The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXI. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1659.

Somerset Herald

ms of Publication.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

...hed ...ery Wednesday morning at $2 00 ...m. paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 ...riably be charged.

...scription will be discontinued until all ...ges are paid up. Postmaster neglecting ...y us when subscribers do not take out ...pers will be held responsible for the sub-...

...ribers removing from one Postoffice to an-...ould give us the name of the former as ...he present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

...ED. W. BEISECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...up-stairs in Cook & Beerits' Block.

...Y. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...ORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.

...S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

...B. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...J PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...up-stairs in Mammoth Block.

...HN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...in the Court House. All business entrust-...care attended to with promptness and ...

...FFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. ...FFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. ...business entrusted to their care will be ...y and punctually attended to. ...e—On Main Cross street, opposite the ...th Block.

...OLBORN. L. C. COLBORN. ...OLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. ...business intrusted to our care will be prompt-...ly attended to. Collection made in Som-...Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Survey-...Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

...HN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...attend to all business entrusted to his care ...merset and adjoining counties with prompt-...and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

...ENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ...nty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. ...in Mammoth Block.

...ALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW ...Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, P will ...to all business entrusted to his care with ...ptness and fidelity.

...OHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...promptly attend to all business entrusted ...Money advanced on collections, &c. Of-...Mammoth Building.

...G. OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa., ...essional business entrusted to my care at-...ed to with promptness and fidelity.

...WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...ill give prompt attention to business entrust-...his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...e in Printing House Row.

...AMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. ...ce, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, ...Cross street. Collections made, estates ...ed, titles examined, and all legal business ...nded to with promptness and fidelity.

...I. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., ...ill practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. ...business entrusted to him will be promptly ...nded to.

...SAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

...DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. ...All legal business entrusted to his care will be ...nded to with promptness and fidelity. ...ce in Mammoth Block next door to Boyd's ...g store.

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M. D. JOHNSTOWN, PA. ...Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. ...cial and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 A. M. to ...M. Lasker & Green Block, 295 Main St.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. ...Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug ...re, where he can at all times be found prepar-...to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regu-...ing, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, ...of the best material inserted. Operations ...rranted.

...ARUE M. HICKS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Somerset, Penn'a.

...JAMES O. KIERNAN, M. D. ten-...ders his professional services to the citizens of ...merset and vicinity. He can be found at the ...sidence of his father on Main Street or at the ...ce of Dr. Henry Brubaker. Sept 6, 1882.

...M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL. DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON ...tender their professional services to the citi-...of Somerset and vicinity. One of the mem-...of the firm can at all times, unless profession-...ly engaged, be found at their office, on Main ...eet, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has perma-...nently located in Berlin for the practice of ...profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissing-...'s store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his ...professional services to the citizens of Som-...and vicinity. Office in residence on Main ...eet, west of the Diamond.

DR. W. M. RAUCH tenders his ...professional services to the citizens of Som-...and vicinity. ...Office one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's ...ware store. Dec. 6, '82.

DR. A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, ...Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he ...be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. ...Office above Henry Heffley's store, Main Cross ...Street, Somerset, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all be-...first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest pos-...sible prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond Stoystown, Pa.

MEN WANTED To canvass for the sale of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses, etc. No experience required. Good sal-...ary and all expenses paid. Address, J. H. Bowden & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above Henry Heffley's Store.) LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET, PA.

Frank W. Hay. ESTABLISHED 34 YEARS. John B. Hay

HAY BROS.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware Manuf'y,

No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Pa.

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER

RANGES, STOVES and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS IN GENERAL

At Prices Less than any other House in Western Pennsylvania.

Special attention paid to Jobbing in Tin, Galvanized Iron and Sheet-Iron, Sugar Pans, Steam Pipe, Hot-Air Pipe, Roofing, Spouting, Stacks of Engines, and all work pertaining to Cellar Furnaces. Estimates given and work done by first-class Mechanics only. Sole Agent for Noble Cook, Johnstown Cook, Spears' Anti-Dust Cook, Excelsior Penn. In House-Furnishing Goods we offer Coal Vases, Toilet Sets, Bread Closets, Cake Boxes, Chamber-Pails, Knives and Forks (common and plated), German Silver Spoons, Britannia Spoons, Tea Trays, Lined, Iron and Enameled Wares, Brass and Copper Kettles, Meat Broilers, Oyster Broilers, Egg Beaters, six different kinds, Bread Toasters, Plated Britannia and Wire Castors, Iron Stands, Fire Irons, and everything of Ware needed in the Cooking Department. An experience of thirty-three years in business here enables us to meet the wants of this community in our line, with a good article at a low price. All goods sold WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED or the money refunded. Call and see the Wares; get prices before purchasing; no trouble to show goods. Persons commencing House-Keeping will save 25 per cent. by buying their outfit from us. Merchants selling goods in our line should send for Wholesale Price List, or call and get quotations of our Wares. As we have no apprentices all our work is Warranted to be of the best quality at lowest price. To save money call on or send to

HAY BROS., No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.

HERE IS THE PLACE!

J. M. HOLDERBAUM AND SONS

NO. 4 BAER'S BLOCK,

A Complete Assortment of GENGRAL MERCHANDISE consisting of

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS!

A Large Assortment of

DRESS GOODS AND NOTION!

MENS', BOY'S & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES!

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS!

Queensware, Hardware, Glassware,

GROCERIES.

All Kinds of Window Blinds and Fixtures, Wall Papers, Umbrellas, Satchels and Trunks, Churns, Butter Bowls, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, Toledo Pumps, Farm Bells, Corn Planters and Plows, Cultivators, and WAGONS!

THE ROLAND CHILLED PLOW,

The CHAMPION MOWER & REAPER,

The CHAMPION GRAIN SEED DRILL,

With Detachable Fertilizer.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SONS',

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

COOLEY CREAMERS.

Made in FOUR STYLES, all sizes for Dairy or Factory use. Their Superiority demonstrated. Their Success without a parallel. They are SELF-SKIMMING. Five Gold Medals and Seven Silver Medals for superiority. USE LESS ICE. MAKE BETTER BUTTER. DAVIS SWING CHURNS, EUREKA BUTTER WORKERS & PRINTERS, and full line of butter factory supplies. Send postal for circulars and testimonials. VT. FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business, I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c., WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar8

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

CHARLES J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed. dec7

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD,

SUCCESSORS TO

EATON & BROS,

NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

—IN—

Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. mar8

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. dec20-1y

EDWARD ALCOTT,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

LUMBER!

OAK FLOORING A SPECIALTY

OFFICE AND FACTORY:

URSINA,

SOMERSET CO., PA.

jy12-1y

PATENTS

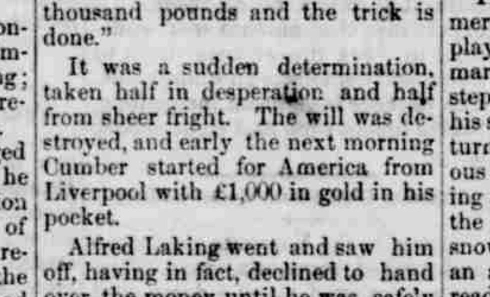
obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts attended to for MODERATE FEES.

We are opposite the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in PATENT BUSINESS EXCLUSIVELY, and can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own State or county, address—

C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.



OR PANACEA

A Blood Purifier—this medicine is highly recommended for all manner of chronic or old standing complaints, Eruptions of the skin, such as Pimples, Blotches and Rashes, Ring Worms, Tetter, Sal Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood. With this rare medicine in your house you can do without Salts, Castor Oil, Citrate of Magnesia, Senna or Manna, and soon the whole of them, and what is better, it may be taken with safety and comfort by the most delicate woman, as well as by the robust man. It is very pleasant to the taste, therefore easily administered to children. It is the only vegetable remedy existing which will answer in place of calomel, regulating the action of the liver without making you a life long victim to the use of mercury or blue pills. It will open the bowels in a proper and wholesome manner.

There is nothing like Fahrney's Blood Cleanser for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; for nervous diseases, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Billious Fever, and all derangements of the internal viscera. As a female regulator it has no equal in the world.

"An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure." The PANACEA will not only cure old standing and malignant complaints, but is one of the best preventatives of such disorders ever offered to the world. You can avoid severe attacks of acute diseases, such as Cholera, Small-pox, Typhoid, Billious, Spotted and Intermittent Fevers, by keeping your blood purified. The different degrees of all such diseases depend altogether upon the condition of the blood.

Be sure to ask for FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER OR PANACEA, as there are several other preparations in the market, the names of which are somewhat similar.

Dr. Geo. G. Shively & Co.,

Successors to Fahrney's Bros. & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

mar28 WAYNESBORO, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Rhoads, late of Jenner Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, May 19, 1883, at the residence of the deceased.

LEVI BERKEY, Administrator.

april4

DREAM LIFE.

Listen, friend, and I will tell you,
Why I sometimes seem so glad,
Then, without a reason changing,
Soon become so grave and sad.

Half my life I live a beggar,
Ragged, helpless, and alone;
But the other half a monarch,
With my courtiers round my throne.

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new:
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.

While I live and feast on gladness,
Still I feel the thought remain,
This must soon end—nearer, nearer,
Comes the life of grief and pain.

While I live a wretched beggar,
One bright hope my lot can cheer
Soon, soon, thou shalt have thy kingdom,
Brighter hours are drawing near.

So you see my life is two-fold
Half a pleasure, half a grief;
Thus all joy is somewhat tempered,
And all sorrow finds relief.

Which you ask me, is the real life,
Which the dream—the joy or woe?
Hush, frind, it is little matter,
And indeed, I never know.

DESTROYING A WILL.

On the death of Colonel Laking, no one was more surprised at his not having left a will than Mr. Alfred Laking, his nephew and heir-at-law.

That gentleman had the best reasons for knowing that his uncle was not well disposed towards him—in fact, the Colonel had refused to have anything to do with him for some years past.

The truth was that Alfred Laking had once been guilty of an act of meanness, which his uncle never forgave, and therefore the fortunate heir had not expected to benefit by his uncle's death. But even outsiders, who knew nothing of the cause of the estrangement between the Colonel and his nephew, were amazed at the old gentleman dying intestate. He had so frequently expressed his determination of preventing his nephew from succeeding to his property and had made so many wills at different times with that object that his intestacy caused universal astonishment. It was generally supposed that his somewhat sudden death had frustrated his testamentary intention, or else that, at the last moment, he had realized the force of the old adage that blood is thicker than water, and had been content to permit his nephew to inherit it in the ordinary course of law.

But while Mr. Alfred Laking received the congratulations of his friends with equanimity, and apparently acquiesced in the general opinion that he was a very lucky individual, he did not by any means feel secure of his inheritance.

For the first few months after his uncle's death he was perpetually haunted by the dread that his elaborate precautions would be thrown away; but when a year had passed he began to breathe more freely. The chances were he thought, that if a will existed, it would have turned up by this time, or else it would probably rot away in its hiding place.

Thus by degrees the phantom conjured up by his pusillanimous imagination became less appalling; until one day his anxiety was revived by a very ominous incident.

A shabbily dressed, middle aged man called upon him and said he had an important communication to make. He gave the name of Crumber, and Alfred Laking then remembered that he was a clerk in the office of the solicitor whom he had employed to wind up his uncle's estate. This circumstance seemed reassuring, for Alfred Laking naturally supposed the man had been sent with some message from his master relating to business matters.

"I presume Mr. Baker asked you to call?" he said, nervously.

"No, sir. The fact is I left Mr. Baker's office some months ago. I am at present in another situation," he replied.

"What is your business, then?" inquired Mr. Laking, with increased uneasiness.

"I suppose we are quite alone, sir, and cannot be overheard?" said the man mysteriously.

"You can speak out, though I cannot imagine what you have to say that is so important," returned Mr. Laking, glancing to see that the door was closed.

"When I left Mr. Baker's office I took a situation with another solicitor," said Crumber, lowering his voice. "The Gentleman I am now with is Mr. Mayne, of Lincoln's innfields. I don't know whether you ever heard of him, sir."

Alfred Laking stared, and turned deadly pale.

He happened to know his uncle had consulted this gentleman professionally at a comparatively recent date, and he therefore instinctively guessed the nature of the revelation in store for him.

"No! I never heard of Mr. Mayne, and I don't believe my uncle did," he replied.

"Well, sir, you see your uncle did not always consult you about his affairs," returned Crumber, rather disrespectfully. "At any rate, he knew Mr. Mayne, who prepared a will for him shortly before he died, sir."

"How do you know?" demanded Alfred Laking, too startled to conceal his agitation.

"Because, I've seen it. I've not only seen it, but I've read it. Your name isn't mentioned in that will, Mr. Laking," said the man with a grin.

"A very fine story," said Alfred Laking, with a forced laugh. "Pray, how is it that Mr. Mayne has never written to inform me of the alleged will?"

"Because, in the first place, I doubt if he is aware of the Colonel's death; but, if he is, has probably forgotten that the Colonel left his will with him, for his memory isn't what it was," said he.

"I don't believe a word of what you say," he cried, suddenly rising from his seat and confronting the unwelcome visitor. "Your story is a tissue of falsehoods."

"I was afraid you might think so, sir, so I ventured to bring this will with me," said the man.

"What! you have actually stolen it?" cried Alfred Laking.

"I have it here, anyway," returned Crumber, coolly, as he produced a document from his pocket. "I can put it back where I took it from within an hour. Of course, it is no earthly use to me."

"Let me see it," said Alfred Laking, in a hoarse voice, seating himself in his chair again.

Crumber unfolded the document and glanced at it, apparently reflecting whether it would be wise to part with it. But after a pause he laid it on the desk, saying:

"I'm treating you like a gentleman, sir, you must promise to return it to me."

"Yes, yes," said Alfred Laking, stretching out his hand impatiently.

Some moments elapsed before the agitated gentleman could compose himself sufficiently to take in the contents of the will. He first turned to the final page, which bore the signature of the testator and the attesting witnesses.

So far as he could judge, the signatures were genuine, and the document had evidently been prepared several months ago, the edges of the paper being discolored and the ink faded. It was dated a few weeks before Colonel Laking's death, and was, therefore, in all probability the last will he had made. When he came to read it carefully, Alfred Laking's lingering hope that the document might be a forgery was quickly dispelled.

From internal evidence it was undoubtedly genuine, the names of various persons and places being mentioned which no stranger could have fabricated. The Colonel appeared to have left his property to some distant relatives, subject to a few charitable bequests. The nephew's name was not mentioned, and an old military friend was appointed executor.

Alfred Laking read the will over two or three time, keeping his face concealed from Crumber, who manifested a good deal of impatience. At length he aroused himself from his unpleasant reflections, folded up the fatal document, and fixed a half frightened, half defiant gaze upon his visitor.

"What do you propose to do with this?" he said, nervously.

"Well, sir, that depends upon you," replied Crumber. "If you advise me to put it back and remind the governor of it, well and good."

But Alfred Laking did not hasten to advise this straightforward course. He kept silent for a long time, fidgeting nervously with the document he held in his hand, and at length Crumber spoke.

"You see, sir, nobody knows of the will but you and me. Supposing we were to throw it upon the fire yonder, who would be the wiser?"

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" cried Alfred Laking, with a show of virtuous indignation. "It would be a criminal offense."

"I suppose you wouldn't split on me, sir, if I was to do it," suggested Crumber in a whisper. "The fact is, sir, I'm thinking of emigrating. I don't mind the risk. Give me a thousand pounds and the trick is done."

It was a sudden determination, taken half in desperation and half from sheer fright. The will was destroyed, and early the next morning Cumber started for America from Liverpool with £1,000 in gold in his pocket.

Alfred Laking went and saw him off, having in fact, declined to hand over the money until he was safely on board the ship.

Upon his return to London, feeling in spite of his misgiving, more relieved and light hearted than he had been since his uncle's death, his exhuberant spirits received a sudden check in consequence of the receipt of a letter from Mr. Mayne, which ran thus:

LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

SIR: I formerly acted professionally for your late uncle, Colonel Laking, and shall be glad if you will give me a call at your earliest convenience on a matter of importance.

Yours faithfully,

JNO. D. MAYNE.

Accordingly he presented himself at Mr. Mayne's office the morning after receiving the letter, looking very pale and nervous, though making every effort to appear at perfect ease.

"I wrote to you, Mr. Laking," said the old lawyer, when they had exchanged greetings, "because I have reason to believe that you received a communication from a man named Crumber?"

"No," murmured Alfred.

His answer appeared to cause Mr. Mayne some surprise, for the old gentleman stared at him through his spectacles for a second or two, and then said, sharply:

"Name of Crumber. The man was a clerk in my office until quite recently."

"Certainly not," repeated Alfred Laking. He intended his reply to be bold and emphatic but the atempt was a miserable failure. There was a quiver in his voice, and his eyes instinctively sought the carpet.

"A-hem!" coughed Mr. Mayne, in an unpleasantly significant manner. "The fact is, your uncle made a will shortly before he died, which he left in my charge; but a few days later he called and revoked it. He gave as his reason that he did not wish his animosity against you to continue after his death."

"You don't say that!" exclaimed Alfred Laking, with a start of genuine surprise.

"He revoked the will by tearing off the signatures on the last page," continued the lawyer, still looking his visitor in the face, "and the mutilated document being of course, mere waste paper, was tied to the draft and put away in an old press. This man Crumber, whom I discharged a few weeks ago for dishonesty, seems to have purloined the mutilated document, and thinking that he might meditate attempting to impose upon you, I conceived it to be my duty to warn you. He might, for instance, have restored the last page by means of forgery, and passed off the will upon you as valid and subsisting."

"The infernal scoundrel!" cried Alfred Laking, violently, forgetting his caution, when he thought of his thousand pounds.

"Yes, I'm afraid he is that," said the lawyer, dryly. "So you see, Mr. Laking, it was kindness thrown away on your part to take the trouble to send him off from Liverpool yesterday. I wish you a good morning, sir."

An Indian Winter Game.

The boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting sports. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the snow snake is one of the latter.

The snow snake, or ka-whant, as it is called in the Onondaga dialect, is made on the principle of a sleigh runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick, with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small notch. The under side is made flat and smooth, so as to slip easy over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown, it will slide for a long distance. To make it glide still more easily, the under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece of cloth until beautifully smooth and polished. The pointed end is furnished with a tip of lead or solder, sometimes of a fancy design.

The length and weight of the snow snake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young boys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest nearer the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an in inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighth or three-quarters of an inch. In throwing, the ka-whant is held at the smaller end by the thumb and first and second fingers.

At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga county, New York, where the winters are long and usually severe, the snow snake is a great favorite, and a continuous source of amusement. As soon as the jingle of the bells is heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished grooves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleigh tracks in small parties, throwing the ka-whant in the deep ruts, which it follows through every curve, skipping over the lumps of ice and other inequalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the snow snake. Although the beaten roadway is usually preferred, the snow snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is firm.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players. A line being drawn to mark the starting point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snow snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow snake bears its owner's mark, an arrow, cross or star, so that he readily recognizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these contrivances are thrown is almost incredible, skillful players sometimes making casts of nearly a quarter of a mile.

Should any of our readers attempt this game, they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snow snakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along the surface in the proper way. By digging along for a a distance of from twenty to fifty feet, the sticks may usually be discovered, while the slight difficulties of the art can soon be overcome by a little practice and experience.—*St. Nicholas.*

Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number. But it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes:

"It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgement and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others: to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity."

An Old Man's Belief.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years. I feel like another man since I used it. Am 66 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. Orner, Highspire, Pa.

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos. This will give American girls a chance to help mother hang out the clothes Monday afternoon.

The Garden.

Having read a great many hints in different newspapers on gardening, I thought perhaps a few suggestions from an old, experienced gardener might not come amiss to some of your readers who are contemplating having a nice vegetable garden the coming season. Now, one reason why I wish to give my views to the public in regard to my theory in gardening is this:

I am a firm believer in the moon's influence on vegetation. An experience of over thirty years has convinced me of these statements: If anyone wishes to grow a large crop of potatoes, let them be planted in the dark of the moon, and if the sign is in the feet, all the better; in my following this rule I have never failed in getting a large yield of potatoes. I raised last year on less than one-fourth acre of seeding 67 bushels of potatoes; they were planted in drills, the potatoes being cut in four pieces and ten inches apart, the rows being over three feet apart, no small ones among them.

To raise good cabbage, sow the seed in a box, up from the ground, in rich loam and Fossil Marl; sow none but the largest seed. Put your seed in the ground in the full moon, when the sign is in the head for early. Sow the seed in this month for winter use, and krout, in May. When cabbage are transplanted never press the earth around the roots. Sprinkle a little salt around all of the plants three or four times during the season, and hoe often when the ground is damp. Cauliflower should be treated the same as cabbage.

To grow beets, mangowortssells, carrots, parsnips, turnips, radishes, and all kinds of root vegetables, select largest seed; plant in the dark of the moon, with the sign in the feet. In transplanting beets and turnips, pick off all the large leaves from the plants. Never press the earth around the roots.

To grow peas, plant in the full of the moon; cover four inches deep. When large enough, hoe and bush in, covering deep. Pea vines do not die as soon as when covered shallow.

Tomato seeds should be sown in the full of the moon, sign in the heart. My plan is to scoop out as many flat turnips as I want plants, fill the hollows with leaf mold, plant in each, one, two or three seeds. Place the turnips in a box and fill in between with damp sawdust; this keeps the plants moist. When well up, pull out all but one plant. When transplanted, set turnip and all out. In case that you have no turnips, make boxes of brown paper and flour paste.

To grow cucumbers, pumpkins, melons, squash and citrons—all these should be planted in the full of the moon, in soil well mixed with rotten manure. Watermelon, squash and citron seed should be soaked at least twelve hours in warm water before planting. All these seeds should be stuck in the hill, peaked end down. Cucumbers and muskmelons should be planted one inch deep. Watermelon, citron and squash, two inches.

Gardeners observing these rules will be sure to profit thereby.

Asking a Blessing.

There is nothing which is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask God to bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can convert it into a most sad calamity, or His smile exalt it into a most memorable mercy; and there is nothing we can do, but its complexion for weal or woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it. It is said Matthew Henry, that no journey was ever taken, or any subject or course of sermons entered upon, no book committed to the press, or any trouble apprehended or felt, without a particular application to the mercy seat for direction, assistance and success. * * It is recorded of Cornelius Winter, that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance. A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three maxims of his father's, the last and best of which was, "Always pray for your patients."—*Dr. J. Hamilton.*

Making Good Butter.

Butter is finished in the dairy but is not made there. The Stamp of the dairywoman puts the gold in market form; but the work must be commenced in the field or in the feeding stables; and this leads at once to the consideration of feeding for butter. During the early, sunny summer months, when nature is profuse of favors, there is little to be done beyond accepting her bounty. The tender grasses are full of nutrition, and they afford the constant supply of moisture without which the secretion of milk is greatly lessened. Yet, at this season, as well as all others, a pure supply of water is absolutely necessary. It does not meet the requirement if cattle have a wet hole full of surface drainage in the pasture, or a frog pond. While it is not probable that the tadpoles and wrigglers sometimes found is city milk have been drank by the thirsty cow, many infusions do exist in such pools that are hardly eliminated or rendered entirely harmless by the wonderful milk secretions of the animal. The cattle should drink from spring-fed boxes; and as often at these, under a hot sun, are sent to produce green growth or floating scum, a pail of course sale may be put in, and the current checked until the fresh water growth are killed; the salt water is then drawn off, and for a long time the trough will remain pure and the water bright.

That poor bedridden, invilid wife, sister, mother, or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? when so easily cured!

Forests and Floods.

Many sersons assume that a great flood Contradicts the theory that cutting away forests causes exceptionally low water in the denuded country.

The truth is, the destruction of the woods weans water courses to run extraordinarily low and high, according to the season.

In 1881 we had the lowest water ever known in the Ohio, and to-day we have the highest water ever known. These extremes equally illustrate the theory we urge upon the attention of the people.

The reasons are perfectly distinct, a mass of mountains on the Allegheny, Monongahela or Kanawha Let us suppose them clothed with trees from foot to crown, and with underbrush and mosses, with beds of half-decayed leaves, resting upon soil that represents deposits of leaves and vegetable growth for thousands of years. Each mountain is an enormous sponge. The rain may fall for days, and the greater part is absorbed, saturating the soil, the grass, the leaves, lingering in the bushes and the trees. The half-decayed logs will hold barrels of water, and for weeks after a heavy rain the moisture is trickling away in thousands of flush springs.

Cut away the trees—the underbrush perishes, the moss is dried up, the soil washed away and the rocks are exposed. The rains descend, and the mountains shed the water like the roofs of houses. All that falls makes its way into the torents at once.

Take a thousand mountains at the head-water of the Ohio and reduce them to barrenness, and it follows that the river is lower in drp weather and higher in wet weather, and more and more subject to extremes of high and low water.

Disastrous as the flood is to-day—unprecedented as it is—intelligennt people must be aware that very slight changes in the atmospheric phenomena of the last fortnight would have given us a still more formidable river. The rise that is so wonderful comes from three rainstorms—extending over a week—and the sudden frost after the second rain prevented the advance of the waters from being much more rapid than it has been.

Europe is suffering more from floods than in former generations. They are the elearly traced results of the destruction of forests, and made more destructive by a system of levees that are equally false and futile. The experience of Hungary and Northern Italy is especially instructive.

The preservation of mountains from destruction; that is, from becoming utterly barren—a desolation of rocks—is a duty that public safety demands.

The greater part of Switzerland would have been uninhabitable long ago it it had not been for the systematic cultivation and preservation of forests. There are many mountain sides in Switzerland that are wonderfully supported by trees and shrubbery, cared for with a full appreciation of their importance.

The wasteful, reckless cutting of trees, and carelessness, or worse, in burning away wood lands, must stop, for it is a public mischief. Forest culture in the mountains is needed; and the whole trouble is not in the higher lands. The hillside must be cared for, as well. There is a way for plowing them that is conservative—and when there is a tendency to wash they should be supported by grasses. Here the rotation of crops comes in, the preservation of brooks by the cultivation of willows, the restoration of land that is growing ragged under the rains by the native forest trees, or, if the case is bad, trees of quick growth. A magnificent forest of black locust can be raised from the sprouts in from fifteen to twenty years.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Half a Million for a Chicken.

I shall never forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranche kept by an old lady who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now chickens were considered officers' meat, and, as we were infernally hungry, we went for those hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed, she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's voice clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about. When we told him, he said:

"Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her."

Acting on the hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before with $4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpet sack and marched to the house.

"Madam," said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you $500,000 to quit this noise."

It was still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded into a a broad smile. I laid the package of notes on the table, and I never saw so delighted a woman.—*Gov. E. Murray in a War Story.*

A Scottdale man shot at a dog and paid $40 for a French plate window glass which was broken by his wayward bullet.

Religion in the Bends.

A correspondent of the New York Evening *Post*, writing from Chicot, Ark., on the religion of the Southern negro, says the exegesis of the Scriptures by some of these black pastors will be new to the most advancen theologians. A sermon, for instance' of local celebrity among the dusky race here, is preached by one of their elders on "de horse a prairie' in de valley," and opens somewhat as follows: "Dis horse of de Scriptur," bredderin, I figurate to be de oster (ostrich). Dis oster laid five eggs in de desert, cubbered dem in de san' for de sun of glory to hatch out, den went off to hide 'hind a stone. Dese eggs, bredderin, was de seeds of de church, least I figurate dey was. But five Arabs, who were de persecutors ob de church, wanted to smash dem eggs. So dey try to seek dem out, and drove de poor oster thro' de valley of Jehosophat. Dey corner dat poor oster at de head ob de valley, and think they hab him suah, but suddenly de oster rose high in de mid air and laugh dose wicked Arabs to scorn. De egg dey den hatch out, and so, bredderin, came de seeds ob de church to bear fruit. The description by the pastor of the "oster's" chase thro' the valley—the preacher all the while flapping his arms rooster fashion—was an immense sensation in its way.

There is one sad side to negro religion as manifested in the Bends. The universal testimony of the planter is that it demoralizes the negro far more than it leads him into the path of virtue. Some morality is preached, but the bulk of the sermonizing consists of distorted imagery, exciting for the moment, but more hurtful than healthful to ignorant minds; while the church is too often used as a cloak for most abominable licentiousness. A preacher in these localities, as a rule, amounts to nothing as a laborer in the field, and they are very doubtful moralists.

The Harvest Fly, or Seventeen Year Old Locusts.

The year 1883 is the one in which the harvest fly, or seventeen year old locusts should make their appearance, having been here in 1866. These peculiar insects usually appear at intervals of seventeen years, and it is generally supposed that life is prolonged in an imperfect state for that length of time. Accidental circumstances no doubt accelerate or retard their maturity, and in some parts of the country they appear to a greater or less extent every year. In the perfect state the harvest fly is of a black color, the veins and edge of its transparent wings being orange red. Near the tips of the covers there is clearly defined a zigzag line in the form of the letter "W." which superstition has supposed to indicate an approaching war. The eyes are of a dull red, and the wings and the body and legs are of a dark orange. The expanse of the wings is about two and a half inches. The perfect insect emerges from the ground from February to the middle of June, according to the warmth of the season. They come in immense swarms, and make a drumming sound from morning till night. As they live only a few weeks the damage done by them is comparatively small, and as they appear at long intervals they are not regarded with much fear.

A Touching Love Letter.

Dearest Amelia—My love is stronger than the smell of coffee, patent butter or the kick of a young cow. Sensations of exquisite joy go thro' me like cohorts of ants through an army cracker and caper over my heart like young goats on a stable roof. I feel as though I could lift myself by my boot straps to the height of a church steeple, or like an old stage horse in a green pasture. As the mean pup hankers after sweet milk, so do I hanker after your presence. And as the goslin swimmeth in the mud puddle, so do I swim in a sea of delightfulness when you are near me. My heart flops up and down like a churn dasher, and my eyes stand open like cellar doors in a country town; and if my love is not reciprocated I will pine away and die like a poisoned bedbug, and you can came and catch a cold on my grave.

Green Lice on House Plants.

Last winter I was much troubled with green fly upon my tea roses. I dipped the plants in hot water, in tobacco water, smoked them, and in spite of all the lice would increase. The present season I have overcome them, and my roses are blooming, and the foliage beautiful and vigorous. This was effected in the following manner:

A five cent paper of chewing tobacco was steeped in one quart of hot water, and a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur was added. After twenty-four hours steeping and shaking, the liquor was strained into a quart jar and kept in the flower stand. A rather stiff, small paint brush was dipped in the liquid, and the young shoots and other parts of the plants were brushed with it, removing the lice from the brush by dipping it in a tin of hot water. By going over the plants three times, in about three weeks they were completely freed from the pests, and I have seen none since.

Blown to Pieces.

MUNCIE, Ind., April 11.—Charles Rhoads and Beach Tinsley to-day started for the country carrying a can of hercules powder. When they had reached a point half a mile from town the can exploded, tearing Rhoades to pices and fatally injuring Tinsley.

The average servant girl doesn't believe in pouring oil on the troubled waters; she'd rather pour it on the troubled fire.

An exchange says it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. That's why a woman always feels better after attending sewing society.

A boy asked his father the meaning of tempus fugit. The old gentleman said he didn't know certain, but it was something about flytime.

An Illinois girl imagines herself to be an angel. She is probably innocent enough to believe all that the fellows tell her when they come around sparking.

The harbingers of spring have made their appearance, and can be seen almost any day seated on a dry goods box in front of the stores, whittling soft pine.