.
Theirs is a general stock, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HARDWARE,
HATS and CAPS,
PAINTS and OILS,
FISH, CARPETS,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
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.,
Apr 17 1880

CARPETS!
Are not expected to decline, but yet
TO REDUCE STOCK
A large line of each grade will be offered from to-day, June 7th,
AT TEN TO FIFTEEN CENTS LESS
Per yard than previous prices of this season.
CHINA MATTINGS
The finest brand imported, and all GRADES.

H. M'CALLUM,
77 FIFTH AVENUE,
ABOVE WOOD STREET.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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

R. C. LANDIS
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
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.
feb18

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS.
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON.,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or 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.
aug 18

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

$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

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.

J. H. ZIMMERMAN. GEO. SNYDER
SOMERSET FOUNDRY,
ZIMMERMAN & SNYDER,
All kinds of casting made and for sale, consisting in part of
SUGAR GRATES,
STOVE LININGS,
SLED SOLES,
AND GRATES, PLOWS,
AND SHEARS, &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

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. Daugherty, 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

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. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
Address GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
June 11 Portland, Maine.

$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.

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

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Tobias Shaffer, late of Somerset Twp. deceased.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present the same at the office of Jas. L. Pugh, Somerset, Pa., on or before Saturday, July 17, 1880.
JAS. L. PUGH,
Executor.
CAROLINE TIBBY,
June 2 Executrix.

The Truth is Mighty
and will prevail. Thousands who have used and been cured are living witnesses to the truth of our statement, that SELLER'S LIVER PILLS Will Cure the worst cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Headache arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness and all disorders resulting from a diseased liver. For sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.
R. E. SELLERS & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. N. BOYD, Agent Somerset, Pa.

THE SHAKE OF A HAND.

There's a feeling that thrills you with joy or with pain,
That is felt in the shake of the hand,
And records if aught but a thought you may gain
When you faced to adversity stand.

How many whose hand, though seemingly kind,
Like an icicle chills to the bone;
Not a shade of warm feeling within can you find,
Though appearance will greatly disown!

Then give me the hand of a man with a heart,
That scorns to be seen in disguise;
When you shake it you feel it is honesty's part
And the rest can be read in his eyes.

There's others from whom not a sigh will awake,
Indifferent and chill they remain,
As if all emotion was bound to a stake,
With its limit the length of a chain.

And should you, through courtesy, be thrown in their way,
Where civility makes a demand,
You just feel the tips of their fingers when they,
As if stung, draw quickly the hand.

While others you meet more inviting will stand,
And extend you their palm with a smile,
And greet you right hearty, at least with the hand,
Though their eyes are away all the while.

While some with a pleasure that's stamped on their face
Will greet you with truth in their eyes,
From the grasp of their hand it is easy to trace
That there is not a shade of disguise.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

I held a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world, for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home, because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us, and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief when we quarrelled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me, like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was passed, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a boy four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation, and being exhausted fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me: not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I could never bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree: starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but still out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong, full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I knew not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together, in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast; an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bed-room window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account, as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the earth with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their work before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who awake refreshed and cheerful—but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowdy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, thro' which now a hand and now a foot and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window, to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound,—how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever,—but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth, there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" *I* could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a low, deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden, repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me from limb to limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer I did not know, drawing his sword. In the name of King Charles, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees and with chattering teeth confessed the truth and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced, That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!—C. D.

Improved Methods.

Farming of all occupation is susceptible of the greatest advance through a thorough study and knowledge of nature's forces and workings. An hour's thought and planning may save a day's hard work. A single principle well understood, may determine a course that will double the crop or divide the expenses of cultivation. As brain is superior to muscle, so is an improved method in advance of some clumsy and expensive way of accomplishing the same result. Let every farmer resolve from this day to give to his occupation more thought and study, more experiment and investigation. Let him determine to understand nature better, and not rest content with misdirected force, or with such labors as are not guided by the best lights of modern science and investigation.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1880.

Of all the summer resorts in America Coney Island is the greatest. Located as it is below New York on the sea-coast it affords by easy access the thousands of people who swelter in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken throughout the week a pleasant place to get a good breath of air on Sunday. Sunday is the big day at Coney Island and last Sunday I was one of seventy thousand people who visited that place representing every condition of life from the beggar to the millionaire.

When we started from our hotel early in the morning the thermometers pointed to the nineties and the atmosphere was "muggy" that one could scarcely breathe freely and existence in town became a torture. The early exodus astonished even the steamboat runners. Taking the elevated road built by Tilden & Co., we soon landed at the Battery over the tops of houses. This ride gave us a good opportunity of observing, through the open blinds of the inhabitants windows as we glided along how poor people lived in New York. Some were in bed yet, others up and arranging their toilets, some sewing by the windows, while a goodly number were at their breakfast tables.

At the Battery we were soon aboard the boat which without waiting long was weighed down with hundreds of perspiring mortals. The boat was crowded and we had to content ourselves with a single stool on the fore deck where the sun's rays slid in under the awning and made people blink and perspire.

Nevertheless we voted the situation splendid as soon as the boat got under way and stirred up a charming breeze. In a few moments we were out on the bay and with bands playing soon passed around Governor's Island to the Bay Ridge Landing where we took the steam cars to Manhattan Beach. To ride in the comfortable cars was quite a relief to our situation on the boat. Soon we were in sight of the the big hotels.

At Coney Island there was a cool breeze from the south. Had there been nothing beyond the heat destroying zephyr that swept in from the sea, the beach would have been a haven of rest and comfort. But there was good music, good bathing, good preaching and there were good dinners. The piazzas, the walks, and the promenade along the edge of the sea were like the streets of New York on St. Patricks' day, and moreover the great good-natured crowd were bent on enjoying themselves.

It goes without saying that the enjoyment was hearty. If the demand for comfort and pleasure was unlimited the supply was inexhaustible. Those that did not bathe enjoyed seeing those that did. Those that did not care for music could enjoy going up in the balloon, walking on the beach or riding on the marine railway. Those who needed spiritual consolation were supplied. Those to whom none of these were satisfactory could watch the crowd, get weighed, have their pictures taken, drink milk or soda water, set on the pier, shoot at targets with bows or rifles, look at the excessively fat and lean people in the shows, find cause for wonder that life could have a stopping place in bodies so small as those of the midgets, have their fortunes told by seers and seeresses, examine the operation of blowing glass, go to the top of the tower, ride on swings, take lessons from the camera, study the time tables of the boats and trains, or in cool shady retreats give their minds over to self-communing and the contemplation of the changing panorama whose best picture was universal enjoyment and pleasure.

The religious service above referred to was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Littlejohn of the Diocese of Long Island in the long parlor of the Manhattan Beach hotel, where the guests gathered. Richly dressed California ladies, attending the races with their husbands, were in the room, sparkling with diamonds, and wearing dainty slippers partly covering richly embroidered hose which peeped from beneath the skirts of silk and satin. Patrick Gilmore of Boston Jubilee fame, in full dress, conducted the music, which vocally was furnished by a choir of about twenty waiters, and instrumentally by a quarette of musicians, with Saleedo as Cornet soloist. After reading the Episcopal services without the responses, Bishop Littlejohn addressed the large congregation upon the spiritual birthright possessed by all men. The immensity of the ocean, he said looking reflectively out upon the calm blue waters, was a type of God's own greatness, and and the innumerable sands upon the shore typefied the multitude who who were to be gathered at last in the mansions of Heaven. When Christ was on earth he emphasized the truth of what he taught by gathering his disciples upon the seashore, or in a boat on the sea a little way from land, or on the mountain. The exchange of Esau's birthright for the wretched equivalent of a mess of pottage then attracted the preacher's thoughts. What was true of Esau, he said, was true of every man to-day. At some moment he was tempted to resign his immortal birthright for some physical pleasure. The truth was all the more apparent in these days of luxurious life, when the tendency is to drift in a current of soft and enervating epicurianism. How many there were upon whose foreheads were stamped the words "Let us eat drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

In the same connection the Bishop spoke in forcible denunciation of the mean and easy ways adopted to gain fame, the short cuts taken to wealth, and the still worse short cuts to power. The sermon, which was attentively listened to, was followed by the long-metre doxology. After chuach we took in the sights. As the day passed on the crowd seemed to get larger and larger.

Immense train loads had been almost constantly arriving over the six lines of railroad from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and every boat that landed poured out swarms of passengers. At 5 P. M. the beach for a distance of two miles was black with human beings. From the top of the Observatory, where the whole scene could be taken in at once, the concourse seemed alive with carriages, and the iron pier looked like a gigantic hive of bees getting ready to swarm.

The surf was alive with merry bathers, and the pavilions overlooking the sea were all loaded at ten cents a head. In one of these large pavilions is the place to see fun. Men, women and children all tumbling in the water together below in the surf in their fancy bathing suits. It is a good place to study anatomy, you can see the femenine sex in all shapes and sizes from that of a barrel to a pipe stem.

Women look beautiful with a wet suit on sticking like wax to the skin; it shows their graceful forms to advantage. God forbid if a daughter of mine was ever caught amongst such a crowd as that. But we men voted the situation delightful all the same as we were seeing the sights of New York and this is part of them.

The music of a dozen bands occasionally floated up to the top of the observatory, and the blue ocean was dotted with sails that looked as white as snow in the light of the declining sun.

Supper was now in order and to a clambake we went.

By a patented apparatus clams are baked in two minutes. The bill of fare included clam chowder, roasted clams, broiled bluefish, clam fritters, watermelons, &c.

It was amusing to observe the different methods of different persons for attacking the clams. Those that had never been to a clambake did not know how to extract the clams from the shells, and when they had knifed and forked them out they didn't know what to put on them, or what part of the clam to eat. This was especially the case as regarded soft-shell clams, each of which has a short, blunt, tough appendage, and a hard membrane surrounding the whole clam, like a ring. The greenhorns generally gave it up before they had finished half the dish of clams, and called for the next course.

But there were plenty of old experts at the tables. The first thing these men did before sitting down was to deliberately take off their coats and vests and loosen their shirt collars. Some took off their hats, while more didn't. The clam chowder did not count much with them. It was only when they came to the steaming, savory clams that their appetites were awakened. These men always took the clam by the "snout" pulled the clam off from the shell, removed the encircling tough membrane, dipped the mollusk in melted butter, and then swallowed all but the "snout." Their average speed of getting away with clams was at a rate of twelve a minute.

After our appetites had been satisfied we strolled upon the beach to the music of the band. The sunset was superb. The moon stood over the sea, and the horizon was lost in a purple mist. Thesky toward Cables included all the mellow hues that can be thought. The thousand lamps of the Brighton made a scene of wonder. The electric lamps raised here and there along the beach looked like diamond stars. A vast concourse swarmed upon the hotel piazzas and about the music stand where Levy's horn fluted sweet German airs. And the broad band of moonlight porpoises sported, rolling amid the illuminated waves in dark and portly magnificence.

PICKET.

Changes in the City of Jerusalem.

A wonderful change has taken place in Jerusalem of late years, and it is probably now a more comfortable residence then ever before in its history. Mr. Schrick, who holds the appointment of Surveyor of Buildings in the holy city, has lately issued a very instructive report. He tells us that ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt by individuals or companies, and buildings on the Peabody plan have been erected by associations. The streets are now lighted, kept, for an Eastern city, most exceptionally clean, and the great aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon has been restored, and water brought thence to the city. Tanneries and slaughter-houses have been removed outside the town. The Sanitary Department is under the control of a German physician. Bethlehem and Nazareth are eagerly emulating the progress of the capital. In the latter place windows are becoming quite frequent. It is asserted that there is a fixed resolution on the part of thousands in Prussia to make that country as hot as possible for Jews, and it is not unlikely that this may in a measure increase the already considerable number now returning to Palestine, more especially as the German Jews already are in power in Jerusalem. The improvements are, further, likely to lead to many Europeans wintering there.

Curing Sick Chickens.

A writer in the *Practical Farmer*, in the course of a lengthy article, says: After we had lost nearly every chicken on the farm, and tried all the remedies we could hear of, some one sent word from some distance, to try cattle powders. Of course it was done, and the result, not another chicken sickened.

For a while I put as much as three tablespoonfulls in a quart of meal, mixed with hot water, and gave to a dozen fowls every day; then not so much, and only once or twice a week; then once a week or two weeks, and I never saw a dropsy or sick chicken while I did so. But after a time I neglected it, and the result was, in time the chickens commenced dropping off again, but stopped as soon as I recommenced giving the powders. This was repeated a number of times, but in the last three years I have not seen a symptom of the kind. I still keep a paper of powder on hand, and once in a while, when I think of it, I give them a dose.

A Scarred Veteran.

He didn't look a bit like a patriot as he stood rubbing his back on a corner wall, but it isn't everybody who can tell a patriot at first sight. They were talking about pensions, and all at once he woke up and said:

"Was I in the army? You bet I was! Didn't I have charge of one of the big guns in the trenches at Yorktown? Didn't I stand in the mud all day and sleep in a pond all night, wasn't it that which twisted my legs out of shape with the rheumatics? And yet have I applied for a pension? Has any one seen me insiduously stretching forth a hand to grab at the vitals of this distressed country?—Not a stretch—not a grab!"

No one had anything to say, and presently he went on:

"In the army—humph! Who saved the day at Malvern Hill? Who killed 17 of the enemy with his own hand? Who was decorated with sixteen medals and a cross by General McClellan? And yet does any assassin charge me with making midnight visits to pension agents to swear that the hardships of the tented field have left me with only one lung and no liver at all? Hang a soldier who wouldn't sacrifice his liver for his glorious country!"

He burned up five or six matches in a vain attempt to light the stump of a cigar and then drawled out:

"I may look seedy now, but who led the second corps at Fair Oaks? Who captured three flags from the enemy with his own hand? Who was shot in four places and left for dead? And y