Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

Will be published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to give notice when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1873. NO. 44.

Business Cards.

PAUL H. GAITHER. GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," opposite the Public Square. jan 1-tf.

D. S. M. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset for the practice of his profession.—Office in Charles Kreisinger's store.

D. L. S. KIMMEL, will continue to practice in Somerset, and members his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Public House. nov. 6, '72.

D. E. SHOEMAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Coffman's, one door west of the Herald office. jan. 21, '70.

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 3-tf.

LEVI MADORE, Alexander H. Coffroth has associated with him in the practice of Law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. jan 1-tf.

C. COFFROTH & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of A. H. Coffroth. aug. 12-tf.

J. M. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Money advanced on collections. Office, on Main street.

VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to real estate, business entrusted to his care with promptness. aug. 12-tf.

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

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., offers his services to the public. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he may be found prepared to do all work in his profession that may be required, such as filling, extracting, etc., etc., on the most reasonable terms. Teeth extracted without pain. All operations warranted. All operations warranted. jun 1, '70.

JOHN S. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, such as collections, conveyancing, settlements of estates, etc. Office in Court House. feb 28, '70-tf.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa., Office in the Court House. jan 15-tf.

GEO. A. REITER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Union Mills, opposite the Union hotel. jy 9-tf.

ROBERT HORNER—The undersigned respectfully believes the public have long enough known that he will remain located in the borough of Somerset, Pa., for the purpose of keeping a good hotel, and he hopes that those who give him a call will be satisfied with their treatment. JOHN H. HILL. jan 22-tf.

F. ... KEFFER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., will give prompt attention to all cases in his profession. jan 15-tf.

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. jan 8-72.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years practice in Shanksville, has located in Somerset for the practice of his profession. He tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office formerly occupied by Dr. A. Lamb, opposite the Lutheran church, where he may be found professionally at all times, except when absent on business. Feb. 12, 1873.

W. H. PONTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly attended to. Office, Main street.

F. ... KOOTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. ... COLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. W. H. SUPPLE. jan 1-tf.

SUPPLE & SUPPLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office in the second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block, entrance from Diamond. jan 1-tf.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. A. ... will continue the practice of Dentistry in all its branches. He is prepared to perform all operations in his profession with neatness and despatch, and at as low prices as the same can be done anywhere in the State. Office, for the present, in the building adjoining Lambert's Hardware Store, Main street, Somerset, Pa. Gas administered when desired for the painless extraction of teeth. jan 1

J. ... SLAUTER & CO., LETTER JOBBERS AND MERCHANTS, EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE. Orders for goods, with cash or in our guaranteed notes, promptly filled. jan 1-tf.

A. H. DUNHAM, WITH JAMES RUSSEL & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND CIGARS, No. 222 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. jan 1-tf.

DIAMOND HOTEL, Samuel Custer, Proprietor. This hotel, located with a large share of patronage, is now ready for a continuance of the same. Omnibuses run to and from all trains. Stages leave the house for Berlin, Meyersdale, Stoystown, Bedford, and Ligonier every morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrive at Somerset at 10 o'clock, A. M. Good stabling attached. Stages can be accommodated at any hour of the night. Good teaming and on reasonable terms. The house being nearly in the centre of the town, is always the most convenient for parties, also good and cheap boarding by the day or week. Omnibus to and from the house free of charge. Somerset, Pa., December 4th, 1872.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO., (Successors to C. Charles Hotel,) WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA., Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware. jan 1-tf.

JOHN WILSON & SON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 307 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH. jan 1-tf.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY, DENTIST, DAVIS CITY, Somerset Co., Pa., Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best kind, inserted on Hardamite, inserted in the most fashionable manner, on the gum, upon a plate, at the lowest prices for the best work. Persons wishing to have teeth extracted without pain, can do so by enclosing money in a letter. jy23-72

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

THE NEW FLOUR MILL. The new Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL," formerly owned by Mr. Dennison, is now in operation, and the proprietor is prepared to exchange flour for wheat, or grind wheat on shares, or buy wheat for cash, at the highest price paid for all kinds of grain. VALENTINE BAY.

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.

D. J. HORNER, Buggy, Carriage AND LIGHT WAGON MANUFACTURER, SOMERSET PA., Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, SPRING WAGONS, HACKS, SLEIGHS, &c., &c., In the latest and most approved styles, and at the Lowest Possible Prices. ALL IN WANT OF A First Class Carriage, Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the BEST WORKMEN Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business. He is, therefore, enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented when leaving the shop, and satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of REPAIRING AND PAINTING Done in a neat and substantial manner, and at the shortest notice. He is determined to do all his work in such a manner, and at such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere. jun29 D. J. HORNER.

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.

CROUSE & SHIRES, Manufacturers of all grades of CIGARS, BEDFORD, PA. Attention particularly asked of Jobbers. ☞Orders solicited by E. H. Marshall, druggist, Somerset, Pa. my.

SIMMONS & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Tobacco and Segars, 408 Market Street, Above Fourth, PHILADELPHIA. ☞E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset, Pa. dec6'72

GREAT INDUCEMENTS. Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on H. H. KEMP, HARNEDSVILLE, Somerset County, Pa. You can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party. Feb. 26-72.

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, sheet iron and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of Casebeer's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa. aug. 12-tf. NOAH CASEBEER.

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 7o JOHN DIBERT & CO.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,

120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTERED SEPT., 1870.

OPENED FOR THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS FEB. 23, 1871.

BANK OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. ALSO, ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM 6 TO 7½ O'CLOCK.

LOANS SECURED BY BONDS AND MORTGAGES ON REAL ESTATE.

SIX PER CENT. GUARANTEED.

Deposits received of all sums not less than One Dollar, and a dividend of the profits declared twice a year, in June and December.

Interest commences the first day of each month. Interest when not drawn out is added to the Principal, thus compounding twice a year for the depositor.

Books containing the charter and by-laws will be furnished at the Bank.

D. J. MORRELL, President.
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer.
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

James Cooper, David Dibert, George Fritz, A. J. Rowe, E. W. Hay, John Lowman, Daniel M. Laughlin, James McMillan, James Morley, Lewis Pitt, C. R. Ellis, Powell Starkhouse, Conrad Supper, Geo. T. Swank, W. W. Walters, and D. J. Morrell, President. feb12

S. C. KEIM. J. D. LIVENGOOD.

KEIM & LIVENGOOD, BANKERS, *SALISBURY ELKLICK, P. O.* SOMERSET COUNTY, PENN'A.

Drafts bought and sold, and collections made on all parts of the country.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Special arrangements with Guardians and others who hold money in trust. Jan 17 72

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.

Go and See for Yourself. Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's. A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

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 As low as the lowest in the latest and most approved style, and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Somerset, March 6'72.

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., 312 Market Street and 309 Commerce Street, Philadelphia. June 19-tf.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A NEW VERSION.

"Will you walk into my saloon, sir?"
Said the keeper to a youth;
"It is the cheriest place, sir,
You ever saw, in truth.
The way into my cellar
Is down a slippery stair,
And I have many a foaming glass
To drink while you are there."

"Oh, no! no!" said the weary youth,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes down your slippery stairs,
Can ne'er come up again."

"I am sure you must be weary,
With running round the town;
Come in, young friend, and rest you,
Come in and sit you down.
I've cards and pipes in plenty
Upon my chimney shelf;
If you'll come in a little while,
You shall enjoy yourself."

"Oh, no! no!" said the cautious youth,
"For I've often heard them say
Young men are bound for ruin
Who smoke, and drink, and play."

Said the crafty fellow to the youth,
"Dear sir, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my cellar,
All liquors you can think;
Prime whisky, rum, or lager,
Will you please to take a drink?"

"Oh, no! no! said the simple youth,
"Kind sir, I have no need
Of any kind of liquors—
Thank you, very much, indeed."

"Fine fellow," said the keeper,
"You're witty, and you're wise;
How handsome are your curling locks,
How brilliant are your eyes!
I have some fine old liquors,
Of quite another class;
Champagne, and port, and claret—
Come in and try a glass.

"I thank you, generous sir," he said,
"For all you offer me:
And bidding you good morning now,
I'll call again and see."

The keeper turned him round about
And entered his saloon;
For well he knew the foolish youth
Would come again full soon.
So he dug a horrid pit,
In a corner deep and vast—
Made ready fiery fetters,
To bind the young man fast.

Then he went out to his door again,
And merrily did cry:
"Come hither, hither, gentle youth,
With the bright and sparkling eye:
Your coat is finest broadcloth,
You've a nice hat on your head;
Your heart is like a feather light,
But heavy mine as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon—
His silly, silly brain,
Half turned by silly, flattering words—
The youth came back again.
With lingering step he slowly came,
Then with a quicker tread,
Thinking only of his stylish coat
And the nice hat on his head!
Thinking only of his curling locks,
Poor, foolish youth! At last
Up jumped the cunning tempter,
And firmly held him fast.

He dragged him down his horrid pit,
He bound him with a chain;
He held the poison to his lips—
He set on fire his brain.
And now, my dear young friends,
Who may this story hear,
To ills, silly, flattering words,
I pray you never give ear:
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear full soon,
And shun, more than a river,
The door of a saloon.

MILLY MOORE'S LETTER.

I'm Aunty Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port Post office and a store, and garden sass, calico, shoes and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When the ships come in and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers trade goes brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the raisins and dried currants and eggs and butters go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters, letters, letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they havn't all the same.

It's "Please, Aunty Gunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Gunter, it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we have to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the handwriting, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronfull; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove, and when he came back from the voyage they were to be married.

It was a sad day when the ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rowden and her girls were crying from the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail.

It was under the old sycamore tree that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling," he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; "I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! In spite of that the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Rowden, and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news to Mrs Rowden. He stopped at the store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get things mixed up—letters in my tea boxes, candies in the letter box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in the sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee bannister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters, Job," said I; "what possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed and piled 'em up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar-box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me in case Mrs. Rawdon or Mrs. Dr. Speer or the minister's lady should send in, and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring in a nice clear stream, when who should come in but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it she whispered to me:—

"Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write after all? Do look!"

"My pet," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And he don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand, one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night, but none for Milly; it couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so, but I took her into my little back parlor and made her sit down there.

I talked as good as I could to her; but what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was fool, but I woke up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I can't."

"When baby died—the only one we ever had—I thought I never should believe it," said I. "But I had Job, and you have your mother and sister, Milly."

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captain Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rowdon; I was there sewing and heard it all. Oh, how cruel to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says, and you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying no. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Willie?

"Captain Kincaid!" I said and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" she said. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her and coaxed her, and I said no word about her changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of a maze.

Captain Kincaid! Such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?

But when I told Job, says he:—

"Jerusalem! a young pretty girl like Milly! Why don't he go after some widder or an oldish gal? Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They just suited each other."

I couldn't help it, though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Milly More could never dream of—silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewelry and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, a silver ice-pitcher, if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rowden. She might have a carriage, too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her luck one bit, and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Milly didn't stop, and Mrs. More came over to talk about it, too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady myself.

"Milly," said I. "Will is gone and you aren't his widow to wear weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, it seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks, though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The Captain stayed at the port three months, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just gave up at last.

"It don't matter much, after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and waiting. I shall die soon, I suppose whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will. Mrs. More told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring on her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid, so she might go to Europe with him.

A year and three months since the Golden Dove went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to hope that I hadn't much hand in it, after all, when I thought it over and remembered poor Will when he took her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account, except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid and have rest and comfort, wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Job. "It's going to be in the church. Miss Salisbury is finishing my silver gray poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't you?"

"I wish it was Will Masset," said Job.

"Poor Will!" says I, and went on tidying, though it was Friday, I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my Japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job sorting the letters, looks up at times.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he.

"Best thing I ever put mail into. This here wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

"Law me?" says I, "if I knowed you wanted it you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it; jest stick 'em anywhere; I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do. And I'm glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and emptied the sugar out.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid white and shiny, and on the top of it whiter and shinier, laid a letter—a letter with a ship mark upon it, and this superscription:

"MISS MILLY MOORE,
Anchor Port, Maine,
United States of America."

Three months ago—poor stupid—I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there it was.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I'd have given more money than there was in the till to have dared to tear that letter open upon the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Will Nasset's.

"This can't wait," says I.

"No," says Job, "it can't with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvet, and her fine house and her carriage all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Job," said I.

And my old man came across the room and put his arm around my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings then. And though we old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems so much and all-that sweetness so silly, why, it will come back sometimes. You remember how he kissed her under the sycamore, and, Nancy, we couldn't wait till after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms around Job's neck, and kissed him; and then I got my sun bonnet and ran over to Mrs. More's.

Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the door, with the letter behind my back.

"Won't you walk in?" says Mrs. More.

"I—I haven't time," says I. "It's only an errand. It's a little singular, Milly, there's a—a—"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly, "it has come at last!"

How she knew it, heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimpse at it.

It was the old sailor's story, a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succor and a sail at last. A vessel outward bound had picked him up. He would be home in three months."

"Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, can I wait?"

And then says I:—

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. This letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing now."

So it was Will, after all, and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Captain Kincaid, either, for he married Fanny More before the year was out.

A Co-operative Colony.

A co-operative colony was established several years ago on the Iowa River by a company of Germans from the vicinity of Buffalo, N. Y. They obtained about 30,000 acres of Government land, and they now have several villages; orchards are numerous, and their land is in a high state of cultivation. They form a religous body, and they have a unity of plan which includes, first, a community of property; second, industrial and domestic co-operation; and, third, especial advancement in usefularts. They struggled with great difficulties for several years, but now they are in a highly prosperous condition. They have dug a canal nine miles long, which gives them a valuable water power, they have several grist mills, and a woolen and cotton mill. The pricipal town is called Amane, and it is on the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, where they have large grain elevators. All their industries and business are conducted on the co-operative plan, and they have stores with full supplies of goods. The total number of the people is about 1,300, and they have established boarding-houses in convenient localities, where all meals are taken. Marriage is encouraged, but men are not thought fit to take wives until past 30 years of age. Children are kept in school until 12 or 14 years old, when they are put at trades, or farm work, and their education is completed in night schools What their religious views may be we are not informed. Nothing would seem more easy than successfully to establish such a community with people who are strictly honest and without much ambition.

There is a story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out west, and on the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child.—He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion: This hyar babe's got the smallpox, and I ain't posted up on pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught.—Thet'll set him into fits. Then send for me. I graduated on fits."

A Laughable Story.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes that befel an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance into the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinks of wine, under strings of names which I no more understood their composition, or they did my *gaucherie*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *non* to everything that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it hastily. Heavens! It was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side; while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amusement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill?" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired; I could hear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, still exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, and I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted; I even ventured to hope; nay to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely.—The Ides of March were not yet over.—Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter.—This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily took it to be French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion.

Would to Heaven that the *chou-fleur* had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondingly on the large mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, although I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap. I struggled on manfully against the mountainous heap at its base—and shut my eyes and opened my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate, having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great portion of it landed into my hat. The plate righted itself—as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye around the table that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and liquors were served round. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dinning-room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I sat at the table.—Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket-handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider and blinding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think it had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and on turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fatal pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sacre! bete! sacre!" the r in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard ringing like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, moustaches, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Collossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer, but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving that, to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

Ignoring Facts.

A great many are ignored. It is a fact that the common tenant farmers in England cut grass three or four weeks earlier than is done in America, and although the weather is cooler and moister, make hay of superior quality, as for instance, about ten years ago a few ships loads were sent over from this country to Liverpool, and were obliged to be sold at half the price of the best English. It is another fact ignored, that the common tenantry, having flocks of the breeds common in their vicinity, bring out their tegs weighing double the weight in carcase and treble the weight in fleece, on hay and turnips, and yet the hay, fed with such watery food as turnips, is cut before it is out in full bloom. Again, the best pastures and mowings are never worn out or need plowing or reseeding by an opposite treatment to that recommended by old-fashioned farmers in America; and moreover it is a fact in the sporting community, but ignored, that colts come to be horses or to do fast work earlier in England—a yearling colt in England is nearly as large as a two year old in America, and a three year old in England is more of a horse than a four year old in America. In England, although the land is not owned by the farmers, it is kept in a higher state of fertility; the stock is more valuable, and the farmers' sons oftener succeed their fathers on the old homesteads, and on any given tract of country the farms would be found to have been held in occupation by the the same families much longer than in America, where the soil is owned by the occupiers.

A Set-Off to the Above.—Where one laborer in England raised himself to an independent position in life, 100 do here three times, and where one dies in England seeing his children better off than he was himself in his youth, 100 do here; where one man rises after a fall in England, 100 do in America. G. G.

Wool Growing a Success.

We are asked why wool growers do not fail, as other business men sometimes do. We answer, simply because the growth of the wool and the increase is as the times in which they live. It matters not how dark the night is, the wool continues to grow, and it matters not how the wind blows or how it pours storm, gestation is never longer than 150 days. The lambs will average one-half females and often twins, and they breed the next year, making a double compound, a perpetual growth, and no loss. Everything that does not go into market goes back to enrich the pasture; and though the landlord may be sick it does not stop the growth of the lambs. Not so with other business. The mechanic or the man who works for a salary has nothing to grow while he sleeps; when his labor ceases his income stops, and his expenses are perpetual. It is true there are perpetual expenses attending the sheep or goat business; but under the most unfavorable circumstances, where they can live on the commons, without feeding, the meat of the wethers will pay all the expenses, without drawing on the wool or increase of the ewes. Hence it is like a perpetual stream flowing into a basin; it is only a question of time about filling it to overflowing. The drawback seems to be that men do not relish living away from thickly populated settlements and towns, depriving themselves of society for the sake of money. This objection can be obviated. In all new countries there are villages constantly springing up, near which good sheep ranges can be had, where the owner can visit his flocks daily, and also give his family the benefit of schools and society. *Facts and Figures.*

A Touching Story.

The following affecting narrative was given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and council:

What agony was in my mother's face when all that she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke to me no more until she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said. "Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will, Alfred! I command you!"

"I will not," said I.

"One or two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this minute or I will lock you up in your room, and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the