Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

is 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. Persons neglecting to notify us when they wish their papers discontinued will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Post-Office 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. XXII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1873. NO. 1.

Business Cards.

PETE H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Machinists Block," adjoining the residence of E. H. Marshall's drug store.

DR. J. J. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset, offers his professional services to the public of this place and vicinity. Office in the old office of Dr. Geo. Koontz, opposite the Lutheran Church.

DR. J. M. KIMMEL, will continue to practice Medicine and Surgery in all its branches. Office at his residence, one door west of the Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

DR. H. SHOEMAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office at the old place, a few doors south of the Lutheran Church.

WILLIAM M. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Zahl Building, opposite the Court House.

DAVID WORLEY, Attorney at Law, Office in the Diamond, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business in the Courts in Somerset and adjoining counties.

W. J. BAER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

W. J. COLBURN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Democrat's office.

J. M. BOSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Court House.

H. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Berlin, Pa., Practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Court House.

JOHN BOLL, Attorney at Law, Berlin, Somerset County, Pa. Will attend to all business in the Courts in Somerset and adjoining counties.

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA.

D. J. G. MILLER, after graduating in Medicine, has located in Somerset, Pa., where he may be found when not professionally absent. Office in the Lutheran Church building, opposite the Court House.

J. J. PAUL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Collections promptly made and business attended to in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Democrat's office.

W. F. SHAFFER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly attended to.

F. LEVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

J. COLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

C. H. BUSSER & S. P. RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Collections and all other business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.

DENTISTRY.

A. H. FRANCISCUS, Somerset, Pa., Office on Main Street, one door West of the Lutheran Church, is prepared to perform all operations in Dentistry on the most reasonable terms. Having had over ten years experience he feels confident that he can render satisfaction to those who may call upon him. Prof. Franciscus will be in Stoystown the last week in each month, and in Berlin the first week in each month.

J. S. HARVEY & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, 301 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.

J. S. WALKER, Dealer in Pure Rye and Corn Whiskies, Port and Sherry Wines, Brandies, Gins, Madeira, Cordials, Ale and Porter, Nos. 1 and 2 Exchange Place, Baltimore.

DIAMOND HOTEL, Samuel Custer, Proprietor, Somerset, Pa.

JOHN WILSON & SON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 307 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY, DENTIST, DOVE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCO, 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," is now in full operation. The proprietor of the mills would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to exchange flour for wheat, or will pay the highest market price in cash for wheat delivered at the mill. Mill near the Depot, Somerset, Pa. VALENTINE BAY.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS. Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines or Plants should call on H. H. KEMP, HARNEDSVILLE, Somerset County, Pa.

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HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store in

Few Doors Above the Old Stand.

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Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS.

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

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And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

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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 be mentioned, all of which we will 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, PHAETONS, SPRING WAGONS, HEARSES, SLEIGHS, &c. &c.

All the latest and most approved styles, and at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

Call in want of a

First Class Carriage.

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine for itself. None but the very best workmen are employed in the manufacture of his work, and none but the

BEST WORKMEN

Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have been with him for a long period of years in the manufacture of vehicles, both in point of material and workmanship. As 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.

June 5-1y. 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. apr. 23.

C. HOUSE & SHIRES, Manufacturers of all grades of

CIGARS, BEDFORD, PA.

Attention particularly asked to Jobbers. Agencies established by E. H. Marshall, druggist, Somerset, Pa. apr. 9.

S. SIMONS & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Tobacco and Segars, 408 Market Street, Above Fourth, PHILADELPHIA.

Agent—E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset, Pa. June 5-72.

ESTABLISHED IN 1828. RE-ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

C. G. Hammer & Sons

Manufacturers of Fine and Medium FURNITURE, of every description and price, hand-made and superior in style and quality than found in most of any other Furniture House this side of the mountains.

Photographs and Price Lists sent on application, or when in the city don't forget the place—Sign of the Large Golden Chair,

No. 97 and 99 SEVENTH AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEEDS, SEEDS, PLANTS, PLANTS, TREES, TREES.

Early Peas, Beans, Corn, Tomatoes, Onion Sets, Potatoes, and all other seeds for market gardeners, families, &c. A box of twenty varieties of Flower Seeds for one dollar.

Send for Bennett's Catalogue, free. Address JAS. BENNETT, Seedsman, 152 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh.

Miscellaneous.

A. H. LIVENGOOD. J. M. OLINGER.

LIVENGOOD & OLINGER, BANKERS, Main Street, opposite the Post-office, Dale City, Pa.

We sell Drafts negotiable in East and West. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Special attention paid to collections. Money received on deposit, payable on demand; interest paid on time deposits. Everything in the Banking line will receive our prompt personal attention. We shall do our utmost to give satisfaction to our depositors and correspondents.

may7 LIVENGOOD & OLINGER.

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., In Henry Schaefer's Brick Building.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust.

apr23-72.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN G. DIBERT.

JOHN DIBERT & CO., BANKERS, NO. 240 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in Foreign countries. Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loans money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand. Interest allowed at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful for 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 render satisfaction.

Feb 12-72 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

S. S. KEIM. J. J. LIVENGOOD.

KEIM & LIVENGOOD, BANKERS, SALISBURY, ELKLICK, P. O. Somerset County, Penn'a.

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

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Business accounts received with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. Jan 17-72

AN ACT

Conferring Additional Privileges on the

JOHNSTOWN

SAVINGS BANK.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK is hereby authorized to receive deposits from minors and married women, and shall have power to pay, on application, the check, proper receipt, or other evidence of indebtedness, or receipt, or any part thereof, to be or to the may have deposited to his or her credit, or any interest or dividend accruing thereon, without the assent or approval of their parents or guardians, or the husband or guardian of the husband of such married woman, to attach, or in any manner interfere with any deposit, interest, or dividend so payable to such minor or married woman, such receipt or receipts being their proper vouchers.

SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

M. HILLIGOSS, Speaker of the House of Representatives.
GEO. ANDERSON, Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the ninth day of March, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, HARRISBURG, March 10, A. D. 1873.

I, A. C. REYNOLDS, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby certify that the foregoing and annexed is a full, true and correct copy of the original act of the General Assembly, entitled, "An Act conferring additional privileges on the Johnstown Savings Bank," as the same remains on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Secretary's office to be affixed, the day and year above written.

A. C. REYNOLDS, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JUST RECEIVED AT A. W. KNEPPER'S NEW GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, FLOUR &c.

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

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.

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep Guaranteed by using my

Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as anyone. Warranted no injury to the lungs. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Sold by druggists, &c.

CHAS. H. HUKILL, Hulmeville, Bucks Co., Pa. 10tis-7

D. P. HOYLE, Dealer in fine Watches, Jewelry, Clocks & Silverware, 85 FIFTH AVENUE, 3 doors above Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Special attention given to repairing of Watches and Jewelry, at lowest rates. may7

Miscellaneous.

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., 313 Market Street and 190 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

June 26-tf.

NEW CARPETS. A very large Stock IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CARPETS, Oil Cloths, &c., LOW PRICED CARPETS, Wholesale and Retail. Henry McCallum, 51 Fifth Avenue, (Near Wood Street,) PITTSBURGH, PA.

TO THE FARMERS.—Thankful for past favors, we claim the first and favorable

THE SUPERIOR Reaper & Mower. Motive Power, Simple, durable, powerful, durable, and easy running. Cutting with or without the reel, and cut long or short, lateral width wheel, and cut two swaths. Operating with one plug and all unnecessary traps.

MOTIVE SCREW POWER, Warranted the most perfect, simple, compact and durable power in use; easily handled and facilitates draft. Our gearing will be in good condition when the machine is worn out; no money spent, have positive express charges and default, and before Aug. about October and March and May if you have

THE "SUPERIOR."

Every machine fully warranted to do its work right or no sale.

☞ Don't buy a Harvester until you have seen the "Superior."

For sale by ROGER & FORNEY, Berlin, Pa.

P. S.—If you have good horses to stack to trade, or if it is more convenient for you, call on C. A. RHOADS, Somerset, Pa.

may14

DRUG STORE FOR SALE.

A FIRST CLASS DRUG & PERFUMERY STORE very elegantly situated in Allegheny City, doing a good paying business, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. The owner wishing to retire from active business, would prefer selling all together, but would sell the Perfumery separately, who could give it their whole attention. An opportunity of this kind is not often offered, and persons with small means, or a good business man, can do well by calling soon. For further particulars, address R. F. GOULD, care Dr. Hayes, 100 Washington Avenue, Allegheny City, Pa. may7

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Nervous Debility and Impediments to Marriage generally; Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

This world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture will prove a book to Bachelors and Married.

Sent, under seal, to any address, in a plain, sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address, in confidence, "CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., Post Office Box 4586, New York, Penn'a.

may7-1y.

ADAMS' Pound Butter Case.

Supplied by G. & C. Hollerbaugh, Knable, Fulton & Co., A. J. Cowbver & Co., Somerset, Pa. J. M. Hollerbaugh, Jerusalem.

G. A. MILLER, DIPPY & CO., Philadelphia.

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C. G. BASSETT, Practical Draughtsman and Builder. Work done in the best manner known to the trade and in modern style.

☞ Stair Building made a Specialty. ☜

Patronage Solicited.

Somerset, Pa., May 28.

ALLEGHENY CITY STAIR-BUILDING AND WOOD-TURNINGSHOP. Newels, Balusters, Hand Rails, will all, finished and boxed, ready to hang, delivered on short notice.

WILLIAM PEOPLES.

apr 30, '73. Cor. Webster St. & Graham Alley.

KNABE & CO.'S PIANOS. HAINES BROS.' PIANOS. GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS.

The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price Lists, containing full particulars, mailed to any address.

CHARLOTTE BLUME, No. 19 Sixth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole agent for Prince & Co.'s Organs.

april23.

Cheap Farms for Sale Near Chicago

WHY GO TO KANSAS OR NEBRASKA, when you can buy as fine farming lands as the sun ever shone on, improved and unimproved, at from $10 to $40 an acre, ranging from 40 to 1,200 acres, within from 20 to 60 miles from Chicago, in one of the finest dairying countries in America? Five railroads traversing the county, markets good and a ready market for your produce. Farms being sold every day. Circulars sent free. For further information address R. P. GOULD, care Dr. Hayes, 100 Washington Avenue, Allegheny City, Pa. may7

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and theirs,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, sound, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight rondelay
Half what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my true wife
So fain to pay!

Watching or waiting, 'Good night!' it said.

Brisk young engineers, sources free,
Old commanders along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
"Nothing amiss,
Nothing; it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of rippling grain.
Footed through the building bought o'erhead
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Lilts lifting made from the engine spirited:
Sang as it flew
"To our true true,
Flies of all forty—Good night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stoneham over Rhode Island shore.
And the folks in Providence stirred and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has now forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his true and true,
Guild's my guess the engine, dead.

Peter Hearth.

A HURRIED COURTSHIP.

I was a young man, possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow which scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which all my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding house than the one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by the next post. Out of this motly installment of epistles, there was but one which pleased me, and I decided to answer that one in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stating that her house was entirely private, she having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the door bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her almost before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred about a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child, and this item of mortality I was most graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay slumbering peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than a source of revenue. In conclusion the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than twenty-two or three,) and the price of board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and seemed to trust in me, looking upon me so favorably, that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and endowments of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding house, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding house a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cozy house.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter every year, but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be hardened with some of it before I was much older. I was always glad to get this advice from him, as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I mentioned. My uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married, I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would never more be an uncle of mine. Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont, and I in Philadelphia, I never anticipated the old gentleman would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood. I wrote to him that I was not only married, but the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and a silver pap spoon to be presented to my child. I first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscrip to this one not only astonished but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:

"P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you, your wife and your child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month."

"Good gracious! my uncle is coming to visit me," I exclaimed; "and it is past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door bell as if the man that pulled it, imagined he owned the house, and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sick sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle.

Now, as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and requested me to have an eye out to her child while she was gone, so it wouldn't fall out of the cradle, and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthful occupant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and hand shaking I ushered my honored relative into the parlor and presented to him my new-claimed offspring.

"There uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you, my child."

"It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle gazing at it admiringly. "By the way, what is it, a boy or a girl?"

That was a knotty question for me to answer, for he was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on that subject, so I answered at hap hazard that it was a boy.

"I'm sorry it's a boy," said my uncle; "there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a little blue-eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was, that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out my deception I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I only could secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then I would be all right.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her in a few brief words, the extent of my difficulty and how I had taken the liberty of acting papa for her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her to uncle in the capacity. She laughed very heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal, and very regularly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor and I introduced her as my better-half.—My uncle was very much pleased with her and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could plainly see that she could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"You have a fine boy here," said my uncle to Mrs. K., pointing to the cradle.

"Excuse me sir," she said, coloring up again, "it's a girl."

I was dumbfounded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would uncle believe after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady with a puzzled countenance.

"Your husband told me it was a boy," he said, and rather suspiciously too, I thought.

"Well, I always took it for a boy," was my reply, putting on a bold face, "but I suppose my wife knows best."

Here Mrs. K. fairly screamed with laughter and uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

"You are a nice father, ain't you?" he said, touching me with the point of his umbrella, "not to know the sex of your own child. Why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."

"But, Charley," he said again, addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and spoon I sent to the little one?"

"Oh, they are perfectly safe, I assure you," I replied. "I have taken good care of them."

"Yes, but where in the deuce are they? I would like very much to take another look at them."

"Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—in the course of a week's time."

He told me to do so as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room, for fear that he might ask me some more perplexing questions.

A short time afterward, Mrs. K. came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room, and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened, for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have got yourself?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settle upon us immediately, but he wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never entered into deception, or anything else by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cosily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I asked.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Kingsley—nay my dear madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered, frankly, and seizing both of my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time, I assure you. I don't think Mrs. K. ever got her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time." We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were safely out of our difficulties, we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with the exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle, gazing at the document through his specs. "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it then, that the certificate is dated to-day," he asked, in a voice of thunder.

We were speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry; but it didn't, for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pap spoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and pap-spoon.

"Why, you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. "I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry at you, for I used to play the same games when I was young."

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duties as a clerk.

A Practical Test.

A Danbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred when tempted to speak an angry word would save a man a great deal of trouble. The statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the 1st of July, and every time has been retarded by Reubens' hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said:

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden?"

Reubens was prompted to call him a mudsoot, a new name, just coming into general use, but he remembered his resolution, put down his rare, and meekly observed:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—

Then the mad neighbor, who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again:

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test.

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You are a mean skunk," said the mad neighbor, hacking toward the fence.

Reubens' face flushed at this charge, but he only said:

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but suddenly thinking of his peas, he opened his mouth:

"You mean, low-lived rascal, for two cents I could knock your cracked head over the barn, and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and entering it, violently slammed the door behind him; but Reubens did not dare let up on the enumeration, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house."

But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung trembling to him, but he only looked into her eyes, and said:

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll bust ye."

And she went.—*Danbury News.*

Pulpit Gravity.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I don'no, sa. I spec' it dis here chile; but indeed, sa, I has been a doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance; equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Va. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety.—Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "fire! fire!" in the street very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded.—Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to the fire that would consume this world!—a fire that would burn forever in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"It's a false alarm!"

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the effect of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarcely refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in New York, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes, these responses were not always appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually held, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

Laughing Children.

Give me (says a writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun gleams through the window, gay, happy, and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a curly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame, and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable.

It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds—the wide awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

The Cave of Fountains.

The Staunton, Va. Vindicator gives the following description of a visit made to a wonderful cave in that vicinity. The first dazzling flash of the calcium light shows what is called the "Panel Hall," an immense room, the ceiling of which is laid off in panels about two yards square, each panel separated from the other by a perfect fringe, pending about six inches of glittering stalactites. Going on with the guide, the white light revealed scene after scene as beautiful. On one side of a hall are immense clusters of perfectly formed grapes glittering as the light falls upon them, and not far off is a helmeted stone warrior standing guard over the fruit.

Here is a garden of perfectly-formed beets and radishes; there a mountain pass over which an army is passing in mantles of snow. From higher rift a stone sentinel stands on the perilous edge, gazing down on them; and hanging against the wall, and standing out in bold relief is a ghostly figure of an executed spy, in shroud and cap. Doric columns are minutely sculptured against the walls. Immense towers with fluted supports, and one tower leaning at a fair-inspiring angle; a row of tobacco leaves strung on a stick with a regularity that would satisfy a South Side Virginian; wells, down at the bottom of which is fresh-fallen snow glittering in the light; snow tanks, one of which has a dog of St. Bernard's, with head thrown back in act of baying for help; immense musical pipes, which, when struck, run the scale most perfectly; and lastly, "the fountains," a range of wierd-looking baths, separated by stone walls, and into which there is a continual dropping of water, giving a deceptive imitation of a frog. We said lastly, but it was not all, for in returning the guide made us all stop for a surprise, and he gave it to us. The light flashed up and showed our party surrounded by glittering walls fifty feet high, ornamented by pillars of all conceivable architecture, and covered in with a roof that glittered with stars, and the recollection of which almost tempts a beholder to return after he has left the cave.

Swinging on the Gate—One of the Sweet Experiences of Life.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," who never has swung on a gate with a pretty girl? If there is such an unfortunate, I pity him from the innermost recesses of my heart—I pity him as one who has missed a sensation, one of the best of our imperfect natures!

I have swung that way with a great many girls in my time. I am going to swing some more if I get the chance—for if I do not I shall mourn for a lost opportunity.

Coming home from church on a "moony" night, bathed in the mellow light, a little hand clinging confidingly to your manly arm, and a pretty face bewitchingly close to yours;—bright eyes looking unutterable sweetness at you; ripe-red lips moving to enchanting small talk—celestial music to a man in love—you reach that well-remembered gate. You open it for her to pass in, but before she does that, something unsaid must be remembered, and she stops to retail that pretty gossip. You are hardly conscious of her words, but you are in that stage of the tender passion when her voice is the soul of music, and all you want is to keep her talking as long as you can.

The lamps are out in the house in front; the "old folks have retired to roost," and you have the field all to yourself.

At last she passes in after a certain concussive sound has taken place under her bonnet. You dream of your first stick of candy, of maple sugar, of Charlotte Russe, and all sorts of liquid and solid sweetness, and you think them stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with that kiss!

Is she going to leave you, now that the gate is closed? Not if I know anything of female nature, and I have had something to say to confiding females, of all classes, and they are all alike in this respect that they delight in the company of a passable young man by moonlight; and in that they show good taste. I have heard it said that there