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Somerset, Pa.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 41. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. MARCH 24, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1810.

LIKE HIS FATHER,

He was Afflicted with Stone in the Bladder.

Mr. S. W. Hicks of Pleasant Valley, Duchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. T. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. The father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, which had worked so energetically in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried FAVORITE REMEDY. After two weeks' use he passed a stone ¾ of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe-stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of a return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to imperil, that this FAVOURITE REMEDY does invigorate the blood, cures liver, kidney and bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify in letters to Dr. Kennedy, with a warmth and fullness of words which more business documents and certificates never passed, what "Favorite Remedy," the great specific for blood, liver and kidney disorders, has done for them and their friends.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
IT'S BETTER, THE EXPECTATION OF ALL THAT AND THE PRACTICAL ACTION, THE ACTUAL RESULTS, THAN ANY OTHER MEDICINE.
And Intelligent People 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, Landmark, Foul Breath, And every disease brought on or aggravated by a Disordered Stomach.
Its health delivery of use by thousands has endorsed it as the
—Families 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 for the following fact I am positively justified in saying Simmons Liver Regulator, Clanton, Ala. "MRS. M. A. WEBB."
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J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
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(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
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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 Chamber 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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., to the directors, I will expose to public sale at Rouh's Mill, in Brakeman, Somerset County, Pa., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886,

at 10 o'clock A. M., the following Real Estate, viz: NO. 2. A certain tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Alex. Nicola, Seibert Home Property, Hyatt's heirs, No. 4, and Wm. Ream, containing six acres and seventy-three perches, more or less.

NO. 4. A certain tract of land situate as aforesaid, adjoining No. 2, Jacob Moon, and others, containing 105 acres, more or less, being well timbered.

No. 5. Situate in the Township, County and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of Jacob Sterner, Henry Kurtz and others, containing 29 acres and 50 perches more or less, title tract being in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS.

One-third to remain a lien upon the land, the interest to be paid annually to the widow of Thomas Ream, dec'd., during her life time, and at her death the principal sum to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives of said deceased. One-third of the balance cash, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, without interest.

JOHN REAM,
Trustee of Thos. Ream, dec'd.
marl3.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John F. Uphouse, dec'd., late of Jefferson 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 those indebted to it to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, March 29, 1886, at the late residence of the deceased in Jefferson Twp.
MAGOIE UPHOUSE,
Executor.
feb17.

YOUTH RENEWED.

"I wish I were a boy again!"
So sighed a boy o'ertasked;
And fate was at his elbow then
And granted what he asked.
Reduced again to boyhood's size,
He found himself once more
The aspirant for many a prize
That he had lost before.

His schoolmates all around him pressed,
And work and play went on,
But still he held his youthful zest
For toil or sport was gone.
The lessons that were easy once
Were now more hardly done;
He felt himself the very dunce
That he had called his son!

The blunders that he made of old
He now avoids at will;
But others, graver, deadlier, hold
Their ties about him still.
The lads around look on and quiz
This solon gone to school—
They think that all his caution is
The wisdom of a fool!

Things are not always what they seem;
And when the man awoke
From what was but a fevered dream
In altered tones he spoke:
"Life's rule is easily understood—
We may not live again;
But boyhood's days for boys are good,
And manhood's days for men!"

THE BEWITCHED HOUSE.

A MEMORY OF MAURITIUS.

While I was on a visit to Mauritius a few years ago the following mysterious circumstances occurred, and, although everything was done to find out the originator, natural or supernatural, of the tricks played upon us—if trick it was—we never succeeded in elucidating the matter.

Travellers in different parts of the world may have had the like disagreeable experiences, as I have since heard that this species of revenge on supposed enemies, of which so disagreeable a specimen came under my notice, is commonly resorted to in Ceylon, and several parts of India.

I happened to be spending a year with my sister and her husband in the lovely island made immortal by the fact—or fiction—of the romantic loves and deaths of Paul and Virginia.

The house servants, with the exception of the nurses were all natives; that is, Indians either born in the island—the offspring of coolies imported for the labor of the sugar plantations, or who had come to prosecute their fortunes—creoles of mixed race, natives of the island, and varying considerably in tint and feature.

The cook was a madrassee, the butler a creole of African descent; three of the "boys" were pure Indians. They all seemed to get on very well together; now and again we heard a tremendous noise—six or seven tongues raised in unintelligible hubbub of incomprehensible talk, but it gradually sank away or ended in a hearty burst of childish laughter.

The language in which we communicated with them was vaguely called creole, a mixture of French and other tongues, the former predominating; as in Mauritius, though an English colony, French obtains in the shops and in a considerable portion of the commercial world, most of the principal planters in the island being descendants of old French families. It is a childish language being full of abbreviations, odd abrupt terminals and ejaculations, with a universal and most catching burr, which all children born in the island involuntarily acquire.

None of the servants spoke English; only one, the butler, Alphonse Appavarco, familiarly termed "Sammy," understood it, and he only imperfectly; so that, notwithstanding the presence of three or four "boys" at table, we could speak unconstrainedly on any subject. The cook, whose name was Manuel, had been nine years in my brother-in-law's employment, and was a most respectable, steady, harmless man, and occupied, with his wife and children, a small "case" in the ground, hidden behind a hedge of bamboo and tamarind trees. It was my brother-in-law's intention to finally leave Mauritius in six months, and as the house was to be occupied after his departure by his partner, a single man, the establishment would naturally be considerably reduced. But, as his intention was only known to his immediate family, and he did not wish it generally spoken of until his plans were fixed, I do not see that the servants can have had any acquaintance with his projected movement, although subsequent events have made me come reluctantly to the conclusion that Sammy in spite of being a trustworthy servant and the factotum of the establishment, was the prime mover in the disturbance of our peace and comfort. I may be doing him an injustice, but he must, I think, have in some way become aware of the impending changes, and have taken the means I am about to narrate to get rid of a servant whose footing in the house was of longer standing than his own.

This, however, is only conjecture, as we never succeeded in clearing up the mystery.

One hot evening we were seated at table, the party consisting of my sister, her husband, two young men—his cousins—and myself. The servants had left the room for one of the courses, when, instead of returning, we heard a bubbub of mingled voices, cries of terror, a stampede of naked feet pattering along the tiled veranda, and while we were lost in amazement as to what the cause of the sudden disturbance might be, in rushed one of them, Djuman by name, his face that ashen hue, which Indians assume when pale, his very turban shaking on his head, in a tremulous voice he cried piteously:

"M'sieu, pierre fine tombe, venez, gete li, fine coupe tete doomon, n'a pas conne doomon zette-li, sarse, ne trouve-li."

But as I cannot speak creole correctly, not to mention spelling it, I had better give a translation of the more puzzling words in his ejaculatory sentence. "Sarse" is "chez chez," as creoles "cannot pronounce "ch;" "gete" is "look, or, see;" "doomo" is a very general term applied to all and sundry. Any one wishing to see you is a "doomon;" all news is heard from a "quelque doomon," and I believe is traced to "domonde." Every second sentence begins with "fine" and ends with "li" followed by an extraordinary sort of grunt—"Eh!" something like the "Yah!" of the London street boy.

Djuman's trembling utterances were to the effect that while the cook was dishing the dinner, stones began to fall at intervals on the stove, on the table and in different parts of the kitchen, coming down on the outside wooden roof of the building, which stood alone at some fifty yards from the house, with a sharp clear "ping" and falling down into the room without a crack or an aperture of any kind being visible on the ceiling to show how they had effected an entrance.

My sister, who was of a nervous temperament, did not like it at all, and shrank close to her husband's side, begging him not to leave her. The two young men and I rose, ran across the veranda and the bright, moonlit paved yard into the little kitchen, where I did not know at first whether to be most alarmed on seeing the cooks brother, who had rushed in from the neighboring "cour" at the first noise of the falling stones, standing ruefully rubbing his head, which was bleeding from a blow he had received, or amused at seeing half a dozen full-grown men capering about like so many children, whimpering, their teeth chattering from terror, all talking at once and each giving a different version of the story in high-pitched voices.

I stood gazing at the ceiling when a sharp thud above me made me leap suddenly into the air, and a stone larger than my fist fell at my feet.

After quieting his wife's fears G. (my brother-in-law) followed us, and instead of sympathizing with the general terror, sharply told the servants to stop all this nonsense, that he would soon find out the practical joker, cut him a month's wages—the usual threat—and deprive him of his monthly bag of rice. Then he ordered them to proceed at once serving the rest of the dinner.

The excitement was far too great to permit of my doing anything so prosaic as return to dinner while this mystery was unexplained, so the two youths and I remained in the veranda. One fetched his gun and fired into the woods and across a neighboring ravine, hoping that if the aggressor were hidden in its wooded recesses the sound of firing would cause him to desist.

He then climbed a tall tree, from which, as it was a glorious moonlit night—and no one who has not seen the beauty of a tropical full moon can have any idea of its soft and yet clear brilliance—he could see a great distance, while I fearfully peered about among the low bushes, keeping all the while in the close vicinity of my six-foot companion, who, though pooh-hooing the whole affair, did not, I could see like it at all. I confess that I surreptitiously picked up the stone I had found in the kitchen and smelled it, to see if I could find any trace of brimstone.

An hour or two elapsed, and still the stones fell, doing more or less damage. Sometimes one or two would come bang! bang! after each other; then a quarter of an hour would elapse, and we would think it was all over, when the noise and battery would recommence.

It was getting beyond our usual hour for retiring for the night, but somehow we forgot to propose breaking up our little party. It was useless to settle to any occupation; my sister, the two young men and I talked with bated breath, and I did not at all enjoy the prospect of the night before me, as I occupied one of three pavillions—small wooden rooms built outside the large house with a connecting veranda between, and whether the thrower of the missiles was or was not a supernatural personage I did not relish his vicinity. About 11 o'clock the servant came to say that the noise and damage still continued, when G. once more repaired to the kitchen and announced his intention of sending for the police to find out and punish the offender. Accordingly his cousin went off in his little calecho to the nearest police station, and returned with three men—one a French creole, one an Irishman, and the third English. When we explained the circumstances to them they smiled in a superior manner and said: "You'll never find it out, whatever it is; it has been practiced in several parts of the island before, and quite lately, too. Some weeks ago we were sent for to Savanne for the same cause. The inhabitants left the house and we stayed there alone on the alert for three days, and although we watched steadily night and day, the very glass globes of the lamps were broken in the room where we were sitting; we saw the stones fall and heard the sound as they struck the outside roof, but never once saw any appearance of even a crack in the ceiling, and left the place without having found out anything."

This was not satisfactory, but it was a little reassuring, in the long hours before I fell asleep, to hear the police pacing up and down the veranda, or when their steps ceased, to know by the tell-tale scent of their cigarettes through the open window, that they were not slumbering. I had meant to keep the stone I picked up as a memento of the incident, and had put it in my room; but fearing that such an uncanny object might take to capering about my premises at the witching hour of midnight I opened my window and deposited it outside.

The police left next morning, as they said it was quite useless to remain. G. and his cousins had to be in Port Louis daily from 10 in the morning till 5 o'clock, so my sister and I were left to face the terrors, which, however, did not look half so great by day as by night. My sister would not ask a question, nor listen when the servants volunteered details; but my curiosity, which is considerable, overcame my terror, and I kept going backward and forward to the servants quarters to mark the progress of affairs so as to report them faithfully to G. in the evening.

I discovered that the principal victims of the missiles were the cooks two sons, bright little fellows of 8 and 10 years of age. Wherever they were the stones fell thickest—in the avenue, among the trees, in their own hut or in the detached kitchen. On mentioning this circumstance to my brother he immediately sent for Manuel, told him to punish his children at once, and make them understand that he would have no more of this tomfoolery going on, and ordered them to be shut into a room alone all night, and a guardian placed at the door to watch. I was quite aghast at this summary and, as I thought, cruel behavior, but I only attempted a faint remonstrance, and made up my mind to reserve the rest of my exciting adventure for a more sympathetic ear.

Next morning the guardians declined to watch the children any longer, as a stone had left a large bump on his forehead.

"I shall stop this," said the now angry master of the household.

According Manuel's boys were dispatched to the school at Rosehill, some two miles off, with a note to the schoolmaster asking him to receive them as boarders for a few weeks. We heard nothing further for twenty-four hours, when the boys and a polite note were simultaneously handed back, to say that the schoolmaster declined having them any longer, as since the arrival of his young visitors his own head had been nearly broken by a mysterious stone coming through the roof, which, however, remained intact. Next day, after my brother had gone to town, I was in my bedroom when I heard the patter of naked feet on the veranda outside my open window, and piteous cries for "grande Ma'amselle," as they always called me from my height. I ran to the window to find ten or eleven clamorous creatures crying, wringing their hands, Manuel in their midst, a sobbing child in either hand, telling me in accents of despair that whenever the children seated themselves to eat a dish of rice an invisible hand seized and flung the dish some three feet off, scattering the rice all around; and that as he and their mother were beside them they heard the slick, click, of a pair of scissors, and the children's beautiful silky hair was lying on the ground, shorn off in jagged, uneven masses. The two boys were in a great state of terror, sobbing and trembling, their father the image of misery and wickedness. I consoled them as best I could; tried to laugh away their fears, albeit my own were increasing; and desiring Djuman to bring me a bunch of bananas I fed the little ones out of my own hand at the window.

In order to be able to confute my brother's ideas as to the complicity, if not active agency, of the boys, I armed myself with a large umbrella, and taking the children with me I repaired to their own hut—a regular "case"—filthy and malodorous, but the excitement of my own nervous system was such that I would have gone through a good deal to find out the origin of the mystery.

It was a day of intense heat, but I stood in that baking, reeking hut—where all there was in the way of beds were some filthy-looking mats; where old clothes hung on the begrimed walls, and where the only air was admitted by high, narrow windows—with the two small culprits before me, their only attire little shirts and nankeen trousers,

I thought if they threw up the stones by any quick movement I could not fail to see the motion of their hands; ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, elapsed, and no sign, I was beginning to feel faint from heat and bad air, when bang went one and another on the roof, and two stones fell before me, one narrowly grazing my nose.

I dismissed the children, who evinced great fear, and recommenced sobing, and rushed out of the "case" canoning in my flight against the coachman, who was waiting at some distance to hear the result of my courageous exploit.

"Have you ever heard of this sort of thing before?" I mustered up sufficient creole to say.

"Ti fait, Ma'amselle; si fait!" he replied; and told me forthwith some ghastly tales, ending most indignantly with "and they say, some of them, that I am at the bottom of it."

"Nonsence," I said and rushed out of the blinding vertical sun-rays on the comparatively cool veranda to encounter Djuman, my own servant, who next respectfully asked if Ma'amselle had seen or heard anything.

"I wonder what it can be!" I said more to myself than him.

"Le Diable!" promptly responded Djuman.

"Nonsense!" I said again, this time quite sharply, for, though I had a vague idea in my own mind that perhaps "le diable" was at the bottom of it somehow, my honor and self respect required me to keep up an appearance of courage I was far from feeling before these timid Indians, who all looked to me as a rock of defence—an infalible authority as well as a most welcome outlet to their feelings as an audience.

To their mistress they did not attempt to speak for she was too frightened by the whole proceeding to listen even to an experience.

"Si, Ma'amselle, si; there is a little book," continued Djumen; "they consult, and it is some one in the house who is doing it, and the little book is called the 'Petit Albert,' and there is only one copy in the island."

I was much interested in this relation and noted the fact, and the readers can judge my surprise when long after, in reading a book of P. Hamerton's called "Round My House," I came upon the following passage: "In one part of France the peasants have the fullest belief in sorcery. They believe that the secrets of sorcery are contained in a mysterious volume called 'Albert,' and they are convinced that certain persons possess the book, though I never could see a copy of it nor ascertain if it really existed."

Had I known the fact at the time my interest would have been doubled, as Mr. Humerton's testimony shows that a book of divination or demonology, called Le Petit Albert, does exist in other countries, though whence it derives its rather peculiar and somewhat modern name I have never found out.

Next day Manuel, his wife and children took French leave, and went off for the day without our having any clue to their whereabouts. The place was quiet during the day, but while we were at dinner, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a servant came to say that Manuel had returned, and sent in a message to "tell massa he was drunk." Dark though it was, the instant he and his family turned from the high road into the avenue the stones rattled round them in the path.

Next morning, as I sat in the store-room, giving out rice, flour, curry—all the articles necessary for the day's consumption, I began to speak to Manuel thus:

"Cook, I am very sorry indeed to think that, after being a trusted servant here for nine years, you should come home in such a state as you were in last night. I can assure you that, if it ever happens again, your master will not pass it over, but you will have to go."

Manuel, who, like most Madrasses, spoke a little broken English replied:

"What me do, Missy? Me no eat; me children, wife mis'rable; they no eat, no sleep, no nothing. There is nothing to do but get drunk."

I remember that I read him a moral lecture, and said by adding the effects of drink to his present misery he was not doing much to improve his condition, but all the time I felt deeply for the poor man.

Slightly infected with my brother's reiterated suspicion of his two children, who bore a name for mischief, I asked him earnestly if he thought they had really anything to do with it, and seeing the success of their tricks in the general terror and mystification, were induced to keep it up. I did not add that G. insisted that I was very much to blame in the matter, as my evincing so much interest encouraged them to continue.

"Was it likely," said Manuel, in reply, "that children of 8 and 10 would go on doing a thing, even if it were possible for them to do it so closely watched, which was making their parents miserable, involving themselves in punishment, and which would ultimately deprive them of house and home?"

"No, Missy; it will go worse, you see; we will be pinch black and blue. Needless will go through our tongues when we sleep, and in two months we die if no one find out and stop." Then, shutting the store room door mysteriously, he approached me and said in a low whisper: "Missy, some one in dis house want to get rid me. I not know who. I think, but not sure. If Missy will give me—lend—20 rupees I go see woman in town who will go sleep and write names on paper, and I show Missy in store-room to-morrow morning."

"No, no, cook," I said, "don't do anything so silly as waste money on a clairvoyant. She can't tell. And don't suspect any of the servants here. It is merely a mischievous trick. I am very sorry for you, meanwhile, but we will find it out by and by. I could not lend you money for such a purpose, and you must not waste your own."

But the poor wretch was too miserable to heed my remonstrances. The day following we had to trust our cooking to one of the boys, who were all becoming quite demoralized in the unusually exciting atmosphere in which we lived for Manuel had again taken French leave and was absent all day.

Outwardly indifferent, it was with a thrill of expectation I repaired to the store-room next morning, when Manuel immediately closed the door and, glancing tearfully all around and out at the square grated windows, pushed a paper into my hand, saying, in a low voice: "Missy read that in room. No tell nonody."

"Have you seen the clairvoyant?" I asked, breathless from astonishment and with a momentary terror of perhaps seeing my own name written on the paper.

"Yes, missy. She go a sleep; she ask how many servant; then she tink long time; then she say massa go to England soon six months; two boys here want took leave his house; they try frighten him away. Missy see?"

I ran across to my room and there read the name of Sammy and another servant (the two who subsequently were retained by G.'s partner as head servants.)

To say the least of it, the woman had not made a bad guess, and how she contrived to know my brother's intention of leaving Mauritius I don't know. It was, in any case a most curious coincidence.

The other servants, who knew or guessed the mission on which Manuel had gone into Port Louis, and suspected that he had told me the result, scanned my face carefully and questioned me as to my having any elucidation of the matter. But I suddenly concealed my knowledge and gave the paper back to Manuel, telling him not to put too much faith in information obtained in such a manner, though if I had any suspicion in the matter they certainly pointed in the same direction. Manuel's, I may say, had till now gone wide of the mark.

The molestation after this ceased for some time or occurred at rare intervals, but the poor man had become so unnerved from terror that he neglected his work, and finally got his dismissal.

I had returned from Europe before this happened, but on leaving begged my sister to keep me informed about the supernatural affairs I left behind, and she wrote and told me that his persecutor followed him to his next situation, harassed him for some time and then disappeared.

In talking over the matter with an English woman who had spent nearly the whole of a long life in the island she said, "It is a most extraordinary thing, but worse cases than this have come under my own notice. A young girl whom I know came out from England here as a dressmaker. A creole youth fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. She rejected him, and mad with rage, he resolved to compass her death. Whether by herself or watched by careful friends, this poor young thing woke in the morning, her arms and body pinched, the blue marks visible on her tender flesh, her hair cut off close to her head, her food snatched from her; needless passed through her eyelids and tongue, and she pined and died under the ceaseles and mysterious powers against her."

I neither affirm or deny the tale. I merely tell it as it was told to me by an English woman whose veracity I never had any occasion to doubt. Another person told me that on the island there resided a very evil man, a Mozambique, who possessed some power supposed to be allied to sorcery or witchcraft, whose aid was frequently invoked to bring disaster or death on their enemies by revengeful persons.

The stone throwing may have been—I suppose must have been—sl ight-of-hand performed by some one, but it was very extraordinary that the discovery of the perpetrator or the means by which he accomplished his deeds should have eluded the careful watch of my brother, his cousin, myself—a most interested spectator—three policemen and many other persons.—*All the year Round.*

A Journalistic Feat.

Henry W. Grady relates the following in the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*: "Can I venture an incident here that throws an inside light on journalism? At 2 o'clock on the morning of Governor Stephen's death, an editor of the *Constitution*, who, with two stenographers, had prepared the narrative of the night, was with the watchers in the blue room of the mansion. The *Constitution* had to go to press at 3:30 o'clock to the minute. Consequently the narrative had been written in the present tense. If death should occur before the paper was put on the press, there were perhaps a hundred places in the story where the past tense would have to be substituted. A force of proof-readers sat with proofs before them, every contingent point marked. Thirty printers sat at their desks awaiting orders. The telephone between the office and the mansion was open, and the night editor sat with the 'phone to his ear. At 2:28 o'clock Dr. Steiner, rising from his knees with reverent face, said, 'He is dead.' Before the whispered words had left the room the word 'dead' flew along the telephone wires and reached the listening ears of the night editor. Before the watchers in the parlor knew that the great soul had taken its flight, a dozen proof-readers were ploughing through the slips with swift pencils; thirty printers were clipping the moorings that held the past to the present, and in just seven minutes the press was throwing off the story of the life and death of Georgia's martyr statesman."

Around the Stove at the Country Store.

It is impossible to fully understand the historical development, not of Chester county alone, but of the entire State, without taking into consideration the part these country stores have had in shaping it. It can hardly be disputed that it has been the sentiment of the rural population rather than of city dwellers that has given distinctive color both to general and to local history. And it is not too much to say that up to a late day few laws were recorded upon the statute books that had not been first discussed and approved in country stores. Before the time of farmers' clubs and newspapers in every house—and even now in remote towns—they were the only places where the townspeople could get themselves into the current of human thought. There they met to talk about everything. Scattered and unformed opinions crystalized and took shape in the debates around the stove, leading to a lasting force in our civil polity.—*West Chester Republican.*

Dakota and the Plug Hat.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* tells the story of a Dakota man who was sitting in the Merchants' Hotel, St. Paul, carefully watching another man who wore a silk tile of the latest pattern.

Finally, he confided to a friend that he was thinking how much money it would take to induce him to wear a plug hat.

He said he might do it for $100, but would tell everybody that he was doing it for a wager, added that if a man were to wear a plug hat in his town in Dakota he would be tolerably certain to be mobbed.

How He Graded His Guests.

I don't know whether this is a new story or not, but when Mr. James E. Schuyler, of the Gibson house, told it to me the other day, I mentally resolved that it should see the light of print. We were speaking of Kentucky and he told how a "blue grass" host graded his guests at a card party.

"There was myself and two other elegant gentlemen from Kentucky, and there were two gentlemen from Virginia, a man from New York and a miserable son-of-a-gun from Boston who won all the money."

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things; the first that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have much more to loose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for what thou dost possess.

The failure of eyesight among the young in Denmark is something astounding. In the classical department of the large schools in Copenhagen 46.6 per cent. of the scholars in the upper classes were found shortsighted.

"Sort O' Reckless."

He was the greatest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before and he set down so softly, and seemed so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not.

"Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to see my darter in Connecticut."

"Ever travel much?"

"This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my darter, but oxen hain't no comparison to these keers."

"I should say not. It takes lots of money to go to Connecticut and back."

"Dreful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a $100 bill for me?"

"Oh, jist as well as not."

"I may want you to by and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Straordinary weather for fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a while the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for ten minutes, but at last his head fell back and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand with tapering fingers rested on his leg, then it was elevated to his breast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement was that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened.

With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper fast, and his voice was heard calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knew all the time what you were after? Where's the conductor?"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless confused pickpocket and an indignant but yet elated old man.

"Consarn his pikture!, but he took me fur an old hayseed from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap fur me and fell into it yerself, eh?"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't cheek enough to make one excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"You see," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers, "I hadn't orter done it. When a man has been a constable, sheriff, or drover all his days, travellin' all over and meetin' all sorts of people hadn't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I felt a sort o' reckless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my speerits; I'm gettin' too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"—*San Francisco Alta.*

Noah Webster.

Noah Webster was born at Hartford, Conn., October 16, 1758. He entered Yale in 1774, but left there in his third collegiate year to join the army of patriots in the Revolutionary war. He was admitted to the bar in 1781, but did not pursue his profession, enjoying rather scholastic and literary occupations. While teaching school at Goshen, N. Y., he prepared his "Grammatical Institutes of the English Language" and edited *Governor Winthrop's Journal*. In 1785 he wrote "Sketches of American Policy." He taught an academy in Philadelphia and wrote on the *Constitution*. He was a powerful worker, and the subjects discussed by him through the press treated of philology, diseases and their causes, international law, and history. In 1807 he commenced his "American Dictionary of the English Language," but finding difficulties in etymology, he devoted ten years to its study, and prepared a "Synopsis of Words in Twenty Languages;" then he began his dictionary anew, and in seven years completed it. He died May 28th, 1843.

A Coming Comet.

The comet first seen at Paris, December 1, is growing brighter. Prof. Boss, of Dudly Observatory, says the increase in brightness will continue slowly until April 1, when it will begin to be much more rapid, and by the middle of the month will be visible to the naked eye. Two weeks later it will reach its maximum of brightness, when its appearance will be much like that of 1882, and be visible all night. It will also, as that of '82, be seen in the western sky. When nearest to the earth it will only be 12,000,000 miles distant. It will retain its brightness until May 15 when it will gradually fade. The Bernard comet is also discovered to be increasing in br