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Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office Pringle's Row, Main street, in rear of Diamond Hotel, in room formerly occupied by Dr. Scull. may21.

DR. E. W. BLOUGH, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Respectfully announces to the people of Somerset county, that he has located in Somerset borough, where he will be found at office day or night, unless professionally engaged. Office on Main street, opposite the Lutheran church, in Diamond, over Knepper's Drug Store. apr22-6m.

DR. H. S. KIMMEL,
Would offer his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and Vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, on Main St., near the Diamond.

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

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 36. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1805.

Stone in the Kidney.

Expelled After Using Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" About Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cures that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Roach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y. Mr. Roach had suffered since Oct. 1r, 1874, from the presence of Gravel, or Stone in the right Kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Roach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitation of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as could be passed through the urinal channel.

Mr. Roach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy, as follows: "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the Kidneys and Bladder, or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood."

Wm. McKnew, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe 'Favorite Remedy' is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried most everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia. While 'Favorite Remedy' is a specific in Stomach and Bladder disorders, it is equally valuable in cases of bilious disorders, Constipation of the Bowels and all the class of diseases peculiarly inseparable from the constitution of women.

Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
CURES DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, MALARIA, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER.
And its virtues merits have placed it at the head of all Family Medicines.
It takes the place of a Doctor, and Costly Prescriptions.
No Household Should be Without it. It Prevails, as Well as Cures
Nausea, Bile, Colic, Torpid Liver, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Fevers, Sleeplessness, Landsickness, Foul Breath, And every disease brought on or aggravated by a Disordered Stomach.
Its high century of use by thousands has entitled it to the
— Faultless Family Medicine —
The best Preparatory Medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a Speedy Cure.
"I have not had a doctor in my family for the past year and it is the only year in ten that some member of my family has not been under the doctor's hands, and we do not think any the less of it because it is a family medicine." "I have found it a good medicine for my family." "Simmons Liver Regulator." Camden, Ala. "MRS. N. A. WENT."
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Robes, Lap Blankets, and everything to be found in a First-class Saddlery. Good Teams and Riding Horses always ready for hire. When in need of anything in my line, give me a call.
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UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.
All kinds of Undertaking business attended to with care. I have two hearses for burial purposes—a Black Hearse and a White Hearse, the latter especially for attending Children's Funerals. I keep on hand at all times Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds, and White Coffins for Children. I will also keep in stock a specimen of City Caskets, covered, at a small advance on city prices. Don't fail to call on me when in need of anything in my line. I can do as well by you as you can do elsewhere.
oct7 6m. HENRY HOFFMAN.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The following Assignees Accounts have been filed in my office and notice is hereby given that the same will be presented to the court for confirmation on Thursday February the 25th, 1886, when and where all persons interested can attend.

First and final account of John H. Uhl, Assignee of S. H. Weimer, &c.

First and final account of C. J. Miller, Assignee of Jacob D. Miller.

Account of Edgar Kyle, Assignee of Henry S. Berkey and wife.

Prothonotary's office, } N. S. CRITCHFIELD,
Feb'y 3, 1886. } Prothonotary.

NOTICE.

To all Persons Whom it May Concern:

Take notice that I have made application to Hon. J. Simpson Africa, Secretary of Internal Affairs, for a warrant for 50 acres unimproved land situate in Jenner Township, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands warranted in the names of Charles Ogle or John Sankison on the East, Mary Young, Jr., on the South, John Meese, on the West, and Ludwick Shaffer on the North, and at the expiration of thirty days will ask that a warrant be issued for the same to me.

jan27. JACOB WITT.

HER DIARY.

Vacation and June! I can hardly realize that I am fairly outside of that dingy school-room with its row of stunted desks and its paneling of blackboards. It is so delicious to have one's time to one's self!—such a luxury just to sit idly and dream over the pictures on Uncle Aristotle's walls, where I'm spending a happy holiday! I wish vacation would last forever! Lena reproaches me with my want of energy, but I tell her she has enough for both. She hardly gives herself time to eat or sleep, while I allow myself a generous margin for both occupations. I insist that Lena is preparing herself for a country parish or a mission to the Fejees; and she assures me with a grim face that every one has a mission if she chooses to discover it. I wonder what mine is! In the morning, when I'm in that pleasant state between sleeping and waking, I hear Lena starting off to read the Bible to old Mrs. Haddock, and I feel very wicked for half a minute. She never seems to have a moment to spare for what she calls frivolities. I've been in the house a fortnight, and I've never seen her stroll into the garden nor sit on the veranda to pass the time o' day with Dame Nature, nor idle in the hammock. I've never seen her waste a second before the engraving of Turner in the library or the Ary Scheffer over the mantel, which have sent me dreaming away half hours by the score. Every one of Lena's days has its appointed task. She reads theology to two blind ladies of decaying fortunes, and the church papers to a bedridden old man; she is president of the Society for Aged Women, and treasurer of the Dakota League to send tracts and blankets to the Indians; she belongs to half a dozen Bethels and foreign missions and societies for the education of indignant young men for the ministry, and she is always seeking out destitute families and invalids to whom chicken broth and calf's foot jelly are a providence.

"She does a world of good!" Ostrander says to me, as he sees her going out like my Lady Bountiful; and he says it with a sigh.

"I don't like goody-goody people," I reply just to vex him, and because I must speak my mind for though I like Lena herself—I used to love her when we played dolls together ten years ago—yet I don't fancy the Lena who has wrapped herself away from all home sympathies and innocent pleasures.

"You will learn to like her." Ostrander insists. "But I wish she would remember that there are hungry souls without going into the highway and hedges to find them."

I'm afraid he thought me stupid enough, for I did not understand him at once.

"You mean that she could do some good at home, too? She might read to her mother, who is an invalid herself, or to Uncle Aristotle, whose eyes are failing him? and teach the maids their work? and entertain you and me?" I questioned, glibly.

"No," said he, most charitably. "Those are things to which she will awaken one day—all in good time. I was speaking of myself."

"Of yourself!" repeated. "Do you mean"—and then I couldn't help laughing, if I were to die for it. "Why, Mr. Ostrander, she hasn't half a minute to waste on love, if that's what you mean."

"You've hit my meaning exactly," he answered. "It seems to amuse you."

To tell the truth, it does amuse me. Ostrander is so handsome, and in love with Lena, who is so prim, and thinks of nobody but the bedridden and poverty-stricken; very good of her, no doubt, but not half so natural as caring for Ostrander would be.

Sunday.—Ostrander overtook us coming home from church, and wanted to walk round by the haunted mill, but Lena was going to hear the lessons of her ragged school at Poverty Point. Ostrander said he hoped she would teach them to love one another. He and I walked on together over the crazy bridge by the deserted mill, where the river slides by, reaching an arm to-ward the distant sea, and the trees bend over to look at themselves on either bank till their tops interlace. I felt almost sinful to be there enjoying myself in the Sunday stillness, with the perfumed fields stretching away in the sun, and the river rippling at my feet, and Ostrander repeating snatches from the poets that painted that scene to perfection, while Lena was doing a good work at Poverty Point. I believe I confessed to the sensation, for Ostrander said:

"I suppose every one must do good in his or her own way."

"But it seems to me," I replied, "that Lena's method is to do just the contrary to what she would like to do."

"Do you think she would prefer walking with us to teaching those ragged urchins?" he asked, brightening.

"I haven't a doubt but she would prefer walking with you," I assured him; "only Lena is perpetually mortifying the flesh."

Upon my word, I couldn't help wondering at her when he sighed and looked away "across the river's dim expanse," and forgot me for half an hour. If any one loved me like that, I should be ashamed to make no return, but—nobody does.

Tuesday.—"I suppose," said Ostrander last night, "that if I were an invalid, or a fellow with a cataract or a hump, Lena would be devoted to me."

"Can't you pretend to some misfortune?" I asked.

"'Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?'"

"Perhaps she's too certain of your—your regard, we'll call it; it lacks piquancy. If she were to grow jealous of you, now—"

"Lena jealous!" he laughed. "One is never jealous of that which is already one's own, and which one does not greatly prize."

"No, not till there is a prospect of losing it. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.'"

"I doubt if she calls my regard a blessing."

"Why don't you try the experiment of proving whether it is or not?"

"That might be wise—to know the worst—only I haven't spirit for it."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"It would seem rather unfair, wouldn't it?—to the third party, I mean—if you'll pardon the conceit, unless—unless you will consent to play proxy yourself?"

"I never thought of it," I returned; "but it would be good fun; something to laugh about when you and Lena have married and settled into the Darby-and-Joan style."

"It would be the only safe way," he said. "There would be no danger of mistake on either part; we should both know our role; and if I should fail in mine," he continued, with a gallantry touched by melancholy, "and overdo it, Lena would lose nothing she values, and you would gain as little."

What would Lena say if she knew we were plotting against her peace of mind?

Wednesday.—So the play begins. I was helping Lena on some garments for a missionary box, when a maid came up to say that Mr. Ostrander was waiting.

"Please excuse me to him," said Lena, laying on the patterns and calculating the cloth; "I really can't see him to-day."

"It was the other young lady he was askin' for," corrected Bridget.

"Oh! for you," looking up absently, with suspended scissors. "It is so dreadful to have an up and a down to anything. Don't let me keep you."

"No, I won't," said I. "We are going out boating—'floating, floating, like a dream'—Mr. Ostrander and I."

"You and Ostrander," she repeated mechanically. "Well, ask Bridget to put you up a lunch."

She won't take my usurpation so calmly by and by, or I'm no prophet.

Monday.—Rain, nothing but rain since Wednesday—and Ostrander. Lena goes out all the same to ragged schools and committees on charities. Ostrander offers to carry her umbrella, but she objects that his presence would be embarrassing in sick chamber or school room. He watches her out of sight, and returns to me. We played a solemn game of cribbage, and then, before I am aware, I am telling him everything I know and don't know, and really making him laugh at my nonsense. To-day he has an idea; he is going to paint my portrait. Of course it will be a daub. What will Lena think! We have been singing psalms and spiritual hymns all the afternoon. Lena came in on us, and stood listening in her dripping clothes. They are to have a voluntary choir at church, and she thinks we might offer our services. Ostrander is afraid we should quarrel, choirs are so touchy.

Thursday.—I have sat for my portrait several times. It is so odd to see my own eyes and nose growing upon the canvas, and the unreal semblance of myself—a sort of wraith. He is painting me as the lady of Shalott. I don't half like it. The towers of Camelot, and Lancelot riding down, are to be faint-limned in the dreamy distance.

"'I'm half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.'"

August.—Lena for some days has made no sign, but the charm, or counter charm, begins to work. For a while Ostrander and I rowed along on the river, cantered through the green roads of Newbury to Craneneck Hill, to cool ourselves with the filmy vision of Mount Washington, against the far horizon; together explored every inviting path through the woods, and scared the partridge from its covert. The neighbors began to look askance at me. They think I am stealing my cousin's lover before her eyes. But what do I care for their disregard, if so I can secure happiness to Ostrander and Lena? And what matters it by what roundabout way happiness reaches us! Besides, the more they frown on me, the more Ostrander smiles. He is grateful that I play my part so well.

One day Lena propesed to join us. It was about this time that Mr. Lovell came to illustrate Uncle Aristotle's book on the Andes. He proposed to rival Ostrander, and paint me as Hilda in the *Marble Faun*. I could hardly spare the time to sit, for my pleasuring with Ostrander. Lena took a lively interest in this portrait, brought her work to see it grow under her eyes. She was too proud to show a like interest in Ostrander's attempt; the Bradfords are proud as Lucifer, and Lena is a Bradford to the back-bone. So at last there are four of us when we take our pleasure out of doors. It is a forsaking of work on Lena's part; she seems to have forgotten the lame and the halt. She follows Ostrander with her eyes stealthily. I wonder if her heart aches?

Ostrander does not half relish this new intruder; he wears a wrinkle across his brow. I have seen him so constantly in these weeks that I can interpret every expression that flits across his face. Perhaps he, too, is tasting jealousy, and it has a bitter flavor. But he has no cause for alarm. I could ease his mind. Only last night, in the windy lane, when a cloud blew over the moon, Mr. Lovell caught me in his arms and swore that I should love him willy-nilly. I was too angry to do anything but tear myself away and vow I never would.

I never meant to be married myself.

September.—The play goes on and on. Will Ostrander never see that his time has come, that Lena hangs upon his words, worships the ground he treads? How blind these men are! I feel as though we were actors petrified in our masks. Ostrander still keeps up the pretty farce of devotion to me. Does he not see that it has served his turn?

Ah! what delicious evenings we had in the old chapel practicing those melodious fugues for the choir before Mr. Lovell came—lingering homeward through the twilight lanes, brushing the dew, and tracking the constellations on moonless nights. I know Ostrander by heart now; I think I shall recognize him when we are disembodied spirits. Lena and Mr. Lovell go with us to choir meetings, and the sunset dips in a moment throught the windows, and makes the painted saint in the chancel smile. But the old tunes have lost their sweetness. We sing the same airs, we stroll in the same paths, the stars that we have watched swing in the same orbits; what is it that has changed? Am I tired of the role I have assumed in a spirit of mischief? I have heard it was dangerous to play with fire. It seems to me that I should like to go away for a little and calm the perturbation of spirits that destroys me. I have done my part bravely, though I say it; but even the bravest come away wounded. In teaching Lena to love Ostrander, have I not learned too much myself? I am glad that vacation does not last forever.

What year of the world and what day of the month is it, I wonder? Last night we were loitering in the library at dusk, looking over Mr. Lovell's illustrations, for a storm was coming up to spoil our out-door sports. Uncle Aristotle called Mr. Lovell away, and I strolled to the music room, leaving Ostrander and Lena alone. I had just touched the first chord, and whether the interval was short or long I do not know, but that thrilling chord of Donizetti was the last thing I heard until I drew a long breath, and some one sobbed in divine antiphony, "my love, my love; speak to me, my love!" It was Ostrander's voice, and I had been lightning-struck. But it was only a shock, and I am up and alive to-day. Was that bolt sent to make the revelation to me of Ostrander's regard? He does not know that I understood, and there is yet a choice between two ways left me—either to accept happiness at Lena's expense, or to marry Mr. Lovell. Will it wrong him? Once when I told him that I had no love for him, he vowed he could make me love him. Must I let him try? By and by Ostrander's love will return to its true channel. Ah me! if it were right to love and be loved, how sweet the days might prove. Ostrander is swinging in the hammock on the veranda. Mr. Lovell is in the garden waiting to waylay me. Stay! why should I go? Why should I choose Lena's happiness instead of Ostrander's? Is it that in choosing his I am purchasing my own?

Ten years later.—How yellow my old diary has grown! The perfume of that dear faded summer is wafted from every page. I found it to-day in a trunk of old family letters and papers among the effects of my late husband, my Lovell. How blind we women are! I found something else there, too—this package of letters from Lena to him, written before Mr. Lovell illustrated Uncle Aristotle's book. There had been some love-passages between them, it seems, that he did not choose to continue. This was why Lena forgot her missions and ragged schools to follow pleasure with us. She loved Mr. Lovell. How plain it all is to-day; a bit of wisdom that reaches me ten years too late! Here is a violet-colored purse she netted for him; it should have been blue—blue is the color of love; here is a book-mark, woven in a pretty parody, with her own hair, "Life is short, but love is long."

Is she happy, I wonder, in her country parish, with her children and the Rev. Amos Greatheart? I mean to run down there and see if I have indeed spoiled more lives than my own.

Sunday.—How odd it seems to be back again to Uncle Aristotle's old house! The same pictures on the walls, the same books in the library—even his own book on the Andes in its place—and the Rev. Amos Greatheart in his arm-chair. It is a little heaven below, in spite of all. Lena does not miss anything; she has proved that first love is not always best love. The orchard trees seem like old friends, and the honeysuckle at my window sends upward bouquets of perfume that almost make me homesick. Mr. Greatheart is swinging the baby in the hammock.

"I shall bring an old friend home to tea, Lena love," I hear him say to her. I shall go to hear him preach this afternoon in the old chapel where we used to sing the fugues and chants.

Evening.—A shower came up during the afternoon service. I waited in the porch for Mr. Greatheart till the little congregation dispersed. The lightning coruscated on the edge of the clouds, and the resonant thunder made music among the hills, like "horns of Elfland faintly blowing." As I stood looking out a step drew near. "Mr Greatheart," I remarked, "I shan't mind the rain, if you wish to start."

"It reminds me," said a voice that was surely not Mr. Greatheart's—"it reminds me of another thunderstorm which struck in our neighborhood. Do you recall it, Mrs. Lovell?"

"Mr. Ostrander!" I cried, facing him. "Is it you? I hardly expected such a surprise."

"I might ask 'is it really you?' but these shadowy eyes assure me; even your dimples have not lost their cunning; 'nothing of you that doth fade.' How many years is it since we used to come here and sing away the sunset hours? Ten? It was on my lips then how I loved you the night you were lightning-struck. Shall I tell you now?"

And so when the storm cleared, we walked home together through the wet familiar lanes, with the sun burnshing every grass blade; and, please God, we shall walk together through life and through eternity.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has decided that property owners are not liable for damages for injuries sustained by reason of icy pavements.

Lard may be perfectly sweet by boiling a pared potato in it.

A GREAT SOLDIER DEAD

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock Suddenly Expires.

A SHORT BUT PAINFUL ILLNESS.

Suffering from a Boil and Diabetes Without Relief.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Major-general Hancock died at his home on Governor's Island this afternoon. His last articulate words were spoken about 6 o'clock in the morning, when turning to his wife, who was leaving the room, he murmured, in a pain-laden voice: "Oh! Ellie—Myra, good—." The farewell was never completed, for he lapsed suddenly into unconsciousness. Hypodermic injections of brandy and ether were freely administered, but they were powerless to produce a rally of the life's energies, and at 2.51 P. M. life was pronounced extinct.

The doctors had anticipated severe paroxysms and had prepared anæsthetics, but, as Department Surgeon Dr. Janeway, the attending physician, expressed it, "the General passed away as easily as if he were descending a stairway." The only person present at the death-bed were Dr. Janeway, Dr. Sutherland, the medical director of the department; Dr. Stimson, of this city, who was called to the island early in the morning for consultation, and Hospital Stewart Robinson. Mrs. Hancock was in an adjoining room. The immediate cause of death was a carbuncle, which became malignant because of the depraved condition of the General's blood, owing to diabetes, from which he had suffered for some time.

The carbuncle first appeared in the form of a boil on Thursday, Jan. 28. He arrived in Washington the day before with Lieutenant John A. Depray and went to Wormley's. On Thursday he called on the President, the Secretary of War and General Sheridan. He was annoyed all day by the boil on the back of his neck, at the base of the brain. On Friday morning he went to the United States Dispensary and had it lanced by Surgeon Reilly and then left for home. On the way to the station Lieutenant Depray told him that the President was going to have a reception that evening. He said that he was sorry, as he would have stayed over had he known of it sooner, he reached home Friday evening and appeared well.

On February 2 the boil devoloped into a carbuncle and he suffered much pain. Two days later he was much better, but between 11 and 12 o'clock on Friday night he became delirious. On Saturday the symptoms were more favorable, but yesterday there were pronounced symptoms of active kidney troubles. It was known that he was suffering from diabetes, but it was not suspected that the disease had made the rapid progress it had. The General's strong will had enabled him to fight off the disease for a long time, but since the death of his only son, last Autumn, he has not been so strong as he was. The General's condition has been for some time a cause of anxiety to the military household on Governor's Island, but few of those outside the family circle felt that there was any immediate danger.

AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

After the end had come, General Whipple, Major-general Hancock's adjutant general, at once telegraphed the sad news to Washington, the Navy Yard, the Army Building in this city and to other places. Soon after telegrams of condolence began to come in, and they continued coming until late at night.

The news of his death reached the city almost instantly, and within ten minutes was known all over the lower part, it being ticked forth on the broker's instruments long before they had settled up the business of the day. It was promptly bulletined at the newspaper offices and the leading hotels, and the regular editions of the evening papers contained the single line. "General Hancock died at 2.58 this afternoon." It came with a shock, for there had been no intimation whatever that he had been ill, and it was the general topic of conversation in the clubs and hotels to-night. General Hancock had been so long a resident of this city, and with his wife, welcome guests at the firesides of more houses then they had time to visit, that they had many warm friends outside of army circles.

HOW HE LAST APPEARED IN LINE.

It was fortunate that Hancok's last public appearance as general commanding should have been at the head of the grand pageant witnessed on the day that the remains of Grant were taken to the tomb on the little knoll in Riverside Park, in front of which paces to-night a sentry placed there by his orders. It is only four days more than six months ago that he rode through the streets of New York City for the last time in the uniform that he had done so much to honor, and it was at the head of a funeral procession, and that of his old commander.

His appearance on that occasion was greeted with a feeling of admiration that on any other occasion would have found vent in cheers of wild enthusiasm, and the nation, as well as the family of the dead soldier, thanked him for the manner in which he had arranged the details of that great procession. He seemed then in the bloom of health. His face was full, without being gross or fleshy; and his eyes bright and clear and his form erect and stately. He was every inch a general, and only those who had occasion to be a part of that event had any idea of the energy and the complete mastery of detail that he displayed on that occasion. From the moment that, by direction of the President, he assumed charge of the funeral he was busy almost night and day, and both mail and telegraph wires were burdened with the orders that were necessary to make the ceremonies as dignified and impressive as became the general of the armies and the first citizen of the Republic. Nothing was overlooked, and nothing forgotten, and in all the long pilgrimage from Mount McGregor to Riverside Park every contingency was foreseen, so that nothing was allowed to detract from its simplicity and dignity.

Since the General's recent visit to Philadelphia, on January 14, I believe he has attended no dinner that was in any sense a public affair. He came to the city a fortnight ago to join a little party at the Hoffman, given by Mr. John Mackay, whom he had long known. He seemed then in the best of spirits, and no one thought of him as one whom they were not to meet again.

A SIMPLE FUNERAL DESIRED.

General Whipple said to-night that it was Mrs. Hancock's desire that the funeral should be of a simple character and not a military funeral. General Hancock's loss is deeply felt at the island, where he had endeared himself to all by his kindly nature and sunny temperament even to the humblest of those employed there. No arrangements for the funeral will be made until to-morrow. Mrs. Hancock has been too much prostrated to-day to think about them beyond signifying her wish for one that will be unostentatious. On the day of Grant's interment General Hancock told the inventor and builder of the steel casket in which the body of the Chief was encased that he meant to be buried in one just like it.

THE INTERMENT TO BE AT NORRISTOWN.

The interment will be at Norristown, Pa., where much of General Hancock's boyhood was passed and where his daughter Ada, who died nine years ago, is buried. He will be laid beside the remains of his father in the handsome vault in Norristown Cemetery, which he built several years ago. General Hancock leaves no property, real or personal, of any great value, having always lived generously and spent his annual pay of $7,500. It is supposed, indeed, that his wife's estate has become so reduced that it will amount to comparatively little.

NOTES OF THE EVENT.

Immediately on the receipt of the intelligence, the flag on the War Department Building in Washington was placed at half-mast, by order of the Secretary of War, and arrangements were made for the promulgation of a general order formally announcing his death to the army, which order will be issued to-day.

The President has issued the following Executive order: "A patriotic and valiant defender of his country; an able and heroic soldier, a spotless and accomplished gentleman, crowned alike with the laurels of military renown, and the highest tribute of his fellow-countrymen to his worth as a citizen—he has gone to his reward. It is fitting that every mark of public respect should be paid to his memory. Therefore, it is now ordered by the President that the National flag shall be displayed at half mast upon all the buildings of the Executive Department in this city until after his funeral shall have taken place.

It has been decided that there shall be no autopsy. The hospital stewart has charge of the remains where they lie in the family room on the second floor. Near the General's bed when he died were scattered many children's toys in the disorder of childish desertion. The General was unable to speak or to converse with his family or attendants, except in broken tones and scarcely intelligible terms.

TELEGRAMS OF CONDOLENCE.

Governor Pattison, of Pa.—"Among those who feel the deepest sympathy with you in the mourning I ask to be united."

President Cleveland—Accept my heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your terrible bereavement. The heroism and worth of your late husband have gathered to your side, in this hour of your affliction, a nation of mourners.

General Sheridan—I have this moment heard of the death, and wish to express to you, my dear madam, my deep sympathy and condolence. The army has lost a very distinguished and faithful officer, and the country one of its best citizens.

Hon. William H. English—I am pained beyond expression. The loss to yourself is irreparable and to the country and his numerous friends scarcely less. I tender you my heartfelt sympathy.

E. L. Molineax, Major General and Vice Commander—The New York Commandery learns with deep regret of the death, and are prepared to do his remains any honor you may suggest. The Second Division National Guards, or any portion thereof, tender its services.

United States Marshal McMahon, New York.—Inexpressibly shocked and grieved. Can I be of service.

General W. B. Franklin—Have just learned the distressing news. Let me know what I can do for you.

Burned to Death in Bed.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., Feb 4.—At 12:30 this morning the frame dwelling occupied by Mrs. Betsy Job, near Mt. Pleasant, was discovered to be on fire. All possible efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but to no purpose. After the building had fallen the body of Miss Job, a lady of 80 years, was found burned to a crisp. It is thought by many that the house was broken into and robbed, the lady murdered and the dwelling burned to hinder the possibility of discovering the perpetrators. Miss Job had been thrifty during her life and owned the house in which she lived, and was reputed to have considerable money besides.

The Paris catacombs contain over 3,000 skeletons. American visitors often mistake them for the closets of a San Francisco bonanza king.

The difficulty with the silver men and the Bland dollars is the same; they both ought to have more cents.

A Wonderful Pine Tree.

A few miles from Otsu, writes a correspondent in Japan to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is Karasate, a little point of land running into the lake, where a Shinto temple has stood for centuries. The shrine is covered by the arms of a pine tree, whose trunk is more than four feet in circumference, and the branches, trained out on supports, cover over an acre of ground. Of all the wonders of this part of the world, this old pine-tree of a Karasate deserves a first mention, and one wanders amazed under the great canopy of long, drawn out, interlacing branches, and studies the intricate way in which the limbs of the sturdy old pine have been twisted, looped, tied and braided, as if they had been so many sticks of candy. The ends of the branches reached out over the water on either side, and a heavy stone wall on the lake front prevents the venerable tree from ever being washed away by storms or floods. There is a tiny little box of a shrine up among the branches, and the pilgrims look strangely enough when they clap their hands loudly and stand with clasped palms, turning their faces up to the branches overhead. All the small children in Karasate followed us about as we wandered under the gnarled branches of the pine-tree, half of the small boys and girls carrying a smaller brother or sister on their backs. One bright-eyed little rascal capered about most bewitchingly, and hardly left my elbow. When I sat down he sat down and kicked his sandaled feet about me. He leaned over and read the same page of the guide-book with me; discovered my watch and held in his hand to hear it ticking, and made himself at home in the most bewitching, half-timid and polite way. The other children, drawn up in a silent army before us, wondered no less at the foreigners themselves than at the favor or audacity of their young companion. When we finally rose I picked up a few cones and the empty shells of a skin from which some locust had lately flown. A sweet, shy little girl saw me doing it, and ran to gather more and present them with many bows, the head of her baby brother on her back nobbing and rolling around alarmingly as she did it. The present of a big copper cent made her bow more than ever, and in a second the whole troop of youngsters were off over the sand and up in the tree hunting for cones and locust shells.

Went for Porcupine and Got Bear.

DUNOIS, Feb. 3.—Two men, named Bateman and Smith, started to the woods yesterday afternoon on a hunting expedition, near the village of Caledonia. They had not proceeded far before they found the winter quarters, of some animal in a cave under a large rock. Jumping to the conclusion that a porcupine was inside, Smith volunteered to go in and drive him out. He had not much more than disappeared before he made a hasty exit, nearly frightened out of his boots. Close upon his heels came a large black bear ready for fight. Bruin first tackled the dog, and was making it lively for him, when Bateman got ready and, delivering a ball from his trusty Winchester, the ferocious animal tumbled over with a bullet through his brain. When the bear was dressed it weighed 400 pounds, being the largest one killed in this section for a long time, and the hunters feel well pleased with their afternoon's sport.

He Could Not Get Justice.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 3.—Robert Jennings, for twenty-four years a postal clerk in the railway service between Cincinnati and this city, has been dismissed. He has been accounted one of the most efficient men in the service, and his personal reputation is of the highest. As Postmaster-general Vilas had informed the men that if there were no changes preferred against them they need not fear to lose their places, he wrote to the Department for an explanation. Yesterday he received an evasive answer that his dismissal was for offensive partisanship, though no instances were specified. As Mr. Jenning had never done anything worse than vote for Blaine,