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The Somerset Herald.

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S. U. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Penn'a.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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Somerset, Pa.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to his care will be attended to promptness and fidelity.
Sept. 1, 1880.

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All business entrusted to their care will be attended to promptly attended to.
Office—In Mala Cross street, opposite the Diamond Block.

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Office in Diamond Block.

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

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SOMERSET, SOMERSET CO., PA.,
Will give professional services to the public, and all business entrusted to my care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.
[June 2, '80.

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

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DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON offer their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can be at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of Medicine.—Office opposite Charles Krieghbaum's.
apr. 27, '79-tf.

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DR. A. G. MILLER,
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Permanently located in South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

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DENTIST,
Office above Henry Hoffley's store, Main Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

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A. P. Swihart of Sand Patch, Somerset county, Pa., Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim agent, will promptly collect all Bounty and Pension claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing information will address him at the above named place, enclosing discharge and postage stamp for reply.

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PARTIES needing my service on Real or Personal Estate, or anything to be disposed of at Auction, will find I will give entire satisfaction. Address by mail promptly attended to.
W. A. KOONTZ,
Confluence, Pa.

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

3,000 Gallons
PURE FERMENTED
WINE,
FOR SALE
By A. J. Cassheer & A. J. Catobeer & Co.'s of Somerset, Pa., or at his
SUGAR GROVE FARM
This rich tonic of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds to wit:
GRAPE, CHERRY, ELDERBERRY, BLACKBERRY, CURRANT, WILD-CHERRY AND CIDER WINE,
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. This wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who wish a pure wine.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,
197, 199, 201 and 203 Penn Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ANNOUNCES
That they have received the largest assortment of
NEW SPRING
AND
SUMMER GOODS
That they have yet had the pleasure of offering to the public.
Very Best Values, In every line of Goods,
If you do not come to the City to do your shopping you can have your wants satisfactorily supplied by sending as your orders by mail. We have this branch of our business thoroughly organized, and all orders for either
SAMPLES or GOODS,
and any information that may be desired, that it is possible for us to give, will have our most careful and prompt attention the same day they are received. In sending your orders state as explicitly as you can what you want.
☞ Do not fail to read our regular itemized advertisements, as they appear from time to time in all of the Pittsburgh daily and religious weekly papers.
RETAIL STORES,
197, 199, 201 and 203 Penn Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

WOOLEN MILLS
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having for the past year or two, been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of
NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY
and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.
I have now on hand a large stock consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to
TRADE FOR WOOL.
Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your
WOOL!
to work up
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,
and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of this county.
I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.
☞ New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to
WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.
Apr 7

JAS. A. M'MILLAN. JNO. H. WATERS
M'MILLAN & CO.,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.
Special attention given to House Drainage and Sewer Ventilation.
ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE
In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

R. C. LANDIS.
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attentin.
March 2, 1880.

NEW BANK.
:o:
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.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS.
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug 18

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, Md.
WATCHES, CHAINS,
SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,
AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
JEWELRY, &c.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.
oct 13

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas;
All the flowers by rill, that blow;
All the mirlad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gaily bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnet sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet loves the theme;
Love there is where the zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face.
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go, where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat;
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent North
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in the throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her.
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!

WHAT CAME OF A DREAM.

Hans Getter was a wealthy old Dutchman, whose broad acres of field, woodland and meadow are now partly covered by the compact blocks of Brooklyn or the village lots of Flatbush, L. I. They had descended to him, in the third or fourth remove, from the ancestor who first cleared and tilled them, and there he was living in all the rude and sumptuous plenty of the thrifty Hollanders in and around New York and along the Hudson, whom Irving has so pleasantly immortalized. His numerous barns were bursting with the products of his golden harvest; his shed-ranges and stalls housed the choicest breeds of cattle, sheep and horses then known; while his house, broad like its master, rather than lofty, was stuffed from attic to cellar with every commodity that could contribute to the comfort and respectability of the portly and ease-loving proprietor. Servants, stewards and helpers he had in abundance, so that his personal participation in the management of his affairs was mostly confined to their general supervision and the care of his income. This afforded him abundant leisure for the indulgence of his pipe and that dreamy inaction which is the paradise of all fat Dutchmen. Besides his wife—a fair, rotund, fresh looking woman—two children, a son and a daughter, both adults, aided in the business of farm and household; while their position and prospects thrust them into prominence as specimens of the rustic nobility of the times. In the squat old mansion, with its broad verandas, hospitality reigned supreme; all the festivals and holidays of the old country were duly observed; the dominie and the school-master were often and ever welcome guests; and during the autumn and winter months, at the harvest-home and husking-bees, the premises were the focus of luxurient cheer and good times generally.

Our story takes us to the opening of the American Revolution. Bunker Hill had been fought, and the British driven from Boston, were concentrating their forces to capture and occupy New York and its vicinity. As the quarrel with the mother country progressed, men were compelled to avow partiality for one party or the other with more pronounced distinctness. Hans Getter's leaning, during the preliminary troubles, had been toward the colonial side; but being constitutionally sluggish and timid, he would have greatly preferred to remain a non-combatant and to have his territory considered neutral ground, supplying either belligerant, or both, for a proper consideration. The prospect of trouble which threatened his quiet annoyed him extremely, and as the cloud of war neared his own locality, the incident confusion made a chaos of his restful ideas and threw him into a condition noticeable in some persons over a burning dwelling. Compelled to think and act rapidly, he became bewildered, lost all presence of mind, and finally tottered on the verge of insanity. But we are anticipating a little.

While the Continental army lay in his neighborhood, and in partial occupancy of his farm, Hans, though sorely grieved at the unavoidable disturbance of his ease, had passed as a sympathizer with the colonial cause and had contributed to the commissary stores not so much for the love of the paper currency tendered in exchange, as because he could not help it. No military rules could prevent countless petty vexations by an armed host encamped on and around him. But he was not treated as an enemy, nor was the sanctity of his household openly violated. His paramount concern was for the safety of a certain earthern crock—the treasury of his annual revenues when turned into gold coin—which had always been kept in a secret nook in his cellar, accessible only to himself. There were no banks in which to deposit it; or stock companies in which to invest it, and of landed estate he had all he cared for. And so his hoard had continued increasing, until Plutus, or some other deity, might please to enlighten him as to a better disposal thereof. Such information must come, if it all, as an afflatus; for necessity did not compel, and protracted thought on the subject was entirely incompatible with the temperament of the proprietor. He had enough; his heirs must look after the proper employment of what he might leave them. What would you more?

But matters changed for the worse when the British ships of war appeared off the island, threatening invasion and another kind of occupants. Visions of devastation leered from the smoke of his pipe and troubled his slumbers. As he pondered the subject, his anxiety deepened into chronic dejection; his appetite dwindled; his days were doleful, his sleep fitful and his reason seemed nearly unhinged.

At length he began walking in his sleep—an occurrence which at first occasioned some alarm in his household, and prompted a watch upon his movements. But when it was found that they resulted only in harmless peregrinations about the premises and then a return to bed, close observation was relaxed and the circumstance settled into a matter of course affair.

He never remembered these nocturnal rambles, but occasionally mentioned dreaming of inspections of the plantation and the transfer of his crock to another place of security.

At length news came of the landing of the enemy. Then followed the battle—a portion of it on his own farm—the result of which gave the British possession of the island. At its close a body of the dreaded Hessian cormorants encamped in a grove not a mile from his own door, and immediately appropriated one of his fat beeves for their supper, without so much as saying: "By your leave." The crisis had come. Old Hans was terribly excited that evening, talked much of his treasure, ate little, and yielded to the entreaties of his family to take an anodyne and go early to bed. As usual he rose during the night, but so silently as not to disturb his wife at his side. His return toward morning, however, awoke her, and she noticed that he seemed wearied as though from extra exertion. But a sound sleep thereafter and a later rising put him into a more cheerful frame than he had worn of late. His daily visit shortly after to his subterranean treasury revealed the astounding fact that the crock, with all its precious contents, was missing! Consternation immediately pervaded the household, and Old Hans seemed absolutely stunned. When capable of expressing an opinion, it was—that some Hessian burglar had invaded his deposit, and that the act was only a preliminary to further operations of the red right hand upon his possessions. And time lamentably verified his surmises.

From that day forward he was a broken-down man. His apprehensions of the Hessians became a sad reality. They regarded him as a rebel at heart, but too imbecile for harm. His son, to avoid arrest for complicity with his father's supposed sympathies fled, and ultimately joined the patriot army. His wife and daughter, to escape the constant danger of mortification and insult, took refuge with relatives on the Hudson, urging old Hans to accompany them. But he could not be induced to do so, and with a few of his elder servants remained to abide the devastation of his premises, being treated by the usurpers as a meping dotard. Everything on the once thrifty manor went to ruin. Hessian officers were quartered in his mansion and tenant-houses; his groves and fences supplied them fuel, and several of his out-buildings were pulled down and sent after them. His stock was butchered for rations or devoted to other service. His furniture—some of it the heirlooms of generations—was banged and battered like the fixtures of a dram-shop, and all articles fancied by the rapacious foreigners lawlessly appropriated by them. In fine, at the close of their seven years' possession, the buildings of the once prosperous old Dutchmen were a wreck ank his farm a desolation.

At length the war closed with the welcome acknowledgement of the independence of the colonies. After the last red-coat had left the country, those who had been driven from their homes for opinions' sake began to return and to gather from the general ruin the wherewithal to begin anew the struggle for a livelihood. Among these was the family of old Hans Getter. With sorrowing hearts they surveyed the wrecks of their former prosperity. Of their whole abundance nothing remained save the bare territory and the dilapidated buildings. Except shelter everything necessary to household comfort was as completely wanting as though they had been dropped down in the midst of a western prairie. But by dint of hard work and borrowed money, wherewith to restock the farm to a limited extent, the son, who now assumed control of affairs, made a push for the revival of better days. The contrast with their former opulence rendered this a depressing labor, while the old man seemed to be whelmed in a melancholy daze; his rare uttrances being those of a cheerless crone, looking for his grave. The household had always held suspicions that Hans had robbed himself during his sonambulistic performences of the years agone; but the most careful search, far and near, had failed to substantiate them, and though present necessities revived the wish—O how strongly!—for the recovery of the needful, all prospect thereof was as dim as ever.

Toward the close of their first year's struggle with poverty and depression, the mind of old Hans seemed suddenly to burst the crust of hopeless apathy that had so long overlaid it, and he betrayed a keener sense of his situation and surroundings. He once surprised the family at the breakfast table by the impassioned exclamation to his son, "O John, if ye had that crock the cursed Hessians stole, ye might knock off work and be a nabob!" He farther enlarged upon its aid in the restoration of their former status, and from that hour his thoughts sleeping or waking, appeared to be energizing over his lost hoard. At length, so completely did his longings possess him, as to occasion a repetition of the consequences of his former anxiety for its safety. He again commenced his nocturnal peregrinations about the premises, of which, as before, he remembered nothing when awake. On the morning following one of these, he told the family that he dreamed that he saw his crock with its contents intact, where, he remembered meanwhile, himself had bestowed it—a hint which, corroborating as it did the opinion his son had always entertained of its disposal, was improved forthwith. His next midnight tour was awaited with solicitude; nor was it long delayed. After a day of great mental perturbation, Hans, after smoking his evening pipe, retired early to his restless bed. Near midnight he rose, dressed and went forth, silently followed by his son. Taking a spade from the tool-house, the old man moved cautiously across the paddock into the field beyond and toward an oak that once sentineled a considerable grove now laid low by the Hessian axe, whose size alone had saved it from a similar fate. At its foot the sleep-walker stopped, looked furtively around; then, removing a covering of withered leaves, began digging. The son, lying down at a short distance, watched his manoeuvres by the dim star-light, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. It was some time ere the spade was laid aside, and then the old man knelt down, seemed to remove something and to bend inquiringly over the excavation. Next he proceeded to return the earth, smooth the ground carefully and deftly replace the covering of leaves. Then he stole homward and back to his bed. The sequel which his son acted thereupon may be at once surmised. Repeating the operation he had just witnessed,—albeit with more speed and less caution,—he unearthed the veritable crock, heavy with treasure, and took it to the house. The next morning Hans told the family that he had again seen in dreams his precious treasure, lamenting that he must wake to the distressful sense of its loss.

Then followed the joyful denouement. When the crock was produced, and while its golden thousands were being counted, old Hans laughed for the first time in many years, and fairly danced with delight. Never Pass festival, with its boisterous merry-makings, found so happy a household. The result may be anticipated without further description. A twelve-month thereafter saw the buildings and fences renewed or repaired; the farm restocked with the choicest breeds; trees re-set; helpers and tenants regained; debts paid and the smile of former thrift over all. Hans renewed his age, his flesh and his ease; married his daughter to a nice young Holland neighbor, whose buxom sister espoused his own son, and as the old Dutchman smoked once more his evening pipe on his veranda, he forgot the Hessians and smiled over his remunerative dream.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Bowie Knife.

James Bowie lay for months in his bed, in the city of Natchez, before he recovered from his wound. He was a man of much mechanical ingenuity, and while thus confined whittled from a piece of pine the model of a hunting knife, which he sent to two brothers named Blackman, in the city of Natchez, and told them to spare no expense in making a duplicate of it in steel. This was the origin of the dreaded bowie knife. It was made from a large sawmill file, and its temper afterward improved upon by Arkansas blacksmiths. This is all that can be told about the origin of that death-dealing implement. Since James Bowie became somewhat prominent in his efforts to advance the spread of Republican institutions it is proper to speak of what he did. He seemed to have a natural disposition to protect the weak from the strong. At one time he was riding through the parish of Concordia, La., and saw a man lashing his slave. He told the man to desist, but he was met with curses. He dismounted from his horse, wrestled the whip from the master, and laid it over his shoulders. This led to a shooting match, in which the slave owner was badly wounded. Bowie, after submitting himself to the law, paid the doctor's bill purchased the slave at double his value and gave him his freedom.

In after years a methodist preacher told the writer this: He said he was one of the first methodist ministers sent to Texas by the methodist conference. He traveled on horseback, crossing the Mississippi below Natchez; that the first day after crossing the Mississippi he was overtaken by a horseman dressed in buckskin, armed with rifle, pistol and knife, they entered into conversation and he found him to be intelligent, pleasant and well acquainted with the geography of the country. Neither one inquired the name or the business of the other. Both were aiming at the same destination, Texas. Finally they reached a new town filled with wild, desperate characters from other States. He posted a notice that he would preach at the Court house the first evening of his arrival. At the hour named he found the rude structure filled to overflowing—with men only. He gave out a hymn and all joined in singing, and sung it well, but when he announced his text and attempted to preach one betrayed in imitation of an ass, another hooted like an owl, etc. He disliked to be driven from his purpose and attempted again to preach, but was stopped by the same species of interruption. He stood silent and still, not knowing whether to vacate the pulpit or not. Finally his traveling companion, whom he did not know was in the house, arose in the midst and with a stentorian voice said: "Men, this man has come here to preach to you. You need preaching to, and I'll be——if he shant preach to you! The next man that disturbs him shall fight me. My name is Jim Bowie." The preacher said that after this announcement he never had a more attentive audience, so much influence had Bowie over that reckless and dangerous element.

BRAIN AS A MOTOR.

How the Common People Rule and Are Elevated.

"This was prophecy fifty years ago; it is history to-day," said Mr. Beecher last night at the Congregational church, in his lecture, "The reign of the Common People." He had been speaking of a book entitled "Democracy in America," written half a century ago by a French scholar, who had visited the United States to study its manners and its institutions. In this work he made known to Europe the rise and progress of the great democratic movement—using the word not in a political but a philosophical sense—the movement of the minds of the whole people in public affairs, rather than the movement of the minds of a class of men. He prophesied then that this movement would compel all Europe to change its forms of government. "His words," said Mr. Beecher, "have come true. That change has gradually come over the whole civilized world and is extending even further. Great Britain is as much a republic to-day as we are. A monarchy is not necessarily a monarchy because it has that name, nor is a republic really a republic because it is called so. The mind and will of the common people is as much felt in Great Britain—it is even more directly operative—than it is in this Republic. France is a declarative republic. Spain is awaking, and as long as such men as Castelar have such companionships and opinions, it cannot long be asleep. When two men have died there will be a great change in Germany. Austria is far ahead of Germany so far a representation of public influence in administration is concerned. The name of Austria used to be a synonym for all that was absolute and arbitrary, but the ploughshare of war has turned up the soil for the more generous harvest which is to follow.

RUSSIA ALONE STANDS GLOOMILY,

a great empire subject to great concussions, for that mysterious something known as the popular will is constantly being generated when there is no channel through which it may be carried safely away. If you generate steam and have no safety valve nor cylinder, you will be sure to have something else. Russia is in that position. There is a continual development of popular force and without a legitimate channel to carry it off, the explosion is sure to come. No power can bind an ocean of people, even as no power can bind the ocean itself.

WHAT IS TRUE DEMOCRACY?

"True democracy has been the physiological and psychological development of the human race. It has been such a development of the brain force as that now it is not only the brain which rules, but the superior brain. It is no longer the man of muscle that controls the world. Hercules was well enough for his time. But time has gone, and men have come up through a whole cycle until that part which is characteristic of men—brain force—has come into the ascendency in communities. The progress of democracy indicates not merely the fortunate invention of political institutions and methods, but it indicates the development of the human race up to a point which it never attained until the present day. How did this all come to pass?

WHAT HAS DEVELOPED MAN

in this way? Now, if the theory of evolution is true, and it is true; I do not mean everything is true that is connected with that word, but that method of creation was not instaneity, but was the creation of the rudimentary germ form, which under the influence of natural law, gradually unfolded in successive stages so that they ran through ages. I believe, and every man of intelligence believe, be he Christian or Agnostic, and certainly if he be under forty years of age; for my part I believe that the human family has come up. I don't know whether our ancestors were monkeys or not, and I don't care. It is all mere speculation. Darwin was not there when it took place. He don't know. If a man was ever evolved out of a monkey's skin, he did not keep a journal. I would just as lief it was proved that I was descended from a monkey, provided that I have descended far enough. Seriously though,

THE HUMAN FAMILY BEGAN,

not at the highest stage, but at the very bottom, and has risen through various stages. You tell me the chatechism says that our first parents were made in the likeness of God. Very true. But the catechism also says that they fell from their high estate and all their posterity with them. When they fell they made a complete business of it. They fell flat, but they have come up again. So, strangely, science and the catechism are together on that point. If evolution, then, be true, we should expect that this development should have taken place according to this doctrine. We should expect that the brain unfolding from the inferior conditions of the nervous system, would be carried on and up to the time when the moral, rational, superior brain of the human race would overbalance the mere animal brain. This has taken place."

Continuing, the lecturer asserted that whatever produced excitement upon a rational brain was in the nature of education. He referred to hunger and thirst as the first schoolmasters, and then to the early set methods of education in Egypt. "But even at that time," he said, "knowledge was prerogative. It was as a coronet, only to be worn by a pivileged few, and the common people could only possess it by stealing it. It was their duty to be ignorant." He then spoke of Greece, and said that in that country freemen might acquire knowledge, but women were excluded, except those who by selling their virtue became entitled to be educated. This explained, he said, the apostolic interdictions regarding

WOMEN KEEPING SILENCE IN CHURCH.

These appear not only in two places, once in the epistle to the Corinthians, a corrupt Grecian city, and again when writing to a bishop of a Greek church in Asia Minor. If the Christian women had spoken, and shown that they were competent to teach, they would have been put down as courtesans and it would have cast discredit on the church. "And yet," said Mr. Beecher, "some will put on their spectacles to-day and say that women must not preach. It was not God's declaration to sexes. It was merely a local matter. If a woman wants to speak in church and folks want to hear her, there is no reason in heaven or on earth why she should no do so."

Mr. Beecher then contrasted the difficulties in ancient times attending education and the facilities of modern times. The result is that there is brain force among the masses. Particularly is this the case on this side of the Atlantic. This is partly due to the climate, for there is no atmosphere in the world which has such a effect upon the brain as this. A ship master told him that none of the sailors could drink as much here as in Liverpool. "Heaven help Liverpool if they drink more," was the laconic remark Mr. Beecher interpolated here. It does not make any difference in a single instance, but when three generations are brought up in this atmosphere the effect is appreciable. The face becomes long, the body loses its rotundity, while the cerebral part is developed. This is seen even in the newspaper pictures. John Bull, in his cool, calm atmosphere, is portrayed as robust, Jonathan is tall, and lank, and spare. With one it is all

ABDOMINAL, WITH THE OTHER CEREBRAL.

"Public sentiment here," said Mr. Beecher, "begins to grind early. It is excitable and forcible. More and more men are realizing that if they want to thrive, it must be by their own endeavor and energy. It is one of God's blessing upon this country that all children are not borne poor. The largest inheritance does not last over three generations. If a man leaves a fortune his son commences to spend it and starts down, and then his son spends the rest. So the bottom is reached again and everything is made level. When men are born with the idea that they must rise by individual exertion, it brings the brain power to bear at once on business. And business here does not run like a canal, but like an impetuous river. It is full of life. The fault is that there is not vacation enough.

IN POLITICS IT IS WORSE YET.

There is always something going on in politics, whether county or town, city, State or National, to say nothing of the great quadrennial bonfire which is lit beneath the political cauldron every four years. When the candidates are chosen the editors, orators, candidates and everybody else declare that the salvation of the country depends on the election of both candidates, and we all believe it. No matter how old we are, we get red in the face and run for a fortnight. Then we conclude to let the country run for four years and give us another chance. One might suppose that there is one place where we might cool off. That is the church, but I believe that is the hottest of all! There are

THREE KINDS OF CHURCHES,

those run by doctrine, by emotion and by votion. In very different ways they come together at that one point, the most sensitive part of man, the brain. Mr. Beecher, in enlarging on this point, showed how the consideration of the momentous questions of the doctrinal church, the looking back to the eternity that is to come for their final execution, is a constant stress and strain upon the brain; how the revival-shouting and constant high pressure of the emotional chuch is an excitement to the brain, and how even the quiet responsibility of caring for the sick and visiting the needy in the devotional church brings a pressure on the brain and sharpens and deepens its life.

"The vast mass of laboring men," Mr. Beecher went on to say, "who have been ignorant, never caring for education, are now clamoring for it as a right, and the governments which have hitherto feared it among their subjects are now anxious to give it. How did this come to pass? Are they not better off than they used to be? Better fed, better clothed and housed? Yes, but there is something more than this, which is above animal comforts, that calls them up to something higher. They don't know what it is. I will tell you. It is the fulfillment of the decree of God. It is the blossoming in our day of the grand time when

BRAIN AND NOT MUSCLE SHALL RULE;

when all that is of the animal shall stand aside.

"Intelligence makes better soldiers, education makes money. It is for this reason that the nations are becoming nursing fathers and mothers to their common people."

He then dealt for a while with those people, who, like buzzards, see only carrion in lovely fields, and speak evil continually. He left his subject for awhile to sketch a 'Modle Legislature' and to comment upon the character of the men who make our laws. "If a man don't want to know what he eats he must keep out of the kitchen," he said, "and if he wants to keep the laws and respect them, he will never look in on where they are made." He did not wonder that

THE FOREIGN NOSE WAS TURNED UP,

and that foreigners said a strong government must follow. Yet this Government of the people, for the people and by the people, with all its faults and more than were mentioned, was the very best ever instituted under the sun. We are making progress towards administration. We are learning better things; we are benefiting by our mistakes. And sixty millions of men learning to govern themselves is unspeakably better than sixty thousand of men governing a mass of people who do not know how to govern at all. It is better that we should have poor government of the whole people than a better one where no one is learning, it is better that a man should learn a thing imperfectly than another should do it better for him.

He believed in a free discussion of everything that was of national interest. Even the Greenback doctrine, "and there never was a more foolish thing since God made fools," had its use in disseminating financial and banking views into almost every hovel. It was not the place of the Government to abolish State banks and issue all the currency. It should not go into the banking business any more than it should go into the baking business. Our Government is to maintain the integrity of the people, and then let them work out their own salvation. The European cry is that the government should take care of the people; the American cry is let the people take care of the government. [Applause.]

In conclusion Mr. Beecher showed that not only in politics, but in amusements, theology, medicine, law and everything else the common people were becoming more and more enlightened. There were changes taking place. The creeds preached were not the same. But there was no cause for fear. The flower was becoming fruit, and He that was watching over all neither slumbers nor sleeps. The hand that has brought the ship safely thus far still has hold of the helm, and will see that at last anchor is cast within the harbor, safe from every storm.

Where's Congress.

"Where's congress? I'm looking for congress," said a tall, one-eyed wowan, peering through one of the doors of the House of Representatives, the other morning. "Is that fellow with a bald head congress?"

"What do you want with Congress anyhow?" demand a deputy door keeper gruffly. "Hold on? you can't go in there!"

"I came from Bucks county, Pa., to see Congress, and if you've got it on draught anywhere around here, I want some. Whats the reason I can't go in there?"

"Cause you can't. Nobody allowed here but members."

"That red-headed man with a squint a member?"

"No; he's one of the members' secretaries. He has a right on the floor.

"Is that lop sided chap with a wig one of the secretaries?"

"No; he's a friend of a member. Had a pass."

"What's that bare legged boy falling over the back of a chair? Has he got any friends?"

"He's one of the pages."

"Who's that red nosed artist, with a sore ear? Did he have a pass?"

"That's a messenger. He don't need a pass."

"What's that fellow with his legs on a desk? "Is he one of the bosses?"

"He is one of the clerks."

"Any of them fellows pay any taxes?"

"I think not. Don't know," said the door-keeper indifferently.

"Now, young feller, you want to hunt for room to stand in while I go through this door. Don't fool with me, or your friends will think you have been doing business with a steam grindstone. I pay taxes on three acres and eight pigs in Bucks county, and I'm going through this 'ere congress like a contribution box through a congregation. You just crawl out of sight if you don't want your spine to change place with the next township."

"Where's the congress from Bucks county? Show me the Bucks county Congress, and if he don't get a bill throught this town to send that hare-lipped old sky-rocket, who wants to foreclose a mortgage on my place, to the penitentiary, he'll wish he'd been born a tree and cut down and burned up when he way young. Point out the Congress from Bucks county before I have you inside out, and see how you're put together. Tell me I can't go in among a lot of clerks, passes and pages! If there's a square foot of Congress left by the time I reach is, It'll wish it was covered with hair that comes out without hurting."

They induced her to leave by telling her that the "Congress from Bucks county" held its session in the patent office, and she departed, threatening to get the bill disposing of her mortgage through before she left town, or make the Bucks county member think a cider barrel had busted under him just as a shot tower fell on top of him.

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicine to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perfect health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Pickwyane.*

A Tough Citizen.

GALVESTON, Tex., May 5.—A special to the *News* from Palestine says: "J. B. Jones, charged with stealing horses in the northern part of this county, was shot yesterday by some citizens who attempted his arrest. Twenty-seven buckshot took effect in his body, but the probabilities are that he will recover."

No remedy except Peruna does always coincide with the *vis medicatrix naturæ.*

Music lesson—to be studied while walking the icy sidewalks. If you don't C sharp you will B flat.

Any remedy that always coincides with the *vis medicatrix naturæ* cures all diseases. Peruna.

What Is Stalwartism.

We frequently encounter says the Germantown *Telegraph*, the term, stalwart in print, as applied by Democrats and Independents to those leading Republicans whose course in public affairs is clear, plain, unqualified, robust and vigorous. Properly understood, it is not a word of reproach, and yet it sometimes appears to be intended as a sort of a polite substitute for radical, extremist, zealot and fanatic. These partisan changes seem to mark a gradual softening of the harshness of political life. After the Mexican war a somewhat similar distinction was made between the followers of Taylor and Scott, who were "Whigs, but not ultra Whigs;" and the adherents of Clay and Webster, who were ultra Whigs avowedly. In the ensuing conflict the Whig party perished, without benefiting the Nation thereby. Perhaps some of those who now make such free use of the word stalwart, expect or hope to force history to repeat itself in the destruction of the Republican party. But the cases are not parallel. There was a desperate effort made in 1872 to make the cases appear similar, but the people scouted the idea. The radical leaders, Sewart, Chase, Johnson, Greeley, etc., all went over to the enemy in regular succession, under the belief that as they had so largely helped to build up the Republican party, they could destroy it. But the history of the last fifteen years proves that the emancipation of the slaves was far from being the only mission of the party. The stalwarts began with Thaddeus Stevens, and in the current era are alledged to be represented by Grant, Sherman, Garfield and Blaine. They have produced the very ablest orators, legislators, financiers, soldiers, statesmen and party leaders of which the Nation can boast. The ordeal of the Mexican war did not enable the Democratic party to produce military heroes or high-class statesmen. Those honors were monopolized by the Whigs. What then is there in the history of the past fifteen years that should be a reproach to the Republican stalwarts, or justify the efforts to divide the triumphant party on account of their leadership? If it be an offense on their part to insist upon the right of the majority of the southern people to govern themselves by the free and untrammeled use of the right of suffrage, without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude, we may candidly confess that our own heartiest sympathies are all together with those who demand and insist upon that consummation, no matter by what party name they may call themselves. The peace which has settled upon the Southern States is well-known to be in sheer disregard of the right of the majority to govern, and in at least three of those Southern States the minority governs by the sheer force of unblushing and undeniable terrorism.

We do not understand the stalwart Republicans to invoke the arbitrary use of the National Power to overturn those usurped governments, nor would it be desirable at the present time to inaugurate measures looking to a change. But it may be as well to have the question remain in abeyance and to endeavor by peaceful means to establish the rights of the freedmen everywhere throughout the South, not merely to vote and to hold office, but to hold all the rights of citizenship guaranteed to them by the National Constitution. So long as such an outrageous state of things shall prevail in South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, it is the merest moonshine for independent gentlemen to expect Republicans or people of the North generally, to abandon their attachment to the party and the principles rendered grand and memorable by the mighty contests of the last 10 years.

If there be among our readers, therefore, some who want to know what Stalwart Republicanism really is, we answer unhesitatingly that it is the robust, vig