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.

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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. apr23-81tf.

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. oct22-6m.

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-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. Its 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

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. 300 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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Sarah Thomas, late of Turkeyfoot Twp. Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration 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, the 28th day of March, 1885, at the office of the Administrator, in Confluence Borough, Pa.

W. S. MOUNTAIN, Administrator.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1885. WHOLE NO. 1755.

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	[illegible]
3-Gallon Water Bucket	35	2-Quart Carbon Oil Can	15
12-Quart Dish Pan	25	4 Quart Carbon Oil Can	[illegible]
14-Quart Dish Pan	15	6-Quart Carbon Oil Can	30
16-Quart Dish Pan	35	Queen Carbon Oil Can (Glass)	30
2-Quart Covered Bucket	10	Flour Sifters	40
3-Quart Covered Bucket	15	Laundry Forks	[illegible]
4-Quart Covered Bucket	20	Rolling Pins	
6 Quart Covered Bucket	25	Towel Rollers	
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,
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P. S.—Look For My Name on the Window.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We have completed all our changes now, and can boast of having the Finest Shoe Store, both as to Size and Selection of Stock, in this part of the State. We have just double the amount of room, and double the Stock that we have ever had, and shall make it an object to our patrons to help us do just double the amount of trade. Our prices are down to the lowest margin, and the quality of our stock superior to anything ever offered in this neighborhood. The readers of the HERALD are cordially invited to give us a call and see our Store, Stock and Inducements. We have some winter goods, including the Celebrated Monogram Boots and Shoes in stock yet, which we desire to close out before the Spring opens, and we have marked them down to a sacrificial price, in order to get them sold down during the short time remaining before Spring.

Ladies' Good Quality Rubber Overshoes, 24 cents a pair. Don't forget

STARGARDTER'S
Mammoth Double 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 Alleghenies, uses the water from cold mountain springs. This whisky is made 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 manufacture of Whisky in any quantity from 5 to 50 barrels, giving them the privilege of letting it lie in bond for three years, charging but a small sum for storage.

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

Write for full particulars in regard to large quantities to S. P. SWEITZER, Supt., jan28. Sand Patch, Pa.

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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

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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 $5 0 00 time lock

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

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

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

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

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

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

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

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of 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. mar8

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MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET PA.

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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 anaesthetic, 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. G. W. SADLER, 804, Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

OVER THE SEA.

I am looking back through the days and weeks
That lie in the shadowy land of yore,
And a walking spirit stirs and speaks—
The spirit of dead years gone before.

Speaks with a murmur of mournful sighs,
In a voice that carries the sound of tears,
And, lighting the lamp of its passionate eyes
It opens the shroud of the buried years.

The wind is blowing up from the world,
The stars are shining down on the sea,
But the wind is bleak and the light is cold,
And 'tis only of pain they speak to me.

For the wind once toyed with a silken tress,
And the stars once shone on a saintly face;
And how can a faithful love grow less?
Or a new love take the old love's place?

The sea is swirling up to my feet,
Singing its monody, soft and low;
But the song of the sea is deadly sweet,
For I mind how it slew me years ago.

We have been parted, I and she,
With many a hundred miles between.
And now she was coming across the sea.
(Oh, the sky was blue and the waves were green!)

Coming—and yet she never came!
Meeting—and yet we met no more!
She heard me not when I called her name,
Though the dead might have heard me on that shore.

Oh, love, though my eyes but dimly see,
There is hope in my pathway where I tread,
That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,
In the day when the sea gives up her dead.

The Argosy.

CONQUERED AT LAST.

A SCHOOL TEACHER WHO WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE BOYS.

I think the worst set of boys I ever heard of were the Hickory Point boys. Teacher after teacher had endeavored to teach the district school there, only to be either whipped or badgered so that each was ready to give up before six months had passed. The boys fought or intimidated the male teachers, and annoyed the female teachers, until, unnerved and utterly broken down they took their departure, shaking the dust of the Point from their feet. The day arrived when no teacher made application for the vacant school, and the Hickory Point parents were anxious and disturbed at the state of things.

"I don't know what we are going to do with them boys of ourn," Deacon Jones said to Deacon Savage. They ain't bad boys for work nor for playing, but the moment they get on them school benches, with book in their hands, the very evil one seems to get inter 'em. All the Point boys pattern after they, and a very bad pattern it is, as you know, Brother Savage. They seem to be determined not to be in any school, and I'm worn out punishing Zach. It don't seem to do him any good."

"That is so, Brother Jones. I'm sorry for it, but it's so. Didn't I punish my Abe for whipping young Winter, and did that make him any better? No. Just think what he did to that last school ma'am—that old maid, Miss Brown!"

Deacon Jones, if he was a deacon, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and he laughed aloud. "I declare, I can't help it!" he said. "I laugh every time I think of how that poor woman came into my house, with her false front all singed so you could see bald spots underneath, and the hair behind crisped and smelling like burnt feathers.

"'Just look at me, Mr. Jones!' she cried. 'Just see the work of that mis'able Abe Savage, your son!—They came pretty nigh burning me up, sir. My back hair was all in a blaze before I knew that it was on fire. And they just laughed, instead of putting it out. I demand satisfaction, sir, for this gross outrage!'"

"Well, we did have to pay well for that frolic," Mr Savage answered, dolefully. "But she was too high tempered and excitable to be a school teacher. Folks that are always flying into pieces can't manage boys, anyway."

"We've had all kinds of teachers, Brother Savage. It isn't the teachers, but the wickedness of the boys themselves. Why, you know we've had good and bad tempered teachers, young and old, mild and cross, and how long did any of them stay? I'm discouraged, and shall not try to get another teacher. Zach may go without an education, and I'll give him one behind a plow. If he don't work I'll whip him, and that's all I can do."

Most of the parents at the Point adopted this plan. The boys were set to work in the fields, the barns and the stables, and kept steadily at it. They were allowed no holidays and no recreations, and before six weeks had passed they began to look back with regret to their detested school days, and to wish them back again. Even their ring leaders did not hesitate to confess this.

"I don't have a moment for any kind of fun," Abe Savage grumbled. "Pa's always at my heels, and when he isn't there, ma's just like a watch dog. It's 'Abe, do this,' or 'Abe, you do that,' until I fairly despise my own name. Why, even Sunday, if I walk down the road, I'm called back."

"They're treating us in this way just to pay us for making it uncomfortable for the teachers," Zach said, gloomily. "I know it's that, though they don't say so. But I don't care. I'm not going to go back to school."

"I'd rather have the teachers," Abe said, "for if they keep this up, I'm going to run away. Now, if you hadn't treated Mr. Japp in the way you did, he'd have been here now; and if school is hateful, we did have Saturdays and holidays."

"I said no teacher should stay here that couldn't lick me!" Zach cried, frowning, "and I'm not going back on my word. No man shall scold and ferrule me who isn't stronger than I am, if I can help it. You can show the white feather if you choose, but I reckon I can hold my own and drive 'em away, if all the boys do play coward."

Zachariah Jones was the leader in the revolt of the boys against school authority. He was a stoutly-built, powerful lad, nearly 18 years old, who ruled the scholars with a rod of iron. Hardly a boy dared to oppose him, for he was as ready with his fists as he was with his words

Yet he had some rather generous impulses. He was a staunch friend, and if he whipped the weaker boys himself, he would allow no one else to touch them.

In strength and boldness Abe Savage nearly matched him, so there was an offensive and defensive alliance between the two. Zach was unprepared for Abe's defection, and was indignant at it.

"I never thought you'd be the one to give in," he said.

"Did I say I'd give in?" Abe answered, sharply. "I said I would run away, and I reckon it will come to that at last."

"I'd as soon go to sea as anything else," returned Zach. "I don't believe a sailor has to work harder than I do. Let's go, Abe."

Now Abe could not even sail over the lake without being sea-sick, and that plan did not meet his approval. Besides, he was a prudent boy, and though he grumbled and threatened had really no idea of running away, leaving his comfortable home and throwing himself upon the world.

"We haven't a cent of money now," he said, "and we'd better put off running away for awhile. The folks'll get tired being so strict after awhile, I guess. Besides, a school teacher may come, and hadn't we better let him stay a spell?"

"If he can whip me, yes," Zach said. "If he can't—no! I ain't fond of study, anyhow, and if work gets too hard, I'll run away."

A few weeks after that there was a meeting of the school directors at Hickory Point. A young man with high recommendations, a college graduate, applied for the vacant position. The farmers of that neighborhood were wealthy enough to pay an excellent salary, so the school was only nominally a public one, each head of a family contributing to the fund.

Mr. Allen Winters, the young man who wished to become teacher at Hickory Point was a thin, wiry-looking young fellow, with very small hands, bright black eyes, and a mouth entirely covered by a heavy black mustache. If you could have looked beneath it, you would have seen that the lips were thin and compressed, and closed as if with an iron clamp.

His address was very pleasant, both quiet and courteous. He was at once engaged, though he noticed the directors looking at him in a pitying manner.

"We are willing and glad to give you the place, Mr. Winters," said Deacon Jones, "but the question is, "how long will you be willing to keep it? I'll be frank, and tell you we've got a bad lot of boys at the Point. It will take a plucky man to conquer them, and you don't look very strong. "I'm afraid it will be 'How do you do?' and 'Good-by!' with you before two weeks have passed."

Mr. Winters' smile was an odd one, but he said, in a quiet voice: "Perhaps my looks deceive you; but I supposed brains were needed in a school more than muscle."

"You have not taught at the Point, young man, Mr. Savage said, shaking his head. "My boy is, I'm sorry to say, one of the worst; but it's our duty to tell you that you have a hard 'row to hoe.'"

Mr. Winters laughed, and his bright eyes danced merrily. "I'm glad you warned me, though you mustn't think I'm a lamb led to the sacrifice The truth is, I heard of the character of your boys before I applied for the situation. I know all about them, and am prepared for peace or war, as they may choose."

"No weapons, young man," said Deacon Jones, nervously. "We can't have any doings of that sort in our schools. If you conquer the boys—and you don't look as if you could—you must do it with the switch, or such agencies as nature has given you. You can make them obedient in that way if you can not in any other, and we will uphold you—but no weapons, sir."

"I understand," said he. "You need not be afraid I shall use any other agencies than those nature has given me. I feel quite sure I am the very man for this school. At any rate I seem to be your forlorn hope, and if you cannot keep me, you will not be likely to have any one else."

"I like your pluck, young man, said Deacon Jones, approvingly. "Yes," with a sigh, "one or two of the teachers had pluck as well as yourself. I wish you better luck, my young friend—better luck."

With his peculiar smile Mr. Winters made the final arrangements, and with the same smile presented himself to his assembled scholars the following day.

"He's got no more strength than a cat," Zach whispered to Abe, contemptuously. "Just look at those woman's hands, will you? There won't be any fun licking him or driving him away. I guess I'll let him have his own way for a day or two."

"Boys," said Mr. Winters, tapping his desk, "before we begin work I wish to say a word or two. I have heard from good authority that you are the most lawless, unmanagable set of boys in the state. I am sorry that you have such a reputation, and still more sorry to be obliged to believe that you deserve it. Now, let me say at the start, that I am going to exact obedience from you in everything, even in trifles, and the first act of insubordination, I shall punish. I would rather deal kindly with you if you will allow me to do so, but if you prefer a different course, depend upon it, I shall maintain discipline no matter who suffers."

"Whew! hear the bantam crow!" muttered astonished Zach, his eyes blazing with anger. "Talking to us as if we were niggers! I did intend to leave him a day or two in peace, but I reckon I shall have to bring him down from his high horse this very morning."

"Zach, this is better than working in the field," whispered Abe, anxiously. "Let him stay until the fodder is pulled; that's such hot, hateful work."

"Then he's got to whip me, that's all," was the uncompromising reply, and, looking at the teacher's spare limbs, Abe felt that he could do it easily.

A spelling class composed of the entire school, was called up. Mr. Winters said, quietly:

"Of course you have learned little or nothing, with the school in the condition it has been in. I'll begin with simple words—spell elephant."

With a significant look down the class, which was perfectly understood Zach, who was at the head, spelled, "Elefant."

The word passed on, each boy transposing a letter in the most skillful manner. The "Point" boys were adepts at this game, and the observant teacher with his keen eyes fixed upon each scholar as the word came to him, saw that it was a trick that had evidently been played before. He retained his imperturbable demeanor, and smiled, saying calmly:

"You are really greater dunces than I expected. Excuse my plain words, but before I've done with you you will conclude that you have seen the animal himself. Do you think you can manage to spell 'whip?'

"Oh!" screamed the boy next to Zach, "he's pinchin' me, sir," pointing to the one below him.

"Twa'n't me, teacher, it was him," pointing to his nearest neighbor.

"Twa'n't me, it was him," each boy shouted in turn, indicating the one next to him, and this said by every boy until it reached the bottom of the class, each boy screaming and shouting at the very top of his voice. In the midst of all the noise Mr. Winters sat without moving a muscle. His bright eyes had rather an amused look, as they passed from face to face. Then, when the noise abated a little, he spoke in his same quiet, even tones.

"I think you have all been pinchers, so I'll punish the whole class." He quietly took off his coat, and then took up a large switch that was on the desk.

"You, Zach Jones, oblige me by stepping here."

Zach marched up with an insolent laugh and a defiant swagger. Mr. Winters raised the switch, his keen eyes fixed watchfully upon the boy. Before it descended, Zach aimed a blow at his face. He evaded it, and the next moment the young pugilist was seized in an iron grasp. When it relaxed, Zach, blinded by rage, struck out right and left; but what was his brute force against the trained skill of the most muscular athlete of Akron College? Three times Zach went down like a log. The fourth time, bruised and dizzy, he could not rise to his feet.

"Have you had enough?" Mr Winters asked, sternly are you willing to obey?"

"You're the best man," Zach said, faintly "and I suppose I'm bound to give in."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Mr. Winters. "If not now you soon will be. Help him up, some of you and let him go to the pump and wash his face. Now, young gentlemen, I'll settle with you."

The awe stricken boys looked at him, for once terrified into good behavior. There he stood, as cool and quiet as before the fight. He saw they were conquered. He punished each of them, but made the punishment as light as possible. They took it as demurely as if the school had always been under strict discipline—Zach, sitting mournfully, at an open window, with his head buzzing, and feeling strangely confused, pondered mournfully, over deceitful appearances. Mr. Winters called him in and told him to remain after the school was dismissed.

"You forced me to resort to such harsh measures this morning; I was sorry to do so," he said; "but you know there was no help for it. I could not do anything else and remain teacher of this school, as I propose to do. The skill and strength I acquired in the gymnasium at college, I am literally ashamed to use as a prize fighter would use them. No gentleman would do it unless forced to, in self defense. This, I have done to-day. Now, let me take you into my confidence. I heard of this school—it offered a good renumeration—and I am a poor man and need the salary I can honorably get here. As soon as I saw you I knew what was before me; but, I thought I saw, too, that after you found that I had the muscle to command your respect, you would be magnanimous enough to give me no more trouble. Indeed, I wish to be your friend, if you will allow me to be. Will you?" and he held out his hand.

Zach took it, frankly, for he liked the spirit of the teacher. "I am not mean enough, Mr. Winters," he said "not to acknowledge when I'm whipped, and I don't bear ill will. But what puzzles me is how you can give such hits with that little hand of yours. It took me so by surprise that I went right under."

Mr. Winters laughed, and pulled up his sleeve. His arm, though not large, was a bundle of iron muscles."

"It's exercise and practice, Zach," he said. "But let me say to you that cultivation of brute force alone is the meanest of ambitions. As I have already intimated, I should have preferred conquering this school by other and better means, but it is the last time, I hope," he said, smiling, that I shall have to use the knock down argument."

Mr. Winter's victory was thorough. The Hickory Point school lost its bad reputation from that day. The scholars soon learned thoroughly to respect and love their teacher for his kindnes of heart and for his gentlemanly qualities. There was good material in the school, and Mr Winters made the most of it.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Fire in Altoona.

ALTOONA, February 27.—The Powell House, J. G. Valide's toy and confectionery store and Bockman's grocery store were destroyed by fire this morning. Loss, $15,000; partially insured. No cause is known.

General Montgomery's Death.

It was at four o'clock in the morning of December 31, 1775, during a violent snow-storm. The little American army had undergone inexpressible hardships during the campaign, and the soldiers were half starved and half naked. It took all the magnetic power of Montgomery to stir them into renewed action. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your General leads; march on!" Then placing himself in front, he almost immediately received the mortal wound which suddenly closed his career.

Thus fell Richard Montgomery, at the early age of thirty-seven. Three weeks before his death he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. Young, gifted, and brave, he was mourned throughout the country, at whose altar he had offered up his life—apparently in vain; for his fate decided the battle in favor of the British.

The story that he was borne from the field of battle by Aaron Burr, under the continued fire of the enemy, has always been received with doubt. It may now, upon the highest authority, be pronounced to be without foundation.

It was rumored, but not ascertained by the British for some hours, that the American General had been killed. Anxious to ascertain, Gen. Carleton sent an aide-de-camp to the seminary, where the American prisoners were, to inquire if any of them would identify the body. A field officer of Arnold's division, who had been made prisoner, accompanied the aide to the Pres de Ville guard, and pointed it out among the other bodies, at the same time pronouncing in accent of grief a glowing eulogium on Montgomery's bravery and worth. He was shot through the head and thigh. When his body was taken up his features were not in the least distorted, his countenance appeared serene and placid, like the soul that had animated it. His sword, the symbol of his martial honor, lay close beside him on the snow. It was picked up by a drummer-boy, but immediately afterward was given to James Thompson, Overseer of Public Works and Assistant Engineer during the siege, who had been intrusted by General Carleton with the interment of the body. Through the courtesy of the British General Montgomery was buried within the walls of Quebec with the honors of war.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Lizard Burglar.

The person to whom this incident occurred was traveling in the east, and, coming to a small town, made up his mind to stop and rest for several days, and, to have some seclusion, chartered a small house. The buildings were all of stone, the first, or living room being about fifteen feet from the floor, and entered by a ladder that the householder could haul in after him. The traveler took this precaution every night, as he had some valuables with him, and one night he was awakened by hearing a curious scratching on the walls outside. At first he paid no attention to it, but finally it got worse and worse, and at last he stepped to the window and looked out, and made out below several dark forms crouching near the building. He waited a few moments, and suddenly the curious scratching recommenced, and a human figure all at once began to move up the wall in a decidedly mysterious manner. On it came, the scratching becoming louder and louder, until finally, having no doubt that a burglarity was being attempted, he seized a gun that was loaded with fine bird-shot, and fired at the object. A heavy fall, and a succession of yells and screams followed the report, and quickly lowering his ladder, he ran down to see what kind of game he had bagged. When he had got to the spot a half-dozen natives were there, attracted by the noises, but the robbers had escaped. Right under the window, however, was an enormous lizard, squirming about in its last agonies, and then he learned how robberies were committed in that country. The rascals had no way of reaching the window, so they carried about with them one of the big lizards with its head in a mask, and when they wished to climb a perpendicular wall they merely placed the creature against the stone, where it instinctively clung and climbed upward as they hauled on its tail, and by clinging to it the unfortunate creature would ultimately into the window, or at least up to it The lizard would then be thrown down, and after ransacking the place the robber would lower himself down by a native rope which in the morning would be all that was left to tell the story of the ingenious method of house-breaking.

How to Dress Warmly.

A person with much less weight or costliness of clothes—provided he or she was dressed correctly for the cold—could face the still, frosty air without either red face or benumbed hands, and yet neither be dressed in fur, carry a muff nor wear a veil. It is so important to know where to put the warmth of clothes that a suggestion just here may save some suffering, especially among children. There are three outposts of the body that need to be guarded from the cold. These are the knees, the wrists and the neck, well up to the ears. If these are thickly and warmly covered, the rest of the clothing does not need to be so very heavy as is supposed. The most important of all to be protected is the knees, and especially for the very young and the elderly. It is astonishing what comfort is given by those knitted knee-caps that fit into the stocking. These can be drawn over them, if preferred.

Every mother should have Arnica & Oil Liniment always in the house in case of accident from burns, scalds or bruises. For sale by C. N Boyd.

Postmasters are resigning all over the country in the hope that they may be reappointed.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

WHAT IS LEFT OF A REMARKABLE ASSOCIATION.

A correspondent of Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* thus writes about the celebrated Oneida community: Of the 285 persons belonging to the old community at the time of "division and reorganization," four live in Boston, eight in New York city, one in New Jersey, ten in the town of Oneida, four in the village of Oneida Castle, twenty-two live in houses of of their own near the community, and are employed more or less in the business of the Oneida community, limited; 27, including accessions by birth, gathered around a Christmas tree in a small house in southern California, the house standing on a great plain, stretching ten miles to the Pacific ocean one way and ten miles the other way to the incurving "foot hills," a mountain peak sixty miles away emphasizing the whole; three in Lockport, fifty at Niagara Falls, attracted thither partly by the presence of J. H. Noyes and partly by the table ware buiness which pays out $3,000 a month in wages; and the best of them live here in what are called the "home buildings," and enjoy many of the old comforts and advantages, steam heated rooms, hot and cold baths, Turkish bath, library and reading room, lawns and flower gardens. The larger part of those living in these buildings board in a common dining-room, conducted by private parties in much the same spirit that prevailed in the old community.

There are seven or eight families that keep houses separately, besides a few solitary individuals, who board themselves without any very visible connection with a cooking stove. The "restaurant plan" was tried and abandoned in 1881. It was not without its merits, but old habit and feeling were against it. I should add that five old communists live on the seashore in Connecticut; that two are printers in Cincinnati, and that one is at Wallingford, Conn., taking care of the company's property at that place. Nearly all the people who have "gone out" are living in homes bought or built by themselves. The money that is made in the company business and distributed as dividends, is now spent in divers places. It was formerly spent here. In this respect, the change from community to joint stock has not been good for this region. Two thirds of the stock of the Oneida community, limited, is more or less under the influence of J. H. Noyes and his sympathizers. Thirty or more of his most religious friends hold semi-daily meetings here to keep in communication with one another and with him. He has a weekly gathering at his own house in Canada, Sundays. Some of the long headed ones are predicting that the dispersion will spend itself, and we will soon see a wave of returning adventurers. Some may think "Zion is going to be restored." Some may think it is going to be an era of art and music and good feeling, without this plague of discipline. We have not the standing place of the prophets. These former communists are certainly more or less held together and kept separate by their common history and association, and perhaps too, by the fact that there are among them between 30 and 40 persons who have a common blood, and are variously related to most of the others. Something may come of this fact—perhaps nothing but intermarringes—perhaps more.

Miles Standish Revived.

One of our fellows, whom we playfully dubbed Shad, confided to us one day that he had discovered that he could not exist without the landlord's daughter, and that he would make her his bride before the end of the summer. We viewed the prospect with great favor. "What will you marry on," we aked,

"Well, I know I have not much wealth," replied Shad, meekly; "but don't you think this place is large enough for both of us? And when any of this worshipful company wander hither there will always be a big slate and a long reckoning."

We promised him our influence with the father, and as there was no time to be lost I undertook to break the news gently to the girl that Shad intended to marry her. She was shelling peas at the time and looked charming in her neat calico gown.

"Annette, I have something important to communicate to you."

She looked up from the peas, and for the life of me I could not restrain my arm from stealing in a paternal fashion toward her waist.

"And what is it, monsieur?"

"Annette, my child, you are now a young woman. I do not doubt but many have already sued for this fair hand (there I removed it from the peas and rubbed it against my whiskers), but Annette, marriage is a grand thing and one which we should most carefully consider before taking the important step." Here I paused for breath. Annette's eyes were fixed on the peas, and over her cheeks stole the daintiest ripple of a blush.

"Annette, there is one not far from you at this moment who adores you, who cannot live without you, who will make you an adoring husband (how pretty she looked), will you, will you be his?"

I glanced across the yard and saw Shad and the group watching me anxiously. Annette's hand lay passively in mine, but she still kept her eyes on the peas.

"Who is he, monsieur?" she said at last, glancing shyly at me.

For the life of me I could not help it, she looked so tempting.

"Behold him!" I whispered. "Will you, can you, be mine, Anette?"

"Monsieur should confide himself to two absinthes before dinner," said my lady, demurely, withdrawing her hand and resuming her pea shelling as if nothing had occurred.

"She says she would not marry you for a million dollars, Shad." I said, bitterly on my return.

"Well, well I suppose not," remarked my friend, philosophically; "but I am obliged to you, old man just the same."—*Ingleside.*

Indian Dances.

From time to time, during such festival as the Izamal fair, Carnival, and the like, an opportunity offers itself for learning something about the old customs of the aborgines. The Indians still remember some dances of their ancestors, as well as a few ceremonies, which they perform on the sly, because formerly the Spaniards punished them for what they called idolatrous and superstitious rites.

One of their dances, called *Ixtol*, is especially interesting, being a vestige of sun-worship. Men and women take part in the dance; provided the number of each is equal, it matters not how many. All have on masks, anciently well made, today mere square pieces of deer skin with three holes cut for eyes and mouth. Often these holes are so much awry as to produce a most ludicous appearance, and none can guess what the features beneath may be like. All wear sandals. The women have necklaces, principally of large red beads, and earrings, formerly noose-rings too, but since the conquest these have been prohibited. The chief, or *master*, as they call him, wears a circular cap, stuck all round with peacock feathers, making a lofty, waving head-dress. In front of him, from his waist, hangs a representation of the sun. In its center is an eye, inclosed by a triangle, from which depends a large tongue. All these things are symbols of a most ancient freemasonry. One carries a white flag with a sun painted on it and a man and woman worshiping it. Another has a *zacatan*, a kind of drum, used also in Africa; another a flute another a *sistrum*, a sacred instrument among the ancient Egyptians. With the sistrum he beats time for the dancers. In the other hand he has a small three-tailed whip, calling to mind the Egyptian *flagellum* of Osiris. This is to chase the dancersas they step badly. A necklace of large seashells hangs half way to his waist.

Each dancer has in the left hand a fan made of turkey feathers, with the bird's claw for a handle. In the right hand each has a sistrum, not quite like those used by the Egyptians, but exactly like those of Central Africa, as described by Du Chaillu. Those in Youcatan are made of small calabashes, ornamentally painted, and secured to the handle by pieces of bamboo; they have pebbels inside to rattle. The flag is held upright by the bearer or plantted in the ground. Beneath it sits the drummer, cross-legged his drum on the ground before him. Close to the flag-staff stand the master, the conductor, and the flute player. With the flag for a center, the dadcers go round three times, bodies bent forward, and eyes on the ground, as if groping in the dark; the drum meanwhile beats a peculiar quickstep. Then the flag is unfurled—the sun appears! All draw themselves up to their fullest height, and raise eyes and hands with a shout of joy. Then the dance commences round and round the flag with various steps and motions, at the same time energetic and solemn, imitating the course and movements of our planet, among other things. Meanwhile the chief sings, and the people answer in chorus, over and over again the same thing, in Maya tongue.

Chief.—"Take care how you step."

Dancers.—"We st p well, O Master."

The melody is both mournful and stirring. The rattling of the sistrum is very effective, now imitating the scattering of grain, now, by a sudden movement of every arm, giving forth one mighty rattle as of a sudden rainfall and clap of thunder, together with a shout raised by the dancers after each chorus is sung. The fans are kept in motion as symbolical of the wind.

There is a *pig's head* festival, now much fallen into disuse. At a certain season of the year the head is cooked, decorated with many colored ribbons and flowers, and, with an orange between its jaws, placed upon an altar prepared for the occasion by a man who dances meanwhile. In this manner it is borne by a procession of people to some chosen individual. Various other presents are also given, such as fowls, cigars sweet-bread, and so forth. The more numerous the gifts, the worse it is for the recipient, because on the following year he is expected to give just twice the amount received.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Why Birds Sing.

Birds in freedom begin to sing long before pairing, and continue it, subject to interruptions, long afterward though all passion has been extinguished; and domesticated birds sing through the whole year without regard to breeding time, though no female or companion be in sight. Such birds, born in captivity, never feel the loss of freedom, and if they are well taken care of are always hearty and in good spirits. The bird sings to a large extent for his own pleasure, for he frequently lets himself out lustily when he knows he is all alone. In the spring-time of love, when all life is invigorated and the effort to win a mate by ardent wooing is crowned with the joy of triumph, the song reaches its highest perfection. But the male bird also sings to entertain his mate during the arduous nest building and hatching to cheer the young, and if he be a domesticated bird to give pleasure to his lord and the providence that takes care of him and in doing so to please himself. Lastly, the bird sings—by habit, as we call it—because the tendency is innate in the organs of song to exercise themselves.

Two of a Kind.

A well known railroad lawyer while accompaning several ladies on a tour of inspection through the penitentiary the other day, stopped in front of a cell where a grim looking fellow sat and said:

"Ladies here is an excellent specimen.

How are you?" addressing the convict.

"Sorter slow at present."

"You don't find life in here very enjoyable, I presume?"

"Wall, it ain't as full o' fun as it might be."

"What were you put in here for?"

"Wall, pardner, you an' me was about in the same business. I know you."

"In the same business? What do you mean?"

"Same business, that's what I mean.

"You are a railroad lawyer, aint you?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I am a train robber."

The largest gold nugget ever found weighed 145 pounds.