The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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Somerset, Pa.

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Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoyestown.)
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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,
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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.

200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. jan23.

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AND
HATS AND CAPS.
My Stock is all NEW, and has been
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It consists in part of
Hats, Caps, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Umbrellas, &c.
Come and see it. The articles are too numerous to describe. All goods SOLD AT POPULAR PRICES. Don't forget the place. ROOM NO. 2 CASEBEER'S BLOCK.
PAUL L. CASEBEER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Jonas Shaulis, dec'd late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
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, July 18, 1885, at the office of John H. Uhl, Esq., in Somerset.
HIRAM SHAULIS,
JEREMIAH J. SHAULIS.
Administrators.
june10

FRANK W. HAY.

NO. 2,
Novelty and Eureka
CLOTHES WRINGERS.
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ONLY $3.00.

Water Coolers,
ICE CREAM FREEEZERS,
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LEMON SQUEEZERS, WIRE DISH COVERS, FLY BRUSHES, CARPET WHIPS, ETC.
Use the Improved
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AT LOWEST RATES.
All Work Guaranteed.

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SOMERSET FERTILIZER COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PURE BONE MEAL
—AND—
DISSOLVED BONE.
These Grades of Phosphates Manufactured and kept Constantly on Hand:
IMPERIAL, - - - - Ammoniated
EXCELSIOR, - - - - Raw-Boned.
ACID, - - - - - - Phosphate.
Our factory is now in operation, immediately South of the town of Somerset, on the line of the old Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad. We manufacture none but
STANDARD GOODS
Guarantee all that we turn out. Our Fertilizers are the
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Our foreman, J. A. Johnson, was with Joshua Horner, of Baltimore, for over 12 years. The capacity of our Factory is 10 tons per day. We take Bones in exchange for Phosphates. Farmers and others can make money by gathering up all bones on their premises, and bringing them to us. All we ask is that our Goods
BE GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL,
With any and all others offered in the market. We are here to stay, and our goods speak for themselves. We have first-class railroad facilities for shipping.
ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.
In sending your order, address
SOMERSET FERTILIZER CO.,
apr8-3m. SOMERSET, PA.

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(East from Court House,)
Somerset, Penn'a.
Manufacturer of
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
BUCK WAGONS,
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
I Employ Only First-Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. PRICES REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind-Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE.
(East of Court House,)
apr30-1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

Pennsylvania College,
GETTYSBURG, PA.
THE first term of the next Collegiate year will begin
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The Faculty of the Institution is large. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy, in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, and accessible by railroad trains six times a day. Special courses in Scientific and other departments. The
Preparatory Department,
in charge of the Principal, Prof. J. B. Focht, with two assistant teachers, furnishes thorough instruction for boys and young men preparing for business or College classes. Students in this department are under the special care of the Principal and assistants, the latter residing with them in the building.
Girls admitted as day scholars in both departments.
For further information or Catalogues, address
H. W. McKNIGHT, D. D.,
President, or
REV. J. B. FOCHT, A. M.
Principal.
Gettysburg, Pa. jul8-1m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Thomas Ream, dec'd, late of Lower Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset County, Pa.
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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Friday, the 31st day of July, 1885, at the late residence of deceased, in Lower Turkeyfoot Twp.
JOHN REAM,
jun17. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of David Schrock, dec'd., late of Upper Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.
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 15th of August, 1885, at the store-house of Jacob Kreger, in Kingwood, Somerset Co., Pa.
C. H. KREGAR,
july1. Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Isabelle Reiman, dec'd., late of Stonycreek 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 it to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned at the residence of Peter Spangler in Stonycreek Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., on Saturday, the 22d day of August, 1885, when and where he will attend for said purpose.
DANIEL SPANGLER,
july15. Executor.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLE. J. HARRISON. M. J. PRITTS.
President. 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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All legal holidays observed.

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HORNE & WARD
SUCCESSORS TO
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EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
—IN—
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Gents' 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.
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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.
mar4

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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Catarract Blindness Cured.
Reliable and
Valuable Information
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ILLUSTRATED WORK ON DISEASES
of the
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat,
FREE to any address.
Crooked Eyes Straightened, Spectacles Adjusted, and Artificial Eyes Inserted.
C. W. SADLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
Office: 804 Penn Ave. PITTSBURGH, PA.

AT THE BARS.

The ripened corn tossed in the air
Its locks of amber silks,
When Betty, trim and rosy fair,
Brought home the pails of milk;
And oh, how gladly did she sing
Unto the trembling stars!
I heard the silver echoes ring
Down at the meadow bars.

Barefooted was the little lass
As she came through the field;
To her small feet it seemed the grass
Caressingly must yield;
And oh, how sweetly rose the notes
Unto the trembling stars!
Like music slipped from robbins' throat
I heard it at the bars.

I watched her as her way she went
Beneath the summer sky;
With every breeze was softly blent
"A-comin' through the rye!"
And oh, thought I, amid the grain,
Beneath the silent stars,
What bliss 'twould be to prove the strain
And kiss her at the bars!

—F. D. Sherman in Outing.

MAUDE.

BY A. S.

"Now, papa," Maude said, settling the pillows comfortably at the invalid's back and head, "I will bring you the paper, and you can have an hour of quiet reading while I make a pudding. You like pudding?"

"Yes, dear; make plenty for me."

There was a little anxiety in the tone of Maude Hannum's question, but the quick, cheerful reply banished the shadow from her blue eyes; and kissing her father tenderly, she went to the next room, and was soon singing as she stirred flour and milk and beat eggs for the promised pudding.

"I am so glad papa likes pudding, for meat is so dear," she thought; "but I will have a nice beefsteak when Miss Morris pays me. Her dress is just lovely, now that it is finished."

For Maude was a dressmaker, and her home was a floor of three rooms in a tenement house, where she paid a rent that taxed her sorely, that her father might have the pure air of a good neighborhood. Less to eat and less to wear seemed preferable to a stifling court or narrow, crowded flat; and so the largest, airiest room was the invalids, while Maude slept in the hall room adjoining, and made a kitchen of the back room.

She was about twenty-two, and sweet, but not very pretty. In her expression, womanly in its earnestness, childlike in its perfect innocence, lay the only real beauty of her face. Her father, for three years a helpless cripple, had been injured by a fire that destroying his store and stock of goods, had left him beggared.

While she worked in the kitchen a servant belonging to the house brought a long envelope, directed "John Hannum" to the door.

"Will you hand it to papa, Janey? My hands are all covered with dough," Maude said, and the girl passed on to the larger room.

There was more than an hour's work to be done before Maude left her pudding to bake, and entered her father's room again.

"I must go with Mrs. Morris's dress," she said hastily, "for if she is out I cannot get my money."

"Maude!"

Her father's voice was very tremulous, and as Maude looked at him she saw traces of deep agitation on his face. Before she could speak he said:

"Please stop, dear, at Dr. Warren's, and ask him to call as soon as he can."

"You are worse? Where? How?" she asked quickly.

"I am no worse, dear, but I have some business calling for immediate attention, and need a friend's help."

"I will send him, but——"

"Well, dear?"

"Can't I attend to it?"

"No, dear. You do not dislike Dr. Warren, Maude?"

A quick flash of color passed over the girl's face.

"No, papa; but I—we are under obligation now—and——"

"Maudie, let the dress go for an hour. Sit here beside me while I tell you a story. Then if you are unwilling to have Dr. Warren come to help me, he shall not come. Once upon a time, Maudie, there was a man who shall be nameless who was brought up in the hope of inheriting a large fortune from an uncle. He was a dreamy, studious lad and he grew up a dreamy, impractical man. When he was still young he married, and his wife died one year later, leaving him a baby girl. Soon after, the uncle from whom he had expected wealth in the future, married and went abroad, an old man with a young wife.

"Not unmindful of the hopes he had fostered, he gave his nephew five thousand dollars, which was invested in a stationer's stock, and a store opened. But, as I have said, the man of whom I speak, had no business talent. He earned a livelihood, laying nothing by, making no provision for the future, but carefully cherishing his child. He guarded her as if she would be heiress to millions, having teachers in her own house, servants for the work of the small household, clothing fine and dainty. She grew up, gentle, loving, inexpressibly dear to her father till she was eighteen.

"Remember, Maudie, if this was mistaken tenderness, only love dictated it—only true, tender love."

The tone was entreating, but Maude replied by a loving kiss and mute pressure of the thin, white hand.

"She was eighteen, this carefully cherished child, when a fire swept away the store her father had bought gradually in years of prosperity, and in his efforts to save something the father himself was hopelessly crippled for life. When he recovered from a long delirious illness he expected to find his child prostrated and helpless. Darling, he found a woman, self-reliant, hopeful, cheerful, where the petted child had been. Friends had helped at first. A new humble home was provided, and the daughter was learning a trade. There was a little money in bank, very little, but it kept away actual hunger until the daughter could work at the new trade.

"Maude, I can never tell how that loving father suffered as his tender, protecting love changed to a wondering respect. Day by day the tender little hands practiced the menial routine of a household work, washing ironing, cooking, conquering inorance by patient perseverance, never faltering in their task. The busy needle kept up the expenses of the small family, and if the dear, sweet face grew pale and thin, it never lost its cheerful courage. Maudie, he was a proud man, this father, but for his child's sake he conquered his pride and wrote to the rich uncle who was the only father he had ever known. He told him of his own crippled, helpless state, of his daughter's devotion, and he asked for a little out of his abundance for his child's sake. An answer came from France, not from the uncle but from his wife. Her husband, she wrote, was sick, and she would not allow him to be annoyed by begging letters from poor relations. She had not shown him the letter and would destroy any further communication.

"This hope destroyed, the father proposed to go to a hospital."

"Don't, papa! don't!" Maude cried.

"Well dear, let that painful subject pass. You preferred to work twice as hard to keep me away from any such institution, and I yielded. But, Maude, my story is not finished. Among the friends who stood by the ruined, crippled man was a young physician who had been his friend when friends were numerous. It was his care that found the new home, it was his professional skill that soothed many hours of suffering. Unwearied in his devotion, he knew there was no reward for him but the prayers and gratitude of father and child.

"In the careless, petted days of her girlhood he had admired the daughter, had found her gentle and winsome and had thought of her more frequently than of other women. But he was not a rich man, young yet in his profession, and would not take her from her home to a poorer one, hoping in the future to win money. But when trouble came, when the gentle nature developed into such noble womanhood, the love that had been hidden became stronger, more open in expression. He sought her for his wife and she gently but firmly refused his offer. She would not leave her father; she would not burden her lover with the support of a helpless cripple. He pleaded eloquently, he even enlisted her father on his side, but the girl was firm. Maudie, darling, did she love him?"

"Father, why do you speak of it now? It is nearly a year since it was finally settled, and Dr. Warren is our good friend still."

"Not finally, Maudie. There is more yet of the story. But answer me truly, darling. Did you love Herbert Warren, and does he still love you? I do not ask from any idle motive, Maude. Last week, when he was here, he gave you a letter. Did he renew his suit then?"

"I never meant to tell you of it," Maude said, answering a certain solemn earnestness in her father's tone "but in that letter he told me he had been appointed visiting surgeon to one of the hospitals, and asked me to be his wife again, thinking his increased salary would remove my objections. But, papa, I cannot feel that it is right to burden him with our support. So long as I can work it is my delight, my privilege to work for you. You are mine. I owe you years of devoted love, years of tenderness. Can I ever repay the love you gave me from my cradle? Do you think I was too young to appreciate the self-sacrificing devotion of those years when you were toiling for me? I could give you only obedience and affection in those childish days, but when the time came that I could prove my gratitude and love, it became a holy privilege to repay, in some measure, the care of years. Do not urge me, father, to give to another what is my dearest work."

"But, Maudie, dearest, if the question of money could be overcome; if your father was no burden upon your husband, but could bring greater ease and comfort into his life, would you then refuse him?"

"Papa, you distress me!"

"Not willingly. Only one question. Answer me truly my darling. Do you love Herbert Warren? Can you give him that confiding perfect love that is the only certain hope for married happiness?"

"I do love him!"

Was that all, but in the few faltering words the father read only too truly the certainty he had already suspected of the heroic self-sacrifice Maude had made for his sake. For a moment there was a deep silence, then, taking Maude's hand in his own, Mr. Hannum said:

"The clouds are breaking, Maude. You saw the servant give me a letter this morning?"

"I thought it was from the landlord."

"It was from a lawyer, my uncle's lawyer. Take a deep breath, Maudie, and don't faint, for all the days of toil are over. You may wear finer dresses than the one you made for Mrs Morris; you may have diamonds if you will, servants to do your work. You need no longer eat pudding to save meat, or sew far into the night with the door closed that I may not see the gas burning, and may think you asleep. For we are rich, Maudie. My uncle's wife gets only one third of his property, and his will leaves me one hundred thousand dollars, his country seat and his city house, and personal property. He died in France three months ago, and his lawyers have been seeking me for weeks. But, Maudie, somebody must do the out-door business for me. Somebody must see these lawyers. Somebody must prepare our house for us, send away the tenants, and make it home. I want a son, Maudie. Will you not give me one?

There was a stir in the hall. A voice of whining insolence asked:

"Where does the dressmaker live in this house?"

A voice, stern but manly, answered:

"Miss Hannum lives upon this floor."

And Maude. flushed and trembling, opened the door, to confront Mrs. Morris and Dr. Warren."

"Dear me, girl," the lady (?) said, "you said you would bring my dress home this morning, and I want it before I leave the city this afternoon. I suppose it is not done?"

"It is all ready for you to take home," Maude answered.

"Well, take it to the carriage."

"Allow me!" said Dr. Warren, taking the parcel from Maude's hands.

"You will have to wait now for the money till I return to the city," Mrs. Morris said, and was turning away when Mr. Hannum's voice arrested her.

"Madam," he said, with an elaborate courtesy of tone that made it mockery, "allow my daughter to present to you the last piece of dressmaking I trust she will ever do. It will give you deep pleasure, I am sure, to learn that this morning she became heiress to a fortune that will raise her above the necessity of work in the future. I have the honor to bid you good morning.

Mrs. Morris disappeared suddenly and a moment later Dr. Warren was in the room pleading:

"Maude! Maude! give me the power to protect you from such insolence!"

"Yes, "she answered, blushing deeply, half crying, half laughing. "I am all yours now, if you will have me."

"Maude, do you mean it? Mine!"

"Papa will tell you all about it. I must run for— Stop—notice—my pudding is burning, and Mrs. Morris did not pay me!"

She ran away then, but before evening there was a quiet wedding in the invalid's room, for the gentleman insisted that only a son could manage the newly acquired fortune, and Maude alone could provide that relation.

The Buckwheat Crop.

Buckwheat can be made a profitable crop if proper care is given to it. This grain is worth at least 75 cents a bushel for feeding, if it is properly fed. It is best ground with corn, as fine as possible, and may be fed with cut hay or straw moistened with water. The seed may be sown early in July. We have found thick seeding the best. At least one bushel per acre should be used. It pays to prepare the ground for this crop as for any other, but it is especially useful for the purpose of breaking up an old meadow, and preparing it for reseeding. The sod will be well rotted, and the soil mellowed and made ready for a fall grain crop, if this is desired, to be followed by the grass seed the next summer. No other crop, except peas, so well mellows the ground as buckwheat, and this is precisely the effect required in reseeding land. Besides its useful purpose, buckwheat is valuable for its grain. It will easily produce thirty or forty bushels per acre if well managed, a bushel of it is worth two bushels of oats of the light sort usually grown, which is largely husk. The crop, too, is put in at times and harvested at times convenient for the farmer.—*American Agriculturist.*

An Eskimo Gambling Game.

A favorite Eskimo amusement is to take one of the long-handled musk-ox cups, and, partially filling it with soup or stew, whirl it around on a board or flat rock in the centre of a group collected to play the game; the person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the victor, and can appropriate the contents of the cup. This game is not so much played by the children as by the old women of the tribe, and I am sorry to say that this simple game is often used by them as a means of gambling. When the person to whom the handle has pointed has taken out the article placed in the cup (or alongside it, if it be too large), some other article must be placed in it or alongside it, and a brisk twirl is then given it that sends it spinning around again for four or five times before it settles to a rest and the handle designates the new victor. I have said this is a kind of gambling because the lucky one often puts in the musk-ox horn cup things much more valuable than are taken out, the only idea of value among the Eskimo being the present necessity for an article. A needle that is wanted for use immediately is more valuable in their eyes than the horn cup which holds it, although it may have taken them a month to make the cup.—*St Nicholas.*

Ancient and Modern Shipbuilding.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion concerning the cost of the steamship Great Eastern, and her size as compared with Noah's Ark. The cost of building and launching the great Eastern was $3,650,000, and this broke the original company. A new company was formed which spent $600,000 in fitting and furnishing her. Then this company failed and a new company was organized with a capital of $500,000. At the close of 1880 this company sunk £86,715 upon the vessel, thus making her total cost $4,703,575. Nothing ever built can stand comparison with the great Eastern excepting Noah's ark, and even this vessel could not match her. The length of the ark wos 300 cubits, her breadth fifty cubits and her height thirty cubits. The cubit of the Scriptures, according to Bishop Wilkins, was twenty-one and sixty-five one-hundredths inches, and computed into English measurement the Ark was 547 feet long, ninety-one feet beam, fifty-four and seven-tenths feet depth, and 21,762 tons. The great Eastern is 680 feet long, eighty-three feet beam, fifty-six feet depth and 38,093 tons measurement. So Noah's Ark is quite overshadowed by the Great Eastern.

About the only reference to baseball in holy writ that we remember is where Rebecca goes to the right-field with a pitcher. The right field for water.

Reminiscences of Lincoln.

We can not have too many glimpses of the man who of all men in our history may perhaps may be called especially a Providential man. When Washington was summoned to command the Revolutionary army he was already known by distinguished service, and he was afterward made President because of the greatest of public services, and of the universal affection and confidence of the country. But when Lincoln was elected President, on the eve of the greatest of civil controversies, his capacity for the tremendous trust had been unproved; and that at such a time that such a man should have appeared at the head of the nation equal to the issue, and able wisely to wield the enormous authority that the occasion demanded, and should prove in every way to be the man of all men for the emergency, is in the highest sense of the word Providential.

In every story, however insignificant, which is told of him, those who rember him personally recall the impression that he made. He was absolutely sincere. He never played a part. And therefore whatever he said and did was marked by his strong individuality. A correspondent in North Carolina gives the following:

"I heard Mr. Lincoln's last two speeches. One, extemporaneous, on Monday evening, April 10, from the historic front window in the second story of the White House. He had just returned from City Point, the people thronging around the White House would have a speech. For a good while he did not appear, and seemed reluctant to speak without a manuscript, lest at that critical juncture some injurious impression should be made by an accidental word or sentence.

"However, the crowd persisted to call till he appeared. It was my first sight of the man. He appeared somewhat younger and more offhand and vigorous than I should have expected. His bright, knowing, somewhat humorous look reminded me of a well practiced country physician who had read men through till he understood them well. There was the humorous kindness of a good-natured doctor who had seen his patients through a most awful siege of sickness, till they were now fully and fairly convalescent, and was disposed to let the past, whatever it had cost him or them. go by for the time, and have a little cheerful congratulation. His gestures and expressions of countenance had something of the harmless satisfaction of a young politician at a ratification meeting after his first election to the Legislature. He was happy, and glad to see others happy, and willing to accept the congratulations of his friends for his own part in the general victory.

"His last speech, on Wednesday, April 12, was read from separate sheets, by a flaring light, as he stood at the same window. He wore eyeglasses; and as the seperate pages were read passed them to a friend who stood near. It was perhaps eight o'clock in the evening; Mrs. Lincoln and several lady friends were standing at a side window. There was some talking and diversion during the reading. The reading was in a reading tone, but business-like and good, and the paper not long. It was intended to show the disposition of the administration toward the seceded States, and foreshadow the principles proposed for reconstruction. His manner was unpretentious but dignified, manly, kindly and vigorous."

The same friendly observer sends other Lincolnia:

"'That rent,' said a soldier at the hospital at City Point, pointing up to the torn tissue paper—an embellishment which, I believe, the ladies of the Christian Commission had fixed on the ceiling above—'that was torn by Mr. Lincoln's hat as he passed through here on his way from Richmond, and shook hands with every man, loyal or rebel, in the whole hospital.' He stood, like Saul, above the people from the shoulders upward, and his hat made havoc with decorations overhead. Stepping outside, and seeing an axe by a log, his old rail-splitter spirit came over him. In a moment his long arms were putting home that axe toward the heart of the fallen tree. The boys in blue gathered those chips to take home as mementos of a backwoodsman who became President and the emancipator of a race.

An old sailor at the Soldiers' Home near Washington said, "He used to walk all about in these paths; he was very kind and familiar with us all."

To a poor woman who desired his signature to a paper, he said, "My name will do you no more good than pigs' tracks in the mud."

A soldier stopped him in the road, against the Columbia Hospital, and presented some letters, desiring a furlough. He obtained it.

In the Senatorial contest between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, when they spoke at Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Douglas appeared in an elegant barouche drawn by four white horses, and was received with great applause. But when Mr. Lincoln came up in a "prairie schooner," viz., an old-fashioned canvas-covered pioneer wagon, the enthusiasm of the vast throng was unbounded.

When travelling about the quiet country towns on his law business it was his custom, at the tavern or boarding-house where he stopped, after tea to get a candle and go to his room and read awhile. He was not a loafer.

At a political meeting in a grove, a long, shambling figure was seen sitting on the fence and whittling thoughtfully, clothed in the slightest of summer attire. After others had spoken, "Lincoln! Lincoln!" was called, and the whittler pocketed his knife, and slipped from the fence, made a characteristic speech. This was before his great prominence.

At the same place, when the lady who entertained him and some others at dinner made some apology, he said he guessed it was better than they would have got at home, anyhow.

To Bishop Simpson, after a lecture on American progress, in which he did not speak of petroleum, Mr. Lincoln said as they came out, "You did not 'strike ile.'"

The sheet and clothes stained with the blood of Lincoln were literally torn in strips, as Anthony said of Cæsars, and preserved as mementos. The assassination of Cæsar and of William of Orange were brought vividly to the minds of those who were in Washington.

Only a day or two before the assassination, the *Morning Chronicle*, the Washington organ of the administration, said that a single life was seldom indespensable to a country, but that just then that of Abraham Lincololn seemed to be so.

It seemed to be so indeed. Yet he served his country by his death as by his life. Not only did his death at once prevent what might have been the dangerous consequences of a frenzy of exultation, but it taught us the most important of truths, that, no man, however great and able and patriotic and devoted and beloved, is indispensable to the welfare of the country. There are extreme exigencies in which the natural cry is, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!" But in the great development of liberty no one man is essential. As Charles Summer said in beginning his eulogy upon Lincoln, "In the Providence of God there are no accidents."—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

Kicking and Balky Horses.

The management of kicking and balky horses, says the *Indiana Farmer*, is very poorly understood by many of our horse owners. I will give a few plans for managing this noble animal without so much brute force. The way to manage a kicking horse is to take a short rope long enough to go around the upper jaw, which must be tied so as not to slip. The knot must be placed in the centre of the mouth; then take a rope twenty feet long, half an inch in diameter, double it, pass one end through the loop around the upper law; pass both ends up between the ears through a ring that is tied to the top of the bridle; then through a ring that must be tied to the crupper-strap divide the ropes and tie each end to the shafts. By this arrangement a horse cannot kick unless he jerks his head up at every attempt he makes, which will punish him so severely that he will soon give up the habit.

This rig works on a horse that will kick to a road wagon. By bolting a stout piece on the double tree so it will extend as far out as the end of the single tree, and bolt one end of a two-inch square piece to it; and tie the other end to the hame, then tie one end of the rope to the two-inch piece, and the other end to the tongue and let them kick if they can.

Balky drivers are apt to make balky horses. It is apt to be th case when a horse shows signs of balking the driver commences to whip and gets the horse excited so he won't stretch a trace.

Now the best plan when a driver sees that a horse is going to balk, is just to pull on the lines and stop them and let them stand a few minutes. And if the other horse is a true puller speak to him and let him start the load, and by loading lightly and working gently with the balky horse you can soon have a good puller of him. Of course there are some horses that have been spoiled by overloading and bad drivers, that nothing but force will make pull.

Profit in Fruit Growing.

When fruit sells too low for profit it is time to preserve it and reap treble gains. The quickest and cheapest ways of keeping fruit will be found most profitable, and are the only ways in which a grower can work off a crop in time to save it. Dried fruit is easy handled, and is coming back into favor with the knowing housekeepers, who recognize good things and know how they should be cooked. No expense for evaporators is necessary. I long since made up my mind that evaporated fruit is inferior to sun-dried in flavor. and talking with old dealers in family stores find they prefer the sun-dried for their own use. The best cook I ever knew said the same and there is reasen for it. The sun ripens and develops sugar and flavor in cut fruit dried in its rays. To have a nice quality of dried fruit, select firm nice ripe specimens, wipe clean, pare and cut with silver knives, as steel turns them black on the edges, and hurry into the sun as fast as they can be prepared.

The cheapest and best way of drying fruit is to lay it on lengths of cheese-cloth, suspended on a frame out of doors, in full sun, with white mosquito netting over to keep off shreds and insects. This allows the air to reach both sides of the fruit at once, and when you want to turn it, the whole can be swung over on another cloth, leaving the first ready for a new batch. Apples should be cored, pared, and cut in eight pieces. Peaches should not be pared, for the richest flavor is lost with the skin. They should have the fur removed by dipping baskets of them a moment into weak boiling lye of wood ashes or common potash, and wiping with coarse towels. Common peaches only need be cut in halves to dry. We had peaches dried in this way last winter, which when cooked would be hard to tell from the best canned peaches in looks, with richer flavor.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weaknesses and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go to learn to play on the piano?" "To the woods, dear; to the deep, dark, damp, dangerous woods.

A Success.

One of the schools of journalism has become a great success. During a number of years many attempts to teach the art of journalism were made, but the results were so far from satisfactory, that with one exception, they have all been failures. This one college, realizing the impracticability of the curriculum previously adopted, employed a man who had, during many years, been actively engaged in newspaper work, and introduced a course of study, the achievements of which has proven that journalism can be taught in colleges. The following is a report of the exercises through which a graduating class was conducted:

"What is a law student?"

"A rising young lawyer."

"What a medical student?"

"A promising young doctor."

"What is a young member of the legislatnre?"

"A silver-tongued orator."

"If a man should marry an ugly woman, how would you write up the affair?"

"I should speak of the beautiful and accomplished bride."

"How would you speak of a loafer?"

"I would refer to him as our enterprising fellow townsman."

"What a daummer?"

"The handsome and popular So and So."

"In writing up the commencement exercises of a female college, what would you say?"

"I would say that the beautiful young girls, soon to become ornaments of society, were charming in their feathery array."

"If a countryman were to bring you a lot of hard apples, what would you say?"

"Our farmer friend, Colonel So and So, honored us with a call yesterday. Aside from giving us the pleasure of his own genial self, he laid upon the table a collection of the most choice apples we have ever seen. Come again Colonel, when you have longer to stay."

"Correct. How would you speak of a little girl?"

"Would call her a fairy."

"What would you say of a boy?"

"Would speak of his bright and intelligent face."

"What would you say of the man who keeps a few bolts of calico?"

"I would speak of him as one of the most successful merchants in the State."

Yes, this school of journalism is a success. It defines the true position of the local newspapers. It makes the business so clear that the student, though a fool, need not err therein. It attempts no revolution; makes no mistakes.

One of the Rare Instances.

"What's the price of this coat?" he asked, holding up a garmant.

"Vat ish your name, frent?" sniffled Helfenstein, taking him by the arm.

"Wiggins, sir, Mr. Wiggins, of Kentucky."

"Ah, my tear Mr. Viggins, I am ferry glad to see you, inteet. My poor brodder spoke oaf you ven he was tying," and Helfenstein wiped his eyes.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Wiggins in astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Viggins, ven Moses vas trawing his lasht breat, he calt me to his site und vhispering ferry low, he sait, 'My brudder, I am koing avay from der cloding pizziness forefer, unt I have bud one rekwvest to make of you;' den Moses kasped once or twice, unt I pud my ear kwite close to his het unt caught dese vorts, 'dot rekwest, my bruder, is dot ven Meester Viggins oaf Kentugky, comes to der shore, you will sell him goots at the terry sheepest brices.' Dose vere his lasht vords, Mr. Viggins. unt ven I dells yov you can haf dot goat at ten tollar unt sixty-fife cents, you vill know I am selling eet for affection, and not for money falue, Mr. Viggins."

Wiggins had to take the coat.

Ailing Fowls.

The "drooping" of fowls is an indication of disease, but not of any particular disease. It is generally the result of improper food and imperfect digestion. Fine, dry food; clean cold water and free access to gravel are the best correctives in that case. I have known cases where they have become dropsical when no remedy avails. It is sometimes due to the retention of eggs, but not so often as is generally believed. In that case the injection of some soft, unsalted grease or oil into the egg duct will generally afford relief. When eggs are not worth over 15 cents a dozen the best medicine for sick fowls is a sharp hatchet.

If anybody has been so unfortunate as to get croup into the flock, sulphur fumigation may be tried with some hope of good results. It is easily and cheaply administered to the whole flock at once and is claimed to be effective by those who have tried it. Individual treatment is too expensive and uncertain.

Issued Her Own Marriage License.

A runaway marriage is the latest sensation in Webster, Jackson county, N. C. Oscar B. Coward eloped with Miss Emma Long, one of the prettiest girls in the county. The marriage license was issued by the young lady herself. Her father, who is County Register of Deeds, had left several blank licenses at his house with his name already signed to them, so that if any one should come for a license while he was out of town some member of the family could fill out the blanks over his signature. His daughter had secured one of these blanks and had filled it out herself. She is not yet 14 years of age.

He had Noticed The Weather.

The minister was making an evening call and the oppressive heat was being discussed.

"By the way," he said to the head of the family, "did you notice just how hot it was this afternoon, Mr. Hendricks?"

"No," Hendricks replied, "I did not."

"Yes you did, pa," interposed Bobby.

"You're mistaken, my boy."

"No, I'm not," insisted Bobby. "I heard you say it was damned hot."

A child playing with matches caused the destruction of 232 houses in the Hungarian villlage of Nemedi and made bankrupt the whole population.

"What is a reporter?" asked one who pretended he didn't know.

"A sneaker after knowledge," replied the journalistic night-hawk.

The streets of the National Capital are shaded by 60,000 trees.