The Somerset Herald.

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ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 22. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1687.

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

FRED. W. BEISECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Cook & Berkits' Block.

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ED B. SCULL, ATTOENEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Somerset, Pa., Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa., Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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ISAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. apr5-1882

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block next door to Boyd's drug store. apr5

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M. D. JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Lutker & Green Block, 205 Main St.

J. P. THOMPSON, M. D. SURGEON DENTIST, Johnstown, Pa. Has had a professional experience of more than thirty years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Dibert's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand. octl6'83.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

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

JAMES O. KIERNAN, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. He can be found at the residence of his father on Main Street or at the office of Dr. Henry Brubaker. Sept 6, 1882.

ED. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL. DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

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

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of the Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 6, '82.

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 being 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 possible prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S.E. Cor. Diamond Stoystow ,Pa

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

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

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

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. mars

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 accomodated 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.

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All legal holidays observed. dec7

The display of our Ready-Made Clothing and the Low Prices arrest the attention and wonderment of every passer by and visitors to the city must not forget to reckon our stock among the sights worth seeing. To the "can't-get-aways" we say, Send for Samples.

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts. PHILADELPHIA. sep5.

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. mars.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

Fisher's Book Store.

Always in stock at the Book Store a well selected assortment of Bibles, Testaments, Gospel Hymns, Christians' Hymn Books and Hymnals, Lutheran Hymn Books, Dictionaries, Albums, Pens, Inks, Papers, Envelopes, Magazines, Novels, Reviews, Blank Books, Deeds Bonds, Mortgages and all kinds of Legal Blanks,

BOOKS OF POETRY,

Books of Travel and Adventure, History, Biography, and Educational Works, Toy Books for children, in fact every thing usually found in a well regulated book store. Headquarters for school teachers and school books and school supplies. Chas. H. Fisher, Cook & Berkits Block. jan17

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $5 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. dec29-1y

SOMERSET CIGAR FACTORY,

J. K. COFFROTH, Proprietor.

I am constantly manufacturing Choice Brands of the

FINEST CIGARS,

And make a SPECIALTY of

HAVANA TOBIES,

the very best in the market.

OUR HAND-MADE STOGIES

Are unexcelled for excellence. These Stogies and HAVANAS give the greatest value for the money of any Cigar Manufactured.

None but the purest and best TOBACCO used, and all CIGARS manufactured by me are warranted to smoke.

ORDERS FROM

Retail Dealers Solicited,

which will receive prompt attention. I can compete in prices with City Factories.

In connection with my manufacturing I have a First-class Retail

Cigar & Tobacco Store

In which are kept all the Superior brands o CIGARS, CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES, STEMS, TOBACCO POUCHES, &c., &c.

Store e ory on Diamond,

Somerset, Pa.

LIME! LIME!

The Buffalo Valley Lime Company, limited, will sell, until further ordered, unslacked lime at the following rates:

At 9 cents per bushel, loaded on cars at kilns; at 10 cents per bushel for any quantity less than a car load; at 11 cents per bushel delivered at any station on the Berlin Railroad; at 12 cents per bushel delivered at Meyersdale and Rockwood; and at 12½ cents per bushel delivered at all other railroad stations in Somerset county, including all those on the Somerset & Cambria Railroad. Payment can be made to the following persons:

John L. Saylor, at Friedens.
W. H. Koontz, at Somerset.
Harrison Snyder, at Rockwood.
Frank Enos, at Garrett.
Samuel J. Miller, near Meyersdale.

We must depend upon lime as the basis to fertilize our soil. Order it now and have it ready when needed. Order from Frank Enos, Garrett. nov22

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Honorable WILLIAM J. BAER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial district, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and WM. COLLINS and SAMUEL SNYDER, Esquires, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the county of Somerset, have issued their precepts and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, at Somerset, on

Monday, December 10, 1883,

Notice is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done; and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset county, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

JOHN J. SPANGLER, Sheriff. sept5.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Rosina Zimmerman To Valentine Hay. In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Pa., No. 68, April Term, 1881. Voluntary Assignment.

The undersigned Auditor, duly appointed by the Orphan's Court of Somerset county to make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Somerset borough on Saturday, the 24th day of November, 1883, when and where all persons interested may attend.

JOHN R. SCOTT, Auditor. octa3.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Rachael Heinbaugh, (widow) James Heinbaugh, of Lanark, Carroll Co., Ill.' Sarah, intermarried with Jeremiah Falk, of Elklick twp Somerset Co., Pa., Nancy, intermarried with Stephen McNair, of Casselman, Somerset Co., Pa., Matthias Heinbaugh, of Lanark, Illinois, Jonas Heinbaugh, dec'd, leaving a widow, Mary Ann Heinbaugh; and four children, Rose, Hannah, Sarah and Jonas Heinbaugh, and David Heinbaugh, of Somerset county, Pa.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed, I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Samuel Heinbaugh, late of Addison Township, Somerset County, Pa., dec'd, at his late residence, on Thursday, the 6th day of December, A. D., 1883, where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, Oct 31, 1883. JOHN J. SPANGLER, Sheriff

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was live with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care
Warmed by love's sunshine bathed in its dew
They blossomed into beauty, like roses fair.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast
He said, "I'm tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on you knee and rest."
She cradled him close to her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest

And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly
throng.
Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful
eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and the river
meet,
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her feet.
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent
The mother looked upward beyond the
skies,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began
With longings to think of the world outside,
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's
The girl's were women, so gentle and fair
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new home to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together in eventide,
And say, 'All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died.'

JOHN PRINGLE'S WIFE.

Miss Maria Jane Brewster came into the sewing society with a set expression on her face, which plainly told to those who observed it that something of more than usual weight was on her mind. A few, however, had not observed it, in consequence of which the minute description of the trimmings on Mrs. Squire Wright's new Boston made dress was finished, when Miss Maria Jane availed herself of the first opening.

'I was in to John Pringle's as I came along.'

'Ah?'

The pause had to be filled, as if every listener had not felt sure some choice bit of criticism or gossip were to follow. One even went so far as to ask:

'Found them all well, I hope?'

'Oh, yes!' an upward of the yes. 'Found things about as usual. It is amazin', though, the peculiarities of some folks. It beats me to see how John Pringle's a comin' out.'

'Baby well?' was offered to fill up the next pause, rather than with any solicitude for the health of that young person.

'Oh, yes, found the little nurse gal a fixin' things up to take it out doors, and she agoin', too, with that everlastin' porty folip of hers—right after dinner, when most farmer's wives have something else to do.'

'M, m, m!' heads were shaken emphatically.

'And what do you suppose she did afore she went out?' hands holding needles were suspended in mid air.

'Well, M'lindy Jones is there; she's always there a sewin' or a fussin' over things that most farmer's wives have to fuss over for themselves. Well, John Pringle's wife, she brought out a whole bundle of flannels, and nice flannels they be, too—better'n John's mother had ever laid out the money for—reg'lar made, and solid, and all wool, though I think a little mixtur' of cotton stops 'em shrinkin'. Well, she just gives them to M'lindy to mend up and put away in tobacco and camphir, her husband's flannels!'

The exclamation which went around the circle was quite satisfactory to Miss Maria Jane, so she resumed:

'Soon they were ready to start, so we come out together, and I couldn't help a sayin' to her: 'Most of folks I know, Miss Pringel, has to do that for themselves.''

'What did she say to that?'

'Oh, she only laughed, and said she hadn't time for it, time, indeed! and M'lindy seemed glad to do it. So she come along till she got to the grove, and then she turns in and sets herself down on a stool she took out of the baby's carriage, and begins to draw. I must say she looked as pretty as a picture, while the little gal went 'round with the baby and kep' a runnin' to her with bits of wild flowers and such trash.'

'John Pringle's mother'd a' set down to her mendin' after the dinner dishes was washed, and took care of a baby, too.'

'Yes. I thought so myself, how she'd a felt to see the new fangled bay window goin' up outside her best parlor, the kitchen was good enough for her to set in and have it used for every day, with a carpet looking like a posy bed, and an entry fire.'

'It seems to suit John well enough.'

'Oh, yes, she wind's him right 'round her finger, you see. He takas care of her just like a piece of Chiny.'

'I don't see that Mrs. Pringle's to blame for wanting to have things nice about her,' said one of the younger ladies, 'if her husband can afford it.'

'That's just it, he can't. That farm of his ain't going to stand many Brussels carpets, nor servants' wages without end, to say nothin' of sewin' girls doin' the mendin.'

'It's a great help to Melindy, though, I know,' said the younger lady. 'Since she's lame, she told me Miss Pringle's kindness was a real Providence to her.'

'She must a been out in that grove afore this spring,' went on Miss Maria Jane, 'for, as I came farther on, I found this; see, this is the kind of work she does.'

'It's pretty, anyways,' said the younger lady, as a scrap of paper on which appeared a delicate tracery of a sprig of maiden hair fern, with a violet laid against it, was passed around the circle.

'Pretty way to spend one's time, I should say. But I'm going to carry this back to her, and I think I shall just speak a little of my mind. I'm really kin to John Pringle, you know, second cousin to his father's first wife, so it's my place to speak to her.'

'Of course, it's your place.'

'And your duty.'

Mrs. Pringle had committed grievous sins in the eyes of the farming community in which she had appeared as a bride about three years before.

In the first place she was in a measure held accountable for John Pringle's sin in turning his back on the country lasses who waited on the glance of his handsome eyes, to bow before a maiden in whose superior refinement he rejoiced with loyal and proud appreciation, she never for a moment considering that it placed her in any way above his sterling qualities of mind and heart. She had brought her own ways with her to the farm, and her ways were so different from the ways which had been handed down from generation to generation of farmer's wives, as to keep up a constant small agitation among them, of which she, being absorbed in her own pursuits, was provokingly unaware.

She had brought a trusty servant to assist in the work of the house, which, the farm being a dairy farm, with a good deal of work for women, was acquiesced in by those who so kindly concerned themselves in her business, although it was soon whispered that Mrs. Pringle left things too much to her, in order to pay attention to drawing, which everybody knows ought to be left alone as soon as a girl is done school. The disturbance which had been caused by unnecessary repairs and adornments of the old house, because what was good enough for John's mother ought to be good enough for John's wife, increased, as the sewing was turned over to hired hands, and arose to position of excitement when a little girl was taken into the family to assist in the care of the baby.

'Though I'm free to confess, as I don't want to do an injustice to a living soul,' said Maria Jane, 'that she hardly ever lets that baby out of her sight. But, I take it, a woman as has to be everlastingly fooling over bits of paper and dauby paints, ain't no call to be a wife and mother.'

'I come to bring this to you, Mis' Pringle, s'posin' it to be your'n,' said the worthy spinster as she was shown into the room of the posy bed carpet, where she found its mistress seated at a desk, apparently absorbed in a few flowers which stood in a glass of water.

'Oh, I thank you very much, Miss Brewster. It is one of a set of little wild flower drawings, the wind blew it away from me and Sarah couldn't find it.'

It was fully two hours after breakfast, and the pretty room was still in all the disorder of the previous evening. Mrs. Pringle might have noticed the comprehensive glance with which Miss Brewster took in this fact, for she said with a little smile:

'You've caught me a little too soon, Miss Brewster. John brought me those lovely little spring beauties just after breakfast, and they fade so soon that I left things go while I sketched them.'

In Miss Brewster's opinion this was treating the sacred obligations of thrifty housewifery entirely too lightly.

'Most of folks I know, Mis' Pringle,' she said stiffly, 'thinks duty ought to be attended to afore frivolities. Now, John Pringle's mother—'

'Yes, I know,' said John Pringle's mother's daughter in law, quite unabashed, 'only you see a room can be swept one time just as well as another, but these flowers would not wait.'

Miss Brewster was indignantly casting about for some expression which could delicately conaey her idea of the shittlessness of such a principle, when an interruption occurred in the person of John Pringle coming up the walk outside.

'Ha! ha! ha! my lady,' said the visitor to herself. 'I wonder what he'll think uf such doings this time o' day, when his mother'd a had her was out and a—' she rejoiced in seeing that Mrs. Pringle did have the grace to look a little confused.

'O, John, dear,' she said, 'I would not have left my room untidy, if I had known you were coming, but it has taken me ever since to draw these.'

'Good morning, Miss Brewster,' said John. 'Never mind the room, Janet, business before pleasure, you know, eh, Miss Brewster? Look here, Janet, I came all the way back home to bring you these.'

Business before pleasure, indeed. Miss Brewster was speechless as the two bent over a few anemones he held in his big hand. She had no intention of including John in the setting down she had come to give his wife, but she now felt nerved by the sight of such 'fool nonsense' to say her say to both.

'They're as natural as life, ain't they Miss Brewster?' he said showing her the tiny drawing with great pride.

'I suppose so,' said the lady stiffly, 'but seems to me, John Pringle, not to say its any concern of mine, I know, but most of us neighbors has our opinion, I'm only meanin' it in all kindness, you know, that is, well,' Miss Maria Jane found her own and her neighbor's opinion more difficult of expression than she had anticipated, 'that it ain't going to pay in the long run to have everything going to sixes and sevens, I mean, that a farmer's wife can't afford to spend all her time over such light doings. Now your mother, John, I hope you know I only mean to suggest to Mis, Pringle here, that your mother was the greatest hand in the country for bucklin' down to real solid work, no fine arts about her. I don't mean no inference, you know,' she hesitated, seeing a look in the faces of both her listeners which led her to imagine her suggestions might possibly be looked upon as an interference. 'I only mean that most of folks thinks that your father would not a been as forehanded a man as he was if it hadn't a been for his wife's helpin' hand.'

'Miss Brewster,' said John, gravely, 'to my eyes there never was such a woman as my mother, and likewise there never was such a woman as my wife. If I had known the neighbors were so concerned over the rather unusual way in which her helping hand is as strong for me as my mother's was for my father,' he kissed the small, white hand which had so excited Miss Maria Jane's contempt as being unfit for any use, 'I should have asked her to be more open about it, simply because I don't want her misjudged among my old friends. Now, Janet, will you please tell Miss Brewster how much you earn in a year by your drawings?'

'Oh, nonsense, John. Go and attend to your steam plow.'

'I don't want my wife to be a money maker, as she knows and you know, but if she is happy to turn her talent to account, and others are happy in doing the work she would do if she didn't make a thousand dollars a year more or less by her drawing—'

'What,' exclaimed Miss Brewster in such astonishment that John laughed.

'Yes, ma'am. She furnishes illustrations for different publications and designs for China and Chintzes. Every improvement on the place has been made by her; she earns more in a week than pays her servant hire for a month, and is piling up a little account which will make that little fellow out there—' he pointed to a baby in the carriage outside the window—'good for a better farm than his father's, long before he needs it.'

'All by them little scrawls!'

John was watching his wife as she laid among a few blades of grass one or two of the violet tinted anemones which shed through the room the daintiest, faintest odor of spring. Miss Brewster quietly took her leave with a very subdued feeling that she had made a total failure in her effort at convincing these two that one of them was a 'a right up and down shiftless no account sort of a woman.'

But she was comforted by the reflection that the wonderful thing she had learned would create a profound sensation when fully reported by her at the next meeting of the sewing society.

Let the Flirt Beware.

The following article has been sent us for publication by a victim of the indiscreet and character blighting pastime of flirting:

There are a large number of our young girls, I will not say ladies, in this and every other city who are never happy unless they are occupied in carrying on a frolicsome street flirtation. They are not satisfied with the smiles and favors of young men whom they have met at their homes or in a proper way when out in society, but they persist in attempting to acquire acquaintances upon the streets by the most questionable methods. Street flirts are looked down on as bad characters whether male or female by all 'true ladies and gentlemen, but since a young girl has most to suffer and lose by such an indiscretion in having her name brought into unenviable question, she ought to beware of the dangers of her folly in time and not incur the bad repute or suffer from the evil influences that always follow the street flirt.

Many a girl has been started on the downward road to a life of shame and misery by a street flirtation, innocent enough, perhaps, at first, but later on, surely criminal. When a girl consents to flirt with a stranger on the street, even though she belong to a respectable family and may be pure in fact, she is on the high road to ruin. She may be proud and self reliant in character, but she occupies a position between respectability and abandonment, with a strong but unseen tendency to incline toward the latter. All girls who flirt are not abandoned women, but one thing is certain, all bad female characters are flirts of the most accomplished sort. Such being the case, as every intelligent girl ought to know, I cannot understand why respectable girls whose good name is more dear to fathers and mothers than priceless jewels, should be willing to bring suspicion upon themselves by amusing the male street masher. A girl who will become a victim of such folly is both to be pitied and censured. Charity exorts to pity, but the facts impel one to condemnation. The unfortunate woman who has become an outcast from society is sometimes forced to her condition by necessity, and walks the streets to catch and fascinate sinfully disposed men to earn a miserable living. They follow their degraded calling with many a heartburning and pang of regret, and in their misfortune can be pitied; but the majority of young girls who flirt on the streets degrade themselves from no other motive than to have a good time, as they call it, as if lowering their standard of womanhood was having a good time. Oh, girls, take warning before it is too late, for true modesty is one of the finest adornments that has been vouchsafed to women, and no one can resist admiring a girl thus arrayed; but none respect those who put it away and take on brazonry as does the street flirt. Girls who engage themselves in this simple but ugly habit should see themselves as others view them and they would never again be guilty of this unpardonable misconduct of street flirting, or if they could only see the sad, miserable future that lays before them and hear the sad tales of some abandoned woman, how she fell from her perch of respectability, and know the miserable, wretched life of the writer of this who is now beyond recall, they would certainly abandon the disgusting habit of becoming the toys of evil disposed men by street flirting.

There is a woman in Montgomery township, Indiana county, who, besides faithfully performing domestic duties of her household, makes a full hand on a saw mill.

Byron After Death.

In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the Florida was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George street, Westminster. 'Were I to live a thousand years,' says a well known writer who went to see the deceased lying in his coffin, 'I should never forget my feelings as I gazed upon the face of the illustrious dead. The body was attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it. It was neither sunken nor discolored in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness—the expression was that of stern quietude. How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features, but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole body was extremely large—it must have been so to have contained a brain of such capacity. But what struck me most, was the exceeding beauty of the profile, as I observed it when the head was lifted for the purpose of adjusting the furniture. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed' it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so shapely defined and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment, yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as 'a thing of beauty, which poor Keats tells us is 'a joy forever.'

An Editor's Dream.

He fell asleep after a time, and lo! he dreamed again. And it seemed to him in a vision, that, having armed himself with certain papers and books, he turned his steps once more towards the palace, and knocked at the gate.

'Hello, is that you, again?" said Peter. 'What do you wish?'

'Let those persons again come forth,' replied the editor; and Peter this time made them all come through the gate and stand outside.

They came as before and uttered the same cries as before.

'Why didn't you notice that big egg I sent you?' yelled the first.

'It was rotten.'

'Why didn't you write up my soda fountain?' cried the druggist.

'You had your tickets printed at the other office,' calmly replied the local editor.

'Why did you write up about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?'

'Old Tomlinson paid for his advertisement, and you didn't. Here's the bill,' said the editor.

'Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?' groaned the local talent.

'Take a look at this manuscript for yourself,' said the editor with a grim smile.

The rest of the company yelled their complaints in unison, and the editor calmly sorted out a series of bills for unpaid subscriptions, and presented each with one, and it was so that when they received them they tore their hair and rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and Peter, taking the editor calmly by the hand, led him within the gate.—*N. Y. World.*

SAVE THE CORN FODDER.—There will be as good a crop of cornfodder this year as in most years, hence it behooves every farmer to look to its careful preservation, which is not always done as it should be. It is true the fodder is a heavy article to handle, unless the husking is deferred to a period when the fodder becomes somewhat dry, sometimes a little mouldy, and then it is frequently left in the field until the latter part of November or beginning of December, greatly to its injury. The corn itself, when the husking is deferred, frequently becomes mouldy, and its value deteriorated. It is better to husk it as soon after the stalks are cut, and the grains have become hardened, and crib at once. This allows the air to pass through the mass freely and dries it gradually and safely.

All farmers, who have any experience in feeding good cornfodder, must admit that cattle prefer it to the best clover hay, and it is fully as milk producing, and more so when the stalks are slightly salted. They will then eat up all that is thus prepared for them and thrive upon it. We know this as well from our own experience as the experience of others. Cornfodder is not, therefore, merely worth being cured in the best manner, but it should be an object of real concern with all who keep cattle, equally as much as with clover hay. It is not pleasant, then, to see so many fields of fodder everywhere over the country moulding and spoiling late in November, or even the fore part of December, merely for the sake of a little additional labor to preserve it as it should be, by storing it away to help out the winter stock of cattle food.

EVERYBODY KNOWS IT.—When you have the itch, salt rheum, galls, or skin eruptions of any kind, and the piles, that you know without being told of it, C. N. Boyd, the druggist, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which affords immediate relief, and is a sure cure for any of the above diseases.

The fashion of carrying pistols is becoming very prevalent among the ladies of New York. Considering the rapid increase of crimes against women in all parts of the country, the custom is not to be wondered at. To arms! girls; to arms!!

The Growth of N. Y.

Two hundred and seventy years ago the good ship Tiger, commanded by Captain Adraien Black, was burned to the water's edge as she lay at anchor, just off the southern end of Manhattan Island. Her crew, thus forced into winter quarters, were the first white men who built and occupied a house on the land where New York now stands; "then," to quote the graphic language of Mrs. Lamb, in her history of the city, "in primeval solitude, waiting till commerce should come and claim its own. Nature wore a hardy countenance, as wild and as untamed as the savage landholders. Monhattan's twenty-two thousands acres of rock, lake and rolling tableland, rising at places to a height of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, were covered with somber ferests, and old, decayed and withered limbs contrasted with the younger growth of branches; and wild flowers wasted their sweetness among the dead leaves and uncut herbage at their roots. The wanton grape-vine swung carelessly from the topmost boughs of the oak and the sycamore; and blackberry and raspberry bushes, like a picket-guard, presented a bold front in all possible avenues of approach. The entire surface of the island was bold and granitic, and in profile resembled the cartilagious back of the sturgeon." This primeval scene was the product of natural forces working through uncounted periods of time, the continent slowly rising and falling in the sea like the heaving breast of a world asleep; glaciers carving patiently through ages the deep estuaries, seasons innumerable clothing the hills with alternate bloom and decay.

The same sun shines to-day upon the same earth; yet how transformed! Could there be a more astounding exhibition of the power of man to change the face of nature than the panoramic view which presents itself to the spectator standing upon the crowning arch of the bridge whose complexion we are here to-day to celebrate in the honored presence of the President of the United States, with their fifty millions; of the Governor of the State of New York, with its five millions; and of the Mayors of two cities, aggregating over two millions of inhabitants? In the place of stillness and solitude, the footsteps of these millions of human beings; instead of the smooth waters, "unvexed by any keel," highways of commerce ablaze with the flags of all nations; and where once was the green monotony of forested hills, the piled and towering splendors of a vast metropolis, the countless homes of industry, the echoing marts of trade, the gorgeous palaces of luxury, the silent and steadfast spires of worship!

To crown all, the work of separation wrought so surely, yet so slowly, by the hand of time, is now reversed in our own day, and "Manhattan" and "Seawanhaka" are joined again as once they were before the dawn of life in the far azoic ages.

Reading Aloud.

It is remarkable that among really educated people the art of reading aloud thoroughly well is so rare. The poet Cowper refused a good appointment in the House of Lords because it entailed the obligation of reading aloud the titles of bills. He was more shy than most men; at the same time, a great many people would have felt equally embarrassed in the performance of that particular duty. It is asserted that a celebrated English judge once gave a lucrative appointment to a gentleman who had been clerk in a metropolitan police court. The appointment caused considerable surprise, and with some embarrassment the chief justice confessed that he had heard the nominee administer the oath to a witness in a way that brought tears to his eyes. 'I had never,' said he, 'heard the oath read as he read it, although I had heard it read often enough.' Everybody in court was impressed.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment.

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

He who swims securely down the stream of self-confidence is in danger of being drowned in the whirlpool of presumption.

There is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.

Some people are never satisfied.—Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income.

In Paris it is the fashion to decorate the legs of dogs with silver bracelets. That's good. If this sort of thing continues dogs will soon be worth stealing.

The Hon. Billa Flint,

Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Belleville, Ontaria Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague in my face and toothache. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all soreness and pain; far better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

It is a great question to our mind whether Courtney can beat an egg.—He has shown that he can break the shell

"I am running on the broad-gauge railroad," said the conductor as he pocketed seventy-five cents out of a dollar fare.

Second Battle of Shiloh.

For two days and nights a party of three of us from the North were quartered with a log cabin farmer while we explored the battle field of Shiloh