The Somerset Herald.

EDWARD SCULL, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY ........ January 5, 1881.

Good Bye 1880.

The manufacture of silk is growing rapidly in this country. Already $18,000,000 are invested in this industry.

J. C. C. Whaley, editor of the Clinton *Democrat*, and Democratic member of the Legislature, died at his residence in Lock Haven on Friday last, 31st ult.

Hon. Albert G. Porter, the newly elected Governor of Indiana, is to be married to-day (5th) and will be inaugurated on Wednesday next, the 10th inst.

This country enters upon the new year with better and higher prospects of continued prosperity and advancement than was ever before vouchsafed us as a nation.

The internal revenue receipts for the month of December amounted to $10,800,612 22. The total receipts for the six months commencing July 1st were $65,883,217 71.

The proposed bill for the payment of the losses incurred by the Pittsburgh riot, is being strongly antagonized in advance, by the journals in the western part of the State.

Mackey, the Republican candidate for Congress from South Carolina, who was counted out in favor of Representative O'Connor, has filed notice of contest.

About 5,000 miles of railroad were brought into use last year, and at least that amount will be finished and put into operation this year.

The scourge of diphtheria covers a wider field this winter, and is more fatal than ever before. In its malignant form it seems to baffle the skill of the wisest physicians.

"Father," asked a young man who will vote two years hence, "what is civil-service reform?" "Getting the other fellow's man out of office and getting your own in," replied the well-posted father.

A deaf and dumb attendant of the Oregon Insane Asylum was ordered to climb a tree to bring down a refractory patient. When thirty feet up he broke a limb and fell to the ground. It cured his muteness permanently. He wanted to swear, too, badly.

Won't Senator Blaine speak up and relieve the anxiety of the newspaper gossips? One set insist on placing him in President Garfield's cabinet, while another clique of knowing ones assert that he is booked for Europe immediately after the adjournment of Congress.

The struggle for the Senatorship appears to have narrowed down to Grow and Oliver, with a possibility that from inability to concentrate a sufficient number of votes on either, a new man may be taken.

The cold snap of last week disorganized the railroads thoroughly throughout the country. Delayed and snow bound trains, and accidents of all kinds are the burthen of the telegrams from all points of the compass.

General Garfield owns one of the largest Newfoundland dogs in Ohio, and strange enough, his name is "Veto." If there should, during Garfield's administration, be a Democratic Congress, that dog may become a very suggestive animal.

It is said at Washington, that the evidence of bull-dozing, fraud and perjury in the methods by which Chalmers was returned as elected to Congress from the Sixth district of Mississippi, is so conclusive that he will not make a contest, and his seat will be conceded to Lynch, his Republican opponent.

There is not so much disposition to laugh at Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, as there used to be. He predicted that there would be heavy falls of snow along the Atlantic coast during the last week of December, and people are beginning to respect him as a man to be feared.

It was telegraphed a few days since that General Garfield had invited Senator Cameron to Mentor. Of course it was immediately surmised that a conference relative to future appointments was to take place, and the able "independent" editors all over the State have been in a twitter of agony ever since.

The oranges on the trees at Jacksonville, Florida, were frozen during the cold snap on Thursday last. About one-third of the crop had been gathered. At Galveston, Texas, the ice was two inches thick. Such cold weather was never before experienced in that latitude.

Hon. John Rowe, of Franklin County, the father of Judge Rowe, formerly of this judicial district, died at his home in Greencastle on Monday, the 27th ult.

Major Rowe, as he was familiarly known, was an active and influential politician, and had served the State in various capacities. He was some years since a member of the Legislature, was Speaker of the Lower House, and Surveyor General of the State. His public and private life was without blemish, and his death will bring regret to a large circle of friends throughout the State.

Florida produced nearly $1,500,000 gallons of spirits during the past year, and contributed $10,742,319 to the Federal revenues.

The annual report of John P. Reynolds, Chief Grain Inspector, of Chicago shows that during the year just ended there was inspected in 138,895,568 bushels of grain, and inspected out 103,154,466 bushels.

Colorado shipped bullion to the value of $22,500,000 during the past year. The bullion out-put of the Leadville mines was 34,786 tons, and the bullion produced by the Leadville smelters amounted to $15,288,000.

The Superintendent of the census has made an apportionment statement of the population of the States and Territories. It makes the total, exclusive of Alaska, 50,152,556. New York leads off with a population of 5,083,173, Pennsylvania follows with 4,282,738, Ohio with 3,197,794, and Illinois takes the fourth place with 3,078,636.

The Treasury Department has directed the transfer of $3,999,500 in gold bullion from the assay office in New York to the Philadelphia Mint for coinage into eagles and half eagles. After this transfer there will still remain in the New York assay office about $81,000,000 in gold bullion, more than enough to keep the Philadelphia Mint employed for six months in coining gold exclusively.

Fifteen hundred of the leading business men and manufacturers of Pittsburgh have published a card endorsing Henry W. Oliver of that city as their choice for U. S. Senator. Nearly every leading manufacturer in the city, all the coal men, and merchants in all branches of trade, lend their names and influence to the endorsement of Mr. Oliver.

The Republicans of Tennessee have strong hopes of electing the next U. S. Senator from that State. Of the fifty members needed to elect, they have forty-seven who were elected on the regular Republican ticket and are thoroughly loyal to the party. The other three votes required they hope to secure through the bitter dissensions of the Democrats.

Colonel Ingersoll, in his speech at the National Towpath Club, said he wanted for President "a man who has loved a woman and married her: who has raised a family." If these were essential requisites in a United States Senator, our venerable bachelor friend Grow, would be everlastingly out of the question.

A dispatch from Washington announces that the census returns have been so far made up as to leave no doubt that the population of the United States will amount to fifty millions, within a few thousands one way or the other. In 1870 it was returned at 38,558,371, and thus it appears that the increase during the past decade has been at the rate of about thirty per cent. We are now, as regards numbers alone, ahead of all the European nations, with the exception of Russia, and the best of it is we have room for all who come, and for many more besides. There is plenty of elbow-room here, and so the more the merrier.

## Shocking Tragedy.

Allentown, Pa., Dec. 27.—Jacob Gogel and his wife Anna, an aged couple residing four miles from Bethlehem, Pa., were found dead in their bed this morning. Their heads were nearly severed from their bodies, and a bloody axe was found in the apartment. The walls were splashed with blood, and altogether the room presented a shocking sight. Joseph Snyder who boarded with the Gogels, was believed to be the murderer. He was caught by an infuriated mob soon after the discovery of the crime, and was hanged to the nearest tree. Gogel was a day laborer, about forty years of age, and leaves three children. The motive for the double murder is unknown.

Allentown, Pa., December 28.—Joseph Snyder, aged twenty-four years, the murderer of Jacob and Anna Gogel, near Bethlehem, was found in a neighboring barn under the straw at nine o'clock yesterday morning. He was immediately taken back to the house of his victims and questioned as to the murder. He was cool and collected. He was interrogated by Rev. Brendle of Bethlehem, and at once confessed having committed the crime, telling the story with great deliberation. He was in love with the eldest daughter of Gogel aged sixteen, but was opposed by her parents. He believed by killing them all the opposition would be removed to his suit. He had scarcely confessed before a rope was taken from one of the beds and placed around his neck and he was dragged outside of the house and hung to a large chestnut tree. After being suspended twenty minutes the body was cut down by the poor house authorities and taken to that place where it was found that death was caused by strangulation. The officers of the law made vain endeavors to restrain the fury of the mob. Detective Yohe, of Bethlehem, firing at one of the ringleaders without effect. Several thousand people visited the scene of the tragedy during the day and the excitement is intense.

A special dispatch gives the following graphic account of the arrest, confession and lynching.

About 9:30 o'clock a loud shout went up from the excited multitude on the outside of the house. Coming across the stone bridge near the mill had been seen Detective Yohe, having Snyder in charge, handcuffed, followed by a large crowd of persons, who yelled, "Hang him! hang him!" Samuel Kincade walked on one side of the prisoner. Snyder had been found secreted under some sheaves of wheat in the barn of George B. Ritter. The missing revolver was found on Snyder's person and handed over to Kincade. About 10 o'clock Coroner A. J. Uhler drove up to the house in a sleigh. The prisoner was brought into the house and carefully guarded by Detective Yohe, with revolver in hand. Threats of hanging the prisoner were continually made. The people would not listen to any reasoning. The Rev. D. F. Brendle, of Bethlehem, who was present, asked the prisoner to confess what he had done, which he did, saying that he alone did the deed; the axe used belonged to Mr. Gogle, and was obtained in an outhouse. Coroner Uhler impanneled a jury. The jury retired to one of the upper rooms. After examining one or two witnesses the following verdict was rendered:

"That the said Jacob Gogle and Annie Gogle came to their death by blows and cuts inflicted upon their heads and bodies with an axe in the hands of Joseph Snyder, on the night of December 26, 1880."

During the time the jury was deliberating the last scene in the horrible tragedy was being enacted. The people, goaded on by the sickening sight of the dead bodies of their esteemed neighbors, could not control their feelings any longer. Detective Yohe was powerless to defend his prisoner any longer. A bed-rope was secured, fastened around the prisoner's neck, and he was dragged out of the house and taken to an immense chestnut tree, which has stood on the banks of the creek for probably a century. Too much credit cannot be given to the brave and determined efforts of Detective Yohe in trying to save the prisoner's life. Three time did he drag him from under the fatal limb, and winding the rope around his right arm, placed his own body between the murderer and his enemies. The prisoner instead of pleading for mercy and his life, seemed rather to court death, and in direct opposition to the efforts of Detective Yohe, placed himself under the tree. In the twinkling of an eye an active boy mounted the sturdy chestnut and threw the rope over one of its branches. The eager crowd, numbering about one hundred, seized the other end, and the murderer was hurried into the presence of his Maker. So quickly was it accomplished that Detective Yohe, whose arm was still entangled in the rope, was hoisted three or four feet into the air with the body of the murderer. In justice to Judge Lynch be it said that the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say. He confessed in a trembling voice that he had tried to ravish the girl Alice, and had murdered the parents in revenge; he was ready to be hanged. His body was left to swing over twenty minutes, the end of the rope being attached to a convenient fence post. Coroner Uhler cut down the body, and it was removed to the county poor house.

## A Religious Awakening.

Meriden, Conn., January 1.—A great religious movement is in progress here in the Rev. I. J. Lansing's Methodist Episcopal Church. The church is one of the strongest of the New York East Conference, and has 560 members. The Pastor felt that the "fields were white for the harvest," and persuaded his people to join with him in inviting Thomas Harrison, the "boy preacher," to visit Meriden and spend two months in laboring for the welfare of souls. Harrison began his ministry December 5, holding meetings six nights in the week. From the day he began his labors the work of grace among the people has been unprecedented.

More than 250 persons, mainly adults, have asked for prayers, and all but 50 have made professions of faith. The work has been of a deep, subdued character, without noisy manifestations or dramatic incidents. This was especially noteworthy on watch-night. The services began at 8 o'clock with singing of hymns, which was continued for some time, and afterward a love-feast was held, at which 60 people told briefly their experiences. The testimony given by these converts was remarkable for its simplicity, and for freedom from anything approaching cant. There was no stereotyped formalisms or noisy declamations. The deep conviction of the converts was expressed in simple though forcible words. Other churches besides the Methodist are sharing in the results of the work. Mr. Lansing's object being not to build up his denomination, but to save souls.

Many of the converts will, by his advice, become members of those churches or societies with which they have natural or social affiliations. The work is not confined to Meriden. Among the converts are citizens of Southington, Middlefield, New-London, and other places. It is difficult to estimate the influence which has gone out from this remarkable religious awakening, or to predict where it will cease.

## Eloped With a Hired Man.

Bucyrus, O., Dec. 30.—The particulars of an elopement, in which the wife of Edwin Monnett, one of Crawford's wealthiest and most highly respected farmers, plays the leading part, and a young man named Fox, hailing from the Keystone State, as her main support, have just come to light. Fox had been in the employ of Monnett during the past few months, and being attractive and of a loving disposition, soon won the affections of Mrs. Monnett. Fox was taken sick, or said he was, and concluded to go to Leonia for a few days until he got better, when he would return.

Monnett brought him to town Christmas morning to take the train, Mrs. Monnett coming with them to do some shopping, as was supposed. They were together during the forenoon making several purchases, Monnett, among other things, buying his wife a new sewing machine for a Christmas gift. Fox left on the 11 o'clock train, saying he would return in a few days. Mrs. Monnett's father-in-law being sick, she told her husband, as a ruse, that she would stay with her father-in-law over Sunday, and to come after her on Monday; but instead of spending Sunday with her father-in-law she took the evening train to join her new partner. She must intend to stay, as she took all her clothing and packed it in Fox's trunk, which he took with him before leaving. She sent her husband a pair of slippers, enclosing him a note bidding him farewell, but gave no reason of her sudden departure.

It is said that Fox is wealthy, owning several good farms in Pennsylvania, but owing to some trouble similar to this was compelled to jump the State. Mrs. Monnett leaves three small children, too young to realize their mother's crime. Monnett has already applied for a divorce.

## A Large Fire.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 31.—A fire at Jackson this morning destroyed the Mansion house, Jackson City bank, and half a dozen stores. Loss $60,000 to $80,000.

## After Many Years.

New York, Dec. 29.—A woman applied yesterday at the Newark N. J., jail with a letter from Dr. I. B. Brockett, of Brooklyn, stating that she was a worthy and honest woman who had lived in his family for several years, and that she believed herself to be the wife of Frank Lammens, one of the condemned murderers of John Meirkoffer, and asking that an interview should be granted to her. Dr. Brockett referred her to Rev. J. Clemens French, of Newark. The woman was admitted and Lammens was called from his cell to the archway which connects the two halls of the jail, where the parties met in the presence of the jailor and his deputies. Lammens, before she had time to speak, cried out, "Bridget, my wife." Both parties were greatly affected and embraced. Then came talk as to the past and their children, of whom there were three. She told him they were all dead. She upbraided him for the deed of which he stands convicted, and he declared his innocence. "Why have you not returned to me?" she said. "I was ashamed," he answered. She adjured him if guilty, to make a confession. They are both Roman Catholics.

Her story as related to Col. Johnson, the jailer, is that she was married to Lammens 27 years ago; that 16 years ago, when they lived in Brooklyn, L. I., he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Sing Sing for burglary, was transferred to Auburn prison, and before his term expired became insane. He was then transferred to the Utica insane Asylum, and having been reported dead, his wife so considered him. When she read in the papers of Frank Lammens, the murderer, she did not think he was her former husband, who spelled his name Franse Lammons, but on Christmas eve she had a dream that the Newark prisoner was her missing husband and on Christmas day a white dove flew into her room and alighted upon her shoulder, exactly as a dove had done before her eldest daughter's death. This led her to go at once to Newark. The Sheriff and jailer believe she is the wife of Lammens. He has told his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Father Zilliox, of Newark, that he had a wife and three children on Long Island.

There is nothing at present to indicate that the condemned parties, Lammens and Mrs. Meirofler, will not be executed on the 6th of January.

## An Ex-Governor's Deed.

Toledo, O., Dec. 27.—At Napoleon, Ohio, on Friday night, General R. K. Scott, ex-Governor of South Carolina, and now a resident of Napoleon, shot and killed a young man named Drury. The affair was the result of a quarrel in relation to a son of Gen. Scott. Drury was a clerk in a drug store, a young man of good standing in the community and was to have been married on Tuesday next. He was on intimate terms with Scott's son, and resisted the father's attempt to get his son to go home instead of passing the night with him—Drury—at the drug store, a quarrel resulting, culminating in the shooting, as above stated. At an inquest Scott was charged with the crime and put under arrest. The excitement was so great in town that the hotel where the sheriff had the prisoner in keeping was guarded by a militia company on Saturday night. There were loud threats of lynching. Drury's body was taken to Elmore for burial, and instead of a wedding ceremony to-day there will be a funeral service. Scott is a man of fifty-six years of age and is a native of Armstrong county. He studied for a doctor and practiced in Henry county, Ohio. He went into the war as Colonel of the Sixty-eighth Ohio Volunteers, and at its close found himself in Columbia, S. C., as assistant commissary. He became Governor in 1869, remaining in office until 1873. Scott is now a resident of Napoleon.

## Tragedy.

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 27.—On Friday night the smoking car on the Texas bound train of the Iron Mountain railway was the scene of a terrible tragedy. The train had just passed Neelyville when the discharge of pistols caused Conductor Welch to hasten to the rear. As he opened the door of the smoking car a man presented a pistol at his head advising him to stand aside. The man then ran against Welsh and pushed him from the platform. Standing in the doorway he fired several times into the crowded car, and then, jumping to the ground, disappeared in the adjacent woods. When Conductor Welsh scrambled to his feet and re-entered the car he found nearly all the passengers hidden under the seats. Dr. J. H. Payne, a prominent citizen of Carroll, was lying in the centre of the aisle in the agonies of death. He was shot two or three times. R. P. Jones, of Smith's Ferry, Beaver county, Pa., was lying across his seat, with the blood streaming from a wound in the arm. Mrs. Jones, his wife, who was seated opposite, was wounded in the head, and was crying hysterically, "My husband is killed and I am killed." It is thought they will both die. No one knew the assassin, but it is said he was one of a party in a conspiracy to rob the express, and, on the plan failing, revenged himself in the manner above stated.

## Fatal Affray.

Fort Monroe, Va., Dec. 28.—A disturbance occurred on Friday evening at Smithville, fifteen miles west of here, between a white man named Dunn, and a party of colored men who had met to organize a military company. One of the men caught Dunn by the whiskers and slapped his face, whereupon he drew a single-barreled pistol and killed the negro. Dunn then ran into a store and loaded his pistol, when the crowd, headed by Dan Cook, with a drawn sword, attacked him. He shot Cook dead in his tracks, after which he seized a butcher knife and cut his way out. One man, named Ed. Drew, was badly cut in the abdomen, and will probably die, while others were more or less injured. Dunn gave himself up, and is now in jail at Williamsburg. Intense excitement prevails among the colored people of the peninsula.

## A Dairy Destroyed.

New Orleans, December 31.—A fire to-day destroyed Schoenendorf's dairy, consuming forty-eight milch cows, horses and mules and a large quantity of poultry. The loss is estimated at $5,000; insurance, $2,000.

## Double Murder.

Chicago, January 2.—A terrible tragedy was enacted one mile east of Otis, Ind., last Friday night. James Augenstine and family have lived in that place for many years, and were possessed of considerable property, and generally kept a good deal of money in the house. Friday afternoon Henry Augenstine, a nephew of James, came from Chicago to pay them a visit, and tried vainly to get them to drink from a bottle, which proves to have contained poisoned whiskey. About eleven o'clock at night he got up from his bed, sought the bedroom of James Augenstine, and leveling a revolver began to fire. Mrs. Augenstine was so badly wounded that she died today. Henry Augenstine was shot in the breast, and will probably die. Henry fled from the room after firing several shots. The sons, hearing the firing, came down-stairs, and Christian demanded of Henry, whom he found in the kitchen, what it meant. Henry replied with a bullet, which killed Christian instantly. He gave a parting shot at the younger brother, James, which only made a slight flesh wound, and then coolly went to his uncle's room and demanded admission, assuring him he was all right, and wanted to help him. James, the son, got the revolver from him and put him in the kitchen, locking the door. Henry escaped barefooted and hatless, and has not yet been captured. Lynching will probably follow if he is captured.

## Two Young Ladies Fearfully Burned.

St. Joseph, Mo., January 2.—Information has reached here that a most distressing and in all likelihood fatal accident occurred at Hamburg, some 70 miles north of here, on New Year's eve. Miss Kate Campbell, daughter of Colonel Campbell, of this city, was visiting a friend, Fannie Wood, daughter of a leading merchant of Hamburg. The two young ladies had just finished dressing to attend a ball, and as Miss Wood was crossing the room in which they were awaiting the arrival of their escort, her dress, a flowing robe of Swiss muslin touched a stove and instantly took fire. She ran, and in passing Miss Campbell the latter's dress was ignited, and before assistance came Miss Wood was very badly burned about the face, arms and body, and Miss Campbell so severely injured she cannot survive, her entire clothing, with the exception of her corset and hose, being consumed, and her whole body frightfully burned.

## Randall and Grant.

Philadelphia, Dec. 30.—Speaker Samuel J. Randall lunched here today with two intimate personal friends of General Grant, and stated that there was every probability that the bill introduced by General McCook early in the session to place the ex-President on the retired list, with the full pay and allowances of a general in the army, would be reported favorably. The bill has been referred to a sub-committee of the Committee on Military Affairs, of which Mr. Sparks, of Illinois, is chairman, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia, is a member. Mr. Randall stated that he was in favor of the bill, and so was Alexander H. Stephens and several other Democrats. J. G. Blaine, Levi P. Morton and other Congressmen on the Republican side have openly declared themselves in favor of it. One of General Grant's friends said that after the distinguished services rendered by him to his country, it was proper that such a recognition of his services should be made, and his friends were confident that the bill would be passed during the present session of Congress.

## Warning to Husbands.

New York, Dec. 30.—Four years ago Margaret Kennedy sued her husband, Wm. H. Kennedy, for limited divorce. Kennedy is a well known politician and undertaker. The ground on which the divorce was asked was a peculiar one, the question arising as to whether abusive language without physical violence was sufficient, within the meaning of the statute, to entitle the plaintiff to such decree. On trial judgment was rendered in favor of Mrs. K., which the general term of the Superior Court to-day affirmed. The judges held that the defendant's foul and blasphemous language to his wife and his threats of violence towards her being habitual, it was the duty of the court to interfere when such threats raised reasonable apprehension of violence, and not wait until they were executed. Plaintiff has testified on trial that her husband had used abusive language to her, and had threatened to murder her.

## Cold Wave.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—To-day has been by far the coldest day of the season. The thermometer in some places this morning registered as low as 16 below, and the highest reached during the day was 7 below. At midnight it had reached 17 degrees below, and was falling. The air is perfectly clear, with a steady wine from the northwest. The cold wave is far-reaching, and the weather is more intensely cold than for some years.

*Inter Ocean* and *Tribune* specials give information that the thermometer throughout northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan and Wisconsin has been from zero to thirty below all day. At Oshkosh, Wis., at seven this morning the mercury stood at thirty below, and was below twenty degrees the entire day, with prospects of a bitter cold night. No casualities by rail are reported and no fatal cases of freezing.

## A Ship's Crew Murdered.

New York, Dec. 29.—A San Francisco special says: "The Australian steamer which has just arrived brings the particulars of the massacre of Captain Romer and four of the crew of the Sand Fly, in the South Sea Islands. The natives of Rito surprised the boat's crew while in bathing, and pursued them into the woods, or killed them in the water, mutilating the bodies of the slain, and torturing those captured alive by roasting at the stake."

## Frozen.

Trenton, N. J., January 2.—The night watchman in Slack's stocking factory, of this city, named John Bell, aged about sixty, was found frozen to death early yesterday morning in a shed attached to the premises. He had been in poor health for some time back, and it is supposed he was overcome by a fit, and lying down, met with his sad end.

## OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Washington, Dec. 28, 1880.

That great and glorious National-greenback, Labor-reform democracy through their spokesmen Weaver and Sparks have apologized to the country for calling each other bad names in the House of Representatives. Some of the Republicans wanted to expel them but the majority would not agree to such summary punishment and let them off with the promise that they would not do so again. Let us hope that this cold wave will cool them off and when they meet again in January, in place of fighting, they will attend to the business of the country before them and pass some of those bills on the calendar which they introduced to catch the soldier vote and slipped up on it.

Christmas was generally observed in Washington. Most of the Congressmen went home to help eat the turkey with their families. The clerks in the departments had holiday on Friday, Saturday and half holiday all this week. On Christmas business was entirely suspended and everything took on the usual holiday aspect. The streets were thronged with pedestrians and sleighs and other vehicles. There was a monotonous tooting of horns from early morn far into the night, varied occasionally by the sharp report of a firearm. But there was less of pistol shooting and fireworks than usual. The day with its quaint traditions, its busy and happy scenes, its glad surprises, is now a thing of the past. The glad tidings which it commemorates were chimed from many steeples and caroled from numerous chancels. The services in the churches were of the usual elaborate and joyous character. The altars in the Catholic and high Episcopal church were covered with flowers and tapers, and the wall and sanctuaries festooned with holly and evergreen. As usual the music was a feature of the services, and was particularly grand and impressive. The weather was damp and disagreeable and threatening, but did not seem to affect the attendance at any of the churches, all of which had large congregations. There was a steady drizzling in the afternoon and evening which cast a decided damper over all the festivities and caused the street to wear a gloomy and deserted appearance.

At the matinees, all the theatres were crowded from the orchestra to the pea-nut gallery, everybody trying to have a good time. Considerable drunkenness prevailed at night as the town is full of southern bloods who take their's straight. Egg-nog was not as plentiful at the bars as usual on account of the price of fresh eggs going up to 40 cents a dozen, still there seemed to be enough to befuddle some of our high officials who were not used to sipping the ardent in disguise and at the same time stand around a hot stove until their peats became light-headed. One of these young fellows after indulging quite freely started for home. The boys seen him safe around the corner to the street car, but when they got there the last car has passed up. So he had to walk. He knew which way to foot it, but when he struck "S" street as it was quite dark, all the houses looked alike his and put him in a dilemma. This row of two story bricks has fooled many a fellow and people visiting there make many mistakes, as the houses are so much alike that it is difficult to tell one from the other.

One of these houses was destroyed by fire one night, and the owner and occupant of another collected the insurance; he thought it was his house that was burned. On another occasion another bought a parlor carpet and paid for it, but it was put down in another house, and the family wore it out before the mistake was discovered. And one fourth of July a mighty wind came swooping down the Meridian Hill, tore the roof off one of these houses and several called meetings were held by the owners, but they found it impossible to ascertain which house was unroofed, so they decided—the vote was unanimous—to re-roof the whole row. These things tend to confusion; but every neighborhood has its trilling drawbacks.

There are two elderly maiden ladies in the Treasury who had boarded at many different places, but were not exactly suited, who thought if they could rent a snug little house and furnish it neatly they would be as happy as birds; so they selected one of these houses, and bought their furniture from a furniture-man on the Avenue. One of these good women was named Amanda, the other Elizabeth. Of course, Amanda called Elizabeth "Lizzie," and Elizabeth called Amanda, "Mandy."

Bob lived in this row somewhere and has one of the best wives that ever stood in gaiters—a very tall, large, impetuous woman, a little fond of scandal. When the maidens moved in Mrs. Bob, whose name is Lizzie, too, kept her eye on their effects and when she saw a neat set of walnut furniture carried in, as she had a painted set only, she thought and said that "them wimmin might be all right—I hope they are—but I don't b'lieve they're just what they ort to be." Although it was christmas, she went to several of the neighbors and expressed this opinion pretty freely; so about ten o.clock the whole row went to bed thoroughly convinced that the new-comers were in the wrong neighborhood entirely.

Little Bob, was a very consistent Jonadab and as he turned around the corner with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down he made a bee line for home.

Eggnog always made him persistent. He was a little confused, but finally found what he thought was his house, and fumbled for his night key. That he could not find, and he tried to raise the parlor window but broke a pane with a crash that aroused the whole row.

Lizzie and Mandy were up stairs asleep, but the noise awoke them, and they set up in bed. "What's that?" asked Mandy. "Robbers" said Lizzie. "Robbers" whispered Mandy; "it may be worse than that!" This was a dreadful thought, so they scrambled out of bed to see that their room doors were locked, and then got into bed agin, covered their heads and fainted.

Bob finding that he could not get in through the window, began to pull the bell furiously, and the folks in the row reached their heads out of the window, to see what the matter was. Mandy said: Why Lizzie, it can't be robbers; they're ringing the bell." So Miss Lizzie ventured to the window and said: "Who's there?" "Why, it's me, Lizzie dear," said Bob. "I forgot my key, my dear, let me in, and I haven't been drinking a drop, my dear, not a drop."

"What, sir?" said Miss Lizzie, completely thunderstruck. "Let me in here, said Bob, getting mad; if you've got nothing on put on, my slippers and throw something around you; then you won't take cold. Don't stop to put on your shoes and stockings." "You miserable monster, go 'way from here!" said Miss Lizzie, in high dudgeon.

"Way, my darling," said Bob, "what do you mean talking to me in that way? I could'nt get home before. If you're so all-fired mad that you won't come down, look about the room for my night key and drop it out the window, mebbe you'll find it on the bureau or in my pants, hanging in the closet behind your water-proof; hurry up my darling, I wan't to get to bed quick, it's cold as thunder out here."

"You audacious wretch! I'll have you arrested!" said Miss Lizzie.

"What!" yelled Bob, "have me arrested! "Oh Lizzie how can you talk to me that way?" "To think, sir," said he, to an old gentleman in his night cap, in next-door window, "that that woman should go back on me! I've loved her for years, and have supported her like a lady." "You have?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes," said Bob, "I've supported her like a lady." "And I suppose you bought all the furniture in the house?" asked the old fellow. "Everything," said Bob.

The old chap reached his head out of his window a little further and asked Miss Lizzie a question: "Is he your husband, ma'am?"

"No! I'm not married," snapped she, "and I don't want to be, and never will be!"

"Oh, ho!" said the old gentleman to his wife, "that's what's the matter. I thought them wimmin looked suspicious. I'll lodge a complaint against them to-morrow."

There is a peppery little woman who lived next door, on the other side from the old gentleman, who rammed her head out of her window and said: "Why don't you let him in? I've got a sick baby, and if this racket ain't stopped it'll die before morning." "Why ma'am," said Lizzie, "he don't belong here. I never saw nor heard of him before." "Of course not," said the little woman, "of course not, brazen it out ma'am, brazen it out! I heard of the likes of you before! If there wasn't nobody here listening to all this little performance you would'nt let him in then either, would you ma'am?"

"No, indeed you wouldn't!"

Bob, becoming impatient, made a big effort, burst open the front door, left it open and went up stairs; finding the bedroom door locked, he forced that, but Mandy and Lizzie had fled into the back room and bolted themselves in.

"Lizzie, my darling," said Bob from the front room, talking through the door, "what in the world is the use of you staying in there, pouting? Why don't you come to bed?" No answer.

"If you won't talk to me why I can't help it. I couldn't get home before. I came straight home from the lodge meeting and didn't stop nowhere, and I'm just going to bed, I am." No answer, so he undressed and got into bed.

"I ain't going down there any more, my darling. The meetings hold too late, and we was all talked well nigh to death, anyway. If you ain't coming to bed, why I'll just let the gas burn, and my gracious alive! but won't we have a whopping big gas bill at the end of the month?"

Not a word came in reply. "I say, my darling, won't we have a thundering bill?" No response. "All right, then, my darling, if you won't talk to me, then I won't talk to you—not another word, my darling, because why? If you don't want to talk to me then I don't want to talk to you. Don't you hear me?" He waited for an answer, but none came.

"Well, my darling, you've got the bed warm anyway, and if you won't talk to me, why I won't talk to you, but you'll have the newmonyer if you stay in that cold room. I say you'll be sick if you stay in there. Why in thunder don't you answer me?"

This certainly was a bad state of affairs, and worse was yet to come.

The neighbors had seen and heard Bob's forcible entrance, and hoped that that would end the disturbance, but a slender married woman, with a sharp nose and a wart on her cheek, who lived next door to Bob, said to Mrs. Bob, "This is a fact." "Indeed it is," replied Bob's wife, "but I knew them wimin was scandalous wimin when I see 'em to-day." "But Madam didn't it seem as though his voice was kinder familiar?" "Very familiar with them, very familiar, I should say." "No, no, I didn't mean that, ma'am. Didn't it seem as though you knew his voice?" "I should hope not, ma'am." "Well, indeed, Mrs. Wilkins, I hope you'll pardon me if I'm wrong, but it sounded like Mr. Wilkin's voice to me!"

In about three seconds a tall, large woman, in her bare feet and dressed very lightly in white, strode out of Bob's house, down the pavement, through that open door, up stairs, and stood on the landing. Bob was talking: "If you won't talk to me, my darling, why I won't talk to you, but you can't be so stuborn that you're bound not to come to bed to-night. What have I done to make you mad? If you don't come to bed why I can't help it."

"You can't, can't you!" shrieked Mrs. Bob, bouncing into the room. "Oh, you little imp, I orter choke you!"

"What for, my darling, what for? Let go my hair! What's up now? Come to bed and stop this nonsense. Really, my dear, you're so big and strong that you orten't to be so violent. If you're going to tear me up, I'd better go in the back room myself." "No you don't! you little wretch! Keep out of that room! I'll call the officers if you dare to touch that door! You miserable wimin in there—if you dare to let him in, I'll skin you!"

"Why, my darling," said Bob soothingly, "there's nobody in there didn't you just come out of there yourself? You're dreaming."

"Dreaming am I! Get out of that bed and put your clothes on—hurry up, or I'll drown you!" Poor Bob was thoroughly startled and dressed in less than two minutes. "Now, come right out of this vile house," said Mrs. Bob.

An awful thought took possession of Bob. "Why, my darling, you ain't going to go out doors in your night-gown at this time of night. Bless my heart! Lizzie, what's the matter with you? I knew your grandfather was crazy, but I didn't think it run in the family. To think how well you was when I went down town to-day and now to see you carry on this way." "Carry on this way! Oh, I've heard it all—she's your darling, is she! and you've got a night key on her bureau, have you! What business have you with a pair of pants in her closet? Where did you get the money to buy all this furniture?" And she nailed him by the collar, dragged him down stairs and home.

"Now sir," said she, as she threw him into their room, and gave him a tremendous shaking, "mebbe you'll tell me what you mean by carrying on this way?" Bob looked around in a sort of dazed way and realized where he was.

"I declare to goodness, my darling, that I thought that was our house and she was you."

"Thought 'twas me, did you! Bah! I thought to spank you, you little dunce—do you think you can come any such foolishness as that over me? Do I look like any such wimin as that?" On Monday the maiden ladies moved, and Bob has not been out of the house after nightfall since, and he always goes in and out his back gate, down the alley way, when he goes to and from the office, and the neighbors think there's something very strange about the whole affair.

"If you won't talk to me, why I won't talk to you."

The Harrison sisters from Deer Park, Maryland, nieces of Captain Harrison of Somerset, Miss Birdie, Victoria, and Helen, are spending the winter in Washington with their parents. On New Year's day these accomplished and charming young ladies will assist Mrs. Dr. Penrod, at her reception on Connecticut Avenue.

Picket.

## An Accident.

Cincinnati, Dec. 28.—The Gazette's Tiffin, Ohio, dispatch says that a collision occurred near that place this afternoon on the Cincinnati, Sandusky & Cleveland Railroad between a passenger train going north and a freight train going south. Two engines were wrecked, the mail, express, and baggage cars thrown together and burned, consuming the mail and express matter. The baggage was nearly all saved. Wm. Woolberry, fireman on the passenger train, was killed outright. He had been recently married and his wife was aboard the train. Robert Hass, engineer of the passenger train was seriously injured. T. G. Alley, express messenger, had his right leg broken. F. Stewart, mail agent, was seriously hurt in the back. No passengers were hurt, except one lady, whose face was slightly cut with glass. The engineer of the freight train is missing. It is said he was drunk and was running against orders.

## A Man Killed.

Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 2.—Last night Patrick O'Brien entered the depot at Excelsior, on the Shamokin and Sunbury Railroad. After using very abusive language to the station agent, O. W. Ebenhart, he was ordered out, when he struck the agent, a tussel ensued, during which Ebenhart drew his revolver and shot O'Brien in the side. The wounded man was assisted home and died during the night. Ebenhart fled to Shamokin where he delivered himself up to the authorities. The coroner's jury to-day rendered a verdict in accordance with the above.

## A Burglar Shot.

Brockton, Mass., Jan. 2.—About 4 o'clock this morning Warren Shaw, who was returning home from watching a sick person, noticed some one in his billiard-room, and entering found Frank Boyle, who has heretofore served a term in state prison, crouching in the room. An encounter ensued, during which Shaw shot the intruder, inflicting what physicians consider fatal wounds.

## Death by Freezing.

Booneville, Mo., January 1.—Lida and Henry Slaughter, mother and son, both colored, were found frozen to death six miles from this place. Henry's body was found lying in the road near his house. That of his aged mother was sitting at the fireless hearth. There was no lack of food or fuel in the house, but the couple were nearly helpless, the son being sixty years old and the mother over a hundred.

## Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this way they are guilty of a great wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune*.

## Three Suns and a Rainbow.

Louisville, December 29.—An extraordinary and rare phenomenon occurred this morning in this city, commencing shortly after sunrise and lasting till ten A. M. The sky was remarkably clear and the weather intensely cold. There appeared in the eastern heavens three suns and a beautiful rainbow halo. The phenomenon is known as parhelia, and is a precursor of cold weather.

Cincinnati, December 29.—In the northern suburbs of the city the beautiful phenomenon known among sailors as "sun dog" was observed. It presented a spectacle of rare magnificence in this latitude.

## Fire.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 31.—A destructive conflagration occurred at McKeesport, Pa., this morning at an early hour, resulting in total destruction of the Arlington house and Patterson's row and entailing a loss of $25,000, on which there is a small insurance. Flames were first discovered in the tin shop of a man named Wilson, and spread rapidly. Occupants of the row barely escaping with their lives. The origin of the fire is supposed to be incendiarism.

## Big Loss.

Chester, Pa., Dec. 31.—A fire broke out in the picker room of Haigh, Grindrod & Bottomley's large cotton and woolen mill at Bridgewater, four miles from here, this morning, and the entire structure with its valuable machinery was destroyed. A number of operatives narrowly escaped with their lives. The loss will exceed $25,000; insured for $20,000.

## Shot.

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 31.—D. R. Boas, saloon man, was shot and killed yesterday, it is supposed by James Elliston, to whom he had refused credit for drinks.

## [illegible]

Atlanta, [illegible] ... Dalhousie ... Both buildings ... [illegible]

## Death from Freezing.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—... Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, ... elderly woman named ... here yesterday under ... circumstances. [illegible]

## [illegible]

New York, Dec. ... E. Kerr's ... [illegible]

## A Church on Fire.

Cleveland, O., January ...—... ing service to-day the ... Church, ... discovered to be on fire ... church, which cost $15,000 ... [illegible]

## [illegible]

[illegible]

## Death from Starvation.

Trenton, N. J., January ...—[illegible] ... neighbors on Thursday ... ing from the intense cold ... been without food for several ... [illegible]

## Killed by the Cars.

Meadville, January 2.—... Fell, a Methodist minister, ... ty years, residing at Randolph, New York, was instantly killed ... near Steamburg on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio ... He was driving a young horse ... dashed in front of the train ... result stated.

## Shot Dead.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 29.—... Ferguson, proprietor of a ... ing house, was shot dead by ... early this morning. Both had been drinking. The man threatened to kill the woman, who fled up stairs and when he attempted to ... she shot him through the heart.

## Storm in Virginia.

Danville, Va., Dec. 29.—A tremendous snow storm began last night and is still raging. This is the third snow storm here within ... and the snow lies upon the ground, blocking the roads to an extent unequaled for many years. The thermometer is twenty-four ... above zero.

## A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confusing a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous ... nostrums that are now so ... We speak from experience ... say that Parker's Ginger Tonic ... sterling merits ... deal that is claimed ... have used it ourselves with ... best results for Rheumatism ... when worn out by overwork ... ady.—*Times*.

## Ancient Art.

London, Dec. 31.—The Mail ... Athens telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London that a marvellous complete statue of Minerva ... ous—a master-piece of Phidias, has just been discovered.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

[illegible]

H. S. ENDSLEY, Auditor.

Dec. 29

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John J. Bittner, late of [illegible] Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

[illegible]

A. M. SEVITS, Administrator.

Dec. 22

EXECUTORS' SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

Saturday, January 22, 1881,

[illegible]

TERMS.—[illegible]

JACOB J. SPEICHER.
ABRAHAM CARVER,
Executors.

Dec. 22