The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 4. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1877.

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Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

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JULY.

July—for you the songs are sung
By birds and leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And thro' the day the lisping breeze
Is woven with their tree-top glees.
For you the prattling, pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story-books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for their honey-comb.
The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky aren't changed about.
July—for you, in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!

—*St. Nicholas for July.*

HIS HONOR THE JUDGE.

The case of the State vs. John Luff was the sensation of the day when I landed in Silverton.

My visit to this rough mining town was a matter of business, and I was somewhat annoyed to find that the people were inclined to talk of nothing but the killing of Henry Saxon and the trial of his murderer.

But the story of the crime interested me in spite of myself. The murder had occurred in the Metropolitan Hotel, the very house in which I had engaged a room for a week.

The scene of the killing was the room next to mine. Several days before my arrival the room was occupied by John Luff and Henry Saxon, two well-known sporting men, who had been making Silverton their headquarters during the winter. The two were chums, but sometimes they quarreled in their cups, and it was no uncommon thing for them to fight. After adjusting their differences, however, they generally tumbled into the same bed and slept like brothers. Their last quarrel had a fatal termination. After a bout with their fists in the hotel office they retired to their room. Later in the night a loud shout caused several of the guests to rush in, and they saw a spectacle that froze their blood. On the bed was stretched the lifeless form of Saxon, with a crimson current gushing from his breast. By his side stood Luff, one hand still bloody, and his manner betraying ungovernable fear and excitement.

The Silverton miners and tradesmen were not long in coming to a conclusion. The coroner's jury made it out a case of willful murder, and fastened the guilt upon Luff. It was in vain that Luff expressed his horror. He declared that some one had entered the room. Awak- Saxon and felt the warm blood flowing from the wound. Springing to his feet he turned on the light, and when he saw his dripping hand and the dead body of his friend, he gave a frenzied cry for help.

Of course, nobody believed this story. To make the matter worse, a small dagger belonging to Luff was missing from its usual place on the mantel. It was only too evident that the murderer had stabbed his friend to the heart with this weapon, and had then concealed it. The room was searched, but the dagger could not be found. Doubtless Luff had thrown it into the street, where it had been picked up by some person at present unknown.

There is little delay about frontier justice when a victim is wanted, and in this instance the whole town clamored for one. Court was in session, and Judge Pike shared the general excitement. He was one of the guests at the Metropolitan, and the fact that his room was opposite the one in which the murder was committed naturally increased his interest in the case.

With Judge Pike on the bench there was little doubt covering the result. An indictment was found in no time and the trial opened on the second day of my stay in Silverton.

The defendant's attorneys worked for delay. They hoped that a protracted trial would have the effect of cooling the hot excitement of the hour.

I spent the first day of the trial in the court house, and watched the defendant closely. Luff had a rather good face. It was weak, but not vicious, and as I studied him, I found myself sympathizing with him.

That night I had a singular experience. After supper I spent a couple of hours in Judge Pike's room, and it did not take me long to come to the conclusion that his Honor was a very peculiar man. There was something wrong about him. He could not be called a crank, but his nerves were a little out of order, and it occurred to me that he was liable to break down at any time.

It was past midnight when I awoke. The moonlight streamed into my room, making every object in it plainly visible. Feeling thirsty, I left my bed and went behind a little screen in one corner of the room, where the washstand stood, to get a drink of water. While I was there I heard the door open softly. This was not surprising, as the hotel was a rude affair, and very few of the doors were provided with locks and keys. The thought of Saxon's fate made me a little timid, and I remained quietly behind the screen, awaiting further developments.

To my unuterable astonishment, who should enter the door but Judge Pike.

My first impulse was to speak, but what I saw silenced me. The Judge was in his night clothes. One look at his face convinced me that he was asleep. In his right hand he carried a dagger.

What was I to do with this somnambulist. It would be dangerous to awaken him. I decided to wait and watch.

With stealthy steps the Judge advanced to the side of the bed. He felt cautiously with his left hand until he felt a bunch in the covering and then, with the rapidity of lightning, he drove his dagger into the bedclothes up to the hilt. He did not tarry a second, but quietly vanished from the room, closing the door after him.

As soon as I could I barricaded the door with several pieces of furniture. Then I sat down to think the matter over.

If the judge was a somnambulist, there was no telling what he might do. Worse than that, there was no telling what he had already done.

I thought of the Luff case. Could it be possible that Judge Pike, in one of his sleep-walking fits, had killed Saxon? It looked very much like it. And the dagger? Perhaps it was Luff's missing weapon.

"I will make this thing public," I said to myself, and I proceeded to dress.

But I soon changed my mind. My unsupported testimony would not be regarded. Judge Pike was a grave, dignified man, past middle age, and he was greatly respected by the miners. It would be folly on my part to tell any one of my adventure.

The second day of the trial developed a strong case against Luff; as strong a case as circumstantial evidence could make it. In the meantime I perfected a plan which I hoped would lead to surprising results.

My roommate that night was Dr. Hinton, one of the oldest and wealthiest physicians of the place. The Doctor was a popular man. He had been Mayor of Silverton, and he was, moreover, a lifelong friend of Judge Pike. I could not have selected a better man for the purpose.

Again the moon flooded the room with light as on the previous night. I arranged the bedclothes in the shape of a human figure, and stationed myself behind the screen with Dr. Hinton.

Twelve o'clock came, and one, but we remained undisturbed.

"He is not coming," whispered the Doctor.

"Perhaps not," I answered, "but I feel in duty bound to watch."

"Very well," yawned the Doctor, "I am with you, but we did not go to work in the right way."

"What would have been your plan?" I asked.

"Why, simply this. We should have concealed ourselves in the corridor and watched his door. When he came out we could have followed him at a little distance. As it is, he may visit another room, and in that event our time will be lost."

"It is all very well to suggest that now," I answered, "but there are objections to your plan. The guests who found us prowling around the corridor would demand explanations, and we would have found it necessary to let too many into our secret. Now, it seems reasonable to suppose that the force of habit will draw the Judge to the same place. This room is next the one in which the murder occurred, and if my theory is correct your friend was making for that room last night. Finding it securely fastened—you know it has been nailed up since the inquest—he tried the next door, which is mine. If he walks at all to-night, I be-

"There is something in that," said my companion; "but I hope that he will not come. Think of the effect upon his mind if our suspicions should turn out to be the truth."

"Hush!" I whispered.

The door creaked a little, and a white-robed figure gently glided in.

"It is the Judge!" said the Doctor, under his breath.

And it was the Judge. It was plainly evident even in the moonlight that he was asleep, but his features were twitching convulsively. In his right hand he carried the dagger.

Swiftly, and yet without making the slightest noise, the sleepwalker approached the bed, and, stretching forth one hand, commenced cautiously feeling. When his hand rested upon the sham figure he delivered the same rapid thrust with the dagger that I had witnessed the night before, and fled from the room.

Dr. Hinton was a cool man when there was work to do. He signaled to me, and we ran after the Judge, following him into his room.

Judge Pike closed his door end faced us. For a momen I thought that he was awake, but I soon saw that he was unconscious. He went to his trunk and, lifting its contents carefully, placed the dagger at the bottom. Then he threw himself into an arm chair.

"I hate to do it," said Dr. Hinton, "but it must be done."

He advanced to the chair and shook the sleeping man.

"How dare you?" he exclaimed. "What does this mean? Why, gentlemen, this is strange. How is it that you are in my room?"

He looked down at his costume, and buried his face in his hands.

"Have I been ill?" he asked.

"My friend," said the doctor, "I am about to bring a great sorrow upon you, but I know that you are brave enough to bear the truth. What I have to say does not reflect upon your character, and it is necessary that you should know it."

"Speak!" huskily commanded the Judge.

"May I open your trunk a moment?" asked the Doctor.

"Certainly," was the reply: "make yourself at home."

The Doctor drew from the bottom of the trunk the dagger.

"How did that get there?" was the Judge's stern question. "I have no weapons. I never saw that before."

The doctor held the dagger up. On its handle was engraved the name of John Luff.

"This calls for an explanation, sir, said Judge Pike, with an angry look.

"Tell him," said the Doctor, turning to me.

It was the hardest task of my life, but in some fashion I managed to tell the story. In the middle of it the Doctor came to my rescue, and, with his arm around his friend's neck, he told him all the events of the night.

The Judge's face assumed a deathly pallor, and several times I expected to see him faint. He took the dagger in his hand and looked at the name.

"I understand it all," he groaned.

He threw the dagger on the floor.

"Gentlemen," said he, sadly, "leave me now. "Let me sleep, if I can. In the morning my nerves will be stronger, and we will then consult together to see how to do justice to Luff without doing injustice to me. The whole truth must come out."

We left the room, and returned to mine.

"What will be the end of it?" I asked the Doctor.

"Impossible to say," he replied. "Pike is a religious man. He will not commit suicide, or do anything rash.

We were at the breakfast table, when the landlord rushed in, and said to the Doctor:

"Come, quick! Judge Pike is dead or dying!"

We hurried to the Judge's room, but it was too late. The wretched man was dead.

To our great joy it was not a case of suicide. Dr. Hinton made a thorough investigation, and satisfied himself that his friend had died of heart disease.

Perhaps it was better so. When the Doctor and I made our statement to the prosecuting attorneys, no one questioned it. There was great surprise, but the indictment was readily "nollied" as the miners called it, and Luff was set at liberty.

"It was a close shave," he said, when he set up the drinks that night, "and this climate doesn't suit my health. I am going to skip."

Silverton was not sorry to see him go. If he was not to be hanged there was no way in which he could be utilized, and the miners counted his room better than his company.

Settling a Bully.

During the occupation of Paris by the allies after Waterloo, a good deal of feeling arose between English and French officers. Many of the latter, although in the service of Louis XVIII were formerly under Napoleon, and still retained their former master's hatred for *perfide Albion*. There was one French officer who boasted of having killed a dozen English officers, and promised to go on in his work. One evening he swaggered as usual into his café and, to his astonishment, actually saw one of those hated "Anglais" occupying his chair—a chair that no one hitherto had dared to sit upon but himself. Mastering his passion, he unbuckled his sword-belt, and having placed his sword on one side, began to insult the perfectly inoffensive English officer who sat so unconscious-looking in his (the Frenchman's) chair. He trod upon the Englishman's toes, he deprived the Englishman of his candles; he went from one thing to another without at all being able in the least, apparently to disturb the other's placidity. At last he snatched the newspaper out of the Englishman's hand; and then the Briton slowly rose up, displaying to the astonished eyes of the Gaul a guardsman some six feet six inches high. The giant, bending across the table, seized hold of the Frenchman's nose with one hand and his chin with the other, and wrenching his mouth open, spat down his throat. With a howl the Frenchman, holding his under jaw with both hands, ran out of the room. His jaw was broken; and neither he nor the cafe.

The English officer was the late Gen. Sir James Simpson, who for a time commanded in the Crimea, and who was in his time the tallest man in the British army.—*St. James Budget.*

The Czar's Private Newspaper.

The nervous and irritable state of the Czar since the recent attempts upon his life, has reached such a degree that in his presence they must not be alluded to and in order to obey his wishes in this respect the very newspapers he reads have to be specially prepared. He receives at present no other papers but those expressly printed for him; the veriest penny magazines of old, containing at best a few inoffensive despatches, the rest being made up of society gossip and theatrical notes, with at best a little leaderette or two thrown in, recounting the blessings of his autocratic government, without an overstrict adherence to the truth in their enumeration. The editor of the special sheet, to which the Czar is the only subscriber, and which appears in a singular number, saw no harm in inserting the reports of the festivities on the occasion of the Emperor William's ninetieth birthday anniversary, which caused the Czar to exclaim sadly: "I shall never live to reach four score years and ten, and have the benediction of millions of my subjects showered upon my head!"

A Dog's Self-Sacrifice.

A southern paper prints the following moving story of sublime self-sacrifice by a dog—a fine large Newfoundland. A camping party on the coast of Georgia, near Savannah, had been amusing themselves by swimming in the bay, and a venturesome lad named Charley Butler, had swam much farther and staid longer than the rest. The writer, who was the owner of the dog, dressed himself, and was busy preparing supper when he heard an alarm.

A sudden outcry told me something was going wrong on the shore. Grabbing a rifle and hastening back, with Carlo at my heels, I beheld Butler some distance away, swimming with all his might, and only a few yards behind him the vertical fin of a huge shark. There seemed no possibility that the boy's life could be saved; we were without boats, and the fish and man were so nearly in line from us that I did not dare to fire. In a second Black Carlo, comprehending the situation, dashed through the surf and started to swim toward Charley with a speed that I have never seen equalled by any land animal. The boy having leisurely covered most of the distance between the reef and the shore when the man eater started after him, was comparatively fresh, and, when he saw the noble dog hastening to his help, made a final desperate effort to escape. In another instant Carlo was close to him.

Just then, however, the shark, having come near enough, turned so that we could see his white belly glistening in the twilight, and all was ready for the spring that would have surely ended Charley's life when Carlo, leaping clear over Butler's form, appeared to go straight into the monster's mouth; and the latter, having got his supper, disapperred in the deep water, while the lad in a few seconds was safe on the shore. That night our joy over our comrade's rescue was mingled with sorrow for the life so gallantly sacrificed in his behalf and to this day the memory of this thrilling scene fills me with sadness for the loss of Black Carlo, my dog hero.

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.

At The West Point Riding Hall.

It is accounted "great fun" to witness the first rides of the yearlings so we will go down there and laugh at their mishaps.

Mounting the stairs to the gallery, we look down upon a large space strewn with tanbark, at one end of which is a row of some twenty horses with watering-bridles. Soon the performers file in and come to a halt in front of the horses. Do they intend to ride with only a watering-bridle without even saddle or blanket?

They will try to, at all events. The instructor commands:

"Stand to horse! Prepare to mount. Mount?"

In obedience to his command the cadets spring, struggle, leap, and kick, in their efforts to bestride their steeds. The moment they are mounted, several horses develop astonishing bucking propensities, to the anguish of their riders, and delight of the gallery. Now they start around the hall at a walk. It seems rather tame does n't it? But soon the command "trot!" is given, and the fun begins. The poor fellows bounce about on the horses' backs like India-rubber boys, and wabble from side to side like jumping-jacks. The trot is accelerated, the horses take the gallop, and dash around the hall, tumbling their riders in heaps at the corners, while those who by chance are still mounted grasp frantically at their horses' manes. Finally, the gait is reduced to a walk; line is formed; the dismounted yearlings, nothing daunted, catch their horses and remount, and then the performance is repeated.

If we had visited the gymnasium and fencing-academy in the morning, we should have seen sections of the fourth class exercising under a rigid systems of instruction; and if from there we had gone to the riding-hall at the hour of first-class attendance, we should have seen exhibited the high degree of muscular skill and activity to which the system of training in gymnasium and riding-hall brings cadets. For the first-class cadets ride like Indians. It is immaterial to them wether they have saddle or blanket or ride bareback. They leap hurdles, go through the saber exercise, and are adepts at pistol practice; they mount dismount, vault their horses and pick up articles from the ground, all while at full speed; they ride forward, backward, sideways, and double; lying down, kneeling, and standing up. Visitors at the riding-hall during first-class hours go to admire not to laugh.—*George I. Putman, in St. Nicholas for July.*

A Check in the Coffin.

There was a man who had great business ability. He was a Jew. He had not a cent. The last two statements do not at first sight [illegible]. There was another man who had the cent. He was also a Jew. The centless man with the ability was the kind of a thing the abilityless man with the cent was looking for. They made a partnership. One thousand dollars capital represented the cented partner, and the ability the other fellow; and the combination worked. They made money, and made more and more still, until one day the man who had the capital died. You see the firm was lucky. If the fellow with the business ability had died the other might have busted. The partner who died first left all his property to the living partner, the proviso that he should put the original capital of one thousand dollars in the coffin. He wanted capital on the other side, you see, and I suppose he thought that fellows with business ability and no money were just as much in the majority there as they are here.

"You go and put in the coffin—the one thousand dollars. You can afford it, and it will make your mind easy," said the rabbi.

The next time the rabbi met the business man he found him looking very happy.

"Did you settle that thing?"

"Oh, yes; that's all fixed."

"And you put the one thousand dollars in the coffin?"

"Yes; that is, I put a check there payable to his order.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Pincushion of Honor.

A young commercial traveler was riding on the cars in the vicinity of Grand Rapids. There were few people riding in the same coach with him, but he noticed a very old lady who seemed to have passed the allotted span of life, and a younger woman tired and travel-stained and accompanied by two peevish restless little ones, who were never still for a moment.

The old lady was unattended and sat by herself, seeming oblivious of all her surroundings. The mother with her children, occupied double seats. She looked worn out with fatigue. The young man sat comfortably in the rear of the coach and read or amused himself with his thoughts.

But when an opportunity came for him to be of service, he improved it.

He closed the window for the old lady who feebly thanked him. He gave the children some picture-cards to keep them out of mischief. He told them stories and gave them innumerable drinks from the tank near by, while their tired mother caught a nap. He divided an orange among them and prepared another for the old lady, who declared it tasted cool and grateful.

Before they reached the station where the young man was to leave the train, and while he was getting his satchel down, the old lady beckoned him to her.

"My son," she said, in a quivering voice, "I live at Grand Rapids; perhaps you have heard of me? I am the old lady who sent 300 pincushions out to the Soldiers' Home there. I am now eighty-three years old and all I do is to make pincushions and give them away to deserving people. Young man, I have watched you, and here is your pincushion."

It was a homely little round of pasteboard, but that young man declares he will never part with it as long as he lives.

Visitor—"What name are you going to give the little fellow?" Mrs. Simples—"His name is going to be William. I want him to be a great poet like Shakespeare. His name was William, you know."

Miss Braddon is about to publish her fiftieth novel.

The Invention of Printing.

Before the middle of the fifteenth century, Europe had a cheap material paper; an oily ink, developed for block-book printing, in place of the fluid ink, which could be used only with the brush, probably the press itself; skilled artisans, trained in the block-book work; most important of all, the demand caused by education. It lacked movable types that could be fitted evenly and readily together, for neither the porcelain letters of Pi-Ching nor the individual stamps of the early copyists had developed to this point. "The invention of printing" in its modern sense consisted in the simple production of such types, or, as De Vinne puts it, of the type-mould which should produce such types. Fifteen cities claim to be the birthplace of printing, but the honor rests between Haarlem, Strasburg and Mainz. The Dutch legend is that some time about or previous to 1440, one Laurent Janszoon Koster, custos or sexton of a church in Haarlem, while in the Hout, or Haarlem wood, cut letters on a beech tree, which suggested to him wooden types, from which he afterward developed metal types; and that a man in his employ, escaping with the secret to Mainz, originated the art there. Haarlem contains many portrait monuments of Koster, and belief in him is an article of the Dutch faith, but later investigators claim that he is altogether a myth, made up, with much imagination and some rascality, of two Harlem citizens, neither of whom was a printer, and the "unknown printer" of much later days.

The German story centers in John Gutenberg, of the family called Gensfleisch—taking his mother's name in accordance with a German custom, because her family was dying out—as to whom there is a definite historical chain of evidence, including the records of two lawsuits. Nothing is certainly known of his first thirty years. He is supposed to have been born about 1399 at Mainz, whence his family were exiled, going to Strasburg. In 1439 he appears as a defendant in a lawsuit brought in Strasburg by an heir of one Andrew Dritzehen, to compel Gutenberg to admit him to the secret and benefit of an art into which the deceased had bought by payment to Gutenberg. This art seems to have been printing, and the evidence in the suit shows that Gutenberg sent his servant to Dritzehen's house, immediately on his death, to have a "form" of "four pieces" "lying in or about a press," separated "by turning two buttons," "so that no one might know what it is." We do not know, for Gutenberg won the suit and kept the secret. Different modern scholars construe "it" to be parts of the press, pages of type, matrices, or a four-part definitely known whether Gutenberg printed any books in Strasburg (some fragments of a type *Donatus* being most plausibly connected with him there,) which caused a German critic to declare that if Strasburg is the cradle of printing "it is a cradle without a baby." By 1448 Guttenberg had removed to Mainz, for there is record of his hiring money, and in 1450 he made a contract with John Fust, a money-lender, to provide money for paper, "vellum, ink, wages, and the other materials required," on half-profits, which contract was the basis of the second suit. In this suit, brought in 1455, Fust, who has been sadly confused with that later Dr. Faust, of Wittenburg, from whose wicked learning grew the Faust legend, foreclosed his mortgage, got possession of part of Gutenberg's implements and stock, and by the help of Gutenberg's apprentice, Peter Shoeffer, who afterward married Fust's daughter Christina, took up the business of printing. There is a legend that this Shoeffer, and not Gutenberg, invented the type-mould, but recent investigators show that this invention was peculiarly Gutenberg's.

Gutenberg, who started a new printing office after the separation, by help of money from Conrad Humery, physician and town clerk, printed two editions of the Bible. He printed also an edition of the *Donatus*, several *Letters of Indulgence* (the earliest job-work) a broadside Calendar of 1457, a *Catholicon* of 1460, and many other things. He was alive in 1465, when Archbishop Adolph made him one of the gentlemen of his Court, and was dead in 1468, for in that year Conrad Humery had succeeded to his effects.—*R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

An Original Theory of Earthquakes.

It is said by geologists that the crust of the earth bears about the same proportion to the whole that the rind of an orange bears to the substance inclosed. On old charts and maps several whirlpools are marked, but recently those places have been sailed over without finding them. Within a few months, however, two great whirlpools, called the Wells of Swinna, have been discovered in the Pentland Firth, which runs between the Orkney Islands and the main land of Scotland. These, it is said, will swallow up any vessel which comes within their draught. Since the extinction of the volcanoes in the Island of Iceland earthquakes have been unknown in higher northern latitudes. Some of the Orkneys are in latitude sixty degrees north. It is assumed that water received by the whirlpools have generated steam among the internal forces, and this steam has sought vent through the thinnest part of the crust. It is well known that the tropics are more frequently visited by earthquakes than the temperate zones. Suppose, then, that the surface of the earth is thinner at the equator than elsewhere, is there not danger that the earth may be torn in two, and that, as both poles are laden with ice, the parts may capsize with the habitable division undermost? In that case the waters would rush into the fires, and the whole affair go up in steam. Everything that is possible is probable.—*Boston Globe.*

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.

"Boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "Yes'm: a load of hay went through this morning," was the urchin's horrid reply.

THE REBEL FLAGS.

SIX HUNDRED DROPPING INTO TATTERS.

There are upward of a thousand flags in what is for the present the flag room of the War Department. Of these nearly 600 are "Rebel flags," so-named in the record book bearing the title, "Record of Rebel flags captured by the Union troops since April 19, 1861." Over 200 are Federal colors taken by Confederate troops and found in Richmond after the evacuation of that city. The balance are also Federal colors, regimental flags turned over to the War Department by the various State organizations. The latter are all on staffs. The real history of the Confederate flags would be more interesting than the few lines each one gets in the record book. Some of these are made of women's dresses. Where cashmere or other woolen material was used, as in several, they have been eaten into shreds by moths. They were no doubt worn out when placed in the department twenty years ago, but now they are literally in tatters. Blues have faded into white and red into faint pink. The stars have dropped out, and when unfurled, little bits fall to the floor. The largest flag in the lot is the garrison flag of Fort Tyler, West Point, recaptured by the 1st Wisconsin, 2d Indiana and 7th Kentucky regiments. The smallest is a tiny guidon taken from the First Irish Brigade, or 69th New-York in that brigade. I believe it was the glory of the 69th to boast of never having lost its colors. After the war, while many of the flags were in the ordnance museum in Winder's Building, soldiers of the 69th dropping in as visitors were "taken down" as the man in charge expressed it, by seeing their lost guidon. Number 236 is a Union flag "made by Mrs Hetty McEwen, floated from her house at the time the city of Nashville Tenn., was in possession of the South, and was found still waving there when Gen. Buell's army took the city." The flag about which there is perhaps more curiosity is a small black flag, having a single white star in the centre. This was among the flags in the Ordnance museum and attracted the attention of visitors, who regarded it as they would a piratical signal of no quarter. Indeed, some wag had written on one corner the words "No quarter." The late General Myer, I am told, declared this flag to be a Rebel signal flag, made black to show clearly against a bright sky. A flag captured from General Longstreet's Corps had these remarks on paper pasted on the staff: "Mr. Yankee, you will please turn this flag, staff, and shoulder belt over to the 9th Maine; was captured at St. Gilmore on the 29th Oct., 1864, by Third Forks Regt. Vol." (Signed) "Big Rebel."

When the captured Union flags were found at Richmond, there were also with the Rebel archives sent up to Washington a collection of designs for a Confederate flag. With the devices were letters explaining their meaning. But in all, over 200, there were not above half a dozen devices without the stars. The arrangement of the stars made infinite variety, but through all, the mullet or five pointed star was retained, showing that, desirous as the Confederates were to get a flag unlike the "Yankee" emblem, the old feeling could not shake off attachment to the stars. And in almost every letter with a device for the flag, reference is made to retaining the stars, though sometimes ignoring the stripes. One Confederate wrote: "Let the Yankees keep their ridiculous tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' but by all that is sacred do not let them monopolize the stars and stripes. You have fought well under our glorious banner; could you fight as well under another? Never! Change it improve it, alter it as you will but for Heaven's sake keep the stars and stripes?"

Another said: "Do not give up the stars and stripes to the North. It is ours as fully as it is theirs. . . Keep the stripes, keep the azure field, and a star for each sovereignty in the constellation, and then diminish it by a red cross (the Southern cross) cutting the stripes at right angles. . . The songs of a nation and its flag have a prodigious moral influence."

One Confederate alone wrote against the stars and in favor of the stripes. "He said: "I don't like the cross. It is significant of Catholic rule and had too much to do with the machinery of the dark ages. The old stars must, I think be abandoned. They belong to night, and besides the North will keep them. It is morning with us. Let there be seven stripes, one for each of the original States, as the thirteen were for the original States of the old Confederacy. Let them be vertical instead of Horizontal."

One writing wholly in favor of the stars, sent his device and said: "We still have a 'star-spangled banner' which is dear to the people from old associations and we can afford to let the Yankees keep the stripes. We are entitled to a 'star spangled banner,' because the best poetry in honor of it was composed by a Southern man, and the incident which occasioned its composition occurred on Southern soil and reflected honor on Southern soldiers."

The committee of the provisional Government in their report on a flag and seal for adoption, confessed they were not so much attached to the old flag, and declared it would be inappropriate to "retain the flag of the government from which we have withdrawn." The design recommended by the committee and adopted by the Provisional Government was known as the "Stars and Bars." The union blue in the corner had a circle of seven white stars, to represent the seven original seceding States. The rest of the flag showed three bars, red, white and blue. In 1862 the Confederate Government, as one evidence of absolute severance from the United States, decided on a new flag. This was the Southern Cross, finally adopted by the Confederate Congress in 1863, and favored by General Beauregard. It was first, however, General Joseph E. Johnston's battle flag, he having selected the blue spangled saltier upon a red field as his battle ensign. It did not please the *Richmond Examiner*, in which it was described as "a red field bestraddled with a long-legged white cross. Probably the confusion of the Rebel and Union colors at the first battle of Manassas led to giving up the "Stars and Bars" by the former.

On looking over the flags in the War Building I find most of the Confederate flags of the Southern Cross device—red field and blue cross having thirteen stars. Now and then one shows but eleven stars or eight. One has fifteen stars. A printed catalogue of these flags when they were on exhibition in the Ordnance Museum gives the number placed there at 540. The history of 540 in this catalogue is brief and ends the list. "No. 540—Rebel battle flag, brought from Richmond by Master Tad Lincoln." President Lincoln's youngest son was a lad of twelve years when he went with his father on the memorable visit to City Point, where General Grant had his headquarters.

The Ordnance Museum remains in Winder's Building. Will the flags be returned there, and placed where the public may see them again? I am told that some time ago the Secretary of War, then General Belknap, wished to have the Confederate flags sent to West Point and put in the museum there. Strong objection was made on the ground that this would tend to keep alive unpleasant feelings between the cadets from the two sections in exultation on the one side and regret on the other. Adjutant-General Townsend contended that the proper place for the flags was here in the War Department Building. To return them to the South would, he declared, when that suggestion once came up, be a direct recognition of the rights of the rebellious organization.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Solution of the Labor Problems.

The best thinkers on economic topics seem to be more nearly unanimous than ever before in the opinion that co-operation is to be the ultimate solution of the industrial problems of our day. This view was held, it is well known, by the Christian socialists of England thirty-five years ago, and at that time they had mapped out pretty clearly the form of co-operation which they thought future society would adopt. Among them were some of the most gifted Englishmen of this century, who have demonstrated long ago that they were not mere visionaries, but that, on the contrary, they far excelled in practical wisdom their detractors. Many of these early Christian socialists, now old men, after a life rich in experience, still maintain their former opinion about co-operation. Mr. Thomas Hughes, for example, writes: "I still look to this movement as the best hope for England and other lands."

John Stuart Mill frequently gave expression to somewhat similar views, although he doubtless held that public authority would play a more important role in future industrial society than did the Christian socialists. He sympathized—at any rate in his later days—to greater extent with the State socialists of the Continent. Perhaps the result of recent studies in economics is best given by Professor Henry C. Adams in these words: "The cooperative principle is the one to which the wages system must give way; but what particular form industrial organization will take no one can say."

The world has ever been restless under any social system which tolerated a separation of labor and capital; for although the things for which these words stand may, as the trite saying has it, be allies, not enemies, the same has not always been true of those who furnish capital and labor; nor can any honest man say that their interests are precisely identical. The point of divergence of interest is so sharp, and the ultimate separation so wide, as to give a good deal of support to the doctrine that their enmity lives in the nature of things. They have not always [illegible] under the guidance of men who owned their tools, and employed them with their own hands. Capital was not an important separate factor, for it was, as a rule, united with labor in ownership. Still earlier, and also still later, we have slavery, which united labor and capital in the same hands, namely, the hands of the master, who owned labor precisely as he owned capital. Both were chattels. The arguments urged for this union by the ablest advocates of slavery were powerful. Again and again they pointed out the impossibility of permanently harmonious social relations should labor and capital be supplied by two distinct industrial classes. They were never satisfactorily answered on this point. But their conclusion was nevertheless unwarranted. The first stage in the evolution of industrial society finds labor and capital united, and the stage of evolution to which we must come will also witness their union, but there will be this radical difference: in the one period of evolution they are united in the hands of capitalists; in the other, they will be found in the hands of the laborers.

As John Stuart Mill says, this must be brought about by a development of the partnership principle. No one, as already stated, can tell exactly what form this will take, but some things seem already clear. Corporations will play an important part in this development, as they gradually become more democratic in their tendencies. Corporations and cooperative enterprises will become more and more nearly assimilated until they can scarcely be distinguished. President Francis A. Walker, in his treatise on Political Economy, dwells on the importance of industrial leadership, and believes that co-operative enterprises have not a great future because the captains of industry are not in their employ. Every word which he says about the importance of the services rendered by leaders in the economic world is true, but there are two things which he overlooks: First, the power of perfect organization, which is daily becoming more apparent in every domain of life, and which is now achieving triumphs remarkable beyond precedent. The second is the fact that the captains of industry will yet be found at the head of co-operative enterprises. It was that kind of co-operation which we find in corporations which first gave them their present position—which, it may almost be said, first called them into existence. When corporations become more truly cooperative with respect to the labor element, the captains of industry will not disappear. * * *

Some have advocated a total suppression of corporations; but even were this possible, it is plain that it would be a retrograde movement. There is, fortunately, a conservative middle ground between the radicalism which would sweep away these useful industrial forms and the equally dangerous obstinacy which rejects all suggestions of change. The arguments advanced by the enemies of corporations must convince any fair minded man that there are evils inseparably connected with corporations as they exist to-day in the United States, but an analysis of these arguments reveals the fact that they do not apply equally to all classes of corporations.—*Prof. R. T. Ely, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.