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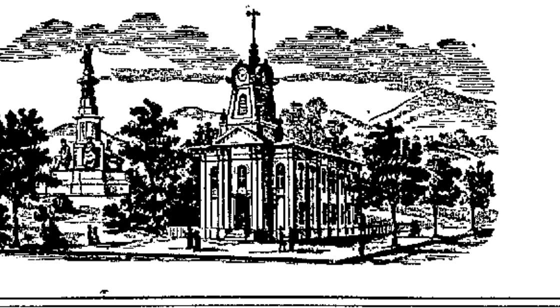

Gettysburg Compiler.

74TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA., JANUARY 12, 1892. NO. 20.

Gettysburg Compiler.
PUBLISHED TUESDAYS.

H. J. STAHLE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS a year, but if paid strictly in *Cash* and in *advance*, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS will be accepted. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, having located at ABBOTTSTOWN, Adams county, Pa., hopes that by strict attention to his professional duties be by merit and receive a share of public patronage. May 11, 1889. tf

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal,
OFFICE ON BALTIMORE STREET, near High, Gettysburg, Pa. Sept. 5, 1878. tf

Dr. C. E. Eckenrode,
DENTIST, GETTYSBURG, PA. Office on High street, west of the Catholic Church, where he can be found every day in the week, except the 1st WEDNESDAY of each month, when he will be professionally engaged at NEW OXFORD. Charges moderate, and all work warranted. Oct. 14, '84. tf

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Dr. J. L. Hill & Son,
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D. McConaughy's
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his office in the second story of the Spangler building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., formerly occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him. May 3, '78. tf

John B. McPherson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Office second-story *Star and Sentinel* Building. Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Aug. 28, '85. tf

Charles S. Duncan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan. All legal business entrusted to him will receive careful and prompt attention. Apr. 17, '85. tf

Chas. E. Stahle,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Office on Baltimore street, above F. R. Schriver's store. Mar. 19, 1891. tf

J. L. Butt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, with J. A. Kitzmiller, Esq., second floor of Spangler building. Feb. 6, '89. tf

Wm. Arch. McClean,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Office first-door in the Schick property, southwest corner of the Diamond, third door from Diamond on west side of Baltimore street. May 27, 1890. tf

Wm. McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, Adams co., Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite the court-house. Dec. 5, 1878. tf

Neely & Neely,
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in residence, on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. Gettysburg, April 10, 1888. tf

David Wills,
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Edward A. Weaver,
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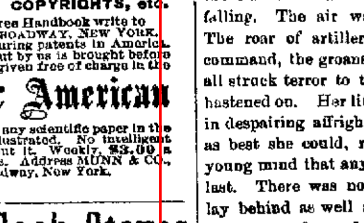

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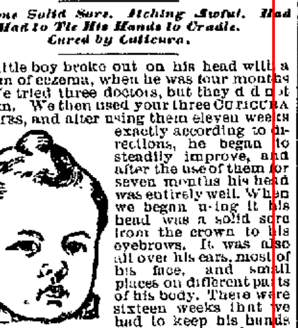
I OFFER THREE GOOD FARMS at private sale or exchange on small properties, very little money required. A man can almost have his own time to pay. Enquire of H. GOLDEN, Aug. 13, '89. tf Goldenville, Adams co., Pa.

BAD ECZEMA ON BABY

Head one Solid Sore. Itching Awful. Had Had to Tie His Hands to Cradle. Cured by Cuticura.



Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using them eleven weeks exactly according to directions, he began to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using them his head was a solid sore from the crown to his eyebrows. It was also all over his ears, most of his face, and small places on different parts of his body. There were sixteen weeks that we had to keep his hands tied to the cradle and hold them when he was taken up; and had to keep mittens tied on his hands to keep his finger-nails out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your CUTICURA REMEDIES cured him. We feel safe in recommending them to others.
GEO. B. & JANETTA HARRIS, Webster, Ind.

Cuticura Resolvent
The new blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause, while CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair. Thus the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES
Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the *Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster*. Dec. 15, 1891. 1y

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City. June 16, 1891. 1y

The Cure For
Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA
When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.
"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.
"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.
"I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla
and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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OF ALL KINDS.

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WARE ROOMS,
CORNER OF CARLISLE AND RAILROAD STREET
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Feb. 14, '81. tf

$50 DOLLARS REWARD!
For the arrest and conviction of parties who have been committing or shall commit depredations on any property of the Battlefield Association.
N. G. WILSON,
Superintendent.
July 29, 1890. tf

Gettysburg Compiler.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12, 1892.

The Coming Year.

Before our feet, untrodden, lies
Another year;
And in our hearts grave thoughts arise,
Imbued with fear.

We know not what for us it holds
In coming days;
If we shall walk through dreary wolds,
Or pleasant ways;

If we shall waken to dismay,
Or glad surprise;
If o'er us shall be gloom of gray,
Or azure skies;

If we shall, pleased, survey at eve
Our work well done,
Or o'er our bootless task shall grieve
At set of sun;

If we shall mourn o'er quenched resolves,
As in the past;
Or joy to think, to know ourselves
Grown true at last;

If we shall weep o'er Christ denied
By deed or word;
Or find—we walking by His side,
Grow like our Lord.

All this is shrouded from our ken;
Hid are our ways
With Him who openeth not to men
His book of days;

And so we dread this stranger year,
And from it shrink;
Yes, fain would pause reluctant here
Upon the brink.

But hark! across the unknown way
No foot hath trod—
Comes to the fainting soul to day
The voice of God!

And courage kindles at the words;
And dread is fought;
For faith and doubt will "measure swords"
At God's "Fear not!

"For I, the Lord thy God, will hold
E'en thy right hand;"
We shrink no more from brake or wold
Or desert land!

Dear Lord, since 'tis Thy voice divine
That bids us go,
We lay our trembling hand in Thine,
And face each foe;

With Thee into the opening year
We bravely tread;
Our wandering feet shall know no fear—
Divinely led.

From San Francisco Call, Dec 31, 1891.

GETTYSBURG'S FIGHT.

The Part That a Brave Little Girl Played During the Battle.

She Was Only Nine Years Old, But She Served General Meade's Army for Two Weeks in the Capacity of Nurse.

In yesterday's *Call* appeared a brief account of an incident of the great battle of Gettysburg, in which a California lady played an active part. A *Call* representative, who called upon the lady, now Mrs. Edward Jungerman, at her pleasant home, 822 Twenty-second street, in Oakland, was treated to an interesting chapter of reminiscences of that memorable engagement, such as must be a never-failing source of delight to the juvenile Jungermans when, childlike, they clamor for "a story."

Mrs. Jungerman, then Sadie Bushman, was a month or so less than 10 years old on that bright July morning in 1863, when her mother awakened her early with the startling news that 40,000 men of Lee's army were within a few miles of the town, hurrying on to join the main line at Cashtown. The Federals were already in the field, and it would not be long before the opposing forces would be struggling fiercely for possession of Seminary Ridge, the rocky eminence on which Buford's forces were already established.

"They are going to shell the town," her mother said, "and we must all get away." In a few minutes their plans were made. Sadie was to take her little brother and hasten to her grandmother's, some two miles down the valley. There were several smaller children who, in charge of their father and mother, would follow as quickly as possible.

Taking tight hold of her little brother's hand, the little girl started out. Her parents, with the babies, came a little distance behind, but hardly had they reached the street when a surging crowd of frightened people hurrying to some place of safety bore the two children away from the rest of the party. It was two long weeks before the brave little girl saw father or mother again, and during those two weeks they mourned her as dead.

Keeping out of the crowd as best she could and holding fast to her little charge, the child kept on her way toward her grandmother's. It was not long, however, before the pathway along which the two fled brought them directly into the thick of the fight, on the side of Seminary Ridge, among the Union forces. On every side men were falling. The air was thick with smoke. The roar of artillery, the quick word of command, the groans and cries of the dying all struck terror to the child's heart as she hastened on. Her little brother clung to her in despairing affright, but she soothed him as best she could, realizing clearly in her young mind that any minute might be their last. There was no use to retreat; danger lay behind as well as before. They could only press forward, so on they hurried. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, an explosion louder than any yet, and something whizzed by her, whipping her short skirts in its flight. A gray-bearded officer seized the two children and dragged them to one side. 'What an escape!' he exclaimed. "That was a shell!" Taking Sadie's hand, he hurried the two down the ridge in the direction of their destination, and a few minutes later, breathless and nearly dead with fright, they reached their grandmother's farm-house.

"Things were almost as bad there, though," said Mrs. Jungerman, "and everybody was in an excitement of fright and confusion. Just as I got there some Union soldiers came, bearing another between them, whose leg had been terribly shot. A surgeon was with them and they said the leg must be cut off at once. There was nobody there but us to help. The men could not be spared from fighting. Then the surgeon turned to me and asked me if I could hold a cup of water to the poor man's mouth while the leg was being taken off. I was terribly frightened, but I saw that I must do it, so I stood where I was told and held the cup as directed. I had to see the whole operation, and I can remember every cut as plainly to-day as I saw it then. They laid the leg over a carpenter's horse before they began to operate. They did not take the man into the house, but performed the operation out under a big apple tree that grew in the farm-house yard.

"Well, that was the beginning of the most fearful two weeks I ever knew. Father and mother did not come. I never saw them until two weeks later; none of us knew whether the others were alive or dead. There was plenty to be done, though, to keep us too busy to think. The churches and school-houses in town were turned into hospitals, and even we children, those who had the nerve to do it, had to help nurse the wounded. I used to carry soup and broth and feed those that couldn't help themselves. I reported every day to the officers of the Christian Commission, and they told me what to do, and it was day and night work sometimes. I helped at other operations, too, and, in fact, did what I was told."

History has given us full particulars of the awful carnage in that frightful battle. There were over 7 000 wounded Confederate captives and more than 13,000 wounded Union men to be cared for in those improvised hospitals. It was a time to try the souls and nerves of strong men and earnest women. What the brave little nine-year-old maiden must have suffered of fright, home-sickness, anxiety and pain is easier to imagine than to describe. Mrs. Jungerman did not attempt to describe it to the *Call* representative. She simply shivered at the memory, even after this lapse of years, and contented herself with saying it was an awful remembrance.

It was a gala day for the little girl when her father and mother with the rest of the family were once more united, at the end of the fortnight, under the old farmhouse roof. The horrors of war had held them helpless elsewhere in the town, equally busy, unable to proceed through the line and only daring to hope against hope that the two children were safe with their grand parents.

Mrs. Jungerman cherishes a grim reminder of that dreadful time in the form of a paper-weight made from a minnie ball taken from the skull of a rebel who fell on that dreadful field.

Mrs. Jungerman has been a resident of Oakland for fifteen years.

A Child's Benison.

AN OLD SOLDIER REMEMBERS WITH GRATITUDE A CUP OF WATER.

The following, from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, recalls an episode of the war, which, connected as it is with the life history of a lady now living in our sister city of Oakland, is of more than ordinary interest to Californians. A dispatch from St Louis, under date of December 3th, to the *Inter-Ocean*, says: To the Editor. Will you kindly publish in your paper the inclosed copy of a letter found by me in an old book in St. Louis. The old soldier never finished it, but he asked that it be published, so I send a copy. I sent to Gettysburg for information as to the girl, and find she is the daughter of one of Gettysburg's most respected citizen's. She is now living in Oakland, Cal., and is the wife of Edward Jungerman. I enclose the picture of the lady.

THE LETTER:

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15, 1880.

In the first day's battle of Gettysburg I had my leg shattered by a shell and was taken to a field a short distance from town. The farm was owned by a man named Bushman, a wagon-maker. A motherly old lady and little girl came up to me. The surgeon turned to the little girl and said: "Hold this cup of water to his lips," which she did, and stood by while they cut off my leg. They did the best they could in those trying times to care for me and others, and I have always hoped to reward that brave little girl, but have never been able. I wrote to the surgeon, but he had gone where we all must go some day. I ask the boys of the Grand Army to do what I have never been able to do. The girl was with the wounded and sick and did all she could, and shells flying all around. I heard she used to go every day to the hospital. They all loved that innocent little girl. She told me her name was Sadie Bushman. She was only 9 years old, and the old lady was her grandmother and her parents lived in Gettysburg. Now, boys, see justice done her, the heroine of Gettysburg.

Grip Bacillus Discovered.

RESULT OF THE INVESTIGATIONS OF PROF KOCH'S SON IN-LAW

BERLIN, Jan. 5.—Dr. Pfeiffer, son in-law of the distinguished Professor Koch, has discovered the influenza bacillus, and has transplanted it in six cases with complete success. He has also discovered the original cause of infection.

The bacillus of influenza is the smallest bacillus yet discovered.

Another doctor of Berlin, an assistant in the city hospital, discovered the microbe of influenza almost simultaneously with Dr. Pfeiffer. The latter discovered the germ in the sputum, while the former found it in the blood. This micro-organism strongly resembles the common inflammatory microbe, streptococcus pyogenes. Both doctors have reared it artificially and have inoculated animals with the pure cultures. It is not known, however, whether either has obtained a specific cure from the cultures.

ROME, Jan. 4—The public schools at Genoa and Milan have been closed in consequence of the epidemic of influenza which prevails in those cities. So many of the inhabitants of Genoa and Milan are prostrated with the disease that transaction of business is greatly impeded.

How to Treat La Grippe.

From a lecture delivered by Dr. Jas. E. Garretson, at the Medico-Chirurgical College in Philadelphia, we take the following valuable suggestions in regard to the treatment of the prevailing epidemic:

"The treatment of la grippe is a treatment of symptoms. Treatment of symptoms is one with restoration of equilibrium. It is to put right what is found to be wrong. He alone is a doctor sufficient to the occasion who knows how to restore equilibrium. Quinine and strychnine may be the best of medicine, they may be the worst. The same is to be said of digitalis and of aconite. Rest, absolute rest, is never anything but good, also alcohol and hand bathing, where there is a hot skin.

"Restlessness is most profitably combatted by the use of the bromide of potash in doses of fifteen grains dissolved in a tablespoonful of water; the dose to be repeated every three hours. A strong full pulse is best pulled down by a moderate purge of Epsom salts, or five drops of tincture of veratrum viride may be taken twice or thrice a day until the pulse-force is reduced. Common cider vinegar in tablespoonful doses, is always good where there are typhoid symptoms or diarrhea, this dose to be repeated four to six times a day."

AT the close of the American war with Mexico a prize was offered by an institute in one of the rising settlements in the Far West, for an essay on the war. The successful essayist certainly deserves praise for the brevity of his production, which was as follows: "Chapter I. Cause of the War: Texas." "Chapter II. Result of the War: Taxes."

THEIR FIRST NEW YEAR'S.

GREETING PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE—HOW AND WHERE THEY HELD THEIR FIRST RECEPTION.

The first presidential New Year's reception was held by General Washington in the executive mansion in the then aristocratic purlieu of Cherry street. The house itself was one of the finest mansions in New York. It stood on the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square, near where Harper's publishing house now stands. It was a handsome, substantial structure of brick and stone, with a hospitable looking door in the center and broad light rooms stretching far back on both sides of a lofty hall. To the right were the drawing rooms, and here in stately elegance the first lady in the land received her New Year's guests for the first time.

General Washington himself, always the central figure, no matter what the surroundings, stood beside his wife His superb physique and his noble face, crowned with light brown hair, scarce threaded with silver and illumined by his mild yet brilliant blue eyes, gained added charms from his rich coat and breeches of black velvet, his silver knee and shoe buckles studded with gems, his white satin vest enriched with silver lace and buttons, and his hair, powdered, gathered into a silk bag and further ornamented with a ribbon bow.

No less imposing was Lady Washington, who, in gorgeous attire, received each guest with dignified grace. Her beautiful gown of white satin fitted her stately form to perfection. The long, pointed waist, the elaborate train, the fichu of sheerest lace, folded demurely upon the breast, and the beautiful, becoming head-dress are familiar to every one. She also wore a necklace and stomacher of rare jewels.

It was not customary for General Washington nor his wife to shake hands at their receptions, but on New Year's day this formal regulation did not prevail, and after the elaborate courtesies were exchanged Mrs. Washington extended her mittened hand, heavy with gems, and lightly but graciously touched the hands of her guests. From 1 o'clock until 3 a steady stream of brilliant personages poured through the rooms.

General and Mrs. Washington stood at the farther end of the second drawing room. A liveried servant at the door received the name of the guest and announced it in trumpet-like tones. The refrain was then taken up by a second "pampered menial" and repeated to General Washington, who in turn presented the caller to his wife, reserving his own salutations until hers had been made.

The two parlors in which the reception was held were large, long and lofty. The ceilings were of white and gold, as were the paneled walls; long mirrors framed in the same delicate tints reflected the beautiful gowns, the delicate hues of which showed to admirable advantage against the deep scarlet cushions of the furniture.

All the beauties of the republican court came in gorgeous attire to usher in the new year with wishes couched in courtly phrase.

The women of that day inclined to the most magnificent fabrics and to luxurious dressing in all directions. They wore their hair very high on the top of the head and frequently covered it with superb ornaments. Many of them, instead of powder, used a pomade to make the hair glossy, and where the hair was of a blond tint the effect was very becoming.

Beautiful as was the dress of the belle of a century gone, the apparel of the contemporary beau was even more charming. If a man could not be courtly and handsome in satin, soft lace, gold embroidery and jeweled buckles, surely he was not worthy the name. White silk stockings seem to have been the favorite envelope for the extremities, possibly because they apparently increased their size. Coats were of every color, even of red. Indeed, the latter seemed a notable favorite. The cocked hat, enriched with gold lace and cords, was as elaborate as the head-gear of a "tailor made" woman of our times. The vest, usually of white satin, frequently heavily embroidered with gold, silver or colors, always ornamented with noticeable and often valuable buttons, had long flaps its entire length, and was, after the coat, the most pronounced article of attire.

Ruffles of lace, fine as that worn by "their sisters, their cousins or their aunts," fell about their well kept hands and down their snowy shirt bosoms. The widest latitude in color and fabric was permitted, and though General Washington, Mr. Jay, Robert Morris and other distinguished men confined themselves to black, white or scarcely visible colors, many of the celebrities of the day wore hues as vivid or as delicate as the most dainty debutante.

Mrs. Washington never requested her weekly visitors to be seated. Indeed, all the chairs were removed from the room and only a sofa remained, and before this she stood. On this New Year's day the usual custom prevailed throughout the afternoon. From 4 until 6 there was a temporary lull in the arrivals, and General Washington and his wife improved the momentary quiet by partaking of some slight refreshment.

Shortly after 6 o'clock the stream of callers began to flow again, and the guests who now came in splendid attire, surpassing that of the afternoon, remained for long periods, as the seats had been replaced in the rooms There was never music at the usual Friday receptions of Lady Washington, nor was an exception made on this more important occasion. The subdued tones of the courtly gallants, the pretty ripple of laughter from even prettier lips, and the continuous rattle and rumble of arriving and departing equipages alone broke the silence. But one innovation was made in favor of New Year's. Refreshments were served at 7 o'clock, and though to us who often "view with a critic's eye" a party supper of game, salads, terrapin, oysters, ices, etc., ad infinitum, the proffered entertainment looks very simple, its simplicity provoked no comment. Tea and coffee, plum cake and plain cake were served.

The Washington menage was famed for its china, its silver, its glass and linen. The family plate, most of which descended from the Custis side of the house, was magnificent. It had been brought to New York by Mrs. Washington, and on her arrival was all melted down and reproduced in more elegant and harmonious forms. Each piece displayed the arms of the Washingtons, and much of it is still in the possession of the Custis family. The massive salver, 22½ inches long and 17½ wide, is oval and perfectly devoid of all ornamentation save a rim of "beading" at the outer edge. Upon this were served tea and coffee in cups of cobweb fineness, so thin that the liquid within showed from without its exact height in the cup. Two men servants, dressed in plain livery, passed the cups that cheered but surely did not inebriate. Though hot punches, sangaree, and wines of every sort were drunk in great quantities and at all times, Lady Washington seems to have been as unwilling to serve them as one of her recent successors.

Imagination can scarcely paint a more charming scene than her parlors must have shown. On whichever side one looked beauty and wisdom, birth and wealth, bravery and distinction marked the brilliant assemblage. There was a stately dignity and breeding, an indescribable atmosphere of elegance, that were surely part of "the grace of a day that is dead," for we never see them now. Although no music enlivened the reception the guests were not without occupation. Conversation had not then become a lost art, and on such occasions as this it reached its highest perfection. As 9 o'clock struck, Lady Washington rose, and, stepping forward with a complacent smile said, "The General usually retires at 9 o'clock and I always precede him," and with the deep and graceful courtesy that, with other beautiful things, has fallen into the limbo of desuetude, she withdrew, and the first presidential New Year's reception was a thing of the past.—*Home Journal.*

Agreeable People.

From the American Agriculturist.

We know people whom it is pleasant to meet; people from whom we are sure to receive a smile, a kind word, a cordial handshake, or some other token of good-will. When one is depressed in spirits, or, as the common saying is, "blue," the meeting with a genial, merry-hearted friend has a magical effect; indeed, I have known the contact with such a person to turn the whole current of one's life.

Agreeability is dependent upon many conditions; it may be inherent, it may be the result of judicious early education, or of pleasant surroundings, or of a happy combination of circumstances, but all will agree that it is a desirable quality, and whether inherent or not, should be carefully cultivated. There are people whose mighty efforts to be agreeable are so apparent and distressing as to defeat their object. Such people should bear in mind that agreeability must proceed from the heart, and in a grown person is the result of continued practice. One feels so comfortable after having said or done something to brighten the pathway of another, that it pays one to be agreeable.

Some people allow all their little annoyances to affect their conduct toward others, whether their unfortunate friends are to blame or not. I was once visiting a charming family. All its members, with one exception, were interesting and agreeable. The only son of the house was in business in the town in which they lived. If his affairs had moved prosperously through the day he came home in a pleasant, entertaining mood, but if anything had annoyed him he was outrageously disagreeable and rude, no matter how many guests were present. The discomfiture of his mother and sisters may well be imagined; indeed, as the dinner hour approached they were in a state of nervousness, which disappeared immediately if the "tyrant" came in with a bright face; otherwise it continued until he had relieved us of his disagreeable presence. If the fact had not been so positively demonstrated to me, I would not have believed it possible that one disagreeable person could have counteracted the influence of four agreeable people. I believe the young man's disposition was the result of continued indulgence by his mother and sisters. He had tyrannized over them for years, and had become a powerful despot in the household.

"Tired and cross" is a common expression and most of us know what it means. A friend of mine, a most agreeable woman, says that when she finds herself getting "tired and cross," she takes a nap, a bath, a walk or a drive, goes to see some one whose walk in life is less pleasant than her own—does anything different from the work that has tired and worried her. In this way she preserves health and temper, governs well her children, and keeps her entire household in a state of peace and happiness.

Many parents do not realize that in training their children a regard for others should be instilled into their minds. A spoiled, selfish child may be very dear to its parents, have passed away and the child has become a disagreeable man or woman, what disinterested parties will tolerate the selfish, tyrannical ways of such a person?

HOW COCOANUTS ARE HARVESTED.—The busy season on a cocoanut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them with carts to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager.

Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an ax—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches it self from the shell.

This is now what is called "copra," and is shipped to the nearest point of landing in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or more generally made into oil, the refuse—oil cake or "poonak"—being sold locally for feed for cattle. —*Frank Leslie's Monthly*

He Lost a Fortune.

"Why, Jeremiah Brown!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as her husband returned from a short railroad journey, "is this you, alive and in the flesh?"

"Why, o' course it's me," replied Mr. Brown, testily. "Ain't this the time when I said I'd be back?"

"And you ain't been in no accident and got killed?"

"Do I look as if I was dead?"

"And you ain't lost both legs or both arms?"

"Not even one leg or one arm or an eye?"

"No; I tell ye I am all right."

"And you didn't so much as get hurt enough so you can sit in the house and not work for a month or two?"

"How many times have I got to tell you there ain't nothing happened?"

"Well, you do beat all! There you went and paid $1 for an accident insurance ticket just before you left and you haven't done anything to get any money out of it. A whole dollar wasted for nothing, and you might just as well have made $10,000 if you'd only got killed. Nice manager, you are"

DOG SKIN ON HIS ARM.—The operation of grafting the skin of a dog to a human arm has been successfully tried by Dr. Silas C. Blaisdel, of Williamsburg, N. Y., in the case of Lbiti Ottosnzzi, an Italian boy, 14 years old, who has been in the Eastern district hospital, Williamsburg, for more than two months. The doctor placed twelve clippings of frog skins to the boy's arm, along with twenty clippings of human skin and twenty-eight of dog skin. Of these none of the frog skins adhered, but eight of the human fragments and twenty-one of the dog did.

THE railroad companies are all interested in the World's fair.

M. Quad and the Bowsers.

MR. B. BUYS A MAGNIFICENT TEN-DOLLAR SHAVING OUTFIT.

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord made a display of a small package when he came home the other evening.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he sat down and carefully handled the package, "did you read of that case in Troy where a barber cut a customer slightly on the cheek and he died of blood poisoning?"

"No. Say! you've gone and got another shaving outfit!"

"Another? When did I ever have one?"

"You got one two or three years ago in Detroit, and how did you come out with it? Mr. Bowser, you do the most foolish things of any man I ever heard of in all my life!"

"I do, eh? Is it foolish for me to want to avoid blood poisoning by shaving myself, to say nothing of the enormous saving of money? Yes, I did get an outfit in Detroit, but I had a boil on my arm and couldn't handle the razor. That was a cheap outfit, just as an experiment."

"And you cut yourself and pranced around and whooped until the neighbors thought we had a fire. How much did this outfit cost?"

"Only $10."

"Ten dollars thrown right away!"

"Is it? Let's see about that. Having my own outfit I can shave daily. That's 70 cents a week, or $2 80 per month Seems to me that $31 per year is worth saving. In the twenty years I have been shaving I could have saved the trifle of $780. Where are you now, Mrs Bowser?"

"Just where I was before. You'll shave once and that'll end it"

"Will it? If that's your opinion I have a great surprise in store for you. I've been taking lessons of a barber on how to handle the razor, and I can shave clean in exactly four minutes. Easiest thing in the world when you know how. Just think of the $780 I have thrown away!"

"Well, I suppose you'll try it in spite of anything I can say, but I shall decline to be held responsible for any trouble."

"Responsible! Trouble! How could I hold you responsible? And what trouble can there be?"

"Why, that time in Detroit you almost tore the house down because you cut your ear."

"Pooh! I was probably joking. Don't remember a thing about it. I'd look pretty blaming you for what I did, wouldn't I? After dinner I'll take a little shave, and if you don't say its a better one than any barber has ever given me I'll put the razor up for food."

After dinner Mr. Bowser took a bowl of hot water and started upstairs, saying to Mrs. Bowser as he went:

"Better time me by the clock. I may be six or seven minutes this time, but I'll be right on tick to-morrow night"

He went into the bedroom and locked the door. Then he took off his coat, vest, necktie and collar. He looked down at his shoes for a moment and then decided to take them off also.

"Let's see!" he mused as he opened the box and stood before the glass. "The first thing is to lather, of course. That's as easy as rolling off a log. This is something like comfort, this is. Hanged if I don't believe I shall want to shave twice a day!"

Mr. Bowser decided to put on plenty of lather. He put it on his chin, cheeks, nose, forehead, ears and throat, and more or less fell on the carpet. When he had lathered until both arms ached, and no more would stick to him, he picked up the razor and chuckled:

"I just hold it with three fingers, this way, and lay it on my cheek this way, and move it gently down. A child three years old could do that. I'll show Mrs. Bowser a trick or two before I'm through. Good woman, but she thinks she knows it all. Razor just slides——!"

Mr. Bowser gave a jump and at the same instant he saw the lather stained with blood.

"Don't amount to anything—just the head of a pimple!" he whispered to himself. "Barber told me to keep my arm stiff, and I forgot. Can't expect to get the hang of it in one minute, you know. A little more lather."

He lathered away until it began to drop off, and then picked up the razor again.

"The idea of my throwing away $780 to the barbers!" he muttered as he laid the flat of the razor on his cheek. "Well, better late than never. No particular hurry about this, however. Feller wants to give himself time to get the hang of it. Perhaps I'd better begin on my chin first. Don't suppose it makes any great difference whether I shave up or down, so long as I—!"

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?" called Mrs. Bowser, as she knocked on the door.

"Nothing!" he answered.

"Then what are you jumpin around so for? I thought you'd shake the chandeliers down!"

"The blamed thing must have slipped on me!" he growled as he returned to the glass to survey the cut. "Probably didn't hold it exactly right. Ah! that's more like the way the barber told me to hold it. Now, then, take it easy till you get the hang of it. May be ten minutes this time, but on the next occasion I'll——!"

"Mr. Bowser, open this door!" called Mrs Bowser from the hall.

"W-what do you w-want?" he gasped.

"I want to know what all this swearing and kicking over the chairs means! Didn't I tell you how you would come out!"

"You go away! I'm all right! It was the man next door you heard!"

He heard her go away after a bit, and he went back to the glass to whisper:

"I'll be hanged if I haven't pretty near cut my old chin off! What in Texas ails the old thing, anyhow? I'll get the hang of it if it cuts my head off! I didn't have lather enough."

He lathered some more. Then he picked up the razor and carefully examined both sides and the edge and back. Then he laid the flat of the blade on his chin and smiled sweetly and whispered:

"Probably a little nervous, being the first time. I'll just get to it by degrees. That's the way to do it! No barber ever slid a razor over my chin any richer than that. The idea of Mrs. Bowser calling it $10 thrown right away! That's the way with a woman. If they can save a cent here they will waste a dollar there. I'll——!"

Mrs. Bowser heard a yell and started for the stairs. She met Mr. Bowser half-way up. The lather was flying about and the blood streaming down on his shirt bosom, and his eyes were as big as onions.

"Well, didn't I say so!" she demanded.

Her words brought Mr. Bowser to himself. He turned back, beckoned for her to follow, and as they entered the bedroom he silently pointed. The razor lay on the floor, the bowl was broken in three pieces, and there was lather everywhere.

"Well?" she queried, as she picked up three towels and placed two chairs on their legs again.

"Woman!" he hoarsely whispered, "this is too much!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Sure! Done! Look at me!"

"Yes, but you tried to shave yourself."

"But who dragged me into it?"

"Mr. Bowser, you certainly can't blame me. I told you before you—"

"That's enough! This is the limit! I understand it all, and can see just how you planned it! It is not your fault that I did not cut my throat, and that you are not now a widow! Mrs. Bowser, leave me to myself! I have some papers to look over before consulting a lawyer to-morrow!"

The Dignity of Sex.

A CHICAGO HODCARRIER DREW THE LINE AT BEING ORDERED BY A WOMAN.

One of the hodcarriers at work on a brick building out in the suburbs climbed up to the first story Thursday. Then he fell, and the hod, the bricks and the ladder fell on him. When the debris had been pulled away the hodcarrier was lying face downward on the pavement stone senseless. There wasn't a drug store or a doctor within half a mile. A bricklayer put on his coat and tore for the nearest patrol box. Meantime the hodcarrier was lying there in a rather nasty mess of blood, apparently thinking about nothing in particular.

The boss was fuming about, kicking blocks of wood into the street and swearing at the laziness of the police. The big plasterers who could drive a spike with their fists, were standing around as helpless as children. At this time a young woman in a blue coat came briskly across the street. She was pretty and rosy, with a lot of yellow hair drawn up tightly from her temples, and she had a most decided look in her bright blue eyes. She brushed the big fellows aside and asked briskly "What's the trouble here, men?"

"One of the boys has busted himself wide open," said the boss politely.

"Let me see," said the pretty girl, dropping on her knees beside the hodcarrier. She took off a dainty kid glove, and with her little white hand felt the man's skull.

"No bones fractured here," she said, looking up at the group around her.

Then she noticed the pool of blood lying beside the man's right arm, and whipping a pair of scissors out of her reticule she ripped up the coat sleeve and the sleeve of the flannel shirt.

"Goodness!" she said. "An artery has been cut. Give me a piece of twine, quick."

The boss pulled a piece of coarse string from his coat pocket and handed it to the girl. She drew it quickly around the man's arm, made a loop knot, thrust a pencil into the loop and twisted it until the cord sank deep into the flesh.

"You hold this," she said to the boss, and the big man knelt down and grabbed the ligature. Then she had some water brought out. She washed the scalp wound in a jiffy. Then she cut among the loose flesh with the scissors and with plaster and a strip of linen from the same preposterous bag she made a neat bandage. Then she arose and viewed a pretty job of emergency surgery with reasonable complacency. The patrol wagon and the hodcarrier came around at the same time. As the wagon backed up the hodcarrier opened his eyes and saw the girl in the blue cloak.

"Are you hurt much, Mike?" the boss asked.

"Naw," said the hodcarrier. "Take me somewhere that I can get a doctor. I don't want no dom women monkeyin's 'round me!"

The girl doctor in blue looked at him quizzingly and laughed as she washed his gore from her hands in the bucket of water. —*Chicago Herald.*

Only One on His Side.

A capital story is told of a well-known judge who is noted for his fondness for conveying to jurors in his charges to them his own opinions with regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement the jury remained out for hours without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the bailiff what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven.

He sent for the jury at once, and stating to the jurors that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood the one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obstinate juror was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done he rose and said:

"My lord, may I say a word?"

"Yes, sir," said the indignant judge: "what have you to say?"

"Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only fellow that's on your side."

HER CHOICE.—"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," she said vigorously, with a touch of malice in her tones.

"And why not?" inquired her companion.

"Because," and she smiled, "I wouldn't know what to do with him. One that isn't so good would suit me better, I think."

A SACRIFICE.—"Ach, Fraulein Laura, if you but knew how greatly I adore you! I am capable of making the greatest sacrifice on your behalf."

"Really? Then in order that it may be my turn next, go and marry—my elder sister!"

WHY HE CAME THROUGH THE RAIN.—Wife (to husband coming in under an umbrella dripping)—'Goodness, Harry, why did you come through all that rain?'

Harry (pleasantly)—"Because, love, I couldn't come over it, or under it, or around it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Do you preach extempore, or do you take notes?" "Well, sah, thar was once a time I took notes, but I've found it safest down in this deestrick to insist on habin' de cash down!"

AN Irishman tried to shoot a sparrow with a very old musket. He fired. The bird with a chirp or two flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and pat was swiftly laid on his back. Picking himself up, and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed, "Be jabers, ye wouldn't a chirrupped if ye'd been at this ind of the gun!"

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew."

SOMETIMES the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive," but there are many excellent things to be said in favor of receiving.

DID it ever occur to you that no man can "raise the devil" without lowering himself?

Big Blanket Ballot.

From the Record.

"The new blanket ballot which will be voted under the new law, at next November's election," said Secretary of the Commonwealth Harrity to a correspondent, "will be about the size of a page of the *Record*."

As soon as the State Commission shall have determined on the exact size and details of the new ballot Secretary Harrity will send a specimen copy of it to the County Commissioners and others interested in the printing of the official tickets.

This ballot will probably be as large as any that will ever be used in this or any other State. The names of the thirty-two Presidential electors for each party, the nominees for Congress, including the candidates-at-large, and for Senator, Representative and county offices, must all be printed on one ticket. If the names were printed one after the other on a ticket four inches wide the ballot would probably be three yards long.

If Secretary Harrity's suggestion shall be adopted, the names of the Presidential electors will be grouped side by side, under the appropriate party appellation.

The Commission has practically decided that the booths for the voting places must be of a substantial, reasonably permanent and of a convenient and portable character. This shuts out all the specimen makes submitted to the Commission which are fashioned wholly of wood, or of wood and canvas.

One of the three booths from which a selection will be made is composed entirely of steel, which shuts up on the principle of the housewife's clothes-horse or a Japanese screen. This is built by a St. Louis firm. The rival bidders are from Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., and Buffalo, N. Y.

There are 5,000 election precincts in the State. With an average of five booths to each precinct, there will be about 25,000 booths required. The cost per booth will be about $8, making a total expense of $200,000. At least $25,000 more may be added for guard rails and other apparatus.

It would take several long trains of cars to transport these booths and one good sized train to carry the blanket ballots.

LICENSE COURT for Clearfield county convened Monday, with Judge Krebs on the bench. There are one hundred and fifty eight applicants. The question of bondsmen, which has troubled the lawyers since the discovery of the date of approval of the amendment to the Brooks law, was settled by the Judge reading a well-prepared decision, in which he held that, as the amendment speaks of the eighth section, and as the Brooks retail act is the only liquor law that has more than three sections, it cannot possibly be an amendment to any other law, and that the Court can correct errors when the same are merely clerical even in an act of Assembly, when, as it is written, it involves a manifest absurdity and the error is plain and obvious. Therefore, a bond signed by sureties otherwise qualified and residing in the county is a good bond.

THE pitting of small-pox has been entirely prevented by Dr. Lewintaner, of Constantinople, by antiseptic treatment, as follows: The entire head and face, except the eyes and the neck, are covered with plaster consisting of three parts of carbolic acid and fifty parts each of olive oil and starch. The body is covered with a mixture of three parts of salicylic acid, thirty parts of starch, and seventy parts olive oil. The internal treatment consists in giving quinine in acid solution.

A LONG COAL TRAIN.—And still the wonder grows how an engine can haul such enormous loads. Up to date the longest and heaviest train ever carried over any road in America consisted of 225 four wheel cars full of coal on the Lehigh Valley railway.

CREW OF AN ATLANTIC STEAMER.—The average Atlantic steamer is manned by about one hundred and fifty men, as follows: Thirty-two deck hands, four officers, nine petty officers, thirty-two firemen, etc., eight engineers and sixty-five stewards. The master and chief officials—that is, mates, engineers—are chosen by the owners or managers, while the remainder of the crew are chosen by the captain. First-class ships muster from twelve to fifteen men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen.

A LITTLE kerosene oil rubbed briskly over the spots on dark clothing will brighten the garments and remove the stains almost like magic.

THE barking of dogs on the earth can be heard in a balloon at an elevation of four miles.

THE largest bear skin in the world is in Kansas City, Mo., taken from an animal weighing 2,800 pounds.

WHEAT was introduced into Britain by the Romans, and it can be traced back for nearly 4,000 years

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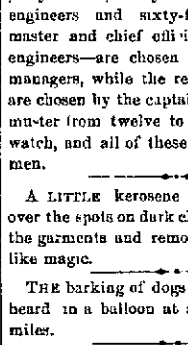
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