The Somerset Herald.

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...as of Publication.

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...Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business generally will be promptly attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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...DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset county. Office in residence on Main ... the Diamond.

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PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at ... will find I will give entire satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

W. A. KOONTZ, Confluence, Pa.

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...and prevails. Thousands who have used and ... are living witnesses to the truth of our ... that SELLER'S LIVER PILLS ... the worst cases of Liver Complaint, ... Headache arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness and all disorders ... from a diseased liver. For sale by all ... Price 25 cents.

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The popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new ... of furniture, which has made it a very ... stopping place for the traveling public. ... table and room cannot be surpassed, all being ... first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. ... good boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal.

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AT TEN TO FIFTEEN CENTS LESS

Per yard than previous prices of this season.

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The finest brand imported, and all GRADES.

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Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent, will find it their advantage to register the description there of, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug 18

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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. apr 30

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Somerset County Bank,

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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.

FALL 1880.

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Sept. 15, '80-1

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Family School Limited. Comforts of a CHRISTIAN HOME.

Special attention to habits, health and out-of-school influences.

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August 11, '80.

A DREAM OF AUTUMN.

Mellow hazes lowly trailing
O'er the wood and meadow, veiling
Somber skies, with swallows sailing,
Sailor-like, to foreign lands;
And the north wind overleaping
Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping
Wrecks of roses where the weeping
Willows swing their helpless hands.

Flaunted high, like torches flinging
Flakes of flame and embers, springing
From the vale the trees stand swinging
In the moaning atmosphere;
While in dead'ning lands the lowing
Of the cattle, sadder growing,
Fills the sense to overflowing
With the sorrow of the year.

Fields of ragged stubble, tangled
With rank weeds, and shocks of jangled
Corn, with crests like wet plumes dangled
O'er the harvest's battle plain;
And the sudden whir and whistle
Of the quail that, like a missile,
Whizzes over thorn and thistle,
And, a minute, drops again.

Muffled voices hid in thickets
Where the redbird stops to stick its
Ruddy beak between the pickets
Of the truant's rustic trap;
And a sound of laughter ringing
Where, within the wild vine swinging,
Christy Buchante's schoolmates flinging
Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine the sunset flashes
Round the tilted world, and dashes
Up the sloping west and splashes
Its red foam against the sky,
Hit my dream of autumn, pailing
In the splendor all prevailing,
Like a sallow leaf goes sailing
Down the stream solemnly.

—James W. Riley.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone—

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon. Wilber, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said, gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "You have not seen her for fourteen years. I never went to the detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness while we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father. But she only said—

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that all her children were like herself. "Every one 'Greers' except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the blood of "Gorham pere" was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilber, nor any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded—did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son, who was "all Gorham," was proud to the core with the pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing—she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilber's, he had no fashionable affections and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But outside the house, where a great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self supporting. Darling Wilber had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she was proud and cold in her manner was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham; and Lucilla, Arabella and Caroline were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's very queenly manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself closely away from any suspicion of fortune hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the station waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black bonnet, and large figured shawl. But Fred knew her kind old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt?" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face, and caught a quick, gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," he said. "How like you are to your father."

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you have grown! Is your mother here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the hand-box, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them in the carriage. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of a long journey, and sympathized with the "ruination of every mortal stitch I've got on, dear, in the dust and smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide barn where Aunt Sabina lived,

"You see," she said, I made up my mind this year I would come to see you all once more before I died. I've tried to before now, dear, but something or nuther allers hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot of babies last time John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilber is the only one older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children and young folks."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I think she would have returned to the station in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss, she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over the many shameful acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother; but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly women.

It was a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a city necktie for Bob, the hired man, was purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid the promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park, and took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought "this queer old party is some rich relative, Gorham is so very attentive," and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A great lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the old fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham—Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty. After they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said—

"You must let your auntie drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but shall be pleased, if Miss Gorham will dine with me, to have you call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove of, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she thought, "and I will give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul! she has such eyes as my dear old grandmother had."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home and brought her is the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman welcome.

In the evening that followed, Fred's heart was touched and warmed till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret and knew that he had won her love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season, listening to the praises of Fred at Aunt Sabina's farmhouse; and Fred did not know it until he came too, after she was gone, and had his share of listening to loving commendation of the one he loved. He wore the necktie and made himself so much at home, that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life, when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered, and so consoled her.

But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady; and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips, or the blue eyes closed forever. But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham"—the farm and farmhouse. It was apparently no great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old-fashioned treasures she touched, all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten year ago Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy flourishing town around the site of the old farm. Mr. Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money—the rent of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculation," you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income. "Fortunate purchases of ground before a town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm

The Rebel Ambuscade.

A SOLDIERS LETTER TO HANCOCK THROUGH BARNUM.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—An interesting correspondence has recently taken place between an ex-Union soldier in this city and Chairman Barnum of the Democratic National Committee on the subject of the treatment which Union soldiers would receive in case of Hancock's election. A clerk in one of the departments who served in the Union army wrote Barnum that he had seen the statement in the papers, on Senator Wallace's authority, that if Hancock should be elected Union soldiers would have the preference in appointments here and elsewhere, and that such as now hold office, especially disabled veterans, would not be removed, except for incapacity or neglect of duty. The writer added that if this could be assured, Hancock's vote would undoubtedly be increased among Union soldiers and their friends, and asked whether Barnum in his official capacity as Chairman of the Democratic Committee could give such assurance or induce Hancock himself to do so. A week later came this curt reply from Barnum: "Your letter has been received and referred to Major Gen. Hancock." Over a fortnight having elapsed without any further response, the Union soldier has continued and ended the correspondence by a second letter to Barnum. "I have now ceased," he says, "to expect a reply from either yourself or General Hancock, because, since writing you, I have ascertained certain facts that prove the Democratic party to be committed to a preference, not for the Union veteran but against him, and for the ex-rebel soldier instead. I find that since, by the solid South, the Democrats secured control of Congress they have removed about eighty Union soldiers from Government positions at the Capitol and appointed an equal number of ex-rebel soldiers. Among Union soldiers removed I find one that had lost both legs, another the use of both arms; seven had lost one arm each and seven one leg each; others had lost an eye, a jaw-bone, or some other member, at least one half of those removed having been in some way disabled in battle for the old flag. There was no charge of inefficiency or misconduct against them, and yet they were summarily turned into the street and a like number of ex-rebels were rewarded for their service to the confederacy by being appointed to places thus made vacant. The Union wounded were punished and those who helped to wound them were rewarded by the Democratic Congress." The writer says he is not surprised at having received no reply to his previous letter, in view of the fact that the Democratic party stands so thoroughly committed to the South, and says in conclusion: "Say to Gen. Hancock, if you please, Mr. Barnum, that I and my friends find him in the wrong army this time. Every bitter reconstructed rebel is in that army from Jeff Davis down, but we did not soldier in those ranks and we never will while the solid South menaces the safety of the Republic. If the Democratic party chooses to honer traitors and dishonor the sacred Union veterans, I do not. I am not willing yet to surrender the flag and country for which I fought because rebels have been cunning enough to put one of our late Generals at the head of their column. The ambuscade is too thin."

A Warning to Republicans.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Among the native Union men of the South the Hamilton brothers, of Texas, were among the boldest, truest, and most persistent. Ex-Senator M. C. Hamilton, who visited Washington a short time since, talked with friends in regard to the real situation at the South.

To one of these he said: "You of the North are the most unseeing men in the world. You accept the loyal professions of the Southern leaders as genuine and made in good faith; you are utterly deceived; not a man of them has changed his principles. Their change is in means and tactics alone. If by the aid of the Northern Democrats they can secure the control of the Government, and manage it about as they would have governed the Confederacy had they succeeded, they will be loyal and remain in the Union. If they cannot they rebel again, and as old as you are, you will probably live to see it. You and your people of the North are short-sighted and blind in this matter to an extent that is perfectly amazing."

This statement he repeated to his counsel and others several times, and was much depressed over what he regarded the outlook for the future to be.

It is suprising that sensible men will continue to suffer from Kidney trouble when there is a cheap and effecting remedy within their reach. Use DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

Aunt Jane's Seance.

Aunt Jane was very much exercised because a new family that had been settled in our neighborhood were "spiritualists." It was all the more vexatious to her because she had "neighbored" with them in her single-hearted, motherly way, and when she heard some hints about their "peculiar views" she wouldn't believe them, for she said, "they are real nice folks, and I don't believe one word of it."

But the talk about them increased, and then a new actor appeared on the scene. It was young woman, "a medium," and now the little village was alive with interest. The girl was watched and commented upon as if she had been an escaped "What-is-it," and the school children, all who dared, went to and from school that way. Everything about the plain little white house was so mysterious, although it was like several others in town. If the curtains happened to be up they wondered why they were not down, and if one of the curtains happened to be down or the blinds to be closed, then it was very strange,—although the next-door neighbors might have one or two or three without being particularly noticed.

At first Aunt Jane wouldn't believe what she heard, but when she saw they never went to "meetin" and took no interest in either of the two churches, she suspected their might be some truth in the gossip, and when she heard about the "medium," she made up her mind she would know whether they were spiritualists or not. So she went over to make a neighborly visit, with her knitting-work in a bag on her arm. She was gone a long while; it was almost ten-time when she came home, and when she came she was very silent,—we called it cross and wondered what had happened. She solemnly announced at the tea table that they were spiritulists, and no mistake. It seemed that they had been explaining some of their "views" to Aunt Jane and she was a little vexed that she had listened so graciously; her conscience troubled her for not telling them right upand down what she thought of it all. They had given her a very polite invitation to a "seance," which she had emphatically declined, and now she felt sorry she hadn't accepted it, so that she might know how for they carried their "nonsence."

She had another opportunity however, a few weeks after—she was invited again to a "seance," and this time she accepted.

The man of the house, Mr. Wilkins, was away from home, and the "seance" was a very private one. There was no one in the room when Aunt Jane went in, but Mrs. Wilkins and the "medium," a slight young girl about 16 years old (a niece of Mr. Wilkins), and a boy who had lately come to live in the Wilkins family. Soon after Aunt Jane arrived the light was turned down to a properly solemn pitch, and they all sat in stately silence. Presently Mrs. Wilkins asked:—

"Do you feel anything strange?"

"No," said Aunt Jane sharply. "I don't."

Presently she noticed that the girl acted strangely, and she became wholly absorbed in watching her. She would rub her hands wildly and jerk from one side of her chair to the other and go through various motions which Aunt Jane thought were all done for effect. But as she watched her she grew startled, for the girl seemed in pain, and when she finally settled back in her chair Aunt Jane sprang up with a "Turn up that light instantly!"

The boy instinctively obeyed but Mrs. Wilkins hurried up to the table to turn it down again. "Why," said she, "it is a trance. In a moment she will begin to talk."

"Trance or no trance, said Aunt Jane, "that's a dreadful sick girl."

"I tell you there is nothing the matter with her. She is a medium, and an uncommon good one."

"I tell you that's a dreadful sick girl, and you must bring me some hot water as soon as you can."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. She is not sick."

"Well," said Aunt Jane "she is a very sick girl, go right down to my house, James, and bring me a pail of hot water and some cloths and some mustard and a bottle of brandy."

While James was gone she loosed the girl's clothes and rubbed her hands, which were as cold as ice, and as soon as James came back she got the girls feet in warm mustard water and after she had brought her back to consciousness enough to make her swallow anything, she gave her some brandy, and as soon as possible helped her to bed.

When Mrs. Wilkins saw she couldn't help herself she left the room, and Aunt Jane was allowed to perform her missionary work alone. She stayed with the girl all night, and had a talk with her, advising her to go home, which she was willing to do. She seemed to be under the control of her uncle while she stayed there, and said she had these attacks every night when she was home.

Well, Aunt Jane arranged with her to take one of the afternoon trains if she was able. She sent James after some breakfast for herself and stayed and dressed the girl and took her home with her to dinner, and went with her to the train and bought the ticket with her own money. And so ended Aunt Jane's first, and so far last, seance.

Why Should They.

No man or woman can do satisfactory work when the brain is dull, the nerves unsteady, the system relaxed and they feel generally wretched. Why should lawyers, merchants, clergymen, doctors, mechanics or mothers often miserably drag through their work in this condition, when a small amount of Parker's Ginger Tonic will always, at moderate cost, clear the brain and give them the strength and the will to perform their duties satisfactorily. We have felt its strengthening and bracing effects and can recommend it most highly. See other column. —*Ed.*

Letter from Senator Conkling.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Senator Conkling has written the following letter to the President of the Lincoln Club of this city:

My Dear Sir: I have your letter aobut your meeting. When the "Lincoln Club" moves anywhere, all know what it means. The man who bore that name and immortalized it, died for being a Republican—those who take his name must surely mean to keep the Republican faith. The principles and the achievements of the Republican party are at stake now, not because particular candidates are nominated, not because others were not, but for broader, higher reasons, modified only in degree and manifestation. The same forces which brought the Republican party into existence, both the forces which opposed it and the forces which supported it—the same forces which have required and those which have achieved its ascendency, are still alive and strong. It stands for peace, order, equal rights and freedom among men, and for safety of property and labor. Those who compose it, and the communities and States which upheld it, represent an overwhelming preponderance of the material interests of the country—the agricultural, productive and taxpaying interests; and in every partnership, it is wise and safe for those who own most to keep their share of control. Whenever in a business concern—and the government of every country is in the highest sense a business concern—money is to be expended or obligations are to be incurred, those who are to do the paying had better do the deciding, in the first place, whether the thing is wise at all. In short, those who have the right to do so, and whose interests are greatest, had better keep the staff in their own hands, especially in unsettled, uncertain times. The one lesson, fully understood, is enough of itself to show the American people the grave hazard at this time of putting in power the Democratic party dominated as it must be.

The Democratic nominee for President is an honorable man, and therefore he will not try to defraud the party whose nomination he has accepted of the results implied by success. Knowing what the results must be, though I cannot meet the Republicans of Rochester on the night you name, my earnest sympathy will be with them—with them in every effort and purpose to lift high the Republican banner and push on the Republican column.

Cordially yours,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

Gough's Ruse.

Most lecturers and public speakers who have been introduced to their audience have suffered from high eulogiums passed upon them before hand by their misjudging introducers. The natural effect is to arouse expectation that cannot be met, and to produce marked disappointment. John B. Gough relates how he once managed, before a London Assembly, to avoid such result. His introducer had pronounced him the greatest orator who had ever lived, and ended a long and tulsome eulogy by telling the people to prepare themselves for such a burst of eloquence as they had never before listened to. Gough knowing that the best effort he had ever made would, under such circumstances, fall far short of anticipation, determined to practice a ruse, and the ruse was to effect stupidity. He opened by stammering and hesitating, by begining his sentences and leaving them unfinished, until, as he said, the worst speaker in England could not have done worse. He soon overheard those on the platform whispering their disapprobation and censure, one man saying, "O, this will never do here, you know. It may be all very well in America, you know; but in England, you know, it is quite a different thing." He still continued in his dull, disconnected way until he seen that he had a background for his verbal pictures. Then he gradually adopted his natural manner, and as sentence after sentence rolled out vivid, resonant from his lips, his audience grew enthusiastic, and fairly roared with applause. He had never been more rapturously greeted than he was then and there. Those who heard him declared that they had never known a man to change so after he had once warmed up.

Public Money Honestly Handled.

The Treasury Department has issued a detailed statement showing the receipts and disbursements of the Government from its organization to June 30, 1879, and the amount of losses per each one thousand dollars, being a revision of the reply to the Senate resolution of February 9, 1876, extending the comparison therein made to June 30, 1879. The most striking feature is the unique record of the present administration. In the receipts from all sources, including customs, internal revenue, direct tax, public lands, miscellaneous, dividends, interest, premiums and receipts from loans and treasury notes, the present administration up to the time stated did not lose one single cent. In the disbursements the total loss was $2,676.81, of which that involved in postoffice accounts, which collects and disburses its own revenues, was $1,220.90. Not a cent was lost in war, navy, pension and Indian disbursements, including those on account of the public debt, interest, premium and all civil expenses, exclusive of the post office, the loss amounted to $1,583.91. The ratio of loss, therefore, is as eight mills to a thousand dollars.

As an example of the comparative business methods of Democratic and Republican administrations, we find the ratio of loss on receipts prior to June 30, 1861 was $3 50 in each $1,000. From July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1879, $1 58 in each $1,000. The record of disbursements is even more favorable to Republican business methods. Prior to June 30, 1861, the loss was $5 17 in each $1,000. Subsequently it has been 46 cents in each $1,000. These figures speak for themselves.

House Plants.

The question so often raised by our correspondents as to whether it is healthy to keep plants in our living rooms and sleeping rooms is answered by Doctor J. M. Andes in a recent number of the Philadelphia *Medical Times*. Experiments made by him show the value of plants as natural and perfect "atomizers." The average rate of transpiration for plants having thin, soft leaves—like geraniums and lantanas—is found to be an ounce and a half of watery vapor per square foot of leaf surface for twelve diurnal hours of clear weather. At this rate a great tree, like the Washington elm at Cambridge, which has been estimated to have 200,000 square feet of surface, would exhale seven and three-quarters tons of water in twelve hours. The rate of transpiration for a house plant is at least fifty per cent. more rapid than for one in the open air; and it is evident that a number of such plants must have a material influence on the humidity of the air in which they are kept. Experiments made by means of the hydrometer show conclusively that house plants may properly be classed as therapeutic agents. As to their unwholesomeness because of giving off carbolic acid gas at night, it has been shown by experiment that it would require twenty thrifty plants to produce an amount of gas equivalent to that exhaled by one baby sleeper. A practical application of the data gained by experiment is given in the carefully prepared formula: Given a room twenty feet long, twelve feet wide and ceiling twelve feet high, warmed by dry air, a dozen thrifty plants, with soft, thin leaves, and a leaf surface of six feet square each, would if well watered and so situated as to receive the direct rays of the sun (preferably the morning sun) for at least several hours, raise the proportion of aqueous vapor to about the health standard. It is evident, then, that every house mother can keep the air of winter rooms moist by having thrifty plants in them and there is every reason to believe that the lives of many persons who die from pulmonary complaints might be preserved by this agency, at once so agreeable and so salutary. In many instances consumptive tendencies have apparently been counteracted by working among plants.—*American Cultivator.*

A Feminine Stock Gambler.

The ways of heaven are inscrutable, no doubt, but the ways of women are past finding out. An ancient dame, bowed under the weight of many summers, entered an office on Montgomery street and ordered the stock brokers, who inhabited that cell, to buy immediately for her shares in certain stock to the amount of $200, all her worldly wealth. The broker, being a kind hearted man, and not having a very good opinion of the aforesaid stock, advised her not to buy. But the old lady having confidence in her choice insisted, saying that if the broker would not purchase for her there were others that would. Whereupon the idea struck the man of shares and margins that it would be a good thing to humbug the old girl for his own good. He therefore told her that he had bought the stock as ordered, and the old party was content. Next day down went the stock, and our venerable friend lost her $200 and about a thousand more—that is, she would have lost them had the broker acted squarely with her. Down she came to the office weeping and wailing and gnashing her teeth.

"Oh, Mister ——" she cried; "oh, if I only had my $200 back again, I'd be content, and never, never, never risk it any more. It's all I have in the world."

This and much more did she pour into the broker's sympathizing ear, and he made answer thus:

"Madam, if you will give me your word of honor never to touch stock again I'll take your risk myself and hand you back your money."

What pen can describe the shower of blessings invoked on the head of that worthy broker? The promise was sacredly given, the $200 returned, and the old lady marched straight out of the office, across the street, and invested the entire sum in Ophir, losing the whole in less than twenty minutes. Such is woman's constancy.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Mustangs in Texas.

The word mustang, is a corruption of mesteno, the Mexican name for a wild horse. Many years ago there were thousands, no doubt millions, of those animals in Texas. In 1849, and for several years thereafter, they were numerous in the region between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. They were found further north, but not in such numbers. Immense herds of wild horses could be seen grazing on the prairies. When they saw any one approaching the leader would often move to the front and make a reconnoisance. If things did not suit him he would give his head a peculiar toss, wheel, and sound the note of alarm. These demonstrations would be followed by prompt movement on the part of the herd, sometimes to the front, but more usually to the rear. They wheel into line, change front, move in line or in column, with as much precision and order as cavalry. It was wonderful to witness how well they were drilled. In the event a retreat was ordered, the leader would move in the rear awhile. If any lagged or straggled they were very apt to feel his teeth if not his heels. On some occasions a movement to the front was ordered. It was a charge in line, or in column, proudly headed by the leader. This was the case sometimes when mounted men were in sight. The Texas rangers operating in that country were followed by pack-mules in charge of a guard. It was necessary at times to form a hollow square, place mules inside, and to throw out skirmishers to fire into the animals. If the leaders could be struck, the charge would be broken. The horses would retire at once. The mustangs were hunted by Mexicans, and fine looking ones singled out and lassoed. Whole herds were driven into pens having extended wings, which contracted as they approached the gate. As many as 500 mustangs have been penned at one "run." They were sold at almost nothing $5 being a high price for a choice horse. These mustangers were a wild set, often no better than Indians; some of them were honest, good men. The Comanches made many visits to that region. They would pounce upon the mustangers, set them afoot, or kill them, as caprice dictated. The Comanches wanted the mustangs to ride and to eat. Horse-flesh is a great delicacy with them. The choice part is the fat immediately under the mane. The section in question was very hot in those days for Americans. A Texan was considered a hereditary enemy by both mustangers and Indians. His only protection was the rifle and six-shooter, and a horse of strength and bottom.

Senator Edmunds on Rebel Claims.

In The Grand Rapids *Weekly Democrat* of August 15 appeared a review of a recent speech of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, in which the Senator spoke strongly of the danger of the allowance of Rebel claims, amounting to millions of dollars, in case of Hancock's election. The Democrat's article cited the fourth section of the XIVth Amendment to the Constitution as interposing an insuperable barrier to the payment of Rebel claims, and claimed that Senator Edmunds delivered the speech in question, well knowing that fact. We cut out the article, and inclosed it with a short letter to Mr. Edmunds, and promptly received the following reply:

BURLINGTON, VT., August 20, 1880.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 18th came just as I was going out of town. I fear the the editor of The Grand Rapids *Democrat* is not very hungry to find out exactly what the 4th section of XIV Amendment covers in point of law.

"The Rebel claims referred to are not claims of rebels for aiding the rebellion, but for property, amounting altogether to hundreds and probably thousands of millions, taken or destroyed by armies of the United States, and therefore the moment the test of loyalty of any claimant is repealed the claim of the rebel stands exactly like the claim of any other citizen against the government on account of its action, and not on account of the action of the rebel authorities.

"The Democrats in Congress have tried time after time to repeal the distinction in respect of claims of loyal and disloyal persons, and they have a bill now pending in the Senate to effect that object and they will effect it by a solid or nearly solid Democratic vote the moment they get possession of all the departments of the government.

"As to rebel pensions, the editor of the *Democrat*, if he will reflect a little, will, I am sure, agree that a pension does not in any case fall within the description of 'any debt or obligation,' and if so, it is not within the prohibition of the XIVth Amendment. A pension is and always had been granted upon the ground or bounty or gratitude and not of legal obligation. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the Constitution does not stand in the way of Congress pensioning