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Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.
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april82

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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.
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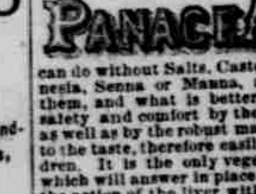

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Successors to Fahrney's Bros. & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS
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OLE SISTER MARY.

Ole Sister Mary drapped her pride,
An' all at once got sanctified,
An' when she fell down, for ter pray,
She tuck up wings an' flew away.
Oh, take off your coat, po' sinner man,
An' pray ter de Lawd as fas as yer can.

Ole Sister Mary, when she riz,
Shuck her leg at the rheumatiz,
An' flew way ober de turnip patch,
On her way to lift de heabenly latch.
Oh, git on the groun', po' sinner man,
An' make a move ter jine de ban'.

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ONLY A DREAM.

A richly furnished room in one of the principal streets of London. West End.

Its inmates were a beautiful woman, a handsome but somewhat haggard looking man.

The latter stood opposite the mirror, and though his face was turned toward it, he seemed to experience no great satisfaction at the countenance that met his gaze,

The two had evidently been arguing some point, for the woman's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were humid.

"Do you think I would forego my engagements for a foolish dream?" he asked.

"To please me, dear Ralph. You seldom do anything to please me of late," she pleaded.

"Bah! Look at your wardrobe," was his response.

"Oh, dresses and money—yes, but I counted upon more than that when I left my father's home. Consider, I gave up everything."

"Yes; and when will you cease to taunt me about it?"

"Oh, Ralph, I never taunt you—at least, I never mean to. Forgive me, I am thoughtless at times. You know I love you; but don't you suppose I see"—and the charming face grew more eloquent as the dark eyes were brimmed with tears—"that you never cared for me as I cared for you? There, don't look that way. Only listen to me this once, stay at home only to-day. Lisetta is coming, and the poor girl will think it so strange if you are not here to welcome her. To-morrow the danger will be passed, to-morrow I shall be happy again."

"A woman's whim," he responded, slowly drawing on his gloves. "The thing is simply impossible. I made the engagement. Besides, I am out of funds, and you know what that means to me, I may say to us, while in these very, very expensive apartments."

"Ralph, you know I would willingly go into the meanest——"

"Oh, stop, stop! No more of that. I know that you don't know anything about it. You never lived in a mean place in your life. You never had a wish ungratified, even since you have known me, I am proud to say, and you never shall. That is why I must go out to-night."

"Oh, Ralph, stop this way of living. I will be poor with you, live in lodgings, leave these splendid miseries, go anywhere, and love you to the end, if you will give it up."

"You forget that I am prejudiced against hard work," he said, turning half aside. "I need a fortune at my back with my luxurious tastes and my beggarly experience. I thought I should have one, but there I was mistaken."

"Yes, but who knows what may happen? My father loved me once, there is no one to take my place, let us try—"

Then, frightened at the forbidding expression of his face as he turned upon her, she sank back, only adding:

"If you would only stay home today—to-night. Oh, if you knew how fearfully real that dream was!"

"Why, did I shoot you or myself, wife?" he asked, coolly. "Did I scatter my brains (quite an unnecessary commodity in my business) all over the floor? Bah! what weak things women are. I have had occasion to remark that before."

"Then you will go! You will not heed?"

"I will go. I will not heed you."

"Then, Ralph, good by; I shall never see you alive."

He burst into a low, musical laugh.

"Ah, my dear, there's an easy way to fill my purse. When that is full of the hard, yellow rocks——"

She made a gesture of despair and hid her face in her hands.

"If this is to be our last interview, hadn't we better play a little at the sentimental? Shall I kiss you at parting?"

She sprang up and flung her arms about his neck, bursting into a passion of tears.

"No nonsense," he said, almost angrily, as he disengaged himself from her embrace.

"You will never speak to me that way again," she said, with an emphasis so mournful that it startled even him.

"What was the dream?" he asked, almost in spite of himself. "I can at least hear it; but I shall not heed it, remember."

"It is not much to tell, only"—and she looked up with a shudder—"the horror of it, the horror that never leaves me. I dreamed that you were in a room that seemed to me to be the apartment of a palace, it was so exquisitely furnished. It was an oblong room, and pictures and statuary and hangings that glittered with gold, and panels painted in the most exquisite colors, met my sight everywhere. I did not stop to look at these things, however. My attention was rivited on a long table richly draped in red. It did not seem a dinner and yet there were men and women seated along both sides and you were in the centre. Suddenly, I saw at your back a tall, thin, evil looking man, whose face held a terrible fascination. He seemed to be full of power, and his eyes gleamed and darted fire, like the eyes of a basilisk. The awful eyes were fixed on you, following your every movement. I tried to warn you, but my tongue seemed powerless to move, and my limbs were palsied. Oh, how these evil eyes followed you! And presently I saw what broke the spell of my silence—that in one hand he held a shining dagger, and was only waiting his opportunity to strike you to the heart."

"At last"—she rose from the chair, white as death—"at last the blow fell and at that moment the clock struck, it was striking when I waked up, but the hands seemed to stand at a quarter of three. I screamed but you never heard me nor saw me, and then I awoke."

"And whose was the face?" he asked.

If he felt any emotion as he listened to her description of a place he only knew too well, he gave token of none.

"How can I tell except to describe it? A narrow, high forehead, black curling hair, eyes brighter than diamonds, a look of assured power, thin, but handsome lips, tall, sinuous. Ah, I shall never forget that man—never."

"No. He don't let people forget him, once they have seen him," her husband said, and then looked up with a keen, almost frightened glance as he still stood smoothing his hat with his gloved hand.

"Oh, then, you know him? My dream means something. Now you will stay, oh, Ralph, you will stay?" she added, with supplicating voice and eyes.

"Indeed I will not stay," he made answer impassively. "I'll go if only to show you of what intangible stuff dreams are made. So farewell, and forget—all you can," he added in a lower voice and somewhat impressively. "If you don't see me again, why, farewell, and meet your fate as bravely as you meet me."

He went out humming and laughing, leaving his wife sitting motionless, a nameless horror in her eyes, a faintness at her heart that she could not conquer.

How much she had dared, how much she had done for that handsome, wayward man.

How dearly she had loved him, how fervently she believed in him. And even yet it seemed to her that if only once she could compel that better self of his to come out into the light she might yet save him from the curse that seemed hovering over him.

She believed in her dream, rather vision, she called it; and now he had gone to his doom, leaving her to suffer alone.

There was nothing to be done but to endure her lonelinesss. If she could but have followed him, as a strange yearning possessed her to do now. But how? He had taken a cab at the door, and she was not hardy enough to venture out, particularly as a thick fog had suddenly sprung up, obscuring the streets.

For some moments she walked the room, her hands clasped, her breast heaving with emotion.

"To be in this great city alone!" she murmured, "and he leaves me so often alone."

She went to the grand piapo and struck a few chords wildly; they seemed only to recoil in sound against her heart.

She took up a dainty violin, but the tones held no melody for her now.

Suddenly the door was thrown open.

"A lady," said the pompous servant, with a doubtful glance at the veiled figure.

Mrs. Forester came forward with a cry of almost rapture.

Anyone who would have been welcome in that supreme hour, how welcome then his sister, whom she had never seen before.

"I thought Ralph would have been at the depot," said the young girl, after her wraps had been taken off.

"You don't know what a time I had finding you. I am afraid he is by no means a model husband," she added, laughing, little knowing what pain she gave. "He used to think we girls never needed him, but, indeed, I think he should have met me."

"He would, I think, but for an engagement that called him away," said Mrs. Forester, a sudden pain at her heart.

Now perhaps she could while away the hours of that dreadful evening.

"How pretty you are, and what lovely rooms," said the young girl, looking about her. "Do you make tea yourself?"

"Oh, yes, always, Ralph likes the tea I make better than any other."

"But you're not happy," thought the girl. "I'm afraid you'r neither of you happy. Shall I sing for you. They say I have a very good voice."

"Above all things I should like to hear you sing, if you will not mind my walking about. I am restless this evening."

"Of course, walk all you please, and I will see if I am in good voice. It was such a dreadful voyage, and I am to make my appearance in public to-morrow night."

The evening passed wearily away to Mrs. Forester. Hour after hour she looked for her husband, who sometimes, if he had a run of luck, came home early. An indefinable anxiety weighed her down.

As for the little Lissetta, she used all her efforts to amuse her. There were so many beautiful things to see and talk about, that she would not listen to any excuses for retiring.

"I don't usually go to bed till 12," she said, "and sometimes a good deal later. Do you think Ralph has gone to the theatre?"

"I am quite sure he has not."

There came a knock at the door. Lisetta opened it, hoping to see her brother; then looked back with a white, scared face, as she said in a hoarse whisper:

"He says—they've—brought—him home."

"Dead!" shrieked the wife, and mercifully fell senseless.

It was well she did. She did not see that ghastly burden, nor hear the decision of the surgeon who was called in, that the man was dead.

When she came to herself Lisetta was weeping over her, and the landlady deploring that such a dreadful thing should happen to her respectable mansion.

"Lisetta, don't leave me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"Never, dear, I am so glad I was with you."

"And he—oh, my husband!"

"Hush, dear!" and the girl fell sobbing on her bosom.

"I must go and see him," said her sister, lifting herself from the lounge where she had fallen.

"Not for worlds!" was the agonized reply.

"I tell you I will. I am his wife. You shall never keep me from his side."

"But, my dear, there are watchers there."

"It makes no difference. I must see my husband. Have they had a doctor?"

"Yes."

"And there is no hope?"

"No hope, dear."

"Dead! Is my Ralph dead? Oh, my darling, my idol! God has indeed punished me."

She went slowly into the room beyond. How still and stark and white, that figure under the white sheet.

Two men sat by the open bay window, keeping each other's spirits up. They were smoking and that pungent odor seemed to offend her very much.

"How very little they care," she sighed.

Lisetta had followed her only to the door, then shrank back, leaving the woman alone.

"Oh, my darling! if you had only listened to me!" she moaned, as she turned down the covering. "Why wouldn't you?"

She leaned over, fixing her eyes on the pallid face.

Long and steadily she gazed, holding her breath, both hands pressed over her breast, as if to restrain the rapid pulsation of her heart.

The moments passed. Once she looked up at the clock. It wanted a quarter to three, and then, throwing herself on her knees, she took her position close to the body, and watched, and watched with strained eyes.

What did she see? The men had flung their cigars out of the window and changed their places, looking in awe at the strange tableau. The man seemed marble on the bed, the woman seemed marble at his side.

"Hush!" she said, with uplifted finger.

Then one cry rang through the room that brought every body in the house to the room.

"There is life here! I tell you!" cried the wife, hoarsely and rapidly. "Run, one of you for help. He is not dead. Go quickly, waste no time, for who knows, who knows? Oh, fly, fly for help!"

Both watchers left the room precipitately.

Others came in, and with careless, pitying words, mocked her hopes.

"I care not if he is cold, rigid, senseless, there is life there, I saw it. Bring me fire, a coal, anything that burns, and see if his flesh does not blister."

And still they did not believe her. Two surgeons came, by that time they had applied the test, and behold the dead man opened his eyes.

Terrible was the story he told when at last they roused him from that deathlike trance. He had been conscious every moment from the time they pronounced him dead.

When his wife came he felt the deadly torpor stealing over his senses, but her voice, her lamentation, her close watch, revived and heartened him, and he made almost superhuman efforts to show her that he was not dead.

That close watching saved him and made him another man. To the wife he had slighted, wronged, insulted, he owed his life, and he had manliness enough to remember and confess it.

His wound healed rapidly, and when, a month later, they were recalled to America, on the death of Mrs. Forester's father, he was able to accompany her.

A late repentance had resulted in the alteration of the will in their favor, and Forester found himself in possession of the wealth he had so long coveted.

But more to him than all the riches that now poured in upon him was the love that had so guarded and restored him, and of which he found himself unworthy.

The gambler, who had been accused more than once of unfair dealing by Ralph Forester, and whose losses had kindled an animosity long cherished against his victim, till it resulted in a blow from the dagger of his assassin, was never heard from, though a reward was offered for his arrest.

Lisetta was sent by her brother to Italy, where she is still pursuing her studies, and bids fair to astonish the world with her marvelous voice.—*Mrs. M. A. Denison.*

Protecting His Character.

Entering the shop of his tailor the other day, he said:

"Sir, I owe you sixty dollars."

"Yes, sir."

"And I have owed it for a year or more."

"You have."

"And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding that debt."

"I think so."

"Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve two cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the twenty four cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.

Fifty-two thousand pupils were in the line of march last week, on the occasion of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union. After parading the streets of the city the children returned to the various schools, where they were served with refreshments.

George A. Pearre, Associate Judge of the Circuit Court of Alleghany Circuit, Md., was found dead in bed at Hagerstown, Tuesday morning of last week.

Ambushed Apaches.

Dark telegraphic head-lines have recently told the people of the more settled and secure portions of our country that the skulking Apaches had again begun their raid of murder and outrage, with the prospect that they would continue in their horrible enjoyment until, pursued and pressed by bands of suffering settlers, they sneak back to the fostering protection of their reservation, to laugh over the rage of their pursuers, stopped on the sacred precincts of San Carlos by solid columns of United States troops. To one who has seeen the broad, black line of misery and distress that marks the passage of these devils over the country of New Mexico, Arizona and Sonora, or has climbed the mountain trails, dotted at every quarter of a mile with little piles of pebbles, the graves of Indian victims, more affecting and appealing in their loneliness than the most aspiring tomb of marble; or has ridden to the little hacienda through the thousands of fertile acres, and looked in vain for the contented people that should have filled the adobe houses, and the bands of cattle that should have dotted the hills; to such a one the diffidence and apathy of the people of the North to the sufferings of those of the Northwest seems almost cruel. To us the news of an Indian outbreak is but the unrolling of our daily paper and a glance at the disjointed and inadequate telegraphic accounts.

Down on the "line" a town is startled by the sound of a galloping mustang, and the weary courier, wounded, perhaps covered with blood, stops in the main street, and from his saddle tells the old story of cowardly surprise and horrible massacre. Then comes the mustering of troops, the distribution of rations, all with methodical slowness, and from fifteen to twenty hours after the escort reaches the spot only to find the multilated bodies of the victims. Miserable experience has shown how futile are the slow movements, the martinet regulations and the customary tactics of the regulars to cope with the Apache "brave," if we can use such a misnomer. These cowards, unlike the noble of their race, the Sioux and the Indians of the plains, never attack unless the destruction of their victim is certain and their own escaped assured. Against such enemies the bravery of our troops avails nothing, and they are like men stung by invisible insects. Apache pick them off from his secure hiding-place. In this fighting the Mexican troops have had a greater success, not from superior courage, but because they fight the Indian with his own tactics. To them belongs the honor of having struck the Apache raiders the only mortalstroke that they have received for many along year. To-day the most admired military man in Northern Mexico is Col. Garcia and his popularity rests on a single success, known as the "Surprise of the Dasa Grande.' No full account of this affair has been published in the North, and in view of the recent excitement a circumstantial one to not but have interest. Within four weeks last past the writer had the good fortune to travel one hundred miles—from the town of Oposura to the heart of the Siera Madre Mountains—with Colonel Garcia, commanding about 500 men, and on his way to the Rio Aros country, where he hoped to surprise some Indian villages. It was after a long day's march over thirty-five miles of a mountain trail, along which the slow, serpentine file of the troops in their white, Turco-looking costumes could be seen encircling and winding in gracefull curves for a mile or more. The bugle han at last sounded the greatful hault for the night, and the men stacked their arms and camped on a rolling hillock, where the country could be seen for miles around. On each corner of the square in which the troops camped was lighted a fire, and in the center stood the solitary tent of the colonel. Here, thanks to Mexican hospitality, were grouped our party of two Americans, the commanding officer and the captains. The bright fires showed the Mexican women engaged in making the "tortillas" and cooking "frijoles" for the scanty meal. The soldiers, forgetful to the day's fatigue and regardless of tomorrow's danger, were some arguing over the trifles that among them always can provoke ardent discussion, and others chanting with great display and little musical effect some fervent love song. At interlals the rythmatical "Uno," "Dos, "Tres," "Quartro," of the tireless picket sentinel rang out clearly. The conversation lagged around the fire, and the moment seemed opportunity to get an account from the actors themselves of the Mexican victory at Casa Grande.

To our request Colonel Garcia said that he had been witness to only part of the engagement. "But you, Captain," he said, turning around, "were in the midst of it." The officer spoken to was a tall, slim young man, with the beautiful eyes and delicate, girl-like features so often seen among our tropical neighbors. He, courteously drawing his "serape" a little closer, and lighting a fresh cigarette, began: "You must know that not long since we were scouting with four companies near the "dead line," between Chihuahua and New Mexico. The heat for days had been excessive, and our search after the wily Apache fruitless. The men were dispirited, and, their provisions being exhausted, the Colonel demanded our return to the mountains and the nearest town. It was a typical tropical day, and the men moved silently under the scorching sun. The ground itself, shaded by the scanty "mesquite," seemed to suffer from the heat. We had traveled since daylight, and about noon reached where the trail began to climb the mountains through a narrow canon. Here one of our Badispe scouts, who had been riding in the rear of the file, spurred his Indian pony along the train, and reaching the colonel pointed to a cloud of red dust on the horizon, saying: "The Apaches!" The column of dust was ten miles off, but our scout was a faithful one, and we trusted to his warning. Entering the pass the men were directed to climb the sides of the canon and hide themselves. How quietly they lay, almost cleft to the rocks, fearing almost to stir in the dread that the cunning Indian nature would scent the trap and balk the ambush. Almost every man had some murder to avenge, some outraged to pay. In two hours the Apaches came hurrying along to the number of 160 warriors, and the squaws following, driving the stolen stock. To us the haste of the Indians was a mystery, but looking again we saw, about two hours behind, the American troops in hot pursuit. But the pursued imagined themselves safe, as they had reached the mountains. Unsuspectingly they crowded through the pass until our bugle gave the signal for the first volley. For one moment the Indians stood astounded, but then their wild nature came to the rescue. With one accord each man sprang to the nearest cover, a rock or stump. It was useless. Our men were perched above them, and for four hours every Apache head that showed itself below was a target for a dozen rifles. To us it was a day of reckoning for years of violence, and each man's aim became steadier as he thought of some murdered brother or friend. Gradually the fire from the bed of the canon ceased, except from one spot. There, sheltered and intrenched behind bowlders and safe from our rifles, lay seven of the Apache chiefs. The bayonet was our only recourse for dislodging them. Four times the bugle sounded the charge; three times were our men driven back, and every time the unerring Indians claimed one dead soldier each. On the fourth charge our men swarmed over the rocks from all sides, and their bayonets tossed the bodies of the hated enemies in the air. From that fight but twelve of the Indians were supposed to have made their escape. We killed in all perhaps 170 men and women; but no loss inflicted on them repaid us for the killing of our thirty-two brave men. Both the fate of those victims and the fate of countrymen who went before them shall be remembered in the Mexican army until not one living Apache pollutes the fair face of our country." As the officer stoped he rose and left the fire. For a moment silence hung over the party, until Coloned Garcia, turning to us with a smile, said: "Our young friend does not look like a person who could be very blood-thirsty or savage." "No," we answered. "We would, on the contrary say he had a nature that was particularly gentle and sympathetic." "Yet," continued the colonel, "in that same slaughter that boy threw aside his repeating rifle, came out from ambush, and, climbing to the edge of the precipice, lifted large rocks and dashed out the brains of the squaws and papooses crouched in the canon below. He received two bullet-wounds, and I was compelled to send three of the men to compel him to retire to shelter. His two brothers were killed a year since by the Apaches, and he has sworn revenge." Who of us can say that his provocation was not great, and his claim of justificatiyn wrong?

Divorce While Abroad.

Argument will be heard in Philadelphia Court next Saturday upon a rule issued to Major Azor H. Nickerson to show cause why a divorce obtained from his wife Memma should not be set aside and alimony allowed. Major Nickerson, who is a resident of Washington, obtained his divorce in this city last April, and three days after married Miss Carter, a Baltimore belle. The application was supported by an affidavit of the former wife charging Major Nickerson with fraud and perjury. It is alleged that the Major had a residence in this city for fourteen months, although he was here only eleven times, and during that period the divorce was applied for and obtained. The first Mrs. Nickerson is a near relative of the historian Bancroft. She met Major Nickerson about twelve years ago while living with her mother in California, and married her there. According to Mrs. Nickerson's affidavit she went to Europe with her daughter in 1880, at her husband's solicitation, and while there Major Nickerson took up his residence in this city and procured the divorce.

About three months ago Mrs. Nickerson received a dispatch from her mother, informing her that her husband had obtained a divorce and married again. Mrs. Nickerson, horrified by the news, immediately returned to America, arriving in Philadelphia last Friday. She found that her husband had obtained the divorce on the ground of disertion. No personal service had been made upon her, and the necessary advertisement in the newspaper had not come to her notice. By an outrageous custom prevailing in the civil Courts of this city it is charged that the proceedings were conducted with the greatest secrecy. The allegations made in the libel the divorced wife pronounces false. Mr. Coleman, the examiner, says that a strong case was made out. Silas W. Pettit, who was Major Nickerson's counsel, declares that he took every precaution to see that no legal or moral wrongs was done. Major Nickerson was retired from the army, at his own request, about a year ago, on account of wounds received during the war, and since 1878 has been a member of the fashionable clubs of Washington, where he resided.

ALMOST AS BAD.

Hop Bitters Co., Toronto.

I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me. I am well and able to work, and eat and sleep well. I cannot say too much for Hop Bitters.—Simon Robbins.

Dydia E. Pinkham began business by manufacturing medicine in a teakettle.

Miscellaneous Items.

Snow fell at Lynchburg, Va., on Tuesday night. The crops are damaged in that section.

C. F. Huntington, a lawyer from Bradford, Pa., committed suicide in New Orleans last week.

Walter Evans, who succeeds Gen. Raum, was a prospective candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

Senator Cameron's Washington residence has been leased to Representative Washburn, of Minnesota.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the American postal service bill in a slightly modified form.

Most of the Treasury girls at Washington are said to have their salaries mortgaged three months ahead.

Smallpox of a virulent type has broken out in the Lancaster county prison, and the institution has been placed in quarantine.

The Keystone Lock Works, owned by Fraime Bros., at Lancaster, this State, were destroyed by fire last Wednerday. Loss, $12,000.

Dean Bradley has made arrangements to place the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, between the tombs of Chaucer and Dryden.

Dorsey, the Star Router, wears a polka dot shirt, standing collar, and sportish looking clothes generally. He is a great story teller, and always has a bevy of congenial spirits around him.

Abram Hackman, the postmaster at Pipersville, Pa., pleaded guilty on Tuesday before Judge Butler to the charge of using postage stamps the second time, and pocketing the proceeds. Sentence was deferred.

A Scotch parson said somewhat sarcastically of a hard drinker, that "he puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without anything."

There is a justice of the peace in Allamakee county, Iowa, whose marriage formula is this: "Them as this court has joined together let no man put asunder, but let little children come unto them, so help me God."

An Iowa editor, being asked by a correspondent if hogs paid, looked over his subscription list, and decided that they do not. The treasurer of one of the Boston churches has come to the same conclusion.—*Boston Traveler.*

The large tunnel on the Low Grade Division of the West Penn Railroad, in Bell township, Westmoreland county, is nearly finished. It is expected that trains will be running through the tunnel by the first of July.

General Brady, one of the principal characters of the Star Route business is a big man of 45 years, with a coarse, beefy frame, round head, animal features, thick neck, red face, cold, blue eyes, small nose and heavy jaw.

Missouri people generally approve the high license law of the State, which makes the minimum license fee for selling liquor $550, and the maximum $1,200 per year, the courts having discretion to fix the fee at any intermediate sum.

The Attorney General has given an opinion that under the provisions of the act approved May 3, 1883, no tax can be collected on the capital and deposits of national banks since January, 1883, and no tax on the capital and deposits of State banks or private bankers since December 1, 1882.

Colonel M. S. Quay, while in Philadelphia, said that none of the delegates of that city to the Republican Convention were instructed, nor had they been approached. He also asserted that "we had one Democratic victory too many, and it is now proposed to nominate a ticket that can win."

When the color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in nearly all cases restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known.

Aaron Burr's original commission as attorney at law, signed by Chief Justice Richard Morris, of New York, February 1, 1782, is now in the relic room of the Ohio State House. It is written on vellum, eight and a half by ten inches in size, and bears a red wax seal with the motto "Laudem vincit."

Last Wednesday the Postmaster General issued an order discontinuing the postoffice at Benton, Minn., on the ground that the business transacted would not justify its continuance. This office was established in 1836, and the postmaster who is to be guillotined by this order, has been the incumbent since that time.

One of the curious freaks of the Southern cyclone was on the farm of Henry Glendenning, where a locust tree about a foot in diameter was turned half around, leaving it standing otherwise apparently unharmed. A mortise hole through the body, which before the storm opened to the east and west, now stands north and south.

Cumberland municipal election resulted in the election to Council of Messrs. E. W. Griffith, First ward; John Schiller, Second; George Murtz, Third; Levi Shaw, Fourth; J. A. Martin, Fifth, and Peter Kelly, Sixth. Murtz, Martin and Kelly are Democrats, and were in the last Council. The balance are Republicans. The new Council will contain seven Democrats and four Republicans, four of the former and one of the latter holding over. The Republicans have gained one Councilman.

The three story brick building used as a tenement factory, located at Nos. 1212, 1214 and 1216 Marshall street, Philadelphia, with its contents, was partially destroyed by fire last Tuesday, involving a loss of $15,000. The first floor was occupied by Wm. Howard, box manufacturer, the second by Welliver & Weist for the manufacture of signs and scroll saws, and the third by Wm. Stone, as a turning shop. The fire broke out about 9 o'clock, and soon gained such headway that by the time the fire department arrived, the building was a blazing mass. The are burned stubbornly for an hour, find succeeded in communicating to Weed's lumber yard, and the dwelling house occupied by M. Mulloch, near the mill. The entire loss was about $13,000.