A GALA DAY.

Brilliant Reception at the White House on New Year Day.

WASHINGTON, January 2.—The rattle of horses' hoofs on the compact asphalt pavements, crack of the coachman's whip, and the constant stream of people pouring in and out of fashionable West End mansions, and more modest dwellings to-day, gave evidence of a general observance of New Year's. The weather was bright and just cold enough to tingle kid gloved fingers, and give a healthy glow to every cheek; and great crowds of callers in vehicles and on foot were astir early, and put in some active work during the day. Of course, the great event of the day was the public reception by President Arthur at the White House. It was a brilliant event, and more largely attended than any similar reception for many years. It was characterized by a marked absence of formality, and the easy, graceful manner of the Chief Ruler of the Nation was welcomed by the masses as a good omen. There were but three Cabinet receptions, but they were conducted in elegant style, and some of the other receptions of less distinguished officials and of private citizens were events of a high order of magnificence. To a great extent, however, receptions among first families in the city decreased, as compared with former years, and at prominent mansions to-day, where formerly the beauty and fashion were wont to gather, calls were received only by card, the emblamatic basket, meaning "not receiving," being observed on many door bells. There was less intoxication and less disorder on the streets, and, taken altogether, the day passed merrily amid good feeling and good cheer, and will be marked as one of the happiest known in Washington for a decade.

Attention was directed to the Executive Mansion early in the day. Long before the great doors at the main entrance were opened for the onslaught of callers, a crowd of people massed themselves in the street along the railing enclosing the grounds. A strong detail of police was on hand to preserve order, and at 11 o'clock, when the first carriage drove into the grounds, the scene was intensely interesting. The eager throng craned their necks and pressed each other closely to catch a glimpse of the costly attired inmates of the handsome carriages as they drove in quick succession into the grounds, and now and then when some prominent personage was recognized a murmer would run through the crowd. It was the same crowd, but with probably different feelings, as that which pressed around the White House gates a few months ago. Then it was to learn the fate of a beloved President who lay suffering in the stately mansion not far away. One after another the carriages rolled in, and after depositing their occupants on the portico, drove on through the arch and fell into the crescent along the front of the grounds, the horses' heads turned toward the mansion. This crescent of polished vehicles flashing in the sunlight, the richly caparisoned horses and liveried coachmen and footmen was a rare sight, and worthy of an artist's pencil. Within the mansion an animated scene prevailed from the arrival of the first to the departure of the last guest. Everywhere ushers in black broadcloth and white gloves were actively engaged. Ladies were constantly going up and down the grand staircase, and people with all sorts of duties to perform were in motion.

The vestibule, outer room, and various parlors were redolent with the fragrance of flowers. In every nook and corner growing plants were seen; but gay coloring and elaborate display, in the matter of decoration were dispensed with out of respect to the memory of the late President Garfield. The Marine Band was in attendance, as usual, and enlivened the crowd with the choicest musical selections. At sharp 11 o'clock "Hail to the Chief!" shook the building from foundation to roof, and, as the notes vibrated through the corridors, President Arthur, leaning on the arm of Mr. Sevillion A. Brown, chief clerk of the Department of State, descended the grand staircase and entered the Blue Parlor, where the ladies who were to assist had preceded them. The President wore a morning dress, a full suit of black, with lilac necktie. His coat was of the Prince Albert cut, and his gloves matched his tie in color.

His little daughter, who was standing near Mrs. Congressman Robeson, ran forward and held up her mouth for a kiss, which the President gave with a smile, and the little miss, who was dressed in simple white, returned to her chaperon. Secretary Frelinghuysen stood near the main door of the apartment, awaiting the signal for the reception to begin, and the ladies to assist stood around the President, at whose right hand was Mr. Sevillion Brown, the master of ceremonies for the day. The gas was not lighted in any of the parlors or corridors, but the curtains were so arranged as to make a semi-twilight, as the bright sunlight streamed in.

THE LADIES' TOILETS.

The ladies surrounding the President were Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who wore black satin and brocade; the wife of Attorney General Brewster stood next; she wore dark wine-colored velvet, with collar and ruffles to the elbow; sleeves of antique lace. Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the Secretary of War, was next; she wore black Spanish lace, open on the sides and front, showing a rich underskirt of old gold satin. The wife of Senator Logan was the next lady. She wore peacock blue velvet, with a profusion of white lace and handsome jewels. Two of the most elegant dresses were worn by Postmaster General James' wife (who stood next) and their daughter, Mrs. Pearson. The toilet of Mrs. James was a sea-shell tint of pink moire antique, with broad puffs of plain satin the same shade, over which fell very wide point duchesse lace, exquisitely fine. The skirt had a long train, perfectly plain, of the rich material, and the waist was cut square in the neck and filled in with lace. The sleeves and trimming of the waist were point duchesse lace. Mrs. Pearson's toilet of rich white brocaded satin, combined with plain satin, was trimmed with pearl passementerie. The sleeves were of fine duchesse lace, and the waist, which was cut square in the neck, was trimmed with the same lace. The skirt was very long and graceful, and cut out at the bottom in Vandyke; across the front it was finished with a narrow triple box pleat. Mrs. Blaine, in an elegant reception dress of pure velvet and satin, with choice diamond ornaments, was very attractive. Her brilliant conversation made her the centre of a very interesting group. Mrs. Don Cameron wore white silk, with front breadth trimmed with gold brocade satin and exquisite point lace and pearl fringe. Her ornaments were diamonds. Mrs. Senator Pendleton wore white striped gauze over white silk. Miss Hunt, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, wore a lovely colored silk covered with black Spanish lace. Mrs. Miller, wife of the California Senator, was attired in an exquisite moire antique, made with a Watteau pleat trimmed with passementerie and point lace. She wore rich jewels. Mrs. Robeson, an elegant reception dress of heliotrope and white brocade combined, with plain silk of the same delicate hue. Miss Lucy Frelinghuysen, with her sister, Mrs. John Davis, were elegantly attired in full dress toilets. The other ladies of official circles and of the diplomatic were becomingly attired.

When every one had taken position and flounces and ruffles were properly adjusted, Mr. Brown nodned his head toward Secretary Frelinghuysen, and the latter advanced to introduce the diplomatic corps, who followed him promptly. Many of the foreigners were accompanied by ladies, and nearly all appeared in court dress. The dean or the diplomatic corps, Mr. Allen, the Hawaiian minister, came first, accompanied by his young daughter, becomingly attired in black velvet, followed in order by Count Von Beust, the German charge d'affaires; Hayti, by Mr. Preston, its minister, whose wife and daughter wore handsome black costumes; Turkey, by Minister Aristarchi Bey and Rustem Effenda; Japan, by Mr. Takahira Kogoro, charge d'affaires, and others of the legation; Count Lewenhaupt, the representative of Sweden and Norway, accompanied by his wife, charmingly attired. M. Outrey, French minister, accompanied by his wife and several gentlemen of the legation. Mme. Outrey wore heliotrope brocade and black velvet combined, exquisitely trimmed with rare white lace. Mexico, by its minister, Senor and Mme. Zamacona and daughters, the attaches and secretaries of the legation. Mme. Zamacona wore rich velvet brocaded. Viscount das Noqueiras and wife and daughter represented Portugal, the ladies attired in mourning suits. Guatemala and Salvador, by Senor Don Arturo Ubico, their minister.

Mr. De Meissner, of the Russian legation, represented that empire, its minister having gone. He was accompanied by his lovely American wife, who was handsomely attired. Bolivia, by its minister, Senor Dr. Ladislas Cabrera.

The Chilian minister, Senor Don Martinez, and his daughter, accompanied by Mr. Piuto and other members of the legation, represented that republic. Spain, by Senor Barca, minister, whose wife and daughter were richly attired, and were in company with many of the secretaries and attaches of the legation. Mr. De Bounder and Baron Albert D'Auethan, represented Belgium. The cynosure of all eyes, the Hon. L. S. Sackville West, the representative of Great Britain, was accompanied by his daughter, Miss West, wearing a handsome but invisible suit of green, and the following ladies and gentlemen of the legation: Mr. Drummond, Captain and Mrs. Wm. Arthur, and Messrs. Howard, Adam and Cadogan, followed by Senor Elmore, the minister of Peru; Venezuela, by Charge d'Affaires Senor Don Camacho; Austria, by Count Lipee Weisenfeld, the charge; Denmark, by the charge d'affaires and consul general, Mr. De Bille, and his wife in ruby-colored velvet, richly trimmed. Senor Valeute and the secretary of the legation represented Brazil, closely and slowly followed by the new minister of China and most of his suite, accompanied by Mr. Bartlett, the interpreter, were the last of the diplomatic corps to enter, as they are the latest accession. They were unaccompanied by ladies.

Miss West, the daughter of the new English minister, is a tall, pale, black-haired girl, with Spanish features. She was cordially received today.

The Cabinet, Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Court of Claims, army and navy, heads of bureaus, District Commissioners and Judges of the District Supreme Court, Oldest Inhabitants' Association and veterans of the several wars all called in regular turn, and then followed the general public, the President shaking hands with each. There were several interesting incidents during the reception, one being the appearance of the Associated Survivors of the War of 1812, of whom there were half a dozen. To each of these old veterans the President addressed a pleasant remark, and when the Oldest Inhabitants of the District passed along, the President said to each: "I wish you a happy New Year, sir, and many returns of the day." Indeed, the President seemed to bestow especial attention on his more venerable callers.

General Sherman was in good humor during the reception, and kept up his reputation as a gallant among the ladies. He flitted about from group to group, talking loudly and stumbling over dress trains, in the exuberance of his spirits. While he was promenading the East Room with a young lady on his arm the Marine Band in the ante-room burst forth with "Dolores." Waldteufel's famous waltz. The grim old war horse's nostrils expanded, his eyes glistened and his elbows twitched, indicating a sudden inspiration to whirl his companion around the room. His fair companion noticed this, and as they passed a group of newspaper correspondents, exclaimed: "Why, General, I do believe you want to dance." "I do," the General of the Army responded; "and I am half inclined to give you a flirt or two in the face of social discipline." It was sharp 2 o'clock before the reception was over, and as usual on such occasions, there was a scramble in the cloak room for overcoats and hats.

CABINET RECEPTIONS

were held to-day, and consisted of the Secretary of State, Secretary of War and Postmaster General. In front of each residence stood long rows of equipages; while throngs of army and navy officials, members of foreign legations in court costume, accompanied by ladies elegantly attired, flitted to and from the entrances. The mansion of Secretary Frelinghuysen was thronged, and the urbane private secretary, Mr. Chew, met all callers and escorted them into the reception-room, where Mrs. Frelinghuysen with her daughters, Mrs. John Davis and Miss Frelinghuysen, assisted by Mrs. Blaine, received the guests. Prominent among those present was ex-Secretary Blaine. The elegant mansion of Secretary and Mrs. Lincoln, on Massachusetts avenue, was a scene of animation from 1 until 5 p. m. Mrs. Lincoln was assisted by Mrs. Stone, who was attired in an elegant costume of royal purple.

At the Arlington Hotel, the public parlor in the Johnson House annex was set apart to-day for the reception of Mrs. James, wife of the Postmaster General. She was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Pearson. All the Cabinet officers and their families and many prominent people called during the day.

PICKET'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, January 1, 1882.

Have just returned from a three months' trip amongst the commercial world of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. On my desk I found several letters from my old Somerset county friends asking "Picket" to resume his pen for the benefit of the HERALD's readers. To this flattering appeal there is but one mode of action left and that is resume. If you can, my dear reader, stand it I can, so here goes:

My journey was very pleasant and interesting, and if I were to attempt to relate what I have seen in the four leading cities in the Union I am afraid the good people would tire, and tell me to write a book or hire a hall. In Baltimore I took in the Oriole festivities. In Philadelphia the French guests were the leading attraction, with plenty of side shows in the way of political meetings. New York was found in the same old place, and as dirty as ever, while Boston with its old Bunker Hill Monument attached, was trying to do something grand for its old soldiers, in the way of raising the wind to provide funds for diseased and maimed of the late war. This characteristic of the Boston people made a lasting impression on my mind. Boston is the boss in this respect. To be an old soldier there is an honor. The Soldiers' Bazaar held at Mechanics Hall was the grandest thing in the way of festivals I ever witnessed. It made the blood in my veins boil with gladness to see how the old soldier element was treated, and I could not resist the temptation of hauling my "G. A. R." badge out from under my coat and let the light of day shine upon it once more. Old soldiers in Boston have the right of way in all pursuits. Preference in giving employment is always accorded to the veteran I am told. Messenger work is performed by them, and regularly uniformed "vets" do guard duty about all the the Government buildings. This is at it should be and all honor to the loyal people of Massachusetts.

One of the most charming attractions at the Bazaar on the closing night was the presence of a company of Chelsea girls, regularly uniformed and armed with corn brooms, elaborately decorated with ribbons and flowers. They drilled in the manuel of arms with such precision that it would have made company "G" blush had the members been present. Their movements were excellent and the applause they received from the thousands of people present was deafening. After the drill was over the brooms were put up at auction for the benefit of the Bazaar, and some brought as high as $5 apiece.

For the benefit of my old batchelor friends let me say that there is in Boston two women to one man. "Take due notice and govern yourselves accordingly." Let it be understood, however, that I do not vouch for good looks, only quantity with plenty of "culchaw." For style New York "takes the cake." For healthy looking women, red cheeks, rosy lips and big waists Philadelphia leads; while Baltimore takes the prize for large pedal extremities.

The weather here has been thus far this winter very mild and pleasant. The same conditions have prevailed farther northward. No ice has been formed yet, and people in New York and Boston fear an ice famine this season.

The Guiteau trial is still progressing, and it is to be hoped the farce will soon come to an end and that the hangman's rope will be applied successfully to the villian.

I met several persons in Boston who know the assassin well, and they say that he is not insane but on the contrary give him the character of perfect villian and monster.

President Arthur returned last night from New York and will give a grand New Year's reception tomorrow.

The following named ladies have been invited by President Arthur and will assist him at the White House: Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Don Cameron, Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs Jones, of Nev., and Mrs. Miller, of Cal., wives of Senators; and Mrs. Representative Robeson.

I will try and be there and send you an account of the reception. So good-bye.

PICKET.

A Cure for a Kicking Cow.

A correspondent gives the following simple directions: Take a piece of wire long enough to pass around the under jaw, and fasten together at the ends, so that it can be easily slipped on and off the jaw. To prevent her throwing it out, pass a strap with a buckle through the wire and over the neck and buckle it. Tie into the wire a rope long enough to reach to the milker's knee, and when the cow gives signs of an intention to kick, give the rope a sudden jerk, which will at once turn her attention from her udder to her jaw, and she will actually forget to kick. I have found it to work like a charm, after repeated failures with appliances used at the rear of the cow.

John Stein, Esq., City Brewer, referring to its valuable qualities said to a *News* representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family and reccommend it to my acquaintances. It has always given the best satisfaction, and is truly wonderful remedy.—*Danville (Ill.) News.*

Didn't Know it was Loaded.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 59.—The twelve year old son of Dr. T. P. Russell, of Oshkosh, shot and killed the six year old son of A. T. Turner. The boys were playing with a gun which they supposed was not loaded.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It a positive cure for the most stubborn case of female weakness.

In all rheumatic diseases rely wholly on Peruna.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1882.

There has been more gayety than usual during the summer-like holidays, which we have enjoyed since congress adjoured. The chief social event has been the New Year's receptions, which in Washington, as in all capitals, are picturesque in the pomp and tinsel of diplomacy and war—not "grim visaged war" nor harsher havoc than that made on the susceptibilities of girls, by the elegant uniformed and perfectly padded shapes manufactured at West Point and the Naval Academy. New Year's calls in Washington are the overture to the great social opera which is played every season, with ever varying, comic, tragic, or romantic episodes. On New Year's, masculine Washington, from the highest official to the department clerk, and through all the ranges of *haut ton*, and of chronic society, call and pay their respects to feminine Washington, who, whether matron or maid, budding beauty or blase spinster, is to be found, usually in a gas lighted parlor, arrayed in her most aesthetic, least peripathetic dress. The social opening to day was not essentially different from those of former years. The diplomatic corps, in full court dress, dazzlingly bedizzined with gold, lace and buttons, called first on the President, then on members of the cabinet and the supreme court, army any navy officers, and so on down through all the various ranks and grades of official life, spent the day in calling from house to house, shaking hands, making bows, wishing everybody "A Happy New Year," eating cake, oysters, and chicken salad, drinking wine and brandy, getting sick or drunk *ad in finitum e pluribus unum.*

Senators and members of Congress who have been absent during the holidays will now return and bring their wives with them. The wives, if they have not fair daughters of their own, will invite the fair daughter of some influential constituent, and in this way, the beauty of many congressional districts will be represented. But the beauty, wealth, taste, and vulgarity of the country will find representation here without the chaperonage of the wives of congressmen. The many spacious hotels are already filled up with those who have money or can get credit. Washington, during the season, is to a great extent the rendezvous of those who spend their summer in Europe, at Saratoga, Long Branch, and a score of other seaside or mountain resorts.

But Washington life is not all roseate. We are on the eve of investigations that will tear reputations to tatters; of legislation that may charge the frontier lines of parties; and of diplomacy that will vitally affect the future of this hemisphere, and relatively affect the world. Call you these dull times? Time is never dull except to those who are ignorant of what is going on.

C. A. S.

Why She Shouldn't Marry.

They were seated together, side by side on the sofa, in the most approved lover fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, &c.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive," said Lizzie.

"But Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife. Fred! Of all things, no! No, indeed; nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I have two married sisters."

"Certainly, Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred, I've had over twenty-five sleigh rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentleman friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at remembrance of an unpaid livery bill, or the idea of Lizzie sleighing with other gentlemen friends, can not positively be known.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not a sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, and so much attention as they used to have."

"Now Lizzie—"

"I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally, as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I should'nt like it, if I propose attending any such entertainment, to be invariably told that times were hard, and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off alone."

"Lizzie! Lizzie—"

"And then, if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I should not like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side. I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest in our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill temper which he conceals from the world on my defenceless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred, I know what you are going to say—that you will be different, but Mary and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived. No, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall hate awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of girls who have no married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill your place—"

But before Lizzie had concluded Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang, "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's the way John and Aleck swear and slam the doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

A Clergyman Commits Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Rev. Charles Wesley Hewes, pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church of this city, committed suicide in Oakland yesterday by cutting his throat. He had recently shown symptoms of mental derangement.

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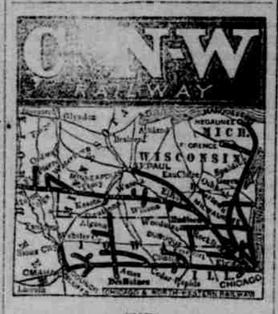

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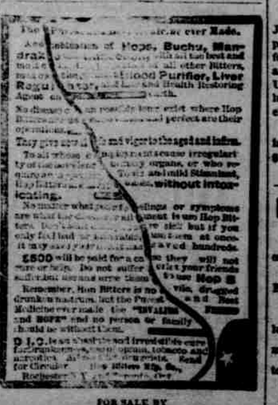

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The following is a partial list of Goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c., Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits, and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is very large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditstons Clipular, Muley and Cross-cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds. Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Snaths, Sledges, Cast Steel, Mason Hammers, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Washboards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope of all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust, and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards,

DOOR-LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, LATCHES, DOOR-KNOBS

and everything in the builder's line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder, Sofety Fuse, etc., etc

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LIST OF CAUSES.

For Trial in January Term, 1882, commencing on the Fourth Monday of January, 23rd day.

—Or—

John M. Sanner's use vs. Jos. J. Stutzman's Ex'tr's, garnishee.
Susannah Hartsell vs. Edward McMurra, et. al.
Josiah Brant vs. John Hill.
Jacob Steyer's Adm'rs vs. Solomon K. Spangler.
George Hardin vs. Alfred and Margaret Wilmoth, terre tenants.
W. H. Bowman vs. J. L. Smith's Administrator, garnishee, etc.
Louis Sourbrower's use vs. Hiram Beam.
Daniel G. Barclay vs. John W. Burkholder.
Joseph Cable vs. Harrison H. Lohr.
M. A. Sanner & Co. vs. Francis Hoover.
J. O. Meyers vs. W. W. Hartsell.
Daniel Bradley vs. John J. Reynolds.
John S. Cremer vs. David J. Phillippi.
Same vs. Same.
Eli W. Rhoads vs. Daniel Rhoads' administrator.
Charles F. Rhoads vs. Same.
Mary S. Coleman's use vs. Same.
Caroline Rhoads' heirs vs. Same.

Prothonotary's Office, Dec. 28, 1881. } H. F. SCHELL, Prothonotary.

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