The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

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.

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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!
—:o:—
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SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
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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 Tribbold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.
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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
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"THE OLD RELIABLE."
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IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
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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.
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Yours, &c.,
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LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.

The good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and her hands the while;
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made and all he had lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit;
Nothing has done very well this year,
Money is bound to be hard to get,
Everything's sure to be very dear,
How the cattle are going to feed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is a kind of debit and credit sum
I can't make balance by any rule."

She turned her around from the baking board,
And she faced him there with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband, dear, one would really think
That the good, rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if wheat is only chaff,
So long as we both are well and strong?
I'm not a woman to worry a bit—
But—somehow or other we get along.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the storm and pain are o'er
The sunshine is sure to be twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear and had to wait,
But somehow or other we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us 'father' and 'mother,'
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear;
Are both of us loving and well and strong,
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we have got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh,
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love;
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low sweet song,
A song that's followed me many a year—
"Somehow or other we get along!"

—*Mackay Stoddard.*

THE HIDDEN TRAIL.

We were deer-hunting on the headwaters of the Santa Ana Creek, a rapid little stream taking its rise in the Coast range, in Ventura county, California, and were camped at a point where the stream, breaking through a spur of the main ridge, hurls itself in eddying rapids between towering walls and naked sandstone. Below us the foothills dropped away in the fertile mesas of the Santa Ana Rancho, while above the gorge, hemmed in by towering mountains lay a beautiful valley, oval in shape and studded with clumps of live oak and bunches of manzanita. Close down to the mouth of the pass, around whose eastern side there ran a narrow trail, grew a solitary, towering sugar pine, beneath the whispering branches of which we had built our camp-fire, while oer horse cropped at will the juicy bunch grass upon the flat above.

An old mountaineer who was one of the party, a man who had spent the better part of a lifetime in hunting and prospecting through the mountains of California, and was now as care free and as far from "striking it rich" as in good old days of '49, broke the deep silence which had fallen upon our little party in nature's majestic presence.

"Did you know," he said, "that this flat was the last stronghold of the Santa Ynez Indians that held out against the Spaniards?"

Of course I looked at the speaker, whose deep voice had broken while it had not marred my dreams. Years of life in the sun and wind had bronzed his face to a hue as tawny as ever was that of any Mexican, while his unkempt, grizzled beard and silver white hair bore unmistakable evidence, not only of his great age, but lack the comforts and conveniences of more modern civilization. But age had not dimmed the brightness of an eye trained to watch from some high ridge for the bound of a deer across a distant clearing, nor had the weight of years broken the iron nerve of an arm which still unerringly dealt out death at 500 yards range.

"No," I replied at last. "Tell us about it."

"I will give you the story," he replied, "as an old Indian squaw told it to me."

"A great many years ago, before even the Franciscan missionaries had thought of California as a probable field for their labors, the Santa Ynez Indians dominated all the country hereabout, from Santa Barbara even to the vicinity of the San Fernando valley. This glen at the head of Santa Ana creek was the seat of their authority and the site of their largest village and the most impregnable stronghold. Here was the residence of their great chief, here was built their largest council house, and here, when danger threatened, could be found ample accommodations for the whole tribe. Game and berries were abundant in the neighboring mountains, a boiling sulphur spring was available for the erection of a sweat house, the Santa Ana swarmed with trout and a hundred trusted warriors, stationed upon the cliffs and at the head of the trail leading up the stream, could defy unnumbered foes. Ordinarily only the chiefs and their immediate families and their retainers resided in this stronghold, the tribe being scattered over its broad domain in divers villages advantageously located, and only assembling at the central point in times of danger or to participate in great tribal religious observances.

THE SECRET TRAIL.

"But there was another trail leading into the glen. Winding up over yon high cliff on the western side of the gorge, it leads down into the flat by a long and circuitous route at its upper or western end.

"The Spaniards came into the country and everything was changed. Gradually the Santa Ynez Indians were conquered and enslaved or exterminated. One by one their villages had been destroyed and their burial mounds desecrated to make place for the flocks and herds of their arrogant masters. At last but a few hundred of them remained, and these under the leadership of their last great chief Ma-til-i-ja, had taken refuge in this glen at the head of the Santa Ana creek. Preparations were begun to dislodge the rebellious (?) savages. All of the young vaqueros in the country, all the veteran government soldiers at the mission and all the rancheros were enlisted in the extermination of a band whose existence was a constant peril to them. The troops approached the mouth of the rocky pass and halted to reconnoitre. The Indian scouts had signalled the approace of the soldiers, and Ma-til-i-ja was prepared. Within the gorge all was silent save the rippling of the water in the shadows of the rock. A priest, bare headed and gown-clad, advanced along the trail into the darkness, holding aloft a crucifix and calling upon the Indians for submission. High up upon the cliff a tufted head and bare brown shoulders caught for an instant the rays of the sun. There was a twang of a bow spring and an obsidian-pointed arrow, whizzing down into the shadows, buried itself to the feathers in the breast of the priest. For an instant he stood still holding aloft the crucifix, and then with a death moan his body fell forward into the water, and the trout below him sported in a crimson stream. Quickly dismounting, the Spaniards charged again and again into the narrow pass, and were as often repulsed.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

"At last they drew off, seeing the hopelessness of their attack, and camped down upon the mesa below, determined to try the policy of starvation. Meanwhile the Indians strengthened their defenses and sent out hunters upon the hills, that they might be prepared to endure the siege. Ma-til-i-ja, the last of a long line of chieftains, had no son to whom to transmit his honors, and contrary to the usual custom of his people, had taken to himself but one wife. A daughter, Winona, was the fruit of their union, and Ma-til-i-ja had confided to her the secret of the trail leading from the glen. Like all the women of her tribe Winona had sojourned for a time at the mission, and while there, unknown to her father, the ceremonies and religion of the padres had taken deep hold upon her savage imagination. While there, also she had conceived a passion, deep and wild as her own untrained nature, for one of the young soldiers of the garrison, Jose Hernas, and he had been not at all derelict in pressing his suit upon the savage beauty.

"For weeks the seige continued, interspersed with brave charges, which were always repulsed, until at last the Spaniards began to chafe at fighting with an unseen enemy whose missiles dealt death at every blow. At last the disaffection grew open, and there began to be grave talk of abandoning the apparently fruitless seige.

"Meanwhile Winona stole away from her father's lodge each day at nightfall, and, passing over the secret trail, went down into the Spanish camp and passed hours with her lover beneath the shadow of some great oak. Amid so many retainers, her presence passed unnoticed, and when the day grew gray in the east, she would glide like a shadow a short distance into the rocky gorge, and then diverging, seek again the secret path, to return to her dwelling. Watching her departure one morning, Jose saw her leave the gorge, and, obeying a sudden and unaccountable impulse, started to follow her. Like a shadow he followed her swift steps from rock to rock, from crag to crag until she disappeared into a narrow rocky canyon. Plunging into this, Jose followed down it for a short distance and emerging, was startled to find himself within the Indian village. He had the secret trail. Realizing at once the importance of his discovery, he retraced his steps at once to the Spanish camp and sought the commander of the expedition.

THE MASSACRE.

That night 200 picked men, under Jose's guidance, stole like shadows under the mountain path, and ranged themselves in a silent line above the doomed village. At the mouth of the gorge a guard of Spaniards shut off the escape of the Indians. From the deep defile below the village a musket report broke the clear gray stillness of the morning. It was the signal of attack. With one rattling volley the bands of troops within the glen broke rank and charged down upon the sleepy villagers just emerging from their huts. The Indians were stupefied with surprise, uncertain as to whether their gods had deserted them or their sentries had slept upon their posts, and were cut down, men, women and children, without resistance. Winona starting in terror from her father's hut, saw Jose heading the besiegers, and realized what had happened. Bounding to the side of her lover, she clasped her arms about him and stayed his sword in the bloody work of murder. Matilija had followed his daughter from the lodge, and with loud cries was rallying his warriors in defense of their women and children. Seeing his devoted daughter clasped to the breast of a spanish soldier, he thought he saw in her the betrayer of his people. With a savage howl of mingled rage, pain and defiance, Matilija sprang forward and buried his stone hatchet deep into the brain of his offspring. With a piteous upward look the girl sunk at her father's feet, and, before Jose could recover from his stupefication, another blow of that strong arm had spread the Spaniard's form lifeless and bleeding beside that of the girl. Then Matilija darted swiftly away, ascended with sure steps the dizzy cliff above us, and uttering a defiant death cry, sprang far out into the air and was dashed to fragments upon the jagged rocks at our feet.

From B. F. Leipsner, A. M., Red Bank, N. J. I was so seriously troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Leipsner.

Where the Cold Waves Come From.

Henry Vernon, a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, is satisfied that the cold wave of air comes from or is caused by the action of interstellar space, which is cold beyond human conception. He adopts the long accepted theory that the sun and moon must influence the air envelope of the earth more sensibly than they influence the seas, and accounts for the entry of the cold to the earth's surface by the weakening of the earth envelope at the earth's poles, in order to get air to pile up in the air tides at the equator. The cold of space, pressing equally against the whole envelope, would find two very weak places, one at each pole, and would greatly reduce the normal temperature of the polar air. The eastward rotary force of the earth would also aid in this weakening by swelling the bulk of the earth and air at the equator. But the centrifugal force to sustain the extra equatorial bulk must come from the direct North. Interstellar cold let into the envelope at the North Pole would therefore be thrust directly south by the force sustaining the extra bulk at the equator, except that it is met by the direct eastward force which keeps the earth turning on her axis. The compromise is a southeastward motion of the cold air. The weak point of this theory is that the cold air, if the present tidal theory of the astronomers, would come twice a day. The Newtonian hypothesis was that the moon, in drawing the earth out of shape, not only made a lobe on the moon's side, but also made one on the far side, and that these two lobes moved round the earth in equilibrium, with other waves or tides superimposed by the attractive force of the sun, which force is over half as great as that of the moon. The constant variations of distance of moon from earth, and of sun from earth, and the constantly varying united action or opposed action of sun and moon, have made the study of the tides a never ending task, and their time and relative height cannot now, we believe, be theoretically fixed at any given point in the world, must be ascertained, if at all, by real observations. The astronomers have long opined that the moon creates winds, and even influences animal organism, just how, or just why, no great observer, excepting Darwin, perhaps, has ever been able to guess. The arctic navigators find that it is coldest with each full moon in winter; but why should the cold wait for a full moon? Why, under Mr. Vernon's theory, should not the cold, so far as space is concerned, pour continually down from the upper regions? It would be only toward the equator that the volume of frigidity, gyrating about the earth, could have any period, and then, the wave having divided, the period would be one half of a lunar revolution, or a little over half a day. It is certain, however, that the two coldest points move around the two poles of the earth, and it would not be strange if it were found that these cold points correspond to a perpendicular of the plane of the moon's orbit—that is, if the earth be imagined in the moon's ring or orbit, the earth would tip, just as in another way it tips when put in the zodiac, or apparent sun's ring; therefore, a rod run up straight from the centre of the moon's ring or orbit would not pierce the earth's poles at all times, but, as the moon passed around, would circle or epicycle in the arctic and antartic regions. The Greely party, for instance, went far north of the coldest point. Money could be wisely spent in astronomical and terrestrial research which could better define the atmospheric conditions and movements of this planet. Astronomy, like charity, begins at home. Let us have a congressional appropriation for the exclusive study of the manitoba wave and the cyclone.—*Chicago Current.*

A Sad Story.

In New York last week a handsome woman showing many traces of refinement, was a prisoner in the Yorkville Police Court to-day, charged with being drunk and disorderly. She was Miss Mary Hoyt, daughter or the late Jessee Hoyt, the millionaire, and she recently figured in the court as a contestant of her fathers will. Yesterday afternoon she entered the New Haven Railroad waiting-room at the Grand central depot with a parasol in one hand and a satchel in the other. Officer Hagan was on duty there, and immediately she began to berate him for not having at one time arrested a servant of hers when she asked him. He tried to put her off, and she replied. Then after some forcible language, she struck him over the head with her parasol. The assault was witnessed by policeman Reynold, but Miss Hoyt was allowed to leave the room although she had assured Hagen that she would have him "broke." Then she went to the Nineteenth sub-precinct, mistaking it for a telegraph office, and was there arrested. She was fined $10, and then taken in charge by Dr. Tausky, her physician.

Uncertain Times All Round.

"Powerful sight o' polytics aroun' dis fall," observed Uncle Billy to a patrolman on Russell street yesterday morning.

"Yes."

"Powerful embarrassin' times, too, for some o' us."

"I presume so."

"Powerful hard on an ole man like me not to know exactly what to do."

"How's that?"

"Wall, when a stranger takes you out in de back yard an' whispers dat he'll gin you $2 fur yer wote, dat's one kind o' embarrassment. When he doan' come down wid de cash, dat's anoder sort. When he's dun cl'ared out an' yer can't disremember his name nor de ticket he wanted ye to wote dat mixes ye all up an' ye ain't fit to do bizness. Powerful onsartin times fur ole folks like me!"

A Curious Mountain.

Fifteen miles north of Atlanta, Ga., rises Stone Mountain. Though frequently visited by picnic parties from that section, it is not as generally known as its grandeur merits. America boasts many higher mountains, this measuring but eleven hundred feet, but has few showing such remarkable beauties. The circumference of this mountain at its base is five miles. For more than one mile it rises abruptly eight hundred feet; it is nearly four times as high as Bunker Hill Monument, and nearly as straight, then slopes gradually to the summit.

Of course an ascent from this side is impossible and on every side except one is accomplished with difficulty. From the summit, in addition to the usual southern landscape, one can readily distinguish Lookout and Kenesaw Mountains, so interesting from their historical association.

Stone Mountain is comprised of a light colored granite. In some places where exposed to the action of the sun and water it has become striped, having the appearance of bright pieces of carpeting hanging over the precipice.

No grasses grow on this mountain, but its absence is supplied by a reddish moss found only in high altitudes. At the foot of the mountain azalias afford a wealth of bloom in their season. At least seven shades appear, varying from white to deep red. A yellow variety also abounds. These with a belt of woodlaub furnish a setting worthy the beauty of this jewel.

Stone Mountain has given its name to a village about a mile away, where dwellers in the heated cities may breathe pure air. In looking upon so much beauty and grandeur they may find rest for mind and soul, that rest which an intimate acquaintance with nature always brings.

Involuntary Mesmerism.

Recently a remarkable case came under the notice of the police of this city, which, for want of a better definition, might be termed involuntary mesmerism. It is a case which would have delighted Mesmer, and will give the students of his doctrine food for reflection. August Bruder, a railroad laborer, met an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, named A. Whitfield. They had been comrades and were much attached to one another. Scarcely had they exchanged greetings when Bruder began to act in a strange manner. He would mimic Whitfield's every motion, gesture, and all the while staring at his friend with his face distorted like that of a madman.

The two sat down to dinner at the National Hotel, and Bruder ordered the same food that Whitfield did, and kept perfect time to the motion of his arms and mouth.

This action was so curious that Whitfield walked down to the police station and gave his friend over to the police authorities. It was thought he was stricken with nervousness or mesmerism, and Dr. Wheeler was called in to decide the case. The mesmerized man changed from Whitfield to the doctor, and upon his commands would do anything. When told to stretch out his arms it was impossible to force them down. While undergoing the examination he made a rush at Captain Hair with the roar of a bull.

Had he succeeded in grasping him there is no telling what he would have done, but upon command of the doctor would again subside into a quiet mood. It is a most singular case.—*Portland (Oregon) News.*

Crossing of Merinos For Wool and Mutton.

Following the lead of Mr. C. Hills I venture to offer a few remarks as to the best mode of crossing on merinos for mutton sheep. I scarcely think the Downs, any of them, would answer well, as they are not very large, and they approach too near the merino in denseness and fineness of fleece. I have used the Downs on Leicester and their grades with advantage in producing finer wool for family use, and also superior mutton; but the sheep that pleased me most of all for general use was obtained by using a pure Cotswold ram on pure Southdown ewes. The result was a finely-formed sheep of excellent quality of mutton, with dense, moderately long, crinkled wool, of great lustre and fineness. The fleece of a lamb (accidentally killed by dogs in the fall) weighed, when well washed in warm water, 11½ pounds. Now I feel confident that the Cots would cross equally well on the merino, giving the produce the size and aptitude to fatten desired for a mutton sheep, and producing a fleece of good, serviceable and lustrous wool, which, if produced in sufficient quantities find a market for the manufacture of certain classes of goods. The whole region interested should adopt one standard of crossing, so as to make the produce of wool uniform. It won't do for one county to use Down rams, another Cotswolds, and still another Lincolns or Leicesters, as a nondescript clip will result that buyers will not care to handle. Mr. J. Harris, of Rochester, used Cotswold on merinos with the very satisfactory results mentioned by Mr. Hills. If in a few generations the sheep get too coarse to suit the market, a cross back on a merino or a Southdown cross would do the work and add to the quality of mutton. I write from personal experience, having handled cross-bred sheep for twenty-five years, bred simply for good mutton and wool for family use. But mind one rule, never use grade rams. If you do you will not be able to name the progeny, they will be so various.

The attempts to raise vegetables in Greenland are not marked with any great success. At 64° longitude however, carrots prosper, turnips come to perfection, and cabbages produce tolerably large leaves. Potatoes never get larger than marbles.

The Little Savage.

About the time when baby begins to put away monkey manners and to stand on two feet like a man, he begins to show, in a very marked degree, the characteristics of savage tribes. For two or three years of this part of his life the best baby is a little savage. He may be said to be more or less "on the grab." (I object to slang as much as any man, but really there is no other way of describing the tendencies exhibited at this stage of baby's career.) If he has small brothers or sisters, or both, he is always more or less at war with these neighboring savages. If he is deprived of anything he has come to regard as his property, quite mistakenly it may well be, or if he sees in the hands of his small kinsfolk any goods or chattels which seem pleasing in his eyes, he has but one way of expressing his wishes; he goes for the possession of the desired object, using his hands as weapons if he has no others handy, but bringing down a stick, or brush, or book, as the case may be, on the head of his enemy with all the zeal of a Figian or an Ojibbeway on the war-path. Girl babies are pretty nearly as bad as boy babies in these matters, only the girl savage differs from the boy savage as much as savage woman differs from savage man. Of course there are many baby boys and baby girls who show little tendency to savagery, just as there have been many uncultured races of man who have been gentle and innocent. But the quiet babies are always weak and unhealthy. In the struggle for existence they succumb before their more ferocious brothers, just as the quiet and gentle savage tribes perish before their tomahawk-flourishing, spear-throwing, club-wielding neighbors.

A Journey to the Sun.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the limited express on our railroads, a train which had left the sun for the earth when the Mayflower sailed from Delthaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rate, it may be remarked, would be rather over $2,500,0000, so that it is clear that we would need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time to travel along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case, then, a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred years before it knew that its fingers were burned.—*Prof. S. P. Langley, in the Century.*

The Conscience Fund.

The contributions to the conscience fund of the treasury in the last fiscal year amounted to over $5,000. This fund has, since its establishment twenty years ago, amounted to about $250,000. For some years past it has averaged from $5,000 to $7,000 a year. The term "conscience fund" was originated by Treasurer Spinner. One day during the war he received a letter at the treasury department from a man who enclosed a check for $1,500, saying it represented a misappropriation of government funds of which he had been guilty while a quartermaster in the army. "Suppose we call this a contribution to the conscience fund and get it announced in the newspapers, and perhaps we will get some more," he suggested. The announcement was made, and the treasury became the recipient of such funds. The largest contribution ever made was $4,000, forwarded by an ex-revenue gauger from Chicago, as the amount of a bribe received by him from distillers who desired to defraud the government. The smallest was nine cents, forwarded by a Massachusetts man, who remembered that he had at one time, years before, used a marked 3-cent stamp on a letter. In order to relieve his conscience, he sent three times the original steal, which he thought was a fair compensation. Many of these contributions come from persons who have smuggled goods. The majority of these are from women.

So Had He.

The late Professor Duncan, of St. Andrew's, was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex, but in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without any preliminary sentiment or note or warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped, but the parties soon met again.

"Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?"

The professor said that he remembered.

"And do you remember my answer, Mr. Duncan?"

"Oh, yes," said the professor.

"Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration to change my mind."

"And so have I," dryly responded the professor.

He maintained his bachelorship to the close.

An oyster produces 128,000,000 young oysters in the course of a year.

Barbarities of Old Russia.

Of the barbaric features of the old Russia, out of which Peter sprang, the tortures attending judicial processes were the most marked. His father was considered unusually mild and gentle for a zar, and, indeed, has been named "the most Debonair"; but even under his reign there were fifty official executioners in Moscow, whose hands were incessantly red with their ghastly functions. Every judicial investigation involved the infliction of horrible tortures all round; torture of suspected persons to extort confession; torture of witnesses supposed to know more than they revealed; torture of criminals to force them to betray their accomplices.

Sometimes it was inflicted by the alternate strokes of rods wielded by a couple of executioners, who kept time in hammering away at the bare backs of the prostrate victim, as smiths are accustomed to hammer at an anvil. Sometimes by the horrible flail-like knout, which cut a deep furrow at every stroke, till the back was ribbed and crossed from top to bottom. Sometimes by the continual dropping of boiling water on the top of the head after it had been shaved. Sometimes by roasting the naked back of the accused, over a roasting fire, above which he was suspended horizontally by a wooden spit.

Hanging and decapitation were the most common methods of inflicting capital punishment, when the work had not already been done in the torture chamber; but suspension from hooks through the flesh, breaking alive on the wheel, and impalement on stakes, were by no means unfrequent. Even private individuals enjoyed a large freedom to torture and kill their serfs and dependants, of which ample advantage was taken; and as late as the regency of Sophia, Peter's half sister, a special edict was required to deprive creditors of the right to make perpetual slaves of insolvent debtors, and even to maim and kill them at their pleasure.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Bachelor's Joke.

A young nobleman, of marriageable age, not long ago came to the conclusion that it was time for him to look out for a wife. His pursuit in life not being of the most strenuous character, he had leisure to combine amusement with research. Accordingly he advertised his wants in a Milanese paper, requesting that every answer to the advertisement be accompanied by the portrait of the lady who replied.

The result was sixty-five letters with as many maidenly countenances as would furnish a good-sized album. Embarrased by a choice of such unexpected variety, and desirous to gratify that sense of humor which even the serious nature of his quest could not repress, the young man replied to each of his correspondents.

Without the knowledge of the others he sent a ticket for an orchestra stall in the Scala theatre, announcing that he himself would be in a particular box, the number and situation of which he stated. A few evenings later the theatre-going public of Milan were perplexed to explain the appearance of one of the rows of the orchestra stalls in that immense building.

A long line of beauties in extreme elegance, unbroken by a single black coat, was observed. Furtively, and with trepidation, did each damsel from time to time raise her opera glass to that box—the cynosure of many bright eyes—in which the graceful youth reposed. Suspiciously, and with darkened brow did each damsel turn to the long file of her neighbors, and wondered at the magnetism which drew each glass to the central post.

By-and-by the audience, to whom some hint of the secret had leaked out, began to give audible signs that they enjoyed the joke. The sporadic laughter of the theatre increased the confusion of the young ladies and the contagion of the fun turned the sporadic mirth into a general roar.

Various Kinds of Time.

A gentleman rode up to small boy sitting on the fence in front of his home and inquired if he lived there.

"I try to," was the response.

"Well my boy, can you tell me what time it is: I want to know what time it is; can you tell me?"

"Yes, I kin; I wuz in the house just five minutes ago, and the old clock wuz pintin' at 11."

"What kind of time do you have?"

"Oh, us have all kinds."

"But I mean do you have solar time or standard time?"

"That's what I said. We have all kinds."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, come to our house and live, a while and yer'll learn. My sister Sal, she has standard time—that's the clock; the hired girl has sun time—that's watching the shadders and pap and mam has a d—l of a time—that's what they're doin' in there now, and i'm settin'