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The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

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A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan23.

EXECUTOR'S NOTCE.

Estate of Adam Zimmerman, dec'd, late of Somerset 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, November 1, 1884, at the late residence of the Executor in Jenner Twp.

Sept24. JONAS MAURER, Executor.

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

BRASS AND COPPER

KETTLES!

LARGEST STOCK

At Lowest Prices Ever Offered, at Wholesale and Retail.

FRANK W. HAY,

MANUFACTURER AND JOBBER IN

Plain, Stamped, and Japanned Tinware.

RANGES, STOVES AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, COPPE, SHEET-IRON WARE, AND BRUSHES.

Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in in My Line.

280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

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Farming Trade!

We wish to call your attention to the

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF OUR—

Celebrated Make of Monogram

BOOTS & SHOES,

Which we have Just Received for the

FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

Every Pair are Warranted to Give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION

By the Manufacturer, and if they fail to do as we guarantee them to do, we refund the money or give you a New Pair

FREE O COST!

Please bear in mind that we are Sole Agent for the

Monogram Boots & Shoes

In Johnstown, and no other Shoe Dealer can sell you the Monogram Boots & Shoes But Us. Our Stock of other

BOOTS AND SHOES

Of Coarse, as well as Medium and Fine is Larger this Fall than ever, and at Prices that Will surprise you. We can save you fully 25 per cent by buying your Fall and Winter Stock from Us.

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SHOE STORE

No. 212 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in

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We have secured a

NEW MILL,

And manufacture Shingles on the Michigan Principle. We cut and constantly keep on hand two grades of the finest kinds of Shingles. We guarantee our Shingles to be superior to any in the County. Shall be pleased to have parties come and inspect our shingles before buying elsewhere. Address

E. M. LAMBERT & BRO.,

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SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.

Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive. Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

FASHIONABLE

CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of he Tailoring business, I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage.

Yours, &c.,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER,

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CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)

LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET, PA.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. 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.

THE UTILITY OF GRUMBLING.

Grumble, grumble, grumble on!
Old habits you easily can't lay by
Nevertheless, old Farmer John,
I read the truth in your bright brown eye;
Weather and markets have all gone wrong,
Year upon year you heaped complaint,
Your past produced but a doleful song,
Your faith in the future, alas! is faint.

* * * * * *

O, Farmer John, you're a truthful type
Of the land you live in and love so much;
Your smile cannot make the crops grow ripe,
Or send up the markets to such and such.
O serious, serious Farmer John!
'Tis that old, deep feeling of discontent
That through plenty and famine has moved us on—
For grumbling brings good government.

—*Horace Leonard in London Society.*

A BRAVE WOMAN.

I.

At Mr. Lonsdale's aristocratic mansion in Philadelphia the earliest letters were brought in with the rolls and coffee, so that Mrs. Lonsdale was languidly eating orange marmalade when her husband read out the contents of the letter with the black edge which had just come from Moon Mountain.

"Left a widow!" echoed Mrs. Lonsdale. "And with six daughters. What a very unpleasant circumstance!"

"She was my favorite cousin," said Mr. Lonsdale. "As bright a girl as I ever saw. I suppose, Naomi"—with a little hesitation—"we couldn't take her in here?"

"Take her in here?" repeated Mrs. Lonsdale. "Why where could we put a widow and six young women? We actually haven't room enough to accommodate ourselves."

"Well, well, I'm sorry for poor Mary," said Mr. Lonsdale. "I think she had the bluest eyes I ever saw. Six daughters, and we never had one. Perhaps, Naomi"—with the old hesitating formula—"you wouldn't like to adopt one?"

"Thank you," satirically observed his wife. "When I do receive an adopted child into my house it will not be the country article."

* * * * *

At the solitary little farm on Moon Mountain, however, the same topic was being discussed while Mrs. Drix was sewing on the simple mourning which the bereaved family could afford.

Helen was washing the dishes, Rosie was darning the carpet with woolen yarn of the same color and Lizzy was trimming seven plain straw hats with bands of crape, as inexpensively as possible. Susy was picking over a shining tin pan of dandelion greens for dinner. Esther, the youngest and rosiest of them all, was feeding a flock of downy chickens, and Sarah, the eldest, was absent at a neighbor's, helping to make up the spring outfits of a half a dozen boys.

"Sarah was always so handy with the needle," said Mrs. Drix, with pardonable pride.

"But, mother," said Rosie, looking up from her work with a troubled countenence what are we to do?"

"Mother," said Lizzy, "our Lonsdale cousins in Philadelphia are rich. Couldn't we go to them?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Drix. "I wrote to them, telling them of our affliction, and they sent back a letter full of common-places, without even offering to help us."

"But they are rich, and we are poor."

"Yes, and they live in splendid style, Hattie Cooley says," added Susy.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drix. "But as long as there are seven pair of hands in this family, and God spares our health, I do not propose to turn genteel beggar!

"But mother," began Rosie, who was the care-taking member of the family, "I really think——"

"I've settled it all in my own mind," said Mrs. Drix, stitching away until her needle looked like a gleam of steel lightning. "The house is large, although it isn't built after the latest fashion. The air is wholesome and there is the Black Spring, where people come to get the water for ten miles around. I mean to keep boarders."

"Hurrah for the little mother!" cried Essie, clapping her plump hands. "And I may help you make custards and do up preserves, mayn't I, mamma?"

"Susy and Esther shall help me," declared Mrs. Drix. "Sarah can always earn her living by tailoring work. Helen shall go into the glove factory; I'm told they need new hands there. Lizzy can help Mrs. Dart, the milliner, and Rosie is to be nursery governess at Mrs. Millingham's. And if between us we can't earn a livelihood it will be very strange."

Susy and Essie were delighted. Rosie naturally regarded her position as a decided promotion. Helen, however, dropped a tear into the pan of hot water which she had just poured out.

"The glove factory, mother?" she repeated. "But it will be such a strange, lonesome place. I don't think I shall like it."

"We must all of us try to like our duty, child," said the brisk little woman. "I'm an American woman, and they cannot discourage me. This is a country for women's rights."

II.

"Mary is going to open a boarding-house," said Mr. Lonsdale again to his wife. "She has requested me to insert an advertisement in the dailies for her."

"Very laudable of her, I am sure," said Mrs. Lonsdale with a yawn.

"Suppose you were to go there for a few weeks before the Saratoga season opens?" suggested Mr. Lonsdale. "You can't very well stay here while the painting and repairs are going on."

"I don't know that I can endure that sort of living," said Mrs. Lonsdale dubiously.

"Mary Drix used to be the best housekeeper I ever knew," answered her husband.

"Do you suppose she will take me cheap?"

"I should imagine so."

So Mrs. Lonsdale wrote a patronizing letter to her husband's cousin bespeaking the best room.

But when she got to Moon Mountain there was only one little square room left. The fame of the Black Spring had gone forth in all directions, and a newspaper editor had promulgated an article praising the delicious, pine-scented air and well populated trout brooks of the mountains—and the consequence was the farm house was full.

"But this room is so small," said Mrs. Lonsdale, fretfully.

"It's all I have left," said Mrs. Drix, "and I could have let it half a dozen times over if it hadn't been reserved for you, Cousin Naomi."

"You'll take me at a reduction from the usual prices, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lonsdale.

"I shall charge you just what I charge everybody else, neither more nor less," answered Mrs. Drix.

"But I'm a relative," pleaded Mrs. Lonsdale.

"What good does that do me?" said the widow, fixing her blue eyes full on Mrs. Lonsdale. "My terms for a room of this size are $15 a week."

"But that is too much," whined Mrs. Lonsdale.

"How much did you expect to pay?" asked Mrs. Drix with a curious sparkle in her eyes.

"In this wilderness here," said Mrs. Lonsdale, "$10 would be——"

"If those are your ideas we shall never come to terms," said Mrs. Drix. "But if you are really cramped for money——"

"My dear Mrs. Drix you have no idea of the perpetual demand on us for money."

"I will take you for twelve dollars." Mrs. Drix completed her sentence as if the other had not spoken.

And the bargain was completed.

Mrs. Lonsdale had not been in the house a week before she took her husband's cousin severely to task.

"That horrid old man in the faded olive-green suit has the best room in the house," said she. "The very best!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Drix, "he is my mother's uncle. He was always good to my poor husband."

"But I'm told he only pays half-price?"

"Yes," confessed the widow. "He is very old, and can't go up and down stairs, so of course he must have the first floor room."

"But he hasn't any property?"

"He owns Carragee farm, across the mountains," said Mrs. Drix, "but nobody will rent it of him because the land is so rocky, and the farm house was burned down last fall when there were so many fires in the woods. Beyond that he has nothing."

Mrs. Lonsdale frowned.

"Nobody has any right to live to be seventy years old without having laid up some little provision for the future," she said.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Drix, "that perhaps cousin Mortimer Lonsdale would contribute a little to his support, as we are equally related."

"You may be very sure that he will not," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with emphasis.

"Very well," said Mrs. Drix calmly. "He shall never want while I can help him."

The very next week, however, Mr. Darrow was found dead in his armchair. And by will he had left everything he possessed to his grandniece, Mary Drix.

"I wish you joy of Carragee farm!" said Mrs. Lonsdale. "Of course you'll have to pay taxes on it, so it will absolutely be money out of pocket."

"It was all he had to give," said Mrs. Drix.

Meanwhile the family was prospering. Sarah was engaged to marry a thrifty young farmer of the neighborhood. Helen was earning a good living.

Lizzy was contemplating the setting up of a small milliner's shop on her own account—and Rosie was in high favor at Millingham's place.

Even Mrs. Lonsdale admitted that her French cook could not excel the creams, delicate cakes and delicious puddings which these young damsels compounded.

"I'm almost sorry our rooms are engaged at Saratoga," said the city lady. "I am getting rather to like Moon Mountain. And your table is decidedly good, Mary. And as for the girls, I have grown to like them very much."

Mr. Lonsdale himself entered as she spoke.

"Well," said the lady airily, "what is the news, Mortimer?"

"Bad news," said Mortimer, in a hoarse accent. "We are ruined! The business has gone to wreck—the cashier has fled to Belgium—and we haven't a cent to call our own!"

Whereupon, naturally enough, Mrs. Lonsdale went into hysterics, screaming, "Oh, heaven! we are ruined, ruined! My life has ended, Mortimer—I might as well die as starve."

III.

When Mrs. Drix came in, Naomi was wildly loading her husband with reproaches and struggling with him. Mortimer Lonsdale stood with something glittering in his hand. Mrs. Drix went up to him and took it away with gentle authority.

"Give me that pistol, Mortimer," said she. "Get up, Naomi, and leave off crying and sobbing. If you ever needed to be a woman, you need it now."

"We are ruined—we are ruined!"

"I never can redeem myself," said Mortimer, huskily. "You had better have let me shoot myself, Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Drix, curtly. "Suicide is the last resort of the coward. Don't you know, Mortimer, that it is always darkest just before daylight?"

"I don't know what you mean," said he.

"Then listen to me. The old lawyer has just come over from Carragee farm. He says that they have struck a rich vein of iron on the rocky hills there. A stock campany want to buy it of me for $80,000, and I've agreed to sell it. Uncle Darrow was as much your grand-uncle as he was mine. We'll divide the money, Mortimer, you and I."

"But I've no right to it Mary," faltered he.

"Not by law, perhaps," said the widow, "but you have by equity—at all events, half of it shall be yours. What do I want with $80,000? Half will be great riches for me. The girls are all doing well and I like to lead a busy life. Nay, Mortimer, you must take it."

He turned away his face.

"Mary," said he, "you have heaped coals of fire on our heads!"

"Mary," sobbed Mrs. Lonsdale, "you're an angel."

So Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale settled on a pretty farm on Moon Mountain, and, strange to relate, their only son, Geoffry, eventually married pretty Essie Drix.

"So you'll have to adopt one of Mary Drix's girls, after all?" jocosely said her husband.

"She's a perfect little darling!" said Mrs. Lonsdale, who had softened strangely of late; "and her mother has shown me what a complete fool I made of myself. She has brought me to my senses, Mortimer, and I think we are all the happier for having been ruined."

Answers to Correspondents.

Aristophanes—Your joke about the bathing suit being so small that it was carried in the pocketbook is good. It is too good to use. It will keep. At least it has kept all summer, and this cold weather will not impair its vitality. What we particularly like about it is its air of newness—its unmistakable flavor of originality. There is no veneer or imitation about it. It is original. So was the ark, Aristophanes, so was the ark.

Margaret—No, the South Sea Islanders are not Cannibals; they live on fish. Every time they catch a new missionary they have a dinner of fried sole.

Nicotine—The custom of making genuine imported Havana cigars of brown paper and wrapping them with leather, had its origin among the Connecticut cigar makers in the hard times of eighteen hundred and naughty five, when the tobacco crop failed, and the most rigid economy had to be practiced by manufacturers and consumers. As you say you are only nineteen years old, it don't make any difference to you what cigars are made of. You can get just as sick on burnt leather as you can on tobacco, and you'll enjoy it just as much.

Dreamer—You must indeed be a dreamer. Want to know where you will find a poem containing the line,

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.

Never heard of such a poem, and if the line you quote has any existance at all, it must be in the airy cobwebs of your own dreamy brain. Dream out the rest of it, and we'll print it for you. Send the MS. to the business office; they're offering special rates on melancholy poetry in car lots this season.

Melville—Your drama covers too much ground, like a Colorado cattle company. It reminds us of a "patent insides" newspaper, which contains in one column interesting and interwoven articles on "Spring Work in the Garden," "Summer Bathing and Directions for Treating Persons Rescued from Drowning," "How to Collect and Preserve Autumn Leaves," and "Household Christmas Decorations."

Westward Ho—Certainly, son; go to California by all means. Glorious climate. First six months of the year they pray for rain; t'other six months they climb trees and run away from the floods.

Spiritus—No, we don't know who said, 'The good die yung.' But if you are no better than your spelling you will live to cut your fourth set of teeth, and see a President elected without a scandal.

Mabel—This damsel wants to know "Is there anything in all this world worse than the rum traffic?" Well, we don't want to appear prejudiced, Mabel, but we rather think that for unadulterated badness and irreclaimable worseness a tea store chromo gets away with any terrestrial horror now extant.

Young Theologue—Yes, we think you might class "gosh dum" and "dad bing" as profane swearing. "Gaul ding" may also be considered a swear word. "I'm swizzled" is another. All these words bear the same relation to thoroughbred, sky-blue profanity that the pale-pink lemonade of the Sunday school picnic does to the raw whisky of the target company's excursion. They are the outgrowth of a terrible struggle, a theological compromise arranged by our Puritan ancestors, who recognized with a faultless spiritual vision and worldly acumen the necessity of a pure life and a sinless vocabulary, and at the same time the utter impossibility of plowing a New England stone patch without a class of words designed to relieve the overburdened mind and astonished feelings every time the plow handles broke a man's ribs and extorted every last drop of vital breath from his panting body—*Burdette.*

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

At a New York convention of deaf mutes a pair of patent ears were shown with which it was found a deaf person could hear better than with an ear trumpet.

MAINE GRANITE.

The Quarry where the Granite Used for the Government Buildings is Taken From.

All over the United States, in the larger cities, may be seen great buildings, handsome and costly specimens of architecture, and structures which are marvels of engineering skill, the carved and polished walls and towers of which once lay in rugged masses on a little island far out on the bosom of Penobscott Bay. This island is the southerly of a picturesque pair known as North Fox and South Fox, each being incorporated as a town, named respectively North Haven and Vinalhaven. It was so long ago as 1765 that South Fox saw its first white settlers, and 24 years afterward it was incorporated as a town, named as above for John Vinal, Esq., of Boston, some of whose relatives yet live on the island. The southerly half of this sea-girt town is one solid mass of beautiful granite, and the quarrying of this stone has created a pretty village of 2,000 people at one of the many snug coves—Carver's Harbor.

For nearly half a century stone for building and paving has been sent from Vinalhaven, but it was not until the decade of 1850-60 that very much was done. In 1851 Moses Webster and J. R. Bodwell, one a New Hampshire boy, the other from Massachusetts, went to the rocky island, and with a capital of about $300 began quarrying operations. They had few tools and no machinery, but got out the stone as best they knew, and then slowly conveyed it to the shore on drags drawn by cattle. When the government built two big forts in New York harbor in 1852 or '53, the contract for furnishing the stone was given to Bodwell & Webster, who managed to fill the bill all right, and thus got a good start in the world. Since then they have prospered, and now do probably the largest quarrying business in the United States, employing from 500 to 100 men as the volume of trade varies, paying $25,000 to $50,000 a month in wages, and keeping the whole island community happy and prosperous.

To see 500 quarrymen, teamsters, blacksmiths, cutters and polishers all at work, "hammers and tongs," is an interesting sight. Were it not for the fact that granite is found in strata of quite uniform thickness, quarrying would be a most difficult and expensive operation, and a great part of the stone would be wasted. When a quantity of stone is to be taken out the first thing necessary is to make a "head," that is to cut downward through the horizontal strata until a whole transverse section of a layer is exposed to the foundation. Then, at the desired distance back from this head, which resembles a ditch 20 to 50 feet long, the quarrymen drill what are known as "Miller holes" in the granite, which consists of three triangular orifices, drilled close together, and some depth into the stone. Generally one group suffices; occasional-two or three are drilled. Into these holes are poured tremendous charges of giant powder, which, when exploded, start the whole mass of stone as far as the "head" from its strata bed. After that it is easily split up by driving little iron wedges into a series of holes drilled on the dimension line. Immense derricks, guyed up by heavy wire rigging, and operated by stationary steam engines, swing the stone from place to place in the quarry; rollers of iron and hard wood are used for the heaviest pieces. Ponderous trucks, drawn by heavy horses, go floundering along toward the cutting shop, with great blocks triced up under their rear axles with chains. The truck wheels being about fifteen feet high, it will be seen that a large stone can be carried in this way without dragging. The quarrymen work the year round and average $1.65 per day; boys, $1.50, and cutters $2.75 to $3.20. All the tools, except one kind of hammer, are furnished by the company. At the Sands Quarry, Vinalhaven, not long ago, one of the largest, if not the largest pieces of granite ever quarried was taken out for the Gen. Wool monument, at Troy, N. Y. It was from 10 to 15 feet square and 60 feet long. After all the labor and expense, however, the monstrous stone was found to contain a flaw; it was rejected, and another had to be cut.

A beautiful monument for Dr. William Gibson and wife, of Jamestown, Pa., (who are not yet dead, by the way), is in process of cutting here. It will stand on a sarcophagus, and will consist of a tall pillar with ornamental base and cap, to be surmounted by a statue representing Faith. The work has taken two years now, and the monument will cost $65,000.

In Vinalhaven every man has granite doorsteps, granite hitching posts, and even a walk or curb of granite before his house, at little or no expense. One man who lives near the shore has a wharf of this neat white stone for his private use, and there is no reason why all hands shouldn't have granite houses, except, perhaps, that they havn't time to build them, for there are thousands of tons of the material thrown away for slight imperfections in color.

That part of Vinalhaven which has been dug up and shipped away as granite of late years is distributed principally thus: Chicago Board of Trade, Cincinnati Custom House and Post Office; Atlanta, Ga., Post Office and Custom House; Fall River Custom House and Post Office; East River Bridge; St. Louis Bridge; basement and sub-basement Albany Post Office; lower part of new State, War, and Navy building, Washington; basement and sub-basement, Pittsburgh Post Office; Welles building, New York, and many miles of paving.

There is enough stone left on the breezy little island to build all the Post Offices, big bridges and monuments for an indefinite period. All they take away dosen't seem to make much of a hole

During the last six years 87,247 young men have left Prussia to escape military service.

Dungeon Life.

There is or was lately (1871) a Polish lady, the Countess of K——, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch. It is encircled by twenty precious stones, on a ground of dark blue enamel, covered in the centre by glass. And what does this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? No, only four common pins, bent together in the form of a star! And she wears this in memory of her husband, a Polish nobleman, who was put into prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy to the government. It was a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him but the keeper of the prison, and he of course was not permitted to converse with his prisoner. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still left in his dungeon. He was most miserable and feared that he should lose his senses, for his reason seemed to be giving way. Oh! if he had only some hope—some one thing to relieve his misery. Feeling all over his coat one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy; yet what could four pins be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them again. When he had succeeded in this he scattered them again on the floor, and could you have gone into his dungeon you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When, after six years imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the dark for his four pins. It was all his work. Nor would he leave his prison without taking his pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and confinement, and his Countess had them made into a brooch which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

The following is one of the most affecting records in existence. It is from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment in the fortress of Spieberg, above the town of Brun, in Moravia, for a political offense in the reign of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who died in 1835. He was an Italian, and had conspired to dispossess the Austrians at Milan: "I am an old man now, but by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I exirted (for I did not live, it was not life) in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never rightly distinguished the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate—we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away—I never knew where—to execution, to liberty—but I was glad he was gone; even solitude were better than that dim, vacant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years misery. One day—it must have been a year or two after my companion left me—the dungeon door was opened and a voice, from whom proceeding I knew not, uttered these words: "By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door shut and I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it."

The companion for six years with Count Gonfalonieri was a Frenchman, Count Andryane, who has since published some memoirs of his own life ("Memoirs d'un Prisonnier d'Etat, par Comte Alexander Andryanne.") He mentions that Count Gonfalonieri was liberated at the Emperor's death in 1835, and sent to the United States, from whence he returned to Austria. There, broken down by sorrow and suffering, he wandered about for a few years, and died at Urian, pied de St. Gothard, December, 1846. Count Andryanne adds the touching incident that for a time Count Gonfalonieri was allowed to receive letters from his wife, and when she was dying she wrote several letters, dating them at different future periods, that he might, when delivered, think she was still alive. This tender, loving kindness was, however, cruelly frustrated by the sudden information of her death, so brutally conveyed by order of the Emperor. Poor man! he was spared no single pang. It pleased God to "vex him with all his storms."

Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and fever, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter composed wholly of vegetable substances, without a particle of any noxious drug. Its action is peculiar, prompt, and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever and expelling the poision from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient.

A deaf mute in Illinois has inherited $28,000 from Germany. He will return to that country to live.

There are not sufficient school accommodations for the 13,320 children on the school list of New Haven, Conn.

There is a project on foot in New York to remove Castle Garden and make Governor's Island the immigrant depot.

A man wants to know what will bring out a mustache. Tie a cord around it tightly, hitch the cord to a fence post, and then run backwards. —*Free Press.*

Balzac's Nose.

Every curious collector of the memorable sayings of great men has probably enriched his store with Cromwell's request to be painted with all his warts. By the side of that saying let there be placed what, in posing for his bust, Balzac said to the sculptor, David d'Angeiers: "Be careful of my nose; my nose is a world!" A truly remarkable world this Balzac nose, which David is to hand down so carefully to posterity, having a deep, perpendicular furrow at its roof, being square at the end, parted into two lobes, and pierced by very open nostrils, whereto was never seen the like in any mortal nose whatsoever. A still more remarkable nose by reason of being situated between such worlds of eyes—"black diamonds illuminated by rich golden reflections"—wherein was a life, a light, a magnetism, a sovereignty, a seer-like penetration, a rabelasian gayety never seen in any other. But a most remarkable nose for being placed near such a world of a mind as few noses have enjoyed proximity to since the original mold of humanity was cast and consecrated; on the confines of which world no man can linger without becoming conscious that his world of mind, whether great or little, has received a fresh impulse to orb itself more nearly into perfectness. Therefore I wish to draw near to it for a moment before I evoke the general past of which it was a part, confident that in the end I shall have no apology to make to any sympathetic souls who may consent to bear me company.—*September Manhattan.*

Stanley's African Servant.

Mr. Stanley has with him his favorite servant Dualla, a slim Somali of 20, picked up at Aden, who has acted as his confidential attendant for the last five years. No one could fail to be attracted by his bright, intelligent face, his genial smile, and his answers to some pleasant badinage which his master exchanged with him at luncheon, showed a surprising readiness and grasp. With the various points of the Congo question he is thoroughly conversant, expressing his opinions with much decision; of De Brazza, of the missionaries, of the Portuguese and so on. The length of the Congo, from Leopoldville to Banana Poirt, he is known, and when he appears at a station he is at once recognized as the representative of Mr. Stanley, as whose ambassador in advance he often acts. In fact, Dualla is a diplomatist of consummate tact, which does credit to his teaching. His English is wonderfully good, and at present he is aquiring the art of writing. "Dualla is getting whiter every day. Do you use Pear's soap, Duella?" asked Mr. Stanley, laughing. But Duella had not tried its virtues. This is not his first visit to London, though it possesses great attractions for him. I am afraid he prefers the gayeties of Paris. Duella is getting homesick and is going back to Aden for a time, at least, to friends. "Duella thinks the white girls are very pretty, but I know there is a dusky Somali maiden in the case, eh, Duella?" Duella blushed, laughed, and beat a hasty retreat. That he has faith in England is evident from the fact that out of the £350 he has saved from his wages of £80 a year, he has invested £250 in consols. The odd £100 he has spent in presents for his friends, like the thoughtful fellow he is.

Origin of Common Oaths.

The expression, "Don't care a damn," is said to nave been invented by the Duke of Wellington. Its derivation is most innocent, the damn referred to being an Indian coin, a dam, of infinitesimal value. The curse in "not worth a curse" is identical with the plant "cress." The expression is so used in a work of the fourteenth century. "Piers Ploughman's Vision." The English were known as "Goddams" as far back as the time of the Maid of Orleans. Joan addressed the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, when they held out to her hopes of ransom, as follows: "I know you well. You have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. You think when you have slain me you will conquer France, but that you will never bring about. No! although there were 100,000 Goddams in this land more than there are!" "By Jingo" comes to us from the Basque peas