The Somerset Herald.
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Somerset, Pa.

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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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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 Kuepper's Shoe Store. apr23-6tf.

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 teeth 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 & Beeritz Block, Somerset, Pa.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS,
DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, sold 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 Kristofer's store. apr. 22, '76-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 travelling public. Its table and bar 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.

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. 500 acres under cultivation. The finest complete peach orchard 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. w28 m.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Livengood, dec'd. late of Elklick Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement on Saturday, February 28, 1885, at the house of F. O. Livengood, in Elklick Township.

F. O. LIVENGOOD,
SARAH BROLLIER,
REBECCA LIVENGOOD,
Executors.
Dec'd.

Summit Distillery.

LOCATED DIRECTLY ON MAIN LINE PITTS. DIV. B. & O. R. R., THUS SAVING EXTRA COST OF DRAYING.

Pure Rye, Copper-Distilled Whisky!

Situated on summit of Allegheny, so the water from cold mountain springs. This whisky is make by the double-distilled process, and guaranteed perfectly pure and full proof.

☞Orders filled same day as received.

Special.

In order to give Hotel Keepers and Dealers a grand opportunity never before offered, will contract for the most wiskeyare of Whisky in any quantity from 5 to 50 barrels, giving them the privilege of letting it lie in bond in three years, charging but a nominal sum for storage.

On hand 130 bls rels of Old Whisky, retailing at $2 to to $2.50 per gallon.

Write for full particulars in regard to large quantities to S. P. SWEITZER, sept. 5-6m. jan28. Mount Pleasant, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 35. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1752.

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	0 25	2-Quar Sauce Pan	0 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	20	4 Quart Carbon Oil Can	20
14-Quart Dish Pan	30	6-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	Lemon Squ ze r Forks	15
4-Quart Covered Bucket	20	Rolling Pins	10
6 Quart Covered Bucket	25	Towel Roll rs	15
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.

THE LARGEST SHOE STORE

IN THE CITY.

L. STARGARDTER

Has broken through into the next room, which makes it now

THE LARGEST SHOE STORE

In Johnstown.

The place is not completed yet but we are prepared to offer you Bargains in

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

Cheaper than any other Shoe Store in the City.

L. STARGARDTER,

ONE PRICE

OPERA HOUSE

Shoe Store,

212 & 214 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

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 $3.00 time lock

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

☞Allegheny 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

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 Goo's, &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 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.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Above Henry Haffley'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 by the removal of lens, by removal of the opaque body. The pain of the operation is never very severe, and one of the effect of the new somethetic, by simply putting a few drops in the eye, has been used in hours by the most timid. The best possible results are secured in all operations on the Eye and Ear. Dr. Hun and Thousands. Inf. R. W. HADLEY, 1004 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

VERY COMMON LAW.

One day an aged millionaire
Fell most extremely ill;
With mournful air his mournful heirs
They begged he'd make his will;
And sweetly acquiescent, he
Dispatched for Mr. Wright
To write the document, and then
Expired—that very night.

His kin, with sighs of wondrous size,
Remarked that life is brief,
And vied with one anather in
Displaying vi'lent grief;
And when the last sad rites were o'er,
With one accord they went
To hear the proper person read
His latest testament.

The ready lawyer read aloud
The different bequests,
While very various feelings swelled
Within the listeners' breasts,
And some resolved with energy
To break that unjust will,
And some resolved with filial zeal
His wishes to fulfill.

So those who held the will was right
Secured Lawyer Nab,
And those opposed, the service of
The smart attorney Grab;
And now the poor afflicted ones,
Plunged into legal strife,
No longer shed their tears for death,
But let them flow for life.

To tell you how the quarrel grew
I will not even try,
The poetry of pros and cons
Is tedious and dry;
I know they argued high and low,
The usual oaths they swore,
And all the cases cited that
Were ever tried before.

Time passed, and these contestants strove
With still increasing rage,
Until the latest litigant
Was bowed with care and age;
Till death with coldest diregard
Cut off their arguments,
Allowing plaintiff's no appeal,
Defendants no defense.

Also at last the lawyers died,
And with a solemn face,
The undertaker gravely said:
"Lie here, and try my case!"
And thus I close my simple tale,
With which I'd be content
Could I but tell—what no one knows—
Which way the money went.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

What a bleak wild night it was! The weird spirits of the storm marched up the valley howling like angry demons, and with giant strength wrestled with the mighty oaks upon the hillsides, until they bowed their trembling limbs to the earth in mute supplication. How the windows of the old factory rattled in the driving blast, and the young girl, Jessie Deane, drew her shawl closer about her as the damp wind came moaning in through every crevice and cranny.

The 6 o'clock bell had rung, the day's work was done, but still she lingered in the work-room, and sitting on the window ledge, close up to the dirt-begrimed pane, her plain, homely face, with its frame-work of soft brown hair was almost hidden in the dull November twilight. With a nervous restlessness her slender brown hand tied and untied the fringes of her coarse blanket shawl, while in and out of the winding passes of her brain the busy thoughts came and went and went and came.

"Only a factory girl!" So a fair haired lady had said that day as she passed her on the pavement and gathered up her silken garments daintily, lest they should be defiled by the touch. She remembered what the old pastor had said last Sabbath day in the little church of the neighboring village of Ellenthorpe: "Oh, ye rich men, all your wealth will surely avail you nothing when you reach the river's brink." She knew all this, and yet it was hard to walk always among the shadows.

With a thud the waves came dashing up against the moss covered walls of the old factory, and with a startling thrill she looked down from her dizzy perch in the third story window, and thought of the one frantic leap, a little struggle for breath, all would be over.

Should she do it? Would anybody care? Ah me! There was a pale face with the love-light ever shining in the brown eyes, which she knew was watching for her even then in the brown house under the hill.

Blessed mother! Anything for her. Perhaps by and by the purple gates of day will open beyond the night, but though He bade her walk through a furnace heated seven times hotter than before, she would endure it all for her sake, and out of the depths of her suffering the soul of Jessie Heane walked that night white-robed and purified.

There came a dull, heavy footstep along the lower floor and up the creaking stairs.

"Are you ready to go home, Jessie?"

She knew just what he would say, for he had uttered precisely the same words every night for the last six months, standing in the same place, fumbling his fur cap in awkward embarrassment.

"No! I'm not ready to go home with you," and Jessie turned with a scornful air from the sturdy country youth.

"Here is my umbrella. You will need it."

It was a kindly voice, and came from a manly heart, and looking at her for a moment with a questioning look, plain, honest John Brace turned away and walked slowly down and out into the damp street.

"Such an awkward specimen of humanity," the girl murmured petulently; and yet she knew the sunniest spots in her life were the pleasant summer evening walks with him through the green country lanes to the brown farmhouse.

"If he were only as handsome and graceful as Harry Bell," and as she tied her hat her gaze wandred wistfully over the river to the brown stone villa upon the hill, where, in stately magnificence, dwelt the owner of the mill property—Garrison Bell. In her simplicity she had looked with almost reverential awe upon the portly gentleman, as with great pomposity he made his weekly visits to the factory to give orders to his overseer. Of late the moustached young college graduate, Harry Bell had performed these duties for his father, and she now considered him the personification of manly beauty and excellence.

And so Jessie dreamed on, and at last, with the night shadows folding themselves closely about her, went slowly down the creaking stairway, with a heavy aching at her heart and a weary, wistful longing in her brown eyes.

But hark! Up through the winding passage, with the rush of the damp wind from the street door came a shrill cry of mortal agony, and her blood ran cold while her heart almost stilled its beating as she listened.

One, two, three horrid yells rent the air, mingled with the sound of falling blows and fierce oaths. The sounds came from the overseer's office at the foot of the stairs, and were heard with awful distinctness above the roar of the storm. Jessie knew that the last workman had left fifteen minutes before, and she was alone—perhaps with a murderer—and whiter than the faces of the sheeted dead was that of the young girl as she leaned for support against the smoky wall.

The cries had ceased, a door opened and closed, but still she could hear the thud, thud of the wind lashed waves, and up from the street came the sickening stench of the rain-soaked debris.

But she must act! And with the thought came renewed strength, and down the old stairs she went with flying feet. At that instant in from the street came the same awkward form from which she had turned so scornfully five minutes before. How noble and manly he looked in the hour of peril.

"Thank God, you are here, John Brace!" and then they opened the office door and went in together.

Only the empty room, vacant and blank, with the shadows weaving themselves together in the dim and dusty corners, and the wind moaning its weird anthem through the narrow passage.

But what is that thing lying in a mangled heap upon the low lounge behind the stove? Shapeless almost, and yet not lifeless, for a human hand is thrust out and on it is a great gout of blood.

With a pale face, but unshaking hand, John Brace removed the covering and disclosed the ghastly disfigured face of Thomas Morgan, the factory overseer. Three great gashes across the throat from which the life-blood was fast ebbing, and the marks of heavy blows about the head were the sole traces of the murder.

Poor little Jessie could endure no more, and when the curious crowd came hurrying in from the street, they found her lying prostrate upon the floor, and honest John Brace gazing in dumb horror upon the scene.

Three weeks had passed, and through the low kitchen window of the farmhouse under the hill, the afternoon sunlight shone blithely in, and wove its fairy embroideries in broad lines of gold upon the white hair of the busy housewife, as she passed with light footfalls across the floor, plying her daily tasks.

Upon the little white-draped cot in the kitchen bed-room lay Jessie, with her poor face thinned almost to a shadow by wasting fever. For a long time, in a kind of dumb, dreamy quiet, she lay counting the crimson leaves upon the woodbine over the window, listening to the cricket's dreams chirping under the door stone, and the sound of the dropping nuts in the forest, and then with a sudeen rush of memory came the recollection of the events of that terrible night.

"Mother, mother, come and tell me. Have they found the murderer?"

"Can you hear it, Jessie, if I tell you all?" and the poor woman looked with yearning pity upon the worn, tired little face before her.

"Anything is better than suspense, mother," and so in trembling tones the poor woman told her all.

"They have took him up for the murder, you know—John Brace, I mean—for they found him in the room with the dead man, and his jack knife was on the floor covered with blood, and they do say the two have had a good many hard words of late. John was wanting more pay, and Morgan wouldn't give it to him, and they are both high-tempered, you know. The trial comes off next week, and you'll have to be a witness," and the garrulous old mother expiated at length, upon the particulars of the horrid tragedy, but Jessie heard her not.

What? John Brace to be tried for murder! Her John, whose coarse brown hand she had held so often in her own in the olden time, and whose honest eyes had again and again looked down in hers, with the light of a noble tenderness shining in them. Tried for life? It must not, should not be, and she remembered with a thrill of satisfaction that her testimony would save him, for did she not see him come in from the street before she reached the foot of the stairs?

And then came another thought, chilling her to the heart. She did not hear him speak after all, and she had only said, "Thank God, you are here, John Brace," when they went into the office together. Perhaps it was all a mistake—he might be the murderer—and then away down in the depth of her heart Jessie realized the length and breadth and depth of her love for poor John Brace, and in all her misery her soul sent forth one plaintiff cry: "Oh, God, pity me! Oh, God, pity me!"

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." At last these blessed words of comfort came floating in upon her poor confused brain like the low, sweet notes of a cradle hymn, and wholly exhausted she sank into a troubled slumber.

A week later John Brace was tried for manslaughter, convicted and sentenced to the State prison for life, for though Jessie's written testimony was read in court, it proved of no avail against the powerful circumstantial evidence against him.

For weeks the stricken girl hovered very near the gates of death, but they were closed against her, and at last she gathered up her strength and turned her feet again into life's busy path's. Sanctified through suffering. That was the story her pale, sweet face told, as she took up her burdens again, and with cheerful patience toiled on.

Two years had stepped back into the shadows of the past, and the primroses were sprinkled thickly in the dim old lane, filling the air with their fragrance, as Jessie brushed the dew from their petals in her homeward walk. A quick, firm step came up behind her, and her slight form was lifted high up from the ground in the grasp of two sturdy arms, and a brown bearded face bent over hers in passionate tenderness.

"I hardly know where to begin the story, Jessie darling," said John Brace that night in the brown farm house kitchen.

"My name is cleared from all dishonor by Harry Bell's confession. When death came near to him he was ready to tell the story. He had been gambling and betting heavily that summer, and getting involved pretty heavily. He was trying that night to coax a thousand dollars of his father's money out of honest Thomas Morgan. Both got angry and excited and—you know the rest."

A solemn prayer of thanksgiving ascended that night from three united hearts to Him who had delivered them from evil, and guided their tir tired footsteps into the narrow way, which leads to the shining mountains of the City Beautiful,

"Out of the darkness into the light."

DYNAMITE.

How it is Made and Why it is Such a Dangerous Compound.

Few people know what dynamite is, though the word is in common use. It is a giant gunpowder. That is an explosive material, varying in strength and safety of handling according to the percentage of nitroglycerine it contains. Nitro glycerine, whence it derives its strength, is composed of ordinary grycerine and nitric acid compounded together in certain proportions and at a certain temperature. Nitro-glycerine, though not the strongest explosive known, being exceeded in power by nitrogen and other products of chemistry, is thus far the most terrible explosive manufactured to any extent. Nitro-glycerine by itself is not safe to handle, hence dynamite is preferred. It is extensively made and consumed in the United States, under the various names of Giant, Hercules, Jupiter, and Atlas powders, all of which contains anywhere from 30 to 80 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, the balance of the compound being made up of rotten stone, non-explosive earth, sawdust, charcoal, plaster of paris, black powder, or some other substance that takes up the glycerine and makes a porous, spongy mass.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered by Salvero, an Italian chemist, in 1845. Dynamite is prepared by simply kneading with the naked hands 25 per cent. of infusorial earth and 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine until the mixture assumes a putty condition, not unlike moist brown sugar. Before mixing the infusorial earth is calcined in a furnace in order to burn out all organic matter, and it is also sifted to free it of large grains. While still moist it is squeezed into cartridges, which are prepared of parchment paper, and the firing is done by fulminate of silver in copper capsules provided with patent exploders.

Nitro-glycerine is made of nitric acid one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is well washed with pure water. The infusion is composed of small, microscopic selicious shells, which have lost their living creatures. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and out. The earth is very light. Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace, and then, in the form of a powder, it is mixed with nitro-glycerine. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed in a small quantity on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at 40 degrees Farenheit, becoming a white, half-crystalized mass, which must be melted by application of water at a temperature of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

An Editor's Tribute.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft Waynd, Ind., *Gazette*, writes: "For the past five years I have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cold I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for coughs and colds."

Call at C N. Boyd's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle. Large size $1 00.

A Japanese dentist don't frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All of his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract a half dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of pegs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. A writer in the *Union Medical* says that no human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulations of the Japanese dentist.

A cheerful way of talking will soon chase away gloomy feelings.

A HOT BATTLE.

Stewart's Forces Reach the Nile.

THE COMMANDER BADLY WOUNDED, BUT NOT FATALLY.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The battle of Abu-Klea wells, the story of which has already been published, was fought on Saturday, the 17th. Gen. Stewart employed what was left of the day after the fight and a large part of Sunday in establishing a strong post at Abu-Klea. There those who had been seriously wounded in the battle were left with a small garrison. On the afternoon of the 18th General Stewart began his forward movement toward Metemneh. After passing the Shebaca wells the British forces moved to the right. This was in accordance with instructions given by Lord Wolseley, who had ordered that in case Metemneh was found to be occupied by the enemy General Stewart should make an effort to establish himself at some point on the Nile between Metemneh and Khartoum. His forces consisted of ninety men of the Nineteenth Hussars, the three divisions of the Camel Corps, in all about 1,080 men. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 19th, when the British line was barely a league from the river, the enemy appeared in force some distance in front. A halt was thereupon made for breakfast in a strong zereba established there.

The enemy presently opened fire upon them, and while they were strengthening their works for a protection to the wounded and baggage, the fire was the heaviest that the British had yet been subjected to. It was while they were still at this point that General Stewart was wounded. Sir Charles Wilson thereupon assumed command. The enemy numbered 7,000 men, a large number of whom were cavalrymen armed with rifles, and the fight which followed was a severe one.

THE BATTLE DESCRIBED.

The latest dispatches received at the War Office show that the point where the battle occurred is in the desert about five miles south from Metemneh. When Gen. Stewart reached that point he found the enemy were hovering about his little army on all sides and skirting it often within uncomfortably short range. The rebels had evidently stationed themselves in the vicinity to await his arrival and give him battle. When they began to surround him and press in upon him he determined to abide the event. He ordered his men to dismount and form a zareba. This was made mainly with saddles and baggage and during its construction the rebel riflemen drew nearer and maintained a hot fire from behind ambushes and such hiding-places as they could find among bushes and high grass. This fire was very well directed and was most disasterous in its effect upon the British troops. Twelve men were soon shot dead and forty others were stricken down with ugly wounds. Among the first killed were Mr. Cameron, the special correspondent of the London *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, the special correspondent of the London *Post*. But two commissioned officers were killed. Gen Stewart was one of the first to be wounded. He was shot in the thigh. When he was struck the work of making the zareba was about completed and the army had been put in motion to form its battle array.

This was a hollow square. The square was formed in the following order: In front the naval brigade and the Grenadier Guards; on the right flank the Coldstream Guards and the Scots Guards; on the left flank the mounted infantry, and on the rear the Sussex regiment and the heavy camel corps. As soon as completed the square advanced under a heavy ambush fire a distance of two miles. At this point the enemy began to advance on the square in two large echelons. These were directed against the British right front, which stood unmoved. During the rebel charge the English troops forming the assailed front delivered a terrific fire right at the enemy's middle, mowing down men in such heaps that they formed actual obstacles and interfered so seriously with the evenness necessary to the success of the onslaught that its centre line was brought to a stand-still about sixty yards from the British front line. The force of the general movement threw the unimpeded parts of the line like the ends of a broken timber around the corners of the square, and the rebels so displaced were simply cut to pieces. From this on, the warfare was as disasterous to the rebels as it was irregular on their side.

When the enemy's line was broken the Arabs seemed to break up into bands, each of which waged war on its own account. A large detachment, mostly on horseback, went back to attack the zareba. This was garrisoned by a body of English soldiers made up of little detachments left behind be each corps which had gone forward in the square. Lord Charles Beresford was in command and sustained the attack for two hours, when the enemy was compelled to retreat.

During the general attack upon the square only six men were killed and twenty-three wounded on the English side. Capt. Norton worked the guns during this fight, and his firing did awful execution.

During the advance of the main body of the English from the zareba the garrison left behind at that point kept up a heavy fire from their guns and rifles. An effort was made to erect a small redoubt some fifty yards to the right of the zareba, under the protection of the steady fire from the zareba. During the erection of the redoubt one man was killed and three were wounded. Lord Cochrane, with forty men from the Life Guard and the Scots Grays, held the redoubt and maintained a heavy fire throughout the battle. They did much to repel the rushes of the enemy. The losses of the rebels during the whole day are estimated at 2,000 killed and wounded. Among the enemy were many slaves several of whom have submitted to the British. They say the Mahdi sent them from Khartoum.

The square reached the Nile at sunset on Monday evening and encamped for the night. Early on Tuesday morning scouting parties made a reconnoissance and destroyed some empty villages, the recent inhabitants of which watched the operations from a distance and afterwards retreated to Metemnah. The British then advanced through the villages around Metemneh. On Wednesday they made a reconnoissance and found Metemneh fairly well fortified. Shots were exchanged, but the rebels kept out of sight. The ground around is sandy, with depressions full of grass and bushes, affording good cover.

The prisoners state that the enemy came from Khartoum, and that the force which attacked the British at Abu-Klea was the advance guard.

Five of General Gordon's steamers, conveying 500 soldiers and five guns, arrived at Gubat on the 22d. All the troops and guns were landed when the guns were turned upon Metemneh, without, however, producing any apparent effect upon the rebels. It is reported that the Mahdi is sending more troops and guns to Metemneh.

On the 22d Gen. Wilson, with four of Gen. Gordon's steamers, a number of black troops, two companies of mounted infantry and six guns, bombarded Shendy for two hours and almost completely destroyed the town, but the occupants of whom there were few, appeared to be unwilling to surrender. The steamers afterwards returned to Gubat, where a number of forts are being erected. It is stated that the Mahdi has a force of 6,000 men around Khartoum the population of which is now estimated at 14,000. A convoy has gone to Gakdul to fetch stores and ammunition. The inhabitants of Metemneh are apparently remaining in hiding, as scouts are able to see only a few persons in the town. The total British loss, including the loss at Abu-Klea, was 104 killed and 216 wounded. The enemy's loss was 3,000 killed and wounded.

The Queen has sent a dispatch thanking Gen. Stewart and his troops for their bravery, condoling with them for their losses, and promoting Gen. Stewart to the rank of major general.

A Man in a Den of Bears.

Three residents of Wellsville, Allegheny county, N. Y., named James Bailey, James Clay and Morris Marcey, while fox hunting near the State line, a few days ago, came upon the tracks of three bears. They followed them to a hole in the rocks known as Sim's Cave, nearly five miles from the place where the tracks were discovered. The hunters built a fire in the mouth of the opening, which extends several feet back in the ledge, the first few feet being a narrow passage. The smoke of the fire entered the passage and drove one of the bears to the mouth, where it was shot and dragged out. It was a spring cub. A minute later another bear stuck its head out of the passage, and was killed. This was a very large one. The third bear did not come out, and Morris Marcey crawled into the cave, taking his gun with him. The other two heard the report of his gun soon afterward, which was followed by angry cries from the bear, and sounds of a struggle in the cave. The hunters on the outside were undecided what course to take for a minute or so, and then Bailey resolved to go in the cave and see if he could aid Marcey.

Just then Marcey's head and shoulders were thrust out of the opening. His face was covered with blood. He shouted for help, saying that the bear had him clasped tightly around the legs with its fore paws and was trying to drag him back. The two men seized Marcey by the arms and pulled him out of the passage. The bear clung to him until it was pulled far enough forward to see the two men outside, when it let go. It rushed out of the cave at once, however, and dashed furiously at the men. They ran in different directions. The bear followed Bailey. Clay returned and got his gun and started after the bear. He came up with it as it was pressing Bailey into close quarters and, placing the muzzle of the gun against its head, sent a bullet through its brain.

Marcey had lighted a match on entering the cave, and saw the bear crouching in one corner. He fired at once, but only wounded the animal, which attacked him furiously in the dark. Before he could make his escape he was badly cut and torn by the bear's claws, there being hardly a stitch of clothing left on him from the waist down.

A Sensible Man

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Talleyrand's advice to a young student in diplomacy: "Never write a letter; never destroy one."

Robert J. Burdette.

HIS LECTURE.

"Bob" Burdette, the humorist, could well feel flattered at the audience assembled at Farwell Hall last evening to hear his lecture on "The Pilgrimage of a Funny Man," because it was a large and appreciative one. His style differs somewhat from other popular humorists in that conciousness of wit is depicted on his countenance, and it can be said of him that he laughs at his own jokes. This, however, does not detract from his power, but, on the contrary, the merry twinkle of his eyes and the smile that gatheres on his countenance just as he is about to give utterance to some mirth-provoking sentence affects the audience spontaneously, the laughter is contagious, and this was heartily manifested more than once last night. He said it was easier to be funny in these days than in the "good old days," because the material for it existed and there were those who know how to make the best of it. The periodical called *Puck*, said the lecturer, "was born in a suburban town of yours—St. Louis. As soon as the proprietors of it learned English they located the paper in New York." For a long time he had laughed heartily over the English pictures in a Dutch book. People nowadays liked their fun in the daily newspapers alongside of an account of an explosion. It was a long time before the people knew whether Hayes or Tilden was elected. Some people did not know yet—Mr. Dana, for instance. The whole funny business of the newspapers was made up from observation and nothing more. Man did not make fun, it already existed, and the secret was found in seizing on the material and bringing the fun out of it. There was nothing in a stove-pipe to laugh at, but when a man came home and found his wife had stacked up a pile for him to exercise his ingenuity upon he could not see anything funny about it, but he had considerable to say to himself when he went into the woodshed and thought the matter over. When a man fell from the top stair to the bottom he did not see anything funny in it, but when he read an account of another man going through the same performance he read it with great glee to the members of his family. Mr. Burdette then reviewed the life of noted humorists, such as Charles Lamb, and showed how he lightened up the world by his wit, although he was at times bordering on insanity and caring for a maniac sister. The lecturer toward the close told the story of a neighbor of his who had read some where that the sting of wasps was a certain cure for rheumatism. He convulsed the