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. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers 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, JULY 30, 1875. NO. 7.

Business Cards,

PAUL D. GAITHER.

GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Pa. All professional business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention. Office in "Mammoth Block," opposite corner of E. H. Marshall's Drug Store. may 19-'75.

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

D. E. R. 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. may8, 8, '71.

D. H. BAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Mansion House. jan. 25, '75.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. 17-'72.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and vicinity. Office in the Recorder's office. 17-'72.

CUMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of Jas. Somerset, Pa. aug. 12-75.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection. Office in Reformed Church building, on Main street.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Somerset, Pa., will practice in the several courts of Somerset county. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-75.

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. 12-75.

D. W. M. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa., Office in the front part of jail, opposite the Court House, where he will be prepared to do all work in his line, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. All operations warranted. All operations skillfully performed. jan. 7, '74.

JOHN SINKEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 18, 1874.

HENRY SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary as a Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. jan. 21-tf.

THOS. REYNERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office at Union street, opposite the residence of Dr. Scull. 37-'72.

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 a house where he hopes to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. Attention will be given to the comfort of guests, and no pains spared to render satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

JOHN HILL.

April 12.

D. J. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa., Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care.

S. S. GOOD,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

SOMERSET, PA.

Office in Main Street. may 12

D. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine and surgery in all its branches. Having been long and favorably known in the profession, he feels confident that he can render satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Office in Union Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times when professionally engaged.

All calls promptly answered. jan 26, '75-tf.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly attended to. aug 12-75.

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

J. M. ZOLL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. may3-75.

J. L. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be faithfully and promptly attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Collins & Bills still continue the practice of dentistry, are prepared to perform all operations in its best manner and at as low prices as the same class of work can be done anywhere in the State. A full set of teeth for $8, a double set for $15. All operations warranted; and teeth extracted without pain. jan 7

J. G. HARVEY & CO.,

BUTTER COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 9 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.

Liberal cash advances on consignments and returns promptly made.

J. A. WALKER,

Formerly from Somerset County, Pa., Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent, will buy and sell real estate, pay taxes, make collections, locate lands in any part of Thayer and Nuckolls counties, Nebraska. Will visit Somerset, Pa., every fall. Address, Hebron, Thayer County, Nebraska. april 2.

JOHN WILSON & SON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

207 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

may 26, '75.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!

J. C. YUTZY.

DENTIST

DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,

Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, and manufactured in the latest style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing will please call at above. jan12-72

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,"

Two miles south of Somerset is now in good running order. It has all the latest improvements and is guaranteed to do the best kind of work. Highest market prices paid for all kinds of grain.

VALENTINE HAY.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines or 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. 25-'72.

C. G. BASSETT,

Practical Draughtsman and Builder.

Work done in the best manner known to the trade and in modern style.

Hair Building made a Specialty. Patronage Solicited.

Somerset, Pa., May 26.

$10 to $20 per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. Blair & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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.

D. J. HORNER.

june29

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.

ESTABLISHED IN 1838.

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 or 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,

46, 48 and 50 SEVENTH AVENUE,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

march6

FURNITURE.

PARLOR, LIBRARY,

DINING-ROOM AND

OFFICE FURNITURE,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Also, sole manufacturers for Western Penna. of

M'Donough's Patent Bed Lounge.

T. B. YOUNG & CO.,

21 Smithfield Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

june25

STEVENSON & FOSTER,

Stationers, Printers, Binders, Blank Book Makers,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

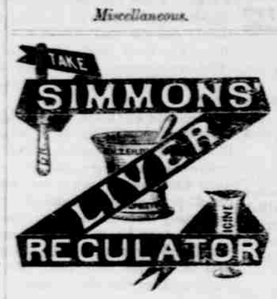
PRINTERS' STOCK.

Flat papers, Book Papers, Ruled Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, Cards, Printing Inks, &c., always on hand. Give us a call.

COR. WOOD ST. AND THIRD AVE., AND 81 AND 84 THIRD AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

june 25

Miscellaneous.



This unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption. Sometimes many of these symptoms indicate the disease, at other very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

This Great Unfailing SPECIFIC will not be found the Least Unpleasant.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine,

Is the cheapest, Purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.

For sale by G. W. Benford, Somerset, Pa.

july7

S. D. LIVENGOOD. J. M. OLINGER.

LIVENGOOD & OLINGER,

BANKERS,

Main Street, opposite the Post-office, Dale City, Pa.

We sell Drafts negotiable 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 Schaible'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.

april 16-73.

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 25 7e JOHN DIBERT & CO.

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 moneys in trust. Jan 13 73

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 order of any minor or married woman, such money, or any part thereof, as he or she may have deposited to his or her credit, or any interest or dividend accruing thereon, without the assent or approval of the parent or guardian of such minor, or the husband or creditors of the husband of such married woman, to attach or in any manner interfere with any deposit, interest, or dividend due thereon to such minor or married woman.

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

WM. ELLIOTT,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
GEO. H. ANDERSON,
Speaker of the Senate.

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

JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH,
HARRISBURG, March 15, A. D. 1873.

PENNSYLVANIA, ss:

I 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. REINOEHL,
Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

june4

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

SUB SILENTIO.

Hush! the night is calm and quiet.
And the crescent moon hangs low;
Silence deep and wide hath power.
And the south wind wanders slow
Through a casement where the curtain
Faintly rustles to and fro.

Like a spirit softly sighing
Flits it all the chamber round,
Where the dim lamp fading, dying,
Just dispels the gloom profound;
Hangs above two happy dreamers,
By love's perfect promise crowned.

Even through the gates of slumber
To the shadowy land of rest,
He still clasps his long-sought treasure
Closely, closely to his breast,
With the ardor of a passion
Long denied and long repressed.

With his lips still warm with kisses
Close and clinging as his own,
Sighing still in happy dreaming
For the joy his heart hath known—
Sweetly, peacefully, he slumbers
In the arms about him thrown.

And she gazes at him thinking—
Not of all her dreary years—
Only of this isle of glory,
Reached with many doubts and fears,
Over love's frail bridge of rainbows
Fading in a mist of tears.

Then he nestles still more closely
To the heart so kind and dear,
Whispering, "Love me, love me, darling,
All my hope and rest is here,
And without thee earth is nothing
But a desert cold and drear.

"Oh, that every night my slumbers
Might be so supremely blest,
Bounded by thy dear embraces,
Kissed from passion into rest;
I would ask no better haven,
Sheltered thus and thus caressed."

Fan them gently, odorous south wind,
And begone on pinions fleet,
Nothing in thy nightly journey
Shall thy wandering vision greet,
Half so perfect in fulfilment,
Satisfying and complete.

—*Mary L. Ritter, in August Galaxy.*

The Misanthrope.

My name is Samuel P. Johnson.

I am forty-nine, unmarried, and shall doubtless continue in a state of celibacy all my days.

Life has no charm for me, for I have lost faith in humanity.

My pitcher went to the well once—it was broken, and, like a fractured egg, cannot be mended.

Life to me is an empty egg-shell.

Listen to the story of my life.

Twenty years ago I was a gushing youth of twenty-two. I loved a vest of many colors, I doted on perfumery, and a tooth brush was my "young man's best companion." I do not—I cannot—inveigh against tooth brushes, but only against the motive for using them. It was appearance, in my case, not cleanliness. I suffered No. 7 boots when comfort and private good demanded No. 10s. Corns now remind me of my folly. So true is it that the excesses of our youth are merely drafts upon old age. I wore linen of the whitest, coats most faultless—I was, in short, young and a fool. Alas! that one never discovers that he is a fool till it is too late to avert the consequences thereof.

Of course I was in love—no young man of the style I have indicated are ever out of it. Love prompted the flaming vests, and snowy linen, the tooth brush and the tight boots.

Her name was Louisa Bevins. She was as beautiful as a houri and as skittish as a young colt. "Skittish" is not an elegant word, but it is expressive and I use it. In my youth I sacrificed utility to elegance—I reverse the order in my old age. She was skittish. She flirted with all the young men in the neighborhood. Her father was rich, and consequently all the young men in the neighborhood were in love with her. They all loved to revel in her charms, and to revel in the old gentleman's money, when death, that hard hitter, should finally send him to grass. She played her cards so skillfully that she had twenty of us, all wearing tight boots, each fixed in the belief that he was the favored man. Each looked upon the old gentleman's acres with a proprietary look, and became interested in his cough. I was an intimate friend of the village druggist. I took cheerful satisfaction in looking over the senior Bevins' drug account from day to day. I was melancholy only when it was running light.

I proposed to Louisa and was accepted—that is, conditionally. She told me she loved me, but that filial love was with her, above any other variety of the article. There was an obstacle. "My pa would never consent," said she, "to my marrying you, as poor as you are at date. Go and accumulate ducats—then come and claim me."

"Wilt be faithful—wilt wait for me till I return?" said I.

"Faithful, forever!" said she.

I rushed from her presence frantically. It was 7 o'clock in the evening. I did not see Lemuel B. Brown ride up and dismount just as I mounted and rode away. So closely runs the thread of life.

I tossed in my bed all night. Various schemes of lucre gathering suggested themselves to my fevered mind. I thought of highway robbery, of patent right business, of forgery, of life insurance, of writing for magazines, and of a dozen other quick roads to fortune, but I rejected all of them. California! That was the correct thing. I would turn up shining nuggets. I would say as I punched them, "Louisa," and so forth.

I read yellow covered novels in those days. Alas! that I cannot believe now that they were talks of real life.

I packed my valise and was at the station next morning. I met Lemuel B. Brown also with a valise. I asked him where he was journeying.—He answered me: He had been tired of the farm, and his soul loathed the country store. He was for California and gold!

Fool that I was. I told him likewise, and we agreed to go together, work together, and be patrons in all things. I did know that Louisa—but I anticipate.

We started together—we were seasick together—we recovered together—we arrived together. We made our way to the mines, and set to work at once.

We each noticed that a great change had come over the other. At home we had been great spendthrifts. No one had squandered the hard-earned six pence on the quarter section of moist gingerbread, on training days, with more freedom than had Lemuel, and no one had paid his three pence more like a man, for the yearly cider, than had I. We had been at home, roosters; and aged cronies had wagged wisely their heads, and predicted that nothing could come of such spendthrifts and ne'er do-wells.

But here it was different. Every cent was saved. We did not even buy clothing. We were not like the lillies of the field, for we did toil, and if the lillies were not arrayed better than we were, they were a shabby set. A rear view of Lemuel's pantaloons, when he stooped over his work, was far from pleasant, and I was very much like him.

One day at noon—shall I ever forget that day?—while we were pensively eating our fried pork, I happened to ask him why he ever came to this God forsaken country. His answer is printed on my soul, as though it had been branded with an iron heated to a red heat.

"My girl would not marry me until I made money—I am here to make it—to go back and marry her."

"Shade!" I replied. "Singular, but I too am here under the same circumstances. It is a coincidence. Shake."

It was more of a coincidence than I supposed. Lemuel took my hand, fervently remarking:

"It *is* a coincidence. Let us to our labor. Let us make our pile and get out of this. Let us go back, and you marry your girl, I'll marry Louisa, and—"

"Louisa!" shrieked I, "Louisa who?"

"Why, Louisa Bevins, who else?"

We understood each other. From that moment we hated each other.—In quest of Cupid's gold, we had jumped each others claim. We were prospecting on grounds claimed by both. We scowled at each other as young American tragedians always do when they wish to express loathing, hate and scorn.

I am a man quick of action. Hastily gathering up all I could lay my hands upon, I took advantage of Lemuel's going up the mountain after a valuable deposit we had there, to spring upon the partnership mule and hie me to San Francisco. Little cared I for gold or deposits of any kind. Louisa was my gold mine, and to get back to her and claim the fulfillment of her promise was my only thought.

I thought I had stolen a march upon him, for we had but one mule. He, too, was a quick man. He promptly stole another mule of a neighboring camp and followed. We arrived together. A steamer was just on the point of sailing. We embarked on her.

Twice on that horrible passage I attempted to throw him overboard.—I would have committed murder. His superior strength thwarted my kind intentions. He threw me overboard, and regularly the sailors interposed and restored me to life and misery.

Why did they, ah why? Life is a mystery. Will it ever be solved? If not, why not?

At New York we took the Albany boat. It burned at Rondout, but, woe, to me, we were saved. Fate again. Escaping the perils of the hotels there, we made our way to Albany, and, utterly reckless of life, took passage on the Central Road, which was then strap rail and given to indulging in snake-heads. I cared naught for snake-heads. I would laugh sardonically as they would rip open the bottom of the car, grazing my leg. They did not smash me. It was written that I should be spared for something worse. I was to fulfill my fate. I was doomed to drain the cup to the dregs. We came to the station nearest our village. Springing from the car we made our way to the livery stable. They were two teams in and we engaged them. We started from the stable together. Our driving was furious. The prize at the end of the race was Louisa. What cared we for the horse flesh?

We drew near the mansion of Bevins. It was 9 p. m. For what was the venerable mansion so brilliantly illuminated? Why that array of wagons and horses tied to the fence in front? We sprang to the door; our right hands grasped the knob.

"She is mine!" hissed I.

"She is mine!" hissed he.

We grappled in a fierce embrace.—Down I went as usual. It was written that I should always go down.—I fell against the door and bumped it open. We lay in a death grapple, half our bodies inside the room.

What did our eyes behold!

A great company assembled. On the floor of the square room was a maiden in white, by her side a young man in black, and in front of them a clergyman who was pronouncing these words:

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Need I say that the maiden in white was Louisa Bevins? Need I state that the young man in black was the storekeeper at the village?

As we heard these words Lemuel relaxed his hold on my throat, and not to be outdone in generosity, I took my hair out of his left hand.

"She is not mine!" said he.

"She is not mine!" said I.

"She is not either of ours!" said we both in chorus.

And we added abjurations, at which she laughed.

Need I relate what Lemuel B. Brown told me, that within an hour after Louisa had plighted her troth to me conditioned upon acquiring filthy lucre, she did the same thing for him? Need I narrate how she had done the same thing with a dozen others!—No! I need not.

But since that time I have taken the word of no woman. I am a broken man. If I ever marry it will be for a nurse in my old age, and I think I shall hire one. For on the garden of my love untruth has sown salt.—Lemuel B. Brown did not think as I did, but, as he married her three years later, after she became a widow, Le wished he hadn't. He told me so. I am avenged.

A gentleman of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and out of two hundred marriages published in New England journals, last week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names, such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Hatties, Patties Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a familiar "christian name," he shall "start for her."

The Great American Desert.

(From a Tourist's Letter in N. Y. Times.)

There is but one express or mail train a day from Omaha west, leaving about noon. There is therefore but 150 to 175 miles of running by daylight after leaving Omaha, and during the entire afternoon the trains go directly toward the setting sun, over the fertile prairie, almost dead level, its vast expanse stretching out like the ocean—the horizon a straight, unbroken line, and in some of the varying atmospheric and sky effects hardly to be distinguished from the horizon at sea.

When one goes to sleep at night of the first day from Omaha, the last arable land on the whole journey has been seen. The upper station, Grand Island, is on the verge of "The Great American Desert" of the maps of fifteen to twenty years ago. The train has entered the rainless realm, where drouth and aridity hold indisputable sway. This is the great fact, the fact gigantic in proportions when considered in its economical aspects and its importance to the American nation.

A correct impression of what one will see in a journey across the plains and of what one will realize who makes it for the first time, may be given in a few words. One leaves the Omaha and Missouri river, at noon. There is half a day of riding through a flat, fertile prairie, in which many thriving settlements have been planted. One retires to the berth of the sleeping car just as the furthest border of fertility has been reached. On looking out the next morning the train is moving up the Valley of the North Platte, with the river to the south, a shallow, lazy, undetermined looking stream, listlessly moving back toward the Missouri, and low ranges of grassy hills, hardly high enough to be called hills, skirting a near horizon to the north. The vegetation is scant, and is, for the most part, a thin, short kind of grass that seems just ready to die. The country grows constantly more barren in appearance during the whole day, but maintains the same general characteristics. The Platte is left and the plains become slightly more rolling, narrowing the view and bringing the horizon nearer to the eye. The grades become heavier and the country more rolling after leaving Cheyenne, and during the afternoon the highest point on the Pacific roads, Sherman, is reached and passed, and one never would dream of being on the highest mountain range of North America, and really more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, but for the information of the guide-books or the time-tables of the road. Before night the Laramie Plain, which is greener and more fertile looking than Platte Valley, but really worthless except for stock raising, is passed, and the train has entered a more desolate country than any yet seen. Nothing grows but sage brush, and even it looks disgusted with its habitation. It attains but a feeble stunted growth. One has before this caught several glimpses of the snow-covered Rocky Mountain summits, many miles distant, and snow peaks are seen more or less frequently during the remainder of the journey.

The country is still but little broken. Perhaps rather rugged would convey an impression of the surface. The track winds among low earth hills, worn into curious forms by the action of wind and frost and sun on the peculiar soil of which they are composed. This ends the second day. There is another night, and in the morning the passenger looks out still on the sage-brush desert and curious low hills.

For a few miles near Green river station there is some interesting scenery, the hills becoming more prominent, and the forms more curious and beautiful. Church Buttes, so-called, give still new forms of the same general character and structure as those at Green river. But otherwise dull, monotonous barreness continue till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when, soon after leaving Wasatch, the train enters the beginning of Echo Canon, and the remainder of the trip to Ogden, about seventy miles, is made pleasant and exciting by striking, weird and oft-times beautiful scenery. The road advertises that an observation car will be attached to the train while passing through this scenery. But it is not done, and has not been for some time, though still advertised.

Most persons, I think, will be disappointed with the scenery of Echo Canon, though it is really grand and beautiful. Owing to some optical delusion, probably the clearness of the atmosphere, and the consequent distinctness with which details of form and color can be distinguished in the distance, as well as the homogeneous structure of the rock, precipices of a thousand feet do not impress one at first as very high; and it seemed to me that many a country highway of New England wound among higher hills and loftier cliffs. This scenery, like Niagara, is disappointing at first, but it increases in magnitude rapidly after a little comparison and reflection. At first most persons will be likely to think the Cheat river scenery on the Baltimore and Ohio Road, or the scenery about and west of Kittanning Point on the Pennsylvania Central, grander and more interesting.

One keeping watch will find many things novel and entertaining by the way, as, for instance, the kinds and character of flowers, of which many varieties occur. A few antelopes and villages of prairie dogs satisfies all the curiosity of animal life. There are seen, also, a few birds, swallows being the most numerous.

But the one fact that impresses itself constantly, till it fixes an indelible impression, overlying all others made on the journey, is the utter desolation, the barrenness, the worthlessness of all the country passed through west of a point—say one hundred and fifty miles from Omaha. Now and then one will see a stock ranch. This consists of a turf hut, a tent, or perhaps a small stockade, situated near the river or creek in some little valley that wears a brighter hue of green than the surrounding country. Around it a herder has gathered cattle, perhaps from twenty-five to fifty, and possibly sometimes one hundred.—The stock appears to thrive; but how the man lives, or what he does with his stock when he has raised it, is a mystery in which I did not seek to pry. It was too profound. The Platte does not seem to irrigate even its own banks, for in the upper part of its course it is not marked by any line of increased growth of vegetation.

Viewed in the light of the facts, how absurd seems the contest about the Union Pacific land grant and this cry against giving away the agricultural lands west of the Mississippi to railroads; and how ridiculous the advertisement of the Road of "twelve millions of choice farming, grazing and mineral lands" that "are being sold to settlers at prices varying from $2 to $10 per acre." The land of the Missouri River Valley is undoubtedly of very great value. It is choice farming land; though there are many obstacles to profitable culture. West of this there are absolutely no agricultural lands; and of all the lands owned by the railroad, or to be owned by it when every obstacle is removed, except lands in the mountains which may prove to contain certain minerals, and lands east of Grand Island, not a thousand acres are worth more than a penny an acre. The Government, in reserving patents for half the lands located by the company through Nebraska, retains all that is worth anything that was ever granted to the Union Pacific, except the million acres for which patents have already issued.

I have spoken only of the country through which the railroad passes. Mentioning the impression the barrenness of the country made on my mind to a gentleman who has as great a knowledge of the West as any man living, he made the astonishing general statement that except Oregon, which has a wet climate, not over two per cent. of the whole country west of the 100th meridian could ever be made useful for agricultural purposes—not even when every river and brook and stream had been utilized to its utmost capacity for irrigation. In the whole Territory of Utah not an acre is productive without irrigation, and no further irrigation here can be undertaken, without the outlay of great capital.

One other generalization will show how valueless for agricultural purposes this rainless country is. When, for purposes of irrigation, all the water west of the 100th meridian (a north and south line some 200 miles west of Omaha) has been spread upon the soil, all the agricultural products will not feed the mining population which may reasonably be expected to come hither.

The mineral wealth of the region, there is reason to believe, is greater than has ever been estimated or dreamed of. But the mines are in the mountains, and not on the plains, where the Union Pacific owns 12,000,000 acres of "choice" sage brush and alkali desert, excepting 2,00,000 acres of flat, fertile prairie in Nebraska.

An Eccentric King.

The eccentricities of the young King Louis II., of Bavaria, have of late become such that the question whether or not the present representative of the house of Witrelsbach is insane is more anxiously agitated at Munich, and especially at the imperial court at Berlin, than ever before. The former curious freaks of the King have all been forgotten; his expenditure of six million dollars for imitating at his castle of Hohenschwangen the hanging-gardens of Queen Semiramis; his attempt to build a pyramid like that of Cheops on the famous Lechfeld, and his numerous flirtations with royal princesses, whom he jilted most unceremoniously when they had the most reason to look for an offer of his heart and hand.

But that which engrosses at the present time the attention of the good burghers of Munich is the singular mania of the young king in regard to theatrical affairs. It is a well known fact that King Louis II. looks upon the theater as the prime source of popular education; that he considers Frederick von Shiller and Moliere the two dramatists without whom the stage could never have acquired its present eminence; and that he, the Wittelsbach ruler himself, has written a play, which in his opinion, is a combination of all that is praiseworthy both in Schiller and Moliere. This wonderful play is entitled "The Fan of the Marchioness," and there exists but one single manuscript copy of it. It contains three acts, and it is written in Alexandrine verses. That is all that is known about it. No profound critic has as yet cast his eyes upon it, but one person has seen it performed upon the stage, and yet the whole company of the Royal Theatre of Munich knows it by heart; and the play has, moreover, been performed already upwards of a dozen times with scenery and decorations, such as have rarely been bestowed upon the tragedies of the greatest masters.

The explanation of all this is a very simple one. King Louis II. is a man of the most retiring character. Most of the time he lives in utter seclusion. The pomp and splendor of royality are most distasteful to him; and, rather than appear at a gala review of his army, he will plead sickness, or, without cause, bury himself in the Alpine retreats of the Bavarian Highlands. The stage is his favorite pastime, but to witness public performances, when everybody rises from their seats and bows to him as soon as he makes his appearance, is so distasteful to him that for years he has not set foot in his own theater at Munich, except on the occasions which we are about to specify.

About four months ago the actors of the Royal Theater in the above mentioned city received from the manager of the stage the cast of a play entitled *The Fan of the Marchioness*, whose author, he said, wished to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterward the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actors and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight on the 3d of March. The most vigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair.

Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present to witness their performance but a young man, dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small, well-trimmed moustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium-box, and he seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had performed under more singular, not to say discouraging circumstances. Applause there was none. The curtain went down, and it went up again. The only spectator present was, to all appearances highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands.

Finally, just as the neighboring clock of St. Catherine's church struck four, the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times. The actors are almost in a state of revolt, for it seems unnatural for them to play to an audience without marks of applause or disapproval; simply before one young man, who, if he wears a crown, profits by his royal prerogatives in a very curious manner.—*Vienna Presse.*

Caught in My Own Trap.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes, an unusual occurrence for us, when she suddenly broke out with one of her gayest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hours, but Dora's laugh rang out above all the noise and confusion.

"What is it, Dora, you witch?" I said, half piqued that she had not told me what amused her, and laughed afterward.

"Nothing, Nell, only I was thinking of something funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us with those beautiful black whiskers and brown eyes? Well he has been watching us behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he would like to take a bite of the roses on your cheek. Don't blush, but he's in love with you—I'll bet my good thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read of young ladies mistaking handsome gentlemen for their, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred.

I was ready for any fun in a moment.

"Tell you what I'll do," I broke out eagerly, "you know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school three years ago, and of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with the brown eyes gets off the cars at our station, I'll wait till he gets mixed up with the crowd, see him, suddenly rush to him in a flutter of delight, and call him brother, and giving him such another kissing as he has not had since he saw his sweetheart last.

"Yes I would if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically, "you daren't you know."

"Don't I dare, though? Just you wait, and see."

And so I dropped back into the cushions in silence, till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked wink and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me.

I was not to be triumphed over, and so, when we stepped off the platform, I saw the literary gentleman standing amid the crowd, and with a bound I threw myself into his arms, and kissed him full in the mouth, crying:

"Fred, my dear brother, how are you?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora, and she was in danger of going into convulsions. I expected to hear the stranger say there was a mistake somewhere, but to my surprise he gave me a hearty embrace, kissed me two or three times, said he was well, that I had grown a great deal, and then inquired for my little friend Dora, who all this time was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, and so impatiently they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't know me, but I'm really glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in my little sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It was Fred, then, and I had not known him. I felt slightly ridiculous and while introducing Dora to my brother whispered to her to keep qu