

Publications of Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa. VOL. XXX. NO. 14. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1574.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1574.

## A NEW OPENING.

In the building known as the NAUGLE HOUSE, BY ALBERT RECKE, WRELSAER & RETAIL. MANUFACTURER OF FINE AND COMMON CANDIES, CAKES AND BREAD.

Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies, Cakes, Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All Goods Fresh and sold at

Call and see for yourself.

## A LOW FIGURE.

I will open with a full line of the above goods, May 15th.

## NEW CENTRAL HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PENN'A.

Opened for guests on

January 10th, 1881.

This house is furnished in first-class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Heat, Hot and Cold Water, Baths, large Dining Room, Parlors and Chambers, and fine good Stables attached.

For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for

## MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa. will receive prompt attention.

## M'MILLAN & CO., PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

## NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank, CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

Collection 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.

## WALTER ANDERSON, MERCHANT TAILOR.

NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or want to find out their advantage in buying or selling, should call on me. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.

## CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

(Above Henry Heffley's Store.) LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET PA.

## WINE, FOR SALE.

3,000 Gallons. JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PENN'A.

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## SAVED BY A SONG.

"You may cease your discussion. My mind is fully settled in the matter," said Mrs. Grover, moving her chair back from the family breakfast table with an air of decision that would have done credit to a general of armed forces.

Bella, the eldest of the three marriageable daughters, and the dark-eyed beauty of the family, sank back in her seat in elegant resignation, while March, the second child, remained nervously beating the bowl of her spoon upon the delicate China coffee cup.

She was remarkable for nothing but flirtations and a fine figure, and had insisted upon spending the summer at Saratoga, while Bella had pleaded for a cottage at Long Branch Cape May.

Fannie, the youngest and fairest, the violet-eyed, sunny-haired idol of her father, had talked of the hills and the cool, green country.

The discussion had waxed warm, and would have doubtless become torrid but for the timely decision of March, who had said:

"If I can find a place among the hills of Pennsylvania where the foot of city pilgrims never trod, or where tourists never penetrate, there will I, metaphorically, pitch my tent."

"Oh! the hills of Pennsylvania!" gasped March.

"And the horrid farmhouses, with their ragged porches, and their photographs and wheezing 'melodions,'" sneered Bella.

"To say nothing of their homely pictures and butter-crock pottery," sneered March.

"And all the green woods and sweet-scented meadows," exclaimed the delighted Fannie, springing up and hugging her papa, who had dropped his eyeglasses and newspaper and was laughing at the discomfited Bella and March.

"You have the best of 'em, eh, kitten, as you always do," said he.

"I wish you would let reserve your comments until I have concluded the programme for the summer," interrupted Mrs. Grover.

"As I was saying, we will go to the country during June and a portion of July. The remainder of the month we will divide between Long Branch and Saratoga. So make your preparations accordingly, and let me hear no more about it," and she arose and left the room.

Consequently, in due time, and to the infinite delight of Fannie, she awoke one lovely, crystalline morning in June in a quaint old farmhouse. The sloping roof of her chamber mattered nothing to her, or the dismal creaking stairs, which she should certainly die in such a wild with confusion of the brain, as they were constantly forgetting that it was impossible to assume an upright position in their bedroom save in its center.

For Fannie there was a world of space and a wilderness of bloom out of doors, and she explored the whole, and so the dear child of nature was always up with the lark and out in the tangled dew-laden grass.

One morning her mother and sisters came down to late breakfast to find, as usual, that Fannie was out and off, after having broken her word with Farmer Hobbs and his wife.

"She's gone a-fishing, and wanted me to tell you that she wouldn't be back to dinner," returned their landlady to an inquiry of the family.

"It's dreadful, mamma," yawned Bella. "I do believe she will be dependent on something terrible hap to her."

"Never fear, miss," replied Mrs. Hobbs; "she'll be back all right. There hasn't gone up the creek, and there isn't no place in it deep enough to drown her, except the Devil's Churn, and that's three mile and after away, and nobody would ever think of going there, it's so wild and tangled-lye."

"I hope she'll get enough of the country, with its wet grass, snakes and lizards," said March, helping herself to a liberal portion of the sweet golden butter.

"Never!" asserted Mrs. Hobbs, coming out upon the broad veranda, where she usually breakfasted, with an armful of bright milk pails, which she placed in a row by the beehives in the sun. "Never! she is one of them as is natural-born artists, and she can't no more live without nature than a hummingbird without posies."

Meanwhile Fannie, clad in a pretty, dark flannel suit and neatly braided in a pale shade, a jaunty sailor hat, stout shoes, an alpenstock, which by an ingenious device could be turned into a fishing rod, a little tourist's basket containing lunch and tackle, and fastened by a strap across her shoulders, had passed the garden paths, up the lane and over the fields into the woods, until she came to a little brook that went dancing over its pebbly channel and by moss-fringed ferns and fern-edged banks, now glancing and singing through sunny glades or whispering and sighing beneath thickly matted foliage and darksome shades.

Flushed with exercise, the young girl passed to now and then make little stores of gathered treasures, to be taken up on her return. There were matted leaves, trailing vines, feathery mosses, a branch of the delicate shell-like blooming laurel, with a bunch of delicate ferns; and she whispered to herself:

"I suppose I shall have an awful time get there, but I mean to explore those tangled depths Mr. Hobbs was telling about, wherein lies that wonderful pool called by the elegant and expressive name of the 'Devil's Churn.'"

After lunching in a grape vine arbor and trying her little white hands at fishing, she gathered up her possessions and entered the wildest and darkest part of the glen and began a climbing ascent over brambles and high boulders and through interlaced branches that at times almost defied her strength. But she scrambled into damp, gloomy labyrinth, where rarely a ray of sunlight penetrated even at noon. Presently the brook grew more and more

turbulent and the gloom more impenetrable, the way more difficult, and, but for the dash and song of a waterfall which proclaimed itself here and there, Fannie would have turned back in despair.

But with a last effort she forced her way through a perfect portcullis of green, and with an exclamation half of fear and half of delight, paused, panting and breathless, upon the brink of a circular pool of dark green water, which seemed to be the heart of the whole, and the little stream that had guided her thither.

Into this pool from a rocky height there glided a waterfall of foaming whiteness, like the veil of a bride, broken into little threads or ribbons here and there by sharp jutting rocks.

Almost inadvertently Fannie started back with an exclamation of dread as she glanced down into the pit of fatuous waters. Then as she stood regarding the scene it grew upon her in beauty and grandeur until she clasped her hands with delight, and whispered:

"Oh! was there anything so lovely and yet so terrible?"

Up the rocky sides of the precipice, curved as a bowl, over which came the waterfall, grew mosses and trailing vines, gnarled, knotted, and winding in and out of the broken ledges in fantastic twistings and turnings. Low down at the brink of the pool ran a narrow pathway, formed by a slight, slight projection of the rock and terminating in an out-jutting platform, upon which the parasite creepers had fastened their roots and by a freak of nature fashioned themselves into a rude chair, and which Mr. Hobbs had described as that of his satanic majesty.

"And so," she whispered in awe, "this is the resting place of the sulphurous king, or, better still, that of his spouse, Prosepe!"

Then she fell to wondering if she would traverse the little shelf and seat herself in the inviting resting place. The suggestion nerved her to try and do so, and with the aid of her alpenstock, and clinging to the roots and tendrils of the vines, she slowly accomplished her desire and sat down upon the curious rustic chair.

Looking down into the green water over which she was literally suspended, she gazed, and then glancing upward she saw the sunlight dancing and the thick foliage far above and wondered if even a chance ray ever penetrated the silent depths.

As these thoughts flitted through her mind a single arrow-like beam of silver light shot downward, and her feet no longer felt the water beneath as a dazzling ruby in an emerald setting. With one hand clinging to her stout staff and one white arm linked into vines she sat and rested until chilled and damped by the spray of the waters.

Then she determined to return from the dangerous position and return home. But upon regaining her feet, still clinging to her support, a low, rumbling, crackling sound broke upon her ear, mingling with that of the leaping water, and the next instant the entire ledge gave way and the frightened girl found herself suspended above that awful gulf without a foothold, save the smallest possible space.

Involuntarily she shrieked for aid; but the noise of the rushing, foaming waters drowned her voice as completely as if her white lips had remained closed and mute.

Thoughts of loved ones, the shelter and safety of home, the fear of death that awaited her—perhaps that when she could hold on no longer and she had fallen into that lanky pool, nothing would be left to tell the tale that there had found an grave, and searching ones would never have an answer to the question as to the mystery of her fate, forced themselves upon her.

Likewise the flood gates of her fears broke forth and she exhausted her heart that she came near falling, but nevering herself she clung to her sweet young life as long as she could. Her sobbing ceased, and with uplifted gaze toward the calm, blue stripe of summer sky, she treated the prospect with a strength to die, such was the will of the Creator. Then as if inspired by faith she sang a verse of the "Rock of Ages," and never sweeter notes blended with that leaping, dancing waterfall, though hundreds of blithe songbirds had vied with each other in anthems of praise to the Divine Architect of the grand old rock and hills.

Softly rose the trembling voice filled with soul melody; higher, deeper and yet clearer swelled the notes until the very air vibrated with the anthem of vocal prayer.

"Another refuge have I, none, hangs my hopes and soul on Thee." Her full lips and pure young face grew transcendently beautiful with its conceptions of the Almighty and His love and tender care of all His creatures.

Then, even as voice and clinging limbs were losing all their strength something came falling down from above with the boiling foam and drifted out with the black waters of the pool. Venturing one downward glance she saw a hat of rough straw floating upon the water, and glancing swiftly upward with terror and joy caught a glimpse of a man slowly climbing down the face of the terrible cliff, clinging, slipping, trusting to strong hands, heroically coming to her rescue or to share death with her. But everything swam before her eyes, and as the blackness of night settled down upon her, her head fell forward upon the cold, wet rock to which she was clinging, and in instant more she would have fainted and fallen.

"Hold on!" shouted a voice, "just a moment!"

With a great effort she raised herself from the swoon that was death and waited with closed eyes until she felt a hand grasping her own and heard a voice shouting:

"Now let go. Trust entirely to me. I must drive you up to where I have a foothold."

Slowly and with difficulty, Fannie extracted her slender, bruised

white arm from the coil of the vine and felt herself elevated until her feet rested upon a little projection by the side of him who was venturing his life for hers.

"You should not have come, sir," faltered Fannie, glancing up into a pair of dark eyes. "It was better I should die alone than that you should also perish, for we can never

"Hush!" whispered the stranger. "Only be calm and do as I bid you. Here," he continued, stooping a little while still clinging to the face of the rock, "place your foot in my hand and then reach up to yonder sapling, and with my assistance, pull yourself up. Everything depends upon your coolness and bravery. But for your life do not look downward."

With closed lips and set teeth Fannie did as she was bidden, and presently stood in a position where she could find support, and waited with closed lips and misty eyes until the gentleman had placed himself by her side.

Again his strong arm held her until they had rested, and then he said:

"That was bravely done, but in order to gain safety we must go through this sliding sheet of water. You must look your arms about my neck and trust yourself entirely to me. I think we shall be successful, but in any event you must resign your life into my hands and keep yourself cool and calm."

"I will try. But it is terrible. I mean the thought that I am perilling another human life by my insane rashness," returned Fannie, with tears flooding her blue eyes.

"You must not think of all now. Nervousness for it is growing less and life, and all it means, is awaiting you on yonder summit."

"Yes, but what a death below!" she gasped.

"But I shall make a desperate struggle for the former. Are you ready?"

As he spoke he wound his left arm about her slender waist, and instantly Fannie twined hers about his neck as if he were a brother, and a moment later she felt the dash of water in her face and over her form. Fighting inch by inch, in the water, out of it, clinging to the swaying loops of vines, they slowly restored her a large cross of sunlight—were ushered, as it were, headlong into life.

When Fannie recovered from the almost deathly swoon into which she had fallen, the instant she comprehended safety was found, she was lying above the waterfall upon a dry mound, and her deliverer had restored her by dashing cool water in her face. She sat up, sobbed her thanks, and when they had talked over how she came suspended over the "Devil's Churn," and how he, coming from a neighboring field to a famous spring of ice cold water just at the head of the waterfall, had seen her in the dangerous position and at first was tempted to believe it spirit music, but attracted by the sweetness of the voice had leaped over the chasm, discovered and came to her rescue. He continued:

"Born and nurtured in the neighborhood I know every foot of the ground, and in boyhood often made the descent, and which shortly after, they entered, even in her wretched condition."

That night, after a moonlight ride with her rescuer, she found the Hobbs farmhouse in great commotion, and when all her adventures had been recounted again and again, Bella and March tormented her with questions about the gallant young knight whom fate had sent to her rescue.

"Such elegant people," concluded Fannie, "such a lovely house, such exquisite grounds, such a flowery garden, and just think of it, a genuine Landsaer over the mantle, and a Rosa Bonheur on the walls of the parlor, and a grand piano! and such a supper as they gave me—such splendid strawberries and real cream! And think of my eating them in one of Mrs. Cameron's best dresses, a mile too large for me, while my own was under a drying repairing process."

"An architect of such a madcap?" exclaimed Bella.

"It is shocking! I am certain I shall not sleep a wink all night," groaned mamma.

"And, of course, notwithstanding the politeness you received, the young gentleman must think you a downright fool, Fan," interjected March.

Poor little Fannie went to bed very thankful, but humbled, and cried herself to sleep, while thinking how very silly Clarence Cameron must have deemed her.

On the contrary, that young gentleman could not sleep for thinking of the little maid he had fished out of the "Devil's Churn." Over and over again he declared to himself that she was the loveliest, most heroic little thing he had ever met—in the short, had fallen madly in love with her, and when, at last nature asserted itself and he slept in the wee small hours he dreamed of the tender white arms that twined themselves so closely around his neck, of the soft, yielding form he was forced to clasp to his heart in that awful struggle for life.

"She is so young," exclaimed Bella, one day, when talking of the matter. "That I were you, mamma, would forbid Fannie's tramping all over the country with that Clarence Cameron."

"He is a splendid catch," was answered, "and while I wish it might have been one of my elder daughters, yet I am very much pleased that Fan has drawn such a prize."

"So!" exclaimed her father, when a few weeks later he came to take them home, "so you went a fishing, Fan, and caught a whale, they tell me? I shall have to look into the matter," he laughed, as his favorite

ran out of the room, with her face like a garden of roses, and ran right into the arms of a young gentleman who was coming up the walk in the shadows of the evening.

"By the way," continued the old man to Bella and March, "what kind of a vine was it that saved the dear child?"

"A grapevine, papa."

"Ha! And it bore sweet fruit for her and only sour grapes for you," and he went out laughing at their indignant faces.

Some time after Mrs. Grover and young Cameron made a pilgrimage to the "Devil's Churn," and when the former comprehended the awful situation in which his child had been and the heroism of the man who had saved her life, he turned suddenly away from the black sulken pool, and grasping the young man by the hand, and with his eyes filling with tears, said:

"Heaven bless you, my boy. How can I ever thank you as I ought?"

"By giving Fannie to me, sir!" was promptly answered.

"You saved her life, and it shall be mine," responded the old man, and together they returned homeward.

That evening Clarence Cameron had very much to tell Fannie out in the moonlight among the flowers, and the promise given was sealed by a kiss and to be further strengthened at a later period with the snowy bell and orange blossoms that usher in witchhood.

## Visit to the Pope.

We went from Nice to Rome, where we were very pleasantly received in private by Pope Leo.

On the occasion of our reception, we were first ushered into an ante-chamber where we were introduced to a number of members of the papal household. In this ante-chamber I saw a Chinese bishop and a Chinese priest. The former had been a Protestant once, but was the Chinese official and looked Chinese all over. The priest was a true Italian, who gazed with awe and veneration at his surroundings.

In the next ante-chamber Mgr. Cataldi, master of ceremonies, made us known to other members of the household, and after a progress through several rooms we were ushered into the presence of the Pope. He was seated on a raised platform or throne in the centre of the large room—or hall rather. Being an actor and having an eye for property, I noted the dress of the holy father carefully. He wore stockings of white silk, shoes with golden crosses by way of buckles, a long white cassock of merino, bound with silk of a pale rose color; a cape that reached below his elbows, which was also bordered by rose colored silk, and a white silk skull cap, with a rose colored binding and a jewel in it.

Now, when they have more millions than he had hundreds then, Mrs. Tabor delights in telling how "me and Tabor" moved in an ox team across the Park from Denver to Oro City, where they started a little store for the sale of miners' supplies. Oro City was a small place, but it was a good place, and Leadville now flourishes, and where the first discoveries of quartz were made in Leadville. Tabor grub-staked two prospectors, August Reiche and George Fryer, to search for ore, on the condition that he should have half of all they should discover.

The first ore they found ran only eight ounces to the ton, but as they went down on "Little Pittsburh" the quality steadily improved. About this time Leadville had outgrown Oro City, and Tabor moved his store to Denver and bought a bill of goods amounting to \$2,500, and not having money enough to pay, he offered his share in the Denver firm, but they preferred to take their chances on getting their money back when he had disposed of wares. Later he bought \$2,700 worth of goods from another firm, and actually succeeded in inducing them to take his half of Little Pittsburh in payment.

When he reached home, however, he received a letter from the firm asking him to take back his mine, as they had no desire to go into that kind of business, assuring him that they would trust him for the time.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to stand before him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door mat unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to fling a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a cod-fish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it under his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it around in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader, he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

It is Possible.

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Echu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., makes so many such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do?

It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—Post.

The subjected opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stoddard & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse Chronicle: Sometime since, I was attacked with pain in and below one of my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacob's Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

## A MILLIONAIRE MINER.

The Career of a Bonanza King—A Romance of Mining.

A Denver (Colorado) correspondent says:

I had heard so much about Tabor mines, and Tabor's holdings, and Tabor's schemes from the time I crossed the line which separates total-abstinence Kansas from drink-abuse-please Colorado, that I was quite anxious to meet the bonanza king face to face. My curiosity was amply gratified today. By the courtesy of Governor Pitkin, I occupied a place in the honory of the State house while the splendid militia companies of Denver and Leadville passed in review under the Executive eye. A number of the State officers assisted the governor, and among them was Lieutenant Governor Bland, arrayed in the uniform of Tabor's Guards, his strong, bony head surmounted by a little skull cap, apparently two sizes too small.

His warmest admirers would not call Mr. Tabor either handsome or graceful. He is apparently about fifty-five, his hair is black and coarse as an Indian's, and his large mouth is covered rather than ornamented by a heavy moustache which is slightly tinged with gray. His arms and legs seem made of wood and his joints of iron, and it is very evident that he does not feel at all at home in a military uniform.

In conversation with this luckiest of men one soon forgets his peculiarities of manner and appearance. There is so much straightforwardness and strong common-sense in what he says that no one who knows him wonders that he has become one of the great masters of the great art of money making.

His history is one of the romances of mining. Twenty-two years ago, when the "Pike's Peak or better" fever was at its height, Tabor and his wife left their hungry home in Maine to seek a fortune in the wild West.

They went to Colorado, where they were met by a large party of miners, and down the foot-hills and mountains of Colorado, pursuing the phantom gold and growing old and discouraged in their tireless and bootless search. He was sober and thrifty, but somehow they did not get on in the world.

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## Care About Things.

We have on many occasions in going over the outbuildings upon some farms, noticed a great deal of carelessness in guarding against man-traps, which might prove very dangerous to life and limb, if a knowledge of the existence and a remembrance of them were not at all times borne in mind, or of contrivances where cattle may be hurt.

Passing through a friend's farm building some time ago, we came on a cistern for catching water from the roof, the lid of which