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ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO 38 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. MARCH 5, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1703.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Adam Yoder, late of Summit township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement on the 22d day of March, 1884, at the house of the Executor in said township.

ELIAS A. YODER,
jan30-1884. Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John P. Putman, dec'd, late of Middlecreek township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, March 8, 1884, at the late residence of said decedent.

SILAS PUTMAN,
jan23. Executor

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage and we will send you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 every evening. That all who want to work may test the business, we will make this unparalleled offer: To all that are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc. sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. jan23.

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The two-story frame Homestead of the late Peter Meyers, dec'd, situate on Meyers Avenue, accompanied by four acres of ground, a large old-fashioned Garden, plenty of Shade and Fruit Trees, splendid barn, good outbuildings, ice House, etc., plentiful supply of hard and soft running water. The house in elegant condition, 10 large rooms, 6 convenient halls—a place well adapted for a boarding-house or hotel.

For particulars apply to

MISS R. E. MEYERS,
janlost. Meyersdale, Somerset, Co Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Nearnberger, late of Paint Twp., Somerset Co., 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, the 20th day of March, 1884, at the late residence of deceased.

JOHN NEARNBERGER,
feb13. Administrator.

THE SONG OF THE WASTE BASKET.

Every day I am there
Near the big office chair,
With nothing but litter to cheer me;
The editor wise,
With glass-covered eyes,
Sits with his hoofs resting near me.

He feeds me all day
In a liberal way,
But the food is not over-delicious;
Envelopes torn
And postals forlorn
Are frequent and common place dishes.

Into frenzy I'm worked
Every morn, as I'm jerked
By the office boy rude from my slumbers;
He knocks me around
Till my tender ribs sound
As though they were cracking in numbers.

With a toss and a dash
He dumps out my trash
Into the great box in the hallway;
Then back I am flung
By this villain unhung
To be fed by the editor alway.

The manuscripts rank
Of the humorous crank,
His incomprehensible scratches,
Drop into my mouth,
'Longside of uncouth
Cigar butts and half burnt up matches.

I am happy in spring,
When the poets all sing
Of the season that comes before summer;
I receive all the truck
Of the poetry struck—
With delight do I hail each new comer.

THE TEAK-WOOD CABINET.

"So the Bernadottes are to be sold out at auction?" said Mrs. Price, as she seated herself at the breakfast table, in a rich costume of gray cashmere, heavily faced and trimmed with claret-colored velvet.

"On Wednesday next," said Mr. Price behind his newspaper.

"Any one might have known it at the rate they were going on," said Mrs. Price. "Dresses from Paris, indeed—bonnets at seventy-five collars."

"Bernadotte was a fellow that never would take any one's advice," said Mr. Price. "It was that last investment in Wisconsin railroad shares that floored him."

"Poor dear Clara Bernadotte," said Mrs. Price, reflectively buttering a roll.

"I shall miss her Wednesday evenings. One always enjoys one's self there."

"I'm told the horses were disposed of at private sale," said Mr. Price. "Of course they didn't bring half their value."

Is it not M. de Rouchfoucald, who says that "in the misfortunes of our best friends, there is something not altogether disagreeable to us?" And there is a deal of truth in the saying of this keen French satirist. The Bernadottes were ruined out and out, and their society friends talked of the failure for an hour, and then forgot that such a family had ever been.

"I think I shall go to the auction," said Mrs. Price. "I am told that great bargains are to be had at auctions; and I always coveted that sweet old teak cabinet, with its plush linings and delicious carvings."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Price.

"Mrs. Bernadotte gave two hundred dollars for it in San Francisco," said Mrs. Price.

"It's a deal too big for our rooms," said he.

"But we don't always expect to live in this little cramped-up place," said Mrs. Price, with a contemptuous glance around the room which, although snug and cozy in the most superlative degree, was not what one could call absolutely spacious.

"I don't approve of second hand things," said he shortly.

"And you are quite right," said Aunt Clarissa, the elderly maiden relative whose opinion always carried weight, in consequence of the money she had to leave.

Mrs. Price was silent. She did not venture to rebel against the public opinion of the family; but all the same her mind was made up—for Mrs. Price was one of the women who always want their way in little things and big; and who contrive to have it, too.

"I will go to that auction," said she to herself, "in spite of what Price and Aunt Clarissa say—and I will have that darling old teak-wood cabinet."

Mr. Price was meanwhile chuckling to himself, as he rode down town on the elevated road.

"I wanted to give Susan something nice for her birthday," thought he, "and I'll go and bid on that teak-wood concern. It can't run above a hundred dollars, I should think."

Aunt Clarissa, in the meantime, was more open in her tactics.

"My cousin Lavinia is just furnishing her country house," said she. "I think I shall recommend her husband to go to this Bernadotte auction and bid on the cabinet. It goes for a reasonable price, it will be quite a nice article for the parlor."

"But I wanted the cabinet," said Mrs. Price.

"Folly and nonsense!" said Aunt Clarissa. "Your drawing room is over furnished already."

And Aunt Clarissa nailed the matter—in her own opinion at least—by making an appointment for Mrs. Price to spend the day with a cross old relative at Yonkers, on that special Wednesday.

"I was thinking of going to the auction, Aunt Clarissa," faltered Mrs. Price.

"Your husband don't approve of auctions," said Aunt Clarissa, "and you'll do a great deal more good in reading the Bible to old Mrs. Benedict."

"She's as deaf as a post, and can't hear a word I read!" panted Mrs. Price.

"No matter," said Aunt Clarissa. "The motive is just the same, and Mrs. Benedict likes a little attention."

But if Aunt Clarissa fondly believed that she had thrown her niece off the scent of the auction sale, she was mistaken. Nor had she properly gauged the length and breadth and depth of Mrs. Price's obstinacy.

Mrs. Price set off, as if for Yonkers, but she did not go thither. She stopped at the house of a friend, one Miss Melissa Meddle, whose name was synonymous with her character.

"I want to borrow your oldest black silk gown, and your last year's poke hat," said she, "and a shawl and a pair of spectacles."

"Is it a masquerade?" said Miss Meddle.

"Not exactly," admitted Mrs. Price.

"Ah!" said Miss Meddle, elongating her countenance after a systematic patern, "you are jealous of Peter."

"No, I am not!" retorted Mrs. Price, reddening. "But I am going to Bernadotte's sale, and I don't want Peter to know it. Do make haste, Melissa, or I shall be too late."

"I do wish that I could accompany you," she sighed.

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Mrs. Price.

And the two ladies, dressed like elderly females from the country, edged their was into the crowd which had already assembled in the drawing room of the Bernadotte mansion, and took up their patient position near the door, to wait until the bidding should commence on the teak-wood cabinet.

"Law, how my heart does beat!" said Miss Meddle. "I feel exactly like a State conspirator."

At the other end of the room, concealed by a marble statue of Diana, sat Miss Clarissa Cowper, who was there with the intention of buying the teak-wood cabinet, not for any cousin Lavinia, but for her niece, Susan Price.

"I mean to surprise her," said Miss Clarissa, complacently. "Poor dear! how she did dislike the idea of going to Yonkers. But she gave up her own way like an angel."

And in the middle of a group of gentlemen, just outside the opposite door, Mr. Price bided his time, with a printed catalogue in his hand.

"I hope they won't be very tedious," said he to Captain Morely Hedgkins, who stood next to him. "Every moment is valuable to a business man."

And strange to say, not one of the three had the least idea of the presence of either of the others.

People buzzed and whispered, curiosity seekers came and went, speculators crept hither and thither with memorandum books and stubby lead pencils, second hand dealers gathered, like rusty vultures, around every piece of furniture in its turn, and above all sounded the sonorous voice of the auctioneer, drowning all lesser sounds. And at last they reached the teak-wood cabinet.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen," bawled the auctioneer, who was apparently endowed with cast-iron lungs and a throat lined with brass, "is the inducement of the day. A genuine carved Daghadara cabinet, of oriental teak wood, lined with plush, and mounted with antique metal handles and pendants. What am I bid for this piece of Eastern manufacture? Twenty dollars? Twenty did you say? Ladies and gentlemen, can any one look me in the face and insult art so grossly as to bid—Oh, thirty, did I hear? Fifty? Seventy-five? One hundred."

And here the bidding stopped for a minute or two. The auctioneer looked around and saw Mr. Price incline his head about one-sixth of an inch.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said he. "Thirty—thirty-five? Forty-five? Who bids higher than one hundred and forty-five on this magnificent chef d'œuvre?"

"Seventy!" squeaked Miss Clarissa Cowper.

"Eighty!" breathlessly cried Miss Meddle, incited thereto by Mrs. Price, who was beginning to get highly excited.

"Two hundred," said Price, believing that this would settle the matter.

"And twenty-five," Miss Clarissa, behind the classic shoulders of the chaste Diana.

"Fifty," screamed Miss Meddle. "Do you hear, acutioneer? Fifty!"

Nobody else was bidding now. The trio had it all to themselves.

People watched and listened with breathless interest, the auctioneer chuckled inwardly.

"Two hundred and fifty is bid," he said. "Am I to let this gem of art, this positively unrivaled piece of medieval carving—to go as a mere song like this?"

"Two hundred and seventy-five," shrilly cried Aunt Clarissa.

"Three hundred," roared Mr. Price, who was in a mortal hurry to get down to Wall street.

"Three hundred and twenty-five," said Miss Meddle, standing on tiptoe to catch the auctioneer's eye.

Mr. Price turned on his heel.

"I won't be swindled," he muttered between his teeth.

And he strode out of the side door, made his way to the street, and beckoned to the first omnibus he saw.

Miss Clarissa Cowper took off her glasses, and put them deliberately in their case.

"I was very near forgetting myself," said she to herself. "Three hundred and twenty-five dollars is exactly two hundred more than the thing is worth."

And so the teak-wood cabinet was struck down to Miss Meddle, "for three hundred and twenty-five dollars," Miss Meddle still continuing to represent her anonymous friend.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Price got home. Aunt Clarissa was sitting by the fire, half asleep.

"Well," she said, "how is Mrs. Benedict?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Price, recklessly, "I haven't been there, I've been to the Bernadotte auction. And I've bought the teak-wood cabinet."

"What!" cried Aunt Clarissa.

"Oh, Aunt Clarissa, what do you think Mr. Price will say? I paid thirty-five dollars deposit money on it," pausing to listen. "I do believe it's coming home now!"

At the same moment Price rushed in.

"What in the name of all the fiends and furies," shouted he, "is that thing which is being tumbled on my front door steps?"

"It's the teak-wood cabinet," said Mrs. Price, rendered bold by despair, "I've bought it—at the Bernadotte auction sale!"

Price glared at her like a savage beast.

"What!" he shouted. "Was it you that was bidding against me?"

"Against you, Peter?"

"Me, too!" faintly uttered Aunt Clarissa. "I bid up to two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and then I stopped."

Price struck his doubled fist against the mantle with a force which set all the bric-a-brac spinning.

"Well," he cried, hoarsely, "I see that the fools are not all dead yet. I could have got the confounded thing for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, if only you women would have minded your own business. And that was double what it was worth."

Mrs. Price began to cry.

Aunt Clarissa uttered a groan of remorse.

"But, Peter," faltered his wife, "do please give me a check! I must pay for it, now that I have bought it."

"Pay for that thing? Not if I know it," said Mr. Price. "Tell the fellow to take it back again. I won't have it in the house."

"But my deposit, Peter," remonstrated Mrs. Price—"my thirty-five dollars."

"You have bought your experience at that," said the broker, "I won't pay another cent for the battered old fraud."

He was as good as his word, and to this day the teak-wood cabinet stands unsold in the auction rooms of Messrs. Bawl & Bidwell.

And neither Mrs. Price nor Aunt Clarissa have attended any auctions since.

Hints For the Guest Chamber.

In the guest chamber always have a copy of the Bible, printed in large, clear type, also a few books or magazines. I once passed a few days, the Sabbath included, with a friend. Not knowing the customs of the family, in the morning I rose early, as usual, and waited three and one-half long hours before breakfast was announced, with nothing but meditation to employ my time.

Then, again, the useful guest finds it pleasant to put little finishing touches to the room, and a hand-brush and dustpan to gather up the dust or little ends of thread—a duster so nice and clean as to require a bit of paper pinned on to designate its use—and a good sized piece of cotton, colored or white, tucked in the handle of the slop-jar will be readily understood and appreciated. Then, too, a corn-broom, in one of those cunning little fancy cases now in vogue, is very useful.

A square of oilcloth in front of the toilet stand may save your carpet from spots.

A spare newspaper one does not always think to bring, to use while combing the hair. These are little things, but "moighty convaneyant."

Vacate one or two drawers in the bureau for the use of your guest, and see that there are spare hooks in the closet also—a box of hair pins—a small basket containing a few needles, spools of cotton, threads of black and colored silk, scissors, shoe and glove buttoner, and other little things of a similar character may be of timely service to the transient guest.

Sometimes a mattress, unless it be of hair, is found too hard to sleep upon, and feathers too warm. To obviate the difficulty, place the feather bed on top, and on it a new piece of wide straw matting covered with one thickness of cotton cloth, and the bed will be comfortable and cool.

A clean apron is not always put on while making up beds, and to prevent the sides of mattresses becoming soiled, sew strips of cotton over them; they can be readily removed for washing, and look nicer if starched

A Roman Circus.

Rome is astir early—citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers, all are hurrying toward the great pleasure ground of Rome—the Circus Maximus. With flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and gleaming statues, with proud young cadets, with priests, and guards with crested helms, skilled performers, restless horses and glittering chariots, down the sacred street winds a long procession, led by the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. It passes into the great circus, and files into the arena; two hundred thousand excited people—think, boys, of a circus tent that holds two hundred thousand people!—rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand clapping. The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate (standing in his *suggestus*, or state box) flings the *mappa*, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start; and, as a ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. Another shout! The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta*, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot while the now maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won!

The Model Prison.

George W. Cable's striking essay on "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States," is printed in the February *Century*. He introduces his powerful array of facts with the following clever statement of what a prison ought to be:

"Here and there in the United States a penal institution may be found that fairly earns the pride with which it is pointed out by the surrounding community. In the whole country there may be four or five such. The visitor to them admires the fitness of architecture."

"Yes," the warden replies, "this is not a house of pleasure, and so we have not made it pretty. It is not an abode of crime, and so we have not made it ugly. It is not a place where men *seek* justice, and therefore we have not made it grandiose and majestic. But it is the house of chastisement—of chastening punishment—and so it is made solemn, severe and calm."

"The visitor praises the grave and silent decency of all the internal appointments.

"Yes," responds the warden; "the peace and dignity of the State are here asserting themselves over the prisoner who has violated them; there is no more room here for merriment or confusion than for strife."

"The visitor extols the perfection of the sanitary arrangements.

"Yes," says the warden; "when the criminal was free and his life at his own disposal, he took no such care of it as this. He probably lived a sort of daily suicide. If he shortened his days the State was, presumably, not to blame. But if we by malice or neglect shorten his days here, where he is our captive, we bring upon the State both blame and shame. For his life is in our custody, just as the clothing is with which he came here; the State, through its courts, has distinctly declined to tamper with it, and holds it subject to be returned to his own keeping, at the expiration of his confinement, in as good order as that in which it was received, the inevitable wear and tear of time alone excepted. Can a State maintain its peace and dignity as it should that commits breaches of trust inside of its very prisons?"

"The visitor remarks that a wise benevolence is necessary even toward bad men.

"But," says the other, "it is not merely benevolence to bad men that puts in these elaborate sanitary appliances; it is the necessity of holding the integrity and honor of the State."

"The visitor shows his surprise at the absence of all the traditional appliances for the correction of the refractory. 'Yet be certain,' is the rejoinder, 'a discipline, sure, prompt, and effectual, meets every infraction of rules. How else could we have this perfection of order? But it is a discipline whose punishments are free from brutalizing tendencies, increasing dispassionately as the culprit's passions increase, and relenting only when he has repented.'

"The visitor is impressed with the educative value of the labor performed by the inmates.

"'Yes,' says the warden; 'send a man out from here with knowledge of a trade, and may he be will come back, but the chances are he will not. Send him away without a trade, and may be he will not come back, but the chances are he will. So, for society's sake,—in the community's interest and for its safety,—these men are taught certain trades that they cannot turn to bad account. We do not teach burglars locksmithing.

"Yet the visitor takes a momentary alarm.

"'You put the housebreaker and the robber, the sneak-thief and the pickpocket into open competition with honest men in the community around them.

"'Exactly,' responds the other; 'trying to live without competing in the fields of productive labor is just the essence of the crimes for which they were sent here. We make a short end of that.'

"The visitor looks with pleased interest at the statistical records of the clerk's office.

"'We could not call our duty done without these,' is the warden's response. 'These are the keys to the study of the cause and prevention of crime. By these we weigh our own results. By these we uncover not only the convict and his crime, but society's and the State's own sins of omission and commission, whose fruits are these crimes and these criminals.'

"After all,' at length the visitor says, 'tell me one thing more. Here where a prisoner is safe from fire and plague and oppression and temptation and evil companionship, and is taught thrift and skill, and has only to submit to justice and obey right rules, where, where is his punishment? How is this punishment at all?'

"And the warden makes answer with question for question: 'Had you a deformed foot, and an iron mold were made to close around it and press it into symmetrical shape and hold it so, would you ask where is the agony? The punishment here is the punishment of a deformed nature forced into superficial symmetry. It is the punishment that captivity is to unrestraint; that subordination and enforced self-control are to ungoverned passion and inordinate vanity and pride; that routine is to the love of idle adventure; that decorum is to the love of orgies; that temperance is to the love of drink; that loneliness is to the social and domestic impulses; that solitude and self-communion are to remorse. It is all the losses and restraints of banishment, without one of its liberties. Nothing tempers it but the repentance and reform which it induces, and these temper it just in degree as they are genuine and thorough.'

"And your actual results?' asks the visitor.

"'Of those who come here for their first offense, a majority return to honest life.'"

Women Lawyers.

Opinion by Stephen S. Remak, written out at the request of Hon. Wm. N. Ashman, one of the judges of the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia county:

The right of a party to be heard by himself or counsel was officially conferred by the Provincial act of 1700, which enacted: "That in all courts all persons, of all persuasions may freely appear in their own way and according to their own manner, and there personally plead their own cause themselves, or, if unable, by their friends."—Foot note on page 99 of volume 1, Purdon's Digest.

The act of March 21, 1806, confirmed the above.

The act of April 14, 1834, provides as follows:

The judges of the several courts of record of this Commonwealth shall respectively have power to admit a competent number of persons of an honest disposition, and learned in the law, to practice as attorneys in their respective courts.

The judges have thus the 'power,' but are not commanded or required to admit as attorneys-at-law anybody. The words 'competent number of persons' might mean that the persons should be competent, but also that the *number* of persons should be competent. It seems that the act did not confer upon the citizens any right or privilege. A privilege was given to the judges evidently in the interest of the public; hence, if the judges should think that there are too many attorneys-at-law within their jurisdiction, they might suspend their rules for admission until further notice. But what is a competent person? The Constitution of Pennsylvania decides this. It is a well known fact that an attorney-at-law is an officer of the court, but he is also an officer of the Commonwealth. It has never been doubted, but nothing can be taken for granted with regard to the latter position, because upon this hinges the question of the admission of women to the bar in Pennsylvania. Article 1, Section 6 of the Constitution of Pennsylvania provides:

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he shall have been elected, be appointed to any civil office under this Commonwealth, and no member of Congress or other person holding any office (except attorney at law or in the militia) under the United States or this Commonwealth shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office.

This means that notwithstanding the office of attorney at law, and any office in the militia, are offices under the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, still such attorney-at-law, or one holding any office in the militia, may be at the same time a member of the Senate or House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

Can a woman be an officer under the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania? Decidedly not. Article VIII, Sec. 1 of the Constitution of Pennsylvania provides:

Every male citizen 21 years of age possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, etc.

It is not necessary to mention here the qualifications of a voter. They do not constitute a part of the question in hand. The *status* of the voter must be "male citizen." It is not denied that a woman is a citizen but she is not a "male citizen," and only such "male citizen" has the right to vote at all elections. Thus no elective franchise is conferred by the Constitution upon woman in Pennsylvania. The consequence is that she cannot hold an office under the Commonwealth. In article 1, section 6, already quoted) it is distinctly said: "No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which *he* shall have been elected * " in connection with which the attorney-at-law is mentioned. Thus there is not a particle of doubt that only men can be voted for under the Commonwealth.

It is not generally known that the Cabinet of the President of the United States is not an authority under the Constitution of the United States, but simply a creation of the different acts of Congress; but the attorney at law is in Pennsylvania an officer under the Constitution (of course of Pennsylvania), because he is mentioned in the Constitution, whilst the Cabinet is not mentioned in the Constitution of the United States.

The question of "progress" in this enlightened civilization has nothing to do with the question of admission of women to the bar in Pennsylvania. It is the organic law which forbids it. No *lawyer*, whether male or female, would want to practice as attorney at law in Pennsylvania in violation of the Constitution.

Article X, section 5, provides: "Women 21 years of age and upward shall be eligible to any office of control or management under the school laws of this State."

This gives women the privilege of being officers under the school laws but not under the Commonwealth.

STEPHEN S. REMAK.

Philadelphia, Jan. 22, 1884.

Superstition About Hair.

The ideas of savages and of our compatriots about the mysterious connection which is supposed to exist "between the cut lock of hair and person to whom it belonged," are shown to be often identical. It seems that in Ireland "it is held that human hair should never be buried, because at the ressurrection the former owner of the hair will come to seek it;" and that it ought not to be lost, "lest some bird should find it and carry it off, causing the owner's head to ache all the time the bird was busy working the hair into its nest." A somewhat similar belief lies at the root of a cure for whooping cough current in Northamptonshire and Devonshire. A hair of the patient's head is placed between two slices of buttered bread and given to a dog. "The dog will get the cough and the patient lose it,"

Francis Murphy began his crusade at Lowell, Mass., last week.

Only A Rose.

"Has it occurred to you!" said Mr. Sabson, addressing his wife, "that we have been married twelve years to-day?"

"It did not occur to me," she replied, "until you spoke, but I suppose it is true. The time seems very long though, and when I look back it appears a wonder that I have lived through it all."

"Why, my dear," rejoined Mr. Sabson, turning with an air of annoyance, "you do not regret that we were married, do you?"

"Oh, no, for it is a woman's province to get married, and the sooner the duty is performed the sooner she has begun the life for which she was designed."

"I Suppose then your love did not enter very largely into the arrangements?"

"It did at first."

"But a woman always discovers her mistake, I suppose?"

"Yes more or less."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so. All along I have cherished the idea that you married me out of regard."

"And you have given me very little upon which to base a hope that your marriage was actuated by the same high motive."

"Oh, now, here. You are just trying to pick a quarrel with me. What have I done?"

"That's what I want to know. What have you done?"

"Confound it, haven't I made you a living!"

"A sort of one, but I haven't lived any better since we were married."

"Haven't I helped you in all your troubles?"

"Not all."

"Didn't I get up the other night and hold a tablespoonful of paregoric over the lamp chimney?"

"Just once."

"Well, I'll declare. Give me a spoon and I'll hold it over the lamp till it melts."

"No use to talk that way. You know you never think of me."

"Didn't I bring you a whole armful of goods last night, and didn't you go out the other day and get a whole cart load of stuff. Talk about not thinking of you," and the annoyed gentleman arose and left the house. He was troubled as he walked along the street, and when he turned towards home, he felt heavy and cheerless. "If I could only take her something," he mused. "There was a time when her eye brightened at my approach. I did not have to take her something then. I'll reproduce one of those early visits if I can."

He plucked a rose that hung over a fence. A very common rose, but he carried it tenderly.

When he entered the room his wife sat rocking one of the children. He spoke softly and she looked up. He handed her the rose and the light, once so charming, came back into her eyes. She put the child on the bed and blushingly approached her husband.

"You do think of me, don't you?" she said.

"I always think of you."

"Let me put the flower in a vase."

The yard was full of beautiful flowers, and she could have gathered a basketful, but in all the grand floral array there was not one so full of sentiment as this common rose that grew in a wild place and hung over the fence. It is the little remembrance that a woman prizes and a true woman's soul is not made of love for fine dresses and gorgeous display.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Next State Fair.

The plans and specifications for the five large buildings to be erected in this city by the State Agricultural Society, for the State Fair to be held here either next spring or in the fall, have been prepared, and bids for the erection will soon be invited. The Fair Ground will be upon the land of William Weightman, running from Broad street to Lamb Tavern road, south of the Connecticut Railroad, thirty acres of which will be inclosed by a substantial fence nine feet high. The society will take possession on April first, when the erection of the buildings will be begun. The main building will be 300 feet long, 150 feet wide and 63 feet high, surmounted by two lofty towers at each end. This, as well as the other large buildings, will be of iron and wood and of handsome architectural design. The seed, fruit and vegetable display will have a special building, 200 by 75 feet, and 50 feet high. It will have one tower, and will be furnished with every sort of convenience for a good display of the exhibits. "Floral hall" will be 125 feet square and 30 feet high. There will be 25 approaches to this building, which is to be one of the most attractive structures on the grounds. The building for the display of poultry will be 150 feet by 50 feet, and 50 feet high, and on the English style of architecture.

In addition to all these structures there will be erected 425 cattle stalls and 125 box stalls for horses. No trotting exhibitions will be held, but there will be an oval exercise track constructed after the most approved pattern. This track will probably be a half mile circuit. The entire cost of these buildings has not yet been fully determined upon, and the plans may yet undergo some slight modifications before they will be finally adopted, although they will be substantially as described. Secretaries Seller and McConkey, who have the matter in charge, were in this city yesterday, and will hold a meeting soon when the plans will be finally adopted. Over $50,000 in premiums will be offered by the society.—*Phila. Record.*

Gas from Sawdust.

An excellent use has been found for the enormous quantity of sawdust annually made in the lumber regions of our country. From the *Popular Science News* for February, 1884, we learn that illuminating gas is made from it. Any kind of sawdust can be used, but that from resinous woods is preferable, and affords a larger yield of gas. From 20,000 to 30,000 cubic feet of gas is obtained from a net ton of fuel. The wood-gas has the advantage of containing no sulphur, is more easily purified than coal-gas, and is said to be fully as good, while it is less expensive. The ordinary burners are used for wood-gas. Mill-owners can construct chemical works to make their own gas.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A lady in Willimantic, Conn., dodged the measles for 84 years, but was caught last week.