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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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WHY IS IT

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The Athlophoros Pills were originally prepared as a remedy for use in connection with Athlophoros, for rheumatism and neuralgia and kindred complaints. Used in connection with that remedy, they are a certain cure for either of these very common and distressing diseases. They have also been found to be an invaluable remedy for any and all diseases arising from vitiated blood or general debility. They are especially valuable for nervous debility, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, distress after eating, headache, constipation, loss of appetite, and all stomach or liver troubles. For diseases of women they are invaluable. These pills are perfectly harmless and may be used by adults or children.

☞ Circulars of those who have been cured will be sent free on application.

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AN OPEN LETTER.

LICKSBURG, PA.,
MAY 24, 1886.

MR. C. N. BOYD, SOMERSET, PA.

Dear Sir:—In certifying to the merits of your Mandrake Liver Pills words fail me in expressing my just appreciation of their good and curative properties, as well as the unspeakable benefits I have received from their use. For a speedy and effective cure for liver disease, they are unrivaled. As a blood purifier they surpass all known remedies. It may truthfully be said that their action upon the liver is universal, not a gland, or tissue escaping their salutary influence. I heartily recommend your Mandrake Liver Pills to any one suffering from liver complaint.

Yours,
C. L. DELAUTER.

The above testimonial came unsolicited and is all the more appreciated. These pills are among the best made. They are not a patent remedy, as the formula is on every bottle. Try them. You will find just what you want. Call at my store, where you will see the finest stock of Drugs in the county. Goods the best and prices lowest.

Respectfully,
C. N. BOYD,
Mammoth Block. SOMERSET, PA.

C. N. BOYD.

Our enterprising druggist, says, I have been in the drug business for a number of years, and have handled nearly all the popular remedies, and can firmly say I have never met with a remedy like Wei De Lesepe' Norman Balsam, for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c. It has been in this country a comparatively short time, and is now taking the lead in Cough Remedies. It gives universal satisfaction, and I feel confident that ere long it will become the standard remedy of America. I sell it on a positive guarantee and will refund the money in any case of dissatisfaction.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY, FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, MEDIA, PA., 12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Teachers experienced and able; all men, and all graduates. Special opportunity for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to College in 1885, 11 in 1884, 10 in 1883, and 10 in 1882. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 volumes added to Library in 1882. Media has seven churches, and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M. (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa. aug4'86-1yr.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel Cober, late of Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 4th day of December, 1886, at the late residence of deceased.

HENRY COBER,
CORNELIUS COBER,
oct27. Executors.

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GLEAN BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct1-13.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
that is wearing our very souls away;
And grant to our loaded hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out
As the patriarch did at the open door
Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet,
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our Wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes cares disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit, and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—*Cuthert Presbyterian.*

HOW SHE CLEANED HOUSE.

Gypsy Black was very cross, indeed, as she sat in the wide window-sill, swinging her pretty little feet and pouting a pair of exquisitely-curved, scarlet lips, as she plaited and unplaited the strings of her white, lawn sun bonnet.

"I don't care!" said Miss Gypsy. "I don't love Mr. Meredith! And I don't want to marry him! So there, now!"

And she nibbled at the bonnet strings, and frowned under her level brown brows like a pretty rebel, as she was.

"Gypsy, hold your tongue!" said Malvina, her elder sister.

"You don't know what you're talking about," severely uttered Mrs. Black, who was mixing up a batch of bread at the kitchen table. "Mr. Meredith has a house and farm worth twenty thousand dollars, and it's a great compliment for him to speak to your pa about marrying you."

"Then I wish he'd keep his compliments to himself," said the incorrigible Gypsy. "Look here, Malvina, why won't you marry him?"

Malvina, overcome with indignation, dealt her roguish little sister a box on the ear, which Gypsy narrowly escaped by a sudden depression of her head.

"No, but it would suit so exactly," said Gypsy. "Malvina is just that sort of person."

"Gypsy, don't be a fool!" said Mrs. Black. "You should thank Providence that Mr. Meredith is pleased to marry you, and put all nonsensical ideas about Harry Waite out of yor head immediately!"

But Gypsy frowned, and pouted more and more, and tried resolutely to keep the big, bright tears from falling on her hands.

"What shall I do?" said Gypsy to herself. "For I never, never can marry that bald-headed old man who talks through his nose and carries a yellow silk pocket handkerchief. And I'm sure that Harry would shoot himself when he heard of it!"

But Gypsy Black's tears and lamentations availed nothing. Her father was a practical man of the world. Her mother understood the full meaning of money, and so the match was to be hurried up, regardless of the feelings of the bride-elect.

But Providence interfered—that kindly Providence which always has the interests of true lovers ever under its care.

Mr. and Mrs. Black had gone to attend a camp-meeting, twenty miles away, with Malvina in their train.

Gypsy, being "unregenerate," was left at home to meditate over a volume of sermons.

"Now be sure, Gypsy, you look well after the house," said Mrs. Black; "and see that Nancy feeds the young calves regularly, and cares for the goslings and the chickens. And lock up the house at ten o'clock every night, and be sure you don't let in any tramps, or traveling agents, or lightning-rod men."

"I'll be very, very careful," said Gypsy.

"We shall be back on Friday," said Mrs. Black, "without fail; and if you have any leisure time, you can turn the sheets in the wash-basket, and darn the thin places in the back parlor carpet, and rip up all your father's old clothes and cut them into carpet rags."

So Mrs. Black climbed into the carryall where her husband and Malvina were already seated, and drove away, calling out directions to Gypsy as long as the house was in sight.

The heads of the family had not been gone for more than two hours, when Gypsy came flying out to the kitchen, where Nancy was making soft soap.

"Oh, Nancy, what shall I do?" cried she. "Her's Mr. Meredith at the door."

"Why, go up and see him, of course," said Nancy, who was one of the smart, business-like New England "helps" who are becoming, as a race, extinct.

"Can't I tell him that father and mother have gone away?" pleaded Gipsy.

"Nonsense!" said Nancy, stirring desperately away at her monster kettle. "You don't suppose it's your father and mother that he comes to see, do you? Oh, dear! and there isn't a scrap of fresh meat in the house. I thought boiled eggs and smoked beef would do for our noon bite."

"So it will," said Gypsy. "If we make things too agreeable for him, Nancy, he'll stay too long."

Nancy looked around in amazement.

"And don't you want him to stay?" said she.

"No!" cried Gypsy, with a startled look as some unseen umbrella handle rapped smartly on the door beyond. "I can't endure him, Nancy. I—I hate him!"

And then she burst into a storm of tears.

Nancy comprehended in an instant.

"Poor dear!" said she. "So that's the way the wind blows, is it? It is a shame! Never mind, Gypsy; we'll settle him."

"Settle him?" vaguely repeated the girl.

"Hush!" said brisk Nancy. "Go and let him in. I know the man. My cousin, Mahala Potts, lived housekeeper to him for a year. He's one of those people that want everything to go smooth. Never would let Mahala whitewash a ceiling or scrub off a ceiling with sand and soap-suds. And of all things in the world, he abominates house-cleaning. We'll clean house while he's here, Gypsy, eh?"

The girl's brilliant eyes sparkled through her quickly dried tears; a lovely carmine color mounted into her cheeks.

"Nancy," she cried, "you are a second Bismarck!"

"Go long with you!" said Nancy, with a chuckle.

Mr. Meredith was standing on the door step, all smiles, when Gypsy came to the door, with her brown frizzes tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and a huge bib apron eclipsing her pretty figure.

"My dear Gypsy, how are you?" said Mr. Meredith. "Your kind pa was so good as to invite me to come here whenever it was convenient; so, as my housekeeper is gone for a week, I have concluded—"

"Oh, yes, very glad to see you, I'm sure!" said Gypsy, hurriedly. "Walk in. Father and mother and Malvina have gone to a camp meeting. But Nancy is here. And Nancy and I are cleaning house."

Mr. Meredith's face elongated itself.

"Cleaning house!" he repeated, dolorously. "But that's all nonsense. No properly kept house ever needs cleaning."

He came slowly on. A step ladder stood at the end of the hall—hurriedly stirred up pails of whitewash foamed on either side, while Nancy, in a faded calico dress, advanced.

"Walk right in, Mr. Meredith," said she—"walk right in. We'll try and make you as comfortable as we can. I told Gipsy, says I, 'just as certain as you pull up things and go to house cleaning, company'll come. They always do,' says I. But Gypsy she does set so much store by house cleaning. She says she's going to clean house once a month when she has a home of her own."

Mr. Meredith simply gasped, and said nothing.

"Oh, Yes!" said Gypsy, artlessly, clasping her hands. "Cleanliness is next to godliness, you know. And I do so delight in soapsuds and whitewashing, and floor scrubbing, and all that sort of thing. That's right, Mr. Meredith, sit right down. We shan't tear this room to pieces until after dinner."

"I'm very glad of that," dejectedly uttered the middle-aged swain. "I think myself that house cleaning—"

"And I'll get dinner at once," interrupted Nancy. "Gypsy is a queer girl. She don't like to cook; she says when she's married she's going to boil a pot once a week, and live off cold victuals the rest of the time."

"But it seems to me that that is a mistaken idea," argued Mr. Meredith. "My mother was a famous cook. She always baked pies fresh every day, and made hot biscuit for breakfast; and I've a recipe of her's for chicken pot-pie that I wouldn't exchange for its weight in gold."

"I despise cooking!" said Gypsy, indifferently. "And I don't mean to slave over the kitchen stove, to suit the prejudices of any man living."

Mr. Meredith stared at her once more, and in default of any fitting reply, opened and closed his fat mouth in a fishy way; even Gypsy's eighteen-year-old beauty could hardly reconcile him to such heretical opinions as these.

Dinner was served.

"And the kind of a meal I like," said Gypsy—"easily cooked and easily got out of the way."

Boiled eggs, smoked beef cut in thin, pink shavings, bread and butter, and tea, weak almost to inanition, formed the bill of fare.

Mr. Meredith ate with a knife of one pattern and a fork of another, and sweetened his tea with brown sugar, on account of the white variety having been mislaid.

"Nothing matters much when you are cleaning house," said Gypsy, radiantly.

But Mr. Meredith, who fully appreciated all the creature comforts of this world entertained a very different opinion.

After this rather unsatisfactory meal, Gypsy set her elderly lover to beating a rag carpet which was stretched over a clothesline.

"I'm sure you'd rather be doing something than sitting still," said Gipsy, as she put a long lilac sapling into the hands of her aged adorer, and adjured him to beat the thin places carefully. And after you've finished that," she added with a gracious smile, "you shall get up on the ladder and help Nancy with the ceiling."

Mr. Meredith worked like a day laborer, until the friendly darkness came to his aid. Even then he was set to prying nails out of a carpet, with a screw-driver, on his knees, by the light of a sputtering kerosene lamp.

"We are getting along so splendidly with the house-cleaning!" chirped Gypsy with an exultant laugh.

Mr. Meredith supped off a fried salt mackerel and mush and milk, and slept on a bedstead which occupied a desolate waste of newly-scrubbed floor.

He woke up, the next morning, with darting rheumatic pains in all his bones, and came down stairs with a lowering brow.

Gypsy was there, in the highest spirits, with her head already tied up in an old apron.

"You are just the person we want," she said. "Nancy wants all the bureaus and heavy furniture moved out on the porch so that we can begin to clean the parlor at once."

"Then," said Mr. Meredith, lately, "she will have to get some one else to do it for her. I hate house cleaning—and I'll have nothing more to do with it!"

"I won't marry any man who won't allow me to clean house as often as I want," said Gypsy, with spirit."

"I shall not ask you to make the sacrifice for me, Miss Gypsy," said Mr. Meredith. "I see too plainly that our tastes are not congenial. And having both our interests at heart, I must beg to be released from the engagement. I was foolish enough to contract."

"With all my heart," assented Gypsy, and, making him a low courtesy, she drew the engagement ring off her finger, and handed it to him.

That was an end, matrimonially speaking, of Mr. Meredith. He went away thanking his stars for the escape he had made.

"She would have scrubbed and cleaned the whole establishment into the poorhouse in a year," said he. "I'm well out of the business. One can discharge a housekeeper if she don't suit, but not a wife."

So Mr. Meredith adhered to the standard of old bachelordom, and pretty Gypsy narried Harry Waite, after all.

But strange to say Mr. Waite never complained of his wife's addiction to house cleaning rites. And he could never understand why it was that Mr. Meredith always cast such pitying glances upon him when they met.

Judge Brown's Watermelon Story.

My father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel-looking switch which he had placed above the dining room door. "Well, if either of you wants to catch this switch pitch in." Bill shock his head and muttered that he didn't want it; that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck a few minutes before had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces with such a switch; and I assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effect could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy with all his careful training was inclined to be a thief.

The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and looked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, stripped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there were anything that could make a Southern boy forget honor it was a water melon. I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it; and then that awful switch came up before me; An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around and entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon while Bill and I were in the yard I saw my father, carefully carrying a small stick enter the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"

"In de cabin, sah."

"Bring them here."

He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."

Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how it come on dar, marster. Ain't wore 'em sence last Sunday."

"Yes, that's all right. John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to snort I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachful at me, but he did not accuse me for delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he, as he approached, "where are your shoes?"

"In the house, sir."

"Bring them here."

I got my shoes. Great Cæsar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on, said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he, after measuring the shoe, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch.

"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; I ain't done nuthin'—Oh—"

I danced, I capered and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"

"How did you w'ar mine?"

"Put, grass in 'em."

"Well, I tuck er p'ar short stilts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' 'em. Recken we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer what's er fack, John, it won't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

The Way to Read Profitably.

No body can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your minds to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Stafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing over the title, subject or design of a book, these eminent men would take up a pen and write roughly what question they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page, and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what we know before. Ideas, relations, statements of fact are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, obscure, full of perplexity.

The pistol was invented in Pistola, in Tuscany, by Camillo Vitelli, in the 16th century.

Washington on the Outside.

The people of the United States know but little about Washington, and of the sixty millions which we have now in the country, perhaps fifty millions have never visited the capital. It is the finest national capital in the world, and travelers who have gone the rounds of the globe say they have never seen anything to equal it. It now contains 210,000 inhabitants, and its citizens spend more money, proportionately, than those of any other city in the United States. It lies in a sort of basin on the Potomac river, which is a mile wide where it flows by it.

Great hills surround this basin, sloping almost abruptly up from Boundary street, which bounds the city on the North, and rising upward from the bank on the other side of the river. Some of these hills are wooded, and on many of them residences are now being built. It is supposed that in the near future they will be the most fashionable parts of the capital city.

The capitol is in the exact centre of Washington, and all the streets are laid out at right angles to it. The lettered streets run one way and the numbered streets another, and the numbering of the city is so arranged that you can tell the exact location of a house by its number and street. All the streets of Washington are wide and the avenues, which cross them diagonally, are wider still. They are paved with dark asphalt, and are as smooth as a floor from one end to the other. The bicycler will be interested to know that there are 279 miles of these Washington streets, and that they could ride almost the entire distance between Cleveland and Chicago on pavements as smooth as so many board without going over the same ground twice. Their ride would take them past elegant houses, with as much variety of architecture as there are varieties of human brains. It would lead them about the statues of the most noted men of the nation, through parks filled with all kinds of tropical plants, and along into the drives of great reservations, by public buildings that are modelled after the structures of half a dozen different ages and people of past history. They would go along streets from 100 to 160 feet wide, lined for many miles by green lawns in front of the houses. For the government owns the lawns as well as the streets, and it has a strip of grass on each side of its streets from 10 to 70 feet wide, extending through the city, to the edge of which the builder may come but no further. Washington has the greatest area of streets, in proportion to its size, of any city in the world, I think. Forty-one per cent. of the area of our capital city is laid out in streets, whereas only twenty-five per cent. of Paris, twenty-six per cent. of Berlin, and thirty-five of Vienna is devoted to streets and avenues.

There are in Washington city limits 6,111 acres, and more than half of this is public property. The government reservations, which are scattered throughout the city, contain 408 acres, and the most of these are filled with flowers and trees. The streets and avenues are lined with trees, and during the last ten years there have been more than 80,000 shade trees set out by the commission appointed and paid by Congress for this purpose. Standing on the hills above Washington and looking over it, this city now appears like a great garden, with houses poking their heads out of the foliage. Ten years from now it will be 6,000 acres of forest, and the greatest shade tree city of the world. Trees grow very rapidly in the Washington soil. They are well taken care of, and they are planted about thirty feet apart all over the city as soon as the streets are graded. The government puts tree boxes around them, and if one happens to die it is at once replaced by another. These trees are of all kinds of shade trees found in the north and south. They have already materially affected the climate of Washington city, and it is cooler now by far than it was a decade ago.

The parks of Washington are scattered throughout the city, and you cannot walk more than three or four squares without coming upon a green spot filled with rare old trees and a statue or a fountain. There are seats in these parks, and in the flower beds which you will find in most of them plants are kept blooming most of the time. First there are the earliest blossoms of the Spring. Then as the year grows older they are taken up as soon as they cease to bloom, and others are planted in their places. An army of laborers is required to keep the parks in order, and continuous improvement goes on. Many of these parks, such as Franklin, for instance, are surrounded by elegant residences, and as a rule vacant ground facing upon a Government reservation will bring double the price of other land in the vacinity. The capitol park alone contains fifty-one acres of plateau and sloping hill. It is full of trees of many kinds, some of which are mere bushes and others old elms which appear to date back to Jefferson's day. The capital faces the east, and just in front of it is a wide plateau of green of several squares which will lie between it and the new library. Through this capitol park there are well-kept roadways and fine walks. Seats you will find on your way up to the capitol, and if you go at night your way will be lighted by electric lamps.

Every one knows how the big White House looks, and not a few will remember that this building covers a third of an acre of ground. But the lawns about it are seldom described, and it will be a surprise to know that it has eighty acres of lawn and trees, and that the lawn is hill and hollow at the back, and that old trees shade the walks that lead up to it at the front. A great fountain dashes a spray into the air in the lawn facing the portico, and behind it another fountain, larger still, continually sends a shower of diamonds into the sunlight. Just across the street from the White House is Lafayette square, a park of seven acres, in which there are many tropical trees, as well as old oaks and elms. In the centre the bronze statue of Andrew Jackson stands upon his horse's heels, and the houses facing the park are mostly old and full of history. Don Cameron now lives in the old Taylor mansion, and millionare Corcoran occupies the big house which some Boston capitalists presented to Daniel Webster when he was Secretary of State. On another side of the park is the house where Decatur died, now owned by John McLean's father-in-law, General Beale, and a little further down is the house in which Blaine was living when he began to write his political book which has paid so well. The Sickles mansion a little further down is now owned by Washington McLean, and on another side of the park is Charles Sumner's old house and the new mansion in which Colonel John Hay lives.

Standing on the corner of Lafayette park one could almost throw a stone into Farragut square, and by turning his body it would be easier still to strike the reservation in which the statue of General McPherson stands on horseback among the trees. A mile beyond the capitol lies Lincoln square, with its statue of emancipation. It contains six acres, and not far from it is Stanton place of three acres, and Green square of a like size.

The circles of the capital are reservations made by the intersection of the important avenues. They generally consist of a round mound of green of the size of an acre, more or less, and in the centre of many of them stand the statues of noted generals in bronze. Scott circle has a statue of General Scott cast from cannon which the general took in Mexico, and Thomas circle has an equestrian statue of General Thomas which cost, all told, $75,000. In Iowa circle is a fine place for the statue of Gen. Grant just opposite the house in which he lived and in Dupont circle, with his back facing the castle of the Chinese legation, and upon a granite pedestral, stands a bronze figure of Admiral Dupont. And so it is all over the city. Statues and trees and beautiful houses, wide lawns and good breathing spaces. The parks of a city have been called its lungs, and if so Washington is less in danger of consumption than any other city in the world.

We can accommodate a great population here in the smallest space, and the city is so arranged that it can never be crowded. There is a tendency now, however, among the citizens to desire more room to build upon, and they are fast moving out into the suburbs. There are half a dozen bills before Congress for extending the limits of the city, and I doubt not ten years from now much of what is farm lands and garden spots will be covered with beautiful houses, and will be a part of the Washington city of the near future.

The main business street of the capital is Pennsylvania avenue, which begins at Georgetown and extends out beyond the capitol to the east branch of the Potomac beyond the navy yard. It passes the White House after leaving Washington circle, and then switches down around the Treasury and for a mile until it reaches the capitol grounds, when it winds around them and on by the capitol out to the river. It is about four and one-half miles long, and its width in its business portion is one hundred and sixty feet or as wide as two average city streets of eighty feet each. It is filled with vehicles of all descriptions at nearly all hours of the day, but it is so wide that it is little crowded, and the coachman in livery and the heidic driver in homespun have little trouble.

Georgetown is now a part of Washington, and the old town which was born years before the capital, is growing now, since it has been adopted by Washington. The heights of Georgetown are becoming fashionable for residents, and I see that Bell, the telephone millionaire, has laid out a large estate and is selling it off in lots.

Washington at night and by moonlight is wonderfully beautiful. The moon tints to mellowness the rare old marble of the public buildings. It takes away the rustiness of the tomb like treasury and puts life into the statues. The White House looks like a fairy palace under the rays of the moon, back in among those old forest trees. And the State Department grows bigger and more wonderful with its hundreds of columns when the electric light or the moon takes off its newness. One of the prettiest buildings at night is the old Smithsonian and it does not take a bright imagination, while looking at it to transport one's self to the mediaeval days of chivalry, and to wonder whether after all he is looking at a structure made by new America, or at one of the well-preserved ruins of middle France or on the hills along the Rhine or Danube. No matter what your mood or your thoughts you can find buildings here to suit it in your moonlight walks. If you are fond of the classics and delight in old Athens, let me take you to the front of the patent office and I can show an exact reproduction of the noted Parthenon there. If you want the old colonial days stroll over to the Van Ness mansion, where Marcia Burns used to entertain Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson; and if you prefer a rural ruin I can show you the cottage where Tom Moore slept when he came to visit Washington city and made poetry about Americans. If you love Dame Nature more than ruins, a moonlight drive will take you into the most romantic of nature's scenery, and there are views all about the District of Columbia which would be considered great sights if they were located in Europe and which people in Switzerland would think beautiful.—Washington Correspondent of Cleveland *Leader and Herald.*

Watering Plants.

A German gardener who thinks too much watering of pot plants is about as fatal as a lack of supply writes as follows: It will be evident that they require wetting if on taking the earth from the pot it crumbles like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot near the middle, with the finger knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day. On dry, clear days they require more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for that is also very injurious. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water, so that the water will saturate the soil very gradually.

A Burlington man complained at a restaurant because he found a button in his soup. The waiter molified him by saying that they put buttons in their soup so that they could button it up and keep it warm.

Through by daylight—Night.

Sharpshooters at Petersburg.

"The narrowest escape I ever had," said a well-known lieutenant of police in Baltimore, "was in front of Petersburg."

"My regiment was in Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, and another fellow and I were in a trench together. We were at the front of the line. The other fellow's name was Dick. The trench was about six feet deep, and there was a groove cut in the top of the front, through which we did our shooting at the Yankees. When we wanted to pop away we'd lay the gun-barrel along that