Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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

Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1875. NO. 29.

Business Cards.

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

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

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr. 21, '74-tf.

DR. H. 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.

DR. H. BRUBAKER 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. jy 8-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. feb. 3, '70.

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

P. J. GOSSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

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

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

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

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

JOHN C. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 18, '74-ly.

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

PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in "Mammoth Block," north side of the Diamond, adjoining the store of E. H. Marbaugh's drug store. apr. 7-tf.

J. BOSLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to him will receive prompt and faithful attention. mar 29-tf.

W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block, Diamond, Somerset, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

DR. Collins & Mills still continue the practice of Dentistry; are prepared to perform all operations in their best manner and at as low prices as the same and 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 painless. jun 7

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

BARNET HOUSE—
The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.
April 7, '72. JOHN HILL.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office on Main Street. apr72

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.
oct 6, '74-y.

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 Nebraska, in Thayer and Nuckolls counties, Neb. Good references. Address, Hebron, Thayer County, Nebraska. april 2.

JOHN WILSON & SON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
237 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.
mar 26, '72

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.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Lifelike and Handsome, inserted in the Gums. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing Gold Fillings for better, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jel2-72

A. DUNHAM,
WITH
David L. Ketler & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE CIGARS,
AND DEALERS IN
Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco,
S. E. Cor. Fifth & Market Sts.,
(No. 42 Market St.,)
PHILADELPHIA.

CROUSE & SHIRES,
Manufacturers of Seed and Havanna
CIGARS.
BEDFORD, PA.

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE
O. T. Buzby & Co.,
No. 6 Exchange Place
BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the sale of GLADES BUTTER.

Banks.

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.
apr 21 '73.

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

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 warrant them. Call and see him or address him at No. 25 Bedford St., Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with John A. Walker, Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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

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

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, Elk Lick P. O. Somerset co., Pa.
Oct. 18.

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.
45, 47 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 Mill" at short notice. Send for Price List.
Garrett, 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 15.

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

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 neither lie more, and work and sleep as well as any man. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box; ask your druggist for it.
CHAS. H. HURST, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.
feb15-y.

ALLEGHENY CITY
STAIR-BUILDING
AND
WOOD-TURNINFSHOP.
Newels, Balusters, Hand Rails, with all *joints cut and tested*, ready to hang furnished on short notice.
WILLIAM PEOPLES,
apr. 26, '73. Cor. Webster St. & Graham alley.

$10 to $20 per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. Hale & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
nov26

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

LOCK STITCH.
WARRANTED FIVE YEARS.

PRICE $40.00.
WE NOW HAVE READY OUR NEW
Home Sewing Machine,
And want every person in need of a machine to address us at once, as our terms are favorable, and machine superior to older patents.
We also offer the improved HOME SHUTTLE, which the above can represent.
Agents wanted everywhere for the above machines, ranging in price from $40 to $125. If out of employment, or in need of a machine (which will be as represented or no pay required), address
S. HOUGH & CO.
236 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
dec2

ESTABLISHED 26 YEARS.
FRANK W. HAY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN, COPPER
AND
SHEET-IRON WARE
MANUFACTORY,
No. 280 Washington Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
I AM PREPARED TO OFFER ALL
STOVES
AND
House Furnishing Goods
IN GENERAL, AT
Prices Less than any other House
IN WESTERN PENNA.
WILL SELL
No. 2 NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGERS at $7.
No. 3 WRINGERS at $8.
KNIVES and FORKS from 75 cents per set to $20 per dozen.
STEP LADDERS, SLAW CUTTERS, BRASS LAMPS, with Burners and Wick, 25 cents, 35 cents; 50 cents.
GLASS LAMPS, complete, with Burner and Chimney, from 40 cents to 65.
COOKING STOVES, all kinds.
SOLE AGENT FOR
NOBLE COOK, JOHNSON COOK,
SPEARS' ANTI-DUST COOK,
ENAMELED WARE OF ALL KINDS.
SPOUTING, ROOFING and all Job Work promptly attended to at low prices.
SUGAR KETTLES, SUGAR PANS, TO LET SETS.
COFFEE MILLS from 40 cents to $1 50.
CASTORS from 80 cents to $6.
PLATED TEA AND TABLE SPOONS, KNIVES AND FORKS, warranted good.
BRITANNIA COFFEE and TEA POTS, TABLE and TEASPOONS.
Please call, examine goods, and get prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I am satisfied I can sell a better article for less money than any other party in western Pennsylvania.
Parties selling Tinware, etc., are requested to send for Catalogue and Price List. Address
FRANK W. HAY,
Johnstown, Cambria Co.
jul29-20.

SIMMONS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FINE CIGARS and the best brands of
Navy and Bright Tobaccos,
408 Market Street, Above Fourth,
PHILADELPHIA.
ap30

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,
10 Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
SOLE AGENT.
oct8

PARTNER WANTED.
I desire to sell the one-half interest of my planing mill, in Garrett, Pa., to an enterprising, reliable man. The mill building is two stories high, 40x50, and within 170 feet of the Pittsburg, Washington & Baltimore Railroad. This road affords superior advantages for shipping both east and west. The Buffalo Valley Railroad, now in course of construction, and the Dexter's Gap Railroad, will both give additional facilities for shipping lumber. The engine and all of the machinery are first class. A large brick and stone kiln, with a double track through it for the purpose of drying lumber, is also attached to the mill. Also two lots 40x138 feet.
For further information address or call on
W. B. SHAFER,
oct8 Garrett, Somerset County, Pa.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERRALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down I' the Heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow,
We walk the wilderness To-day,
The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming:
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Tho' we may stand in sorrow;
And our good Bark, aground To-day,
Shall float again To-morrow.

Thro' all the long, dark night of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek sufference endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
The many moil in sorrow,
The Powers of Hell are strong To-day,
But Christ shall rise To-morrow.

Tho' hearts bleed o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling future glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart who bear the Cross To-day,
Shall wear the crown To-morrow.

O, youth! flame earnest, strike, pier,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of our desire,
Our yearning opes a portal!
And, tho' Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain To-day,
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathless sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O, Chivalry of Labor!
Triumph and Toils are twins; and aye
Joy rooms the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom To-day,
Brings victory To-morrow.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

"Tell you the story? I will, at the risk of your thinking me a sentimental fool. It is the thing to laugh at love; to regard courtship as an absurdity, designated by a slang phrase; to look upon a wedding as the death of a young fellow's freedom, and at best a doubtful and certainly not a lasting happiness. All this might be right or wrong; I confess I know some happy married people, and what is more, I know young fellows who owe their success in life to the devotion of their wives and to their happy homes. But as for me, I am an illustration of the success of disappointment, an example of a half broken heart being equal to many a whole one; in short, a proof of the triumph of work.

You do not share in the general opinion of love? You think that married life is the highest form of earthly bliss? Good; give me your hand! Then the young lady whom you brought to the Academy on varnishing day is to be Mrs. S.? Nay, don't look as if I had found you out in some piece of lunacy. May you be happy, my boy! Stir the fire; spring has a way of coming in of late years very cold and frosty. When I was a boy the goddess was less fickle. My memories of spring are full of green leaves and sunshine. If it were not for the power of reproduction, memory would be a curse; but I turn it to account. You will hardly believe it, but my fishing party is a study from memory. Yes, I sketched the boat carefully for the critics; that is all. You know what they are; if they could have found fault with the drawing of the boat, the taint of inaccuracy would have gone all through the picture, and ruined it. That dark girl in the gypsy hat—no model, I assure you—a picture of the past, a drawing from memory, a face and figure, a smile, a sunbeam of my youth, a gleam from heaven that haunts this room many a time and oft. Ah! my dear boy, you little dream of the softness that lies beneath what men call my big, burly, brusque manner. By Jove! sir, I sometimes sit here with tears in my eyes, when I think of the days when that fishing party was a living reality for me.

I met her at a friend's house on the Thames. I was two and twenty; she seventeen. I was an artist, doing bits of studies in quiet nooks on the river. She was the daughter of a doctor in Russell Square. Her father was poor. He had invested the savings of a lifetime in some speculation that came to grief; I think it was a bank. I was a struggling artist, with an invalid mother to take care of. Kate Woodward became my dream of life. I fell in love with her desperately, would have done anything, suffered anything for her. She soon reciprocated my tender feelings; that, is as far as she could. It would have been impossible for any woman to have given me love for love. My passion soared to almost impossible heights. All our friends said we were a well matched couple. Kate was small, and dark and lively; I was a big hulking fellow, with brown hair, and somewhat dull, phlegmatic manner; but they never knew how fiercely the fire burned my calm demeanor. By Jove! sir, I could have set the Thames on fire if it had been necessary. Ah! it was on fire those days. There are no sunsets now like the sunsets through which my boat glided on summer evenings when Kate steered it, and ran it for fun into the tall dusky rushes, at some out of the way bend of the river where the lilies looked up and wondered at her bright eyes.

Well, one day I got permission to call upon her father and asked his consent to our marriage. I had visited twice at the house, but Kate had many admirers, and Dr. Woodward had not, I suppose, noticed that I held a favored position among them.

I was shown into the breakfast room. One of my sketches hung upon the wall. That was a hopeful token I thought. I noticed the touch of her hand here and there. A little vase of flowers stood upon the table near a cottage piano, upon which I knew she practiced. I touched the flowers and felt happy. I can see the room now, every detail of it, even to the hand scenes and the clock on the mantle shelf. Presently the doctor entered, a gentleman-like, grave, gray-headed professional, with a firm mouth, and an air of disappointment and defiance in his manner.

"In love with Kate," he said by and by, after I had made a bungling explanation of my feelings and hers. 'In love with my daughter, and wish my consent to your marriage?"

I bowed my acknowledgement of the correctness of this interpretation of my views.

"Be seated," he said. "Of course you have an independent income; you would not otherwise have asked the question you have put to me."

The doctor spoke in a professional manner, as if he were feeling my pulse and prescribing for me.

"No, Dr. Woodward, I am not a man of independent means. I had a picture in last year's Academy, and it sold for a hundred guineas; I hope next year to double that figure, and my prospects are very good."

"Indeed," said the doctor, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and looking through me as if he were making a calculation on the wall at my back. "That is not good enough for my daughter; no, sir, do not despise your position, nor do we deny your talent or industry, but Miss Woodward must marry a rich man; think no more of this romantic folly; go abroad and study the Italian school of painting, or something else that is professional, and forget my daughter."

Before I could reply Dr. Woodward had rung the bell and it was answered by the servant.

"Tell Miss Kate I wish to speak with her."

My poor darling had been waiting in the adjoining room to learn our fate; when the interview had closed. She blushed and looked anxiously from one to the other as she came into the room.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said the doctor, "I have only been explaining to our friend here that this is a world of crosses and vexation and disappointment."

"Thank you, it is nothing", said the girl.

The doctor took her hand. She leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"When I was a young man," said the doctor, addressing me, "I married, and led a life of struggle and hardship until Kate was twelve. Kate can remember how we suffered, and were strong, shall I say? We, that is, Kate and I, made up our mind to have no sensibilities, to fight the world together; my wife fainted by the way, poor soul, and died. By dint of perseverance we became rich, my girl and I. Two years ago there was a complication in the city—two banks failed—our money was gone. We are poor again, and poverty must not mate with poverty. That is my answer to both of you."

Kate burst into tears. In a trembling voice I appealed to him to give me i me. I did not doubt I said, that I should make money soon.

"My dear girl,' said the Doctor, "you will follow my advice, act upon my word?

"Yes dear, if I can," said Kate.

"You see this gentleman no more in the character of a lover for twelve months; if at the end of that time he presents himself with a sufficient sum of money to make a good settlement upon you, then we will resume the subject which must now be adjourned. Good morning, sir."

The doctor rang the bell.

I looked at Kate. She motioned to me that her father must be obeyed.

I have never seen Kate Woodward since. It is two and twenty years ago since I bowed my head before Fate in that morning room in Russell Square, and I never saw her again. I called? Yes, I called over and over again; she was always out. I wrote and got no reply. Six months afterward the shutters were up, and the house was to let. The doctor went out to a brother in India and took my darling with him. I nearly resolved to follow them, but somehow jealousy caught me by the throat. Why did she not write to me? I thought. Surely if she loved me, she might have responded in some way to the efforts which I had made to communicate with her. Misfortunes never come singly; my mother died, my picture was rejected by the hanging committee; I grew dispirited, couldn't paint at all; got out at elbows, as they say; and then I felt that the old doctor was right, and I tried earnestly to give my love up, clinging only to the memory of her. Oh, but it was bitter work! It tore my heart strings; I felt like a waif and stray upon the earth. Two years passed. I had a poor little studio in St. John's Wood, painting pot boilers. One day I read in the *Times* a paragraph detailing the marriage of a beautiful English lady, the daughter of Dr. Woodward, to an Indian Prince. She had embraced Hindooism, and had gone in for all the changes that such a marriage requires. Then, sir, and only then, I felt that my dream was over. Before that I thought that I might meet her again somewhere, as lovers meet after many years in novels and romance, but it was not to be; gold had triumphed over all, over love and faith, over youthful vows, over Christian hope. I went out into the street. I walked and walked, with my mind far away, until I came to the silent river—and I felt that soul was coming to me—felt that there was a future for me, that I had another misstress to whom I could give all my heart and mind. From that moment Art became my idol and work my idolatry. I sold my last picture, as you know, for two thousand pounds. You sometimes ask me for the secret of my success; you have it now.

Wake Money.

A good-looking Irishman stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord—

"What is the news?"

The landlord, disposed to run upon him replied—

'They say the devil is dead.'

'An' sure, says Pat, 'that's news indade.'

Shortly after, he went to the bar, laid down some coppers, and resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take

'Nothing at all,' said Pat.

'Then why did you put down this money.'

'An' sure, sir, it's the custom in my own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give him a few coppers to help him to pay for the wake.'

Mark Twain's First Interview With Artemus Ward.

I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him.

It was almost religion, there in the silver mines, to precede such a meal with whisky cocktails.

Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the custom of the country he was in, so he ordered three of these abominations.

Hingston was present.

I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers. But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for.

In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded.

I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following speech: He said:

"Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your portion on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—well, the way the deposits are made, you know. For instance: Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between casings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curbstone. Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the "incline." May be you go down five hundred feet, or may be you don't go down but two hundred—anyhow, you go down, and all the time the veins grow narrower, when the casings come near or approach each other, you may say, that is, when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do you not think it is?"

I said to myself—"Now, I just knew how it would be; that cussed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don't understand more than a clam."

And then I said aloud—

"I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I dont present my case clearly, but I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that vile cocktail has muddled me alittle. But I will—no, I do understand, for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again—and I'll pay better attention this time."

"He said, "why, what I was after was this."

[Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his fingers' end.]

"This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or may be twelve hundred (it don't really matter), before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it can not be successfully maintained, wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore, yet not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said, sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simple proposition. I told you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt—though I did think it clear enough for—

"Don't say a word. Clear. Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confound cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again, and—"

"Don't now—for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning.

[Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.]

"You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or both, or comprising as far as possible the relative difference existing whithin the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

"I said: "O, blame my wooden head, it ain't any use!—it ain't any use to try—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard auspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstacy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also.

Then I saw that I had been sold—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the kest fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation; but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

Nathan Rothschild of London.

The high priest of the Exchange was not happy even in the midst of his overflowing coffers. Naturally enough, he had few friends and numberless enemies. In latter years he suffered from constant dread of assassination. He was always receiving threatening letters, declaring that his life depended upon him sending certain sums of money to certain addresses. He scented murder in every breeze, suspected poison in every cup. In sleep, he had nightmare visions of crouching things; in walking hours, he started at every unexpected noise.

One morning two strangers were announced as having important business with the banker, and they were shown into his private office. He bowed to them and inquired the nature of their negotiation. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the "incline." May be you go down five hundred feet, or may be you don't go down but two hundred—anyhow, you go down, and all the time the veins grow narrower, when the casings come near or approach each other, you may say, that is, when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do you not think it is?"

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Roger A. Pryor on the Negro.

Hon. Roger A. Pryor, a member of Congress from Virginia in *ante bellum* times, and prominent among the pro-slavery members of the House, on Tuesday last, in Brooklyn, delivered a lecture on the "Present and Future of the Negro in the South," before the Long Island Historical Society. The lecturer said that the fortunes of five million human beings, part of the population and political community of the nation, could not but be matter for anxious deliberation to every thinking man. Our own welfare was intimately connected with that of the negro. If not by generous impulses, then by sordid self-interest; for just as sure as the negro was enlightened and morally elevated would he contribute to the good of the nation; and just so far as he was improvident and dwarfed in intellect would his influence be felt on the white race. The lecturer said there never was a race which owed less to the past than the negro of the south. The negro race, however, had maintained itself as no other race had ever done in a mighty conflict with the greater civilization of a ruling race. Thirty years close observation had convinced the speaker that there was no deficiency on their part, physically, morally or intellectually, and that they were capable of attaining the highest civilization. He then spoke of their faithfulness, earnest religious spirit, and said that it was true there were some dark colors to the picture, but it must be born in mind that while the virtues of the negro were his own, his vices were his heritage, and the former outnumbered the latter. The speaker gave interesting statistics to show what the negro was capable of doing; and what he had accomplished since emancipation, and said that a true idea of their condition could only be obtained by visiting among them, and comparing their present condition with their past. The prejudice of race and color against the negro of the South, and also at the North, was yet to be overcome. "It was seen in the church, theater, hotel, and," said the speaker, "even in the graveyard, for the bones of a negro may not rest in your beautiful cemetery. I have great hopes for the negro. To be sure the system of slavery was not the best school in which to learn the science of government, but we have not yet heard that a negro Congressman was in any way implicated in the credit mobilier scandal; and I do not believe the negro Legislature of South Carolina was any more purchasable than the New York Assembly during the days of the ring."

This will be a bitter dose for the Bourbon Democracy, with whom Mr. Pryor used to be considered very high authority.

A Little Red Pocket Book Story.

Patrick Kane, an Irish lad of fifteen years, had $47 in a little red pocket-book, which was inside of his carpet-bag, and with this $47 he had resolved to go back to Ireland; if he could find a ship to take that as part pay, and his work during the voyage as the other part. He had just become acquainted with Patrick Stack, another Irish boy of about his own age, and Stack advised him to try his luck in New York a little longer. But Kane was homesick, and went to the wharf with his friend Stack, to see about his passage. Stack sometimes relieved his friend of his carpet bag by carrying it for him, and holding it while Kane went aboard vessels. The boys lost each other somehow, and this happened when Stack had charge of Kane's carpet-bag. Kane went