The Somerset Herald
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held responsible for the subscription.
Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as of the present office. Address
The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1711.

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

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

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

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, P

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

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

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

W. H. RUPPEL. A. FOUTROTH.
FOUTROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

L. C. COLBORN. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business intrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

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.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, next door to Snyder's Clothing store.

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

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

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

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Scrivener and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW And Dealer in Real Estate. Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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.

ISAAC HUGUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. apr9'82

DR. E. W. BLOUGH, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly responded to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on northeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Drug Store. apr23 '81tf.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St., east of the Diamond.

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 5, '82.

DR. JOHN BILIS, DENTIST. Office up stairs in Cook & Beeritz Block, Somerset, Pa.

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.

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M.D. JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 8 A. M. to 10 A. M. Luther & Green Block, 226 Main St.

J. P. THOMPSON, M. D. SURGEON DENTIST, Johnstown, Pa. Has had a professional experience of more than fifty years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Fiher's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand. oct16'83.

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 8 1882.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krieger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

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 true 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 Stoystown, Pa

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

YOU ARE
Respectfully Invited to Call and Examine, Before Purchasing Elsewhere the Largest Assortment of
Stoves, Tin, Copper,
Or Sheet-Iron Ware, Knives, Forks, Plated Ware, Lamps,
Enameled Ware, Clothes Wringers, Etc.
To be found in the Western Part of this State. Our Goods are Warranted to be as represented, and prices are Nett Cash, within the reach of all persons needing them.
TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING AND JOBBING
OF ALL KINDS IN TIN, SHEET-IRON OR COPPER
Promptly Attended to at Lowest Rates.
Brushes a Specialty, at Wholesale Only.
Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in My Line.
FRANK W. HAY,
No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.

TO SHOE BUYERS OF
SOMERSET TOWN AND COUNTY.
We Wish to Call Your Attention to the Large Stock of
BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,
Which have arrived for the Spring Trade of 1884.
When you visit Johnstown we shall be pleased to see you in our Large Store, and will take pleasure in showing you the fine line of
Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen
Which we carry in Stock, as well as a very large Stock of Medium and Coarse Boots and Shoes. Farmers, when you visit our Store ask us to show you the Hand-made
ACME KIP PLOW FOR MEN AND BOYS.
It is the Best Shoe made, at a very Low Price. Our business is conducted on a
ONE PRICE SYSTEM.
All our Goods are marked in Plain Figures, at the very *Lowest Possible Price*, so if you can't come yourself send a postal card, describing as near as you can the Style, Quality and Price you want to pay, and we will send them to you by return mail.
L. STARGARDTER,
ONE-PRICE OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE,
212 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa. apr9,'yr

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLES J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
☞All legal holidays observed.☜ dec7

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. mar5

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.
HORNE & WARD
SUCCESSORS TO
EATON & BROS,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
—TO—
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,
Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED
☞ORDERS BY MAIL ATTENDED TO WITH CARE AND DISPATCH. apr

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Thomas Gilson, dec'd late of Addison township, Somerset county, Pa.
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 Saturday, May 29th, 1884.
M. A. ROSS, ROBERT E. ROSS, Executors.
apr16.

Salesmen Wanted On Salary.
RELIABLE MEN having good natural abilities and pluck, to sell NURSERY STOCK. Such men are sure to succeed and earn LIBERAL SALARIES from the start. Situations PERMANENT. Write for terms
CLEN BROS. Nurserymen, mar12.8t ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Read the papers and be posted as to the best and cheapest spot in the city to buy your Ready-made clothing. Our spring stock, now ready, is fine, well assorted and low priced.
A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts.
PHILPDELPHIA.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty write for particulars to H. HALLETT, Portland, Me.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between George H. Love and Adin J. Lull, under the firm name of the Somerset Dairy Company of Somerset, Pa., was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st of April, 1884.
GEORGE H. LOVE, ADIN J. LULL.
apr16.

Wanted! In every township, village and city in Pennsylvania, intelligent men and women to solicit orders for a standard quick selling book. Address for particulars and territory,
JOHN J. CONSTOCK, apr23.4t. Box 121, Altoona, Pa.

AGENTS wanted for the lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book. Agents ca. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

Don't talk to me of Olympus' maids,
"Divinely tall and fair,"
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
Of Juno's stately air.
Those mighty dames, with redoubted names
May erst have held their sway.
'Tis the little woman—bless her heart—
Who rules the world to-day.

With her wilful, winsome ways,
Her artful, artless smiles—
Her airy grace and her fairy face—
Her wisdom, wit and wiles.
She mocks the pride and sways the strength,
She bends the will of man,
As only such a despotic elf—
A little woman—can.

Though her pathway may lead thro' darkest ways,
She always finds a light;
Though her eyes be dazzled by fortune's rays
She's sure to see aright;
Though her wisdom be of no special school,
Her logic, "just because,"
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
The last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman that goes ahead
When men would lag behind;
The little woman who sees her chance,
And always knows her mind—
Who can slyly smile as she takes the oath
To honor, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause
In a little woman's way!

Would the diamond seem such a perfect gem
If it measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drops seem so clear and pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as low as the summer wind
That rules without appeal;
And the warrior, scholar, the saint and sage
May fight, and plan, and pray,
The world will wag to the end of time
In the little woman's way.

N. Y. Sun.

IN THE WINDOW.

"I'll keep the light in the window, Sandy, till you come back."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy, standing at the door in an uncertain, slouching kind of way, "I—I might be late."

"It's dark along the line," said the mother, "and a bit of candle light would be ill-spared if you got a tumble by it. I'll keep the candle burning till ye come back.

She was a hard-featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and as she talked, she worked on, ironing the linen she had washed and starched, and heaping it, like a snow-drift, in a great basket beside her. Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, but Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks, and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be steady" was not Sandy's forte. Off, ever and always to the river side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for a village pet, the great Newfoundland, "Whiskers" by name, to "fetch." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but, evenings, at the stores, they were worse; and the decent washer-woman shivered as she listened to her boy's home-coming step at nights, lest some day he should copy Squire Peelor's ways, and drink too much. Squire Peelor's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now, as Sandy stood in the door, so tall, and fair, and bonny, the mother's heart grew light. "He'd be sure to 'settle down' and help her with the bairns some day," she said." No doubt of that; he but a bit boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle in the window to light the boy along the lonely lane at his home-coming. The candle burut itself away and sunk into the socket, and the very wick smoldered out, laaving only smell and smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy had ran away.

The life at home was to hard for him. The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember, with a pang, those words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so; but a selfish desire to escape the drugery and the restraint, gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then, when the storm was at its height, and far in the distance the lamps of some tall lighthouse shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice, saying, "I'll keep it burning until ye come back, Sandy." Now and then, amid the yarns and songs of the fore castle merry-making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymns handed down from the time when old Covenanters worshipped God and defied man among the purple heather. They never lured him home to help her, though.

The years rolled on, and even this sting of conscience lost its paining. In those days there were no such things as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts, and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout His cheek was bronzed, his hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed he came to be an officer—first mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that kind of boisterous life that drives the thought of "mother" from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew him when his pay "jingled" in his pockets. He was not niggardly—nay, once he had emptied his remaining dollars into a beggar's hand. Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go back to his eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, never.

Five years were gone and ten, and fifteen and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore; a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths; when the Agamemnon came after a long and stormy voyage just within sight of the coast—within sight of its light-house, at least, for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible. Battered with storms already, bruised by the waves, wounded by rocks, still the Agamemnon fought her way homeward; by the morrow eve sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave-weary mariners—for once, at least, all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood a long time leaning over the taff-rail, smoking, and thinking, if he ever thought. It was an evil lingering for the Agamemnon. A spark from the cigar held in an unsteady hand, regarded by eyes not brighter from recent draughts of brandy, made its way somehow, wind-borne or demon-borne, into the place where the cargo of the vessel had been stored away, and at the dead of night they of the midwatch saw stealing through the planks beneath them red and yellow tongues of flames. The vessel was on fire.

"Fire! fire! fire!" the word rang its way to heaven, shouted by every tongue on board.

The scenes that followed beggars description. None who lived to remember ever could forget it. There was no hope from the first; none save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it! Oh, who could forget it! The old man pointing to the lights on shore and crying:

"I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain, deathly pale, showing that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every other soul on board, forgetting himself, and vowing to sink with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clung to him; the poor mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child going home to its grandparents, wonder-stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger. The sailors changed like the captain, into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amid them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scene around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well, whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair, and the grip of Hercules. To the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all afloat. All going into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most over."

"Aye, aye, lad," said the captain. "Give me your fist. We've sailed together a good while, now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate "Try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor, "I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and a roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. Then came blinoness and silence, and time paused for him.

* * * * * *

At last there was sound again. The sound of waters. Sight, the red lamps of the lighthouse. Feeling, that of the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence had saved Sandy's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long time. Bruised and weak still, he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well-known rocks kissed by a struggling moonlight. The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the light-house signals, perhaps, was singing a hymn:

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother
There's a light in the window for thee;"

And then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said: "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the old home yet who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness, the sailor staggered up the river path, through the changed streets, and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now; but at its end, or he dreamt, Sandy saw a candle gleam. He drew nearer. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth—and in the window of his own old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited, trembling, and the door opened. At it stood an old, old woman, with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern, strong features, and her blue eyes still.

"What's this?" said she, in her Scottish acccent: and he answered:

"A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter."

"Come in," said she, "come in and warm ye. It's a bitter night. The candle led ye here, na doot. It's burned these twenty years. Ye wonder at that? I'd a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him. I've a fancy it will wile him back yet, and keep it burnin'. The others are all dead; but I'll not believe he's gone; and I said I'll keep a light till you come back, Sandy—and I will."

And then, as he flung himself on his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see again. And if you go thither, they will point you out the little cottage window at which, strong in her faith for his return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for him for all the nights for twenty years—that and the mansion where, with her son, now married and captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him.

A Hole in the Sky.

A tall bronze-faced man, with the easy, off-hand manners and the expectorating ability of a citizen of the far West, sat in the smoking-car of an outgoing train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad as it whirled through the outskirts of the city. His satchel on the seat beside him bore the legend, "T. Z. Williams, Small Hopes, Arizona." He was returning home after a week's investigation of the ways of a big city. While seeing the sights he had met with one adventure which puzzled him exceedingly. He told of it in a free, careless manner. One morning he had started out to do a little "prospecting," as he called it. Having served in the war, the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg naturally excited his attention. He bought a ticket, then he hired an opera glass, leaving a deposit of $3. While enjoying a prolonged squint through the glasses he was startled by hearing a sweet voice at his elbow.

"Isn't it lovely?" said the fair one. "How I wish I had brought my opera glasses. May I use yours a minute?"

With the gallantry of the true son of the boundless West, Mr. Williams offered his glasses.

"Oh, thanks; how kind you are," she said, and a pair of big brown eyes met his ardent glance.

For a moment the lady gazed through the glasses, and Mr. Williams stood by in silent rapture.

"Great Scot! look at that," suddenly exclaimed a young man at his elbow.

Mr. Williams turned quickly and gazed intently at a spot in the painted sky, which the young man was pointing out. After fully satisfying himself that there was nothing remarkable about a spot on a piece of canvas, he turned back fully prepared to address the fair borrower of his opera glasses. She was gone. This surprised him a little, but he waited for her return. The young man who had discovered the interesting spot on the sky qad also disappeared. After waiting half an hour, Mr. Williams decided to go to his hotel. He concluded he would not say anything about the glasses at the box-office. He remained in the city several days, and although he kept a sharp lookout, he failed to meet his fair acquaintance.

"'Pears to me Chicago wimen is purty nice," he remarked, reflectively, as he hoisted his feet onto the back of the seat just in front of him, "but, blast me, if they ain't darn forgetful."

It has since transpired that the gentleman from small hopes is not the only one who has met the forgetful woman at the panorama.

Unleavened Bread.

In Cincinnati is the only matzos steam bakery in that part of the country, and the latest and most improved machinery is used. The main feature is the rapidity with which the dough is handled and with this improved machinery it is scarcely touched by the hands of the workmen. The process is very simple. Exact proportions of flour and water are weighed out and immediately put into the kneading machine, which consists of a heavy iron trough and a huge, fluted iron cylinder, weighing 700 pounds. The cylinder moves forward and baakward over the dough, thoroughly kneading it in less than five minutes. The dough is then transferred to the first rolling machine, which rolls it out into a smooth sheet about half an inch thick. It is then passed through a second machine and rolled to a proper thickness for the "cutter." This last machine cuts the dough into uniform sheets 6x8 inches, and stamps the holes into it. From the cutter it is passed directly into the oven, where it is baked and finished in one minute and a quarter. The time required to make the matzos, from the time the flour is taken from the barrel until it is taken from the oven is less than fifteen minutes, so that the dough has not time to become sour. The machinery and ovens are used for this purpose only, and consequently are idle for nine months in the year. The firm will make 200,000 pounds of matzos this year. They ship it to Nebraska, Colorado, and all over the South.

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture-like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which costs you but 50 cents, and is sold by C. N. Boyd, the Druggist.

Jefferson Davis will celebrate his 76th birthday on June 3.

A GREAT NOVELIST DEAD.

Charles Reade, at His Death the Greatest English Writer of Fiction, Passes Away, in His Seventieth Year.

There is no novelist now using the English language the announcement of whose death would cause such wide felt and honest sorrow as the tidings brought last Saturday that Charles Reade will write no more. Other authors of prose fiction there may be whose subtile observation and whose dainty workmanship are prized more highly by the few, but there is not one of the survivors who can lure and fire the sympathies of so large an audience. His feelings and thoughts and fancies were evolved within the lines and uttered in the accents of broad human nature, and experience has shown that, notwithstanding many veerings of conventional predilection, a fame thus builded is built upon a rock.

Charles Reade was born in Ispden Oxfordshire, in 1814, and was the youngest son of John Reade, a substantial gentleman of that place. In 1835 he was graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford. He afterward studied law, and was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn. He never practised law, however, but at 28 years of age gave himself wholly up to literary work, writing plays and stories which were published anonymously in the magazines and newspapers of the day. As a novelist, dramatist, and polemic writer his name and his works are fresh to every reader of current literature. Personally Mr. Reade was a large, broad-shouldered man, of robus physique, looking much younger than his years until, within a few years, several domestic afflictions aged him. He had long been a sufferer from bronchitis and moved some time ago from the malarious locality in which his house stood to a house next his elder brother's on the Uxbridge road. He called his former house "Naboth's Vineyard," because he had defended it successfully, after a four years' battle against a corporation that wanted it.

Charles Reade's biography has never been compiled. His readers have often fancied that he must have had actual service as a common seaman, or have studied and practised medicine and law. His life has been quiet and uneventful. An Oxford man taking his right rank for classical attainments, he was trained for the law, but was self-apprenticed as playwright and novelist. His novels do not contain autobiography in disguise. Yet they reveal unerringly the manliness of his character, the passionate earnestness of his nature. His detestation of hypocrisy and cant, his hatred of injustice and wrong, his splendid courage and tremendous energy in working out practical reforms, in pleading the cause of the oppressed and in fighting the battle of the poor prisoner, the plundered author, and the victim of trades union or mad-house, gave him a proud preeminence as a novelist who was not writing either for money or reputation, but with positive ends and distinct moral purposes always before his eyes. In the literary loom which he so industriously plied, the strong fibre of his own pure, generous and resolute manhood was never once broken off.

Charles Read was a very methodical worker, and neglected no helps. It was his habit to form scrap-books containing whatever strange, or startlsng events or stories appeared in the daily press, and of these books, which he called his "brains," he had accumulated a formidable number. Believing as he did that an author is entitled to appropriate matter wherever he finds it, provided that he adapts it, it is not remarkable that he should several times have been charged with plagiarism, nor that in some of these instances his defence should have been rather adroit than satisfactory. He posessed a fertility of invention which made him independent of extraneous assistance, however, and his original work will bear comparison with the strongest in English fiction, either past or present. He has been charged with inordinate vanity. The truth doubtless is that he was aware of his own ability, and did not hypocritically depreciate it. That he posessed a most sterling character is certain. He was ever ready to defend the oppressed careless of the odds, and with a fire and energy which nothing could restrain. His hand was always open to a pitiful tale, and the many authentic stories of his benevolence show him to have had a knightly and tender heart. Irritatable and fiery he was, and impatient of bores and fribbles, to whom he could not always behave with conventional courtesy. But he was a faithful friend, a defender of the lowly, a fierce and implacable foe to cruelty, fraud and oppression in all their forms. And when in those books of his which will become classic he is in the full tide of passionate denunciation of wrongs, he carries his reader away upon the current of his enthusiasm, and impresses the deepest conviction of the truth of his positions. The charming, sweet and delightful women of his tales are said to have had for their models his own mother and sister, and the man may well be esteemed fortunate whose estimate of womanhood is placed so high, through the permanent boon of such relationships.

Murderers Lynched.

MOUNT STERLING, Ky., April 15.—Fifty masked men went to Jackson, Brewitt county, on Wednesday night and took Henry Kilburne, white, and Ben Strong, colored, who were confined in jail there, and hanged them. Kilbourne was charged with the murder of William Thorp, last January, and Strong was suspected of being concerned in the same murder. A notice was pinned on one of the victims stating that all perpetrators of such crimes would receive like punishment. Kilburne had killed eight men.

Fear as an Ally of Disease.

While the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres the grave diggers bore charmed lives. Of the 300 men so employed not one died of the disease. It has often been noticed that during the prevalence of pestilental diseases, physicians, undertakers, nurses and grave diggers, whose business compelled constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The "charm" of this immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive as to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative position, and really invites its approach. And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once, while cowards die many times. Much unnecessary alarm exists in every community in regard to many diseases. We are, it is true, all liable to sickness and death. But if we are sober, cleanly, and brave of heart, we need have no fear of disease of body or mind.

He Took Whisky.

Doctor—have you got the better of the ague yet?

Patient—No, sor. Me and me wife is as bad as iver, sor.

Doctor—Did you get that whisky and quinine I prescribed?

Patient—Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all.

Doctor—That is strange! You took it according to the directions, I suppose?

Patient—Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one.

Doctor—What has that to do with it?

Patient—Well, yesee, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I took the whisky and gave Biddy the quinine.—*Phil. Call.*

Chic! Chic! Chic!

There are a good many young chickens peeping and running about in the county now. It is scarcely necessary to say they need to be looked after pretty carefully such weather as this. Cold, blustry, and rainy weather is the worst kind for young chicks. They must therefore be protected against the vicissitudes of our April climate. The coops must be placed in as sheltered places as can be found, on dry, warm ground. The broods must be fed with care, not too much at once, and as often as four or five times a day. The first feed in the morning should be given early, before sunrise, if possible. The little things are always hungry after the night's fast and start to hunt food as soon as they can see, if they can get out of the coop. If they cannot get out, they scratch and yell and tumble about, to their advantage. Feed early in the morning. The seed may be scalded and slightly warm, but not hot or sloppy, a moderately dry, crumbly consistence is about right; give no more at once than will be eaten up clean. Have good, roomy coops; keep them clean and sweet, and confine the hens in them for the first two or three weeks, and don't let the dams eat too much of the feed. The chickens are worth attending to, therefore look after them.

How to Get Early Potatoes.

The best plan we have ever tried to get "new potatoes" a few days in advance of the main crop, and to be first in the race—which is one of the many pleasures in gardening—is to select medium-sized potatoes, and put them in a box of Sphagnum Moss, or, if that cannot be obtained, saw-dust or common garden soil will answer; place the potato seed end up, and fill between them and under them with the moss, leaving only the tip of the potato exposed. This will cause the leading eye to sprout, which takes most of the nourishment from the tuber, and consequently is much stronger than it would be if the other eyes produced plants. These should be started about a month earlier than the usual planting time. The boxes of tubers may be placed in a hot-bed, or in any warm room, giving them all tha light possible. When the time has arrived for planting out, remove the tubers as carefully as possible, in order not to injure the roots, and plant in well-prepared soil. Remove any except the main shoot, should any appear.

By this method potatoes may be had from one to two weeks earlier than by the ordinary method of planting.

Look Out for Your Head.

No matter what part it may finally affect, catarrh always starts in the head, and belongs to the head. There is no mystery about the origin of this direful disease. It begins in a neglected cold. One of the kind that is "sure to be better in a few days." Thousands of victims know how it is by sad experience. Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head, and catarrh in all its stages. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Applied with the finger to the nostrils.

A grand wedding in India implies more than trousseau for the bride and cards and cake for the dear five hundred. It means unlimited hospitality to all the country round during the several days of the festivites. At the wedding of the Ras of Cutch 34,000 people were fed on the first day, 37,000 on the second and 36,000 on the trird. That was a wedding as is a wedding.

Want of Faith.

If C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, does not succceed, it is not for want of faith He has such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for coughs, colds, consumption, and lung affections, that he will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind.

In the lives of the saddest there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the world in our arms.

A Popular Beverage.

As I sat talking with Denman Thompson the other evening, the genial impersonator of Uncle Josh remarked that he was greatly annoyed by rheumatism. An acquaintance walked to his room in the hotel and returned with a bottle of lime water, which he handed Mr. Thompson, saying:

"There, if you drink that your rheumatism will disappear."

Mr. Thompson held the bottle in his hand a few minutes and looked at it and then, shaking his head he said in a very funny tone.

"I'm sorry, but you're really too late, I can't do it. There are thirty-five ahead of you and my mantel looks like a shelf in a drug store."

The gentleman took back his lime juice and substituted a more popular beverage.

Driving Out the Hungarians.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 16.—The anti-Hungarian agitation is renewed. The drivers, runners and mine boys in the vicinity of Kingston organized this evening for the purpose of driving out the Hungarians. The miners are in sympathy with the movement. In a fight last night and this morning a Hungarian was stabbed in the head. Friday night is pay day at the Kingston Coal Company's collieries. As much drinking will be done it is thought a riot is inevitable. The coal company proposes applying to the sheriff for a posse. The Hungarians are determined to hold their ground, and are arming.

Kills His Cousin.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 14.—Jas. Green, a white youth, seventeen years old, was arrested to-day in Mitchell county, charged with the murder of his cousin, Joseph Green a boy of sixteen. Both of these boys were courting Janette D. Birdsall, a pretty and interesting daughter of a well-to-do farmer of that county. The young lady received the attentions of both of the cousins whth evident marks of favor. James usually avoided visiting her when his rival was expected. On Sunday evening James met Janette at church for the purpose of escorting her home. On the road the couple met Joseph, who stepped up to the girl and without apology or ceremony, put his arm through hers and walked off, raising his hat to the disappointed and chagrined rival. After a moment's hesitation James drew a small Colt's revolver and fired. Joseph fell dead at the feet of his sweetheart. Both young men had heretofore borne excellent characters.

From Head to Foot.

The Postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, and also of frosted feet.

Burned to Death.

DALLAS, Texas, April 15.—A dispatch from Brenham says a negro named Gibbs brutally murdered the wife of L. P. Moore, a prominent farmer of Burlesson county. Saturday evening, because she would not allow him to sit at the supper table with the family. Mr. Moore was not at home at the time of the murder, but returned shortly afterward. The whole community turned out in pursuit and on Sunday afternoon overtook Gibbs, ten miles away, and captured him, after a fight, in which the negro was wounded. He was taken back to Moore's place, where the exasperated citizens chained him to a post and burned him to death. Gibbs was an escaped convict and was considered a very bad negro.

Big Wheat Yield Expected.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—Edwin F. Smith, Secretary of the California State Agricultural Bureau, says reports from his correspondents show that unless some disaster overtakes the Pacific Coast, it will have an unprecedented wheat yield. It will exceed the crop of 1880 if it escapes the hot north winds of May and June, which usually come about when the grain is in dough. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys will profit greatly by the bountiful rains which fell in March. The yield in these valleys may safely be placed at 60 per cent. in excess of last year's crop if the hot winds are passed.

Aids her Husbands Escape.

WHARTON, Tex., April 15—James J. Mattison, a gambler, shot C. D. Bythewood dead here on Sunday in a saloon, having opened a quarrel with him. Mattison ran to the railroad bridge across the Colorado river, about half a mile distant, and escaped while his wife stood on the bridge with a drawn revolver, holding the authorities at bay and shooting twice at the sheriff.

A Mob Holding a Kentucky Town.

LEXINGTON, April 16.—Advices from Jackson says that William Strong, with his "gang," some seventy-five in number, is in possession of that town, and says he will hang seventy-five of the best citizens in retaliation for the hanging of Ben Strong and Henry Kilburne, one of whom was a member of Strong's band. It is also reported that he refuses to let Judge Riddle hold Court there.

Crops