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OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
By virtue of the authority given to the undersigned by the last will and testament of John Boucher, late of Middlecreek township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, I will expose to sale by public outcry, on the premises, on
Thursday, December 29th, 1881,
at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the real estate of the late John Boucher, dec'd, consisting of a valuable farm, situate near New Lexington, in Middlecreek township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of M. M. Snyder, R. S. McMillen & Bro., Henry Hennenkamp, Dietrick Trimpey, J. B. Crichfield and Hechler Brothers, containing 202 acres, more or less, about 165 acres clear, 30 acres in meadow. There is a
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C. B. MOORE,
nov16 Executor.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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TWO CHILDREN.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.

Weary, after a weary day,
The mother sat with drooping head;
Although some quiet angel's sway
Was over the noisy household spread,
Yet nervous, fretful, full of pain,
Conscious of failure in her strife,
She sighed, "Ah me! 'Tis all in vain
To try to live a perfect life!"

II.

Then rose her little daughter's plaint;
The child was cross and weary too—
With the long, sultry play hours faint,
And feeling rest and soothing due.
The mother was too tired to bear,
The child was far too tired to know,
And so, ere either was aware,
The word had ended in a blow.

III.

Oh, what a sad and bitter wrong!
The baby, sobbing, went her way;—
Then rose a sorrow swift and strong,
That still to all excuse said "Nay."
"It was my duty;—every night
The child is apt to disobey;
It was my duty;—I was right."
Yet her conscience answered, "Nay."

IV.

And soon with soft, regretful tears,
She stood beside her child again,
And that low sighing sob she hears
That is the aftertide of pain.
And lo! beside the little bed,
The child, alone with childish grief,
Her treasures by her side had spread,
As if in them to find relief.

V.

A broken doll—a china toy—
A bit of ruby-tinted glass—
The picture of a pretty boy—
A bunch of scented ribbon-grass.
The mother gazed till love and shame
Her bosom like a tempest swayed;
Then softly breathed her darling's name,
And lowly knelt and lowly prayed:

VI.

"I am a child, dear Father, too;
My treasured household gaud and jar
My worry all the long day through,
Must in thy sight but toys appear.
What am I but a little child
That knows not how 'tis best to live;
By trifles vexed, by toys beguiled?
Oh, Father! pity and forgive."

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

The reader will be so obliging as to imagine an old hall in an old, tumble-down country house. A brisk wood fire is burning on the "dogs" of the hearth, and its blaze lights up the large apartment.

There are six persons in this room. The sofa near the fire is occupied by young Mrs. Christopher Williams Bunnett, who is an object of interest just at present. She was Jane Bradley, and has been married to young Williams Bunnett something under a year. Mrs Bradley is seated at the end of the sofa, near her daughter's feet, which she has with great propriety, covered with her shawl. Mr. Bradley is located at the table with old Mr. Williams Bunnett, who took the name of Bunnett on his marriage with the superb old lady at the other side of the fire, for Miss Bunnett was an heiress.

Mr. Bradley is a little punchy man of eight and forty, with white teeth and a red face. Somebody once told him that he was like Napoleon, and he used to stand in attitudes accordingly; but now he is obliged to give that up, as his obesity will neither allow him to cross his hands behind his back nor over his face. He is now drinking some whisky and water, and looking with a thoughtful air at the fire, as if the logs made an enigma that he wished to penetrate.

Mrs. Bradley is a comely lady, about half a dozen years younger than her husband. She is chiefly remarkable for her fidgety temperament, which manifests itself continually in the muscles of her face and her fingers. If those are both at rest, then her feet shake.

Her daughter Jane is a pretty person of nineteen. She is very lively and good-tempered; doats upon her husband with all the clainging fiection of the first matrimonial year; can play a few mild quadrilles and waltzes on the piano, and sings Moore's melodies when she is alone, but never otherwise. As we have hinted, at present the lady is an object of great and delicate family solicitude.

Mrs. Williams Bunnett, formerly Miss Constantina Bunnett, is the grandest old lady one would meet anywhere in the country. She is always dressed after ancient models, and of great severity of demeanor. At country balls, evil young men have christened her Agamemnon and Henry VIII.; and some have even gone so far as to call her, when in feathers, the king of the Cannibal Islands, all of which will give an idea of her imposing presence. She paints her face and takes snuff, because she once saw the wife of the great Mr. Fox do so. When she does the latter she lets much of it fall upon her old point lace collar, upon which her husband says, "Jack's alive!" which means that she is to brush it away; and this private communication often puzzles society.

These, then, are the six personages assembled round the fireplace of Coulter Court at the end of January drinking respectively elder wine and spirits and water. The cause of their meeting will now be told.

"We don't get any further," remarked Mr.. Bradley, after a pause. "Come—what shall the little stranger's name be? I wonder if it will be a girl?"

"Wonder! of course, Mr. Bradley," replied the wife. "Three games of Patience running all give the same answer."

"I think as I am the first godmother, it should be called Constantia," said Mrs. Williams-Bunnett.

"And Antonia, because I am the godfather," added the gentleman.

"Oh—certainly," hesitated Mrs. Bradley; but we want an every day name first, I think, something familiar-like and pretty."

"I think Constantia is familiar enough," resumed Mrs. Bunnett; at least it is so with the aristocracy.

The Bradleys look at each other, and Mr. Bunnett exclaimed, "Jack's alive!" which had the desired effect.

"What do you say Jane?" asked Mr. Christopher.

"I should like Constantia and Antonia, but I think there ought to be another one first; I was going to suggest Elizabeth."

"Oh, no, dear!" cried Mrs. Bradley; its so servant-like, and always ends in Lizzy or Betsy, or something just as low."

"Suppose we call it Mary," observed Mr. Christopher.

"Come now, Mary's as common as Elizabeth, if you come to that," said Mr. Bradley. It will be 'Polly' or 'Molly' or something of that sort. Everbody's named Mary—half the charity school—so's cook. What do you say to Angelica?"

Just at that moment the deliberation was suspended by the arrival of Tom Bradley, the son. He had been out late shooting, and now came blundering into the hall in those preposterous shoes which sportsmen love to adopt, bringing his gun with him which he put in the corner.

"Pray take care of your gun, Mr. Thomas," said Mrs. Bunnett: "you know I cannot endure to be near one."

"Oh, there is nothing to be afraid of," replied Tom. "I flashed both barrels before I came in."

"Yes, but still it might go off," added the lady.

"Pshaw!" said Tom, laughing; you're just like my mother; she would not sit near the stock the other day, after I had taken the barrel off to clean it."

"And quite right, my dear," observed Mr. Bradley. "Really such dreadful accidents do occur, that one cannot be too careful."

"Well—there, mother; I've put it outside the door. Will that do?"

And, returning, Mr. Bradley, junior, took his place at the table, and a stiff glass of brandy and water.

"You have come back in time to help us, Tom," said Mr. Bradley. "We are having a discussion."

"What about?"

"A name for—for the little—hem! —the little niece you expect."

"Ah! I see," replied Tom, putting down his glass. "Well, there is no great difficulty about that, I suppose. Call her Diana or Juno."

"Why, my dear Tom, these are the names of your horrid dogs!" cried Jane.

"Well, Jennie, why not? They're very good names."

"Jack's alive!" observed Mr. Bunnette.

"How exceedingly warm," remarked his lady, trying to turn the action of brushing away the snuff into fanning herself.

"I've got it!" cried Tom, on a sudden. "Call him Shirley; it's a first rate name; I've seen it advertised—no end. Call him that and have done with it."

"Him!" said Mrs. Bunnett, in a stately tone. "We are speaking of a girl, Mr. Thomas."

"Well, it will do just as well. Nobody knows in the city whether Shirley means a man or a woman. That's the advantage."

Mr. Tom Bradley went away every Monday, and never reappeared until the next morning. Consequently he saw much life and was a great authority on matters relating to town. And this Mrs. Burnett hated above all things, for she always wished to monopolize the metropolitan information.

"There is no need of names like that," she said, with a toss of her head. "I have seen the papers this morning, and read of a story where the Christian name is Lettice."

"Ah!" said Tom, "genteel for cabbage; memoirs of a tailor."

The lady looked at young Mr. Bradley like essence of thunder.

"I think," said Mrs. Bradley, "we might do worse than choose Isabella.

"Or the Fatal Marriage," interrupted Tom. "I saw her once at the theater."

There does not appear much difference between Isabella and Constantia," remarked Mrs. Bunnet, with her usual severity; "especially for a 'familiar pretty' name."

The lady had not forgotten the rejection of her own.

"Constantia!" cried Mr. Bradley, junior; "why, that's the name of a wine, not of a girl."

"Tom!" murmered his mother, with every kind of domestic telegraph at work; and she added, still lower, "It's Mrs. Bunnett's name."

"Well, I don't care mother," was the reply. "It isn't a girl's name any more, because its that old things."

"My dear!"

"Dorothy" suggested Mr. Bradley.

"Dorothea is more poetical," mildly added Mr. Bunnett.

"Dorothea!" cried the inevitable Tom. "Yes. I've seen her image in the crockery shops. Oh, very pretty, indeed; dresses as a boy, with her trousers tucked up; never mind."

And he mixed another tumbler of brandy and water.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Bunnett, "I could play the violin, and I could make it say, 'Ah, ah, poor Dorothy,' sliding the finger up and down the first string while I kept bowing it."

"Oh! that's nothing," replied Tom; "you should hear Ole Bull. He can do all sorts of things—make it crow, and bark, and imitate a railway. No stop—that wasn't Bull—it was Smith."

And here young Mr. Bradley indulged in a reminiscence of the music of Ethiopia with all the laughs and chuckles, and forced expiations, which, as comparatively recent investigations have shown, characterized that singular people.

"If we are going to settle the name to-night, I think we had better keep to the subject," said Mrs. Bunnett.

"So do I, ma'am" replied Tom, stopping suddenly. "There's the very last name I was singing—Susannah. What, not Susannah? Then I give it up unless you get a French dictionary, and run over the Christian names at the end."

"Eleanor is pretty, I think," srid Mr. Bradley.

"What!" observed Mrs. Bunnett; "you cannot possibly recollect the infamous woman that Charles the Second so misconducted himself with! I should never think of anybody else."

"Jack's alive," exclaimed her husband, as the old lady took snuff most violently in her excitement.

"Here's Mr. Kidd," cried Tom, as a mild young man came timidly into the room. "Here Kidd, your advice gratis is wanted. What shall its name be?"

Mr. Kidd was the assistant to the village doctor and passed the greater part of his time in remote cottages. His only relaxation was occasionally coming into tea with the Bradley's, as he wished to do on the present occasion. Before he answered Tom's question, he went ceremoniously round to everybody, bowing to some, shaking fingers with others, and asking them how they all did.

"What's a pretty name for a girl?" continued Tom.

"Well—really, Mr. Thomas," hesitated bland Mr. Kidd, smiling. "I hardly know, you are a little too sharp on me, I think. A name is a very important affair."

"My uncle was going to be married to a great fortune, but the lady would not have him on account of his names. He was born in 1775, and was called Lisbon Earthquake Kidd at his mother's express desire, because it had just happened."

"I have known many great persons apply similar names," observed Mrs. Bunnett, "especially of places; but they always appeared absurd."

"I should think so," said Tom. "Imagine a man going through the world as Tetbury Jones. Ho! ho! ho!

And he made the hall ring again with his laughter.

"These were noble families that I alluded to," continued Mrs. Bunnett; "but still the custom was ridiculous, to name a person after a place. Suppose we call the child Nancy?"

"Nancy, city of France, capital of the Department of the Merutine," cried Tom in a breath quoting a bit of school geography.

Mrs. Bunnett got very angry, indeed. She turned away from the ill-conducted young man, and said to her husband:

"Mr. Bunnett, we must go, or I shall have no time to write those letters to-night to my dear Lady Owlet."

"Oh, don't go yet, until we have come to some arrangement," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"Half a minute longer, mamma," added Mr. Bunnett, junior.

"I'm sure we shall find one directly," said his wife.

"There is no difficulty in finding a name," replied the old lady, with severity, for she still clung to her own. "The great thing is to decide upon it. I shall say no more."

"Come Kidd," cried the restless Tom, "another shot! What do you propose?"

"I have a sister," mildly replied the assistant.

"Here—stop!—hush!"—exclaimed Tom to the company generally; "Kidd's got a sister. Well, what's her name?"

"Prudence."

"And a very good name, too—moral and characteristic. What do you say to Prudence, ladies and gentlemen? Or, better still, Economy—eh? Economy Bunnett—not so bad."

"I am waiting for you, Mr. Williams Bunnett," said the stately lady, rising from her chair at the last offense of Tom's.

"Half a minute," exclaimed Tom. "Pshaw! I was only joking; the name can be settled in an instant. Look here—Rosa, Theresa, Louisa, Margaret, Emma, Annie, Fannie, May, June, July, August, oh, no—I forgot. I am getting on too fast.

And so he was; for Mrs. Williams-Bunnett bade a stately farewell to the assembled party and sailed from the room, followed by her husband, to the great consternation of the Bradleys, who held her in great awe and respect. They would not have offended her for all the world.

Eight days afterwards, Jane Constantia had been the name finally decided on, an interesting event occurred in the family. The bell was tied up in leather, and the world was informed that Mrs. Christopher Bunnett-Williams was as well as could be expected. A fine little baby was handed around to affectionate friends and visitors—but it was a boy.

Bad Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; thee drink and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might now have been an independent gentleman, but I use to drink to make me work. It makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.—I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell me was that it was skin disease. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.
HENRY KNOCHE.

Pictures of Life in Mexico.

The dense population that is pressed together in the valley of Mexico, and the country-like character peculiar to many parts of the capital, a correspondent says brings always crowds of boorish people into Mexico's thoroughfares. Indians of pure blood, looking like disfigured gypsies are constantly seen roving about. Husband, Wife and child are trotting the same slow pace, stooping to the very ground and frequently carrying heavy loads, or the straw mattresses on which they had passed the previous night, on their way to the city. Passing the front of some ancient church or a decaying convent, we see the graves crowded with ugly-looking Indian women nursing their dirty little urchins. In the shade of some building we see a happy family sharing the frugal meal, consisting of "tortillas" (a cake baked of Indian corn) and some fruits; now and then they may even be seen indulging in the luxury of "trijolas" (reed beans,) the national disb of the Mexican; not very far from the happy "at home" we notice a crowd of shabby looking young men lying on the ground smoking and gambling at cards; the monotony of the play is now and then interrupted by wild curses or a blow at him who has been found guilty of cheating his drowsy companions.

Indians and Mestizzos, the broad-brimmed sombrero on their dust-covered heads, are leaning against the walls of some "fonda" (inn); they are shepherds, or muleteers, who have brought cattle and goods from the interior and are now gazing at all the splendors of the capital and beholding the wonders of them. They are daring looking fellows, clad in dirty linen clothing and a parti-colored shawl, which they draw closely around their neck and head when the wind begins to blow, so there is little to be seen of their defiant faces. Pickpockets and thieves wearing a mixture of national and foreign garb, are seen prying out an opportunity favorable to their profession.

Men and women of all ages and complexions, boys and girls besiege the coffee houses, annoying the pedestrian with their shrill voices, pressing him to buy a lottery ticket and gain the five or ten thousand "ros" that are drawn on the coming morn; venders of matches and other trifles, follow you step by step till you get rid of them by spending a copper piece or two, but only to be annoyed by others who have watched your weakness and are anxious to have their turn also. More pleasant than these match and ticket sellers are those who offer for sale small objects of art, as waxen fruits of great beauty, artificial flowers and wooden charcoal figures of perfect workmanship; tiny little figures representing scenes of everyday life, beautiful birds on cardboard and different kinds of feather work are to be obtained at very low prices.

A charming picture are the flower girls, who are busy composing their abundant stock of the very finest flowers into tasteful nosegays, in which we find a great variety of roses and the ladies' favorite, the dark blue violet—flowers that nature offers us the whole year round. Tasteful garlands, flower baskets that would make the New York florest rave, charm the buyer's eyes; nosegays of all dimensions and the delicate flower for the dandy's buttonhole are to be purchased at low prices. For flowers the Mexicon has a well-pleasing weakness, and the love of flowers is one of the qualities that the Spaniard has inherited from his Moorish conquerors and has brought with him to Mexico. Old matrons and young ladies eyeing the passers-by from the balcony, all have their hair and dress adorned with fresh flowers.

The fruit vender makes a fine display, of his stock on the ground or in his primitive shops. Apples, pears, strawberries, peaches, apricots, Turkish and Indian figs, the growth of the temperate climate, are to be seen lying together with the golden orange, the yellow lemon, bananas, anenas, mangoes, and the delicious chirimoya, productions of the torrid zone. Those who are fond of a cooling draught may apply to the numerous water stands, where inoffensive mixtures of water and anenas, lemon and juices are served to the caller for two cents a glass. While sipping our nectar, we notice two or three old Indian women, half naked, who press with a round stone the juice out of the fruit. Chocolate and cocoa, are served as well at the stand. Traveling cooks with their two wheeled kitchens are to be found in every street, and they serve dishes to those who give them a call; yet a foreigner would scarcely be pleased with acid Spanish pipkin or the baked sweet potatoes, and other dishes, as they are generally spiced with a deal of dirt.

That Little Hatchet.

"Come here, George Washington you black ape!" exclaimed Rev. Aminadab Bledsoe, of the Austin Bluelight Colored Tabernacle, to a Sunday school scholar who had just removed a big wad of something or other from his mouth. The boy's trembling limbs carried him into the immediate presence of the irate shepherd.

"Yer was chawin' terbacker in de house of de Lawd."

"I owns right up, parson. I was chawing terbacker, but I won't do so no moah."

"George Washington, chawin' terbacker, am bad enough, Lawd knows; but when yer has got so shameless yer don't eben try to lie out of it, hit am time to take you in hand, so you won't grow up and disgrace the father of his country. Lean ober dat knee, George." And for about ten minutes people living several blocks off imagined their neighbors were preparing tough beefsteak with an axe.

Thomas O. Thompson, Esq., the Mayor's Secretary, who some few days ago slipped on a banana peel and sprained his knee, writes that St. Jacobs Oil "acted like a charm."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Happy Home.

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy aboundeth, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strassburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly father when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity, of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately:

"Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? I a cross to bear!" asked the father, wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger adding bitterly. "I have but two, and one of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes, sir," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said: "Sir, if death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children I would say," and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door.

"Rascal, who, cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The stranger laughed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor school teacher afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.

An Irish Story.

One of the Boston resturants boasts of an Irish Munchausen who acts in the humble capacity of waiter, and adds much to the entertainment of the guests. One of them being served with a small lobster asked:

"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?"

"Faix, I believe they do be callin' thim lobsters here, sur. We call thim crabs at home."

"Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?"

"Is it lobsters? Begorrah, the creeks is full of them. Many a time have I seen thim when I've lepped over the sthrames."

"How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?"

"Well," said Mike, thoughtfully, "to spake wid in bounds, sur. I'd say a matter of five or six feet."

"What?" five or six feet? How do they get around in those creeks?"

"Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide," said unabashed Mike.

"But," said the persistent inquirer," you said you had seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea."

"Deed I did, sur. We're powerful leppers in Ireland. As fur the say, sir, I've seen it red with thim."

"But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled."

"Don't I know that?" said Mike reproachfully; "But there are biling springs in the old country, an' they swim throo 'em and come out ready for ye to crack open and ate;" and Mike walked off to wait upon the next guest, leaving his interlocutor to digest the lobster and the story.

Suspicious Symptoms.

A minister, who was perhaps not too careful in his habits, was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after and said;

"I am glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrong wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morning, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's always shavin'."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

Conjurors astonish an audience by taking rolls of ribbons from their mouths, but then it is a common thing to see a carpenter take hammers and nails out of his chest.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1881.

This has been a week of somewhat desultory speech-making in the Senate, and of presenting innumerable bills in the House.

Senators Pendleton and Hill spoke on the civil service reform question. Senators Beck, Maxey, Anthony and Garland had something to say about Presidential succession, in case of the death or disability of the Executive. And Senator Sherman presented his three per cent. funding bill, which, it is believed, will, with immaterial modification, become a law, it being essentially the same measure that passed the House last session.

It is somewhat amuseing to see a Senator make a set speech. It is such a burlesque on Gray's lines: "The applause of listening Senates to command." The Senate does everything but listen and applaud. The Senate dozes on the settees; it smokes in the cloak-room; it goes down to the restaurant, and he treats the orator with what a casual observer might think disrespect. But the orator is quite indifferent to the indifference of the Senate. He is speaking over and beyond them. His object is to spread his speech on the record, and to have it noticed by as many as possible of the eight or nine thousand journals of the United States. Senator Pendleton is not a brilliant speaker. There is an apparent lack of earnestness in his oratory. His rhetoric is somewhat verbose. He lacks the nicest precision in the choice of words. Thurman or Edmunds can put in twice as much prickly information to the page. Then again civil service reform is not a subject upon which the average orator can wax eloquent. Though of the utmost importance, it is dry and uninviting. There is a faithless apathy pervading political and official circles with regard to the possibility of improving the present corrupt and pernicious system. The Ohio Senator deserves praise for the persistence with which he beseiges this black walled, and apparently inexpugnable mence to free institutions.

Last week Senators Lapham and Miller, of New York, had a brilliant reception given in their honor at Marinis' Hall. And, to-night, a like reception will be given to Speaker Keifer at Masonic Hall. Do you understand the agency and the object of these mammoth socio-political entertainments? I will tell you. A number of Government clerks frow New York and Ohio, feel insecure in their places, and take this means of introducing themselves to the new Senators, and to the most influential man from Ohio. They wish to strengthen their influence, because they know that influence and not fitness is the accepted qualification for office at these headquarters.

C. A. S.

Sidney Smith's Cold.

Sidney Smith was humorous to such an extent that when it was proposed to make him Bishop the idea so shocked the Cabinet that the witty clergyman was only promoted to the office of canon. That Smith's conduct gave good reason for refusal may be seen from the following anecdote given by Lord Houghton in his "Monographs, Personal and Social," for the authority of which, he says, he will not vouch, but which seems to him good enough to be true. On being settled at his small life in Yorkshire, Sidney willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties. On an occasion of this kind he dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the Squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. "I am very glad that I have amused you," said Sidney Smith at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow." "I should hope I know the difference between here and at church," remarked the gentleman with sharpness. "I am not sure of that," replied the visitor. "I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the Squire. "Take you," replied the divine. Next day the preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit, apparently suffering from a severe cold, and, with his handkerchief to his face, at once sneezed out the name Kershaw in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation, and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse.

Nasby's Carpet Bag.

Nasby writes to the Toledo *Blade*: "I hev inventid a new carpit bag for the espeshal yoose uv patriots and agitaters. It is made uv thin Injy rubber with a frame that folds up into a small compass, Yoo take the carpit bag and blow it up till it bulges out at the sides ez tho it wuz full of cloze and things and walk into a lodging house and demand rooms with confidence. That carpet bag bustin with valyoobles settles it. It looks solvent and everything is in looks. Yoo stay on the strength uv that bag, and hev your meals sent to your room, and live fat. Presently your landlady wants money, and commences to watch that carpit bag. Yoo can't get out of the house with it, for that is her anker and her hope. Very good. Some evening you go to yoor room, let the wind out uv it, fold it up and put it in