The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 8. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1516.

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald,

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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 responsible for the subscription.

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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.

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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. [June7,'76.

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Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

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Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

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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 Kriesinger's store. apr. 21, '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 Reffley's store, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY.
S. P. 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 traveling public. His tables 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 convey the real estate unsold to the said Valentine J. Miller, and he 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 26, 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 Friedens, 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,
June 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.
Their's 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.,
April 21, 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 Reffley'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.

JOHN 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.
apr 9

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 DRY,
ZIMMERMAN & SNYDER,
All kinds of castings 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.
Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

$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., prop'rs., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.
Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

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.
Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

[To the tune of "Marching Thro' Georgia."]

BY NORMAN A. BARRETT.

Fling out the starry banner, boys, the flag we love full well,
Greet it with the cannons roar, with bugle, drum and bell,
Cheer it as we used to cheer 'mid screaming shot and shell
While we were fighting for freedom.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! the battle has begun,
Hurrah! hurrah! in serried ranks we come,
Cheering on our comrades as we cheered in '61,
While we were fighting for freedom.

Let the traitors tremble when they hear our roaring cheers,
Vain are all their falsehoods black, their curses, and their sneers;
Healed are our divisions now, and gone our idle fears,
While we are fighting for freedom.

(Chorus.)

Let our Southern Union men exult with joyful cheers:
Vain are tissue ballots now, bulldozing threats and jeers;
Bright above our loyal ranks the starry flag appears
While we are fighting for freedom.

(Chorus.)

Cheer for James A. Garfield, boys, our nation's pride and boast,
Gallant soldier, statesman wise, grand leader of our hosts,
Hancock's hopes are fading fast, and soon they will be ghosts
While we are fighting for freedom.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! the battle has begun,
Hurrah! hurrah! in serried ranks we come,
Cheering on our comrades as we did in '61,
While we were fighting for freedom.

A WONDERFUL GAME OF BALL.

Those persons who had the honor of my acquaintance ten years ago, will recall that I was quite an adept in the national game of base ball. I pitched for the Stromboli club—a fair under-hand pitch—for several games; but about that time the fashion of curving and under-hand throwing came in fashion.

I never believed it possible for any human being to send a regular body—such as a base ball—from his hand in such a fashion as to make it turn to the right or left. When the boys began to tell their wonderful stories about it, I loftily said that it was contrary to the law of mechanics, and, with a view of silencing these presumptuous youngsters, I wrote to the *Scientific American*, and submitted the question to that authoritive journal. It answered, in effect, that it was a ridiculous absurdity for any person to make such a claim

This, however, did not silence my friends. They said they had seen it done. Cummings, the professional, could do it with ease, though that was about the extent of his capacity on the field.

Then I was told that Mann, of the Princeton college nine, had acquired the art; but I only laughed, until one day I witnessed a game between the College nine and the New Haven professionals. I placed myself behind the board-fence back of the catcher, and watched.

That settled it. Mann did it continually. I saw the ball, as it left his hand, make such a decided turn to one side that it actually went around the end of the bat, and the player, who was confident of making a home run, didn't come within six inches of the cube.

Even the veteran Gould, once of the famous Red Stockings, after instructing his men how it was done, stepped up to the plate, and banged away eight times during the game, without coming anywhere near the ball.

I immediately reversed my opinions, as did the *Scientific American*, and also Professor Swift, of Rochester, who went out on the ball-field and saw the ball pitched squarely around the end of the board.

I think it was a good time for us all to patch up our theories.

I asked Man how he did the trick, and he said that he curved the ball accidentally one day, while practicing in the gymnasium, and showed me how he held the ball.

But I never could acquire the knack, and resigned my position as pitcher for the Strombolis, and was succeeded by the ambitious young gentleman, who nearly snapped his head off every time he pitched the ball.

Shortly after, I became sensible of an increasing tendency to corpulency on my part, doubtless inherited from my father, who weighed an eighth of a ton.

My weight steadily increased, until I now tip the scales at 220, and am still rising.

I was always fond of witnessing the game, and used to go out to the Athletic grounds, to see that club clean out the old Atlantics, and then get cleaned in turn by the Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, who in turn would be completely used up by the Atlantics, in their shabby uniforms, while fortune varied as concerned other clubs.

Last Fourth of July, a social party was gotten together, and arrangements made for spending the glorious anniversary over in New Jersey.

A delightful grove was selected, and among the amusements, it was settled that a game of base ball was to be played in the afternoon, and I was selected as a member of one of the contesting nines.

I shivered when told it, and protested. The fact was, that among the spectators was to be a young lady for whom I entertained a very high respect, and who, I am beginning to hope, was not altogether impartial toward me. I declined at once.

"It can't be thought of," I said, emphatically. "I havn't played ball for ten years. I'm too fat to run. I can't catch a ball, and couldn't hit one, unless they will allow me to use a ten-inch board."

"That's the fix we're all in," said my friend. "There's really only one fair player—Macpherson; and we will handicap him, so the difference won't be noticed. If you can't run, some one may run for you, and you will do as good batting as any of them. No use of talking, therefore. I've got you down for the right-field, where you won't have much to do, but can put on all the style you wish."

Unfortunately, I suffered myself to be persuaded.

The Fourth of July turned out to be a splendid day—cool, breezy, and of just the right temperature, and we were a jolly party that took the cars, early in the morning, and went over into Jersey to spend the day.

I havn't space to describe a fourth part of the history of those hours dissipated in the country.

There were about twenty-five gentlemen, and the same number of ladies—each of the latter having an escort.

It was the expectation of us all that our party—including the family of the old farmer who owned the grove—would be the only witnesses of this memorable contest; but one of his urchins employed himself for two days previous to the game in spreading the news, so that by the time three o'clock came, there were several hundred ranged along under the shadow of the trees to watch our performances.

The little rascal also pointed me out as a former professional, who had refused tremendous offers from all the clubs in the country, so that great expectations were formed concerning me.

I grieve to say, however, that I overheard several disrespectful remarks concerning my ponderosity, as I moved about among my friends picked up the bats, and tried them with the off-handedness of a professional.

I was not without misgivings, for there was nothing but my former skill to count upon, and that was an exceedingly slender thread.

In throwing the ball, before the game, I tried my best to hold it, but muffed every one, with a single exception, and that, I think, I held by accident. But it made my hands tingle and smart, though I didn't let any one see it.

My great relief, however, was, in observing that all the rest were about as deep in the muffing business as I was; and there's nothing like company when you're scared or miserable.

I tried a little with the bat, and did better, forgetting that in this case balls were pitched precisely as I wished them, while in the game it would be exactly the opposite; that is, if the pitcher knew any thing about his business.

I was the last striker of the nine, and as our players were put out in one-two-three order, it was not until the close of the third inning that I stepped up to the home-plate, and took up the ash in my old-time style.

A good many remarks from the crowd were audible: "Knock the stuffing out of it!" "He's George Wright in disguise!" "He's Dickey Pearce, grown stouter!" "Try Anti-Fat!" and similar expressions reached my ears.

Ball players must be accustomed to such annoyances, for they are often uttered for the purpose of influencing the game. But I was angered, and seeing the ball coming fairly over the home-plate, I banged away at it with all my might.

I came within about fourteen inches of it, the momentum of my own blow carrying me completely around on my feet, causing my hat to fall off and myself almost to stagger over on my head with sudden dizziness.

A general laugh follow this failure, and my cheeks burned with chagrin, for I was sure that the hasty glance which I cast down toward the grove, showed my particular friend of the gentle sex smiling at the figure I cut.

Before I could get in "form," as they say, the second ball was pitched. The umpire yelled, "Strike!" just as the cube struck me in front and nearly took my breath away.

There was another laugh, and the pitcher called out, "Beg pardon!" uttered just as you will hear it about a hundred times when a couple of college clubs are playing for the championship.

I told him it was all right, but if it was repeated it would be his last performance, and I scowled terribly, and griped my bat in a suggestive way.

I drove away at the third ball, and caught it fairly on the end of my bat.

There was a sharp crack, like a pistol-shot, and a roar of applause went up from the crowd, as I started like a buffalo for first base.

I didn't see the ball, but when our captain shouted, "Come home! Come home!" I made a desperate effort to complete the circuit of the bases.

At the first, my hat went off. But what of it? No professional would mind such a thing. Before I reached second, one of my shoes shot up in the air behind me and dropped down on my head, and I heard laughter mingling with applause.

By the time I reached second I began to feel tired, and wanted to sit down and rest, but about all of our nine were chasing after me, clapping their hands, dancing and screaming like lunatics.

"Run it out! A home-run! The best hit you ever made! This'll win the game! Run hard; all the ladies are watching you!"

I couldn't think of stopping with such incitements in my ears, though I was almost out of breath, and a sudden kick in my left ankle caused me to limp and nearly fall.

I went panting by second with bulging eyes, and my other shoe went up like a rocket over my head.

Forging by third with the whole pack at my heels, while all the other nine were shouting to the centre-fielder to throw it in, I struck for home.

"Get out of the road!" called the crowd. "That chap can't stop! He'll have to go around three or four times before he can put on the brakes! Let the band play!" etc.

Well, I reached the home-plate a second ahead of the ball, which being thrown in from a long distance, struck me and helped me forward somewhat.

Seeing how close the contest was, the captain shouted to me to slide in, and I did so. I thought if I could slide a few inches it would serve to rest me. I succeeded, but it played havoc with my trowsers, though the damage was not irreparable.

When it was seen that I had made a home-run, the applause was terrific and long-continued.

Recovering my wind as best I could, I carelessly sauntered off toward the trees, as though I had done a very small thing in the world.

I heard the young scamp of a boy shouting out that I was an old professional, and he had told them I would do great things during the game, adding that I would show astonishing performances before it was through.

He was correct.

Up to this time I had nothing to do in the field, the balls being knocked nearer the other players. Every time one was struck by our opponents I made a dash for it, but held up when I saw it was going out of my jurisdiction. This tended to show that I was on the lookout for all the chances.

In the sixth inning a "daisy-cutter" came skipping towards me. I dodged about, danced here and there, and prevented it going by, and being ordered to send it in, made a desperate throw to home, to head off a player running in from third.

I put too much steam on, for the ball went some twenty feet over the catcher's head, who, nevertheless, jumped in the air and threw up his hands as if he expected to reach it.

The best thing about the business was that the ball struck the little boy who had been yelling my praises, and he was so occupied in weeping for the rest of the game that he let me alone.

My wild throw gave me a fearful wrench in the side, and I struck out every time after that; but as that was what the majority did, I didn't feel so lonely as I anticipated.

I should have stated that having had a week's notice of the game, the most of us prepared a sort of burlesque uniform, with a view of helping along the fun.

My cap fitted very much, but the frontispiece extended nearly a foot directly outward. The trousers were gorgeously illuminated with stars, but were very tight, and were continually coming unfastened at the knee and working up my legs. The stockings were a brilliant crimson, and the shoes of the ordinary kind.

The shirts had an immense letter "S" worked in front, to distinguish our members from the others.

In all such games the blunders are innumerable.

One of our nine insisted, after reaching second base, that he had the right to run back to home-plate, instead of going forward, as the distance was the same. Another, finding the ball ahead of him, hastily withdrew to home, where he contended that he had a right to stay until he saw a favorable opening.

"That's the way we used to do!" he said savagely, "and it was a great deal better than this new-fangled fashion."

In the ninth inning the situation assumed an interesting phase.

Our opponents—the Invincibles—were at the bat, we having played out our nine innings.

We had made thirty-five runs, and they thirty-three. If we could blank them (and each club had been white-washed several times) we would win. If they should get in two runs, the game would be tied, and another inning would be necessary. If they should get three they would win.

The "excitement was intense," as the expression goes. The shouting stopped, and the countrymen began trenching upon the field in their anxiety to see the close.

Our captain admonished us all to keep cool and to watch every chance.

"Don't get rattled!" was the caution he repeated half a hundred times.

We all promised we wouldn't allow ourselves to be rattled, though there was only one or two who knew he was warning us against becoming demoralized, or, figuratively, losing our heads.

The first ball struck went straight to the pitcher, who took it on the bound and threw it furiously to first to head off the striker.

The baseman startled to see it coming like a cannon-ball, turned his back toward it and shrugged his shoulders. It struck him and fell at his feet, he turning frantically aorund to hunt for it.

The runner would have been there in time, if he had not stumbled and torn half his uniform off. This so bewildered him that before he recovered the baseman found the ball.

One man out, and no run.

The second batter drove a "sky-scraper" over centre field, and made his second before the ball was fielded in.

This looked bad, but we were much cheered and revived by the captain begging us again not to get rattled. We drew in a deep breath, and resolved to die before becoming "rattled."

The pitcher took his position and made ready to deliver the ball to the batsman.

At this juncture the runner, who was on second base, stepped off a pace or two to watch his chance.

The instant he did so the baseman near him took the ball from under his arm, and, tapping him him on the shoulder, shrieked for "judgment!"

The umpire could do nothing but give the runner out.

This little trick, you know, is sometimes played by professionals, and is nothing but a deception as to where the ball is.

The opponent supposed it was in the pitcher's hand, and did not suspect the risk he ran in stepping from his base.

Two men out, no runs in, and we were ahead.

The next three batsmen made their bases by knocking skipping, difficult balls. With all the bases filled, this made the situation extremely interesting, and we became more determined than ever that we would not be "rattled."

I had not yet had a fair ball, but the next striker raised one well up in the air, and my instinct told me on the instant that it was "my ball," and no one else's.

I began dancing about and moving forward and backward as though the ground had become suddenly red-hot, while at the same time my head was thrown so far back, to allow me to gaze skyward, that the long fore piece of my hat pointed straight toward the zenith.

"Right-field! Take it, right-field!" was shouted by every member of our nine, while our opponents began to howl so as to "rattle" me, but I had seen that thing before, and my poise was too sublime for me to be disturbed by such trifles.

"Just see him take that in the old fashioned style!" some one called from the crowd—probably the urchin who had been heralding my skill from the beginning.

"Keep back! keep back!" I shouted, "this is my ball! Don't get in the way!"

They did let me alone. Audience and players held their breath to witness the play.

As I learned afterward, all the ladies raised their hands and held them close together, so as to be ready to applaud the instant it was seen I held it.

Even our magnanimous opponents who were trying to rattle me, took off their hats and held them in hand ready to fling them into the air.

The tableau was thrilling.

There are times when you feel as morally certain of a coming event as you do after it has taken place.

I was just as sure of holding that ball as I was of receiving the thunderous applause which follows such brilliant exploits.

I spread my feet apart, held my open palms in position, and kept my eye on the black cube which was whizzing downward through the pulsing air like a meteor toward me.

"Keep back! this is mine! I'll hold it—"

* * * * * * *

The ball shot straight through my hands and striking me fairly on the nose, bounced off somewhere into space.

I described a backward somersault, and in going over saw more stars than Herschel ever discovered.

The hoots, laughter, disrespectful remarks and yells was simply terrific. I hastily scrambled to my feet and began glaring around for the ball. While thus engaged, the three men on bases ran in, and the latter made a home-run. Consequently our side was beaten, and the nose was decidedly out of shape.

Since then I have not been a very ardent admirer of baseball, and I trust that after this no one will ask me to tell him, privately, why it is my nose is not plumb.—*Golden Days.*

General Garfield's Church.

The Rev. Irving A. Searles, pastor of the South Side Christian Church, Chicago, furnishes the following brief statement of the belief and practice of the church with which Mr. Garfield stands identified:

1. We call ourselves Christians or Disciples. The term "Campbellite" is a nickname that others have applied to us, as the early Methodists were called "Ranters." Good taste forbids the use of nicknames.

2. We believe in God the Father.

3. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God and our only Savior. We regard the divinity of Christ as the fundamental truth of the Christian system.

4. We believe in the Holy Spirit both as to its agency in confession and as an indweller in the heart of the Christian.

5. We accept both the Old and New Testament Scriptures as the inspired word of God.

6. We believe in the future punishment of the wicked, and the future reward of the righteous.

7. We believe the Deity is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

8. We observe the institution of the Lord's Supper on every Lord's Day. To this table it is our practice neither to invite nor debar. We say it is the Lord's Supper for all the Lord's children.

9. We plead for the union of all God's people upon the Bible and the Bible alone.

10. We maintain that all the ordinances of the Gospel should be observed as they were in the days of the Apostles.

11. The Bible is our only creed.

The Christian Church numbers 500,000 communicants in the United States.

Drinking Ice Water.

There is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion, than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says:

Habitual ice water drinkers are usually flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it has been bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read upon food, and what the physiologist has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes, and other meats and esculents, to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at new bread, hot cakes, fried meat, imagining these to have been the cause of their maladies. But the ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence has called to a clime where, as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence, to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice water, can hardly be estimated.—*Baltimore Sun.*

ARTHUR'S ACCEPTANCE.

THE LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1880.

DEAR SIR: I accept the position assigned me by the great party whose action you announce. This acceptance implies approval of the principles declared by the Convention, but recent usage permits me to add some expression of my own views. The right and duty to secure honesty and order in popular elections is a matter so vital that it must stand in front. The authority of the National Government to preserve from fraud and force elections at which its own officers are chosen is a chief point on which the two parties are plainly and intensely opposed. Acts of Congress for ten years have, in New York and elsewhere, done much to curb the violence and wrong to which the ballot and the count have been again and again subjected—sometimes despoiling great cities, sometimes stifling the voice of a whole State, often seating, not only in Congress, but on the Bench, and in Leglislatures, numbers of men never chosen by the people. The Democratic party since gaining possession of the two houses of Congress has made these just laws the object of bitter, ceaseless assault, and, despite all resistance, has hedged them with restrictions cunningly contrived to baffle and paralyze them. This aggressive majority boldly attempted to extort from the Executive his approval of various enactments destructive of these election laws by revolutionary threats that a constitutional exercise of the veto power would be punished by withholding the appropriations necessary to carry on the Government. And these threats were actually carried out by refusing the needed appropriations, and by forcing an extra session of Congress, lasting for months and resulting in concessions to this usurping demand, which are likely, in many States, to subject the majority to the lawless will of a minority. Ominous signs of public disapproval alone subdued this arrogant power into a sullen surrender for the time being of a part of its demands. The Republican party has strongly approved the stern refusal of its representatives to suffer the overthrow of statutes believed to be salutary and just. It has always insisted, and now insists, that the Government of the United States of America is empowered and in duty bound to effectually protect the election denoted by the Constitution as National.

PROTECTION FOR EVERY CITIZEN.

More than this, the Republican party holds, as a cardinal point in its creed, that the Government should, by every means known to the Constitution, protect all American citizens everywhere in the full enjoyment of their civil and political rights. As a great part of its work of reconstruction, the Republican party gave the ballot to the emancipated slave as his right and defence. A large increase in the number of members of Congress, and of the Electoral College, from the former slaveholding States, was the immediate result. The history of recent years abounds in evidence that in many ways and in many places—especially where their number has been great enough to endanger Democratic control—the very men by whose elevation to citizenship this increase of representation was effected have been debarred and robbed of their voice and their vote. It is true that no State statute or Constitution in so many words denies or abridges the exercise of their political rights; but the modes employed to bar their way are no less effectual. It is a suggestive and startling thought that the increased power derived from the enfranchisement of a race now denied its share in governing the country—wielded by those who lately sought the overthrow of the Government—is now the sole reliance to defeat the party which represented the sovereignty and nationality of the American people in the greatest crisis of our history. Republicans cherish none of the resentments which may have animated them during the actual conflict of arms. They long for a full and real reconciliation between the sections which were needlessly and lamentably at strife; they sincerely offer the hand of good will, but they ask in return a pledge of good faith. They deeply feel that the party, whose career is so illustrious in great and patriotic achievement, will not fulfill its destiny until peace and prosperity are established in all the land, nor until liberty of thought, conscience and action, an equality of opportunity shall be not merely cold formalities of statute, but living birthrights, which the humble may confidently claim and the powerful dare not deny.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The resolution referring to the public service seems to me deserving of approval. Surely, no man should be the incumbent of an office the duties of which he is, for any cause, unfit to perform, who is lacking in the ability, fidelity, or integrity which a proper administration of such office demands. This sentiment would doubtless meet with general acquiescence, but opinion has been widely divided upon the wisdom and practicability of the various reformatory schemes which have been suggested, and of certain proposed regulations governing appointments to public office. The efficiency of such regulations has been distrusted, mainly because they have seemed to exalt mere educational and abstract tests above general business capacity, and even special fitness for the particular work in hand. It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform, in the main, to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business. Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness. The tenure of office should be stable. Positions of responsibility should, so far as practicable, be filled by the promotion of worthy and efficient officers. The investigation of all complaints, and the punishment of all official misconduct, should be prompt and thorough. These views, which I have long held, repeatedly declared, and uniformly applied when called upon to act, I find embodied in the resolution, which, of course, I approve. I will add that, by the acceptance of public office, whether high or low, one does not, in my judgment, escape any of his responsibilities as a citizen, or lose or impair any of his rights as a citizen, and that he should enjoy absolute liberty to think speak and act in political matters according to his own will and conscience, provided only that he honorably, faithfully and fully discharges his official duties.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The resumption of specie payments—one of the fruits of Republican policy—has brought the return of abundant prosperity, and the settlement of many distracting questions. The restoration of sound money, the large reduction of our public debt and of the burden of interest, the high advancement of the public credit, all attest the ability and courage of the Republican party to deal with such financial problems as may hereafter demand solution. Our paper currency is now as good as gold, and silver is performing its legitimate function for the purpose of change. The principles which should govern the relations of these elements of the currency are simple and clear. There must be no deteriorated coin, no depreciated paper. And every dollar, whether of metal or paper, should stand the test of the world's fixed standard.

The value of popular education can hardly be overstated. Although its interests must of necessity be chiefly confided to voluntary effort and the individual action of the several States, they should be encouraged, so far as the Constitution permits, by the generous cooperation of the National Government. The interests of the whole country demand that the advantages of our common school system should be brought within the reach of every citizen, and that no revenues of the Nation or of the States should be devoted to the support of sectarian schools.

Such changes should be made in the present tariff and system of taxation as will relieve any over-burdened industry or class, and enable our manufacturers and artisans to compete successfully with those of other lands.

The Government should aid works of internal improvement national in their character, and should promote the development of our water-courses and harbors wherever the general interests of commerce require.

THE PARTY'S CLAIM TO CONFIDENCE.

Four years ago, as now, the Nation stood at the threshold of a Presidential election, and the Republican party, in soliciting a continuance of its ascendancy, founded its hope of success, not upon its promises, but upon its history. Its subsequent course has been such as to strengthen the claims