The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1234.

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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

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

VALENTINE BAY, 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.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y.

JOHN O. 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 Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL R. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

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.
A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be especially and punctually attended to.
Office on Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block. [jan 1.

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.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times 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. Operations warranted.

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 Printing House Row.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july19

J. G. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar1'72.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shinkersville, 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 his Drug Store, opposite the Herbert House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
☞Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-tf.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 23, '74.

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

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
☞Office in Mammoth Block. sep4'72

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
may22

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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.
Apr 17 '72 JOHN BYLL.

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N. B.—Best stabling in town. apr29

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.
Having leased this magnificent, and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither paint nor expense to make this house all that hotel be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be fed with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.
D. LAVAN.
mmar25

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Feb. 10.

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apr 26, '72.

Miscellaneous.

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Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.

The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

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Dec. 9.

BE NOT THE FIRST.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the flame of a friend;
A flaw in the faith of another
Whose heart may prove true in the end.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue,
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by the friend that we meet
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal,
And become the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace out deceit;
Let ours be a nobler ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We, none of us, know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of another,
Or not speak about him at all.

THE DOCTOR'S STRANGE LETTER.

"By Jove! what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?"

And Dr. Pomeroy stared, almost vacantly, at the closely written sheet he held in his hand. He read:

"Doctor Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say that I have heard of your struggles to maintain yourself and invalid mother, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street church to-morrow evening at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never reveal what takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet seek not to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the City Bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was so terse and so unfeminine in its details that he was tempted to believe some of his male friends were trying to play a joke on him.

"I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself.

He flung the missive down; then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it into his pocket.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left for his earliest consideration—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He threw them down, and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother!" he groaned. "I do not know which way to turn."

She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywere he turned hopeless chaos seemed to envelop him.

"Ah! if that letter were only real!" he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour—one moment vowing he would not go near the place, and the next tempted to see the "farce" out.

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies, closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in the chair.

There was but one gas-jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies, and then she advanced to meet him.

"Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am."

She led him up to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said, and Pomeroy recognized in him the President of the City Bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, "to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was reality—he was to bid farewell to poverty!

He stood motionless for a moment then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them.

The ceremony was quickly performed. Doctor Pomeroy signed his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request and which the maid and banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it, and then thrust it in her bosom. One moment more, and the two glided away swiftly from sight.

Doctor Pomeroy then wiped the perspiration from his brow, and asked:

"Who is she?"

"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested, by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it a secret. It is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here, to assure you that her promise should be fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to an unknown woman, but he thought that could not injure him.

"She must have been in deadly peril," he meditated, "to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name!"

He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nice home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

Five years passed away, and he had gained a reputation, and added considerable to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their endeavors to catch him had been in vain. He felt no preference for any of the opposite sex; he had recovered from his disappointment, and he never ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they started, and one night found themselves in a French village.

About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door, and calling him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlord, who told him, in broken English that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit, and seeing his name registered as an M. D. they called him up

He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dangerous condition.

A young lady sat near the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient, and found that it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of his health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a younger sister, who was being educated in the convent of the Sacred Heart, Paris.

After Mr. Sydenham was buried Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted upon them taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy.—The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time when they should be separated.

She told them confidently not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her so deeply that it was not love which held her to his side; and that in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free.

Doctor Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last he began to be reserved and cold. A feeling which he dare not cherish was growing in his heart and it alarmed him.

"I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound!"

Then, for the first time, he felt how heavy were the fetters that bound him. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently bearing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said impetuously. "I love you, and I am not free to love!"

She recoiled, but bade him tell her all.

"It was cruel, unkind of her, to bind you so," she said.

"No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable forever."

"You may meet her."

"Impossible!"

"But—possible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour."

"You know her?"

"Yes. To-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and—she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she always thought you to be.

He bowed his face in his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him.

The hour had come which he had hoped for in by-gone days—he was to learn whom he had wedded—but it gave him no pleasure now.

At an early hour the next day a servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room.

He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did, they fell upon Miss Sydenham.

"I am Ellen Latour," she said simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated to tell the truth to you."

"Eellen Latour? My wife?" asked the doctor.

"Listen to my story before you blame me," she said. "The man you saw die was my step father. He wed my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in this man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married, or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that being the sum that was to be paid down to him, out of my property, the moment Turner became my husband. I had no friends to go to. I was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house he kept me traveling around the country. At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started from England, an uncle of my mother died, and left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, and my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise, I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but his case was lost; I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue me for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety."

"But that intention will never be carried into effect," Doctor Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen?"

"Yours forever!" she answered.

And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the whole world.

Years have passed since, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by her strange letter.

Destroying Bank Notes.

The new system was adopted on January 1st, for the destruction of the national bank notes redeemed by the Comptroller of the Currency. Heretofore it has been the custom at Washington to destroy the notes by fire, thus wasting a large quantity of material from which the bank notes are made. Workmen are now engaged at the national capital in erecting machinery for the purpose of reducing the notes to a pulp, by a chemical process extracting from the pulp all impurities that it may have acquired in printing, circulation, etc. In this manner the United States bonds and spoiled note sheets have been treated for some time past, and a large amount of valuable material has thus been saved. The destruction of circulating national bank notes by fire has been so large that it was deemed advisable to try the same system with them, and it is expected to realize a large profit. The pulp thus saved will again be made over into new bank notes, etc. The Comptroller of the Currency has also adopted a plan of numbering every note of issue with the designation number of the specific national bank by which it was issued, in order to expedite the sorting of such notes when redeemed by the Comptroller. The clerks in the Comptroller's office at Washington have no occasion to read the name of the bank from the note, but can sort them numerically, without the possibility of charging the notes of one bank to the account of another. It is expected that a large saving will be effected by this system, as well as preventing error through the similarity of the notes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Metallic Floors.

A method has been devised for rendering floors to a certain degree fire-proof, by employing long flat bars of thin sheet metal, with a perpendicular flange turned on each edge. Other long thin bars which are curved or arched, and revited at or near their edges to the first named strips, are placed edgewise vertically, one between each two, the connection being so arranged that the tops of the arches do not rise quite as high as the tops of the first set of bars. Narrower strips are also arranged across and revited to the lower flanges at suitable intervals apart, to serve as laths for holding the ceiling plastering to be applied to them, as well as to brace them laterally. Similar strips are arranged across and riveted to the upper flanges, or wood pieces may be bolted on to receive and support the floor boards. The outside flanges are built into and rest in the wall; and other flanges may be applied, if desired, to the outside strip for letting into the wall. For a floor of great length the bars are lapped and riveted.

"Johnny Clemm" Done up in Bronze.

Barlett's sketch, in bronze, of Johnny Clemm, the famous "drummer boy of Chickamauga," on exhibition at Tiffany's, in New York, is thus described:

"The little drummer who said carry me and I'll drum it through,' is boisted on the left shoulder of a stalwart soldier, his left leg, which is wounded, hangs loosely behind, and the right is firmly grasped by his bearer, who rushes forward with his burden. The little figure is further supported by the right hand of the soldier, who reaches up over his head and holds the boy by a vigorous grasp on his belt. The drummer is bareheaded, his hair flies in the breeze, he wears no jacket, and his nervous arms are halt bare. His face is sharply turned toward his followers, to whom he yells—not shouts—flourishing his drumsticks the while."

A Terrible Death.

Augustus Catwinkle, of Salisbury, Herkimer county, New York, left his home last week to look at some timber land, several miles distant. He became lost, and while crossing a creek, broke through. He pulled off his boots to empty the water, and they froze so hard he could not get them on again. He then crawled for a long distance on his hands and knees in search of some refuge from the penetrating atmosphere, but death put an end to his sufferings, and when found he was in that position.

SHORT dresses are coming into fashion again, and young ladies are experiencing the old, old difficulty of getting a No. 6 foot into a No. 4 shoe.

Genuine Hospitality.

The hospitality of the home is never loudly and noisily demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its perfect sincerity. You are not disturbed by the creaking of the domestic machinery, suddenly driven at unwonted speed for your accommodation. Quietly it does its work; that it may put you in peaceable possession of its results. He is not the true host, she is not the best hostess, who is ever going to and from, with hurried action, and flurried manner, and heated countenance, as if to say, "See how hospitable I can be;" but rather the one who takes your coming with quiet dignity and noisless painstaking; who never obtrudes attentions, yet is very attentive all the while; who makes you, in one word—the most expressive word in the English tongue—to be at home. There is no richer, deeper, larger hospitality than that.

Know Thyself.

"If we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles, or his son has taught us of echinoderms, we should be most fortunate." So speaks Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his last essay on "The Americanized European." This being true, it would seem as if some of the energy devoted to the study of animal life might to great advantage be directed to a pursuit that concerns the welfare of the human race almost as much as a knowledge of tortoises or sea-urchins. "Few subjects," Dr. Holmes informs us, "would repay investigation better than that of human development and health, at different ages and in the two sexes, in the different regions of America." Unfortunately for us, while the study of marine life has enlisted the devotion of very superior minds, the question of human development has attracted the attention of a host of charlatans and half educated theorists who have confused the world with a mass of purely mendacious or half-digested utterances upon the subject. If a thorough and intelligent investigation of all the phenomena pertaining to the race in America would, as Dr. Holmes declares, repay the inquiry, let us hope that some of our wise men of science, our cool, balanced, large brained men, will take the subject up, and pursue it—at least far enough to generalize the great mass of facts that have already been collected. Let the human family stand in as much reverence with these *savants* as fossils and the lower organisms.

Manure Against Buildings.

A correspondent to the *Country Gentleman* writes: Manure is a most destructive material when it comes in contact with woodwork of any kind. It is often difficult, however, to avoid piling it against buildings beneath stable windows, where it is certain to cause decay in the weather boarding and sill, but unless some precaution is taken, even if it remains but a short time, the effect will be destructive. It is possible to prevent this injury to the building, although injury is inevitable if the manure is allowed to remain in direct contact with it. It is simply necessary to provide a passage for air between the manure and the building, as manure never causes decay in wood unless it touches it. By nailing light scantling horizontally to the building, immediately beneath the stable windows, also in the same position at the bottom of the sill, and nailing boards upon them perpendicularly, as in a tight board fence, a passage for air is produced, which will prevent all injury to the building. Old boards, if sound, will answer. It is questionable indeed if in this case the manure will not act as a preservative, as it is a powerful absorbent of water, and attracts moisture from all substances around it. Even if decay has already commenced this precaution will prevent further action.

Seventy Pairs of Hands.

The variety and number of needles made in these days are wonderful; the surgeon, harness maker, book binder, felt worker, saddle glover, embroiderer and house-wife, each wanting needles of all shapes, and sizes, and lengths. And when you think that each needle has to pass through seventy pair of hands before it is finished and for use, you see what pains is taken to reach excellence in a very small thing.

Seventy pairs of hands to make a needle! and each pair necessary to make the needle perfect. If only one pair refused to do their part, the whole would be a failure—not a needle would be right.

You see it is painstaking in little things and in small parts which leads to excellence and success. We are apt to slight bits of work, thinking it is no matter and of no account. But it is not so. The details of a plan must be faithfully carried out in order to make the plan a success. If the parts of the work are all well done, the whole will be complete, and only then.

And it is just so in making and moulding character. It must be well done in parts, faithfully finished in bits, in order to make a complete and beautiful whole.

Always be sure that all the small and common work which you have to do is thoroughly done. It is faithfulness in little things which makes you reliable in great things.

A Startling Metamorphosis.

Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers says: "One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes were borrowed, and when they were raised, there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether a lordly elephant, who when the sword was pointed at him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head, until shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift himself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously. Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet."

Ancient and Modern Cities.

One turns naturally to the East for the ruins of ancient cities and lost empires, and the plains of Mesopotamia and the Syrian deserts offer a list of fallen marts of commerce and early centres of civilization, hidden beneath their sands, or marked only by a few tall and shattered columns. The Chicagos and Cincinnatis of the past once lined the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, or sprang up in the track of the caravan, and wanting chiefly the mental elements of later progress, perished wholly in the midst of their greatness. No modern city has ever met with so complete a ruin as Babylon and Tyre; all the great centres of modern commerce seem gifted with a civic immortality. The printing-press and the school-house, the telegraph and the steam-car, unite to shield London and Paris from decay, and New York and Philadelphia, in nearly the hundredth anniversary of their freedom, are manaced by few of the perils that surrounded Carthage and Rome. Men have become somewhat more discreet since the world was governed by Sennacheribs and Nebuchadnezzars. Yet a tour over the ruins of the Eastern capitals, and down those famous rivers where Semiramis labored and Israel sang its immortal lament, has always a strange interest, and no one treads the Mesopotamian plains or speculates upon the site of Babylon without feeling that the deft fingers of the Assyrian weavers have instructed the modern artist, and that the inventions and devices of the merchants and mechanics of Mesopotamia were not lost to the factories of New York. Cities perish, but knowledge never; and the flowered muslins and painted vases of the East live again in the looms of Lyons and the furnaces of Sevres.—EUGENE LAWRENCE, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

The Grief of a Rhinoceros.

Even a rhinoceros is capable of grief, according to a Paris correspondent, who tells the following anecdote of the rhinoceros which recently died in that city. The animal had been in the collection at the Jardin des Plantes for twenty years, but was of an unsociable and irascible temper, and not even his keepers ventured to take any liberties with him. One day, however, the little lap-dog of the wife of the director, given her by Queen Amelia, got into his house by squeezing in between the bars of the iron work. Instead of killing the intruder, as expected, the rhinoceros allowed the little creature to play with him, scampering over his back, biting his neck, and playing off all manner of sportive tricks. The two became great friends; the "wee doggie" passing several hours each day with his undemonstrative acquaintance which put up patiently with all its teasings. One day the rhinoceros inadvertently set his foot on his pet, killing it instantly. The poor brute's grief at the catastrophe was pitiable; for two days it did not eat a particle of food.

The British Indian Policy.

A writer in the February *Overland* speaks in glowing terms of the Indian policy pursued by the British government through the Hudson Bay company. The policy of this company has been peculiarly fortunate. They have accepted the Indian as they found him—as God made him. They have striven to utilize, rather than civilize or evangelize him. They have taught the red man to respect them as masters; but while ruling them sternly they have treated them with justice. All contracts they have kept faithfully; no shoddy is found in their articles of barter, and the agents of the company are upright and downright in their dealings. The consequence of all this is that their word is never doubted, any violation of the law is inflexibly punished, and murders and outrages rarely occur. The Hudson's Bay people recognize an existing state of things; they leave the Indian undisturbed in his moral condition, control the evil in him by fear, fairly reward the good, and are successful.

How Lithography was Discovered.

After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera "Don Juan," at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Senefelder had still much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage, that no sparks had ignited about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered the room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his weekly pay. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it,