The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

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DR. E. W. BLOUGH, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN 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. apr23-6tf.

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

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of the Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 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. oct22-4m.

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

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Epharim'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 travelling public. His table and rooms cannot be surpassed, his bar is 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.

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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 packet of seeds in the United States. Newest and choicest varieties of fruit, a specialty. Send for terms, stating age. Chas. R. Chase, Nurserymen, Rochester N. Y. N.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Livengood, dec'd, late of Elk Lick 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 for settlement on Saturday, February 21, 1885, at the house of F. O. Livengood, in Elk Lick Township.

F. O. LIVENGOOD, SARAH LIVENGOOD, REBECCA LIVENGOOD, Executors.

Dec21.

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	5-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)	20
3-Quart Covered Bucket	10	Flour Sifters	10
5Quart Covered Bucket	15	Laundry Forks	15
4-Quart Covered Bucket	20	Rolling Pins	10
6 Quart Covered Bucket	25	Towel Roll	25
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) PerPaper	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.

—:o:—

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.

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 Allegheniens, uses the water from their celebrated springs. This whisky is made by the distillers old process, and guaranteed perfect by repeated full proof.

☞Orders filled same day as received.

Special.

In order to give Hotel Keepers and Dealers a great opportunity never before offered, will contract for the month of February, for the above whisky, $1.00 per gallon, in lots of five gallons and upwards, allowing the privilege of taking it, lie in bond for three years, charging but a nominal sum for storage.

On hand 100 barrels of Old Whisky, retailing at $2 to $3 per gallon.

Dealers and others will find it to their interest to call or address, when samples will be forwarded. Special quotations to jan29. S. P. SWEITZER, Supt., Summit Station, 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 $300 00 time lock

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EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

—IN—

Embroideries, Laces, Hilinery, 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.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE DISREGARDED, 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, regularity is established.

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. H. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

(Above Henry Shaffley'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 gone of no time 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 pushing a few drops to the eye, the operation is borne by the most timid. In all cases the best possible results can be secured. In all cases the Eye and Ear, Nose and Throat, DR. G. W. SADLER, 604, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Girdle of Friendship.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

ALEX VERNON.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!" and little Helen Hawthorne sprang from her low seat by the warm fireside, the rich glow deepening on her fair cheek, and a sudden excitement leaping into her dark gray eyes.

"Nonsense, dear!" answered the mother after a moment's silence. "It was your imagination. My little girl is fanciful to night," and she bent to stroke back the thickly clustering curls from the low, white brow, as she pressed a fond fervent kiss upon it.

It was a pretty figure upon which the firelight danced and flickered that cold Christmas night—the warm, luxurious room, with the tall, elegant woman in its midst, and the little daintily dressed child by her side.

Without, the wind swept by, hurling great masses of snow on its wings, and dashing through the bare, leafless branches of the trees.

The child shuddered as she listened to its moan.

"I am quite sure I heard it, mamma. Suppose any one was out on such a night. It would be dreadful. Let me open the door a moment—just a moment!"

And, without waiting for the refusal trembling on the mother's lips she darted forward and threw open the great outside door.

In another instant the bell sent a sharp peal through the house, for on the very threshold lay a prostrate body, already half buried in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later and the lad had been carried to a sofa, and restoratives given him.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think he will live?"

But in answer to her question, the lids slowly lifted themselves, and the great black eyes rested wonderingly on the childs face, bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed overtaken him, and was this heaven he had reached?

He feared to waken from his dream, and find himself again hopeless, and starving, and cold.

With a long drawn sigh he closed his eyes, only to find the fascination of the present overcome him, and impel him to again gaze on his surroundings.

But his wonder only deepened when the reality was brought home to him—when he discovered that it was life, not death, and earth, not heaven, and that he was not to be driven out again into the cold and bitter night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay motionless in this warm resting place, picturing in the darkness, the child's face until it became stereotyped on heart and brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a poor lad, orphaned and friendless. They discharged me from my last place," he said, "because I carried a book about with me, and the boss said it would teach me to dream instead of work. I was only trying to learn something in my idle minutes, though I couldn't find much time, and I didn't take my employer's. However, he was a hard, stern man, and bade me go. I started West. The little money I had gave out. The storm overtook me. I struggled on as best I could, until I grew faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance I saw a light. I struggled toward it.

"You know the rest. Now I am strong and well again, the storm is over, and I can only thank you in a few poor words for your generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon," answered the child. "He is the owner of all the mills about here. If you would like, I will ask him to give you a place; and there is a school at night for the hands, so you can study too."

"If I would like!"

It was all he said, but little Helen Hawthorne needed no other words. She knew that a great lump in his throat had choked his further utterance and that he had turned away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled, and Alex Vernon stood once more a man among men. He found a place in the night school, too. Nor did his young patroness forget him. In some way she discovered the books he needed, and lent them to him, until he grew to associate her with every good thing of his new life. One morning she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma, Alex," she said, "to be gone a great many years. When I come back I hope to find you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I wanted to tell you that if you wanted any books from the library, I would leave this key with you and you might come up and get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke, but to the boy listening, a dark mist seemed to roll between them. She was going away for years—she who had saved him from death, or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt, as, without a word of thanks, he abruptly took the key and hurried from her presence.

She could not know that he went out to throw himself, face downward, on the ground, and sob out like a very child his heart's bitterness.

* * * * *

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had been to him a prophesy, for she was now on her homeward way, and he had attained the position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection for me after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often say on receiving congratulations on the efficiency of his young assistant.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap or kind message from his daughter's letters; but Alex received them all in silence. He had lost the little golden haired child forever. She would return a woman, grown cold, haughty and proud, perhaps refusing to cast even a smile across the vast gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a week on business—he returned to find a difficult piece of machinery about to be adjusted in one of the mills, which required his superintendence. Directing the men he saw that not only his eye but his hand could do better work than the others, and so seizing a workman's blouse hanging near, he slipped it on, and in another moment had his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he heard the rustle of a silken dress and the silvery ripple of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly.

A gay party was passing through the works, with one among them seeming a princess surrounded by her followers. The gold still flecked her hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of purest ivory. Time had made her more beautiful.

She glanced idly indifferently, among the little group of men, of which he formed one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she said, in the old, sweet, soft voice and passed on. She had come home then during his absence. He had seen her. The seven years waiting were over. What had they brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but Alex Verron, with a strange pallor on his face, went out silently from the mills. Not, as once before to find relief in tears. He was a man now. He only knew that a bitter disappointment, to which he had given no name had overtaken him.

Far out into the open country he walked, with great strides, knowing neither fatigue nor consciousness that it was unnatural that he should not tire.

Suddenly on the road behind him, came a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his side.

"It is Alex," said a sweet voice, quite near to him. "I know that I am not mistaken."

And as in a dream he saw held out to him a tiny gauntleted hand.

He looked at his own. Not even had he washed away the traces of his recent toil. He would soil by his touch even her glove, although the fair whiteness of her skin was thereby protected.

She saw his hesitation, and drew back.

"Am i wrong?" she questioned, in a little hurt surprise. "I thought you would be glad to see me?"

"Pardon me!" he answered; "my hands were stained."

"Oh!" she said.

Then after a moment's pause, she added:

"When you have washed them clean come to see me."

And touching her horse with a silver handled whip, she dashed past him out of sight.

The next week he was invited to dine at her father's table. Mr. Hawthorne would accept no excuse.

"It is in our country an honor to be a self-made man. I have no guests of whom I shall be more proud."

But, when he entered the elegantly appointed drawing-rooms, Miss Hawthorne gave him simply a courteous bow of recognition and made no effort to approach him.

Once or twice during the meal he found her eyes fastened on his face, as he was drawn on to speak on this or that topic as it was presented, while one and another mingled in the discussion, deferring to his opinions as to those of a man who understood himself.

The ice once broken, he met her often, but never once had their hands touched.

He was admitted even into her circle now. He went only that he might see her and listen to her voice.

With her, he never forgot the cold night, the driving snow, the senseless, inanimate form she had brought back to life, and light and consciousness. He gave no name either to his pain or his exquisite happiness at being near her. He was in the maelstrom; let it whirl him where it would.

The summer came, and on its wings it brought the whisper that Miss Hawthorne was to be married in the autumn.

The day he heard it he went out, as once before, to walk off the pang that made his former pain seem nothing.

Was it fate that, as he turned into a path leading through the woods, he descried ahead the slight, graceful figure he knew but too well?

She was coming toward him.

In another minute they must meet; but even in that minute something come between. There was a sudden rustling of the bushes. He heard a low cry from her lips, as a large dog sprang on to the path, his blood-shot eyes and frothing lips betraying his madness. The creature sprang toward her, but the man was quicker.

He had thrown himself between them and grasped the dog firmly by the throat.

"Run for your life!" he said, feeling his strength could not hold out against such odds; but to his utter amazement she stood still.

"You shall not die for me!" she said.

Then he remembered that in his pocket was a pistol he had carried for protection when at night he had been entrusted with money by the firm. He told her where to find it.

"Hold him a minute longer!" she said.

The next a sharp shot rang out on the air, his hands relaxed and the brute fell bleeding at his feet.

He turned toward her.

She was very pale, and the pistol had fallen from her hold, but her eyes were fixed on his hands.

"Are they washed clean?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "though I have saved your life for another man. I who have dared to love you."

"There is but one man," she said, "to whom I will belong, and he it is who for my sake has dared to face a most awful death. Alex, it needed this to lay bare our souls one to the other."

Then she burst into bitter weeping, but her tears fell on his breast.

How Women are treated in Europe.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Telegraph, writing from Interlaken, says: "Yesterday I saw the most surprising sight that has greeted my eyes for many months—a man drawing a large handcart, piled high with hay, and a woman, riding with folded hands as natural as if women were born to this sort of thing in Europe. Had these two been reversed, whatever our feeling, it would not have been one of surprise. Had the woman been harnessed in that cart with a dog, both pulling with all their might, while the man rode, it would have been much more consistent with the peasant's idea of the position of women. Just before, we saw a woman high up in a cherry tree picking the fruit; while a man lay at the foot, waiting to place the ladder when she should be ready to come down with her burden. I saw a woman in Holland draw a canal boat, bent nearly double with the leather harness, as she trudged along the tow path, a man sitting at his ease in the boat smoking. In upper Austria I saw a slight and very pretty girl carrying the mortar up to the second story of a building while a man waited there to put it in place when she arrived. Within a week I have seen a man shovel the sweepings of the street assisted by a woman, into a basket, which he helped her to place on her back; while she carried it to a long distance he sat down and waited until she returned for another. I saw a woman in Naples carrying a coffin on her head, chatting gaily with a man who walked empty handed at her side. I have seen a woman and a cow together pull a coal cart through the streets of a North German city, a man touching them up, gently, to be sure, with a whip, as he walked beside them. I remember two women unloading casks of beer from a river craft, while twenty men looked on. I've seen women a dozen times this summer in Germany carrying two heavy trunks; and there is no menial, heavy, out door labor I have not seen them doing here in Switzerland, so no wonder we looked amazed at the woman riding at her ease on the sweet hay and the man doing the work—the first piece of gallantry, the first recognition of the weaker, we have seen in the peasant or farming class here."

Good Rules for Winter.

The following rules, published in Farm and Fireside, are worth heeding by those who believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure:

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also, the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room established the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other disease.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a mement it is dangerous to health and even life.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or diffeulties of the throat produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeking the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50cts. and $1.00.

Trial size free at C. N. Boyd's.

The first American bank was established in Boston in 1636.

For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Charlotte Parker, Waverly N. Y.

LOVE AND POTASH.

A Little Romance Hinging on the Story of a Dead Industry of Bohemia.

"There's what broke up my home and made me come over to America."

The speaker was an employe in a large soap factory on the West side. He was pointing to some drums of imported soda as he spoke.

"I was born in Bohemia, among the mountains, in a little village. Our chief industry was making lye, and sometimes soap. I think half of the people made their living that way; my family did. When I was a little boy I was sent out every day with my brother and other little boys to gather leaves and twigs. The best were those of the fir, but we took everything. We'd build big bonfires in dry weather, and the moment the ashes and embers were cold we'd throw them into bins under low sheds. Below these sheds were what you'd call leach tubs. Some of these were old barrels sawed in half; some, and they belonged to the poorer folks, were heavy willow baskets. One I remember was square, built out of bricks, with a door on the side. We used to fill the tubs with ashes, and pour as much water on them as they'd hold. When it ran through, it would run into a small bucket. This was what used to be lye. It was too weak to sell or to use to make soap, and so we'd boil it down. Sometimes we'd sell it when it was boiled down very strong, but generally we let it boil till it was dry. What was left was good potash, and that we'd sell to a rich man in the village, who'd send loads of it away to foreign countries If the potash was gray we got a good price for it, but if it was red or brown we got less money and also got a good thrashing from our parents.

"Down the road was my father's cousin, who was the best soapmaker in the barony. He made a soft soap from our potash and hard soap from potash and common salt. He had a pretty daughter—she's my wife now, and when she was 15 she was as good a soap boiler as her father. I was about 17 when times began to grow quite hard. The village merchant didn't buy as much potash or soap, and what he did buy he paid less for. And then the men who'd start out in the spring with a wagon to peddle the same wares found things just as bad everywhere. We thought it came from the wars that were going on, and that good old prices would come back before long. When I got to be 20 I was my wife's beau, and the old folks agreed that we should marry two years after and keep up the family trades in the old places. Well, we married, but not there, and I've never been there since.

"You see it came about like this. I went down to the village one day with a load of potash and soap, and called as usual on the merchant. For the first time he refused to buy the latter, and offered so small a price for the former that I began to laugh. But when he took out of a box some foreign soap and offered it to me at half the price I wanted, and explained to me how the French and English were making soda and potash in big factories out of rocks that cost almost nothing, I saw my business was ruined. The news ran through the village, and everybody was very blue. I was particularly blue when I thought of Gretchen. Many tried to fight it out but they nearly starved. Most of us wandered away to other countries, and I came over to America, where I've been ever since. And a little over a year after I landed I sent for my sweetheart, and she came over and we were married."—*New York Sun.*

A Petrified Girl.

A young lady living in the vicinity of North East, named Patterson, has been relieved from a life of suffering, which for fifteen years had not an alleviating circumstance. When a girl at the age of 10 she was stricken with rheumatism. A season of treatment at the hands of the most skilfull physicians failed to relieve the sufferer. At the age of 15 her muscles became so rigid that the power of locomotion was entirely destroyed. Since then she was confined to her bed and chair, and was unable to do herself the slightest service. Five years ago the muscles became so hard that the joints of her lower could not work. The fibrous tissues of the arms and hands were next affected, so that they were entirely useless, and soon, like the lower limbs, were no semblance to the human anatomy. A year ago the muscles controlling the head and neck were contorted so as to draw the head out of shape. The muscle in the face then hardened and closed the lower jaw so tight that teeth had to be removed in order to make an opening through which food could be introduced.

To give the patient even a moderate amount of food required three hours' work, during which time the effort at swallowing caused excruciating pain. Vomiting and suffocation finally caused death. Miss Patterson was 20 years of age, and at the time of her death she was actually petrified with disease.

A machine is in use at Melbourne, Australia, for shearing sheep by steam. It is made of brass, something in the shape of a small trowel. The motion is got up by a turbine wheel about three inches in diameter, and this is geared into another wheel, on which is fixed a cutter; in front is a comb, which serves as a guard against cutting the skin of the sheep. The steam is conveyed from the boiler through a tube of india rubber. The tube or pipe is double, having one inside the other, the inner one is the injection, and the space between the two is the ejection. The machine is used in the same fashion as the shears, but cuts much quicker and cleaner, without danger of injuring the fleece or the sheep.

The conductors on street cars in Mexico always carry revolvers.

A Chimpanzee's Smartness.

The chief delight of Superintendent Conklin in his leisure moments at the arsenal is to watch the antics of the chimpanzee, Crowley, which is domiciled in his office. The chimpanzee's latest exploit was this: He was eating his dinner the other day, seated in his chair at his own table, when Dr. Fullgraff, with a colored coachman came in. Now there are dozens of white visitors here every day, and Crowley never, when at meals, takes any notice of them. When the colored coachman was here Crowley espied him just as he was in the act of raising his spoon to his mouth. The chimpanzee held the spoon suspended in the air for a moment, then laid it upon the table before him, climbed down from his chair, and gravely walking up to the front of the cage extended both paws and indulged in a hearty shake of the hand with the coachman. I have been wondering ever since if Crowley remembered the dark visages of the natives in Liberia, from which place he was brought when pretty well matured. During Mr. Conklin's remarks the chimpanzee, with its wizened face screwed up into a comical expression of owlish wisdom, sat clinging to the bars of the cage, and as the Superintendent finished, he let himself down to the floor with a knowing air, and then rolled himself into a ball in the corner and feigned sleep. Just then a few children came in, and in a moment Crowley was all excitement. Some of the children began to dance in front of the cage, and immediately Crowley began to prance about, keeping time with the tune hummed by one of the little girls.—*New York Times.*

The First Bank.

It is one of the most remarkable of phenomena that the first bank ever established won a success unequaled in later times. The bank of Venice had its origin in 1171, from a forced public loan, raised to fit out a fleet, and is the first appearance of a public funded debt. Every citizen was obliged to contribute the one hundredth part of his possessions. The persons assessed were then organized as a Chamber of Loans for their common protection and for the receipt of the yearly interest of four per centum. Subsequently its creditors were permitted to transfer their claims in whole or in part. The government finding that these transfers were in demand, reduced the rates of interest until no interest was paid. Afterward it sold cash inscriptions of credit on its books. Those inscriptions cost gold, but were not convertible into gold. As a matter of fact although termed a bank, its issues were government paper, and its business was carried on solely for the benefit of the public treasury. This bank is still one of the foremost financial institutions in the world. For 200 years the Bank of Venice stood alone.

How a Cat Made a Clock Strike.

William Ewing, of Conemaugh borough, is a weighmaster at the Gautier Wire Mill, is a highly respected gentleman about sixty years of age and is a member in good standing of the Disciples' Church. The necessity for these statements will appear right away. In Mr. Ewing's house, on Main street, near Adam, were two clocks, one down stairs and the other up, which had not moved for two years. A tinker was recently called in to repair the down stairs clock. While he was at work Mr. Ewing's cat, a very intelligent animal, jumped upon the table on which the clock stood and closely watched all that was done. After the clock had been fixed and made to strike again the cat disappeared. Some time later the clock up stairs was heard to strike. The members of the family, in great surprise, hastened up stairs and were astonished to find that the cat had opened the clock door and, by inserting its paws among its works, had actually overcome the obstacle to its running. They stood and watched it and saw it strike the pendulum with one of its front paws, just as the tinker had done with the down-stairs clock. The cat did not set the hands, for the reason, perhaps, that it did not know the precise time.

Advice to Old Men.

Don't presume on your age.

Don't be vain of your handsome gray hair and whiskers.

Don't set yourself up as models of propriety in public, and get full of booze in private.

Don't think because young men are young they are fools. They probably are, but you were young once yourself.

Don't take the front seats at ballet shows. Your bald heads reflect the light unpleasantly.

Don't say vulgar things before ladies and excuse yourselves on the ground that you are old enough to be their fathers.

Don't forget that age must respect itself before it can command it from others.

Don't sour the world on you by souring yourselves on the world.

Don't fool with temptation.

Don't be too wise.

Don't try to make love. The old fools are the biggest fools.

Don't let your love of the world make you forget that a man never gets too old to die.

Don't try to be a boy. Your grandsons will attend to that part of the business.

Don't let the evening of life be less joyous than the mornig. The freshness of the morning gave you vigor to work through time, and the quiet of the evening should give you peace to rest through eternity.

Louisiana planters claim that the sugar cane this year contains richer juice than has ever before been known, owing to improved methods of fertilizing; perhaps some peculiarity of the season.

In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica & Oil Liniment on the chest. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Some Facts which will Cost Nothing to Substantiate, and which, Properly Considered may Prove Profitable.

There is in almost everything done two ways of doing it—one cheerfully and unreservedly, the other grudgingly and conditionally. Mark the exemplication of this in course pursued by the two trunk lines having connection with Washington, the one direct and the other roundabout. The direct line, which it is needless to remark is the Baltimore and Ohio, in making the great reduction on the fare to Washington for the inauguration, announced no exceptions to the privileges accorded the holders of such tickets, but to the contrary, threw open its entire service, limited express as well as other regular trains, to the low rates. No lying around the B. & O. depot waiting for slow trains; no programme of travel rudely destroyed by refusing acceptance of inauguration tickets on fast trains. How strong the contrast on the other road! When forced to follow the lead of the Baltimore and Ohio in making the reduction in rates, it was done after a characteristic fashion of affected exclusiveness. On the other road inauguration tickets are good only upon certain trains (slow trains), for, upon to so-called limited trains of the would-be rival line to Washington, the low-rate tickets are not good; and more than this, the straight full-fare ticket is not good on such trains without extra fares and compulsory paying for sleeping and parlor-car accommodations, whether wanted or not. To talk about something, the indirect line refers to New York and the privilege of stopping off in Washington and then going on to the metropolis. This can be bone by anybody on the tickets issued by any line, provided the time announced is within the limit of the ticket.

The B. & O. is the only direct line into Washington, and passengers from the West, who go to the National Capital to witness the inauguration ceremonies by any other line and thence to New York, have simply to double the track for considerable of the distance, or going twice over the same line, as against going direct by the B. & O. Then, too, the other line dwells upon the special feature it proposes to adopt in running solid trains to Washington for the particular occasion. That this is an acknowledgment of making a special schedule for Washington business, and that it would be a roundabout way of getting into that city, is evident upon its face. It is a fact that solid trains are run regularly through Washington, between the West and the East, only on one line, and that line is the B. & O. It is a fact also the Baltimore and Ohio is the only line in Washington having and using different divisions for its Eastern and Western business, and it not forced, as is the other line, to concentrate all its trains from all points of the compass, forty-odd miles away from the city, and then bring them all in on one track. More than this, the B. & O. is the only road which can furnish track room for sleeping cars, so that they can be occupied during the stay at the capital. The B. & O. has provided space for fifty extra cars within a short distance of the depot in Washington, with broad board walk, and the whole place illuminated by electric lights, so that there can be no difficulty in getting about at any time of the night.

"Shall We Meet Again."

The following from the pen of the lamented George D. Prentice is well wortn reproduction. It was regarded as meritorious when it first appeared, and age seems to have added to its beauty:

"The fiat death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither, and fade in a day, have no frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that ever sh