Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald,

[illegible] 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.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 24. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1880 WHOLE NO. 1532.

E. [illegible] KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

E. [illegible] SULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

E. [illegible] KIMMEL? [illegible] BEARDSLEY? ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

G. [illegible] SULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

[illegible] PATTERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] RUPPEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible]

[illegible] SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible] and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.

[illegible] ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [illegible]

[illegible] KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. [illegible]

[illegible] ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, [illegible]

[illegible] BAER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

[illegible] HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Somerset, Penn'a.

[illegible] M. KIMMELL & SON [illegible]

[illegible] K. MILLER [illegible]

[illegible] BRUBAKER tenders his [illegible]

[illegible] MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. [illegible]

WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. [illegible]

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. [illegible]

PENSION AGENCY. [illegible]

[illegible] BROTHERS, HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTERS, Somerset, Penn'a.

AUCTIONEER. [illegible] W. A. KOONTZ, Confluence, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. [illegible] SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. [illegible] HENRY RAUCH, Executor.

H. McCALLUM, 77 FIFTH AVENUE. (Above Wood Street.) PITTSBURGH, PA. Carpets, Oil Cloths, China Matting, Druggets, Shades, &c., &c. The Best Quality that is Made of each Particular Kind of Goods. AT PRICES AS MODERATE AS CAN BE FOUND. H. McCALLUM.

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 will exchange for wool. TRADE FOR WOOL. Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I will pay WOOL! cash 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 will introduce 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.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

FALL 1880. FRESH GOODS. CARPETS IN ALL QUALITIES. From the commonest INGRAIN to the ROYAL WILTON. Mattings in all grades and widths. Shadings and Window Shades the latest styles. LIGNUM AND LINOLEUM. BOVARD, ROSE & CO., NO. 39 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. Sept. 15.

NOT ALL IN THE BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in bringing up,
Let folks say what they will;
You silver-wash a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, raised a son,
Gay, rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of an ass,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet after all make him no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury
Upon her bitter bread;
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good for heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in the burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in bringing up,
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
Oh, 'tis not all in bringing up
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

TRACING A MURDERER.

A man was standing one day, with a kind of unoccupied air, a few steps from the door of the telegraph office on Second street, Sacramento. What was remarkable about him was that there was nothing remarkable at all—to the casual eye. He was a man of very ordinary appearance, of ordinary size, of ordinary complexion, with an ordinary face and especially with an ordinary eye. He stood with his hands idly down in the pockets of a long, loose coat, as though they had dropped there themselves and he had not taken the trouble to pull them out, and he seemed to be neither thinking of, nor caring about nor looking at anything.

A boy messenger came tripping out of the telegraph office, taking two or three steps at once, as has been handsomely expressed, and happening to see the uninterested man whom he had seen before, he stopped short and said:

"Oh, here's one for you: I suppose I might as well give it to you here. You're Mr. Black."

The man did not say that he was or that he was not, but quietly reached for the dispatch, which the boy handed him and hurried on.

Then Mr. Black, with a deliberation that would have been fairly agonizing to any one looking over his shoulder, unfolded the paper and read:

"MARYSVILLE, June 26, 18—.—To Mr. William Black, Police Department, Sacramento: An atrocious murder has just been discovered here. A woman named Mrs. Wolf was the victim. Her husband is suspected and is in custody, but no evidence against him. Hasten to us by the first boat, while all is fresh.
L. MORTON,
Sheriff of Yuba Co."

William Black was a Sacramento detective, and that time undoubtedly the most sagacious in California. The boat was to leave in little over an hour. Mr. Black entered the telegraph office and dispatched to the sheriff of Yuba county the words "all right."

That evening a man with a red shirt on—a man of very ordinary appearance—landed in Marysville. He was a miner, of course, if one may always judge from indications; but he had a lazy look, as if weighed down by a woeful lack of energy; and a person might have wondered if ever such a person did pluck up courage enough to climb the mountain.

The same lazy-looking man later in the evening was in secret communication with the sheriff and several other officials. "At what hour was the murder discovered?" he inquired.

"Nine o'clock in the morning—exactly."

"In what way?"

"The news came through her husband. He rushed excitedly into a saloon on the edge of the town, saying that his wife was dead and that somebody had killed her. They had come lately from the mines, and were living in a tent of their own, a quarter of a mile out of town. We will conduct you to it by and by."

"A physician has made an examination?"

"Yes; a skilled one. He says it is clear that the woman was murdered—strangled by a pair of coarse hands, the marks of which he found on her throat."

"Did he say how long she had been dead?"

"Yes; many hours."

"What does Wolf say?"

"That he did not sleep at home. He says he was drunk last night, which I found to be too true, and that being unable to reach home, he lay down under a tree between here and his home and slept soundly. When he awoke, according to his story, it was near nine o'clock. Then he got up, hastened to his tent and found his wife dead, and we have some fear that an attempt will be made to lynch him. In fact, there is little doubt of his guilt, but there is no positive proof, and the case needs working up."

"What makes you think he did it?"

"Various suspicious circumstances. His unlikely story of having slept out all night, when within a few yards of his temporary home, and not waking before nine."

"Had they quarreled?"

"It is not known that they had, but—well, they are man and wife, and we may safely presume that they had."

"Where there no traces of a stranger left?"

"No."

"Not a thread—a shirt button—a hair?"

"No."

"Tracks?"

"No. the ground is hard and dry you know."

"Has any stranger been lurking in that neighborhood?"

"No."

Has any stranger been in town?"

"Well, we have miners down here from the mountains every day—but it was none of them."

Detective Black, who wore a red shirt, was conducted to the scene of the murder. He saw the body at the office of the coronor; he saw the physician; he saw everybody in Marysville; he saw and talked with Wolf three-quarters of an hour. Then he said to the sheriff: "He didn't do it."

The sheriff was thunderstruck.

"But," said William Black, "keep him in custody till you hear from me. Don't let the people get hold of him though, for I suppose they would lynch him at a venture."

"We'll take care of him."

"You might arrest and detain any suspicious-looking persons found in the neighborhood, always remembering that he's innocent."

"I will."

The conference thus ended.

The next morning a fresh miner made his appearance at Pine Camp, about fifteen miles north of Marysville. He was a lazy-looking man. He lounged about from point to point, talking with the miners, bothering them at their work. Some thought that he was half idiot. He stopped and talked with groups here and there and asked them questions about the best place to locate on. He was green. Then he told them a piece of terrible news—a woman had been foully murdered at Marysville. Her husbands name was Wolf. Her husband had done it, it was thought—in fact there was no doubt of it. The simpleton! That was the news. It had been the talk of the camp for twenty-four hours.

"Oh! Then you knowed it yesterday?"

He went from claim to claim; spoke to everybody; asked particularly about the mining prospects; spoke about the murder.

"That fellow won't do much; he's too lazy-looking;" was remarked more than once.

The forenoon was wearing away. The man of unsound mind stopped for the twentieth time and talked to a group of four men who were working a claim. He sat on a large stone; he spoke of the murder; actually informed them as news.

"Why, old fellow," said one, "you are a day behind the age—you've been asleep."

The slow creature was a little nettled.

"Wa'al, yes, now," retorted one of the miner's, working away.

"A day is twenty-four hours," remarked the stupid man, sarcastically.

"Wa'al, suppose it is."

"Then you hav'nt knowed of it a day. You're smart, I admit; but not that smart."

"What'll you bet?"

"Twenty dollars and drinks all round."

"Done."

In those days a bet, if nothing worse, grew out of very slight differences of opinion, no matter how trifling the subject.

The money was staked.

"How is it going to be proved?"

"That's easy."

"Who brought the news?"

"Dave Long—one of our mess. He'd been down to Marysville on a bender, over Sunday."

"Where is he?"

"At our cabin. He's cooking this week."

"Well, drop them tools. You're all dry, and so am I. Dave—Smith, is it?"

"No, Dave Long."

All laid down their tools and the party started toward the cabin to have the bet decided and get the drinks.

"Now, remember," said the green stranger, "I am willing to pay if I loose; but a day is twenty-four hours."

"Well."

He looked at his watch.

"Mark, then, it's just 'leven now."

There were several watches in the party—all were referred to. They varied but a few moments.

"Let me see," said the miner who had wagered with the new comer—"let me see. Why, of course you'll loose, stranger. Twasn't mor'n ten yesterday morning when Dave come, and he took his time getting dinner ready—which was eat at twelve."

"To be sure," said another.

"Oh, wait," said the stranger. "Leave it to him."

"All right. He knows for he has a watch and timed himself coming from Marysville."

They reached the cabin; Dave Long, according to custom, was serving his turn at keeping house for a week.

"Dave?"

"Hello!" replied a voice within.

"Come out."

"What's wantin'?"

"We've got up a bet, drinks included, and its left for you to decide."

Dave Long came to the door—a big, burly fellow.

"This man here—I don't know his name—"

"Blossom," put in the stranger,

"Well, Blossom, he came round and wanted to tell us news. 'Twas that murder, you know. I told him he'd been asleep, and was behind the age. Now, the bet is we've known it a day—twenty-four hours—you brought the news, and know whether we have or not."

"Now, honor bright," said the self-styled Blossom. "Think first. I know you wouldn't say what isn't true, but you might forget. It's now just eleven. Can you say you got here with the news before this time yesterday? Think, now."

Dave Long ruminated.

"Yes, for I looked at my watch to see how long I had been coming. It was only two or three minutes after ten."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain you could swear to it?"

"For you know," put in one of the others, "that you got dinner after you came."

"Yes, durn it, don't I know?"

"But," said the fastidious stranger, "maybe you didn't tell the news right away."

"Yes I did."

"And brought it straight from Marysville?"

"Yes."

"All right, I've lost. Now for the drinks. Give us your hand, Dave Long."

With a movement so quick that the eye could not follow it, the inquisitive stranger snatched both hands of Dave Long, brought them together, and the astonished spectators saw their companion standing with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. They also saw the arrived, the man who lacked energy, the man who had been asleep for twenty-four hours, the man with the mild name of Blossom, standing at their burly comrade's elbow, with a firm hand on his collar and a revolver at his temple.

"You're my prisoner! Move an inch and you're a dead man. I arrest you for the murder of Mrs. Wolf. I am Detective Black of Sacramento. Neighbors, I've lost the bet."

Dave Long was fairly paralyzed. He could neither move nor speak.

A clamor arose among his comrades.

"Stranger, no nonsense. Dave Long never did such a thing. He's above such a crime. Let him go. We can't stand here—"

"Stand back!" said the fearless officer. "It will go hard with the one who interferes. This man is guilty, and I can convince you."

"How do you know?"

"Keep cool and I will tell you. He came here yesterday morning at ten o'clock, and told all about the murder that was not discovered in Marysville till nine o'clock. Did he walk fifteen miles in an hour?"

Dave Long was pale as death, and he stood trembling from head to foot—the picture of guilt. His comrades looked on, bewildered.

"You see," continued Black, by the way of further explanation, "it was on his guilty mind and he couldn't help blurting it out, considering, of course, that the murder would be discovered at daylight or sooner. Luckily it was not discovered till nine o'clock—except to the murderer, and he has very kindly volunteered to expose himself."

"Curse my tongue!" exclaimed the culprit, grinding his teeth with rage and fear, "I wish it had been torn out!"

"There's always something," exclaimed the detective quietly. "You left no trace— not a shred nor thread, nor shoe-string nor even a hair, but you came right up here and told on yourself."

"Dave Long! Dave Long! can this be?" exclaimed one of his comrades reproachfully.

The crestfallen wretch hung his head and seemed ready to fall to the earth.

"You poor devil!" said another of his comrades, "Who'd have thought it?" If it wasn't for the old times' sake we'd string you up. Take him away, Mr. Black, let us see him no more."

"If the camp find it out they'll lynch him before you can get away with him," suggested another.

Filled with terror at the prospects, Long determined to make one desperate effort for his life. With a sudden spring he released himself from the detective and darted away toward a thicket not far off. He had some hopes that his speed would bear him beyond the immediate reach of Black or miners. But the agile officer bounded after him and before he had gone twenty yards dragged him down. Maddened at the situation, the prisoner began a fierce but hopeless struggle, attempting with kicks and blows to inflict some injury on his captor; but Black, whose strength was extraordinary, clutched him by the neck and overpowered him.

"Look here," said he, somewhat heated, "if you carry on this way they'll learn what you've done, and hang you up to a tree; and I'll not hinder them. If you will go quietly I can promise you a fair trial and you may not be hanged for weeks yet."

"Let me up," he faltered, "and I'll go with you."

"And give me no further trouble?"

"No."

The dread of being lynched had mighty influence on him.

"See that you keep your word, then. And mind, if on the way to Marysville you make another such a move, I'll shoot you."

And he allowed him to get up, taking care to maintain his grip on his arm.

But the scuffle had already attracted attention, and the miners were running up from all directions.

"What's this? What's the matter?" a score of them asked.

They saw by the handcuffs on Long's wrists that one belonging to their camp was in the hands of an officer, and did not like it. They were jealous of the law, and jumped to the conclusion that Long was arrested for merely shooting some one in a little row at Marysville, the first thought was to rescue him.

"He shan't go!" shouted one.

"Release him!" added another.

"Don't let him take me," pleaded Long.

The crowd began to close in.

"Stand back!" thundered the detective, flourishing a revolver. "I am Detective Black from Sacramento, and this is my prisoner. If any man dares to interfere I will shoot him like a dog."

Although threats of bullets were not much in those days, the fearless bearing of the officer, who stood firmly grasping the prisoner, and with a single arm opposing a hundred reckless men, had its effect, and they stood undecided. Taking advantage of the momentary truce, Black hurriedly whispered to the prisoner:

"If you don't tell them not to interfere, I guess I'd better fly. I'll be all right."

"What is it you have done Long?"

He turned paler than ever.

"We must know what it is. Was it a scrape at Marysville?"

"Yes—yes. Never mind. I'll—I'll be back—." And his heart sank at the thought he never would—"back before long and tell you all about it."

So the detective was allowed to depart with the prisoner.

Two of Long's mess accompanied them, and the culprit was lodged in jail at Marysville that night, while the murdered woman's husband was released.

An effort was made by the authorities to keep the matter quiet for a while, but the facts leaked out, and the angry population did not wait for the law's slow vengeance.

On the following Friday night, July 29, the miserable wretch was taken from the jail by a party of disguised men and hanged to a tree whose broad boughs overshadowed the scene of the crime.

In his last moments, with the noose around his neck, he confessed his guilt and died praying for mercy.

The Emancipation of Man.

She looked just like that kind of a woman when she entered the sanctum, and all the seniors became instinctively very busy and so absorbed in their work that they did not see her, which left the younger man on the staff an easy prey, for he looked at the visitor with a little natural politeness, and was even soft enough to offer her a chair.

"You are the editor?" she said in a deep, bass voice.

He tried to say "Yes" so that she could hear him, while his colleagues in the sanctum couldn't; but it was a failure, for the woman gave him away in a minute.

"You are?" she shouted; "then listen to me: look at me: what am I?"

The timid young man looked at her timidly and ventured to say in a feeble voice that she looked to be about forty sev—

"Am I not a woman?" she shouted.

The young man weakly tried to correct his former error, and said she seemed more like a gir—

But again she broke in on him with a scornful hiss:

"Gir-r-rl!" she said. "I am a woman; a woman with all the heaven-born aspirations, the fathomless feelings, the aggressive courage and the indomitable will of a woman. What can you see on my face?"

The position of the youngest man on the staff was pitiful, but none of the old hands appeared to observe it. At least they didn't offer to help him out. So he looked at her face for a second, and said, timidly:

"Freckl—"

"Nursling," she shrieked, "had you the soulful eyes of a free man you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter dawn."

"Could I?" asked the young man timidly.

"Yes, you could I," the woman said in tones of unmeasurable scorn. "Now hear me, have you a—but I can't bring myself to use the hateful expression in the style of masculine possession—are you anybody's husband?"

The youngest man blushed bitterly, and said that he wasn't yet, but he had some hopes.

"And you expect your—that is you expect the woman whose husband you will be to support you?"

The youngest man blushed more keenly than before, and trembling admitted that he had some expectations, that, being the only daughter of his proposed father-in-law, if he might put it in that way.

"Yah!" snarled the woman; "now let me tell you, the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, fr-ree! You must look for other slaves to bend and cringe to your majesties, and wait upon you like slaves. You will feel the change in your affairs since we have burst our chains, and how will you live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she added fiercely.

The youngest man miserably said that a tailor on Jefferson street made his.

"H'm," said the woman, somewhat disconcerned. "Well, who washes them then?" she added, triumphantly.

"A Chinaman just west of Fifth street," the youngest man said with a hopeful light in his eyes.

The woman glared at him and groaned under her breath, but she came at him again with:

"Proud worm, who cooks your victuals?"

The young man said truly that he didn't know the name of the cook at his restaurant, but he was a darkey about forty years old, and round as a barrel, with whiskers like the stuffing of a sofa.

The woman looked at him as though she was going to strike him.

"Well, she said, as one who was leading a forlorn hope, "who makes up your bed and takes care of your room?"

The youngest man replied with an air of truth and frankness that he roomed with a railroad conductor and an ex-Pullman sleeping car porter took care of their room.

She paused when she reached the door, and turned upon him with the face of a drowning man who is only five feet away from a life buoy.

"Miserable dependent," she cried, "who sews on your buttons?"

The youngest man on the staff rose to his feet with a proud, happy look on his face, and said:

"Haven't a sewed button on a single clothes," he cried, triumphantly. "Patents, every one of 'em, fastened on like copper rivets, and nothing but studs and collar buttons on my shirts. Havn't had a button sewed on for three years. Patent buttons last for years after the garments have gone to decay."

And the woman fled down the winding passage and the labyrinth stairs, with a hollow groan, while the other members of the staff, breaking through their heroic reserve, clustered around the youngest man and congratulated him upon the emancipation of his sex.

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said a widowed mother to her only son. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when Colonel Gobler was saying to Maria that he'd take her even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know that I was there, and so I held my tongue and laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8th, 1880.

Well, how do you like it. Pretty well I thank you, mam, how do you. Poor Fawny, et al! The school-book has beaten the pistol. They must forge comfort if they want any. The Fraud has been condoned. The principles for which Lee and Jackson fell have not triumphed. Two hundred and fifty pounds won't do. Try a ton next time. Hancock deserved a better fate. He suffers as many a great man did before him for being found in bad company. How do you like the "change." Soldiers, you won't have to go to a Brigadier next Congress in the Senate for your pension. Pinch me. I don't believe I am a 328er. Do you? "Got 'em again!" Hancock will never fool with a local issue. Climb a tree, Barnum and yell fraud. Poor Butler! He got down on the wrong side of the fence again. Keep your eye on him. Don't let him, Forney, Sickels or General (hic) Pearson step back. By the way, the candidate who is elected will be inaugurated. Good bye to the solid South. Horace Greeley was right. This is a great people when it gets mad. Hurrah for reconciliation with the Republican party on top. This is not a nation of mud-slingers. When the Democratic party absorb this fact it may be able to elect a President. It won't before. The Democratic wake is uncommonly lively. General Hancock is serene and happy. So is the country. "Let us have peace." If the padlock had been put on Hancock's mouth instead of English's barrel, the Democratic unhappiness might not have been what it is to-day. Hurrah for the change. (Shake again.) The soldiers voted as they fought. Montgomery Blair says "I told you so." Hancock carried 3 Northern States and lacked 20 electoral votes; 8-20. This is a good thing to chalk up. The Democrats closed the mouth of Ben Hill, but left Wade Hampton's open; the spigot stopped, but the bung-hole kept running. When the "Superb" reads the figures of majorities he feels that "we move forward instead of backward" more forcibly than can be expressed in words. Who is tariff, and why is he for revenue only. The Democrats have been clamorous against placing civil power in the hands of "military satraps." Let the country be glad. How are you Wallace and how is your coffee-pot. You don't seem to have gotten your work in well. I know it was Barnum's fault, but don't cry. If you could get the strings I can swear it would have been better for Hancock, but it is too late now, so don't weep. There may be a chance yet some day for the Democracy if only the good Lord would send on the country rinderpest, hoof-rot, famine or some other frightful calamity. So brace up. Keep up your organizations. Remember the Republican party don't want any recruits now. We can take care of all the offices for the next four years. We don't want any "soft soap" for Garfield either. Remember he can't be hoodwinked by the Democracy either, and don't you forget it. I am more than glad at the result, and had I had the power there wouldn't have been enough of the rotten Democracy left to tell the tale of their downfall. John Kelly done it. I was there and saw the fun. He was bound to have his catholic Mayor and that settled the business. John Kelly done good service to the country on election day. He blowed a great deal about arresting everybody but when he found what a pickle he got into with his own party he was glad enough to make terms with anybody to save himself. So it went, and so it will go again with the swallow-tailed Democracy of New York when they expose the Boss of Tammany Hall. He is master of New York city and Arthur is master of the State. Tammany Hall is happy, so is the Republican party. The fraud of 1876 is condoned.

When I left New York the Republicans were still cheering. Such a time as was had on Tuesday night can't be described by the pen. The people were out en masse to hear the good news. If you were ever in New York you can appreciate what that means. There never was a quieter or less disturbed election day in New York. The sun shone bright and clear all day and the temperature was warm—not too warm, but just warm enough—so that the tenderest conditioned man could have found no excuse for refraining from a visit to the polls. No machine ever worked more smoothly than the "organized method" put in operation by Chester A. Arthur, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, extending to every assembly district in the State and embracing every school district from Montauk to Buffalo. There was but one head to give orders. General Arthur was not away one moment, from the strings. In an inner room at State headquarters he sat and sent forth commands throughout the State. Busy, because every district asked half a dozen questions in the course of a day and expected replies. Exciting, because as the hours wore on the mercury jumped in the tube of expectancy from 15,000 to 20,000, from 20,000 to 25,000, and then as if a sweep, a rush, a panic were expected, bang up to 40,000, at a jump. Under the circumstances calmness would have been an impertinence, and indifference a misdemeanor.

At National Headquarters work had ceased. Jewell the night before having followed "Seven Mule" Barnum home to Connecticut. Dorsey was in charge assisted by several members of the National Committee, and when a question was asked the general command all along the line was "To push things." So it went. You know the rest. Victory was in the air.

On my return from New York on election night as our train passed through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, every town was illuminated in honor of the great victory achieved by the Republican party. Flags were flying everywhere, bands of music were playing in every town, and as the day broke the little birds in the woods joined with us in songs of joy and peace in honor of President Garfield and Vice President Arthur.

During Wednesday the clerks in the different departments had a great deal of private business down street, and scores of them kept running to and from Republican headquarters on F street, where the Hon. Edward McPherson dispensed the good news to those who felt the least shaky as to the result. "How has the 17th district of Pennsylvania gone?" says I. "Gone, my boy." "Yes." "Well, 'old Jake' has got Coffroth by a thousand majority."

"Goodness gracious, I too feaver," ain't you mistaken? No sir, figures won't lie. Here are the dots from John Cessna, and sure enough the figures were there. I went back several time during the day to see after "Our Alec," but it was no good. Gone to meet Clymer, Atkins, Hurd, McMahon and other lesser lights of the extra session.

Most of the government employees who went home to vote have returned, and are now busy at their several duties in the departments.

Where you saw a frown a month ago now you observe a smile. The Democrats take their Waterloo good naturedly and put the blame entirely on poor John Kelley in New York. Samuel Cox puts the blame on Barnum.

Those who have returned from Indiana, say that the Democracy of that State is the worst demoralized organization the sun ever shone upon. There are curses loud and deep, and Mr. English gets the most of them. It is predicted that the Indiana Democracy will over its quarrels and bickerings about the way things went in the State split all to pieces.

For twelve years past the Methodists have taken care of the Presidential conscience. Now it is the Diciples' turn, as General Garfield, his wife and aged mother have always worshiped in the little old wooden church on Vermont avenue long before it was put on rollers and rolled from the old site on "M" street to its present location. In this old church on Sunday morning you can always find Somerset faces. I go there occasionally and that is why "Picket" knows. I lean to that congregation, and now I lead harder than ever since Brother Garfield is President. Now that we have the President let all the good old Campbellites join in giving him a good send off at the inauguration without regard to politics. Initiatory steps are already being taken by the "Christian" denomination throughout the great West who propose to send delegations to the inauguration. The ladies are discussing the matter in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania should have her put in this matter. It is not known whether there will be a ball as usual on the 4th of March or not, that subject having been passed over for future consideration. This thing should be carefully canvassed among the sisters, and therefore I thought I would suggest it as a subject worthy of discussion at night while your husbands are out at "Lodge." Anyway, ball or no ball, you Somerset folks must be represented. No time should be lost in getting ready to come to Washington. In the language of General Grant, "push things." Vermont avenue church will give you a warm reception if it is small. We will probably never get another President and we should make the best of it. The Methodists have had their big guns, now we are going to have ours. We will show you a big church in a couple of years. Crowds of strangers will come to the old frame to see President Garfield and his dear old mother every Sunday morning, and the dollars will fall into the contribution box like rain drops. Girls, won't it be glorious. We will have a new organ, new choir, some opera singers and other appendages like the other big churches when we get fairly started. Now don't stand back, but organize. There is nothing that succeeds like success, and we are going to make a success of this inauguration. We want old Somerset to have her delegation here in good time. So to start the "boom" I guess I'll have to name a committee of ladies to attend to this matter. Remember there is no politics in this thing. So here goes. No I won't. It might be a breach of etiquette to print their names, for I know the ladies don't like to be paraded before the public.

Since General Garfield's connection with this denomination began to be generally known, the membership of the church has been beset by inquirers as to their creed, &c., and to answer their questions many copies of a pamphlet entitled "Our Position," by Rev. I. Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard* have been distributed. Rev. F. D. Power, the present pastor, is about 30 years of age, a thoroughly educated minister, and was a Professor in Bethany College, West Virginia, when called to the pastorate. He is able, eloquent and brilliant—one of the finest pulpit orators in the city. The country may be sure that the court church of the next four years will have as able preaching as can be listened to in any pulpit in Washington.

The President and the heads of the several departments of the Government having returned from their various voting precincts and having received the congratulations of their friends, and talked over the "great result," are now settling down to work, and the preparation of their annual reports.

Now that the smoke of battle is clearing up and the election of General Garfield assured, the *personal* of the new cabinet forms our interesting and all-absorbing topic of conversation. Senator Don Cameron is favorably spoken of Secretary of War under General Garfield. It is said he would sooner be Secretary of War than Senator.

Secretary Schurz is spoken of in connection with the Austrian mission. Major Swain, of the army is put down in the current Presidential gossip to succeed Mr. Rodgers as private Secretary at the Executive Mansion. He has been at Mentor with President Garfield since his nomination and has attended to his personal correspondence.

The "Johnny Rebs" at the Capitol are still trying to figure out a majority for their side in the next Congress. It is no good, every one of them will get the "grand bounce" March 4th. Five short weeks and we will have Congress again in session. The approaching society season will be a long one, and promises to be remarkable for its gaiety as well. Lent does not begin until March 2nd, but even then the season will not be considered as closed, as so many of our citizens do not observe that as an occasion for any special change in their demeanor. Then, again, as the inauguration takes place on the 4th of March, it is certain to be followed by festivities of various kinds, both public and private. Already talk is heard of an inauguration ball, and should it take place it will doubtless be one of the most splendid of its kind ever given here. As if in anticipation of what is coming, Pennsylvania avenue and all the fashionable up-town streets already present a most animated appearance, filled as they are every fine day with elegant equipages, while the side-walks are thronged with handsome men, beautiful richly dressed ladies, and lovely children out for the enjoyment of such a climate as is possessed by no other city in this country, and by few places in any part of the world.

Don't forget that the Washington monument has grown fourteen feet since Garfield was nominated, and that Thanksgiving day comes week after next.
PICKET.

Love and Science.

Miss Mary Flyn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flyn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of them," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why, a person connot kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed!"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject."

Then he tried it, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about those things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone of course."

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis among others."

"Well, now, let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, is it your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade in this way?"

"My back hair, primarily but the occipital bone, of course, afterward. But, oh, Mr. Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us."

"Let him come! Who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flyn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flyn very faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contractions are not uniform."

"Small wonder for that when its bursting for joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling; do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is one that strikes me most favorably. Let us again see how it works."

But why proceed? The old, old story?

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich and will build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column.

A tramp woke up suddenly with cold sweat standing in great beads upon his forehead. "Oh, my God! my God!" "What's the matter?" asked his companion. "A frightful dream. I dreamt I was at work.

Nearly the whole Atlantic shore from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City is a line of hotels and summer cottages—hotels stretching out like barracks and cottages of fifteen and twenty rooms.

Get out Doors.

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feeling, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. See another column.—*Christian Recorder.*

Prayer is the only hope for the debilitated Democracy; yet they forsake prayer and betake themselves to forgery.