Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1875. NO. 22.

Business Cards,

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

F. SNYDER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care.

D. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr 28, '72-1f.

D. M. KIMMEL, will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Union House. nov. 8, '71.

F. H. GRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner House. jan. 21, '70.

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

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

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly solicited and punctually attended to.

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

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

VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW will faithfully and diligently attend to all business entrusted to his care with reasonable fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. & 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 12'69

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

JOHN G. KIMMEL, 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, '70-1y.

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

SAMUEL GAITHER, PAUL R. GAITHER. GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penna. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," on the north side of H. H. Marshall's drug store. feb 3-72.

J. L. GOGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. may 12.

C. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be readily and punctually attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 12.

DENTISTRY.

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

J. G. HARVEY & CO., BUTTER COMMISSION MERCHANTS 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE. Liberal cash advances on consignments and sales promptly made.

DEPOT HOUSE.—The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. JOHN HULL. Apr 21 '72

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office on Main Street. ap 5'72

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged. Night calls promptly answered. jan 13, '74-1y.

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 Western Nebraska, in Thayer and Nuckolls counties. Good references. Address, Hebron, Thayer county, Nebraska. april 2.

JOHN WILSON & SON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 297 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH.

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.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS. Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants should call on

H. H. KEMP, HARNEDSVILLE, Somerset County, Pa. Persons purchase of him at lower rates than of other agents. Feb. 28-'72.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY. DENTIST HALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa., Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality. Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the neatest style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing a set of teeth better, can do so by enclosing stamp, address as above. j-12-72

A. DUNHAM, WITH David L. Ketler & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CIGARS, AND DEALERS IN Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco, N. E. Cor. Fifth & Market Sts., (No 542 Market St.,) PHILADELPHIA.

CROUSE & SHIRES, Manufacturers of Seed and Havanna CIGARS. BEDFORD, PA. Cigars exhibited. No authorized agent.

Banks.

S. D. LIVENGOOD. J. M. OLINGER.
LIVENGOOD & OLINGER, BANKERS, Main Street, opposite the Postoffice, 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 Schnable'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 21 '70 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

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 13, 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

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, mar26 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Garret Lumber Co., EARNEST & DELP, PROPRIETORS, Successors to Earnest, Delp, Camp & Co., White Pine, Yellow Pine, Oak and Hemlock Lumber
"Cut to a bill" at short notice. Send for Price List. Garret, Somerset Co., Pa. Sept. 24.

Ursina Lime Kilns.
The undersigned are prepared to furnish Prime Building Lime By the Car Load. Orders Respectfully Solicited.
R. J. BATZER & CO. Ursina, June 18.

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 to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box; ask your druggist for it.
CHAS. B. HURST, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa. feb18-y.

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 attend the disease, at others 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. july2

ALLEGHENY CITY STAIR-BUILDING AND WOOD-TURNING SHOP. Newels, Balusters, Hand Rails, with all joints cut and bolted, ready to hang furnished on short notice. WILLIAM PEOPLES, apr. 30, '73. Cor. Webster St. & Graham alley.

E. B. OWENS. L. C. SCOTT.
OWENS & SCOTT, Butter Commission House, 153 W. Pratt St., BALTIMORE. sep24

ALLEGHENY TRUNK STORE. JOEL S. GOE & CO., Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in SADDLES, HARNESS, TRUNKS, VALISES & TRAVELING BAGS, No. 60 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa. All orders promptly filled and work warranted. aug27

SIMMONS & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FINE CIGARS and the best brands of Navy and Bright Tobaccos, 408 Market Street, Above Fourth, PHILADELPHIA. sep40

Geo. R. Coffroth & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TOBACCO SNUFFS AND CIGARS, 330 Baltimore St., Second Door West of Howard, BALTIMORE, MD. ov.6.

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE D. T. Buzby & Co., No. 6 Exchange Place BALTIMORE. Special attention given to the sale of GLADE'S BUTTER. oct5

TO "THE TRADE" ONLY! (1873.) WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, Jewelry, Watch and Clock Material, &c., &c., &c. No Old Goods. Everything New and Fresh. NEW YORK BILLS DUPLICATED. Orders promptly attended to. WHOLESALE, Exclusively. G. B. BARRETT & CO., 60 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. oct1

SLATE ROOFS. Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at No. 25 Bedford St., Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with John A. Walter, Agent, Somerset, Pa. WM. H. SHIPLEY.

Knabe & Co.'s Pianos, HAINES BROS.' PIANOS, and GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS. The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price List containing full particulars, mailed to any address. CHARLOTTE BLUME, 19 Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., oct8 SOLE AGENT.

AGENT WANTED! To sell an article that every family uses. Profits are large, and extra inducements offered to agents who are willing to work. Apply or send for circular and terms to EDWARDS BROTHERS, Arizona Diamond Store, 27 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Workers Wanted! For Wood's Household Magazine, which, with its Premiums, is one of the most attractive in the country. Price of Magazine One Dollar a year. Commissions liberal, offering a lucrative and agreeable business to those willing to give it proper attention.
Vol. XIII begins with July, 1873. Examine our Clubbing and Premium Lists. Two first class periodicals for the price of one. For specimen magazine and further information address Wood's Household Magazine, Newburg, N. Y. aug27eom S. E. SHUTES, Publisher.

$72 00 Each Week. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. may14

SPENT AND MISSPENT.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Stay a little longer in the sky,
Oh, golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about,
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I. I said will be delayed,
And plan our work while calls the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills and out of silence vast,
A watchfull played upon his silver tune—
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last.
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasures cease to please,
And I awoke, and hot a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
Been spent and misspent doing what I could;
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I could.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late sown flowers are hardly set—
Oh, darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet.

TEMPTED BY GAIN.

Edgar Fontenay sat in the office, very busily engaged over the big books of the bank. The deposits had been unusually large—the day being Saturday—and other business had been in proportion. During the afternoon there had been casual overlooking of the books by the directors; but much bank work had been done since then, and this work must be squared up before Edgar could leave.

Young, handsome, and ambitious was Edgar Fortenay; and if he had not stood most excellently well in the community, both morally and socially, he could never have obtained that position in the bank.

It was an autumn evening, and Edgar had been left alone at his work The President of the bank went out just after the gas had been lighted, remarking that he might be in again.

Edgar was left alone at his work. For a time his pen moved rapidly.—Many lines were written and a host of figures were made. By-and-by he leaned back as though to rest. He rested awhile, and reflected. Then he took from his pocket a paper and read an article which interested him. From his desk he took another paper, and read another article, The subject-matter was the same in all that he read—reports of wondrous rise in stocks, and of large fortunes suddenly made

And then Edgar Fortenay leaned his head upon his hand, and looked in a different direction. He thought of Julia Annesly, who had promised to be his wife, and of the home he would like to give her. And he thought of his widowed mother, looking to him for support, what a pleasure and joy it would be to provide a fitting cage for his beautiful mate.—what a satisfaction to bestow comforts such as only men of wealth can give to their loved ones!

He looked at the papers again.—These men had made fortunes in a few weeks. This man had made sixty thousand dollars by one operation. He had it in mind that he could make a golden speculation. On that very day it had been whispered to him by a street operator that the stock of the Ash Valley Railroad was destined to a sudden and unexpected rise. Old Money bags was coming in with his help, and the legislature was sure to pass the bill granting State aid in the shape of land. Only a few of the favored ones knew of this. A strike, to be effective, must be quickly made.

With a nervous twitching of the hands the young man turned back the leaves of his ledger, and overlooked the work of the week. He saw how he could retain five thousand dollars for the space of thirty days. He could do it, and no one would be the wiser He would not steal it—he would not embezzle it—he would only borrow it, and he would pay good interest for its use.

Then he took a piece of paper and a pencil and began to figure. Ash Valley stock was now selling at $40. It would be up to $60 before the next week was out. There could be no mistake about that. The favorable action of the legislature, to say nothing of old Moneybags' assistance, would send it up like a flash. If he had the money he could get that stock at twenty days, for cash payment of five dollars per share. With five thousand dollars in hand he could purchase one thousand shares of stock for twenty days; and before half of those twenty days had expired his stock would be worth an advance of twenty thousand dollars!

There could be no doubt—not the least in the world. The friendly broker had enlightened him. He was *inside the ring!* And a very few pen-marks upon the pages of his books would give him the use of five thousand for a month!

He bowed his head upon his hands and struggled with the tempter.—Alas! the tempter was powerfully armed. The sum of twenty thousand dollars, to be made at one stroke, was irresistible!

* * * * *

The scene changes. It is no longer in the bank, but in a little room, that needs to be lighted with gas at mid day, where the broker sits at his board of late.

Monday morning has arrived, and Edgar Fortenay enters the dark office for a cast of the die upon which he has resolved. He sits down and asks the broker:

"How about Ash Valley this morning?"

The broker rubs his hands, and nods with a mysterious smile. "Don't say a word, Fortenay. If you remember what I told you Saturday, keep mum. Thre ain't many that know anything about it. It's going to be the startling event of the week. Erie and Pacific Mail are going to the wall. Ash Valley is the thing."

"Suppose I wanted a little of this stock to hold for twenty or thirty days what should I have to pay down?"

"I couldn't get it for thirty days; but I can get it for twenty, for five dollars."

"Can you get me one thousand shares?"

The broker started.

"You're going in strong, my boy."

"I am going for a bold stroke."

"I glory in your pluck. Ah! them's the kind that wins! Yes, Mr. Fontenay, I can get it easy. Plenty of men hold this stock who haven't the most remote idea that it can advance before the Eastern connection is made next summer. Shall I get you a thousand shares?"

"My name will not be mentioned?"

"Bless you, no."

"Yes, you may get me a thousand shares."

And the five thousand dollars was placed in the broker's hands.

For a time after reaching the bank, Edgar was not like himself. He could not shake off, at once, the load that oppressed him. He could not immediately get his face out from beneath the cloud that lowered upon him. For the first time in his life, he had done a dishonest thing. He was deceiving those who had trusted him. He had taken the first step toward betraying those who had given him their entire and hearty confidence.—But did not others do the same?—Was he not knowing to the fact that some of the first men in the country speculated with funds not strictly their own? And further, he was *sure* of coming out right.

Ah, there was the sum of twenty thousand dollars—perhaps twenty-five thousand—in prospect. He brightened with the glare of the golden promise, and went at his work.

That evening he called on Julia Annesly. O, beautiful, blessed girl! What a pleasure and joy to make her happy! And she loved him so truly and devotedly. They talked of the future. Shey hoped to be married with the New Year.

"We shall have to economize darling," said Edgar, "I must not venture beyond my income."

"Our best and surest income shall be love and help for one another," answered, Julia beamingly.

He kissed her and thought how, for her sake, he would like to be rich.

He went home building huge castles in the air by the way. His mother received him with a kiss and a blessing. She was proud of her son, and she was grateful to him; for well she knew, though she owned the roof that covered them, she should have fared but ill had it not been for Edgar's helping hand. She was a meek mild Christian woman, loving and tender. She was proud of her loving beauty, but she was far more proud of his sterling character.

This was Monday vening. On Wednesday the street was shocked with the report of a heavy defalcation. A young man—cashier in a bank—had fallen suddenly from an honorable position to shame and disgrace. He had been speculating with funds of the bank, and had robbed the institution of fifty thousand dollars. This man had been Edgar's friend. They had been companions for years. Only the day before Edgar had wished that, when he was married, he could give to Julia such a carriage as this man had given to his wife.

On this Wednesday evening Edgar called upon his broker. All looked well.

On Saturday morning Edgar read in the newspaper that the land grant to the Ash Valley Railroad had been defeated in the legislature. He hurried upon the street, and he heard it plainly spoken—"Ash Valley flat"—'Gone from *forty* down to *twenty-five!*' He went to his brokers and there was no concealing the truth. The crash had come.

"Never say die!" cried the spider, boisterously. Didn't you ever catch halibut? I have—and have had to haul in ninety fathoms of line three times before I got the fish. When one of those big fellows comes close to the surface, and turns head down, you've got to let him go back to bottom. But, bless you! we ain't going to lose him. We pull again. Cheer up, my boy. There's the New Spring Hill stock. It's going up like hot cakes. I can buy it to-day for twenty. It'll be double that in six days."

That very afternoon Edgar manipulated the books again, and put three thousand dollars in the broker's hands.

Another week passed, and Spring Hill had not advanced a peg. On the Sabbath Edgar did attend church with his mother. He told her he was not feeling well.

The fearful race was quickly run. Spring Hill declined instead of advancing and Edgar was called upon to make good his purchase. He could not do it. He surrendered the stock.

He was eight thousand dollars out, and not a scrap to show for it.

At the bank the directors had been more critical than usual. Defalcations in other places had made them watchful. The falling of men whom they had regarded as sterling and reliable had caused them to look over more closely the figures of their own trusted servants.

The summons came to Edgar Fontenay to meet the directors in their private room. He entered and saw his books open before them. His crime was known to them. What had he to say?

He sank down and begged for mercy. Might not his untarnished character until this time plead for him?

The President shook his head mournfully.

"Alas! Edgar, that is what makes your crime black. That is why we are shocked. That you could have cast such a character into the scale of treachery is fearful. When the demon of fraud and speculation comes upon us in such a shape, where can safety for the public be found, if we fail to unmask the monster? Our duty is painful, but it must be done."

A side door was opened, and a sheriff entered.

It was night—Saturday night—dark and stormy. Edgar begged that he might go home and speak with his mother. A carriage was called and the officer went with him to his home. He went in pale and palsied, staggering like a drunken man.

What a hush was upon the house! Not a sound—not a whisper—nothing to bid him welcome.

"Could the news have reached this place?" he asked the officer.

The sheriff shook his head seriously.

"The air is startled," he said.—"Such things travel fast. But we must not wait here. If you would see your mother, find her at once. I will trust you that far. I will wait here ten minutes and then you must go with me."

"To—to jail?"

"Yes."

"Hark!"

A low wail as if one in distress, came from an adjoining room.

"O, my soul!" cried Edgar, "I cannot see her. Take me away. Let me die as I deserve."

While he spoke the doorway opened, and Julia Annesly came forth.—She was clad in white and her face was as white as was the robe which seemed a winding sheet.

"Julia!"

"Edgar, go to your mother. Go quickly, or you will not see her alive."

With a wild, desparing cry he started forward. He had reached the open door, and Julia had vanished from his sight, when a heavy hand was laid upon his arm.

* * * * *

"Edgar! Edgar!"

He started, and struggled, and looked up. Where was he? Whose familiar voice had sounded in his ear?

"Edgar! Bless me! Why you've been a sleep—and I should judge you had a bad dream. Mercy! when I came in and heard you groan, I feared you were in a fit."

It was the president. He had come back as he had promised.

Edgar got down from his high chair and shook himself; and when he had reached the blessed assurance that the terror had been only a dream, he thanked God and took courage.

"Yes, sir," he said to the president, "I had a terrible dream. I thought my mother was dying, and—but it is past. I must have been very tired. I have but a few moments' work to do, sir. If you will wait, I will walk homeward with you."

The work was speedily done; the books were put away, and the safe double locked: and having delivered the room into the charge of the night-watchman, the two went out together.

And from that time Edgar Fontenay never again was tempted as others are tempted. Though only in a dream, yet the touch of the fire had been painful and efficacious. With the New Year, he took Julia for his wife. If he could not give her horses and carriages, he could give her honest, devoted love; and he brought to her from every contact with the world a manhood reliable and beautiful beyond all price.

A Woman's Write.

Some editor who has been victimized writes as follows; "We shall never engage another woman to report gentlemen's fashions for this paper. We might have known she would ignominiously fail; but she said gentlemen reported ladies' fashions, and she couldn't see why a woman shouln't write up the masculine modes. We couldn't see either, so we gave her a *carte-blanche* to go ahead. And such a fashion article! Here is a specimen of the ridiculous stuff: *A recherche* spring overcoat for promenade has pretty ribbed stripes, with three ruffles on the tails, festooned with tassels, single breasted collar, and rolling flaps on the pannier. A lovely dress coat has three buttons and pockets in the rear, box-pleated on the hips, three ply guipure lace on the narrative, gored in a bunch and cut bouffant. Vests button up the front, same as last year and have pockets, with imperial polonaise up the back, and oxidized buttons in double rows on the collar, with tab fronts. The shirt is cut tight at the knee, and open in front or behind, as may be preferred, with percale bosom, trimmed passementerie: four rows of Magenta braid around the skirt, with hood at back, bound with galloon to match. Much depends on the pantaloons. A gentleman's dress is very incomplete without trousers. These are of some subdued color, as London smoke, and should have monise with the—the—the neck fichu. They are cut bias in both legs, with deep frills to fall over the instep; the waist is garnished with a broad band of batiste, with ecrue facings, and buttons to match; the——. But that is enough. Any one but a Sandwich Islander will see at a glance that these fashions are frightfully mixed. Who ever heard of trousers being cut bias in the legs, deep frills falling over the instep, with a broad band batiste—that may be—an ecru facing and things? Rather than wear pantaloons built in that way, we would go without, and encase our limbs in two sections of stope pipe."

An Intelligent Cat.

The man who lives just back of us, Chubb, has a yellow tom-cat whose intelligence is almost human. Chub's cat possesses a voice like a Tuscarora Indian, and when it goes out in the yard on a moonlight night and meets a cat with different views, and reasons with it and indulges in animated conversation and lifts out handfuls of fur, you can hear the debate for a mile and a half. Chubb used to be much annoyed by the continual disturbance, and he would disperse the meeting with bullets and other projectiles. But at last he noticed that his remonstrances had no effect. The more sap cups and boots he fired into the yard the louder his yellow tom-cat would screach, and when he would bang away his gun, the cat would send out wild, unearthly yow! which would wake people within fifteen squares, and set eight or ten thousand dogs to barking. It semed queer to Chubb that his cat always refused to move on when hit, that he determined one night to watch it.

Just at dusk he observed the cat drag about twelve inches of old stove pipe out from under a bush and crawl into it. Then the cat inserted its legs through four holes that had been punched in the iron, and with its head projecting through the end, and its body clad in armor, it winked at Chubb, and rambled off to attend the mass-meeting. Chubb says now that he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that cat; but if we do not tunnel under Chubb's yard some night and blow his tom-cat into eternity with a submarine torpedo, it will be very singular. We admire ingenuity, but a vociferous tom-cat makes us unhappy.—*Max Adler.*

Sheep-Washing.

Some years ago the good people of the town of L——, Mass., assembled for the purpose of forming a temperance society. After the usual preliminaries, the pledge was submitted to the audience for signature. At that Deacon Smith arose and addressed them thus:

"My friends, I should have no objections to signing your pledge but for one thing. I have been accustomed to have my plum pudding at Christmas. Now, you all know that plum pudding is good for nothing without good sauce; and sauce is insipid without a little good brandy in it. Now, if you can fix your pledge so that I can have my brandy sauce and plum pudding at Christmas, I will sign it with great pleasure."

After a little arguing pro and con, a clause was added, allowing Deacon S. his brandy sauce at Christmas, but at no other time, and Deacon S. signed the pledge.

Soon after farmer Jones arose and said:

"My friends—I have no objections to signing your pledge if you allow me one thing. I always want liquor in the harvest field to counteract the effects of so much cold water as is usually drank at that time. If you can fix it so that I can have my liquor in the harvest field I will sign your pledge."

Again after considerable arguing, there was a clause added allowing farmer Jones his liquor in the harvest field, but at no other time

After farmer Jones had taken his seat, his neighbor, farmer Bent arose.

"My friends," said he, "I will sign your pledge, if you will add one thing to it, that is, fix it so I can have my liquor at sheep washing. I think it very necessary for men to have some good strong liquor to drink when coming out of the water after washing sheep to prevent the bad effects that arise from standing in it so long."

After a good deal of talk, a clause was added allowing farmer Bent his liquor at sheep washing, but at no other time. When all had signed the pledge, the meeting was adjourned for one week.

The next morning one of farmer B's neighbors was passing his house, and the old gentleman stepped out just then gloriously drunk.

"Why, Uncle John, how's this?" said the neighbor, a good deal surprised, "I thought you signed the pledge last night."

"So I did," replied Uncle John, "but (hic) I was washing sheep."

He led the way to the barn, the neighbor following. On arriving there he saw standing in the middle of the barn floor a big wash-tub about half full of water, and the old ram tied to it, wet as he could be and shivering with cold. Close by stood a two gallon jug. Uncle John pointing to the ram with an air of triumph, said:

"I (hic) washed that (hic) sheep twelve times this morning."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Terrible Game of Cards.

A game of cards in which a human life was at stake was played on the 9th of September at the Ritter hotel, Heidelburg, by four young students, one of whom, Silfred Meyer, was an American, from Chicago. It appears that the four men had formerly been intimate friends, and they met, it seems, on the above day at the Swan tavern, whern they drank a good deal and finally began to quarrel. One of them, Count Ottendorf, called Meyer a cowardly Jew, whereupon the latter promptly challenged him. Ottendorf accepted the challenge immediately. Meyer, in a tone of great excitement, proposed that all four should repair to the Ritter hotel, and there play a game of "sixty-six." The loser should shoot himself with a pistol. This proposal was accepted, and the four students repaired to the hotel. They ordered wine and cards to be brought up to a private room, and Ludeken, one of the four, procured two loaded pistols from a neighboring armorer. The fourth student dealt the cards, and Ottendorf and Meyer seated themselves, a pistol lying by the side of each. The first few minutes the gaim remained almost even. But then Meyer obtained a single advantage, and Ottendorf, seeing that he was lost, suddenly jumped up and exclaiming, "Adieu, my friends," seized his pistol, and shot himself through the right temple. He fell a corpse to the floor, while his companions stood as if petrified for a moment, and then hurried from the room. When the proprietor of the hotel hastened into the room he found the dead count lying on the floor. He gave an alarm, and the police started in pursuit of the fugitive students. Late in the afternoon they succeeded in arresting Imnich, who made the above statement. Meyer and Ludeken escaped across the French frontier. Ottendorf was the son of a wealthy landed proprietor in Westphalia. At the time of his death he was only nineteen.—*English Paper.*

The Atmosphere.

It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not as much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances beneath its weight. When in motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests to the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys.—But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscapes, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth as it turned on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

French Anecdotes of Franklin.

One day, when Franklin was a printer in Philadelphia, he said to one of his employees, a skillful workman, who never come to his work before Wednesday of the week; "Francis, you do not think of the future. If you would keep steadily at your work, you might lay by a sum that would enable you to live comfortably by and by." To this the workman answered: "I have made my calculation. I have an uncle who is a druggist in Cheapside London. He has determined to work hard for twenty years, when he will have laid up four thousand pound sterling, and then he proposes to live like a gentleman. His idea is to purchase pleasure at wholesale. I rather have it at retail. I prefer half the week for amusement during twenty years to the whole week when I am twenty years older."

After the Declaration of Independence in the United States, each State commenced the task of drawing up and passing new laws and a form of government to replace those which they had destroyed. During this there were tedious and bitter debates in the Pennsylvania Assembly, and at the end of two or three months they found themselves just where they started. Meanwhile everything went on as usual in the community; there were no troubles, no public disorder of any kind, and one day Franklin said to the representatives or deputies: "Gentlemen while we are here in a perfect state of anarchy, the people are conducting their affairs just as usual. Take care! If our disputes continue much longer, they may find out that they can do without us."

Franklin explained, by the following apologue, how we may correct, by time and patience, the faults of character and manner. "I was," said he, "in an ironmonger's shop one day, when a man came in to buy an axe. The workman had not polished it much, except just at the blade, and the buyer expressed a desire to have it polished all over. That would be a long task, the workman said, and he had no one to turn the grindstone. The buyer offered to turn it himself, and soon tho two were hard at work. After a little while the buyer wanted to examine the progress of the polishing, and seemed rather disappointed. Very soon he examined the axe again, and seeing that only a few spots were polished after all his trouble, he exclaimed: 'Faith, I'll take the axe as it is! I won't bother any more about the polish.' So with our manners," said Franklin; "we like to see them polished, but we have not the patience to turn the grindstone; and, indeed, provided an axe cuts well, it dosn't matter much if it isn't so polished."

Franklin went one day to see the mills of a great manufacturer at Norwich. The owner took him all over the establishment, saying: "Here we make fabrics for Italy; here for Germany; these are for the islands of America; these for the Continent," and so on. During the exhibition Franklin noticed that the operatives were half naked or in rags, and turning to his guide, he said: "*And where pray are the goods that you make for Norwich?*"

Something about Fishes.

A fish story, related by Professor Mobius, of Kiel, in Holstein, and quoted by Max Müller, fairly deserves a place among things remarkable. The hero of the story is a pike, one of the most vivacious and voracious of fishes. The pike was a tenant of an acquarium, but declined to live upon the rashions furnished by his keeper—choosing rather to regale himself upon the smaller fishes. In order to repress this voracity, a glass was inserted in the aquarium, leaving the pike sole tenant of one-half and the little fishes in the other. The pike, seeing his game flitting about, made a tilt for them, but was stunned by the glass barrier, and more than once struck so violently as to turn over on his back as if dead. Recovering, he would rally again to the charge, till, after about three months, he desisted, convinced by the "logic of circumstances" that his dashes at the little fishes were useless, as well as inconvenient. The solitary confinement was prolonged for about six months, when the dividing glass was removed. The pike at once started toward