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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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Office in Savings Bank building, and in Franklin street, adjoining the Postoffice, Johnstown, Pa.

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Will practice in the Courts of this District. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

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Office opposite Beerits' Block, Second Floor.

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Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity, that he has permanently located in Somerset. Office in Post Office Building, next to Diamond.

D. H. S. KIMMELL,
Would tender his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Patriot street, near the Depot.

D. W. H. KATCH
Would tender his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Post Office Building.

D. E. S. W. SLOUGH,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Would respectfully tender his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town and country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. Office on Patriot street, opposite the Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store.

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HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, one door west of Orug Store.

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Has opened his office for the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baltz Block, Somerset.

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DENTIST,
Office up-stairs in Jack & Beerits' Block.

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DENTIST,
Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he will be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work pertaining to dentistry, regulating, extracting, filling, inserting sets of all kinds and of the best manufacture. All work guaranteed.

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(ESTABLISHED 1871.)
C. J. HARRISON, PRESIDENT. M. J. PRITTS, CASHIER.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
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Orders will be sent money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum, free of charge. Sales with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured in our fireproof celebrated safes, with a Burglar-proof Time Lock lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
HEARSES, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK.
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
Work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the best iron and steel, substantially ironed, neatly finished, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in the Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices before purchasing elsewhere. Shop on Water street, near Finnish Shops by the Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 46. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1867.

B. & B.

THE SPECIAL EVENT OF THIS SEASON WILL BE THE

GRAND LACE CURTAIN SALE!

Which we have just inaugurated. This sale will surpass all our former efforts in this direction. The goods are all new patterns, no old, stiff, and most undesirable styles being carried over, and the prices are with us. The finest things to press, viz.:

For choice new designs in Nottingham Curtains 3 yards long, 70 cents and $1.00 per pair. For $2, very fine goods, with laced edges, at $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.

For Choice Patterns, 3½ and 4 yard Nottingham Curtains, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $3.50 to $12.50 per pair. Prince's choicest Curtains $10.00 and $12.00 per pair.

Curtain Nets 45c. for 36 in. per yard.

Curtain Scrims 40c., 50c., 60c., 80c. and 100c.

At this special sale we feel we can find in saying will be offered the very best values in Curtains put on at offered anywhere.

Complete Upholstery Department where will be found all the accessories.

A complete Brass Trimmed Pole at 25 cents. Rings, brackets, etc.

In this department we offer specially Spring Jackets in Checks, Plaids and Stripes. Checkers Cloths and Kersays with taped seams, loose backs.

Newmarkets with Hoods and Capes

In checks, stripes and plaids, at positive prices for good quality and best workmanship. $6.50 and up.

SPRING WRAPS,

Braided all over and lace Trimmed. $10.00 each and up. Silk Wraps, with Bead Trimmings; Cashmere Hair Wraps, Matelasse Wraps, Misses' and Children's.

Wraps, Jackets & Newmarkets

and Dresses from 2 years to 44 years sizes.

Ladies Suit Department. Black Silk Suits $25., $35., $45. and $65. Best beauty suit ever produced in the city Pennsylvania. Colored silk suits, short suits, etc.

All our silks and dress goods, plain and fancy, and silks and drapery, we set out up to-date.

Large and special offerings during the present month of silks and spring dress goods.

New Style Plain Colors and Check Suitings. Only 12c. per yard, 40 inches wide, worth 20c. and 25c. Black and white striped suitings only 12c. Fine 36c., 40c., 50c. and 61 c.

Large lines of colored surahs, colored glace ginghams, taffle finishes, Manchester satins, Duchesses, etc., in prettiest waves, styles that have not yet been counted.

Our Millinery Department will open beyond, and supplemented with additions of the whole, surprising the goods from which samples cannot be sent, we will send a line of goods to select from, or will send a competent milliner, or by appointment (Y. E. with pen-lines of examination and selection. The customer to select what pleases. Hats and jets exquisite again, bandeaux to be retrimmed.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 FEDERAL STREET,
ALLEGHENY, PA.
dec.8.'86.-y.

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVE

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

All Purchasers can be Suited!

MANUFACTURED BY

L. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.,

AND FOR SALE BY

R. B. Schell & Co.,
SUCCESSORS TO SCHELL BROS. SOMERSET, PA.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD
SUCCESSORS TO
Eaton & Bros.
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING AND SUMMER 1886.

NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, Ready Made, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons and Notions, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Linens, Spoons, Materials of all Kinds for FANCY WORK.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

NEW GOODS
—FOR—
SPRING WEAR.

Special give line of all-wool Spring Dress Fabrics at 50 cents, Imported, Plain, and Combination Suitings at $1 and $1.25 a yard.

New English Styled Suitings, in checks and stripes, 36 inches wide, at $1.50.

Extra values in Black Gros Grain Silks—our $1-cent Black Surah Silk, best in this country at the price; also, our $1 grade.

New fancy Black Velvets.

Bargains in our wonderfully large assortment of new French Satines, Scotch, Anderson Ginghams and American Ginghams.

Spring importation of Lace Curtains, just received, $1 a pair up to finest qualities.

Beautiful new Embroideries in White and Colors.

New Linen Trimming Laces, bargains.

Latest novelties in Dress Trimmings and Buttons.

Samples sent promptly on application.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S
Penn Avenue Stores, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Hoffer's store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

HORSE CHESTNUTS—A FANCY.

My heart, my heart,
To life did start,
And blossom with the blossoming spring:
My soul did move
With April love,
And grew with every growing thing.

Fair buds the beech—
Too fair for speech
Of mine to show its changing mien.
How soft and slow!—
First a green glow,
And then a mist, a cloud of green.

Soft covering they,
The tassels gray
That hang the willow branches all,
And soft the blush
That pink doth flush
The apple-trees above the wall.

Not so, not so,
My love did grow
As these do sprout—invisibly
Source one can tell,
Nor reckon well,
The day, the hour, their birth did see.

But mark the way
That long ere May
The fans do clothe the chestnut-trees
On earth curved twig
The buds grow big
And shinnied broomlike in the breeze.

To-day it's shortest,
To-morrow longest
Upon by every wind of mors,
And the tree stands
With thousand hands
Of praying green, where the moonlight burns.

And so,—yes, so—
My love did grow,
Fed by the unseen and the sun,
Till, bathed in the dew
My spirit saw
Its fragrant summer-time begun.

In thy sweet eyes
My sun did rise
Thy voice made April wind-puffs rude,
And at its call
My boughs all
Full-infolded into heritage stood.

One day, one hour,
All in the power
Of love I'd sought not nurtured me,
And all my mind
No thought could find
Not green with new-born hopes of thee.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.

In 1875, owing to the wreck of a Boston brig in the China Sea, I was left in Hong Kong in pretty bad shape. After I had carried a flag of distress, as you might say, for two weeks, an Englishman offered to let me work my passage to Liverpool, but as I was about to accept it, I ran across a countryman who had a berth for me. One of the largest trading houses in Canton at that time was composed of three Americans, and they owned two small steamers and three or four sailing crafts. These vessels were employed in collecting goods from the various islands to the southeast, and some of the voyages extended up the Yellow Sea as far as Tengchow. Just at that time the firm had come into possession of a new steamer, and she was about to make her first voyage. There had been trouble with a piratical craft and the steamer had been fitted out to take care of herself. She carried two six-pounders, twenty American cavalry carbines, a score of revolvers, and was fixed to throw hot water over boarders. Her complement of men were fifteen, of whom the cook, steward and three firemen were natives. All others were Americans and Englishmen. The supercargo was an American, who could rattle off the Chinese language as well as the best of 'em, and the Captain and some of the others could "smatter" more or less.

Our first voyage was to be up the Yellow Sea, and we carried a load of American and English goods. The cargo well deserved the name of "miscellaneous." There were muskets, fish-spears, sole-leather, tinware, looking-glasses, calicoes, buttons, stoneware, lamps, fish nets, groceries, axes, and almost everything else you can think of, and the supercargo also carried money to purchase what we could not traffic for. We were to pick up in exchange whatever foreign markets called for in Canton, which is dealer teas, rice, several species of nuts, dyestuffs, roots, barks, skins, &c.

I was in luck to secure the place of mate, for Captain Tabor was a splendid fellow and the crew was one which could be depended upon. We had three or four men who understood the handling of six pounders, which had been sent over from the United States, and with the supply of small arms at hand, we felt ourselves a match for anything except a regular gunboat. We got away in good shape run up between the coast and the islands of Formosa, and then steered to the northeast to touch the Loo-Khoo Islands, which are seven or eight in number and deal in ginseng, sarsaparilla, and other medical roots. We stopped a day at Ke-Lung, which is at the northern end of Formosa, and almost opposite Foochow, on the mainland, and while here it was noticed that the native members of our crew were very thick with a lot of suspicious characters who were hanging about as the greater part of the day. The supercargo overheard them discussing our voyage and making many inquiries, and when he spoke of the matter to the steward that pig-tailed gentleman explained that all our natives were related to the strangers who had been hanging about, and of course the latter took an interest in them.

I didn't know Chinese character as well as some of the others, and was therefore somewhat surprised to hear the captain and supercargo discussing the impudence of the natives aboard before we had left Ke-Lung by fifty miles. The fireman had given the engineer trouble, and the steward had a certain sort of impudence in his obedience to commands. I did not know until now that a gang of twenty or more of the fellows at Ke-Lung had attempted to induce the captain to give them passage to the island of Tseensan, which we meant to visit. They had offered big passage money and were willing to put up with any accommodations, but he mistrusted them, and firmly declined to have one of them aboard. The steward and firemen were soundly berated by the captain and threatened with irons if any more trouble occurred, and there the matter was dropped. At the close of the second day we dropped anchor off a small island to the southwest of Tseensan, called Wung-Wah. There was no harbor, but the depth of the water enabled us to get within a cable's length of the beach in a comparatively sheltered spot.

Captain Tabor had traded at this island a year before and he knew that the natives were all right as long as they were kept in awe by a superior force. There was a trader on the island who had a large stock of roots, and after a palaver lasting two days and nights the supercargo finally made a bargain with him. It was observed by the captain that some change had come over the natives, for on his previous trip they had been eager to close a bargain at any figure named. The natives in our crew had been permitted to go ashore, and a dozen or so of the leading men of the island had come aboard and inspected us. It was night of the second day before a trade was agreed upon. On the following day we were to begin landing and receiving goods. There was a big crowd of natives on shore opposite the steamer and they had canoes, catamarans, and dhows enough to have embarked 300 people. Just before night closed in we sighted a large junk coming down from the direction of Formosa, but gave her no particular attention. At about 8 o'clock she came jogging along at a tramp's gait, and dropped her mud hook within 200 feet of us. I gave her a hooking over with the night glass, and as only five or six men could be made out on her decks, it was natural to conclude that she was a trader.

Being in port with fair weather for the night, the crew might expect that only an anchor watch would be maintained. The men therefore have been somewhat surprised when Captain Tabor invited our five natives to go ashore, and spend the night with their friends, and announced to the rest of us that we should stand watch and watch. The cook was the only native who did not go. He declared that he had enemies ashore who would kill him, and he was therefore allowed to occupy his accustomed quarters. There were ten of us besides him, and soon after the junk anchored, the guns were cast loose and loaded with grape, the tompions brought up and made ready, and the engineer was instructed to keep steam enough to get all up to move. The cable was arranged for slipping and then five men turned in "all standing," and the other five of us stood watch. Before this occurred the captain said to me:

"Mr. Graham, this may be going to a good deal of trouble for nothing, but the man who deals with these natives has got to be prepared for any emergency. If they trouble us it will not be until after midnight. I will therefore lend the second watch. Keep your eyes on that junk, and permit no boat to come aboard under any circumstances."

I distributed my men over the vessel to the best advantage, and reserved to myself the right to act as free lance. That is, I went from one part of the vessel to the other, and kept one eye on the junk and the other on the beach. All was very quiet up to 11:30 o'clock, when I made two discoveries in quick succession. The cook had prepared a large dish of coffee for our use during the night. We had a large urn on a stand in one corner of the dining room, and a lamp underneath kept the coffee hot. The same thing is in general use in American hotels and restaurants. I was on the point of entering the cabin to secure a drink of the beverage when, as I passed an open window, I heard the cover of the urn rattle, and then caught the footsteps of someone in retreat. It could be none other than the native cook, I argued, but I did not go to his quarters to verify or disprove my suspicions. I entered the cabin turned up the light and carefully examined the urn. The rascal had certainly "dosed" it. There was a grayish powder on the cover and on the edge of the urn, and in his haste he had spilled some on the floor. A look inside showed numerous bubbles on the surface of the liquid, but these broke and disappeared while I was looking. The rascal could have but one object in his actions. I arranged the urn so that no one could secure a drink, and then started to notify the captain. As I passed along the deck I looked for the junk, and in an instant saw that she had decreased the distance between us. The tide was setting in, and she was either dragging her anchor or had purposely raised it and allowed herself to drift. The captain was up as soon as I touched his arm, and when I reported my suspicions of the cook and the junk he replied:

"Call all the men at once, but make no noise. The junk has got fifty men in her hold, and the natives on shore are in with the plot to capture us. Take a pair of handcuffs and have the cook secured in his berth."

After I had called the men I went to make a prisoner of the cook, but he was nowhere to be found. His object in remaining aboard up to that hour was to drug our coffee and note what preparations we were making. When he got ready to go he probably swam to the shore with his news, but he could have reported little more than the fact that he had drugged our coffee, which all who were awake at midnight would probably make use of. When the men had received their orders we paid our attention to the junk, and one of the guns was quietly rolled across the deck and trained upon her. When the nightglass was directed to the shore we could make out that many of the natives were moving about and evidently getting ready for some expedition. There was no question now but that we were to be attacked. We had a good pressure of steam, plenty of hot water, and the hose was attached and a man assigned to take charge of it.

It was an hour and a half after midnight before there was any decided move on the part of the enemy. The captain of the junk could not have had a night glass, and perhaps he reasoned that we were as badly off. He kept paying out his cable foot by foot until he was so close on to us that I could have tossed a biscuit aboard of him. Owing to the set of the tide or to some cross current, he dropped down to us stern first, while we lay broadside to the beach. The stern of the junk was pointed amidships of the steamer, and our gun would rake his whole deck at every discharge. At one o'clock two men left her in a small boat and went ashore, and then forty or fifty armed men came out of the hold and took their stations on deck. A few had muskets, but most of them carried knives and a sort of hand grenade which has been termed "stink pot." These bombs are filled with a villainous compound which is let loose as they are broken, and the fumes are more to be dreaded than a bullet. Their plan as we solved it, was for an attack on both sides of us at once. A fleet would come out on us from the shore and the junk would drift down upon us at the same time. We had the cable ready to slip, sent the engineer to his post, and then waited.

At about half-past one, while the tide had yet half an hour to run we saw the shore boats make ready to come off. They knew that the cook had drugged or poisoned our coffee, therefore sent a boat in advance of the fleet to see in what shape we were. The boat came up very softly and rowed twice around us before the captain hailed and let them know we were wide awake. Some sort of signal was given from the boat, and the light opened at once. Just the moment we saw the people on the junk getting ready to drift her down upon us we gave them the grape from the six-pounder. They were not a pistol shot away, with most of the men crowded aft, and I verily believe that the one discharge killed or wounded twenty men. I was at the gun with two others, and a man with a carbine was near us. He fired six or seven shots while we were reloading, and three or four musket shots were fired at us. Our second shot drove all who were left alive below hatches, and as we believed that the carbineer could keep them there, we ran the gun to the starboard side to beat off the boats. It was high time. While the first discharge of the gun had done for a score of them, they were a reckless and desperate lot and would not retreat. They were provided with bombs, spears, blow guns, and muskets, and the man who was to sprinkle them with hot water had been shot dead at their first fire. As soon as we got our gun over, some one picked up the nozzle of the hose pipe and turned it loose on every boat within reach. But for hot water the fellows might have carried us by boarding, for 200 to 10 is big odds.

Such screaming and shouting and shrieking as they indulged in when the boiling water spattered over their half-naked bodies was pandemonium of itself, and all the time we kept playing on them with the guns and carbines. The fight could not have lasted over seven or eight minutes, and as soon as they began to draw off I ran my gun to the port side, loaded with shell, and sent the missile right through the junk's stern. Half a dozen fellows rushed out of the hold and jumped overboard, and I gave her two more. When the third was fired there was an explosion, probably of a barrel of powder, which lifted her decks thirty feet high and split her wide open. She sank right there before our eyes, and the wails of the wounded wretches who floated about for a minute or two were dreadful to hear.

Captain Tabor felt that such treachery as the natives had shown deserved the severest punishment, and ordered both guns loose on the village and fired forty or fifty shells. When the last one went out a human being was in it. Portions of the junk had been driven on the beach and the natives had fled and left everything behind them. The sharks were probably attracted to the spot by the sounds of firing, and they certainly had a rich feast. I never saw them so thick before nor since, and as they fished up the bodies from the bottom around us three or four would seize and tug at a single one and quickly tear it to pieces. I was sent ashore with a flag of truce, with four armed men to make it respected, and on the sands I found the body of one of our firemen, and not far off that of our cook. After some hard work I induced the head man to come in out of the forest and talk with me. His name was Wung-Hang, and a more humable man I never met. He laid it all to the people on the junk. The natives of our crew had conspired with fellows at Ke-Lung to secure passage aboard and overpower us. When this game could not be worked, owing to the refusal of the captain to take them, they followed on after us in the junk, and found a cheerful co-operator in old Wung-Hang, the trader. He denied taking any part in the affair personally, and added that he did his best to dissuade his people from making the attack. His loss, according to his own figures, was sixty-odd killed, while almost everyone else was wounded or scalded. Five men got ashore from the junk, which had nearly fifty men aboard of her.

We were in a situation to take every dollar's worth of goods the old rascal had in his storehouses, but Captain Tabor had no intention of blasting his prestige in that fashion. We held the trader to the contract already made, and landed our goods and put his aboard. He had been soundly thrashed, and like plenty other men under the same circumstances, he respected the thrashers. He supplied us with the best of provisions, detailed natives to do our work, and when we were ready to leave he supplied us with five natives, and gave Captain Tabor full power to decapitate them at the first signs of disobedience. During the next three years, or until I severed my connection with the steamer, we got around to the island about once in six months, and old Wung-Hang always had a good bit of cargo ready for us, and would deal with no one else.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

A mountain range in Central Asia has been named after its discoverer, General Prjevalsky. We sincerely hope that this stem-winding Columbus will change his name before he discovers any more.

ARE you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

The Prince of Wails—The tom cat.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

A Correspondent Writes of Fair Chautauqua.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 2.—"Gath," in his last novel, makes the hero say just before the civil war, "Antietam creek? I never heard of that before. How deficient in history our country is!" But the student if he will but investigate will find our country's soil rich with historical associations, yielding plentiful illustrations of the great law of a nation's growth.

Take for instance, Virginia. Among her many memorials as the proud and wealthy colony of a century and a half ago, are the ruins of costly churches and stately houses built of imported brick, with carved mahogany staircases and massive doors. Among those that have not been allowed to perish with age is a stone mansion in Alexandria. It was built of material brought from Europe in 1753, and forms to-day a part of the "Braddock House," the largest hotel of the city. About the ancient walls new ones have been built, and the pretty "blue room" is the same one in which was held the council of war that preceded Braddock's campaign. In this room General Braddock offered to Washington a commission as an aid, and there the plan of campaign was agreed upon. Six days after the historic march began which ended in Braddock's defeat, and the commencement of the last of the series of wars between the French and English, to decide which nation should control the continent.

The connecting link between the French provinces of Canada and Louisiana was the portage road from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, another place of interesting historical associations. Its history in brief is this:

La Salle, the intrepid French explorer while learning the language of the Seneca Indians, was told by them of a great river called the Ohio, which had its source in their country, but whose mouth could be reached only after a journey of several months. La Salle determined to see this river. He sold his Canadian possessions to raise means of purchasing four canoes and necessary supplies, and with fourteen men he started from Canada in July, 1669, with two Senecas as guides. They landed on the southern shore of Lake Ontario and journeyed fifteen or twenty miles southward to the Indian villages. After the desertion of most of his party and many other discouragements La Salle reached Chautauqua Lake, descended to the Allegheny and floated down the Ohio as far as the rapids at Louisville, where the rest of his men deserted him, and he returned alone. Chautauqua lake is thus mentioned by his biographer: "A little lake, six or seven miles south of Lake Erie, its mouth opening to the southeastward." No practical use was made of this discovery of a short route across the watershed until the French government, nearly eighty years after, sent an expedition to take formal possession of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys in the name of the sovereign of France. Their orders were to bury at stated intervals a series of leaden plates engraved with the arms of France and a statement of ownership. The party consisted of 400 Canadians and Indians. Their first encampment was near the foot of Chautauqua Lake, and the first leaden plate was buried on the present site of Jamestown.

Three years after the government general of Canada, preparing for the war which resulted from the council held in the blue room of the Braddock House, ordered a portage road constructed from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua. This was accomplished in four days, by 400 men, and was well patronized through the exciting months that followed. The last few miles still form the highway between Westfield and Mayville, terminating at the dock from which the crowded steamers ply back and forth in the summer months from the mouth of the great Chautauqua Assembly.

Toward the close of the revolution, a flotilla was built on Chautauqua Lake, and 800 British soldiers and Indian allies embarked with the intention of capturing Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh), but rumors of the great strength of the fort lead to the abandonment of the scheme. Some fifty years ago, a row of wooden piles was discovered, extending across Chautauqua Lake outlet, which are believed to have been put there for the purpose of causing a sufficient flow of water to carry this flotilla to Fort Pitt.

What a contrast between these turbulent scenes and the Chautauqua of today! On its quiet shores is situated a lovely summer city, with 1,000 or more cottages, a large hotel, stores for all needed supplies, a police patrol, daily newspaper, electric lights, in fact all the luxuries one can desire, added to opportunities for recreation and instruction furnished by the rich programme of lectures and concerts, the schools of language, normal classes, and college of music. The forests, which once resounded with Indian war cries and the rattle of musketry, now echo with the merry laugh of children, the swelling notes of the green organ and the melody of the sweet toned Chautauqua chimes. At night all is quiet, save as the music of a good-night song floats from some cottage door, or the great clock in the tower strikes the hour and seems to say "All's well."

M. A. BARWEY.

The One he Forgot.

"John I would like to invite my friend Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear, I must attend the meeting of the Knights of Honor to-night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workman, and you know—"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh, the Odd Fellows meet that night and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Chosen Friends to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars. On Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that. And then Sunday—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christain Fellowship."

"Why, I have forgotten. Am I a member of that—let me see—"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's!"

A parlor suit—Courting in the front room.

A Murderer's Strategy.

Michael Kaelin, who killed his wife at Louisville, Ky., escaped the gallows by shamming insanity, and then laughed at the court. He feigned the malady so successfully that Superintendent Pusey, of Anchorage Asylum testified that he believed the case genuine. He based his belief on the fact that Kaelin sat for hours with a fixed stare, never moving his head. This Dr. Pusey considered an impossible feat for a sane man. Nevertheless, Kaelin was sentenced to hang March 12 last. He secured a new trial because the word "feloniously" was omitted in the indictment. Evidence was brought from Switzerland that many of the family were insane. Dr. Pusey and other experts again testified for the defense, and the verdict was imprisonment for life.

When Kaelin was brought in for sentence last Saturday, he had entirely lost his vacant stare. His unkempt hair had been carefully trimmed, his beard shaved and his moustache combed and brushed into shape. This was the work of a barber. But there was a new light in his eye and a smile on his face as he stepped briskly in front of the Judge. He smiled when the Judge remarked upon his changed appearance, and when asked if it were due to the fact that he had escaped from the jury with his life, said nonchalantly, "May be so."

The patience of the Court gave away at this, and in passing the life sentence he delivered a lecture such as a murderer seldom hears:

"If I had thought at any moment during the progress of your trial," it concluded, "that your appearance of insanity was what all men can now see it was, an abominably false and simulated one, I would have stopped proceedings on the instant. In passing this sentence I am not giving you your deserts. Instead of this I ought to be pronouncing the judgment of death. As it is, expect no pardon. It is your fate—a fate too good for you—to pass the remaining years of your miserable life within the hard walls of a prison without the hope of freedom, until death shall bring it to you."

Kaelin laughed again and started to boast of his trick, but was peremptorily silenced. He now talks freely and there is no doubt whatever that he was shamming. Since the last trial it has developed that Kaelin, with his fellow prisoners, showed little signs of insanity and played poker with the shrewdness of an expert.

Hard to Construe.

"Look here," said the brakeman, stirring up the sleeping passenger, who was dozing the miles away while a forbidding looking dog slumbered quietly at his feet, "Look here, that dog can't ride in this car."

"I know he can't," muttered the passenger, "but he does, doesn't he?"

"But he can't ride any longer," shouted the brakeman.

"Course not," said the passenger, half opening his eyes in sleepy interest "full-grown dog; never be any longer than he is now."

"But he can't ride any more," said the brakeman, showing signs of irritation.

"No," replied the passenger, opening his eyes wide, "he seems to be getting all the ride the old train can give him now."

"But," roared the brakeman, "he won't ride another mile."

"Can't bet on that," said the passenger, dozing away again; "queer dog; owned him six years, and never can tell one minute what he will or won't do the next."

"But he mustn't ride in here," shrieked the brakeman.

"Course he mustn't," sleepily said the passenger, "wife says every day he mustn't come into the house, and he just lives in it."

"Well, by thunder!" roared the brakeman, "he's got to get out of this place!"

"That's what book-keeper says at the office," wearily groaned the sleepy passenger, "and he sleeps under the desk when he isn't scratching for rats under the safe and in the old waste basket."

Then the brakeman got mad and went to the conductor. "There's a man in here got a dog with him," he said, "and I can't make him budge out of the car with it."

"Oh, that sleepy old duffer in the Pennsylvania coach?" said the conductor. "I tried him myself and he wore out the imperative mood of all the verbs in the grammar on me before I got mad enough to bounce him, and then he went to sleep. Let him alone. He gets off at the next station and I am going to run him about seventy miles."

Sound Advice.

Julius Cesar Smith was inquired for, and asked to come forward to the president's desk, and when he had complied Bro. Gardner said:

"Brudder Smith, what sort of a mushen am dat you war on de west?"

"Dat's a chestnut bell, sah."

"When you start out to sell chestnuts you rang dat bell, eh?"

"No, sah. I ring de bell when anybody gits off an old joke."

"Oh, I see. What effect does it hev on de older passon?"

"I—I doan know, sah."

"What effeck does it hev on you?"

Julius Cesar shifted around uneasily but didn't replie.

"Brudder Smith," continued the president, "a passon who am fool 'nuff to pin one of dose things to his west doan know an now an old joke from a new one. Dat class of passons who cry 'chestnuts!' and 'rats!' to give the balance ob de world an ideah dat dey am smart, am really de only class widout brains 'nuff to keep 'em straight in de rind. You walk ober to dat winder an drap dat bell into de alley, an' de sooner yo git de idea dat you doan know more'n all de rest ob de world put together, de better it will be for you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to *Shiloh's Consumption Cure.*" Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Right wrongs no man; though it depends something on what you write.

Ingersoll as a Prisoner of War.

A veteran of the late war, who was in Colonel Bob Ingersoll's command when the great orator was captured down in Tennessee, gives an amusing account of that affair. He says Colonel Bob was completely surrounded by the rebels, and only surrendered when it was folly for the bravest man to do otherwise. He then threw up his hands and screamed out: "Stop firing; I'll acknowledge your —— old Confederacy." The Colonel was taken over to a store for safe keeping and he proved to be a great curiosity. People flocked around, listened to his stories, laughed and declared that they were having more fun than they ever had in their lives. Soon he was asked to make a speech. This was what he was working for, and a minute later he was on a box and addressing the crowd, and it was a right rough crowd, too. No lecture that great orator has ever delivered contained so much good. He pictured how regretfully the North took up arms against the South. Then he went off on slavery, placing the poor whites before him in the place of the unfortunate blacks. It was a touching appeal, and brought tears and storm of applause from the very men who had but a few hours before shot at and captured him. At the moment when the most pathetic passages in his speech were being delivered, General Forrest, Confederate Cavalryman, whose command had made the capture, rushed into the crowd all aglow with excitement, but not anger, and exclaimed: "Here, Ingersoll, stop that speech and I'll exchange you for a Government mule." A short time afterward Colonel Ingersoll was paroled. He was demoralizing the whole of that command, and would have had it revolving against its commander had he been allowed to go on for two or three days as he had done on the first day.

Queer Doctors and Patients.

The Burman is an excitable personage and requires his medicines to be as speedy in obvious results as possible. Consequently his doctors in self defense have to make their prescriptions as nasty as they possibly can—as griping as a rat-trap, as strong as a polecat, and as immediate in action as a poker applied red-hot. A Bengal apothecary once made a great reputation by giving all his patients, indiscriminately, a teaspoonful of Gregory's powders to swallow dry. This made quite a *bona fide* dose for a Burman. It was not only exceedingly nasty from the very beginning, but it lasted for a long time and did not get any more pleasant in the interval. On the other hand, castor oil is a dismal failure from this point of view. Most Burmans would drink a quart and smack their lips after it. They would, however, be gravely displeased if such a pleasant beverage were offered them when unwell and longed for something disagreeable. While the robust Burman thus refuses to be cured by anything which does not come up to the traditional idea of medicine in the way of making him feel very uncomfortable, the effeminate Siamese, Cambojans, and Anamese require of their doctors that their prescriptions shall be as little unpleasant as possible. The demand creates a supply, and it is singular how, with their limited experience, the local medicos are able to produce drugs which are ordinarily far from being disagreeable. It is true that among their remedies figure crushed spiders, pieces of reptiles, ground serpents' bones, scrapings of the horns of wild goats, stags, and rhinoceroses, and the scales of fishes and insects, which are not altogether charming to Western notions. Orientals are, however, not so fastidious, and, judging from the other medicines in their pharmacopœia, these cannot be so repulsive as imagination figures them. The Anamese practitioners refer all sickness to a disturbance of the equilibrium in the human economy, caused by an excess either of heat or cold. This greatly simplifies matters for the doctor, whatever may be the result for the patient. In the one case, solatives, such as opium or Indian hemp, are used; in the other, stimulants of the most extraordinary variety. Saffron and cinnamon-bark play a very great part, and a species of cardamon which grows in Up