The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 11. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884. WHOLE NO. 1728.

The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

J. J. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. sep3.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Cook & Beeritz' Block.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, P

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a. 1y21

EDB. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

W. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN. COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All business intrusted to our care will be promptly & faithly attended to. Collection made in Somerset, Bedford, and adjoining Counties. Surveying & Conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Penn'a. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, next door to Snyder & Co.'s store. apr9

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

P. Y. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. may3

M. J PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, up-stairs in Mammoth Block.

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 on Main Cross street.

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

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW And Dealer in Real Estate, Somerset, P will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Somerset, Pa., Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa., Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office 2 doors West of Central Hotel, in rear of Drug Store. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICAN AND SURGEON Tenders his services to the people of Somerset and vicinity. Calls in town or country promptly attended to. Can be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. ☞Office on Southeast corner of Diamond, over Knepper's Shoe Store. apr23-6m.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professional engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St., east of the Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of the Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—One door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 5, '83.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office up stairs in Cook & Beeritz Block, Somerset, Pa.

DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, DENTIST, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block, above Boyd's Drug Store, 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.

H. HOWARD WYNNE, M.D. JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Special and Exclusive practice. Hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Luther & Green Block, 226 Main St.

J. P. THOMPSON, M. D. SURGEON DENTIST. Johnstown, Pa. Has had a professional experience of more than thirty years. FILLING TEETH A SPECIALTY. Office rooms No. 222 Main street (up stairs) over John Dibert's Hardware Store. It will be necessary for persons who want work done to make engagements beforehand. oct16'83.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DIAMOND HOTEL, STOYSTOWN, PENN'A. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. His table and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices, by the week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop. S. E. Cor. Diamond Stoystown, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of of Sarah Baker, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 30th day of Aug., 1884, at the office of J. H. Uhl, Esq., in Somerset Borough.

DAVID CASEBEER, Administrator. jul31

A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan23.

Ridgeway Patent Refrigerator---The Best.

It solves the difficult problem of Perfect Refrigeration. It dries and purifies itself while in use by an Automatic Circulation of Air. It dispenses with metal lining, so objectionable because of labor necessary to keep it clean, and permits of a wood lining requiring really no cleaning at all as long as ice supply is maintained. Milk, Butter, Meats, Fish, Fruit, etc., can be kept in this Refrigerator at same time without imparting the flavor of either to the others. It is much more economical in consumption of ice than any other Refrigerator. Insulated with dead air spaces made in best manner, with paper walls. No risk in purchasing. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. ☞Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Fruit Cans, Cement Ladles, Jar Fillers, Cherry Seeders, Granite Ware, Lamps, Clothes Wringers, Fly Traps, Knives and Forks, Castors, Etc.

F. W. HAY, Manufacturer and Dealer in PLAIN, STAMPED & JAPANNED TINWARE, RANGES, STOVES, AND House Furnishing Goods, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware. Brushes &c. AT WHOLESALE and RETAIL. Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

$2.00 Will purchase a Kitchen Outfit, Consisting of the following 38 pieces: 1 Dish Pan, 1 Coffee Pot, 1 Water Bucket, 1 Covered Bucket, 1 Large Grater, 2 Tin Cups, 4 Pie Plates, 1 Cake Cutter, 1 Sauce Pan, 1 Wash Basin, 6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons.

Wholesale Agent for Self Melting and Self-Sealing Wax Strings. For sealing Fruit Cans and Jars. The Simplest, Cheapest, and most reliable method for Sealing Fruit Jars ever used. From 50 to 90 cts. per dozen saved by using them. Dealers supplied at manufacturer's prices. Send for circulars.

Enameled and Galvanized Iron Water Coolers, LEMON SQUEEZERS, ICE PICKS, ICE TONGS, WINECOOLERS, TUMBLER DRAINERS, ICE CREAM MOLDS LIQUOR MIXERS, ETC.

BARGAINS,

BARGAINS!

Our Entire Stock

Must be Reduced

This Month,

To Make Room for Our

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

FALL BOOTS AND SHOES.

If You Want Some of the

BIGGEST BARGAINS

That was Ever Offered in the

Boot, Shoe and Slipper Line,

Come to See Us this Month,

L. STARGARDTER'S

ONE-PRICE

SHOE STORE

No. 212 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

ALBERT A. HORNE. J. SCOTT WARD.

HORNE & WARD

SUCCESSORS TO

EATON & BROS,

NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

—IN—

Embroideries, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Muslin and Merino Underwear, Infants' and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK,

Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

☞Orders by Mail attended to with Promptness and Dispatch.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

E. M. Lambert & Bro., Manufacturers of and Dealers in White Pine and Hemlock Shingles-

We have secured a

NEW MILL,

And manufacture Shingles on the Michigan Principle. We cut, and constantly keep on hand two grades of the various kinds of Shingles. We guarantee our Shingles to be superior to any in the County. Shall be pleased to have parties come and inspect our shingles before buying elsewhere. Address

E. M. LAMBERT & BRO., LAMBERTSVILLE, SOMERSET CO., Pa. un11-6m.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of he Tailoring business, I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c.,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar5

QUEMAHONING WOOLEN MILLS.

WM. S. MORGAN, Proprietor,

THE Agents of these well-known Mills are now visiting their customers with a splendid assortment of

WOOLEN GOODS,

which they wish to trade for Wool. These Goods are made in our own County, from Pure Stock, on the Latest Improved Machinery, and by first-class workmen. We want FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF WOOL this year, and will make it pay you to deal with us.

☞We are also prepared to do Custom Spinning and Wool Carding. Address, WM. S. MORGAN, apr23-3m. Quemahoning, Pa.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free, pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty write for particulars to H. HALLETT, Portland, Me.

AGENTS wanted for the lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less mer. twice our price. The fastest selling book. Agent ca. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

Lime, Lime, Lime!

From the Celebrated Peck Limestone Ledge furnished aboard the cars at our kilns near Pine Grove at 8 cents per bushel, unslacked. Orders promptly filled. For further particulars call on the undersigned.

J. M. WOLFERSBERGER & BRO., Rockwood, Pa., or m-ay14 ISAAC G. JONES, Somerset, Pa

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR. (Above Henry Heffley's Store.) LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES. ☞SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET, PA.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK! (ESTABLISHED 1877.)

CHARLES. I. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS. Cashier

Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale $300 00 time lock.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

☞Allegs holidays observed.☜

TOGETHER.

A fairy skiff in a stream was lying—
A skiff with a silken sail;
In a forest of fire the day was dying,
And daintily stirred the gale;
When a maiden fair and a gallant gay
Sprang into it lightly and sailed away—
Away through the purple gloaming.

No moon looked down from the vaulted heaven;
They sailed by the light of stars,
By the smile serene of the sisters seven
And the ruddier glow of Mars.
But the storm king rose in his grandeur grim
And the stars swam into the distance dim,
As they tossed on the troubled water.

The tempest ceased, and the broad, deep river
Flowed on with unruffled breast;
Again in high heaven the sisters quiver,
And the wild winds sink to rest.
There is calm below, there is peace above,
And the eyes of the maiden are full of love
As she clings to her happy lover.

They hear the boom of the mighty ocean;
Their blithe bark breasts its swell
And westward glides with a gentle motion—
But whither, I cannot tell.
We know love's stream is not smooth for aye;
But the sweet stars shine as they sail away
O'er the ocean of life together.

A WIFE'S CHARM.

A pout upon the red lips of Gerald Sinclair's young wife—unmistakably a pout—for though a wife almost two years, her fond, indulgent husband had for the first time said nay to an openly expressed wish.

The fancy ball of the season, a grand and fashionable assemblage, was to take place during his absence—and he said that he should prefer she would not attend.

She was only twenty. Let this much be said in extenuation of the two great tears that rose to the brown eyes and slowly trickled down the pretty face, splashing on the dainty morning dress, which clinging to the dainty form, revealed so perfectly its graceful outlines.

Certainly Niobe had no reason to feel ashamed of this one of her children. But Gerald Sinclair had only stooped and kissed away the glistening drops in a half-hurried manner, perhaps to hide his awakening remorse.

"Never mind, little wife. I'll make it up to you another time."

Then he was gone; but she sat still, turning and returning her wedding ring, with eyes bent upon it. It was a curious ring—a solid band, set with five large diamonds.

It had been her charm, her talisman, not to be taken from her finger until soul and body had parted; but this morning it had lost its charm. If it failed to scatter the clouds, it failed to bring back the sunshine.

Even when the hour came round for Gerald's home-coming, he missed his usual warm welcome; but he thought that he might trust his wife's heart and said nothing. The next day he started on his journey.

"You'r not going, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bursting in upon her friend on the morning of the ball. "And why not?"

"Gerald is away," replied Mrs. Sinclair, with some little show of wifely dignity, as though the fact were in itself sufficient explanation.

"And why need that make any difference?" pursued Mrs. Martin, a bewitching little widow some few years her friend's senior. "I will share my escort with you—Count Belzoni!"

Sophie Sinclair looked up amazed. She knew that the man mentioned had but lately gained entree into society, and knew also that her husband disliked and distrusted him.

Once or twice she had seen his eye fixed admiringly upon herself, and had felt somewhat as the bird might feel beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent.

"Well, why don't you answer?" continued Mrs. Martin. "Will you go."

"No, no," she replied, trying to speak with firm decision. "Besides, I do not think that Gerald admires the count."

"Prejudice, my dear, all prejudice. The count is one of the most charming and agreeable men I know. Indeed I think I should be canonized for my willingness to share his attentions, especially as I have heard him say all manner of pretty things about you."

"Nonsense, Ellen," retorted Mrs. Sinclair.

But she felt the ground slipping beneath her feet as she spoke.

After all, Gerald had not said positively no. Had he thought it necessary after he had openly expressed his disapprobation of her going?

He had not known that she would be so sorely tempted. Besides, she would wear a mask. No one would know her; and when she told Gerald he would forgive her. A sudden thought came to her.

"I will go," she said at last, after continued urging, and looking at the picture in all its brightest lights, "on one condition, and that is that no one is to know me—not even the count. Say that you have persuaded a friend to accompany you who wishes to remain unknown. I will come to your house, where he will find me, and thus gain no clue."

So it was decided; but, in spite of her exquisite costume of a fairy as she concealed it and herself beneath a large domino, as the clock on her mantel chimed ten, it seemed to Sophie that every stroke said, "stay! stay!"

She was almost tempted to obey it, but she had promised Ellen; and after all, she had heard that it was well for young wives to assert themselves.

An hour later and, on Count Belzoni's arm, she entered upon the brilliant scene. So far he had not even seemed curious to ascertain her identity. She experienced at this a singular sense of relief.

The ball was at its height as the clock rang out the hour of midnight but for the first time in her life light and gayety were distasteful. A hundred times she wished herself at home.

"I will tell Gerald. I have already been punished," she whispered to herself, as she stood for a moment alone in a quiet corner.

"You look more like a nun than a fairy—rather like one who had foresworn the vanities of the world, than a siren to tempt men to their destruction," said a voice close to her, "though to the latter I know no one more fitted."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, recognizing as she spoke, the count standing at her elbow.

"Ah! you thought I did not know you. I should penetrate any disguise you wore. Besides you have forgotten to remove a badge of recognition."

She followed with her eyes his downward glance, and saw that it rested on her hand, ungloved, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume.

Involuntarily she drew it away, with the ring which had betrayed her.

Denial was useless.

"Since you know me, then," she said, "we will not further play a part. To the others we are masks; to ourselves we are ourselves."

"Ah, madame," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other we are a mask. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? Can——"

Indignant and alarmed, she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers as in a vice. She wrenched it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the door.

"Call a carriage for me," she directed.

Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble; her next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun streaming into her room, awoke her.

With a shudder, she remembered the events of the past night. She looked down at her hand—the hand which had been polluted by another's touch—as though in some way she expected to find the contamination branded on its soft, white surface. It was all unmarred, but—she looked again—she rubbed her eyes and looked—the color meanwhile fluttering out of her cheeks and her pale lips quivering, as if her heart seemed to stand still in a sudden agony of fear, for from the third finger was missing the talismanic ring.

When and where she had lost it, and how could she now find the courage to confess all to Gerald? She rose and dressed, revolving the problem in her mind.

At any hour her husband might return. For the first time she dreaded to meet him—dreaded to look into his kindly, handsome eyes, and read there all his incredulous reproach, mingled, perhaps, with scorn and anger.

The day wore on. Her friend Mrs. Martin ran in to scold her for her desertion, but her pale face and trembling tones made good her plea of sudden illness.

At nightfall Gerald arrived. She threw herself into his arms in a burst of nervous weeping, but when he wonderingly asked the cause her courage failed her.

Why was it she never imagined that he might look stern until today?

A week past, when one evening, sitting in the twilight, a step sounded close beside her. She looked up to discover the count.

"Pardon!" he began, in answer to her indignant questioning look. "Why must you be so cruel? May I not now see you?"

"Sir, I command you to leave me. I am now under the protection of my own roof."

He was about to answer, when a latch key was heard inserted in the outside door.

In an instant he had sprang into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent the young wife a sudden courage, born of the moment's desperation. Her husband entering, approached her, but she motioned him back.

"Gerald," she said, "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting that you should hear it now."

He listened, with arms folded across his breast, while she told him all the story of the fated night.

"And is this all?" he questioned bitterly, when she had paused.

"No, not all," she continued, raising her voice. "My confession has another witness, who has forced his hated presence again upon me. The Count Belzoni is here again, Gerald."

As she spoke she drew aside the curtain, but the form she expected to disclose was gone, the open window attesting to its flight.

Silently the husband drew a paper from his pocket, and showed her a paragraph offering a reward for the arrest of a thief and swindler known as Count Belzoni.

"My darling," he said, "my little wife has learned a lesson she will never forget. I have known this story all the while, but I have waited until you came to tell it to me. I returned the night of the ball to take you with me, when I found you had gone. Imagine what I suffered and my added suffering when, arriving at the scene of enjoyment, where I had followed you, I discovered who was your companion. I stood near you and heard the words he addressed to you—heard with joyful heart your answer, saw you wrench your hand from his hold, and also saw what you did not, the sparkle of the ring he drew from your finger. Poor little girl. I watched you hasten through the crowd, and knew that you had already met your bitterest punishment. It has been through my efforts that the count has been traced and exposed. Only this morning I recovered your ring from the man with whom he had pledged it as security. Once more I place it on your finger. But, remember, darling, it is only the outward charm. A wife's true talisman is her husband's honor."

There are 112,412 miles of railroad track in this country, of which 107,158 are in operation.

The Last Leather Breeches.

Old Harmanus Schoonhover was, some fifty and odd years ago, the 'oldest inhabitant' of the village—for it was a village then—of Brooklyn, a genuine old Knickerbocker, faithful to the traditions of the times, and looking down with sovereign contempt on all modern innovations and improvements. He lived in an old wooden house, the gable end of which profected far into Fulton street, and the door yard of which was always ornamented in the summer time with those choicest of acclimated exotics, parti-colored tulips from Harlem, and sunflowers from—heaven knows where. Harmanus was generally known as the Last of the Leather Breeches, from the style of garment that incased his nether limbs. He also wore a broad-skirted, cinnamon-colored coat of homespun manufacture and make, decorated with hugh blue buttons, a very long waistcoat of black cloth, a white neck cloth, and a hugh three-cornered hat trimmed with tarnish gold lace, in the loop of which, when abroad, he invariably wore a little clay pipe, with the stem tipped with red sealing wax. We must not forget his square-toed shoes, large enough for the wear of a gouty alderman, with their huge plated buckles. The rising generation did not regard his attire with that, veneration which it inspired in a few relics, of the old school, who had not, however, courage enough to imitate his example and resist the modern abominations of dress. They would often laugh in the very face of the study old Knickerbocker—

His old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches and all that
Were so queer.

But the old gentleman was queer in other ways than matters of dress. His notions on banks or in Wall street speculations. He would sometimes shave paper with undoubted indorsers, and he owned some real estate; but the bulk of his property consisted in sundry fat little kegs solidly filled with gold and silver, which he kept in his sitting-room up-stairs, fronting the street. Then he was queer in other things he had queer ways of helping poor people anonymously, and absurd notions that charity should begin at home, and only expand outwardly in proportion as every necessity within its immediate sphere had been relieved. So that, putting all these things together, the good man passed for being a little cracked, and heads with nothing at all in them were gravely shaken, like empty poor-boxes, when his name was mentioned.

The old fellow viewed with annoyance and disgust the changes that took place in his native village.

He only smiled when the stages from Patchogue and Babylon and Islip disgorged at Carmann their loads of antiquated figures that looked as if they might have stepped down from the canvasses of a Flemish gallery of the seventh century. He didn't recognize as fellow-creatures any man or woman in the modern Parisian mode.

At length the wise men of Brooklyn pronounced Schooenhover's house a nuisance. It was shabby, it was tumble-down, it destroyed the alignment of the street. It must come down. The corporation offered him a handsome price for it. He rejected it with disdain. He was told that he must abandon his mansion—the homestead of his father—will ye nill ye. He dared them to violate the sanctity of his castle. He was notified to vacate—he scorned the summons. The whole town became interested.

The old man was a non resistant, like old Father Lemson. He shut himself up with his money-bags and doggedly awaited the result. Workmen were sent to pull down the house. The whole vicinity was thronged with curious spectators as at a ship-launch, Merrily rang the axes and the hammers and saw, and the 'yo heave-ho! of sturdy fellows pulling and hauling at cables. At last the end of the house was torn away—shaming the legal fiction that a man's house in his castle—and there sat old Hermanus in his elbow-chair, with his cocked hat on his head and his immortal breeches on his sturdy legs, sublime in his martyrdom, and smoking tranquilly his old clay pipe. His family had been removed to another of his houses. He was invited to join them. But he declined, with a majestic wave of the hand and a graceful emission of tobacco smoke. Then he was lifted carefully, arm-chair and all, carried down the staircase, and deposited on the opposite sidewalk. His goods and chattels were sent to his wife; but even when his money kegs departed he refused to accompany them, but sat all through that day a silent spectator of the utter demolition of his venerable house. At night he rejoined his family.

The removal of this old landmark marked the merging of one era into another, and had the significance of an historical event. The corporation paid the old man a large sum, but he did not long survive the destruction of his house. His son lives in a palace and drives blooded horses, but few beyond the family remember, in the heady current of life, the, 'Last of the Leather Breeches' of New York.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr E. Springer of Mechanicsburg Pa., writes "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh 48 lbs."

Call at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1,00.

The first society for the executive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Social Character of Athletic Sports.

Bodily exercises imply society and a social disposition; for if a solitary person, like Robinson Crusoe or Enoch Arden, were to be found daily practicing with the bars and rings, we should suspect him, not of social, but of ominously selfish and morbid tendencies. The pleasure of being strong lies in the fact that others are strong around us thereby furnishes us with companionship and competition which are the fuel of life. Health is, or should be, incidental to this pleasure; that is to say, I question the propriety of making health the deliberate object of exercise. Let it come if it will; but it will come none the slower if you forbear to be on the watch for it. To make yourself strong for the sake of your private health is the analogue of obeying the decalogue for the sake of your private crown; there is something unpleasantly unsympathetic about it But be strong simply because mankind at large will be better if all men become physically more efficient, and the other blessings shall be added to you. Moreover, apart from the stimulus of example and fellowship, it is doubtful whether one man in twenty will take the trouble regularly to exert herself. Unless there be some motive outside himself, he will soon cease to think it worth while. Dr. Winship used to say that he never would have made himself the man he was but for the purpose he had formed to thrash a certain offensive upper-class man in college; and Mr. William Blaikie began his athletic career an apparently hopeless consumptive. Dr. Winship lifted three thousand pounds, and Mr. Blaikie pulled stroke of the Harvard crew in their great race with Yale; but it would be useless to tell me that the desire to thrash a man or to heal a diseased lung had more than the minutest share in bringing these results about. If it had not been for the gymnasium, with its jolly society of zealous and emulous young gymnasts, Winship would never have lifted his own weight, and Blaikie would have been, at best, a valetudinarian. The fame of the Olympic and Isthmian games still echoes in our ears but it was not the games that made Greece go to see them; it was Greece going to see them that made the games. In the same way I have noticed that the university crews of Oxford and Cambridge, for example profess to be superbly indifferent as to whether the British public on the day of the race lines the river-bank from Putney to Mortlake; indeed, they have lately undertaken to intimate that they would prefer to have the public keep away. But no one knows better than they themselves that, were the public some day to take them at their word not only would the crews never find the energy to get themselves into condition, but were that difficulty overcome, they would never find it in their hearts to pull further that Hammersmith Bridge, near which there is a very good ale-house. I do not wish, however, to run this theory into the ground; I only wish to indicate that athletics are essential ly a popular pursuit, conducive to good citizenship, and the cultivation of which, therefore, good citizenship should imply.—Julian Hawthorne, in *Harpers Magazine for August.*

How to Plow Orchards.

Whether to plow the orchard to the trees each year or to turn the sod in opposite directions in alternate years must depend on the soil and location. It is only in exceptional cases that the former course should be pursued. In poorly drained orchhards, on low, black land, this practice of heaping the sod about the tree has the advantage even in this particular, however, it is doubtful if the benefits will over balance the inconvenience resulting from such a practice. Better tile the orchard and keep the surface even. Drainage is not always secured by the deep dead furrows. The ground must have a good natural slope or deep pools will be formed in the dead furrow just where the young roots demand warmth and drainage. The constant lowering of the dead furrows cuts off the smaller roots and drives them deep into the subsoil where there is little nutriment. The valuable surface soil is piled up around about the trees, where it does no good. Roots feed largely upon the valuable elements which reach down from the surface soil. The most active roots of large trees are far from the trunk. An uneven surface in an orchard is a constant source of aggravation, especially in picking time, when, one must enter it with a wagon. Windfalls roll into the dead farrows, and become bruised, wet and decayed. The sod does not usually strike close against the body of the tree. As a consequence, a little depression is formed there, into which drifts litter, forming an attractive home to insects and mice. There is no danger of injuring trees by plowing away from them and close to them if one has trained his trees properly, and if he exercises care. If the practice of close plowing be inaugurated in young orchards the roots will start deep enough to avoid the plow. It is not necessary to plow deep. Trees should be trimmed high. Low-headed trees are an abomination, and they present hardly an advantage over high tops. Even the oft-repeated assertion that they are easier to pick from I have usually found very wide of the mark. To have comfortable picking one must have room under the tree in preference to a top so low that he can step into it. With moderately high topped trees, short whiffle-trees, low hames, a gentle team and a careful man one need not fear about injuring trees. Plow one year east and west, the next north and south; one year to the trees, one year away from them.

The English railroads have more substantial roadbeds than those in America, but the rolling stock is very inferior.

The Hot-Footed Centipede.

Centipedes are composed of a body of from twenty to fifty segments each provided with two feet of claws. The front pair are more largely deveeloped than the others. They form a sort of "foot-jaw," and are provided with poison glands. These are the apparatus by which the insect seizes its prey, and when these "jaws' are brought together the pressure forces the venom along the sharp points of the claws into the wound. The insect lives under damp stones and in old walls. If a centipede crawls over a sleeping person (for it is a night traveler) there is said to be enough poison exuded from its claws to destroy the scarf skin, but not enough to do any serious damage. If, howeves the sleeper should make some sudden movement that alarms or hurts the centipede, it prepares for war by extending its claws into the skin of his involuntary entertainer. Of course, the poison from the "foot-jaw" follows their insertion, and pain, followed by efforts to remove the insect, so thrust after thrust of the poison-bearing claws is made, and hence the idea that each of its feet is provided with the same kind of weapons arises. Itching, followed by intense pain, is experienced; red spots appear at each puncture, which are red and become perfectly black at the centre. The inflamation travels along the lymphatic vessels of the part to the nearest glands, which enlarge and sometimes occasion abscesses. There is great mental anxiety; pains in the head, back and limbs; weakness, fever and vomiting. In very rare instances convulsions, unconsciousness and death follow, sometimes within five or six hours. In those who recover troublesome sloughing of the skin and underlying tissues occasionally occurs. In some persons it is said that eruptions appear every year over the parts of the skin affected by this kind of injury. The treatment of cases of poisoning by the centipede is the same as for spider bites. It has also been advised to give chloral and carbolic acid internally, and to apply astringent washes externally in centipede bites,

Looking Into Empty Muzzles.

On the way down from Natchez to New Orleans the boat rounded to at a landing on the Louisiana shore to take on a lot of cotton seed. She had just made fast, and the mate had stepped ashore "hustle them niggers," when a middle-aged man, closely resembling the typical Southerner, suddenly stepped out from behind the sacks, presented a revolver within a foot of the mate's face, and cried out: "Throw up your hands or you are a dead man!" There were fifty of us with our eyes on the two men, and we held our breath as the mate slowly raised his arms above his head. He didn't change color in the slightest, and those who took in the details noticed that he chewed away at his plug tobacco with the same regular motion—neither faster nor slower. "Now, then, down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I'll send a bullet into your eye!" The mate's legs wabbled, bent, and down he sank and remarked that he was sorry if he had offended the other. "All right, growled the man with a pistol as he shoved it into his hip pocket "after this you will be a little more careful whom you fling your impudence at." As he turned away the mate made a dive with his right hand, and up came a Derringer, out shot the arm, and in a voice of thunder the mate cried: "Halt! Throw up your arms! Down on your knees or I'll blow your brains all over the plantation!" The tables were turned. Up went the arms, and, after a few seconds, the man went down on his knees, and said he had the highest respect for the mate's moral worth. Whe he rose up the Captain and thers had reached the pair, and in ten seconds more they were disarmed. "Close call that," said one of the passengers as the Captain handed the weapons to the clerk to keep until the boat was ready to leave. "Humph! neither one of 'em loaded!" replied the old man. Such was the actual fact. Two emty and harmless weapons had humbled two men who meant shoot.

A Woman's Curious Request.

In the will of Rachael T. Stevens, of Somerville, recently filed in the Probate Court of East Cambridge, appears the following bequest: "I give and devise all my estate, both real and personal, to the city of Boston, in trust, nevertheless, for the following use and purposes, viz.: To pay the net income thereof in semi-annul payment to Hannah J. Adams, of Somerville; upon the death of said Hannah to pay the net income of said trust estate for the support and maintenance of poor, worthy Protestant single women of Beston who have arrived at the age of 59 years (not including widows,) paying each the sum of $100 annually in semi-annual payments; upon the marriage of any beneficiary under this will no future payment is to be made to her, nor is any further payment to be made to any beneficiary who becomes unworthy of help under this trust. The foregoing is a perpetual trust." Her Somerville property is directed to be held in trust until it can be sold at $1 per square foot, at which time the city is authorized to sell without applying to any Court for leave, the proceeds of the sale to be held upon the terms of the previous trust.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Cou'd they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50cts. and $1.00.

Trial size free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store.

England has an army of 45,000 men in Ireland.

Small Farms Profitable.

The owner of fifty acres of good ground who thoroughly understands his business is better situated than his neighbor who owns 200 acres and farms according to the old theories. The small farmer has less investment, pay less taxes, and cultivates more carefully than the large farmer. In France and Germany the farms are generally very small, often not a fourth of the size of average American farms, but they are worked so carefully that, while steadily increasing in fertility, they still produce a great deal more per acre than our own. The owner of many acres is apt to neglect the poorer portions of his ground, and thus manuring, rotating and cultivating are reduced to a system that produces the best possible results.

An example of German gardening will illustrate the point. Within three miles of Port Jervis lives a German family consisting of six or seven persons. For years they have lived on a strip of sandy land less than two acres in size, a part of which is covered by the dwelling, a barn and outhouses. The woman of the family, an able-bodied and intelligent person, who had learned her work in Baden, cultivated this piece of ground, and for a series of years supplied her table with vegetables and sold from $300 to $400 worth of vegetables annually. Every inch of room was occupied. From early spring to late autumn crop after crop of lettuce, beets, spinach, cabbage, potatoes, corn, beans, mangold, wurzels, asparagus, onions, endive, egg plants, peppers, salsify, cauli-flowers and other plants appeared. Every bit of waste material fit for the purpose was thrown on the compost heap or turned into liquid mancur and the naturally sterile piece of ground was made to pay for itself over and over again. The fences were built in trellis form to support grapevines, and not a square inch of ground escaped the payment of tribute exacted by the indefatigable woman who tilled it. Her methods are those in steady use in Germany, where overcrowded population has rendered necessary the thoroughest working of the soil. Her plants for setting are the first in the market, and she is the last in the autumn to offer fresh vegetables for the table. To such a farmer fifty acres of good land would be a fortune. It is such tillage as this which makes it possible for French, German, English and Italian holders of twenty-acre or thirty-acre or fourty acre farms to earn a living, while American holders of farms, of equally good land, ranging from 100 to 500 acres, work about a hard and are forever under mortgage and on the very verge of bankruptcy. The future will certainly witness a great revolution in American farming, and one of the features calculated to bring about a better state of affairs will be the division of land into smaller farms and the consequent improvement in agricultural methods.

Story Discredited.

WASHINGTON, August 12.—The account published in New York this morning stating that the records of the Navy Department showed that the rescued members of Lieutenant Greely's party had partially sustained life upon the flesh of their dead comrades is wholly discredited at the department to-day.

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture-like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which costs you but 50 cents, and is sold by C. N. Boyd, the Druggist.

There are 20,000 producing oil wells in Pennsylvania, yielding, at present, 60,000 barrels of oil per day It takes