The Somerset Herald.

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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. jan. 1, '75.

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COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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.

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SOMERSET, PA.
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DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
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dec. 18, '72-ly.

PROFESSIONAL.
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Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and Cambria counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 26, '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.

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SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. oct'72

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CALL AND SEE HIM.
may9

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apr7

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jun7

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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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MY SHIPS.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ladened with precious gems and gold—
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships sailed home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me;
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any Queen who sits in state,
So rich the treasures that would be
If half my ships come in from sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me;
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,
If that one ship come back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Just laden down with wealth untold,
With glory, honors, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.

Oh, skies, be calm; oh winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me,
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea—
But bring my love ship home to me.

RUTH'S STEPFATHER.

A curious trade to take to, but then it has grown to be profitable.—Things were at a low ebb with me when I took it up, while now—

There, I won't boast, only say that I'm thankful for it. Poverty comes in at the door, and love flies out of the window, so they say; but that's all nonsense, or else your poor people would always be miserable, while according to my experience your poor man is often more light hearted than the man with thousands.

I was at my wit's end for something to do, and sat nibbling my nails one day and grumbling horribly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," says my wife; "things might be worse."

"How?" I said.

"Why, we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we have got him in a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay; but I was in a grumbling fit then, and there was a clickety-click noise going on in the next room that fidgeted me terribly.

"Things can't be worse," I said angrily; and I was going to prove myself in the wrong by making my wife cry, when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said, and a fellow-lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at works, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"What works?" I asked; "fire-works, gasworks—"

"No, no; I mean works of things as goes with wheels and spring."

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces and trying to invent.

"I wish you'd come and look at this sewing machine of mine, for I can't get it to go."

Sewing machines were rather newish in those days, and I got up to have a look at it, and, after an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit the reason why—the purpose, you know, of all the screws and cranks and wheels; I found out, too, why our neighbor's wife, who was a dress-maker, and had just started one, could not get it to go, and before night, by thinking, and putting this and that together, had got her in the way of working it pretty steadily, though with my clumsy fingers I could not have done it myself.

I had my bit of dinner and tea with those people, and they forced half a crown upon me as well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that piece of work.

"There," said my wife. "I told you something would come."

"Well, so you did," I said; "but the something is rather small."

But the very next day—as we were living in the midst of people who were fast taking to sewing machines—if the folks from the next house didn't want me to look at theirs! And then, the news spreading, as news will spread, that there was somebody who could cobble and tinker machinery without putting people to the expense that makers would, if the jobs did'nt come in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vice—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning to night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Of course every now and then I got a breakage, but I could generally get over that by buying a new wheel or spindle, or what not. Next we got to supplying shuttles and needles and machine cotton. Soon after I bought a machine of a man who was tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit. Bought another and another, and sold them; then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones, and one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see.

Hundred! Why, new, second-hand, and with those being repaired up stairs by the men, I've got at least 200 on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this I should have laughed at him.

That pretty girl showing and explaining the machine to a customer? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughter—yet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of the bread thrown upon the water at the same time.

Curious idea that, you will say, but I'll tell you why.

In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of 'em are poor, and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments up to the end.

You won't believe me, perhaps, but some of them don't do that. Some of them leave their lodgings, and I never see them again; and the most curious part is, that the sewing machine disappears with them, and I never see that again. Many a one, too, that has disappeared like that I do see again—perhaps have it brought here by some one to be repaired, or exchanged for a bigger, or for one of a different make; for if you look around here you'll see I've got all kinds—new and old, little domestics and big trades—there, you name any maker, and see if I don't bring you out one of his works.

Well, when I ask these people where they got the machine—for I always know them by the number—it turns out that they've bought it through an advertisement or a salesroom, or may be out of a pawnbroker's shop.

But I've had plenty of honest people to deal with, too—them as have come straight forward and told me they couldn't keep up their payments, and asked me to take their machines back, when I'd allow them as much as I thought fair, and 'twould be an end of a pleasant transaction.

The way I've been bitten though by some folks has made me that case-hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and then the wife had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity and grown unfeeling.

It was she made me give way about Ruth, for one day, after having had my bristles all set up by finding out that three good sound machines, my best makes, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a lady-like woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said she had heard that I would take the money by installments. Now, just half an hour before, by our shop clock, I had made a vow that I'd give up all kind of trade, and I was very rough with her, just as I am when I'm cross—and said "no."

"But you will if the lady gives security," says my wife, hastily.

That poor woman gave such a woe-begone look at us that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for there, if I didn't let her have a first class machine as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to pay half a crown a week, and no more security than nothing.

To make it worse, too, if I didn't send the thing home without charge, Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five and twenty; and I sat and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak minded idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that business was going to the dogs, and I should be ruined.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," says I. "I did'nt think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good, kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world."

"Yes," I says, "to living in Bennett's place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds, Tom. I'm ashamed of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy up stairs, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of stock, and in the bank a—"

"Hold your tongue, will you!" I said roughly, and went out into the shop to try and work it all off.

Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I was at him directly.

"Where's the seven and six?" I says, angrily.

He did'nt answer, but put three half crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries—date of delivery, first payment, when the others were due, and all the rest of it—and was going into the house.

"Mind," I says, sharply, "those payments are to be kept up to the day; and to-morrow you go to Rolly's, who live nearly opposite to them, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the widow, or we shall lose another machine."

"You needn't be afraid, father," he says, coldly, "they're honest enough, only poor."

I was just in that humor that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it.

"When I ask you for your opinion, young man, you give it: and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad. "You go over to-morrow and tell Rolly's to keep a strict lookout on those people—do you hear?"

"Father," he says, looking me full in the face, "I could'nt insult them by doing such a thing," when without another word he walked out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever.

For that boy had never spoken to me like that before, and I should have gone after him feeling mad like, only some people came in, and I did'nt see him again till evening, and a good thing, too, for I'm sure I should have said all sorts of things to the boy, that I should have been sorry for after. And there I was fuming and fretting about, savage with everybody, giving short answers, snapping at the wife, and feeling as a man does feel when he knows that he has been in the wrong and hasn't the heart to go and own it.

It was about eight o'clock that I was sitting by the parlor fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the work-shop with a book under his arm, for he had been totting up the men's piece work, and what was due them; and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it too, but said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

The wife saw the storm brewing, and she knew how put out I was, for I had not lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well how to do—filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I was going to dash it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one of her old looks, kissed me on the forehead, as with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the other she lit a splint and held it to my tobacco.

It was done. She always gets over me like that; and after smoking in silence for half an hour, I was lying back with my eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when the wife said (what was said before I hadn't hear)—

"Yes, he's asleep now."

That woke me up, of course, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper.

"How came you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke!" said the wife; and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said, excitedly. "It was heart-breaking. She's living in a wretched room there with her daughter; and, mother, when I saw her I felt as if—there, I can't tell you."

"Go on, Luke," she said.

"They're half starved," he said, in a husky way. "Oh, mother, it's horrible. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself dying almost with some terrible disease."

The wife sighed.

"They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needle work, and failed, and as a last resourse they had tried to get the machine."

"Poor things!" says the wife; "but are you sure the mother was a lady."

"A clergyman's widow," says Luke, hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to use it before it will be of any use."

"Poor girl, Luke," says the wife, softly, and I saw through my eyelashes that she had laid a hand upon his arm and was looking curiously at him, when if he didn't cover his face with his hands, rest his elbows on the table, and give a low groan! Then the old woman got up, stood behind his chair, and began playing with and caressing his hair like the foolish old mother would.

"Mother," he says, suddenly, "will you go and see them?"

She didn't answer for a minute, only stood looking down at him, and then said softly:

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he says, hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid him was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says, simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterward for a few minutes between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I knew Luke was five and twenty and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to be, and here I was waking up to the fact that he was a grown up man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother, nigh upon eight and twenty years ago.

I lay back thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I would'nt stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her to put into the business, and then be my partner.

"No," I say, "if you plot together I'll plot all alone," and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning, and made myself very busy about the place, and I dare say spoke more sharply than usually, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be; and at 12 I went out, with a little oil can and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's place, and on getting to the right house I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the floor, I could hear the clinking of my sewing machine, and whoever was running it was so busy that she did not hear my knock, so I opened the door softly and looked in upon as sad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over, and, situated as she was, it gave me a kind of a turn.

"It's no business of ours," I said to myself, roughly; and I turned then to look who it was bending over my machine.

I could see no face—only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to do it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah, Luke, my boy, we've got to the silly calf age, and I dare say—"

I got no further, for at that moment the girl started, turned around, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I could'nt take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said, softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screw driver. "My machine; how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up in a moment and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't quite manage this."

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle, timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there over two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could make the needle dart in and out of that material.

"Do you think you can do it now?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I, gruffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," said she, earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I said, in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding toward her mother.

"Month," said she, with tears starting in her pretty eyes, but she added, brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and, as I looked at her, something in me said—

"God bless you, my dear! I hope you will," and the next minute I was going down stairs calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's place; and all sorts of little nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself and hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife left directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew where it was, bless you! and Luke was fidgeting about—not about himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said, bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's place, for a couple of dirty, dejected looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they could not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent, by the sewing machine wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband, where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at him in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says something from within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will see to what wants doing here."

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling in my breast.

I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintry sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady of birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there's many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come from a queer trade.

Care of Trees.

Just about this time in the season, newly set trees are liable to be neglected and to suffer. The soil is allowed to become crusted and hard about them, and as a consequence their growth is feeble, and sometimes they die. This result is more serious with autumn set trees, when the trees have not stirred since they were set. Keep the ground clean and mellow for several feet about them, and life and vigor will be imparted to them. Mulch with old straw or other litter only when cultivation can not be given; the best mulching in most cases is a bed of mellowed soil.

Mulching is most useful for young, newly transplanted cherry trees, as soon as the hot, dry weather of summer arrives, when the heat and drouth of summer together check and sometimes kill the trees. Place about them a covering six inches thick of course litter, and it will keep the roots cool and moist, and give them vigor and health.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the remark we have occasionally given, that watering young trees, as it is commonly performed, does more harm than good. It soaks and then crusts the surface, without reaching the roots below. If watering is ever necessary, the top earth should be taken off, the water applied to the roots, and the soil replaced. This leaves the earth moist below and mellow above. But even this is only temporary, and it will be of little use unless contained and regularly applied. On the whole, it is better never to water trees, but to keep the soil moist by means of a well-mellowed surface, and if necessary by mulching.

Curiosities Wanted.

A drummer to beat time to the march of Intellect.

A pair of snuffers to trim the "light of other days"

A ring for the finger of scorn.

A cushion for the seat of Government.

By a loafer, the lever that was used to raise the wind.

The brush of a boat's painter.

Grant smokes so much he can't dispense with his stovepipe.

Remarkable Effects of Arctic Cold on Man.

Lieutenant Payer, the Austrian arctic explorer, has been laying some of the results of his explorations before the Geographical Society of Vienna. Referring to the influence of extreme cold on the human organism, he related that on March 14, 1874, he and his companions made a sleigh journey over the Semiklar glacier, in order to make observations of Francis Joseph Land. On that day the cold marked 58° Fah. below zero. Notwithstanding this intense cold, M. Payer and a Tyrolese went out before sunrise to make observations and sketch.

The sunrise was magnificent; the sun appeared surrounded, as it does at a high degree of cold, by small suns, and its light appeared more dazzling from the contrast with the extreme cold.

The travelers were obliged to pour rum down their throats so as not to touch the edge of the metal cups, which would have been as dangerous as if they had been red hot; but the rum had lost all its strength and liquidity, and was as flat and thick as oil.

It was impossible to smoke either cigars or tobacco in short pipes, for very soon nothing but a piece of ice remained in the mouth.

The metal of the instruments was just like red hot iron to the touch, as were some lockets, which some of the travelers, romantically, but imprudently continued to wear next to the skin.

M. Payer says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that, under its influence, men, from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated.

Another effect of cold is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body.

It is unwholesome to use snow to quench the thirst; it brings on inflamation of the throat, palate, and tongue. Besides, enough can never never be taken to quench the thirst, at a temperature of 35½° to 58° below zero Fah. makes it taste like molten metal. Snow eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in the same way as is an opium eater in the East.

The group of travelers who traversed the snow fields were surrounded by thick vapors formed by the emanations from their bodies, which became condensed, notwithstanding the furs in which the travelers were enveloped. These vapors fell to the ground, with a slight noise, frozen into the form of small crystals, and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable, and dark.

Notwithstanding the humidity of the air, a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt.

Every sound diffused itself to a very long distance, an ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, while the report of guns from the tops of high mountains could scarcely be heard. M. Payer explains this phenomenon by the large quantity of moisture in the arctic atmosphere.

Meat could be chopped, and mercury used in the shape of balls.

Both smell and taste become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes; strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold; the eyes involuntarily close and become frozen.

When locomotion stops, the sole of the foot becomes insensible.

It is somewhat curious that the beard does not freeze; but this is explained from the air expired, falling, being immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beards to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases, while the formation of the prespriation altogether ceases.

The only possible protection against the cold is to be very warmly clothed, and to endeavor as much as possible to prevent the condensation of the atmosphere, while the much vaunted plans of annointing and blackening the body are pronounced to have no real value.

A New Food for Cattle.

A favorite and rather new kind of mash for horses is coming into use, composed of two quarts of oats, one of bran, and half a pint of flaxseed. The oats are first placed in the stable bucket, over which is placed the linseed; add boiling water, then the bran, covering the mixture with an old rug, and allowing it to thus rest for five hours, then stir the mash well up. The bran absorbs, while retaining the vapor, and the linseed binds the oats and bran together. A greater quantity of flaxseed would make the preparation too oily and less relished. One feed per day is sufficient. It is easily digested, and is especially adapted to young animals, adding to their volume rather than to their height—giving subsistance to the frame. Professor Sansom reminds us to not overlook the food, the nourishment question, in connection with the amelioration of live stock. He considers oats, so generally given to sheep, as objectionable, and approaching the unprofitable.

A City Under the Sea.

In the latter end of the last century old Port Royal disappeared beneath the waves in an earthquake, letting no other memorial behind than these few patches of reefs. In calm and clear evenings, when there is not a ripple on the glassy surface of the sea, you may look down into fifteen fathoms of water and see submerged houses, towers, and churches, with sharks swimming quietly in and out of the open windows of their belfries. The work of centuries was destroyed in a few moments by one single convulsive throb of the thin film on which man has lived and speculated for ages past. An American driving company, instigated in their enterprise by tales of untold wealth buried beneath the sea by this sudden shock, rescued no treasures but the big bell suspended still in the bell-tower, and donated the museum of the island, where it may be seen, with many puzzling inscriptions upon it, which nobody has yet been able to decipher.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Facts for Farmers Worth Knowing.

It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to know that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive warfare against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences pay better than lawsuits with your neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter.

That more stock perish from famine than fodder.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children properly is money lent at 100 per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging about country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take a good reliable, entertaining paper and pay for it promptly.

A Walking Locomotive.

The walking locomotive is a French machine which has six feet in place of the ordinary drawing wheels. They are heavily shod with india-rubber, weighing two and a half pounds to each four-tenths of an inch square surface. The two middle feet are connected by a horizontal shaft, and move together at a moderate pace, but the other four feet are independent of each other, and strike the ground successively, trotting at a rapid pace. The machine is said to maintain a much firmer "hold" on the rail or ground than can be obtained with a locomotive's driving wheels, and hence it can pull heavier loads on equal grades, or the same loads on heavier grades, than the locomotive now in use. An English journal says that the walking locomotive can be used on grades of one foot in ten.

A Supreme Argument.

It was the twilight hour, and they were meandering over the execrable sidewalks on Veto street. He was blacker than the king of clubs, and she could discount the ten spot of spades.

"Susan, I lub you!" he suddenly remarked.

"Shoo! Go long!" she replied.

"Susan, will yer marry me?" he continued.

"Go long wid ye, Pete!"

"If yer don't, I shall embrace de floatin' waters ob de dark ribber. Den de Coroner will haul me out an' sot on me; dey'll plant me under de roses, an' de verdict will be, 'Dat fellow died ob a broken heart!'"

"You don't mean dat, Pete!"

"I do, Susan!"

"Den Pete," she said, as she sighed heavily, den it's my dooty to marry ye to save yer life, an' de weddin' is to cum off in de Fall!"

And they clasped hands and rolled their eyes and stumbled along.

Three Toasts.

At a State dinner somewhere, a Frenchman was called on for a toast, and he gave in substance this:

"France; may she be like the moon, dispelling darkness by her benignant light."

An Englishman was then called on and gave this:

"England; may she be like the sun, the joy and strength of the earth."

And then Franklin, as an American, was called on for a toast, and he gave this:

"America; may she be like Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

It is grander to be a true man like Joshua—Jehovah's help—than to be moon or sun in all their glory.

BORN IN HIM.—Old Sambo Jute, long since gone across the dark valley, was a worthy man in his way, and genial withal; but Sambo occasionally got drunk. One day his employer took him to task, and read him a lecture, at the close of which he asked him if he would do better in the future.

"Dun'o mass'r," said the darky scratching his head.

"But what do you think?"

"Well mass'r, I's afeared I think not."

"Sambo, what do you mean? Do you mean that you'll not try?"

"Would be no use, mass'r. Fact is, 'twas born in me. Rum is my natural drink. You see before I was borne my father and mother were bofe bought on the coast of Africa and paid for in old rum."

He had a very promising boil between his shoulder blades, and his wife, who was young and beatiful, and could play on the harp, but hadn't nursed much in the hospitals, put a mustard plaster on it. A lawyer subsequently explained to him that they didn't grant divorces for such causes in this state.

A wife in Wyoming walked eleven miles to buy her husband a crockery spittoon painted blue, and when she got home he licked her for not having a clean shirt ready.

A Missouri man tried to ride a mule across a creek thirty feet deep. The man was drowned, but the mule crossed in safety, walking on the bottom and breathing through his ears.

"Where do people go who deceive their fellow-men?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe," was the prompt reply.

The best way to enjoy things is to use them and thus get the worth of our money of them. There is no sense in gorgeous parlors kept in darkness.

All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

The Lake Albano, 5 leagues from Rome, has the great depth of one thousand feet.

Something that will soon be leav-us—the leaves.

The kind of eyes for business men. Advert-ise.

The best result of education is to make a reasonable man.

The most cutting remarks are made by the bluntest men.

Bakers are a crusty lot of fellows and fond of loafing.

A girl of in-bread usefulness—Sally-ratus.

A regular beat—the heart beat.