The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset Herald,

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...give prompt attention to business entrust-...care in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...Printing House Row.

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...in the Court House. All business entrust-...care attended to with promptness and ...

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...their professional services to the citi-...Somerset and vicinity. One of the mem-...firm can at all times, unless professionally ...engaged, be found at their office, on Main ...east of the Diamond.

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...R. WILLIAM COLLINS,
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...P. Swetzer of Sand Patch, Somerset county, ...late Justice of the Peace, surveyor and claim ...will promptly collect all Bounty and Pen-...claims entrusted to him. Persons wishing ...information will address him at the above ...place, enclosing discharge and postage ...for reply.

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3,000 Gallons
PURE FERMENTED
WINE,
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By A. J. Cascberat A. J. Cascberat & Co.'s ...Somerset, Pa., or at his
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...miles north of Somerset, the place of manu-...ture. The following is a list of the kinds to ...

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...will be sold in quantity to suit purchaser. ...Wine is much used for medical and sacra-...purposes; also as a beverage by those ...a pure wine.

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

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Opened for guests on

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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

PURE RYE WHISKY

For sale by the barrel or gallon.

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ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE

In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank,

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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.

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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.

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CHARLES HOFFMAN,

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(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Mar.16-1yr.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

Silence were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea sundered Peoples met;
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Though harsh on ears that Sorrow thralls
E'en Sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space,
The homestead feeling that must knit
World-scattered kin in speech and race,
None like ourselves may well bemoan
Columbia's sorrow: 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the noble sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair;
A grief that is not misery's sport,
A pain that bows not to despair;
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The great Republic's foremost son
Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done,
Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarce known of us till struck for death,
He stirred us by his valient fight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night.
The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
Though shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
A more than ceremonial pain,
We send, Court, Cottage, Age and Youth,
From open hearts across the main,
Our sympathy—it never swerved—
To Wife he loved, to Land he served.

—*Punch.*

MAGGIE AND THE BURGLARS

"You are not afraid, Maggie?"

"Me afraid!" said Maggie. "I'd no fear born in me. As for the house, it's the strongest fastened ever I was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burglar could force, and I am not the one to let tramps or the like in of my free will. God knows the place will be safe though when you come back—as safe as though there was a regiment of soldiers in it, and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, this old woman; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few intimate friends, hospitality not being one of his virtues.

He was rich, and there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money too, than most men kept about them; but then it was as secure as a bank vault—patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to wake the household, were attached to every door, and a furious watch dog that lived on raw meat, was in the back garden. The Van Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were mysteries to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business, had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on the gold watches, cashmere shawls, and diamonds of genteel distress.

Two or three mortgages that he had bought up had been rather cruelly foreclosed, and he was a hard landlord and a bad person to owe money too altogether. On the whole, he was disliked in the place, and, rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among his neighbors at Oakham.

However, having resolved to marry again—there having been a Mrs. Van Nott, who died years before—he had sought out a wealthy widow of a saving disposition, who lived on a small farm, some miles from town, and having already disinherited her daughter, for espousing an estimable man of small means, and turned her only son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any troublesome generosity into his household and had offered himself to her and had been accepted.

And, now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had decided to do it as cheeply as possible. For this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and house, and it was upon the eve of departure that he held the above conversation with his old servant, standing with his portmanteau in his hands and regarding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the night-watchman, and give him a dollar to take a particular look at this house. Well, good-bye, Maggie, make things as neat as possible, if they look dirty my wife may think the furniture old, and want some new for the parlor," And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"Yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor master! What a pity he should marry after all—but old fools are the worst fools. A young man of eight and forty, too, when he has a a sensible servant, sixty last January, and knows what belongs to good housekeeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me? I'd not have gone galivanting and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie trotted away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She said truly that there was no fear born within her, but as the night drew on she began to feel somewhat lonely. As her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into his little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to herself. "I should think something dreadful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals. I'll make myself a cup of tea, and see if I can get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie shut herself into the snug kitchen, and lighting two candles drew a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet to the cooking stove began to feel much more comfortable.

The old clock ticked away on the mantel, the hands pointing to half-past eight.

"I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie. "I've worked well to-day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! What's that?"

It was a sound outside the door—a slow, solemn grating of the wheels. Then feet trod the pavement, and the bell rang faintly. "A carriage!" cried Maggie. "Has he changed his mind and brought her home at once? But that can't be—he's not married, yet." And taking one of the candles she trotted to the door, but not before the bell rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, holding the door slightly ajar.

"A stranger," said a voice, "one who has something in particular to say to you."

"You'll have to wait for to-morrow," said Maggie. "You can't come in to-night."

"My good woman," said the stranger, "you are Margaret Black?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty years?"

"Yes."

"My good woman if you are attached to your master I have bad news for you."

"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie, but she did not open the door much wider—only enough to thrust her head out. "Don't scare me, mister. What is it."

"The worst you can think of," said the man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the ——road. There has been an accident."

"Preserve us!" cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, "and him on his way to his wedding. He's hurt badly then?"

"He's dead said the man. "Dead, and we've brought him home."

Maggie sat down in a chair and began to cry.

"We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to-morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall watch with him and allow no stranger to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I am told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them, and seal them up before strangers have access to the the room."

"Oh, dear, dear?" cried old Maggie that it should come to this. Yes, I'll watch alone I'm not afraid, but oh dear!"

Then she shrank back and let two men carry a horrible coffin into the front parlor.

They came out with their hats off, and the other man also held his in his hand.

"I regret to leave you all alone in the house," he said.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie, "but it's terrible!"

"If you'd like me to stay," said the man.

"No," said Maggie. "I've no fear of living or dead folks. You can go."

Then she locked the door, went into the parlor, and putting the candle on the mantle, looked at the coffin through her tears.

"He was good enough to me," she said, "poor Mr. Archibald! And this comes of wanting to marry at this time of life, and galivanting on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," and Maggie crossed the room and lifted the lid over the face of the enclosed body.

"I'll take a look," she said to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more, Maggie dropped the lid again, and retrated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a face with his eyes shut, and with bandages about his head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well-chalked but not her master's, and Maggie knew at once she had been well humbugged—that this story of her master's death was a lie, and that a burglar within the coffin, was ready to spring upon her and bind her, or perhaps murder her at any moment.

She could of course, open the door and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long distance to the nearest house, and even if they did not kill her, they would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie, aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded six shots in each Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed at troublesome cats with success more than once. If she could only secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room. "Poor, dear master." She lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out.

It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You'd better," said Maggie to herself.

Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprang to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said coolly. "No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first-rate, especially when I am afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head bobbed down again. Maggie reseated herself. She knew that this could not last long. It was as she supposed. A moment more and the coffin was empty, and a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge, and thus addressed her:

"We meant to do it all in quiet," he said "and I don't want to frighten an old woman. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened," said Maggie.

"I'm coming to take them things away from you,' said the man.

"Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took aim and he dodged, but a bullet went through his left arm, and dropped by his side.

Furious with pain, he dashed toward her. She fired again, and this time wounded him in the right shoulder. Faint, and quite helpless, he staggered against the wall.

"There! you've done it old woman," he said. "Open the door and let me out. My game is up."

"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot you through your heart.

The burglar looked pitiously at her, but he saw no mercy in her face. He went back to the coffin and laid down in it. Blood dripped from his wounds, and he was growing pale, Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dare not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's friends, and risk her own life. There was nothing for it but to play the surgeon herself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this—she brought him a cup of tea, and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing, however, could induce her to let him out of his coffin.

About one or two o'clock she heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but her stout heart never qualed. She trusted in the bars and bolts and they did not betray her.

The daylight found her quietly sitting beside the wounded burglar, and the milkman, bright and early was the embassador who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie in her best alpaca, told the news in laconic fashion.

"Frightened!" she said, in answer to the sympathetic ejaculatoin of her new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, no! Fear wasn't born in me."

After Chestnuts.

"Any chestnuts round here?" asked one of three boys who met an aged, benevolent looking farmer out in Montgomery county.

The old man hesitated. "You don't want to steal 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, no! We just want to find out."

"Well, there's a few trees back there; but if I thought you wanted to steal them, I wouldn't have told you, for the owner has gone to town. But you're bright, honest looking boys."

The boys blushed with the pride of conscious goodness. "When will the owner be back?" "Well, not before dark, I reckon."

The boys respectively thanked the old man, waited till he got out of sight, jumped the fence, and were soon shaking down the burrs. The shaking was easy, but the opening of the burrs was more difficult and unpleasant. At last the boys had a splendid pile of handsome brown nuts on the ground, and they prepared to put them in the bags they brought with them.

"Please don't take any more trouble," said the benevolent old man, who stood by the fence, beaming kindly on the startled boys. "I'm not so strong as I once was, and I fear I can't hold this dog much longer. If you'll hurrry, though, I guess I can keep him here till you get to the railroad track. Down Tiger, sir!"

As the boys looked back from the railroad fence they could see the stooping figure of the old man scooping the rich brown chestnuts into a two-bushel bag.

A Veteran.

The celebration of the Yorktown centennial recalls the memory of old "Uncle Nelse," a colored veteran, who used to act as guide over the field at Yorktown "befo' de wah." He had heard the story of the surrender so often and talked over it so much that in early life he became persuaded that he was really there, and saw the whole affair, and a dialogue with a party of visitors would run in this wise:

"So you're real certain, uncle, that you were here and saw it all?"

"O, sartin fo' suah, massa."

"Is it possible! Well, now, tell us all about it."

"Well, you see, Massa Lawd Cawnwallis he stood right dah, and Massa Gineral Washington he stood right heah. Jes' so soon ez Massa Lawd Cawnwallis seed Massa Gineral Washington, he pulled off his hat, and he sez, sez he:

"'Good mawnin', Massa Gineral Washington.'

"'Who is you?' sed Massa Gineral Washington, lookin' very cross.

"'Why, I'se Lawd Cawnwallis, sah,' sez he, a bowin' and a scrapin'.

"'Is ye, ye son of a gun?' sez Massa Gineral Washington, and pullin' out his sword, he chopt his head clean off."

A Thief's Prayer.

We recently overheard an old darkey praying over a bag of corn he had just stolen in this wise:

"Oh, Lordy. God, I'se jes been an' stole a bushel of corn from dat mean man, John Williams' patch, d——n an' I axes your pardon. He's got plenty, an' so has I, but he wouldn't pay me for my work, so good Lord overlook the little transgress and keep dem from finding out, for I wants to steal some more, and when I goes to steal help me to get something nice, like you did dem children of Isralum when you stole dem from de bondage of Egytium, and I'll be mighty glad. And, oh, Lordy, God, if dey find out dat I stole dis corn help me to prove dat Tom Connelly, dat black rascal, sole it to me, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Easily Proven.

It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgia ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 30.—Yesterday was a merry day in this beautiful city of brotherly love. It seemed as if "Old Probabilities" had arranged the weather specially for our honored French guests in perambulating the city. They took in everything and were received everywhere in a manner becoming the great commonwealth of the Old Keystone State. The programme was arranged for a special field day by the reception committee of the city councils with the Mayor and General Hartranft as right and left general guides. Colonel A. Loudon Snowden welcomed them at the United States Mint and escorted them through the massive building where the "dollars of our daddies" are made. The rolling-room, where gold eagles were being made was first inspected, and the Frenchmen watched with interest the operations of the presses each one turning out sixty stamped coins a minute. The silver smelting-room, where long bars of metal are rolled, and the stamping-room, where all denominations of coins are rapidly marked for currency, and Colonel Snowden presented to each guest a medal of pure silver which had been struck off in commemoration of President Garfield's death. They were also presented with a Bland silver dollar a piece. The next point of interest was the new City Hall, and the brilliant uniforms of the French officers and bright badges of the others forming the party attracted much attention as they proceeded on foot to the colossal white structure. This building is simply immense. I have been in Philadelphia several times before but never till now could I appreciate its grandeur and magnificent buildings. I have no doubt but that the City Hall is the largest in the country if not in the world. But life is too short for me to examine statistics on this subject so I will briefly give the HERALD gossipers a few figures on the subject and they can find out for themselves.

After leaving the new City Hall the party adjourned across the street to another unfinished building, namely the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot in process of construction. Here a delightful experience awaited the descendents of Lafayette, which was all the more pleasurable because not arranged on the programme. Through the courtesy of the officers of the "Great Double Track" route west (Fritz, where is my dead-head ticket on the B. & O.) a train of two handsome cars was boarded on the elevated road, and a rapid journey to the company's depot in West Philadelphia and return, gave an adequate idea of the magnificent benefit the elevated road will prove to travellers. Once more carriages were taken, a quick drive up Broad St. brought the distinguished sight-seers to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. It was now just twelve o'clock, and the workmen had stopped their labors for dinner, but nevertheless a pleasant inspection of the works was made. Twelve open carriages once more dashed up Broad St. and out Green St., and in a few minutes the wheels of the vehicles were rolling smoothly along the graveled roads of Fairmount Park. Captain Chasteau, of the Park Guards rode ahead of the line on horseback, and all eyes were turned following the brilliant party as they bowled rapidly along the road. Soon a halt was called, for the water works were reached, and Chief Engineer McFadden stood on the plateau bowing welcome to the happy party. A hurried inspection of the machinery, and *en route* was called. The French Officers bowed to the Chief, Captain Chesteau dug his spurs in his horses flanks, and in a little whirl of dust (a slight reminder of Yorktown) the guests were carried away from the mighty wheels that were driving the water to the basin above their heads. Along the Belmont drive and around the Main Centennial Building, falling to decay, the party were hurried on. Horticultural Hall was reached, and once more the carriage doors were opened and the party alighted. The beautiful ferns and plants waved their long branches in welcome, and with the exception of the drill later in the day at Girard College, the sight of handsome plants afforded more satisfaction to the French guests than any other portion of the entertainment, However, there was hardly time to stop long, even amid this tropical scene, and the party were hurried to their carriages and driven to Belmont Mansion. Here a fine lunch was prepared. After considerable loud talk, toast and speech making between cocktails sour and wine, with considerable "taffy" thrown in as dessert showing "that the memories of the alliances of the two nations were firmly plant-in the breasts (stomachs) of both countries" they were driven to Girard College. As the carriages entered the gates the College band played the Marseillaise, and the boys stood drawn up along the portico at the entrance in military form. The Marquis de Rochambeau and his wife and Mme. Loyseau, who had been accompanied by Mrs. Geo. W. Childs through the city, during the morning were waiting at the College to join the rest of the party. Mr. Philips, president of the City Board of Trustees greeteed. He said that it was with pleasure that they entered a college founded by one of French origin, and it was pleasant to be greeted with the sound of their beloved language.

After a hasty visit through the buildings the party returned to the portico and witnessed a battalion drill by the well-trained boys under the command of Major Ryan. The French Officers reviewed the diminutive soldiers and expressed themselves in glowing terms of pleasure at the wonderful precision and accuracy of the drill. More banquetting and then back to the Continental Hotel.

At night the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry gave the French delegation reception and those that attended the blow-out say it was as brilliant an array of fashion and beauty as has been seen for several years. The soldiers with their showy uniforms and the fragrance of the flowers sandwiched in, was too much for the Quaker City ladies and they turned out en masse. As the opening society event of the season, it ushered in the enjoyments of fashionable life in the best possible manner, and the beauty of this city appeared at its best, amid the profuse decorations of the armory. As the guests entered the building they were received by the members of the Troop drawn up in double line with swords elevated, and the scene as it greeted the eye was bailliant to excess. After a little "chin-chin" with the officers of the Troop horns were sounded and Minister Outrey, with Madame de Rochambeau leaning on his arm headed the procession. M. Outrey was profusely covered with decorations and orders and Madame de Rochambeau was attired in a purple silk dress, elaborately trimmed with old lace. The Marquis de Rochambeau followed with Mme. Loyseau on his arm. The remainder of the brilliant party succeeded, in glittering uniforms and decorations. The hosts of the evening then fell into the line and proceeded around the walk prepared in the riding department, while the strains of the orchestra greeted the guests with the familiar Marseillaise. The hall was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, and the walls and ceilings were covered with banners and flags. Around two sides of the walls convenient arbors covered with greens and flags formed the most delightful for those who desired to rest. After the procession, the guests assembled were introduced to the distinguished visitors. Dancing followed. By the way of comment, it may be added that many of the young ladies wore large Gansiborough hats and their beautiful faces showed to great advantage from beneath the frames of flowers and lace.

From here the distinguished Frenchmen go to New York and Boston where grand receptions await them.

PICKET.

Young Uncas.

Do I place Greek literature below your modern would-be psychological romance? Do I place the greatest of you psychological heroines below Shakespeare's Rosalind or Portia? Is the Apollo Belvidere a lesser work of art than George Elliot's Gwendolen? I must not compare things so different, you say, but comparisons of distinctly different things sometimes bring us up sharply and enables us see where we are. The art and literature of the past which the world could least afford to lose are almost wholly objective work that deal with the external, with beauty, action, courage, and force. Shall I tell you what I consider the most perfect figure in our American literature. It is young Uncas, in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." He incarnates the three special qualities of the hero—youth, grace and daring—and neither Hector, nor Paris, nor Perseus has greater fascinations than that strange and almost mystic figure would have possessed had he also come down to us from the remote past. As a product of Greek imagination, he would have emboied the melancholy, the beauty, and the spirit of the woods, just as the German spirite Undine does of the waters. He would have figured in endless statues and paintings and have fired the fancy of innumerable poets. But, born close to us, being our very own, we have lacked the faculty of seeing in him the exquisite poetical conditions that, 3,000 years ago, would have made him immortal. We think we appreciate the heroes of Greek story because we have been industriously instructed how to admire them, but we have shown an utter lack of ability to seize for ourselves upon a singularly beautiful figure of our own land and time, which as a type of a splendid young savage, is unique and artificially perfect. He is filled with the very breath of poetry, and yet neither our painters, our poets, nor our sculptors have discovered him. It may some day be thought that this Adonis of the woods is as worthy of attention as diseased studies in spiritual anatomy, and we may be sure that our tastes will not be healthful, robust, strong, or sweet until this time comes about.—*Bachelor Bluff—O. B. Bunce.*

Education of Deaf-Mutes.

The moral education is of special importance. Parents must not fall into this error of thinking that, with respect to the principles observed in the education of ordinary children, an exception ought to be made in the case of a deaf mute child. Just like other children the latter must early be taught the difference, between right and wrong; it must know what it may do and what it may not do; an eccupation must be given to it suited to its age, and it must be taught cleanliness and neatness. These are the points which are most frequently neglected in the education of deaf-mute children, the greatest leniency being shown them, all their wishes being fulfilled, and all their acts deserving punishment remaining unreproved. Such injudicious treatment produces peculiarities in the character of deaf mutes which are supposed to exist in all of them. When occasion requires it the deaf mute child must be treated with the same severity as an ordinary child would be in order to keep it right. If it has brothers and sisters, the parents must be very careful not to fall into the error of petting it, perhaps out of pity, more than the other children. As it gets older a constant and regular occupation must be given it, for if this is neglected it will get used to laziness, and get fond of it just as easily as any other child.—*Deaf-mutism—Dr. Hartmann.*

"The doctor said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever."—G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

The Nixes.

The Aphroditean nature of the Nixes comes out in the most variegated manner in German folklore. The female Nixes strongly incline toward the sons of men. The Wasserman tries to ensnare maidens, and carries them off. A madiæval poem—"Das Meerwunder" already refers to such Nix love. The connection between the Nix world and mankind is kept up in a peculiar manner. Often, at night, a horseman appears before the house of a midwife, and with good promises, sometimes, also by force, conducts her down into a lake or river, so that she might perform her office on the wife of a Wassermann. Many a midwife has thus been once in the beautiful Nix palace, and has rendered helpful service to the pretty Lady of the Waves. Does not this sound as if the aboriginal forms of life contained the fluid element—from whom some scientists would now derive the human species—were assumed to keep up their connection with the earth by means of the umbilical cord? Whole Germany was once filled with Nix and Wassermann myths. In north and south, in east and west, they were rife, and even now are told in some out-of-the way places. Many of those tales have come down to us in rather boorish guise. Yet, even in such poor garb of travesty, they still betry a great deal of their original delicacy; or they show that combination of deep feeling and of awe which characterizes the "Nix in the Pond"—one of the most charmful tales preserved by the brothers Grimm, attractive both for the heart and the mind. In outward appearance the bewitching fays of the flood are represented, in German folklore, with truly Teutonic traits. Yellow, curling locks, and bluish, sometimes greenish-blue, eyes are attributed to the male Nix. Golden hair adorns the head of the Nix woman; her eyes are water-blue, but sometimes verge upon the gruesome. Otherwise she is of surpassing beauty. Being wholly of human shape, and—at least in the genuine and unalloyed German tale—not of fishy form at the lower extremities, the wonderful figures of the deep seem akin to mankind, which all the better explains the frequent mutual inclination between Nixes and men. But as water possessed not only beneficent and attractive, but also pernicious, destructive terrifying forces, the myth, of course, changes in the invention of its forms. The Brother Nickel, who dwells on the island of Rugen in a fishful but troublous lake, often swamps boats. So also, near Melrichstadt, the water-sprite Schlitz-Oehrchen—Little Split-Ear—whose name seems to have arisen from the popular conception of a fish's ear, dips persons into the stream and drowns them. When at Magdeburg piles were being rammed into the river for the purpose of building an aqueduct, a naked man was seen in the water who tore up the piles, so that the structure had to be stopped. I may add here that very similar tales are still current in South Wales. Through my son-in-law, Mr. Charles Hancock, who has recently gathered for me, from the lips of the people, a number of Welsh water-tales, I have received the following:—"On the highest peak of the Breconshire Beacons—the largest mountain range in South Wales,—there is a mountain pool, fabled to be unfathomable, and this it was one day proposed to drain off. The project, however, had to be abandoned, for, ever and anon, a female figure rose from the pool, and sitting in an arm-chair—almost every cottage about here has its carved oak arm-chair—uttered a terrible warning that, if the work were continued, she would bring about the letting down of the waters, and the destruction of the town of Brecon. This is very like the Madgeburg tale."—*Karl Blind, in the Contemporary Review.*

Deadly Dust.

Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, believes that the dust of our cities is a serious source of disease. "When we reflect," he says, "that this is the dried and pulverized dirt and filth of our streets, derived from all kinds of refuse matter, the dangerous quality may be suspected, if they are not clearly obvious. Conveyed by the winds, it is diffused everywhere, and settles upon and adheres to everything. We inhale it, drink it and eat it with our food just brought from the market or provision store. If examined with a microscope, it is found to teem with particles of dust, consisting of fine sand, bits of hay, straw, filaments of cotton from old paper and rags, wood fiber, hair and scurf scales of men and beasts, starch grains, spores, etc. Recent investigations render it probable that dust contains the germ of decomposition, gangrene, and contagious diseases."

Woman's Ways.

No man attacks the reputation of a youth as women attack that of a girl. The man who should come into his club and whisper about damning stories of his friend's young son, who should accuse him of dishonorable doings, such as would ruin the lad's character as thoroughly as the charge of immodesty, flirting with married men, and the like ruin that of a girl, would soon have room to himself. But women over the tea-table gather up the crumbs of scandal with relish and appreciation, and even the mothers of girls are not ashamed to believe and repeat stories against their dear friends' daughters which may have no foundation in fact, and which, even if true, they have no means of proving and testing.

Henry M. Hoyt, Jr., son of Gov. Hoyt, has located in Pittsburg, where he will practice law. Mr. Hoyt is a gentleman of fine attainments, and will make his mark in the courts of Allegheny.

A clergyman of Cardiff, Wales, preached upon our National sorrow from the text: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan."

He Wanted a Notice.

"Are you the editor?" said a man who wore a conciliatory smile and a dyed beard, as he took a seat in our office.

We acknowledged that at present we served and instructed the public in that capacity, and to prove our assertion, we showed him the blisters made on our hands by our exertion in operating the Archimedian lever that moves the world.

"Well, I want you to surprise me with a flattering personal notice in your paper. I'm going to run for constable in the Eighth Ward, and I want something neat in the way of a send-off."

"Our columns are always open to advance the best interests of the public, but we shall expect you to first surprise us with a pecuniary compensation, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith."

"I'll pay. A man can't expect to be surprised without paying for it in advance. What have you got?"

"We can accommodate you with almost any kind of personal notice, from a cheap electro-plated biography to an eighteen carat obituary, and at a scale of prices varying according to the strain of our columns and veracity. In molding public opinion we defy competition. Now, how would you like this? It is a neat little pre-Raphælite gem and will cost you only $1.50.:

"'Our enterprising townsman, Colonel B——, than whom there is no more popular and genial gentleman in the length and breadth of our Empire State, has consented at the earnest solicitation of many *friends*, to sacrifice his profitable business for the public good, and has authorized us to announce him as a candidate for the honorable office of Constable of this precinct.'

"If that is not strong enough here is a Michael Angelo, full length, in which your good qualities of head and heart will be touchingly alluded to, and you will be commended for your generous impulses—only $2.50 each insertion. Then we have a brilliant thing, after Mozart, which is really intended for Gubernatorial candidates—speaks of your simplicity of character, jean clothes, and pay-as-you-go proclivities—but it can easily be modified to suit a prospective Constable. It will cost you $3.00. There are several others from $5.00 to $10.00 each. For referring to you as an 'old landmark,' one dollar extra is charged."

"I reckon you can saw me off three dollars' worth, but you must throw in something about my brilliant war record."

"We always do that."

"And jist wind up by surprising Captain Bill Smike. He is running against me. I wouldn't say anything he might take offence at. Only say he is not fit for the office, because he has a breath like a buzzard and the record of a convict. You might add that my brother hasn't got a wife that has fits. That will hit him where he is