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 paper 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 the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

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

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

ED B. 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.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
All business intrusted to our care will be promptly & faithly 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 & Co.'s store.
apr8

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

P. Y. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
may8

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,
Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa.
Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, P 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.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoystown.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICAN AND SURGEON
Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on Southeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store. apr22-1yr.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL
tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professional 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. 6, '82.

DR. S. J. McMILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry,)
SOMERSET, PA.,
Gives special attention to the Preservation of the Natural Teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in residence on Patriot street, one door east of Evangelical Church. oct22-6m.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office up stairs in Cook & Beerits 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.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger'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. His table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S.E. Cor. Diamond
Stoystown, Pa

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. jan22.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY
To Successful Salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Steady employment guaranteed. 50 more wanted. Experience not necessary. Any live man can succeed. 100 acres under cultivation. The most complete packing grounds in the United States. Newest and choicest varieties of fruit a specialty. Send for terms, stating age. CHAS. H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. oct22-m.

AGENTS wanted for the lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The fastest selling book. Agent makes from $50 to $100 per month. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 32. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1749.

BARGAINS!

To ReduceStock, in order to Make Room for the Purpose of enlarging and Improving my Business house, I will sell for Cash all Goods in my Line at Greatly Reduced Prices for the Following thirty Days.

1½-Gallon Water Bucket	$ 25	2-Quart Sauce Pan	$ 15
2-Gallon Water Bucket	30	4-Quart Sauce Pan	25
3-Gallon Water Bucket	35	2-Quart Carbon Oil Can	15
12-Quart Dish Pan	25	4-Quart Carbon Oil Can	20
14-Quart Dish Pan	30	8-Quart Carbon Oil Can	30
16-Quart Dish Pan	35	Queen Carbon Oil Can (Glass)	30
2-Quart Covered Bucket	10	Flour Sifters	10
3Quart Covered Bucket	15	Laundry Forks	15
4-Quart Covered Bucket	20	Rolling Pins	10
6-Quart Covered Bucket	25	Towel Rollers	10
3-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	25	Novelty Clothes Wringer	3 00
4-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	30	Knives and Forks (Set of Six)	50
5-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	35	Tea Spoons (Set of Six)	10
6-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	40	Table Spoons (Set of Six)	15
7-Pint Fancy Tea-Pot	45	Soup Ladles	10
2-Quart Coffee-Boiler	15	Stove Polish (Four Kinds) Per Paper	5
4 Quart Coffee-Boiler	25	Meat Broilers	15
Large Wash-Boiler (No. 9)	1 00	Large Wash Basins	10

The above List contains but Few of the Many Hundred Articles I will Offer for Low Cash Prices for the next Thirty Days. Whether you wish to buy or not, Please Call and Examine the Largest Stock of Stoves, Tinware and House Furnishing Goods ever shown in Johnstown.

FRANK W. HAY,
280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

P. S.—Look For My Name on the Window.

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 $500 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

☞Alliegn holidays observed.☜

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.
HORNE & WARD
SUCCESSORS TO
EATON & BROS,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SPRING, 1882.
NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,
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.
IT THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASE 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 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.
mar3

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

CATARACT BLINDNESS

is caused by loss of transparency of the lens, behind the pupil. Sight is restored 90 times out of 100, by removal of the opaque body. The pain of the operation is never very severe, and under the effect of the new anæsthetic, by simply putting a few drops in the eye, the operation is borne by the most timid. The best possible results are secured in all operations on the Eye and Ear, Nose and Throat. DR. O. W. SADLER, 504, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A CARD.

—:o:—

To the Somerset Public.

At the close of the most successful year of our business experience in your midst, we feel that a few words are due you of recognition of the kind support with which you have favored us in this, as in all of the four and a-half years past. True, we have used every honorable means to render ourselves worthy of these generous evidences of your confidence in us; have always exerted ourselves to carry a complete and well-selected stock; have saved no pains to offer only a good article for your use; have tried always to give the best value for the money spent with us, and have kept our prices down so that rich and poor alike have been benefitted; still we are convinced that without your help we could never have succeeded as we have done, and we thank you heartily for it all, and wish you, one and all, a happy, prosperous New Year.

Respectfully asking a continuance of the splendid patronage which has made ours the leading Shoe Store in Johnstown, and promising, in the future, as in the past, to spare no pains to deserve your support, we are,

Yours Respectfully,
L. STARGARDTER.
Johnstown, Pa., Jan. 1, 1885.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.
—:—
E. M. Lambert & Bro.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
White Pine and Hemlock Shingles.
We have secured a
NEW MILL,
And manufacture Shingles on the Michigan Principle. We cut, and constantly keep on hand two grades of the various 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.,
LAMBERTSVILLE, SOMERSET CO., PA.
jun 11-6m.

MY KNIGHT.

In days of old the warrior knight
To journey rode afield
In brazen greaves and corselet dight,
With sword and helm and shield;
His trusty lance in rest he bore,
And favor of his lady wore.

High courage on the battle plain,
In tilt and loyal quest,
Hatred of fear and scorn of pain
His valiant soul possessed;
Dying he only wished to feel
A foreman worthy of his steel.

Be thine such royal meed to gain
As knighthood never knew,
Such lofty purpose to attain,
Such noble quest pursue,
While armed hosts in dread array
And ambushed foes beset thy way.

Be strong of heart, of purpose strong,
As spurred and armored knight,
Be brave to fight against the wrong,
And loyal to the right,
And nobler triumphs thine shall be
Than ever knight's of chivalry.

Let Vice throughout her broad domain
Before thy prowess flee,
And Virtue with her modest train
A champion find in thee,
And heart and arm and brain be strong
To help the weak and right the wrong.

—*Mrs. E. M. Griswold.*

LINCOLN AT RICHMOND.

The Eventful Day After the Surrender Described by Admiral Porter.

AN OMEN OF THE ASSASSINATION.

How the President Was Received in the Confederate Capital After Its Fall.

The day after the fall of Richmond President Lincoln expressed a desire to visit the Confederate capital in the flagship Malvern. In anticipation of this, event, by working day and night, I had all the obstructions on the James taken up and all the torpedoes removed from the river bed.

When the river was reported clear of torpedoes (a large number of which were taken up), I proceeded up to Richmond in the Malvern, with President Lincoln on Board, and notwithstanding the great care that had been taken to clear out the James, I felt a great responsibility upon me.

Every vessel that got through the obstructions wished to be the first one up, and pushed ahead with all steam, but they grounded one after another, and then my vessel, which had pessed them all, also grounded.

I took the President in my barge, and with a tug ahead and a file of marines on board, we continued on up to the city.

I had never been to Richmond before by that route and did not know where the landing was; neither did the coxswain nor any of the barge's crew. We pulled on, hoping to see some one of whgm we could inquire, but no one was in sight. The street along the river front was as deserted as if this had been a city of the dead. The troops had been in possession for some hours, but not a soldier was to be seen.

The current was now rushing past us over rocks, we conld scarcely get ahead, and finally ran on a rock.

"Send for Colonel Baily," said the President, "he will get you out of this."

"No," said I, "We don't want the Colonel this time. I can manage it." So I backed out and pointed for the nearest landing.

There was a small house on this landing, and behind it were some twelve negroes digging with spades. The leader of them was an old man 60 years of age. He raised himself to an upright position as we landed, and put his hands up to his eyes. Then he dropped his spade and sprang forward.

LINCOLN AND A SLAVE.

"Bress de Lord," he said "dere is de great Messiah! I know'd him as soon as I seed him. He's bin in my heart fo' long yeahs, an' he's cum at las' to free his chillun from deir bondage! Glory hallelujah!" And he fell upon his knees before the President and kissed his feet. The others followed his example, and, in a minute, Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by these people, who had treasured up the recollection of him caught from a photograph, and had looked up to him for four years as the one who was to lead them out of captivity.

It was a touching sight—that aged negro kneeling at the feet of the tall, gaunt-looking man, who seemed, to himself, to be bearing all the grief of the nation, and whose sad face seemed to say, "I suffer for you all, but will do all I can to help you."

Mr. Lincoln looked down on the poor creatures at his feet; he was much embarrassed at his position, "Don't kneel to me," he said. That is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights which God has given to every other free citizen of this Republic."

His face was lit up with a divine look as he uttered these words. Though not a handsome man, and ungainly in his person, yet in his enthusiasm he seemed the personification of manly beauty and that sad face of his looked down in kindness upon these ignorant blacks with a grace that could not be excelled. He really seemed of another world.

All this scene was of brief duration, but, though a simple and humble affair, it impressed me more than anything of the kind I ever witnessed.

It was a minute or two before I could get the negroes to 'rise and leave the President. The scene was so touching I hated to disturb it, yet we could not stay there all day; we had to move on, and I requested the patriarch to withdraw from about the President with his companions and let us pass on.

"Yes, Massa," said the old man, "but after bein' so many years in de desert widout water, it's mighty pleasant to be lookin' at las' on our Spring of life. 'Scuse us, sir, we means no disrespec' to Mass' Lincoln—we means all love and gratitude," and then joining together in a ring, the negroes sang with melodious and touching voices only possessed by the negroes of the South:

Oh all ye people clap your hands
And with triumphant voices sing,
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battle fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

The President and all of us listened in silence while the hymn was being sung.

A SCENE IN THE STREETS.

Four minutes, at most had passed away since we first landed at a point where, as far as the eye could reach, the streets were entirely deserted—but now, what a different scene appeared as that hymn went forth from the negroes lips. The streets seemeo to be suddenly alive with the colored race; they seemed to spring from the earth. They came tumbling and shouting from over the hills and from the water side, where no one was seen as we had passed along.

The crowd immediately became very oppressive. We needed our marines to keep them off. I ordered twelve of the boats crew to fix bayonets on their rifles, and to surround the President, which was done in a moment; but the crowd poured in so fearfully that I thought we all stood a chance of being crushed to death.

I now realized the imprudence of landing without a large body of marines; and yet this seemed to me, after all, the fittest way for Mr. Lincoln to come among the people he had redeemed from bondage.

What an ovation he had, to be sure, from those so-called ignorant beings! They all had their souls in their eyes, and I don't think I ever looked upon a scene where there were so many passionately happy faces.

While some were rushing forward to try and touch the man they had talked of and dreamed of for four long years, others stood off a little way, and looked on in awe and wonder. Others turned somersaults, and many yelled for joy. Half of them acted as though demented, and could find no way of testifying their delight.

The negroes, in their ecstacy, could not be made to understand that they were detaining the President; they looked upon him as belonging to them, and that he had come to put the crowning act to the great work he had commenced. They would not feel that they were free in reality until they heard it from his own lips.

At length he spoke; he could not move for the mass of people—he had to do something. "My poor friends," he said, "you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and tramp upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses: learn the laws and obey them; harbor no ill-feeling against those who held you in bondage; obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capitol, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

The crowd shouted and screeched as if they would split the firmament, though while the President was speaking the silence was breathless.

I don't think any one could do justice to that scene; it would be necessary to photograph it to understand it.

At length we were able to move on; the crowd opened for us, shouting. I got the twelve seamen, with fixed bayonets, around the President to keep him from being crushed. It never struck me that there was any one in that multitude who would injure him; it seemed to me that he had an army of supporters there who could, and would, defend him against all the world.

But likely there was scowling eyes, not far off; men where, perhaps, looking on with hatred in their hearts, who were even then seeking an opportunity to slay him.

PASSING LIBBY PRISON.

Our progress was very slow, and we did not move a mile an hour, and the crowd was still increasing. Many poor whites joined the numbers, and sent up their shouts with the rest. We were nearly half an hour getting from abreast of Libby Prison to the edge of the city. The President stopped a moment to look on the horrible Bastile, where so many Union soldiers had dragged out a dreadful life.

"We will pull it down!" cried the crowd, seeing where his look fell.

"No," he said, "leave it as a monument,"

He did not say a monument to what, but he meant, I am sure, to leave it as a monument to the loyalty of our soldiers who would bear all the horrors of Libby sooner than desert their flag and cause.

We struggled on, the great crowd preceding us, and an equally dense crowd of blacks following on behind—allso packed together that some of them often sang out in pain. It was not a model style for the President of the United States to enter the capitol of a conquered country, yet there was a moral in it all which had more effect than if he had come surrounded with great armies and heralded by the booming of cannon. He came armed with the majesty of the law to put his seal to the act which had been established by the bayonets of Union soldiers: the establishment of peace and good will between the North and South, and liberty to all mankind who dwell upon our shores.

We struggled on, and as we reached the edge of the city, the sidewalks were lined on both sides with black and whites alike, all looking with curious and eager faces at the man who held their destiny in his hand, but there was no anger in any one,s face; the whole was like a gala day, and it looked as if the President was some expected guest who had come to receive great honors; indeed, no man ever received a greater ovation than was given him, be it from warm hearts or simple ceremony.

A HOT AND THIRSTY HERO.

It was a warm day, and the streets were dusty, owing to the immense gathering which covered every part of them kicking up the dirt. The atmosphere was suffocating, and Mr. Lincoln could be seen plainly by every man, woman and child, towering head and shoulders above that crowd. He overtopped every man there. He carried his hat in his hand, fanning his face, from which the perspiration was pouring.

He looked as it he would have given his presidency for a glass of water—I would have given my teeth for half a one.

Now came another phase in the procession. As we entered the city, every window flew up from below to the roof, and every one was filled with eager, peering faces, which turned one to another and seemed to ask, "Is this large man with soft eyes and kind, benevolent face, the one who has been held up to us as the incarnation of wickedness—the destroyer of the South?" I think that illusion vanished, if it was ever harbored by any one there. I don,t know what there was to amuse them in looking at this scene, but I never saw a merrier crowd in my life, black and white.

We where brought to a halt by the dense jam before we had gone a square; the town was still on fire at the Tredegar Works and in the structures thereabouts, and the smoke setting our way almost choked us.

I had not seen a soldier whom I could send to General Weitzer to ask for an escort, and it would have been useless to send one of the contrabands, for he would have been too much interested in seeing the sights and in looking at the President, from whom none took their eyes. I don't think anyone noticed the rest of the party.

I think the people could not have had a gala day since the Confederates occupied Richmond as headquarters. Judging from present appearances, they certainly were not given at the loss of the government which had just fled. There was nothing like taunt or defiance in the faces of those who were gazing from the windows, or craning their necks from the walks, to catch a view of the President. The look of everyone was that of eager curiosity—nothing more.

A PRESENT.

While we were stopped for a moment by the crowd, a white man, in his shirtsleeves, rushed from the sidewalk towards the President. His looks were so eager that I felt apprehensive that he was not a friend, and prepared to receive him on the point of my sword, but when he got within ten feet of us he suddenly stopped short, took of his hat, and cried out: "Abraham Lincoln, God bless you; you are the poor man's friend!" Then he tried to force his way to the President to shake hands with him. He would not take no for an answer, until I had to treat him rather roughly, when he stood off with his arms folded and looked eagerly after us. The last I saw of him ho was throwing his hat into the air.

Just after, this a beautiful girl came from the sidewalk with a large bouquet of roses in her hand, and advanced, struggling through the President. The mass of people opened to let her passed, but she had a hard time in reaching him. Her clothes were very much disarranged in making the journey across the street.

I reached out and helped her within the circle of the sailors' bayonets where, although she was almost stifled with the dust, she gracefully presented her bouquet, and made a neat little speech, while the President held her hand. She was very pretty, and obout 17 years old, which made the presentation still more touching.

There was a label on the bouquet with these simple words: "From Eva to the Liberator of the Slaves." She stayed no longer than to deliver her present; than two of the sailors were sent to escort her back to the walk.

There was no cheering at this, yet there was no disapprobation shown only she was met by the same eager curious faces which surrounded and plied her with questions. This was the only event of the kind that occurred.

I asked myself what all this could mean but that the people of Richmond were glad to see the end of the strife, and to see the advent of a milder form of government than that which had just departed in such an ignoble manner.

At length I got hold of a cavalryman. He was resting his horse near the sidewalk, blocked in by the people, and looking on with the same expression of interest as the others. He was the only soldier I had seen since we landed, showing that the General commanding the Union force had no desire to interfere, in any case, with the comfort of the citizens. There was only guard enough posted about the streets to protect property and to prevent irregularities.

"Go to the General," I said to the cavalryman, "and tell him to send a military escort here to guard the President and get him through this crowd." "Is that old Abe?" asked the soldier, his eyes as large as saucers. The sight of the President was as strange to him as to the inhabitants, but off he went as fast as the crowd would allow him, and in twenty minutes I heard the clatter over the stones of horses' feet as a troop of cavalry came galloping and clearing the stree, which they did with as much gentleness as if they were at a parade.

PRESIDENT DAVIS' HEADQUARTERS.

For the first time we were able to walk along continuously since starting from the water. In a short time we reached the mansion of Mr. Davis, president of the Confederacy, the house now occupied as the headquarters of General Weiteel and General Shipley.

It was quite a small affair compared with the White House, and modest in all its appointments, showing that, while President Davis was engaged heart and soul in endeavoring to effect a division of the States, he was not, at least, surrounding himself with kingly voluptuousness, but was living in a modest, comfortable style, like any other citizen. Amid it all, the refined taste of his wife was prominent, and marked everything about the apartments.

There was great cheering going on: hundreds of civilians (I don't know who they were) assembled at the house to welcome Mr. Lincoln.

General Shipley made a speech and gave us a lunch, after which we entered a carriage and visited the State House—the late seat of the Confederate Congress. It was in dreadful disorder, betokening a sudden flight; members' tables were upset, bales of Confedate scrip were lying about the floor, and many official documents of some value were found scattered about. It was strange to me that they had not set fire to the building ere they departed, to bury in oblivion every record that might remain relating to the events of the past four years.

After this inspection I urged the President to go on board the Malvern. I began to feel the responsibility resting upon me through the care of this person. The evening was approaching, and we were in a carriage open all around. He was glad to go; he was tired out and wanted the quiet of the flagship. We took leave of our host and departed. I was oppressed with uneasiness until we got on board, and stood on deck with the President safe; then there was not a happier man anywhere than nyself.

I determined that the President should go nowhere again, while under my charge, unless I was with him and had a guard of marines. I thought of the risks we had run that day, and I was satisfied before the night was over that I had good cause for apprehension.

WILKES BOOTH APPEARS.

We were all sitting on the upper deck about 8 o'clock in the evening when a man came down from the landing and hailed the Malvern (the vessel had come-to off the city), saying that he had dispatches for the President. I told the captain to send the small boat on shore to bring the despatches off, but not to bring the bearer. The boat returned without either the despatches or the bearer. The boat officer said the man would not deliver the despatches to any one but the President himself.

"Let him come on board," said the President.

"Don't you think we should be careful whom we admit after dark, sir?" I said.

"Well, yes," he replied; "but these despatches may be from General Grant, and the man may be only obeying his orders."

I ordered the boat to go back and bring the man on board, determined to stand near the President when the despatches were delivered. I knew that General Grant would send despatches only by an officer, and the midshipman in the boat told me this was not one.

When the boat returned to the shore the man was not there. As I suspected, the man was a bogus despatch-bearer. The circumstances were very suspicious.

I inquired about the appearance of the man when seen by the officer of the boat. "He was a tall man with a black moustache, wore a slouch hat and a long cloak, a regular theatrical villain."

That man was, without doubt, Wilkes Booth, who sought the President's life. It would have suited Booth's tragical spirit to slay him on such an occasion; it would have added greatly (in his ideas) to the scenic effect.

In half an hour another hail came, (we were only lying twenty yards off.) A person wanted a boat; a sailor from the Saugus wanted to report himself on board. There was no such vessel in the fleet, though there was one in the navy. I sent an officer and four men in the boat to bring the man off, and not to let him escape, and, when in the boat, to put hand-irons on him. Then I swept the shore with a night glass and could see no one. The boat landed a minute later. There was no man there. The crew ran up and down the river and looked over the bank, but no one could be found. These two circumstances made me more suspicious, and every care was taken that no one should get on board without knowing who he was. The President himself felt a little unpleasant and nervous, and that night a marine kept guard at his stateroom door.

DAVID D. PORTER.

Profits on Whisky.

"I suppose few drinkers of whiskey," said a wholesale dealer in the fluid, "realize how little of original value they get for their money. The cost to the distiller of making the best possible whiskey is only about 40 cents a gallon. Now, a gill is a fair quantity for a drink, the charge for which at the most stylish bars is 20 cents. That is to say, a thing costing the producer a sixth of a cent in Kentucky, is retailed at nearly forty times as much. Of course, the government tax takes some of the enormous profit, and the wastes of storage another portion. The gains of the handlers remain astounding. I know of no more solid temperance argument than the ridiculously high prices charged for liquor by the glass."

The prettiest lady in Somerset remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to all. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free.

A BOY'S FUNNY EXPERIENCE.

WHAT HE FOUND OUT AND HOW IT AFFECTED HIM—HIS GOOD RESOLUTION.

I'll have a lot to write now. More than I ever had before, for I've found out something.

Six months ago we moved out here on our farm, and then we didn't go to town, only just once in a while on the cars. They put it in the paper when we left, and once in a while they put it in that pa had been in the city—where he called on the editor. But I hadn't never been in.

In the paper, I mean. So I was just the surprisedest you ever saw, to read yesterday, in a little corner; Died, June 18, in Hickory Township, of brain fever, James Willis, aged thirteen years." That was me! only, of course, I hadn't died, nor nothing, and I lived in Hickory and all. But then, it wasn't me, of course, and still I couldn't help believin' it was, if they'd only left out the brain-fever and the dyin'.

Everybody else thought it was me, too—I mean everybody in town—and cousin Fred came right out to see about it.

Oh, how sorry everybody was! How they pitied pa and how they pitied ma! and how sorry they were for Bess and Bob for losin such a noble brother! and what a great man I had given promise of making! and how much good they had all calculated on my doing in the world!

Really, I couldn't help thinkin' it would have been a downright shame if it hadn't been me—everybody was so sorry.

It was publicly announced in the town school, Fred said! and the teachers were all so sorry, and the scholars just felt awful—especially the girl that had sat in front of me, and the two girls back of me, all who had borrowed my knife and things most of the time.

I think it was wrong to like a fellow as much as they did me, and never let him now it. I'd 'a' treated them lots better in life, if I'd 'a' known it.

There were resolutions drawed up, and the teachers cried and said I'd been a good boy and they'd always been so proud of me, and so hoped I'd live to bless the world. It seems that I was the principal hope of that institution. If I'd 'a' knowed they had such hopes of me, I never would 'a' whispered or laughed or traded in school once.

June 21.—There was a great long piece in the paper this morning. And oh, everybody's a feelin so bad! The resolutions came out too. They made me feel very queer. But we've found out. Somebody did die, but it wasn't me. It was just another boy. His folks moved here lately and are renters.

June 22, morning.—I'm going to town to-day with Fred. He wrote his folks a postal, sayin' I was all right, but for them not to tell, but let my return be a surprise. I thought it might be too much for everybody if I just went right in to them, and I suggest the propriety of sending a telegram or something, to tell them, to prepare to be awfully startled. But pa said he guessed it wasn't necessary.

So I am goin' right in, just so. Oh, I am so anxious to see everybody! Won't they all be glad? I feel as if it would be a dreadful thing for everybody if I was to die. I hope, harder'n ever, that everybody'll live to rear me. I mean, I hope for everybody's sake that I'll live to grow up. I never want to afflict people so again. Everybody liked me so well, and I'm so thankful, and want to stay with them!" I'm going to have a good time now, with so many friends. I guess I'll amount to a considerable.

Night.—Well, most everybody was glad—I guess. But it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. Everybody had heard about it bein' another boy, and some had been a-sayin' they knowed all along it wasn't so. I was the kind of youth to die early. And one boy said I hadn't brain enough to catch a fever in 'em. And some that had took on about it looked sheepish: and that ungrateful Ettie Green took it back, and said she never cried a bit. And I wouldn't never have nothing to say to her again, if I was a hundred years old.

The principal laughed, and said the President's chair wouldn't have to go empty, after all, and the teachers took on some. A good many of the boys said, "Halloo!" and didn't even shake hands. And when I saw Ed. Hunter, I thought: "Now he's coming to tell me how much he always loved me," and I looked pleasant at him; but he turned off another way, and looked as if he thought I was a bigger sneak than ever. I almost felt like I didn't have no right anywhere.

I suppose the folks' sorrow had kind of reconciled them to my loss, and when I came back, it confused them.

I ain't sorry I'm goin' home tomorrow. I'm just another boy, after all, an' I can't help thinkin' if it had been that Ed Hunter himself that had died, there'd a been just as big a fuss made about it, and may be Ettie Green would have cried too.

It's a funny world, but I've got just as good a right here as anybody.

Happy thought! I've made a new resolution. It is to be just as good and studious and promise as all the people seemed to think I had been, after that notice appeared. Then, if anything should happen folks wouldn't have to be so two-sided about it.—*Sue Gregory, in Youth's Companion.*

High Sporting Authority.

The London, Daily *Sportsman*, remarks, editorally: A really invaluable specific, for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises. St. Jacobs Oil, well-known in the English market, has gained immense fame in America, Australia and all parts of the world, and the universal nature of its sale may be judged from the fact, that makers have to print their instructions for its use in no fewer than eleven languages.

THE CREOLES.

A Curious People About Whom Little is Known.

Little here resembles what one sees elsewhere. From the very first entrance into the city the visitor is struck with the difference which exists betwween the Creole metropolis and the other parts of the Union. The styles of buildings, of no particular architecture, constructed with a view more to comfort than to appearance, the contrasts everywhere presented, even in the heart of the city, where one sees splendid structure side by side with magnificent cottages, the streets lined with ditches called gutters, in which the water stagnates, the great abundance of gardens filled with tropic trees and fruits, the predominance of white and green on the houses, the cosmopolitan aspect of the people in the streets, where every nation seems to have its representative, all strike the visitor as novel, as having more of the novel than even the talent of a Cable can compass.

The contrast presented by the two portions of the city, the old Creole town and the newer American portion, is particularly noticeable. Cross Canal street and you plunge at once into the old French city, with its narrow streets, its quaint houses, many over a hundred years old, its cathedral and French market, where the very names of the streets are eloquent of the past.

Go the other way, and you find yourself in a quarter where everything is new, fresh and modern, and where the bustle and activity is strangely in contrast with the quietude which pervaded the older portion of the city. A strange place, indeed, where, as has been remarked by a distinguished visitor, the river is higher than the city, and the dead are buried in the air.

Nor is the city alone unique and *sui generis*. The people—that is, that portion called Creole, and who are the true Louisianians—display marked characteristics in appearance as well as in customs and manners. The word "Creole" is defined by Webster to mean one born in America or the West Indies of European ancestors. Without discussing the definition, woich is in every way incorrect, I apprehend that the word "Creole" has a more restricted and special application. It has been erroneously thought by some that to constitute a Creole one should have a tinge of negro blood in one's veins, while others have considered the descendants of Spanish, German and other foreigners as Creoles. Neither of these suppositions are correct. The Creole proper is the descendant from the original French settlers, who, by intermarrying, has preserved the type of his ancestors, which, though modified by time and associations, still retains in a great measure their traits and manners. In general appearance the Creole is slight and of delicate build. He is of medium height. His complexion is dark and approaching the olive, with black hair and eyes, small hands and feet. Among the women the eyes are beautiful, being large, lustrous and very dark. Indolent by nature, the Creole likes to take life easy. The warm climate, languorous and depressing, the