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The Somerset Herald,

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Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store. He can be found at all times to do good work of all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, etc. Artificial teeth of all kinds, from one tooth to a full set, inserted. Operations painless.

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W. F. Swihart of Sand Patch, Somerset county, 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 place, enclosing discharge and postage, will promptly reply.

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AND CIDER WINE,
Which will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. Some of the wine is much used for medical and sacramental purposes; also as a beverage by those who like a pure wine.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXX. NO. 7. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1567.

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Call and see for yourselves.

I will open out with a full line of the above goods, May 19th.

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The Table and Bar will be as GOOD AS THE BEST.

From experience in the Hotel business, I flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all who may call.

F. S. KLEINDIENST.

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Has constantly on hand at his distillery

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For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for

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March 2, 1880.

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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.

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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

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

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(Above Henry Hoffley's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET PA.

MOWING.

BY M. E. BICE.

O, he lightly swings his gleaming scythe
Down in the fragrant clover,
And he hums a gay refrain the while
As he turns the winrows over;
And his heart beats time to the old love rhyme—
The song of a happy lover.

The cool wind fans his sun-browned cheek,
Then ruffles the rustling grasses
That softly bend their graceful heads
To every breeze that passes,
And a whirring crowd of locusts loud,
Spring up from the scented masses

He notes the timid meadow lark
Above her low nest hover,
And gently lifts his scythe to leave
The grass uncut above her.
And the live-long day his heart is gay
As the heart of happy lover.

For walking home with Kate last night,
When the stars were softly shining,
He told the love he long had known.
His arm her waist entwining;
And he knew the bliss of love's first kiss,
Last night when the stars were shining.

And as he hums an old love tune,
As he lightly cuts the clover,
And his dark eyes shine with a tender light
While he sees the sweet scene over.
And the live-long day his heart is gay—
'Tis the heart of a happy lover.

JACK HOWARD'S SACRIFICE.

"You can have her for the asking."

"I shall not ask."

"You will not?"

"I will not."

John Howard, uncle, short, corpulent, irascible, confronted John Howard, nephew, tall, clean-limbed, imperturbable.

"Why?" demanded the former angrily.

"She is a woman for whom I have no respect. She is cold, hard, scheming woman of the world."

"She is no worse than any other society woman!"

"God pity the class!" was young Howard's sole reply.

"Who are you that you should judge this girl?" demanded his uncle, pacing the floor with short, rapid strides. "You, with your dissipated habits and the reputation of being the fastest young man in your set. What if she be a flirt? What if she be called 'fast?' It would puzzle the worst of her sex to keep the pace you have been going the past five years! Who are you, I say, that you should judge her?"

"Merely the man whom you would have her marry," said his nephew, twisting his heavy mustache caressingly. "Similarity of tastes in the pursuits you have so aptly mentioned ought certainly to render us mutually forebearing, but would hardly conduce to the moral improvement of either. At all events, I respectfully decline to put the matter to the test."

"You are ungrateful, sir!" exclaimed the old man, pausing in his tramp and confronting his nephew. "Have I no claims upon your gratitude, after all the care and money expended on you these years?"

A slow flush rose to the young man's cheek, and the sleepy, dark eyes gained a slumbering fire as he drew himself to the full height of his six feet. "I admit my obligation to you, sir; but believe me, had I been aware that you were simply enhancing my value as a salable article I would have declined your generosity. In any way consistent with my manhood I am ready to attest my gratitude for your kindness. But what you ask is absolutely impossible."

"Then you are no nephew of mine." The old man was purple with rage. "I disown you sir! an ungrateful dog! I shall alter my will at once, sir!"

And muttering maledictions on the youth who stood so calm under the tirade, the old gentleman moved to his secretary and almost instantly returned with a parchment roll in his trembling hands." "I disown you, sir, my home is no longer yours. There are your hopes and expectations." And the old man pointed to the parchment, crackling and writhing in the open grate.

"You have relieved me of a great obligation, sir. The rest of my debt I hope to discharge soon," said Jack, carefully examining the end of his cigar. "Your wish regarding our separate establishments shall be attended to at once. Have you any other suggestions to make?"

"Out of my sight, sir, at once!" shouted the old man.

"Explicit, though unkind," laughed Jack as he sauntered from the room.

* * * * * *

"Kendal, can you tell me the sum total of the bills my uncle has paid for me during the last ten years?" inquired Jack, a few hours later as he stood by the old bookkeeper's desk in his uncle's office.

"Why, yes, in a little while," answered the old man.

"Be so kind, then." And Jack became immediately immersed in the stock columns of the morning paper.

For half an hour there was silence between the pair. Then the old clerk handed the young man a slip of paper.

"You are sure it covers all?"

"Yes. Mr. Howard always had your account kept separate, for some reason; and I had only to run over the totals."

Howard sauntered into his broker's office, the slip of paper in his vest pocket.

"Mr. McElry, sell out my Chrysolite at once, and place the proceeds, less brokerage, to my credit at Brown Brothers."

"But, Mr. Howard, stocks are rising, and Chrysolite is at the head of the list, and going steadily up. I would advise holding on."

"I want the money to-day, and prefer to sell," said Jack, briefly, and sauntered out.

Going through a rapid mental calculation, he muttered under his mustache: "About a thousand. Better than I hoped for." And then a voice sounded at his elbow:

"Hallo, Jack! What are you muttering about in that melancholy way?"

"My fortune, Charley," laughed Howard.

"Well, if I had such a fortune in prospect as you have, I wouldn't look so solemn about it, old man."

"And how much do you think it does or will amount to?"

"Rumor, with its hundred tongues, has not one tongue that puts it less than fifty thousand a year."

"Humph! Truthful rumor," said Jack.

Charley Grant looked at his friend inquiringly. "Jack, something is the matter. You have had a row with the old gentleman, as usual, I suppose."

"As usual," calmly assented Howard. "Dine with me at Delmonico's at six, Charley. I want your whole evening."

"All right, old fellow," and they separated.

At the door of the banking office of Brown Brothers, Jack paused for a moment, looking contemplatively at a slip of paper bearing a number of five figures. "You have kept the pace famously, my boy," was all the reflection called forth.

Howard entered the bank as the chimes of old Trinity struck two, making his way to the rear office with an air of accustomed privelege. Half an hour later he reappeared, accompanied to the door of the office by one of the firm.

"Very well, Mr. Howard, the sum shall be placed to the old gentleman's credit. A very pleasant surprise to him."

On his way out Jack paused and drew a check for $1,008 48. It was promptly paid and leisurely pocketed.

"Quite a fortune," was Jack's mental comment.

* * * * * *

The 8:20 morning train on the Denver and South Park Railroad, detained by a heavy fall of snow in Platte Canon, rolled up slowly to the old board structure that served as a passenger depot at Weston, Col., time, 11:30 a. m. December 21, 1879. The multiplicity of saloons, in the one long row of tents and slab shanties stretching along the side of the track, proclaimed the place of no little importance. Piles of freight, heavy wagons, long mule trains and swaggering bull whackers marked the then terminus of the railroad.

The weary passengers turned to the stage office to book their seats. "No coaches till to-morrow, gentlemen. Last train delayed also. Coaches left at daylight, crammed inside and out. Heavy fall of snow in South Park. New roads to break. Good accommodations at the International, fourth shanty to right of office. Nine and a half to Buena Vista, sir. Next gentleman." And the agent, callous alike to curses and prayers, calmly repeated his formula to another group of unfortunates.

"Jack, what do you think of the International?" queried Charley Grant, as the friends passed the long, low slab edifice so-called.

"It is a disgrace to the borders of civilization. Let us see if there are any private conveyances to be had."

Recourse to the imperturbable agent developed the fact that but one available vehicle remained in the station. It was engaged at once.

"Bill, put the sorrel and gray in the buckboard, and tell Eb to stop for two fares for Leadville. Send baggage to-morrow, gentlemen. Very busy season and roads bad from the snow."

She two men addressed having nothing to offer in refutation of the last forcible assertion, tacitly assented to its truth. A few minutes later, "Buckboard, gentlemen," from the taciturn Bill. "Gimme a couple of buffaloes, Hank. Wrap 'em up close, gentlemen. If you don't need 'em on the divide I'll eat 'em," and as if conscious that the odds were in his favor, Eb smiled superiorly, threw off the break, the sorrel and gray made a weak attempt at friskiness lost years before, and the buckboard rolled heavily along in the deep ruts of the frozen ground.

An hour had passed. The uneven road had given place to a snowy trail, over which the wheels crunched viciously.

The wind came rushing over the plain with a hoarse, vindicative scream, and the air was white with snow which cut the face savagely. The horses were laboring heavily through the low drifts which had begun to fill the trail. The west range had disappeared from view. The driver's face was dark and troubled.

"By George! one deserves a fortune for overcoming the difficulties he meets with in reaching Leadville, setting aside those that await him there," growled Grant.

"But when the Eldorado is reached and the fortune won, and that little home and sweet Kate Sheldon gained, how slight the hardships will seem then," said Jack cheerily.

His companion brightened visibly.

"That is pretty well assured already, Jack. I go into the firm when I return, and Kate told me when we parted that she didn't think she could let me go again. So, Leadville or no Leadville, happiness awaits my return. I wish that I could feel that the same good fortune was in store for you, dear old fellow."

"The flood-tide will come in good time, Charley," said Howard quietly; and again there fell a long silence.

The wind was rushing over the plains in fierce gusts, and the snow was driving blindingly. The driver peered with strained eyes to catch here and there ahead the fast disappearing track. It had grown piercingly cold. The horses, almost blinded, turned their heads this way then that to escape the pitiless blast. Charley, wrapped in happy dreams, had become almost oblivious to the blinding storm which had burst upon them. Not so Howard. His face grew more grave. At last he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the driver's shoulder. The man turned and his eye caught Jack's. In their troubled expression Howard read "danger."

"How far is it to the station?"

"Five miles if a foot."

"Can you keep the trail?"

"I can't! See this cursed wagon drags eternally through the drifts. If we cut loose from it and make a break with the horses—"

The driver paused and looked in his listener's eyes, as if seeking resolution to go on. Howard's dark eyes were thoughtful and almost sad.

"You think the only chance for safety is in the horses."

"Yes. We can run them for all thats in them, and perhaps make the station. But it will be a close call at the best, and"—bending his head nearer Jack, and glancing nervously toward Charley—"only two can go. So long as there is a shadow of a trail I can follow it, but it's going fast in this gale. For God's sake, decide quickly!"

The dark eyes had lost their look of trouble. The handsome face was pale, but calm as was its wont.

"Cut the horses loose!" came the answer, short and sharp. "Charlie we must leave the wagon. Tumble out, old man!"

Jack was already on the ground, removing with rapid, skillful hands, the heavy harness from the cowering horses. Charley came back from dreamland, from the bright little home of his fancy, and climbed bewilderingly to the ground.

"What are we leaving the wagon for? Are you going to camp here? What's all the row?"

"The row is, my boy, that the wagon sticks in the drifts, and we are going to push on for the station on horseback."

"All ready, sir?" said the driver meaningly, looking anxiously at Jack.

"All ready. Here, Charley, up you go! Now ride hard, and stick close to your guide."

The driver paused in astonishment.

"But what are you going to do, Jack?" And Charley looked from his companion to the driver perplexedly. Something in their faces struck him as with a blow. He grew deadly pale.

"My God! Jack, what is this? Can't we all go?"

"No, old fellow, we cannot," said Jack.

"But why should you be left? This man—what right has he more than either of us—"

"He is the only hope of one of us. He alone can find the station."

"Great God! This is horrible. I will not leave you. I cannot, Jack!"

"Charley you must, and at once. Every minute is precious. Think of Kate. You must go, dear old fellow, Good-bye!"

Jack's warm, firm hand held Charley's in a clinging grasp for an instant, and then let it fall.

"By heavens! I will not go!"

The driver sat nervous and impatient. Jack moved to his side and whispered, "He must go—do you understand?" and nodded towards the heavy wagon-whip that lay beside the heap of harness.

"Yes; be quick."

The driver grasped Grant's rein that hung loosly on the horse's neck. The long lash cut the crisp hair savagely. Both horses sprang forward with a single impulse.

Jack Howard stood alone in the whirling snow. His skeleton was found there in the spring.

* * * * * *

At 1 p. m. December 21, 1879, the the telegraph operator at Leadville received the following dispatch:

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1879.

To John Howard, Leadville, Col.:

Your uncle died yesterday from a stroke of paralysis. You are his sole heir.

BARTON REID.

—*The Argonaut.*

Economy in Fuel.

Dr. C. W. Scimens thinks it about time that the economical use of fuel should be practiced in our offices and our homes, as well as in large manufacturing establishments. He has devised a grate which gives out a fine heat without noxious gases into a room—a grate which is very cleanly and which meets fairly the requirements of economy in construction and use. There is no patent on this grate. An iron dead plate is rivieed at right angles to a stout copper plate facing the back of the grate and extending five inches above and below, where the iron plate joins it. The dead plate stops short about an inch from the bottom bar of the grate to make room for a half-inch gas pipe which is penetrated with small holes arranged zig-zag on its upper surface. This pipe rests on a lower plate bent downward toward the back so as to form a vertical and horizontal channel of about one inch in breadth between the two plates. A trap-door in the lower plate below the gas pipe serves to remove the ashes. The vertical portion of the channel contains a strip of sheet copper arranged like a frill and rivited to the back. This frill of copper conducts the heat from the back and sets up a current of air in the channel, and this air forces the small gas-jets of the perforated pipe to burn brightly. Instead of the pumice stone, the front of the grate is filled with coke or anthrocite, to which the heat of the gas-jets is transferred. Dr. Siemens says that he holds it almost barbarous to use raw coal for any purpose and that the time will come when all our fuel will be separated into its two constituents before reaching our factories or domestic hearths.

A Traveler's Story.

After spending months at European and American watering places and thousands of dollars looking for health, I returned home disheartened and wretched. I consulted the best physicians and traveled far and near without benefit, and expected to die. A friend urged a trial of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Three bottles and careful diet have worked wonders and brought me excellent health and spirits, and you may publish my experience for the benefit of similar sufferers.—A Cincinnati lady.

A TALK WITH THE ASSASSIN.

His Crazy Reasons for Shooting the President.

An important interview was held at the jail where the assassin Guiteau is confined. It is not generally known in Washington, and it has therefore not been the subject of discussion. The narrative as obtained by a *Times* correspondent, would seem to set forever at rest the story of the alleged conspiracy in the matter, and it does tell for the first time in Guiteau's own language what he is pleased to call his side of the story and his so-called reasons for doing what he did. At the interview in the jail to-day there were present District Attorney Corkhilll, a stenographer, and Mr. George Scoville, of Chicago. Guiteau is the youngest of Mrs. Scoville's brothers. Mr. Scoville told without concealment and unreservedly the whole story of what happened at the jail, and gave the account pretty much in the very language which Guiteau used. In response to inquiries, Mr. Scoville began by saying:

"From my knowledge of Guiteau, which dates back to 1848, when he was 7 years old, I knew on first hearing the story that it was his work alone. From my personal knowledge of him, I knew him as a person who would not work under the control of any one, or suffer himself to be made a tool of by anyone. He always was an entirely independent and self-reliant person. He would never ask advice, or take it from anyone. When I came to Washington it was with a full conviction, from what I knew of Guiteau, that what he had done was of his own notion and without influence or advice from anyone. To satisfy myself I desired to question him, and I did so at the jail to-day. Our interview lasted about one hour. I saw him in the presence of the District Attorney and a stenographer, the latter of whom took down every word of conversation which ensued. Guiteau recognized me, of course. He was glad to see me, and inquired after the members of my family. I may say that he has been on as good terms with my family as with anybody. There were at times some differences between us. He would do as he had a mind to, often in a way that was not satisfactory to me. I did not like to support him while he would lie down in the shade under a tree and read the Testament in order to prepare useless lectures. I did not like this, and told him so, and directed him to leave the house; but he remained on as good terms with my family as with any others.

"In my conversation with him today at the jail, I asked him the direct question how it happened that he undertook this sad business. He said: 'It came to me first as a revelation from God, while I was in bed one evening about six weeks ago. It came as a revelation to me that I should kill Mr. Garfield and end the the difficulty existing in the Republican party. The next morning when I got up I thought it over. I thought of it afterward, day after day, and the more I thought of it the more I became convinced it was the will of God that I should kill Mr. Garfield. I had nothing against him personally that I should kill him. I respected him very much and think him a very worthy man; but the welfare of the country and the Republican party seemed to me to require that I should put him out of the way. The differences existing in the Republican party would cease, the ruling, and the party, in fact, would be stronger than ever. I became satisfied that it was the will of the people, too.'

"How did you find out that it was the will of the people? Did you go and ask people or speak to them about the thing?" asded Mr. Scoville.

Guiteau laughed at this.

"Of course," said he, "such a thing would not do. It would not do for me to tell people what I was going to do. No human soul knew of it; no human being knew a word of it or had any intimation of my intention in this matter."

"But," persisted Mr. Scoville, "how then did you find out what the people thought about the thing?"

"Oh," replied Guiteau, "I studied the newspapers every day and found out from them what the people wanted. I cut out slips from these papers every day which showed that if the Stalwarts got into power the country would be satisfied and all differences would be ended. All the slips so cut out by me were enclosed by me to Attorney General MacVeagh, together with my explanation or why I was going to shoot the President and I asked him to publish the whole in a newspaper. He has done me a great wrong in not having done as I requested. The people ought to have my reasons, and they would see why I did so."

Mr. Scoville then, further addressing Guiteau, said: "I have come all the way here from Chicago. I have talked with many people there and with many on the way to this place, and I find that the people, as you call them, are very much excited against you, and consider your act a very great outrage and crime."

Guiteau smiled at this, and said: "I guess you have not talked with the Stalwarts; they won't say so."

Mr. Scoville thereupon asked: "Have you contemplated the punishment you will receive for this?"

To this Guiteau promptly replied: "They can't punish me; there can't be murder without a murderous intent, and I have never had any intent to murder him. I had no more intent to kill him than I have to kill you. I only meant to shoot him for the good of the country. During the war it was not considered a crime to shoot rebels; neither was it. Now, to shoot Mr. Garfield was just like shooting a rebel during the war. I have nothing against Mr. Garfield. I have just as friendly a feeling for him to-day as you have, and there can't be murder in such a case as that."

"But suppose," continued Mr. Scoville, that a jury should find differently, and should convict you of murder?"

Guiteau again smiled. Said he: "I am not afraid of that; the Stalwarts will protect me. Gen. Arthur will be President, and he is a particular friend of mine, and others of the Stalwarts are friends of mine, and they are not going to see me suffer, when, by an act, I placed them in power. But this whole affair will be blown over in 30 days, just as soon as the people become accustomed to the change and the Stalwarts are in power; and when they get my version of it and understand the reason for the act, they will be satisfied, and there will be no further complaint about it."

Guiteau here recurred again to Attorney General MacVeagh's conduct. He said: "Gen. MacVeagh has done me a great wrong. It may be that he has a prejudice against me. I recommend Emery A. Storrs, of Chicago, for Attorney General. Mr. Storrs is a particular friend of mine. He was my candidate, and that may be the reason why Gen. MacVeagh has not given my version to the public. If my reasons were made public the people would feel very different about it."

Mr. Scoville interrupted Guiteau here, saying: "But the President may not die. He may survive, and even then your punishment may be capital, on account of the enormity of the crime."

Guiteou answered: "The President will die; I know he will die. I hear reports every once in a while to the effect that he is better. But, mark my words, he will die. The Lord intends it. The Lord directed me, and he means that the President shall die."

Mr. Corkhill, the prosecuting attorney, here asked: "But suppose the President should live, what will you say about the Lord and His will?"

Guiteau answered by saying that if such was what happened it would be because the Lord does not intend the President shall die.

"In that event," pursued Mr. Corkhill, "would you shoot the President again?"

Again Guiteau laughed blithley, and said that he would go according to the will of the Lord. He would have no more to do with the matter, and would not again shoot the President if the Lord did not intend the latter to die.

Mr. Scoville told Guiteau that every man felt about the deed as if he (Guiteau) had shot that man's brother, so much were they wrought up about it.

Guiteau again said that they did not understand his view of the case and his reasons. If they did they would not feel so.

This practically closed the interview. During its continuance, Mr. Scoville says Guiteau's manner was quite natural, but that he would get excited every little while in speaking and bring his fist down forcibly on his knee. His eyes, and indeed his whole appearance showed his present insanity. "I don't think," continued Mr. Scoville, "that there is the shadow of a doubt about it, and I believe he is in earnest and sincere in his view. It is the case of an ill-balanced mind and deficient metal capacity in certain directions. There is about him an intense application to a single idea that he happens to be possessed of, and he will pursue that idea to the exclusion of everything else. He would go without eating or drinking while he was intent upon some idea, but he lacked the mental capacity to arrive at any great result in his thinking."

Among other things about Guiteau is the fact that what statements he has made to Mr. Corkhill have on investigation turned out to be correct. One of these statements was concerning the purchase of the pistol with which he committed his horrible deed. He was known to be in very straitened pecuniary circumstances at the time, and much curiosity was evinced to ascertain where he obtained the money with which to buy the revolver. He said it was part of a loan, and so it was. He borrowed $25 of an acquaintance, and with $11 of the amount made the purchase.

A Bird's Burial.

While strolling through the woods at Gognac Lake yesterday afternoon I suddenly came across half dozen birds of the variety known as brown thrush or mocking bird. They were all busy working at some object on the ground, and did not notice my intruding until I was upon them, when, with a shrill cry, they flew off a short distance and perched on the trees to watch my movements. Having my curiosity aroused, I went to examine what I thought was a nest of young birds, when to my surprise I found the dead body of a female thrush, which had been killed by a shot from a hunter's gun and had fallen where it lay. The birds which I noticed about it had been covering it over with leaves, sticks, little tufts of grass, etc., until only its feet stuck out. Immediately the story of the 'babes in the wood' covered with leaves by robins came to my mind and all seemed real as the time when in childhood I read the story and believed it to be true. Anxious to see what the birds would do I stepped back of a large tree to a little distance and watched them. Slowly the birds came back one by one and continued the work of burying the dead bird. While engaged hopping about after leaves and grass they would chirp in a low, melancholy key what I took to be the dirge notes of the little bird's funeral. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them and watched them at their labors for a full half hour, at the end of which time the dead bird was completely buried.

Neighbors pretty daughter—"How much is this a yard?" Draper's son (desperate "spoons" on her)—"Only one kiss." N. P. D.—"I will take three yards; grandma will pay."

An Indiana girl is down on the records as having sown and reaped 360 bushels of wheat last year. Don't believe she kept the heels of her stockings in good repair.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S HISTORY.

Chester Allen Arthur is fifty years of age, and a native of Fairfield county, Vermont. His father was a Baptist minister, who came from England to Canada and later to the United States. The Vice President's early education was obtained in a country school, near Troy, in the neighborhood of which his father preached. He was afterward sent to Union College, from which he was graduated in 1848. He then studied law, and in 1850 was admitted to the bar. He formed a law partnership with Erastus D. Culver, who was afterward American Minister to a South American State. On the election of Mr. Culver as Judge of civil court in Brooklyn, the partnership was dissolved and General Arthur went into partnership with a Mr. Gardner, who died about 1865.

In 1871 the firm of Arthur, Phelps & Knevals was formed, with General Arthur as the senior partner, and the late District Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps as another partner. Shortly before this Gen. Arthur was appointed one of the counsel to the Board of Tax Commissioners at $10,000 a year. The only legal case of note in which General Arthur acted as counsel was in suit of Jonathan Lemmons, of Virginia, to recover possession of eight slaves that had been declared free by Judge Paine of the Superior Court of New York. Lemmons had been incautiously passing through New York with his slaves, intending to slip them to Texas, when they were discovered and freed by an order of Judge Paine, who was of the opinion that the Fugitive Slave act did not hold the slaves. The State of Virginia directed its Attorney General to appeal from the decision. Thereupon the Legislature of New York directed the Governor to employ counsel to defend the slaves. E. D. Culver and Joseph Blunt were appointed, but withdrew, and afterward William M. Evarts and Gen. Arthur were retianed as counsel for the slaves. The decision of Judge Paine was sustained by the Supreme Court, and also affirmed by the Court of Appeals. In 1856 Gen. Arthur prosecuted a city car line on behalf of Lizzie Jennings, a colored woman, and superintendent of a Sunday school, who was roughly ejected from a car because of color. The case was tried before Judge Rockwell in Brooklyn, and the jury gave the plaintiff $500 damages.

Gen. Arthur got his military title through service on the staff of Gov. Edwin D. Morgan. He was appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the Governor's staff January 1, 1861, and on January 27, 1862, he was made Quarter-master General. He was active in both positions.

Gen. Arthur gave his attention to New York City politics at the close of the war, and was for a time Chairman of the Republican Committee, known as the Morgan Republicans, which met at Broadway and Twenty-third stree. On the 20th of November, 1871, he was appointed by President Grant Collector of the Port of New York, succeeding Thomas Murphy. He served one term and was reappointed in December, 1875. He was suspended by R. B. Hayes July 21, 1878, charges being preferred against him by John Sherman. Edwin A. Merritt being collector in his place. In September, 1879, he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and he was Chairman of the Central Committee, of the county for two years. In May, 1880, he was nominated Vice President on the Republican ticket, and was elected the following November. Since the adjournment of the Senate he has been forwarding Mr. Conkling's canvass for re-election. Gen. Arthur married a daughter of Capt. Herndon, who was lost on board his vessel, the Central America. His wife died about eighteen months ago. He has two children, a son and a daughter. He has a brother, who is a major in the regular army, and one of his sisters is the wife of a Mr. McElroy, of Albany.

Pass On or Shet Up.

A colored man living on Illinois street hung out a sign on his house reading: "For Sail." He happened to be at the gate when a white man came along and said:

"You will never get any offer for your house with any such spelling as that."

The owner of the place was greatly puzzled to improve the orthography, but finally took his wife's advice and made it read: "For Sell."

This seemed to be all right for a day or two, and then a school boy halted and said:

"If you don't fix that sign all the school children will be laughing at you."

There was another convention of the family to see where the mistake came in, and the sign was made to read "Fur Sall." It hadn't been up an hour when an old colored man came along and queried:

"Does you mean dat dis place am fur Sally? What yer gwine to gib de place to Sally fu?"

"Am you findin' fault wid dat sign?" asked the other.

"Well, I doan' quite cotch on to de spellin'."

"You doan', eh? Has you got $700 to pay cash down for dis yer place?"

"No, sah."

"Den you pass on and shet up! Maybe I doan' spell jist de same as you do, but I'ze got prospect of handlin' $700 while you has got boaf knees out to de weather. I doan' ker to use high-flown language an' have to wa'ar a shoe on one fut an' a bute on de odder. Go 'long, ole man—you am to fly on gog'aphy!"

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk *Virginian* of January 16. 1081, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacob's Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell,—known the country over for his magnificent Art illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil whose effect he says were magical.—*Reading Times and Dispatch.*

Not a Supposable Case.

"Now, if I was President," began Mr. Butterby, the other morning as he passed his cup over for a third cup of coffee—"if I was President of the United States—"

"Which you ain't, you know," broke in Mrs. B., in an argumentative and confident tone.

"And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"No," assented Mr. B. pleasantly, "but I was just supposing the case—"

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B., snappishly. "You might as well suppose that you were the Man in the Iron Mask—"

"So I might, my dear, so I might," agreed Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling—"but that has nothing to do with it, you know. I was merely going to say that if I was President, I'd—"

"My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged eighteen, wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa! Just to think how those Wheedletop girls would change their tune when I met them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it christian-like to turn their last season's silk so that they may have more to give to charity! But they might turn green with envy before I'd ever—"

"Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sammy Dugan, just," chirped in Master Tommy, aged twelve, "I'd just go up to him 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he dassent hit me back again 'cause it 'ud be treason and they'd hang him; an' I'd slide on the sidewalk an' shy snow-balls at the p'leecmen, an' sass Miss Ferule, an' play hookey every day when it didn't rain, an' I'd—"

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B. catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land, let the next be who she would; and the Senators' and Governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week and banquets every day, and—"

"And I'd have the management of the White House and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"Not much you wouldn't"—from Miss Gertrude—"not if I kept my health and knew myself, you wouldn't; not as long as I was the President's daughter and—"

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Thomas, "I guess the President's son would be the biggest plum in the dish! Wouldn't I be the Prince of Wales, then, say?—What 'ud you know 'bout—?"

"Shut up—all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I guess the President's wife is the highest authority in the land!—At all events there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were over the survivors would not want any electoral commission to decide the thing. My, I'd like to see anybody—but by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was you going to say you would do if you was the President of the United States?"

"Resign as quick as the Lord would let me!" said Mr. Butterby, calmly but with terrific firmness.

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there for a little season.

"The Best Thing for Pap."

When John Gilbert was walked out to be tried for dr