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Somerset, Pa.

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Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Postal Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

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Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly responded to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. Office on Northeast corner of Diamond, over Kuhrner's Clothing Store. apr21-84tf.

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Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St. east of the Diamond.

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200,000 in presents given away. Send us 25 cents, postage and by mail you will receive a package of goods of large value that will start you in work that will more than double your money from the start. We place you on a level with those who are rolling in wealth. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work at their own home. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. apr29

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ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $1.000 TO ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD Suffering from CATARRH.
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ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER
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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. MARCH 3, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1807.

Stone in the Kidney.

Expelled After Using Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" About Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 12, 1874, from the presence of Calculus, or Stone in the right Kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitation of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as could be passed through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy, as follows: "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the Kidneys and Bladder, or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood.

Wm. McKeon, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe 'Favorite Remedy' is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried most everything, for I am a sniff for from dyspepsia." While 'Favorite Remedy' is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of bilious disorders, Constipation of the bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitution of women.

Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
IT'S GENTLE, YET EFFECTUAL ACTION,
And Relief is its merits have placed it at the head of all Family Medicines.

It takes the place of a Doctor, and Costly Prescriptions.

No Household Should be Without It. It Prevents, as Well as Cures

Nausea, Bile, Colic, Torpid Liver, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Sleeplessness, Lassitude, Foul Breath, And every disease brought on or aggravated by a Disordered Stomach.

Its half a century of use by thousands has endorsed it as the

—Faultless Family Medicine—

The best Preparatory Medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a Speedy Cure.

"I have not had a doctor in my family for the past year and it is the only year in ten that some member of my family has not been under the doctor's care, and we lay everything last I am positively indebted to Simmons Liver Regulator. Camden, Ala. "MRS. M. A. WEST."

ONLY GENUINE!
MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
(3m-35-1yr)

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!
(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 $200 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

ALL legal holidays observed.

ISAAC SIMPSON,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLES,
PATRIOT ST., SOMERSET. PA.
If You Want to Buy a Good and Cheap
BUGGY,
New or Second-hand, call on me. I also keep constantly on hand a Large Assortment of Fine Hand-made
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Brushes, Lap-Blankets, and everything to be found in a First-class Saddlery. Good Teams and Riding Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.
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PETROLEUM EXCHANGE,
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Oil Bought and Sold on Margins.
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—AT—
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I continue to manufacture, at my old stand, all grades of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE which I sell just as cheap as any other dealer in Somerset County. I will also take orders for any City made Furniture my customers may wish to purchase. I keep sample-books at my place of business, from which selections can be made.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.
All kinds of Undertaking business attended to with care. I have two Hearses for burial purposes—a Black Hearse and a White Hearse, the latter especially for attending Children's Funerals. I keep on hand at all times Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds, and White Coffins for Children. I will also keep in stock a nice line of City Caskets, covered, at a small advance on city prices. Don't fail to call on me when in need of anything in my line. I can do as well by you as you can do elsewhere.
oct7 6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The following Assignees Accounts have been filed in my office and notice is hereby given that the same will be presented to the court for confirmation on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1886, when and where all persons interested can attend.

First and final account of John H. Uhl, Assignee of S. H. Weimer, &c.

First and final account of C. J. Miller, Assignee of Jacob D. Miller.

Account of Edgar Kyle, Assignee of Henry S. Berkebile and wife.

Prothonotary's Office, } N. B. CRITCHFIELD,
Feb'y 2, 1886. } Prothonotary.

NOTICE.

To all Persons Whom it May Concern:

Take notice that I have made application to Hon. J. Simpson Africa, Secretary of Internal Affairs, for a warrant for 60 acres unimproved land situate in Jenner Township, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands warranted in the names of Charles Ogle on John Sankson on the East, Mary Young, Jr., on the South, John Meese, on the West, and Ludwick Shaffer on the North, and at the expiration of thirty days will ask that a warrant be issued for the same to me.

jan27. JACOB WITT.

ON THE COAST.

My little boy, heroic, wise,
Lures me with boyish taunt and boast
To where the snowclad hills arise
And reckless urchins swiftly coast.

Why not? Again I am a boy,
I am his brother, not his sire;
His steel-shod sled our mutual toy,
His wishes echo my desire.

Down sweeping flights, with merry cheers
We fly as swallows skim the shore,
I throw away full thirty years,
And I am ten again: no more.

My boyish pride comes back to me,
My hardihood's skill and courage, too;
I bid the Prince stand back and see
The way that papa used to do.

Alone I climb the highest hill
And poise the sled upon its brow;
In wonder lost the Prince stands still
And listens for my warning "Now!"

Swifter than winged thought I fly,
And when my flight is nearly through,
A "Thank you mamma" lifts me on high,
Into the air a mile or two.

And down that dizzy, reeling track,
Like twenty men and sleds I go,
While up my legs and down my back
Packs fifteen thousand pounds of snow.

I crawl out to the light again
And feebly share the prince's fun;
For something tells my burning brain
That I am really forty-one.

And so I say, so late its grown,
That I must hurry home to tea;
While Reddie, coasting down alone,
Shouts "Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!" after me.

—*R. J. Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

DUNCAN'S GLASS.

"Then sometimes, sir," said old Matthew Duncan, the coast guard at Trambay, "I've thought I'd write a book. I've got so far as to think what color the cover should be, and that's half the battle; and I settled that it should be as like the Union Jack as the book folk can make it; but I never get any further. I'll tell you some of the things I've seen through this glass, and what I've thought of them, too; and if they do any joke, I'll be all the better pleased.

"Now, first of all, you point this glass over at yonder old bit of a ruin on the cliffs. You can't see a large black stone in it—well, the focus ain't right for your eye; every man must shift it for himself; but the stone is there—"

"Ay, I see it now. And I see a white cross—a rough dab of paint on it."

"Right; when a man sees that, 'tis a sign he has the focus right and that he can see as I could—only I hope he'll never get a chance to see what I saw. When a man can see that white mark, 'tis a sign that he could know one person from another if they were standing at the same place; and that he could see all they were doing, and so to speak, almost hear what they were saying. We ain't quite come to that yet, but if what folks say who come to talk to me in the summer time be true, we're on our way to it—and we ain't far away, either. But now you're sure that a man standing here can see what's going on over there.

"Well, fifteen years ago, come mid-summer to-day, I was on guard here at three o'clock in the morning. I generally gave a look all around with that glass; and as there was nothing in view at all out to sea, I kept watching a rabbit that was skipping in and out amongst the stones of the old ruin. Presently I saw it was frightened and ran away, and I said to myself, 'Now, what's that?' for you know when a man is long hours in the same place, and there day after day, he's glad of anything that makes a stir.

"I hadn't long to wait before I saw what made the rabbit jump away in such a hurry; a man and woman came out of the ruins and sat on some of the loose stones outside. The man was dark, with a sailor's dress, and as far as I could see—and that I think was pretty near—was about thirty years of age. He warn't the looking man that I'd trust myself to if I were a young girl—but no living man can tell what any living woman will do, or will not do, or why she will do it—or will not do it—and that's a knowledge I've come to by thinking, and by watching my old woman, and was one of the first things I intended putting down in my book.

At first these two were friendly enough—even if the glass were wrong in the focus, I could have seen that they were sweethearts; but after they had been there about half an hour or so, I saw that the girl began to move away from him; and when he shifted his seat so as to get near her, she made another move.

"Said I, 'Here's the old story of all the world, of morning, noon and night, going on here on top of this cliff at four o'clock in the morning.'

"But I hadn't time for much thinking as it took all my attention watching. There was a quarrel and that was plain. But, 'Pooh,' says I to myself, 'they'll kiss and be friends in ten minutes.' Well, I waited for the kissing, and then I thought I'd have another look around the ocean. But that poor girl never got a kiss again. There was a something in her hand that he wanted to get—that was plain—though I couldn't exactly make out what it was, but whatever it was he snatched it from her, and she struck at him in her anger, and then there was a pushing about, but always with her getting nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff, until at last I saw the man's two arms thrust straight out, and over she went. Once or twice she hung on the face of the rock; her dress caught in the brambles then; but it was only for a moment, she was in the sea in less time than it takes to tell you this.

"The tide was full up at that time but just at the turn, and once it turns, it runs there like the race of a mill, and the man was soon lost to view in the ruins, and tho' I search-ed the ocean all around for miles, I never got sight of the body any more.

"Now, sir,' says I to myself, 'What shall I do—shall I report this?' I thought and thought, and at last I says, 'No, I won't report it, even to my old woman, for if I do, there's no tellin' to whom she'll report it again. And the reason I had for not doing this was, I says to myself, 'if there's nobody missing and if the body never turns up, as I don't believe it will, people will say I was dreaming; it may be they'll say I was drunk; for all I know, they may say I'm mad. I'll just wait and see whether the body is found or not. 'Besides,' says I to myself, 'I can't tell that a murder has been committed. They fell out, there's no doubt of that, and there was a scuffle; but perhaps her going over was an accident; I couldn't swear that, when he thrust out his two hands, he had given her a push that had sent her over.'

"Well, sir, the burden of my secret lay heavy on my mind, and as I walked up and down on my lonely beat, it began to eat into me. Says I to myself, 'Matthew Duncan, you know of a murder, and you've never told of it,' and it ended in my getting a fever, and I was as near dead as a man could be. When I came a bit to myself I had the parson sent for and I told him that I had a great load on my mind, and wanted to ease it by telling it to him, and I told him the whole story from beginning to end, and our captain—I had him in, too.

"But the gentleman only smiled at what I said. 'Poor fellow,' says one, 'the fever's on him still.'—'Ay,' says the other, 'you see 'tis the same thing he's been raving on all along.'

"Well, I was very weak, and couldn't talk much, and I was weary with my earnestness in trying to make them believe what I said, so I just laid back with my eyes closed, and they thought I was asleep. But I heard them talking, and the captain said, ''Tis a pity, too, for he's one of the best and sharpest-eyed men on the force, and I'm afraid he'll never be fit for anything again.' 'Oh, 'twill work off,' said the minister; 'you may be sure that when he strengthens up he will forget all his fever fancies. You mustn't think of his leaving the service. He must get sick-leave for awhile. I've seen many cases as strange as this, and they came around all right at last.'

"Well, I made two or three more attempts, and I tried the doctor, but he says, 'I'll send you some strengthening medicine, Duncan, and you'll be all right,' and he tapped his forehead and said, 'Fever makes sad work with our brains.'

"I saw it was no use trying to persuade any of the gentlemen; I did my best, and there, now, I must leave it.

"But I warn't quite easy in my mind. Looking at it now at this distance of time, I think it was my duty to have reported it, and taken the consequences, whatever they might have been, but this I did; I says to myself, 'There's no knowing what may turn up by-and-by, if this is murder—murder will out, as the saying is, but I may not remember all that ought to be remembered by the only man that saw the deed done; so I just took and wrote down on a paper what I had seen, and hid it carefully away lest it should come to any hand. And if I died—well, I took care that the account, whatever it might be worth, should not be lost, for I marked it outside, 'When I am dead this paper is to be given to the minister of this parish, and no one is to break one of the seals upon it but himself.' And to make the matter as sure as I could, I put six seals upon it—every one of them different—I borrowed them far and near, wherever I could. I put down the day, the hour, and the color of the young lady's dress, the shape of her hat, and the cut of the young man's beard and whiskers, and the red handkerchief around his neck—of that I made especial note, for seafaring men don't wear that color often. 'Now,' said I, I've done all I can. Time will tell. But it's an awful thing for that man, that there has been an eye upon him that he knew and knows nothing about, ready to give evidence against him if the question of murder ever turns up. Folks often think they're not seen, and there'll be no witness against them; but I often think, 'Ah, there's one Eye at any rate that's been upon you; and there's one Eye-witness against you; go where you will, and do what you will, the testimony of an Eye-witness is there. "Of course, sir," said the coastguard, reverently, "I mean the great Eye above."

"I used to think myself particular before," said the old coastguardsman, but since this happened I've been ever so much more particular, for I says to myself, 'There's Someone looking, ay, and here's Someone listening! You don't see Him, but He's there,' and in a way it's made a different man of me ever since.

"Five years passed," said the old man, "and the doctor, and the parson and the captain forgot all about this matter; they didn't trouble themselves much about the ravings of a man in a fever, as they thought, and 'twas midsummer morning again and it was my turn to be on guarp. I don't know what it was that kedt me looking continually at the cliff, and at that part of the ruins where you see the cress painted on the stone. But every moment I felt the glass a'most turning of itself to where I had seen the poor young thing go over the cliff. 'Twas as though I most expected to see something; and they say if one expects to see something, they'll do it—I suppose they think the fancy brings the thing. Well, sir, I did see something. 'Twas the very hour and the very day when that young woman was thrown from the cliff—for now we know all about it—and there coming out of the ruins I saw the very man I had seen five years before. I knew him in a moment—he had the same beard and the same dress, but this time he was by himself. . was watching him closely, for I was determined that there should be no mistake; and I kept the glass on him, as a rifleman would keep his rifle aiming at a bull's eye. I could see him as well as I can see you now. He was the same man—but ay, he looked twenty years older; but he was the same; and I says to myself, 'I know you, but I never saw a man age like you; you're the same man, but there's an awful change came over you, too.'

"Well, sir, he looks about him here and there, and then he takes out of his pocket a small paper parcel and puts it under a stone, and puts two or three more over it, and walks over to the edge of the cliff. Up and down he goes, and goes through all I saw him do five years before, and last—and I never could make this out—struggling against it as though some one was pushing him from behind; still staggering nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff, over he leaped, and he was caught just the same as that girl was—here and there; and the tide did to him as it did to her—carried the body out to sea; and what with congers and other greedy fish, there were plenty waiting for him out there.

"This time I determined not to hold my tongue, so I reported to the captain, who at first only tapped his forehead, and said I must not go back to fever again—but the rights of it was gone into and found out.

"I said, 'Captain, have the ruins searched, and I'll take anyone you name to the spot.'

"'Well, Duncan,' said he, 'I'd be sorry for you to go off your head, for you are my sharpest-eyed man. I'll go with you myself, and I'll ask the minister to go, too.'

"And there, sir, under the very stone which I pointed out, we found the parcel sure enough. It was an old leather purse wrapped up in tarred canvas, and in it was a ten-pound note and a piece of paper, and on it was written, in a hand such as almost a school boy would write—John Hinch threw his sweetheart over this cliff five years ago, this very day and hour [you see, sir, he had it all got ready for the very time] because she wouldn't give him the ten pounds in this purse. He wrenched the money from her, but never spent a farthing of it. For five long years he has roamed the earth, feeling that some eyes saw him do the deed, and he's come here in the selfsame clothes that he had on that day; he's always hearing the voices saying there is some one to meet him here.'

"It would look a'most as if there had been somebody there, pushing him from behind, from the way he went over, but I saw nobody—the man was there alone.

"There was no one to make a row about the matter, for no girl had been missed, which is easy enough to account for, for we're within walk of a large town. Folks don't trouble themselves much about things which happened five years ago, and a very bad murder coming up quite fresh then, people didn't take much note of this.

"But, eh! sir, I've often thought what a terrible thing it is; that there's an Eye on us when we're not thinking of it, and how little good sin does us, and how in some way or other it is sure to meet us. There isn't any better preacher to me than my glass; and there ain't many better teachers than the things we have to do with in our common life, if only we understood all they say.

In the 'Hornets' Nest' at Shiloh.

From Colonel Lockett's article accompanying Gen Buell's account of Shiloh in the March *Century* we take the following: "I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the 'hornets' nest.' During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. 'The flag must not go back again,' he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color bearer, and said to him, 'General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear.' While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, 'What are you doing with my colors, sir?' 'I am obeying General Bragg's order's sir, to hold them where they are,' was my reply. 'Let me have them,' he said. 'If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front.' It was Colonel Allen, afterwards Governor Allen of Louisiana. I returned miraculously preserved, to General Bragg, and reported Colonel Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order to General Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then Gen. Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Colonel Frank Gardner (afterwards Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the flanks of the position. The movements were made, and Prentiss was captured."

Horace Greeley's Season of Gloom.

Horace Greeley had his gloomy hours, his seasons of despondency as well as his cheerful ones. He had his ups and downs, and the distance between the two extremes was immeasurable. When in an unhappy mood he was simply wretched, an object of real pity. The revolution in his feelings after the battle of Bull Run was such as to send him to his couch sick, where he remained for several weeks, threatened with softening of the brain. The attack which ultimately carried him off was similar in kind, but of a more virulent type, while his physical system, from long watching at the bedside of his dying wife, had become so impaired that he sank under the weight of his ills.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may be engaged in fighting duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.

HUNTING LEOPARDS.

How the Savage Animals are Utilized in India.

It was here that I witnessed the only instance I ever saw of the black buck being run into and killed by the cheetah, or hunting leopard. Many consider this a low kind of sport, but I think it quite equal to partridge shooting, besides being a beautiful sight. I shall therefore describe as well as I can what I saw. On arriving, with my friends, at the place of meeting in the jungle, we found a few rough-and-ready-looking natives in charge of three carts, or rather small two-wheeled platforms, drawn by two bullocks. On each vehicle sat, in an erect attitude, a beautiful leopard, strongly chained and with a hood over his eyes, similar to those used for hawks. We were soon under way and driving toward the herd of antelopes which could be seen grazing in the distance and which had been marked down beforehand. There was no difficulty in getting to within 120 yards of the deer. Then one of the cheetahs, a fine male, was unhooded and set free. Its departure from the charry and its decision in choosing the most covered line on the open plain for rushing on its prey were so instantaneous and rapid as to be quite marvellous. It appeared to vanish from the cart and appear simultaneously half way toward the fine black buck it had sighted out for attack. When at about thirty yards from the unsuspicious troop, they suddenly became aware of the deadly peril they were in. One and all sprang into the air with galvanic bounds, and no doubt expected to escape easily by flight. But the hunting cheetah is, I suppose, for a hundred yards, by far the fleetest of all wingless things; and this one was soon in the midst of the affrighted throng, which scattered wildly and panic-stricken in all directions, as their leader was struck down in their midst. There he lay, alone, in his death agony, in the deadly clutch of his beautiful and relentless foe. We all ran as hard as we could, and were soon surrounding the strange group.

Neither animal moved, for the buck was paralyzed by fear—his starting eye-balls and dilated nostrils alone giving evidence of life. The cheetah, on the other hand, with his body spread out over the prostrate form of his victim, seemed to strain every nerve in pressing his prey against the earth as, with his long sharp fangs buried in its delicate throat, he continued the process of strangulation. He was perfectly motionless, but his eyes were fixed upon us with a glare of extraordinary ferocity that became intensified as his keepers rushed forward and seized the deer by the hind leg. The brute now growled fiercely, and, tightening his clutch, looked so extremely dangerous that I was far from envying those who were in such close proximity to him. But they knew their trade. With a long sharp knife they cut the deer's throat and caused the warm blood to spout in torrents into the face of the half-wild beast, whose frame now seemed to thrill with ecstacy. One of the operators, in the meanwhile, caught a quantity of the crimson life stream in a wooden bowl, and forced the steaming fluid under the very nose of the excited leopard, who at once began to lap it with avidity. While engaged in this process the leather hood was swiftly clapped over his eyes, and the collar with two chains attached was adjusted round his neck. While this was going on a third man had cut off one of the buck's hind legs, and this, the 'lion's share,' was held close to the bloody chalice, which was no sooner emptied than the brute seized the meat thus provided with a vice-like grip. Each chain was now grasped by a different man, who by keeping apart so that the tether remained taut, kept the leopard between them in such a way that neither was within reach of his claws or teeth. Then the third individual, who had ever retained his hold of the shank-bone of the leg of venison, gently drew the cheetah to the little cart which had been brought close up. As soon as the beast felt himself against the edge of his own familiar chariot he sprang lightly upon it and proceeded to demolish his succulent *morceau* at his ease.

I now inspected the carcass of the deer with a view to ascertaining, if possible, how the cheetah had been able so instantaneously to strike down such a powerful animal immediately on getting up with it. I at once observed a single long, deep gash in the flank, which was evidently caused by the decisive blow. But I could not imagine with what weapon the leopard had been able to inflict this very strange-looking wound, for the cheetah has a foot like a dog, and his claws are not retractile. Turning then to the beast, as it sat on the cart, I inspected it closely, and saw that the dew-claw, which in the dog appears such a useless appendage, is represented in this brute by a terrible looking talon exactly suited to the infliction of such a gash.—*Our Indian Stations*

The Useful Porpoise.

"Yes, that's a porpoise," said a fish dealer in the Quincy market to a reporter; "yes, it's a porpoise. Cape Codders call them puffing pigs, and I suppose nothing short of phocæna communis will salisfy you newspaper fellows."

"Are porpoises good for anything?"

"Good for anything? Why, bless you, yes. Their meat is splendid eating, and makes just as good mincement as any bit of beef you ever saw. Then their blubber dried out makes a fine penetrating oil, which is great for rheumatism. Take some of the oil and put it on your hand and it'll soak right into the bones."

"You said porpoise were called 'puffing pigs.' Why is that?"

"Well they root around for their grub, and then when they're swimming very fast they look around like a fat old hog. Some folks say they can swim a hundred miles an hour, but I'm willing to cut it down to about eighteen and call it square."

A Market in Madagascar.

"The market opens early in the morning. Among the fruits were citrous, lemons, and oranges, pineapple, plantains and pistache nuts. Among the roots manioc was most abundant. Rice was very plentiful and of varied quality. There were also maize, millet and other grains. The chief article of manufacture was foreign cotton cloth, white and printed. The native manufacturers comprise knives, hatchets, axes, hoes, spades, files, nails, scales and weights native cloth, lambas, mats, blankets, and hats of plaited straw. Most of the articles were spread upon the ground, some on a little sort of raised platform of earth or sand, the sides of which were edged in a remarkable manner with the shoulder bones of oxen stuck in the ground, the broad part upward. The venders sometimes sat in the center of the platform and sometimes by the sides. The butchers were busy cutting up the meat, which was spread upon the ground on broad plantain or other leaves. It was sold in pieces, not by weight. Mixed up with these articles were all kinds of poultry, including guinea fowls, which are native, and turkeys, which have been introduced. In one place there were different kinds of black or brown parrots; and in another a man was very anxious to persuade me to buy three young tenrees, apparently the spiny tenrees, which he had in a cage. A large black and white lemur, the ruffed lemur, a splendid animal, quite tame, was very attractively exhibited. I observed various kinds of salt; also, tobacco in leaf and manufactured, as well as snuff boxes, or tobacco-boxes, made of small pieces of polished cane, and a sort of perfume resembling ointment. I went into several of the houses where numbers of lambas, or native scarfs, of varied pattern and quality were for sale. The patterns of some of the native fabrics were both tasteful and attractive. The money-changes were busy cutting up dollars and half and quarter dollars and smaller pieces, cut silver valued by weight, being the universal currency. They cut dollars up by laying it on a block, placing a large knife with a hammer. This process was carried on at the threshold of the doors in the market The greatest drawback to the interest which the novel spectacle of a market in Madagascar presented was the great number of huts in which a barrel of arrack, a fiery kind of rum made in the island, was placed for sale. There was generally a tap in the end of the barrel, and one or two men were constantly inviting customers.

Village Life in France.

Many of the houses in the village are of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and have walls four feet thick and windows with deep embrasures; one house especially is a good specimen of the renaissance. Every one in the village, as indeed in all this part of France, however miserable the hovels they live in, is monsieur or madam. Every one is a proprietor, though a very small one. They can all talk of my house, my garden, my vineyard. The different families live so near each other, and so entirely removed from every one else, that they see each other at all hours of the day, and the children are brought up together like a flock of pigeons. Every Sunday in summer the whole population takes to the river like ducks, swims, plunges, and teaches its children to throw themselves into the deep water from the top of rocks or to fish with their hands under the great stones of the river. After a joyous partition is made of the fish which have been caught, and they go home to enjoy all but the best, which are sold at Argenton, when there are no strangers in the village. In the evening they dance on the castle hill in the *bourre* which though long and monotonous, is full of character. Life is very cheap at Gargilesse. When a house is for sale, which is not very often, a very tolerable residence and a plot of ground in this lovely situation may be bought for £25. Half of one of the double white-washed cottages, in the very centre of the village life, with a steep roof, and stone steps leading to its door, was that where George Sand lived, loved and wrote. The landlady of the little inn remembers all about her, and was the Madame Rosalie of the "Promenades autour d'un Village." —*Art Journal.*

No Need to Hurry.

Stories of Travers are always in order. There is a good one about something he said to James Gordon Bennett once upon a time. That gentleman, upon the occasion named, was standing in front of the Union Club one afternoon, when a particularly annoying bootblack came up and asked him if he didn't want a shine. Bennett turned away and made no answer. The boy strolled off, but came back presently with his former question. The owner of the *Herald* paid no attention whatever to his tormentor, and the boy, after repeating the question a couple of times, said: "Say, mister, will you tell us what time it is?" Mr. Bennett took out his watch and replied that it was five minutes to 5 o'clock. "All right," said the boy, preparing for a retreat; "when she strikes five you go and soak your head." Then he darted down the street, and Bennett, forgetting himself for the moment, started after him with the intention of cuffing his ears. They had gone about 30 paces when Bennett ran into the arms of Travers. "W-w-what's the the matter?" stammered Travers. "Do you see that infernal boy?" responded Bennett interrogatively. "C-c-certainly," Travers observed. "Well," went an Bennett hotly, "he told me to soak my head at 5 five o'clock." Travers pulled out his watch. "W-w-well, you n-needn't be in such a devil of a hurry; w-why you've got four minutes and a h-half yet to do it in."

The greater the depth of ocean water the more salt it is.

Navigating Under Water.

Submarine navigation seems to be going ahead of late. Goubet of Paris, who four years ago constructed a submarine boat with such success as to receive an order from the Russian Government for three hundred sets of his machinery, has now improved his device. In the Russian boats the locomotion was effected by a crew of four men, working treadles; now electricity is the motor, the speed obtained being five knots. The crew can accordingly be reduced to an officer and one man, who enter the craft at the top by a dome-shaped hatch, secured by hinges and bolts, fitting into a rubber-lined recess. In a reservoir is a supply of compressed air said to be sufficient to last the two men for ten hours, while the carbonic acid they give off is absorbed by caustic potash distributed through the boat. In this, as in all submarine craft, the object is not pleasure, for little of that is to be had, but warfare. At one end of the boat is fastened a torpedo, charged with 110 pounds of dynamite, arranged so as to be operated from within.

A description of this boat, given in a recent number of *Engineering*, shows that there are several glazed openings in the hull, with glass half an inch thick, protected by external grating and internal shutters. The two men sit back to back on the air reservoirs. The craft seems to be full of machinery, except in the space occupied by the men, and their heads go up into the dome. But the boat can thus be made small and compact, so as to be rowed with oars if the dynamo fails. There is a pump for expelling water from the reservoirs, when the boat has to rise, and these reservoirs, which effect the immersion of the boat, are divided into several compartments to prevent the water in them from surging back and forth. There is an air pump for extracting the vitiated air, and a double-acting pump to secure the stability of the vessel. As a safety appliance a heavy weight is attached to the bottom of the boat, which may be released and dropped off in case of an accident requiring a rapid ascent. An explosive signal for help can also be sent to the surface.

When the two men enter the boat they turn on the compressed air, which is passed through the water reservoirs so as to be come humid, and start the electrical motor. The officer steers the boat under the ship to be attacked; and when the right position is gained he casts off the torpedo, which floats up and attaches itself to the vessel by contrivances provided for the purpose. The boat then rapidly withdraws, and at a safe distance explodes the torpedo by electricity. This, at least, is the theory of Mr. Goubet.—*New York Sun.*

The Liberties of Chinese Women.

Even in far Cathay aggressive woman is intruding upon the monopolies of modest and self-sacrificing man, and Censor Wen Hai has been compelled to memorialize the Emperor for a decree restraining these unreasonable females within proper bounds. The memorialist says: "Formerly nothing would induce the wives and families of our officials to visit the temples or idle about the streets, while even the women folk of the common soldier appreciated the necessity of a quiet and orderly life, cases of idle roaming being few and far between. Of late years, however, things have changed. The business streets are thronged with young women, and there is no lack of idle promenaders decked out in fine array. What is still more objectionable is that in the rooms and booth of professional reciters or story-