The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

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

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. A^"ress.

Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL, Business Manager.

Business Cards.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, 71.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. ly 5-tf.

DR. H. BEUKAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House. jan. 21, 70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. feb. 28, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of A. J. Colborn. aug. 12-1y.

VALENTINE RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can be found at all times to be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. jun 7, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection, &c. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '70.

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 28, '70-1y.

HENRY F. SUMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. jan. 13-tf.

BARNET HOUSE.—The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the (Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. JOHN HILL. Apr 17 '72

CYRUS MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of Ed. Scull. ly. 5-tf.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.

Night calls promptly answered. Apr. 26, '70-1y.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care. Office one door west of the "Stoutter House," same as occupied heretofore by Dr. P. C. Musser.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

F. J. KOOGER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

PICKERSGILL, LYONS & Co., MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

LOOKING GLASSES,

Fine Mantle and Pier Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a Specialty.

52 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. Mar 22

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL.—

GOOD & JONES,

Are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and manufacturing of building materials,

FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.

in short, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled. July 26 '71 GOOD & JONES.

JAMES PUGH,

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.

Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

He will also promptly attend to

REPAIRING

None but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

All work done in the latest and most approved styles, at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Somerset, March 6th.

Fairbank's Standard SCALES,

Of all kinds. Be careful to buy only the genuine. Scales repaired promptly. Platform, Baggage Barrows, Warehouse Trucks, Improved Money drawers, &c. FAIRBANK'S HORSE & CO., Mar 27 142 Second Avenue, Pittsburg.

W. CUNNINGHAM,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LAVANSVILLE, PA.

Nov. 15, '71-6m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,

(Opposite St. Charles Hotel,)

41 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

TIN WARE.

The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods

usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of Chnebert's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa. aug. 12-1y. NOAH CASEHEER.

COLE, BROOKS & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants,

NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Our business strictly Commission, not Speculative. Special attention given

TO THE SALE OF BUTTER.

Refer to J. M. Bitlerbaum, Somerset, Messrs. M. D. Miller & Co., Meyers Mills, Messrs. Meyers & Amwalt, Berlin, Chauncey Brooks, President Western National Bank of Baltimore. Aug 23, '71-1y*

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.

The new Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL,"

Three-fourths of a mile south of Somerset is completed and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Big highest market price paid for all kinds of grain. July 17, 2 VALENTINE RAY.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand.

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices.

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS.

Wooden Ware of All Kinds.

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

CHIMNEYS,

And everything belonging to the lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of

Table Knives and Forks,

BASKET STOVES,

SPOONS,

SHEARS

AND SCISSORS.

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.

Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call. June 12-'72.

LIFE INSURANCE

For Business Men.

"The Reserve Fund Policy."

ISSUED BY THE

BERKSHIRE

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

INCORPORATED 1851.

Secures Special Protection to

Every Policy Holder.

For example: Suppose you are thirty-five years of age and take a "Reserve Fund Policy" at ordinary life rates.

One annual payment will insure you 1 years and 3 days.

Two annual payments will insure you 4 years and 32 days.

Three annual payments will insure you 6 years and 27 days.

Five annual payments will insure you 10 years and 56 days.

Six annual payments will insure you 12 years and 11 days.

This Protection Applies to any Age.

And is expressly stated in every Policy.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH PROTECTION.

This is to certify that my late husband, Daniel R. Thompson, was insured in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Pittsfield, Mass., for $1,000, December 19th, 1870, premium payable quarterly. That two payments were made up to June 19th, 1871, that he died October 12th, four months after he failed to make his payment.

The usual proofs of death were forwarded to the Company, and the full amount of the policy, less the two quarterly payments due at the time of his death, was paid to me by their General Agent in Philadelphia, W. H. Graves, at their office, S. W. corner Chestnut and Eleventh Streets.

NETTIE THOMPSON.

W. H. Greene, late of New York, insured a few years since in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company for $5,000, but owing to misfortune in business was unable to make any payment to the Company during one year and five months prior to his decease. I have this day paid (at the New York office of the Company, 271 Broadway, corner of Chambers street), three thousand two hundred and ninety-nine dollars, the balance of the amount due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

J. H. FRANCISCUS, Superintendent.

New York, March 11th, '70.

Read the Following List of Claims Paid.

James Joice, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months.

F. H. C. Hampe, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months and 3 days.

Mrs. O. E. Hart, Chicago, Ill, $5,000, payment overdue 7 months and 18 days.

H. F. Moore, Boston, Mass., $2,000, payment overdue 5 months and 16 days.

James H. Adair, New Mayesville, Ind., $2,000, payment overdue 2 months and 7 days.

Bernard O'Grady, Detroit, Mich., $5,000, payment overdue 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.

Jonas D. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., $1,000, payment overdue 3 years, 1 month and 2 days.

GOODCHILD & MARSHALL, Agents, apr 17 '72. Somerset, Pa.

The Improved

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

New Draw Feed,

LOCK STITCH.

There are nine points in a Sewing Machine that ladies desiring to purchase, should take into consideration, namely:

Lightness of running,
Ease of Management,
Capacity to do the Work Required,
Freedom from Noise, and
Non-Liability to get out of Order.

We claim that the IMPROVED ELLIPTIC possesses all these points, and that it is

THE VERY BEST

FAMILY MACHINE

Now Manufactured.

And we solicit an examination of it. Agents wanted in every county, to whom we will give the most liberal terms.

EATON BROS., 19 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

[For the HERALD.]

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

W. S. LOBINGIER

Far out in the East
The grey light of the morning
Crept up like a wave as the night fled away,
And feeble and faint
Shone the star in the heavens,
Which heralds the birth and the coming of day.

Below, in the quiet
And beautiful valley,
The mist, like a billowy sea coming on,
Rolled hither and thither
Like waves of the ocean,
As though it were glad for the coming of dawn.

And soon o'er the hills
Of the Orient, rising,
The sun in his splendor looked forth on the scene,
And forest and meadow
Smiled joy at his coming
Reflecting the half of his glory and sheen.

But the same sea of mist
As if rising to welcome
The source of the light and the king of the day,
Gathered up its white folds
Like an army with banners
And gradually and silently vanished away.

Now all the long day
Neath the shade of the Greenwood
Looking toward the blue meadows of heaven—the sky—

I see the white clouds
Like the tents of the Angels
Roll up their bright folds and pass silently by.

I picture, in fancy,
The fairy encampment,
Of beautiful beings called spirits of air,
Whose music ne'er catches
The ears of poor mortals
For theirs is the life of hard, wearisome care.

But here neath the cool,
Shady trees of the forest,
All vocal with music where bright waters play,
The spirit is free
From the toil and the sorrow
That burdens with labor the long summer day.

The smoke from my fragrant
Cigar, curling upward,
Seems peopled with forms that my fancy conceives,
As the nymphs and the fairies
Of sweet ancient story
Were wont to inhabit the woods and the leaves.

I dream of the time
When the strife and confusion
That racks the whole world with such torture, shall cease,
And nought shall be heard
In the hymn of the ages
Save only the heavenly music of peace.

O Chateaux en Espagne!
Chateaux en Espagne!
What fanciful forms does the dreamer behold—
They're bathed in the fresh,
Flowing light of the morning,
Or finged, like the evening, with crimson and gold.

They rise, like the lark,
In the bright, dewy morning,
Or sink as the evening star in the west;
And fancy, like birds
On the wing, ever soaring,
Has visions of happiness, quiet and rest.

So taking no note
Of the swift flying moments,
I people with beings the "castles of air,"
And dream of the golden
And glorious future,
In visions of beauty, beyond compare.

THE SOLDIERS MESSENGER.

BY AGILE PENNE.

"Here, Red cap!" cried a tall, well built gentleman, standing on the steps of the Metropolitan hotel, one fine May evening in the year 1869.

The man addressed as "Red cap," was sauntering slowly by the hotel.—His garb of faded blue—his red cap, and the empty right sleeve of his coat told that he was a disabled soldier. One who had fought for Uncle Sam and left his trusty right arm on some southern battle field. And now, the soldier who had to march to the quick-step of the Union and sealed his loyalty with his blood, was reduced to earning a scanty subsistence as a "Soldier Messenger"—a carrier of letters and parcels, eager to do any errand to gain him bread.

They say that Republics are ungrateful; that the Soldier Messenger Corps exist, proves the truth of the saying.

The soldier turned at the call, and advanced to the man on the steps.

In person, the soldier was a good looking fellow of, perhaps, five and twenty; with a frank, honest face. The short black hair—moustache of the same hue, and a certain independent carriage of the head—hard to describe, but once seen not easily forgotten—told plainly that he was a New York boy.

"Will you carry a letter for me to fifth avenue?" asked the gentleman on the steps, as the soldier came up to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier in a full, manly voice.

The stranger on the steps started as the tones of the soldier's voice fell upon his ear. Eagerly he looked into the other's face.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked quickly.

A moment the soldier looked at the face of the gentleman before replying; then he shook his head.

"I think not, sir," he said, "although your face does seem familiar to me."

"I am Major Whitton, of the twenty-ninth."

The soldier touched his cap, respectfully, at the announcement of the other's rank.

"I don't remember the name, sir," the Red cap said.

"What regiment were you in?"

"The fifty-first New York."

"Do you remember, at Fredericksburg, a captain of the sixth Maine, shot through the shoulder and lying helpless on the field, when the signal of retreat was given?"

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier.

"You took the helpless man in your arms and carried him to the rear—placed him in an ambulance and thus saved his life."

"Yes, I remember," said the soldier, rather astnished at the knowledge of the other. "I only did what was right—nothing more. But I don't understand how it is that you know the circumstances of the affair."

That is easily explained. I am the man whose life you saved. The Maine captain is now a Major in the regular army. I knew your voice the moment you spoke. Give us your hand, comrade."

The soldier hesitated.

"Why, major, I'm only a poor worthless devil—"

"The badge of your worth is there, my friend," and the major laid his finger gently upon the soldier's empty sleeve, "and it is a black spot upon our honor as a nation, that we let our disabled soldiers almost starve in the streets, while we waste millions on icebergs and earthquakes, in the shape of new territory."

"Ours is a big country, major. Uncle Sam has probably forgotten us poor fellows, though we didn't forget him in the hour of danger," said the soldier, cheerfully.

"My name is Whitton; what may I call yours?" asked the major.

"Ames—Robert Ames," replied the soldier. "I am a shipwright by trade. I worked at a yard near Greenpoint, before the war."

A shrill scream ringing out on the still evening air attracted the attention of the two.

The scream came from a woman's lips.

In crossing Broadway the woman had been knocked down by an omnibus and had fallen right in front of the horses.

Quickly the soldier and Whitton sprung to her assistance.

The omnibus driver had luckily pulled his horses up upon perceiving the woman in front of him, so that beyond the bruises caused by her fall, she had escaped injury.

The two men assisted the woman—who, though clad in wretched garments was both young and pretty—to the sidewalk.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" asked the soldier messenger.

"No thank you; only a slight bruise." replied the woman in a low, sweet voice. "I was more frightened than I was hurt."

Ames started with surprise as the woman spoke, and anxiously he looked in her face.

"*Agnes Raplye!*" he cried in astonishment.

"What?" exclaimed the woman amazed, "do you know me?"

"Have you forgot Robert Ames?" the soldier said, a slight huskiness perceptible in his voice.

"You Robert Ames?" the woman exclaimed, as if unable to believe her hearing.

"Yes, I am the Robert Ames that you once knew," the soldier said. "I have changed a great deal since '61, but you have changed more than I." Sad was the tone of the speaker.

"Oh! I have had so much trouble," the woman cried, despairingly. "My husband now is lying on his death bed, I fear; I was seeking some friends for assistance. Robert!" exclaimed the woman, looking into his face with her soft blue eyes, "can you forget the past and aid me now in my hour of trouble?"

"Willingly!" cried the soldier, impulsively. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Come with me to my wretched home and see if anything can be done to aid my husband," the woman replied.

"Yes, I'll go on at once."

"I'll go with you!" exclaimed the major, perceiving there was some mystery connected with the woman and soldier messenger's relations in the past.

The woman whom the Red cap had called Agnes Raplye led the way, while the one-armed soldier and the major followed.

"The woman—or girl rather, for she seems to be quite young—is an old acquaintance of yours," the major said.

"Yes," replied Ames; "in '62 she almost broke my heart; and in '65 her husband cost me my right arm. Through him and her my whole life has been ruined."

The major stared in astonishment as these strange words fell upon his ears.

The woman led the way to a tenement house in Mulberry street.

The house was situated in the rear and was one of the worst of its class. The stairs and entry ways were reeking with filth. Contagion lurked in the air.

The woman led the two to a room at the very top of the house.

On a dirty mattress extended on the bare floor lay a man evidently nigh unto death. The bloated and swollen features told that the demon, Rum, had much to do with the advent of the Dark Angel, who even now was flapping his wings over the head of the death stricken man.

The major, though used to scenes of carnage, shuddered at this sight.

"Is there any hope?" asked the woman, eagerly.

The major shook his head.

"I will not attempt to deceive you," he said slowly. "I do not think he will live an hour."

"Oh, if he would but speak before he dies," the wife moaned, sadly.—"He has some secret upon his mind—something that concerns my happiness, so he said. He was about to tell me before this attack."

"Then he has not spoken since?"

"No."

"Possibly some brandy might revive him so that he can speak. Will you go for some?"

The major gave her a greenback, and quickly she departed.

The Red cap gazed long and earnestly at the face of the helpless man.

"You know him?" asked the major.

"Yes, he was once my rival for the love of the woman who has just left us, Agnes," the soldier said. "His name is William Raplye. He and I were boys together—lived in the same street—went to the same school, and then, when we became men, entered the same shipyard and worked side by side. He was a handsome fellow you wouldn't think it to look at him now—but he was always fond of drink and devilment, and I see it has proved the ruin of him; not only his ruin, but hers, too—the girl, major, I once loved better than I did anything else in the world. I'll tell you the whole story—that is, if you'd like to hear it."

"Certainly; I feel quite a curiosity."

"While Bill Raplye and I were working side by side in the same yard, we both got acquainted with Agnes. She was an orphan, without a relative in the world, and worked in a millinery store on Davison street. She boarded just two doors from my house. Well, Agnes—this was in '60, just before the war—was as pretty a girl as a man would want to look at, and she was as good, too, as she was pretty. Both Bill Raplye and myself fell in love with and courted her at the same time. She liked me the best, although Bill was a much better looking fellow than I. Well, at last Agnes gave me her promise to be my wife. Raplye took the matter in a good natured way. He said 'It's been a fair field—no favor, and the best man has won; and if she does like you better than she does me, that's no reason why we should be enemies.' And so affairs were when the war broke out. I don't know exactly how it was, but it seemed to me that I ought to shoulder a musket and fight for my government, so I enlisted.

"After I got to Virginia, I received letters regularly from Agnes; and if ever a woman's letters were a comfort to a man, then her letters were a comfort to me. They seemed to come write from her heart. Then, all of a sudden, and without any reason, her letters stopped. I wrote three times, but no answer came. Then we advanced, and in a skirmish I was wounded and confined to the hospital for about six weeks and after I recovered and came out, I met a friend from York, and learned from him that my Agnes had married Bill Raplye. Major, when I heard that news I sat down and cried like a child. I didn't want to live—I wanted to die. The next fight I went into, I fought like a devil; but it wasn't any use; the bullet wasn't cast that was to kill me.

"So things went on till '65. I had re-enlisted and was a veteran. In the struggle at Petersburg, after we had made that attack in the night and been repulsed—just as we were falling back, with the Confeds right on top of us, I stumbled across a wounded man. I picked him up and to my astonishment it was Bill Raplye. Just as I recognized him, a squad of the enemy charged upon us; I saw a sabre uplifted to cut Raplye down. I threw up my arm, received the sabre cut on my wrist—saved the life of Bill Raplye—the man who had married the girl I had loved—at the cost of my right arm. In the skirmish that followed—for a party of our boys rallied to my rescue—I lost sight of Raplye, and have never seen him from that time till my eyes fell upon him to-night."

"Ames, many a man has been called a hero for doing less than you have done. History has written the deeds of our great men, but the unwritten deeds of our privates shame many on whose shoulders blazon the General's stars. But you have no idea why this girl betrayed you?"

"None in the least," answered the Red cap slowly. "Oh major, I feel that I love her now, though years have passed, as well as I ever did."

A moan from the sick man attracted the attention of the two. They hastened to his side.

The glazed eyes of the dying man stared fixedly at the face of the soldier messenger.

"Bob Ames!" murmured the sick man in a husky broken voice, "I'm glad you are here. I wan't you to forgive me before I die. I stole the letters you wrote to Agnes—forged one in your hand, saying that you were tired of her, and that she had better look for another lover. Her pride hurt, she accepted me. I stole your wife and you saved my life. My life since that time, has been a hell. Say you forgive me—pray for me—I'm a miserable drunken beast. Oh! mercy, mercy!"

And with this last despairing cry the soul of Raplye fled to answer to its Judge.

Agnes returning found that her husband was far beyond earthly aid. She could not weep, for his death was freedom to her. She had been the patient, uncomplaining slave of a drunken husband. But now the fetters were broken—she was free once more.

The Major drew Ames to one side.

"Here are two fifty dollar bills," he said, putting the greenbacks into the soldier messenger's hand. See to the burial of this man, and that this poor girl has a decent home. Ames I am going to lend you five hundred dollars to start you in business. When you get rich, you can repay me; but don't be in a hurry—take your time about it. For six years I've been looking for the man that saved my life, and now that I've found him, I'm going to show my gratitude if I can.

The open-hearted major would not take "no" for an answer, and at last Ames accepted the kind offer.

Within six months Agnes became the wife of the one-armed soldier; the old love was still strong within her heart.

In a snug little shop on Fifth avenue Ames does a thriving business, and few would recognize in the happy looking couple the woman who was dragged beneath the horse's hoof, or Red cap the soldier messenger.—*Saturday Journal.*

What There is in a Name.

An exchange furnishes the following disquisition, whether original or stolen, it does not say—probably the latter:

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still names have what might be termed a quality of average association which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sibyl suggests softness and kadness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seem to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful in many tongues, has lost such savor as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching maidenhood. Pauline is lackadisical, pretentious, and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and sterling to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy rather than discernment. Alice is what circumstances may make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation. Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity, and nothing can render her otherwise. Stiffness, self-consciousness, and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance.

Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what the name imitates. When the average man seeks for a wife, despising romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatterbrain is Fanny, whom trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from heaven to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much-proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit. Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself. In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louise has a spice of affectation, but is engaging at first, and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Medeline is shown in the strictest conventionality. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings, because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

Maud effects Tennyson and tears, muslin of the whitest and mystery of the blackest sort. She is a distillation of simper, silliness, and sentimentalism. Miriam, Penelope, Cordelia, and Rachel, need to be stately, calm, and self-sustained—admired by many, esteemed by all, and beloved by one. Phœbe and Phillis are not urbane in mind or manners. They are prominent figures in a landscape filled with farms and farm-houses, and commend themselves warmly to the swain credulous enough to believe that God the first garden made, and the first city Cain. The heart of gallantry does not throb at mention of Susannah, who rises to the fancy with milk and water eyes unshapely mouth, and an ill-fitting grown; but it beats wildly to the sweet syllables of Viola's name, and awaits with eager expectancy the regal presence of Zenobia, too lofty to be lightly loved.

Weights and Ages.

Somebody who has been "studying our weights" reports that "upon an average, boys at birth weigh a little more, and girls a little less, than six pounds and a half. For the first two years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance Thus young men of twenty average one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and twenty pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about one hundred and sixty-two pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is one hundred and forty-nine pounds.—Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from one hundred and eighty, to two hundred pounds, women from eighty-eight to two hundred and seven pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking the average of ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinker, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies, all included—is very nearly one hundred pounds. These figures are given as avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of women might make a nice point of introducing the rule that women be weighed by Troy weight—like other jewels— and men avoirdupois. The figures will, then stand; young men of twenty, one hundred and forty-three pounds; young women of twenty, one hundred and sixty pounds.

Tales of Toads.

Geo. M. Mead states his experience with toads in the *Ohio Farmer*. Unless their skin is broken they are perfectly harmless. They will eat any bug but the potato bug. In Pittsfield, Mass., I had an uncle, one of the finest gardeners in the town, and he, to the no little amusement of friends, used to pick up these venomous toads in his hands, whenever he could find nice fat ones, carry them home and put them in his garden to catch the bugs and worms. He said to me one day: "They will become quite tame if you pet them a little." I thought that a little singular but concluded to try it. When I went home I found one in the shed close to the kitchen and commenced. At first I caught a bug or fly and stood as far off as I could and dropped it down in front of my pet. I did not have long to wait for the bug had hardly dropped till it disappeared. Each day I went to see and feed him, and went up closer, until he got so tame that he would at any time take a bug or fly out of my fingers. I then began to handle him, and if I chanced to move him from his nice little corner he would go back there and seem to wait for me to come and see him.

Dr. Harris said twenty years ago that he supposed the odor of the squash bug (*coreita Tristis*) would protect it from the toad; and to test the matter he offered one to a grave-looking Bufo under a cabbage. He seized it eagerly, but spit it out instantly, reared up on his hind legs and put his front feet on the top of his head for an instant, as if in pain, and then disappeared across the garden in a series of the greatest leaps a toad ever made. Perhaps the bug bit the biter. Not satisfied with this, Dr. H. hunted up another toad, which lived under the piazza, and always sunned himself in one place in the grass, and offered him a squash bug, which he took and swallowed, winking in a very satisfied manner.—Twenty other fine bugs followed the first, in a few moments, with no difficulty or hesitation in the taking or the swallowing, though from the wriggling and contortions it appeared their corners did not set well within. The stock of bugs being then exhausted a colony of smooth black larvæ was found on a white birch, each about three quarters of an inch long, and over one hundred of these were fed to the waiting toad. Touching one of these with a straw, it would coil around it, and then when shaken before him he would seize and swallow it, at first eagerly, but with diminished zest as the number increased, until it became necessary to rub the worm against his lips for some time before he could decide about it. He would then take it and sit with his lips ajar for a short time, gathering strength and resolution, and then swallow it by a desperate effort.—There is no telling what the number or the result would have been, as the dinner-bell rang as the 101st disappeared, and by the close of the meal he had retired to his hole, nor did he appear for four days in his sunning place. It is to be hoped that he slept well, but there might have been nightmares.

Out for Grant—Another Spoke Loose.

The editor of the *Labor Tribune* having, in view of the declension of Davis and Parker, the Labor Reform candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, advised the Labor Reformers to vote for Greeley and Brown, whose nomination by the Baltimore Convention he deemed certain, Mr. James C. Sylvis, President of the Labor Union of Pennsylvania, in a letter published in the *Anthracite Monitor*, takes exception to the advice of the *Tribune*, and, in the event of there being no Labor Reform candidates to be voted for, the contest being between Grant and Greeley, declares emphatically that he is "for Grant." He says:

"What has Greeley ever done for us? Take his financial views, can we endorse them? And yet this is the vital question of our difference from all parties. Vote for Greeley! *never under any circumstances.* Let him be endorsed at Baltimore. What of that? The Democracy have been the pretended friends of the Labor Reformers, especially for the last five years, and yet, whenever they could do so, they have ignored us with supreme contempt. Now they have a rare chance to show their friendship, and secure a glorious victory by it. Let them come forward and endorse Davis and Parker at Baltimore. We may then pardon their shameful treatment of us in this State, and help them to elect their State ticket. But on no other condition will I vote with them or for them; and more, I hold it to be the duty, in the event of the endorsement at Baltimore of Greeley, and the declination of Davis and Parker and the failure of our party to make other nominations, *to vote solidly for Grant.*

"The best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it, and the best way to open the eyes of the people to our existence as a party, and the righteousness of our principles, is to give them four more years of Grant rule. In the event of the above contingencies—regretting that I must differ with so devoted and earnest a friend of our principles—candor compels me say I am for Grant."

Watering Horses in Hot Weather.

There is a warm controversy coming up in regard to the watering of horses in warm weather. At present this controversy is as a cloud no larger than a man's hand; but we are sadly mistaken if it do not come to be one of the most stirring questions of the day; one in the face of which even "Drilling *versus* Hilling Corn," "Deep Plowing," or any other illustrious subject of the past, will pale.

Several writers have of late suggested that in watering horses "while they are warm" in summer is a very bad thing; others say that "more suffer and are injured for the want of water in summer than from too much of it. The great centre of attack in this new line of thought is not Joseph Harris, although he is but one of several who has taken in hand the reformation of horse manners and customs in reference to drink.

The theory of horsemen in general is that it is an evil to perspire freely in warm weather, and that if little water be given, they can perspire but little. "The more water we give them the more they sweat." On the other hand the laboring man in the open fields tells us he is never so comfortable at work as when he is perspiring freely, and he takes his glass of good spring water as often as he pleases. The argument from this is that what is good for the man is good for the beast. Perhaps so.

We suppose the truth lies midway between these opposing forces. At any rate the discussion will do no harm to the poor dumb beasts interested. Our own experience has been adverse to excessive watering. Even in the harvest field we think moderation is advisable.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Fair Play.

The *Hearth and Home* talks thus to boys:

"Fair play in play is the foundation for fair play in life. To play unfairly is to steal. By the rules of the game, you have certain rights and your opponent has rights. These rights, like all rights, are of the nature of property. If you take the slightest advantage to which you are not entitled, you are to that extent—well, *thief* is a hard word to be. But I will let you or any other conscientious boy say what one is who takes that which does not belong to him, and thus infringes on the rights of another.

The boy who plays fairly is sure to make an honorable man. I should not like to say that the boy who plays unfairly will grow to be a rogue. But I will say that the boy who takes unfair advantage in a game shows weak moral nature and cannot be depended on in a pinch."

Quite recently an enthusiastic Georgian changed the name of his hotel, in Dalton, from the Georgia house to the Greeley House. A week after it was struck with lightning. The owner is considering the propriety of suing Mr. Greeley for consequential damages.

What is Sure to Follow.

Democratic Liberalites grow eloquent over the results which will follow the defeat of President Grant.—"The South will embrace the North, and peace and good-will reign everywhere." By what means this "peace and good-will" are to be brought about in the South may be judged by the means employed in the past.—The Presidential election of 1868 in the State of Louisiana affords a gleam of light on this subject. The Democrats wanted to carry the election. As they could not outvote the Republicans they determined to kill them off. How well they succeeded may be learned from the report of the committee appointed to investigate the affair. We quote:

"The testimony shows that over two thousand persons were killed, wounded and otherwise injured in that State, within a few weeks prior to the Presidential election; that half the State was overrun by violence; that midnight raids, secret murders, and open riots kept the people in constant terror until the Republicans surrendered all claims, and then the election was carried by the Democracy."

It says of the riot at the Parish of St. Landry:

"Here occurred one of the bloodiest riots on record, in which the Kuklux killed and wounded over two hundred Republicans in two days. A pile of twenty-five bodies of the victims were found half buried in the woods. The Kuklux captured the masses, marked them with badges of red flannel, enrolled them in clubs, marched them to the polls, and made them vote the Democratic ticket."

This is not fiction, but words of truth from an impartial report. This is "the peace and good-will" which would follow the defeat of President Grant; these are the "Liberal" rights which would be allowed the loyal citizen. The instigators and the actors of these terrible crimes are in favor of Horace Greeley. This one fact should open the eyes of the people to the full meaning of this desperate colombination of "anything to beat Grant." Defeat Grant, and the loyal people of the South are once more at the mercy of the rebel bloodhounds, who only need his defeat to finish their work of blood. Defeat Grant, and universal gloom will settle over the South, and obscure forever the sunshine of liberty which is just beginning to light up its once desolate fields. Defeat Grant, and civilization is retarded at least a century.

Hereditary Influences.

It is distinctly asserted by Prosper Lucas, and agreed to by others, that predisposition to any form of disease, or any malformation, may become an inheritance. Thus disease of the heart is hereditary; so are tubercles in the lungs; so also are diseases of the brain, of the liver, and of the kidney; so are diseases of the eye and of the ear. General maladies are equally inheritable, as gout and madness. Longevity on the one hand, and premature death on the other, go by descent. If we consider a class of peculiarities, more recondite in their origin than these, we shall still find the law of inheritance to hold good. A morbid susceptibility to contagious disease, or to the poisonous effects of opium, or of calomel, and an aversion to the taste of meat, are all found to be inherited. So is craving for drink, or for gambling, strong sexual passion a proclivity to pauperism, to crimes of violence, and to crimes of fraud.

There are certain marked types of character justly associated with marked types of feature and of temperament. We hold, axiomatically, that the latter are inherited (the case being too notorious and too consistent with the analogy afforded by brute animals to render argument necessary), and we therefore infer the same of the former. For instance, the face of the combatant is square, coarse, and heavily jawed. It differs from that of the ascetic, the voluptuary, the dreamer, and the charlatan.

Still more strongly marked than these are the typical features and characters of different races of men. The Mongolians, Jews, Negroes, Gypsies and American Indians severally propagate their kinds; and each kind differing in character and intellect, as well as in color and shape form a class of instances worthy of close investigation, in which peculiarities of character are invariably transmitted from the parents to the offspring.—*Francis Galton.*

Never Tempt a Man.

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut, In the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The Government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs of the chieftanship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excelent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genious of Zachary assumed sway and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Aye—drink no more!" And he solemnly resolved that he would drink nothing stronger than water, and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Governor to attend the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the Governor. John, the Governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occas