Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25. 1872. NO. 28.

Business Cards,

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," one door north of E. H. Marshall's drug store. dem4-72.

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. nov. 8, '71.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. jy 5-tf.

DR. B. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House. jan. 21, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite of Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 25, '70-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. feb. 28, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of A. J. Colborn. aug. 12-1y.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '70.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. OUce in Court House. feb. 18, '70-1y.

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

BARNET HOUSE.—
The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.
JOHN H'LL.
Apr 17 '72

CYRUS MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of Ed. Scull. jy. 5-tf.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care. Office one door west of the "Brallier House," same as occupied heretofore by Dr. P. C. Musser.

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 the tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.
☞ Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-1y.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

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

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL—

GOOD & JONES,

Are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and manufacturing of building materials,
FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.
In short, anything generally used in house building. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled.
July 20 '71 GOOD & JONES.

DIAMOND HOTEL,

Samuel Custer, Proprietor.

Having been favored with a large share of patronage in the past, asks for a continuance of the same. His accommodations are first class, the tables being furnished at all times with the best the market affords. Guests can be accommodated at all times with good boarding and on reasonable terms. His house being roomy is always ready to receive pleasure parties; also good and sufficient stabling for thirty head of horses.
SAMUEL CUSTER.
Stoystown, Pa., December 4th, 1872.

W. CUNNINGHAM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LAVANSVILLE, PA.
Nov. 13, '71-6m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,
(Opposite St. Charles Hotel,)
41 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

TIN WARE.

The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.
Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods
usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of Buckhover's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa.
aug. 12-1y. NOAH CASEBEER.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
☞ Office on Main Street. ap 472

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.
Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on
H. H. KEMP,
HARNEDSVILLE,
Somerset County, Pa.
No one can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 28-'72.

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.
The new Flour Mill built on the site of the
OLD "DENNISON MILL,"
three-fourths of a mile south of Somerset is completed and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Highest market price paid for all kinds of grain.
Jan 22 '72 VALENTINE HAY.

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
TOBACCO SNUFFS AND CIGARS,
330 Baltimore St.,
Second Door West of Howard,
BALTIMORE, MD.
apr 3.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand,

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices,

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,
NAILS
AND GLASS,

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,
COAL OIL,
CHIMNEYS,
And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.
WHITE LEAD,
LINSEED OIL,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES,
PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND
PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of
Table Knives and Forks,
POCKET KNIVES,
SPOONS,
SHEARS
AND SCISSORS,
PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.,
Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call.
june 12-'72.

JAMES PUGH,
MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.
Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of
WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.
He will also promptly attend to
REPAIRING
None but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.
ALL WORK WARRANTED
And done in the latest and most approved styles, and
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Somerset, March 6th.

INSURE YOUR LIFE IN THE
Old Established and Reliable
AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
The attention of the citizens of Somerset and adjoining counties is respectfully invited to the claims which the American Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia presents for their confidence and patronage. It is peculiarly a Pennsylvania Company—a home Company—and has always enjoyed the confidence of the people of the entire State. It ranks amongst the oldest Companies in the United States, and has maintained an onward progress through nearly a quarter of a century.
Prudence and economy, secure investments, and prompt payment of all its obligations have characterized this company from its first organization. With a large paid in cash capital, nearly four millions of dollars of accumulated assets, under the management of gentlemen of undoubted integrity, and well known throughout Pennsylvania, the American Life Insurance Co. stands second to none in the United States.
OFFICERS.
George W. Hill, President, George Nugent, Vice President, John S. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer, Alex Whilliden, Chairman Com. on Finances.
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
Hon. James Pollock, Ex. Gov. of Pa., now director of U. S. Mint, J. Edgar Thomson, President Pennsylvania R. R. Company, Albert C. Roberts, Grocer, Eleventh and Vine Sts. Phila., Philip B. Mingle, Merchant, No. 102 Market St., Phila., Hon. Alex. G. Chattell, U. S. Senator, merchant, 27 Water St., Phila., Isaac Hazlehurst, Attorney at Law, No. 508 Walnut street, Phila., John Wanamaker, Nos. 818 and 820 Chestnut St. and corner of 6th and Market Sts., Phila., Henry K. Bennett, Merchant, Phila., James L. Claghorn, President Commercial Nat. Bank, Phila., L. M. Whilliden, Merchant, Nos. 20 and 22 South Front St. Phila.
Policies issued on all the most approved plans. For further information apply to
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent for the Company at Somerset.
dec4

DUQUESNE
SAVINGS BANK
NO. 604 FOURTH AVENUE
PITTSBURGH PA.
Incorporated by Act of Legislature.
CAPITAL, ... $100,000
PRIVILEGE, . . . $500,000
Depositors secured by Real Estate investments exclusively.
Six Per Cent. Interest
Paid to depositors on the compounding principle.
☞ Attention is directed to the liberal provisions for withdrawing money deposited. It can be done in small amounts, WITHOUT NOTICE FROM THE DEPOSITOR.
All communications will receive prompt reply.
JAMES T. BRADY, *President.*
DAVID CAMPBELL, *Treasurer.*

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D ROBERTS.
JOHN DIBERT & CO.,
BANKERS,
NO. 240 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canadas, and in Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand.
Interest at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.
Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.
Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at all times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.
Feb 21 '72 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

DR. U. M. BEACHLY'S,
CELEBRATED
BLOOD PURGE!
This *Remedy* has been in use over *twenty years*, and has cured thousands of cases considered incurable by the profession. It has not failed in a single case to give relief if not entirely cure.
It is particularly recommended in the following complaints:
SICK HEADACHE, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES, LANGUID CIRCULATION, &c.,
in any derangement of the *Blood*. In all diseases peculiar to females it is a sure and *Sovereign Remedy*.
In short, it being a *Remedy* acting through the *Circulation of the Blood* on all the important organs and emunctories of the body. It will cure almost any curable disease.
For sale by MEYERS & ANAWALT, Berlin, Pa., and by dealers in Family Medicines everywhere.

JUST
RECEIVED
AT
A. W. KNEPPER'S
NEW
GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR &c.
Be sure to call and see, and be convinced, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.
OPPOSITE
SOMERSET HOUSE,
SOMERSET, PA.
July 17 A. W. KNEPPER.
Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's. Go and See for Yourself. A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

SOL UHL,
WITH
A. H. Franciscus & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
COTTON YARNS, BATTS, WICK,
Twine and Ropes,
LOOKING GLASSES, CLOCKS, FANCY BASKETS
Wooden and Willow Ware, &c.,
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
CARPETING,
OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, RUGS, &c.,
513 Market Street and 510 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.
June 10-tf.

FOR SALE.
A second-hand
15-Horse Power Steam Engine
AND
BOILER,
With JUDSON GOVERNOR, &c., all complete
Address W. W. McKAIG & Son,
Sept. 25. Cumberland, Md.

FURNITURE.
LEMON & WEISE,
The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise, of PITTSBURGH, Pa., Manufacturers of
Cabinet Furniture and Chairs.
Have Removed to
No. 111 Fourth Ave.,
Opposite their old stand,
Where they continue the business in all its branches.
sept. 25.

WM. BOOSE & Co.,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
CASTINGS & MACHINERY
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address WM. BOOSE & CO.,
Salisbury, Elklick P. O. Somerset co., Pa.
Oct. 16.

HOLTZMAN & WEIDERHOLD,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
BEDDING
AND
CURTAIN GOODS,
Furniture Dealers Supplied at Lowest Wholesale Rates.
No. 100 Third Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Opposite J. W. Woodwell's Furniture Warerooms. nov. 20.

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Clement C. Moore was born in New York, July 15, 1779. After graduating from Columbia College, he devoted himself with great success to the study of the Hebrew, and in 1809 published a Hebrew and English Lexicon. In 1821 he accepted a professorship in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads:
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap:
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a minature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:—
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* now, *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Dunder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof:
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry;
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all his stockings, then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"

MAYNARD WIGHT'S CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Uncle Ralph, will you tell me what this story is about Maynard Wight?"

"What story, Etta?"

"Mrs. Raymond was here yesterday, congratulating herself upon the fact that she had never encouraged his attentions to Nora, because he had failed in business, and she hinted at some dishonorable transactions."

"Bah! Woman's gossip, my dear. Maynard has been unfortunate in business, it is true; but there is no circumstance connected with the failure that can in any way be twisted into dishonorable transactions. It has been a trying year for business men, my dear, and Wight, Maynard's father, made some unfortunate investments. I wish Maynard could take advantage of an offer he has in Baltimore."

"What is that?"

"Hill & Hill want him for a junior partner in their business, to control a branch house in that city. He is a splendid business man, and will no doubt soon recover his mercantile position, but the want of capital will stand in his way now. He would require five thousand dollars to accept their terms. The matter was under consideration when his father's failure made it impracticable."

"Five thousand dollars! It seems hard he should miss a good opportunity for so small a sum."

"Yes. Maynard is a splendid fellow, honorable in all his transactions, a moral man, and a gentleman, as I understand the word. If I could spare it I would willingly lend him the sum, for he will certainly soon be able to repay it. But I could not take so much out of my business just now. By the way, what makes you feel so interested in Maynard? Has he stolen my little girl's heart?"

Etta's face grew rosy, but she lifted her soft blue eyes frankly to her uncle's face.

"I think, Uncle Ralph, that Maynard loves me, but he will not propose to me now. He said words to me, not long ago, that puzzled and pained me, but I understand them today. I am rich, and he has just failed in business. I cannot tell him that his suit would be as successful now as before, because it would be assuming more than he has ever spoken."

"Humph! I understand. You are a brave little girl to tell me so much, but your secret is safe with me. You will forget him."

"Perhaps. I am not going to wear the willow, but I am going to send him five thousand dollars."

"How can you, without committing yourself?"

"I will manage that, if you will draw the money for me, and keep my secret."

"I will do both. I shall be glad to see Maynard started once more in business; and you will not be ruined, Etta, if you never see the money again."

"Oh, when he is a millionaire I will send in my bill."

"I will get the money for you. Good-bye! Bless my heart, it is after nine o'clock!" and the old gentleman bustled into his overcoat, and went briskly down stairs.

Etta had spoken very gayly when she had spoken of sending in her bill to the future millionaire, but her soft blue eyes filled with tears when she was alone. She was only nineteen, a bright, pretty blonde, and a favorite amongst her circle of friends. She had dreamed her dreams, as young girls will, and she had given Maynard Wight a prominent place in them. Excepting having asked her in so many words to be his wife, the young merchant had given her every reason to believe he loved and sought her. He was a frank, open man, one of those who, while polite to all, would offer no special attentions to one, unless with the hope of winning her heart, and giving all his own in return. Etta knew he loved her, but she knew also that his sensitive pride would keep him silent now. He would never offer to the heiress the hand that had failed to grasp fortune. She sighed a little, and a few tears rolled down her cheeks, but she was a sensible little maiden, and she resolved that she would not pine and fret over the trouble she could in a measure remedy for Maynard, even if her own love dream was shadowed for ever. So she rang the bell to have the breakfast dishes removed, and went to dress for a walk.

"Those young ones of Marion's will want their Christmas Tree if everybody in the world fails," she said, stuffing her porte-monnaie with bank-notes, "and there is only one more day to do miles of shopping."

Nobody would ever have accused Etta of being a lovesick maiden if they could have seen her on that day going from store to store, sending home enormous parcels of toys and confectionery, and stuffing her shopping satchel with little articles of jewelry and trifles too small to warrant the attentions of an errand boy on that busy day. She made one odd purchase, that she put away in her pocket and did not mention to her sister, when she finally entered that lady's parlor, to give an account of the bundles she had been sending there all day.

"Your five children are an awful bother to me at Christmas, Marion," she said. "Have I forgotten any of the promises I have been making since last December? I ordered Clara the biggest doll I could find, with a bedstead to match her proportions, and Miss Vanity Lily shall have her coral pin and ear-rings. As for Eddy, bless his blue eyes, I have bought him half a toy shop, and I expect Ralph to scream over a real watch that will tick and go."

"A watch for Ralph? You darling! I wanted to get him one, but his father thinks he is too young."

"Twelve! Oh, it will teach him to be careful. Oh, the sled is for Rob, but the rest of the traps we will distribute as you think best. I will come in this afternoon and help finish the tree."

"Oh, stay now. The children are to have their party to-night."

"Christmas Eve. I'll come back. I must go now. I have a note to write."

"Do it here."

"Can't! Good-bye! I'll be back in time."

Maynard Wight had passed a busy day. His father had accepted a business opening in Chicago, and the young man had half resolved to accompany him. A few days only were left him, before he must refuse the offer of Hill & Hill that would once more open the path of prosperity for him. He did not despair. He was young yet, in good health, and full of energy, but yet at his heart one thought lay with dull, heavy pain. It was not for the mere fancy of a young girl's vanity that made Etta sure that Maynard Wight loved her. He had given her a perfect and true love, but, as she rightly judged, his pride closed his lips, when business misfortunes fell upon him. She was wealthy, and he would not offer a less income than her own. He was no fortune hunter, to live upon his wife's money, or even to take her money for the stepping-stone to his own prosperity.

As he strode home in the dusk of the December evening, the bright shops, the busy crowds attracted his attention.

"Christmas Eve," he thought. "It will not be a very merry Christmas for us, but brighter times may come before another year. I had hoped to have the right to give Etta a Christmas gift, but that too must wait till brighter days. I wonder if some more fortunate suitor will win her before I feel free to speak?"

Such thoughts are none too lively for the holiday season, but Maynard could not turn his mind to brighter subjects. It was a hard trial for him to meet these heavy reverses in the very commencement of his business career, especially as he felt assured that he could have averted them if he had had full control in the business. Could he but accept the offer of Hill & Hill he was certain that in a few years he could take a stand again amongst the successful merchants of the day.

"There is a package in your bureau, Mr. Maynard," the servant said, as she opened the door for him.

"It was left a few moments ago by a little boy."

"All right. Is my father in?"

"In the dinning-room, sir."

"Get the package and bring it there."

It was a small package, directed in a stiff hand, the letters being printed in ink, instead of written. The gentlemen bent over it with some curiosity.

"Somebody has sent you a Christmas gift, Maynard," said Mr. Wight.

Of all the odd gifts, this seemed the oddest. It was a knit cotton sock, of gay colors, with red and blue stripes, and a row of yellow stars at the top. A folded paper was in the toe, and on this was written, in the same stiff hand as the direction: "Kriss Kringle to Maynard Wight." But inside the paper were five new crisp notes for one thousand dollars each. Maynard could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Hill & Hill!" shouted his father. "Now I can go to Chicago with an easy mind."

"But who could have sent it? Pinch me and see if I am awake."

"Who sent it? Kriss Kringle, of course! Here is his own word for it."

It was useless to speculate about the generous giver, but it was quite against human nature not to do so. One friend after another was mentioned, and the probabilities discussed, but not once was the blue-eyed girl named, whose heart was full of joy at the thought of her power to aid the friend who was dearest of all friends to her.

If she had hoped that Maynard would tell her his love before he went to Baltimore, she was disappointed. He called upon her, as he did upon his other friends, to speak his brief farewell, but he did no more. He would wait, he told himself, till he had succeeded in his new enterprise. If Etta loved him, she would not marry for a time, and he would bind her by no promise that might prove irksome in the uncertain future.

Christmas after Christmas came, and Etta was still unmarried. Marion was sure that her sister would be an old maid, and loudly congratulated herself upon the fact.

"I am sure it will kill me if Etta marries now," she would say.—"Those young ones of mine think more of Aunt Etta than they do of me. As for Uncle Ralph, he would never consent now to lose Etta; she is all the world to him." And Etta would smile and kiss her sister, never whispering one word of the hope that was still alive in her heart.

Uncle Ralph knew her secret, and Uncle Ralph was the wisest and kindest of friends. He knew how the new partner of Hill & Hill was prospering in every thing he touched. He heard the first rumor of the fact that Maynard Wight was to again return to his old home, and establish himself once more in his former business. He was one of the first to offer his congratulations to the rising young merchant, and invite him to resume his visits to the house.

"Christmas Eve, and snowing fast," Etta said, as she rose from the dinner table. "I suppose we must go to Marion's"

"I would like to see you staying away from Marion's on Christmas Eve," said Uncle Ralph.

"If the snow was two feet deep, we would have to go, I suppose," said Etta laughing.

"If you don't, we shall have a committee of half a dozen or so of those young savages of her's here, to see what had become of aunt Etta."

"Uncle Ralph!" said Etta, coming to her uncle's side, and putting her hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it? Some weighty matter, to judge by your face."

"Do you remember Christmas time six years ago."

"Six years ago? Let me see!—Why, it is just six years since Maynard Wight went to Baltimore."

"Just six years."

"And you invested five thousand dollars in his future business. Well, it was pretty well invested, it seems. Here is the young man at home again, in his old business, and as flourishing as ever. More so indeed, for he will not have his father making ducks and drakes of his capital. The old gentleman is coining money in Chicago in real estate. I think, my dear, you may now send in your bill."

"Nonsense, Uncle Ralph! I had a letter this afternoon from Maynard."

"Oh, ho! So I am to lose you?"

"He loves me. He has loved me all these years."

"And you?"

"You know," she answered, with a bright blush.

"Yes, I know," he said, gravely.—"It is hard to give you up, Etta, but I will give you gladly to Maynard Wight. He is my beau ideal of an honorable gentleman."

"Thank you! Now we must go, or Marion will be sending that committee you mentioned."

"Etta!"

"Well?"

"I am afraid I can't keep that secret of yours much longer."

"Keep it till to-morrow, Uncle Ralph. I am to say yes or no at Marion's to-night."

The Christmas party at Marion's wondered loudly at Aunt Etta's unaccountable delay. All the young savages were beating tattoos with their feet upon the staircases, and loudly declaring it was too bad Aunt Etta did not come, that the tree might be lighted. The more decorous party of older people in the drawing-room wondered why Marion was watching the door so anxiously. Maynard Wight, listening courteously to the small talk of Marion's eldest daughter, was thinking Etta meant to say no, and stay at home.

Suddenly Marion vanished, and in a few minutes all the children filled into the front parlor, and fixed their eyes upon the folding door that hid so many delightful treasures upon the Christmas tree. Maynard Wight fixed his eyes also upon that door, certain that when it opened there would be a message of hope or certainty of disappointment for him.

It opened, revealing a glare of light, and the great tree in the centre. Beside it stood Etta, dressed in a bright blue silk, with her light curls decorated with blue ribbons, and a bright light of happiness in her large eyes, and flushing her round cheeks. In her hand was a long wand, with which she detached the glittering presents from the tree. Everybody was too busy in examining the various gifts that were being distributed to watch Maynard Wight, but had they done so, they would have seen his eyes, wide open with astonishment, gazing at a gay object dangling from one of the branches of the wonderful true. There was every variety of Christmas fruit there, but he never heeded any of it. Wider and wider grew his eyes.

Certainly he knew that object—Certainly in the past six years he had too often speculated upon a similar one to be mistaken. Blue and red stripes and yellow stars might exist in a thousand socks, but certainly the one dangling from that tree was the mate to the one Kriss Kringle had sent him six years ago. How did it get there? Who had owned the other one before it passed into his hands? He was beginning to think he must be asleep, when the long wand hovered for a moment over the gay sock, detached it, and Etta's clear voice said:—

"Kriss Kringle to Maynard Wight.

Uncle Ralph took it from the wand, and handed it to the still bewildered young man.

"I believe you know where to find the mate," he said, with a meaning smile.

"Then it was you?" Maynard said.

"Not a bit of it. It was Etta."

"Etta!" cried the young man, deeply moved.

"See what is in this one. No one is noticing us; they are all to busy with the tree."

It was a very tiny gift down in the toe of the gay sock. Only a little gold locket for a watch charm; but when it was opened, Etta's sweet face looked into his, and a curl of Etta's bright hair faced the miniature.

My story is told. Uncle Ralph has one more nephew, and Mrs. Maynard Wight says her husband has one pair of socks she never has to mend, because the only use to which they are ever put is to dangle once a year on a Christmas tree, to hold Kriss Kringle's gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Wight.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

A Family of Thieves in Hartford.

The *Times* tells of a singularly depraved family. A glance at the career of the various members shows how it is with those naturally bad:

Few names appear on the record of the police more frequently than that of the Webb family. A few years since, the father, mother, boys and girls were often in jail at the same time; and it was rare indeed, when there was not some member of the family under arrest. Now the father and mother have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," and the children were left to take care of themselves. One of them is now in jail for stealing. To steal with that family, was as natural as for a healthy man to eat and drink. One day the mother and three of the children were released from jail.—Coming up pearl street they passed by the grounds of James Goodwin, who was to have a dinner party that day. The cook had taken unusual pains with the butter, and several pounds had been worked up into fancy shapes and put out of doors to cool. Mrs. Webb saw it, and seeing no one on guard, she appropriated the entire lot. She stuffed it into the coats of her boys, gave some to the girls, and filled the bosom of her dress with the oleaginous substance until it had been stored away. Then she left; but she had not proceeded far when the butter was missed and the thief tracked out. The Webbs were all arrested, and when brought into the station house they presented a funny scene. The butter was melting and running in unctious streams through their dresses, coats and other garments,

Another time the old woman went into a provision store, on the floor of which lay a quantity of hams. She sat down near them and after she left a sixteen pound ham was missing.—Pursuit was made and Mrs. Webb was arrested. Although she had been gone but a few minutes no trace of the ham was to be seen. The next morning it was found under the bunk in which she slept, in the station house. She was examined, and it was found that she carried, concealed under her clothes, a big hook, fastened to a cord around her waist. On this hook she had managed to fasten the ham, and had walked off with it swinging behind her in the folds of her dress. The thieving adventures of the family would fill a volume.

A Snow Plow.

The Union Pacific Railroad is having built, in its shops in Om ha a snow plow, which, when finished, will be the largest and most powerful in the world. It is rapidly approaching completion, and in a few days will be ready for business. The trucks on which it is built are very heavy and strong, and were cast especially for this plow. The platform on the truck is 22 feet long and 10 feet 6 inches wide, and is composed of solid oak timbers 8 by 16 inches. These timbers are held together by 10 iron bolts, 1¼ inches in diameter, which run crosswise. This solid bed is fastened to the transom beams by 40 bolts, 20 over each truck. The inclined side, placed on the platform, is 29 feet long, and slopes at an angle of 30 degrees, and is held firmly to the bed by 40 bolts, of an inch in diameter, and is supported from behind by inclined posts, 6 feet long, 8 inches wide, and 16 inches thick. The entire length, from the rear of the platform to the end of the slide is 32 feet. The rear of the platform will be boxed in, making a room twelve feet high, 11 feet wide, and 10 feet long, for the purpose of keeping the snow out. It will be furnished with a door, so that if necessary it can be loaded with iron. The monster will weigh fifty tons, and will be operated by three of the heaviest engines on the road. The cost will be over $5,000.

Growth of Nails.

M. Dufour has made observations as to the rate of growth of the nails. Here are some of the results. The nails of the little fingers grow more slowly than those of the other fingers and thumbs. The difference is about one-ninth. The mean rate of these (excluding the little fingers) is about one millimetre (100th part of an inch) in ten days. The rate of growth on the thumbs is probably greater than that on the six longer fingers.—There is little difference between the rate of growth in different animals. The nails grow at about the same rate upon both hands. The rate of growth is not constant throughout the length of the nail; it is greater near the base. The rate of growth at the side parts is probably the same as in the middle part. The substance of the nail advances equally throughout its breadth. The rate of nail-growing in an individual at intervals of several years shows sensible differences.

How Joe Lost his Bet.

An old fellow named Joe Pool, very eccentric and an incorrigible stutterer, was a constant lounger at the tavern in Waterfield, Me.

One day a traveler from a distant part of the State arrived at the hotel, and was met by an old acquaintance, a resident of the town.

After some conversation on different topics, the traveler was addressed as follows:

"By the way, Brown, look out for old Joe Pool to-night. You will know him quick enough by his stuttering. He will be sure to come around and offer that you've not got a whole shirt to your back. If you take him up, you'll surely lose by a trick he's got. He invariably offers to lay this wager and always wins."

"Very well," said the traveller, "I will not let him get ahead of me.—Much obliged for the caution."

The evening arrived, and a large crowd was collected in the bar room. Our friends were there, and old Joe Pool was present and in his element.

"I tell wh-what. You are nicely dressed, but I'll bet you ten dollars you havn't got a whole sh-shirt to your back."

"I'll take that bet," said the stranger." "Put the money in the landlord's hands."

This being done, the traveler pulled off his coat and was about following suit with his vest, when old Joe cried out—

"Ho-ho-ho-hold on! You've lost! Ha-half your sh-shirt is fr-front, and the other half is on your ba-back!"

There was a roar of laughter, but the new comer did not mind it, but pulled off his vest too, and quickly turning his back to Joe displayed to his astonished gaze a shirt neatly folded and placed underneath his suspenders.

Of course the laugh was turned upon Pool, who acknowledged that he had lost the wager. He never offered the bet again.

Care of Horses.

All horses must not be fed in the same proportions, without regard to their ages, their constitutions and their work; the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard its food should be chiefly oats—if not worked hard its food should be chiefly hay—because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

For saddle or coach horses, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient. If the hay is not good, add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have little.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly. The young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.

A Familiar Phrase.

The phrase "the devil to pay," is not so profane in its origin, not so illegitimate, as some might suppose.—Most of the common expletive sayings of the day have a parentage legitimate and proper, and the foregoing is not an exception. The startling word is not necessarily impious or irreverent. We have the "devil-fish," and we have in the printing office a youthful specimen of humanity who cannot be understandingly designated to the craft without borrowing the Plutonic appellative. The phrase in question doubtless originated in a printing office, on the occasion of the Saturday night's settlement of weekly accounts. The publisher, with a scant purse receives the ominous call of his foreman.

"Well, John, how is it? What must I pay to-night?"

"Typus wants five dollars, and Shooting-stick wants four, and Siderule says he must have seven."

"Mercy, John, you'll clean me out entirely. My subscribers have'nt done a thing at paying up this week. But—let's see—here's the money."

"And sir—I should like a few dollars for myself."

"That's bad!—But here you have it—all I've got."

"But, sir, you forgot—*there's the devil to pay.*"

And can we wonder that thereafter, when the poor publisher wished to particularly emphasize what he deemed to be a perfect crusher in the way of business, he borrowed this significant phrase?

Guard the Weak Spot.

All men, however strong, have a weak spot, like the rhinoceros, which, though plated like a monitor, is vulnerable to a spear thrust below the plates. Satan is not such a fool as to attack the strong defences; he would be sure to thrust at the vulnerable points. Some, indeed, think they have no weak place; and such people are right, for they are weak all over, and no part, therefore, could be called weak in particular. The polar bear has a weakness, which is for blubber, and his hunters knowing this, coil a piece of whalebone like a watch-spring, wrap it in blubber and freeze it. They then drop the tempting morsel in the way of the bear, who swallows it greedily; but as the blubber melts in his stomach, the whalebone springs out. The bear then rolls over in agony, and they come up and kill him. Thus it is when men yield to an easily besetting sin; it will cut them asunder.

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Courier hopes hereafter to have an ox-cart to bring in election returns from distant counties, so as to avoid the present vexatious delays, and says: At the lowest calculation, if the supervisors walked, they could have reached ere by this time."

Castelar, ths Spanish orator, was formerly a type-setter.

Thirty-two thousand sends were once counted on the head of a poppy.

Seven thousand men are engaged in the book-selling business in Leipsic.

The Marriage of Henri Rochefort.

Few romances of fiction have imagined for their climax an incident so pathetic as the marriage of Henri Rochefort. Several years ago when the man now condemned to detention for life was the