

A Nasty and a Story.

The following story was told by Mr. Beecher in his sermon of last Sunday morning: "Tom was a strapping, healthy boy, with a great appetite. He lived up in the mountains among the charcoal burners until he was nineteen. Then he went down into the valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was a scullion and a farmer, and first for time the farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to his care. But there was a glimmering of something in him that showed just a little through his unclean skin. After a year or two he became a fall farm laborer—a broad-shouldered, deep chested, powerful fellow, who made himself clumsily useful. Well, about that time the farmer's daughter came home from school. Tom's revelation she was to Tom. He never knew what it was to worship anything, nor how to be awkward and coarse he was. He would have given all he had, which wasn't much, to learn how to get into a room without hitting the door, or what to do with his hands, or how to sit down right. He began to change his clothes in from better ones when he was in from the day's work, and there was about him the dawning of improvement. Finally the great day came. He stood trembling before the farmer's daughter, the hard word was spoken, and she didn't repulse him. I think there is nothing in the life of a man who so rises as he who has loved. He read, he went to church, he wanted to see how people acted. And, when, after a good life, he grew to be an old man, and talked in a trembling voice to his grandchildren, he used to say, "Oh, what a wife she was to me! Whatever I became she made me." The world is full of such instances of blessed influence.

There is another story "which forms a proper pendant to this, and which Mr. Beecher did not tell. It runs something as follows: Frederick B. at the age of twenty-two graduated at one of the New York schools of medicine. His thesis was an elaborate exposition of the Psychology of Guilt, and it attracted the marked attention of not only his professors here but of several of the sages of the Old World, who predicted a career for the brilliant young American. He was the son of poor parents, from his father he had inherited a warm emotional heart, and from his mother a large forehead, in which there was a memory for great ideas, a disposition to analyze and to idealize, a faith in the eternal principles of *le vrai le beau et le bien*, and a belief that all women were angels sent from Heaven. At college he had worked sixteen hours a day. He had mastered Homer and his Mill's Logic, and what was better, his scapel and his microscope. He was poor, he wore plain clothes, had never been to a ball, rarely to the theatre, and he scarcely knew what jewelry and fine furniture were. He knew more of the dress of the women of Greece and those of the Court of Louis XIV. than he did of those in the next street. He had two grand projects in his head: one was to write a history of medicine; the other was to reconcile by a new electric system all the present contradictions and conflicting masses of doctrine common to the unhappy sciences.

One day Frederick by accident saved the life of a young girl in the park. She had a pair of immense slow-moving, brown eyes, and a face like the Lake of Como. When he went to bed that night he said his prayers for her instead of to Galen and his old Greek heroes. Don't blame him; he had been taught that woman was divine, and the source of all inspiration; he was weak and worn with hard mental labor, which cost so fearfully, and he needed inspiration; and besides he had read the "Lady of Lyons." He named his driling angel Beatrice, and dedicated in prospect of his great work, the "Philosophical History of Medicine," to her. It should, like the "Divine Comedy," be the monument of its age. Two weeks after this his angel ridiculed his hat, and he went and bought another; boots, vest, and shirt-cuffs followed. In one year he had come to the point of wearing for her sake a different colored necktie every day.

In two more years he had stored in his head two hundred names and two thousand referring to jewelry, two thousand belonging to lady's wearing apparel, three thousand relating to a lady's hoozier; he knew all of Offenbach's operas by heart, and the personal history of every florist and French milliner in the city. More than this he had married his angel and had become the proprietor of a patent medicine, the "Eradicator as the Root of all Disease," and his degenerated though still noble brain, with a great lie, christened it. He did not give up for an instant his grand intellectual plans; he was only working them out under the inspiration of his angel. "One must not forget the amenities and pleasures of life," she said. "A man must first of all be a gentleman, elegant, tender, and rich." Unfortunately for his angel, Frederick did not during the next ten years acquire even the last of those qualities; he was not always kind, used to lock himself up evenings and vainly tried to redeem the time he had lost in reviewing his old trusting friend Galen. So she obtained a divorce from him, and went to New Orleans with a man ten years his junior. Strange to say Frederick was not unhappy in the thought of his past life; it was only that his head felt dull and indolent; the past seemed a dream. He became a druggist's clerk and married the druggist's fat daughter, and had five children, three of whom became mechanics, and the other two day laborers.

To the moral of Mr. Beecher's story we venture to make an addition. To the man of dull brains as the world stands to-day woman is a blessing; to a man of intelligence she is not always a Heaven forbid that we should put it more strongly.—Daily Graphic.

Preparing to Plant.
The old fashioned mode of digging holes by hand has in large orchards been generally abandoned, and the mellowing of the ground by frequent ploughings and harrowings renders the sowing of the trees anywhere in the friable soil an easy operation, but where the number of trees to be set out is comparatively few, it will be as well to have good-sized holes dug, the bottom filled with mellow surface soil, and the sides wide enough apart to admit the roots being spread out in their natural position. As a rule plant young trees.

Brave men can term fair women
The "apple of their eye."
But when it comes to office
"No ladies need apply!"

Beatrice de Cenci.

BY ISABEL BLAIR.

In the picture gallery of the Barberini Palace, at Rome, hangs a portrait of a young Roman girl, painted by Guido. It is a beautiful but morose, melancholy face, whose "south look of sweet, sorrowful eyes," reproduced in chromo, are so frequently seen in parlors and shop windows. For of all the famous painters in Rome, none is better known or more copied than this. It derives peculiar interest from the history of her whose features it is said to represent.

Francesco Cenci, the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome, was a man of violent temper, and, in his household, intolerably cruel. Two of his sons were assassinated at his instigation. At length, unable longer to endure his cruelties and tyranny, his family appealed to the Pope, Clement VIII, for protection. The petitions miscarried, and, of course, unanswered.

On the night of the 15th of September, 1598, Francesco was murdered. He was found with an enormous nail driven into each of his eyes,—a mode of assassination which indicated that at least two persons were engaged in the work. One of them was finally captured, and upon examination, charged the wife, a son, and the daughter, Beatrice, with having prompted to the deed. They had, testified the victim to sleep by administering a narcotic draught, and then had introduced himself and his accomplice into Francesco's chamber. They were arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where they were from time to time, as was the practice during the middle ages, subjected to the tortures of the rack to force them to confess to the crime. As was frequently the case with the accused, whether guilty or not, preferring death to this lingering agony, the mother and brother made confession. But for nearly a year Beatrice continued firm in her declaration of innocence. At last a new method of torture was devised, to inflict which would make it necessary to cut off her hair, which is described as being the most "silk-like, the longest, the most marvelous in color ever seen." At this she turned pale. "Touch not my hair she cried. Let me die without mutilation! And to save her tresses she too yielded.

Her beauty, the belief in her innocence, the courage and firmness she had shown, had won the sympathy and compassion of the whole Roman populace, and the Pope was besieged with petitions to grant her pardon. This he was nearly persuaded to do when at the trial her cause was most eloquently pleaded by the counsel appointed for the defense, and it was shown how probably a man so generally disliked and dreaded as Francesco would, should have had enemies outside his own household to plot against his life. Other murders of similar character occurring about this time, however, induced him to refuse pardon, and it is thought his decision was influenced by the considerations that in the event of her condemnation, the property of the prisoners would come into the possession of the church. They were therefore publicly executed on the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, September 9th 1599. All the windows, roofs and balconies in the neighborhood were filled with people assembled to witness the scene, so great was the interest felt for the beautiful young heroine.

The portrait by Guido is said to have been painted just before her execution, and during her confinement in the prison. Her story has furnished food for many a romance, and has often been represented upon the stage. She is still generally supposed to have been innocent of connection with the crime, and for every one recalling this passage of history, the picture has a strange fascination.

Feminine Abolition.

There is a certain style of woman who affects the most innocent simplicity to questions to which every one past first childhood can give an answer; whose cue is naive ignorance; whose charm is her unenlightened, yet who can use her very ignorance as a trenchant weapon even when she is in the humor. She has the prettiest way possible of putting you in the wrong; and contradicting you with the least shading and the most directness of any woman you can meet. Sometimes she makes you appear pedantic or obscure. The tone in which she says, "Oh! you are too clever for poor little me to talk to, and I despair of you right but then I am such a little goose I do not understand you," is quite sufficient to annihilate you for the evening if you chance to be one of those un-lucky ones who are sensitive as to the impression they make. She, so simple, unassuming, and so full of nature, makes it plain to you that you have gone on a wrong road when you have spoken to her as to a reasonable being of decent education, and have assumed that she possesses a mind and some degree of instruction. She is all heart if you like; she can expatiate on things, or that darling heart race; but she cannot let you think that she has ever used the eyes of her mind, or seen anything deeper than the self-evident superficialities of life. If you talk to her on any subject beyond the current trivialities of the day, she lifts up her eyebrows and says: "How odd!" And the next person to whom she speaks she learns she cannot understand you— and fancy speaking of such dry subjects as the sun, or the State of Spain, or the different physiognomies of a crowd, or the lecture at Horticultural Hall, to poor silly little her! All she wants to talk about is the opera, or the fashions, or the latest scandal, whatever it may be; or failing a scandal, the latest amusement; and anything to make her think and use her brain, though in the mildest way, ruffles her serenity and transforms you into a bore of the first magnitude.

Could Not Refuse the Favor.

On one occasion, Sir Robert Walpole wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition and which was disliked by some of the members. As he was passing through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the contrary party, whose aversion he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said, such a question comes on today; give me your vote, and he put in his hands. The member made him this answer: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court, the king was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should, therefore, think myself very ungrateful [to refuse] if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask me."

A Tale for the Liqueur Dealers.

Now that the season has arrived for selecting the male turkeys to preserve for breeding purposes, the necessity of picking the largest and most perfect as regards form and vigor may well be urged upon every body who keeps this very profitable farm stock. Let it be constantly borne in mind that the best of the siders in a gobler kept for breeding. The largest males may be used with safety, even if paired with fair to medium sized hens, provided the following precautions are used.

The peril from a thirty-five pound gobler is a reality, whether the hen be large or small. This arises not so much from the great weight of the gobler as from vicious use of his well grown spurs and claws. If left free the feathers are soon torn from the backs of the hens, and the skin not infrequently follows, and the hen dies from the injuries. To prevent this, the gobler may be kept in confinement for a few weeks before you wish his services. It is a well ascertained fact that a single connection of the male with the hen turkey, at the proper time, insures the fertility of all the eggs she may lay in the first litter after it. A day or two of the gobler with the hens answers all the purpose of weeks, and generally insures a larger crop of young. As an additional safeguard cut the spurs and the toe-nails, and burn off all the sharp points with a hot iron, of course taking care not to injure the fowl. If this be done breeding with large turkeys is quite as safe as with smaller birds. We would, however, passers of the gobler for size has sometimes operated to the detriment of poultry. But in turkeys care can be secured without danger.—Poultry World.

Woman's Reasoning.

Entire reconciliation is difficult with a woman. She invariably keeps certain reserves. When she has once parted from you in spirit, she will hardly return. Though she seems to, she does not. She gives her hand again—perhaps her lips; but the heart is no longer in it. The American passion is that you have once roundly quarrelled with—if it be not a mere lover's quarrel—and you will find the statue under the crimson carve the chill of the marble through the bounding blood. A keen observer may determine in society whether you have had accord with a woman or not. However perfect the breeding, however disciplined the manners, the past discord leaves a shadow that will not be lifted. The old wound may be closed; it is not healed, nor can it be by the highest skill in spiritual surgery. Frequently men like one another better after fighting, women never. The fiercest of the With these the bloom of favor is taken off not to be restored. They feel, though they may not say or even think it, that slight or injury admits of no atonement. Woman reads the proverb: "To err is feminine to forgive, impossible."—Galaxy for February.

How to Keep Beef for Future Use.

This is an important question to those who cannot keep cattle through the winter, and cannot sell for cost, or those who want beef but must purchase it. Perhaps few people are in the habit of canning beef, but it may be done in this way. Cut from the bone a few good sized pieces, making a hearty and palatable dish. The fore quarters, or cheapest part of the beef, may be worked up in this way and the bones from which the meat was cut may be put in the brine, or placed on a clean box, where they may be kept cool, and boiled whenever soups are wanted. Who does not wish a meal of good beef cut up and cooked in this way? How nice when the company happens in to have some thing that may be easily prepared. Then can your beef when work is not pressing, and, if properly taken care of it will be as good as fresh beef next spring or summer, when fat pork is so well relished.—Morris's Rural New Yorker.

An Interesting Matrimonial Partnership.

Miss Olympia Brown was married last spring, but hasn't changed her name. She says that she and her husband agreed before they were married that they should hold on to their own names. In fact she wouldn't have married without such an agreement. I asked her if Mr. Willis (her husband) didn't wish to change his name to Brown. She said, "Oh, no. He would be simple if he did, Willis being a much prettier name; besides, had his name been Higginbottom, he would have preferred to retain it, considering it was his own, and the one he had always been known by." I asked her if no one else called her Willis. She said, "Oh, yes, sometimes they did, but she didn't waste any special word for that, any more than if they had called her some pet name that never belonged to her." And so it is John Henry Willis and the Rev. Olympia Brown; and she attends to his grocery business, and she presides at every Sunday, and they keep a snug little house in Bridgeport, on Golden Hill, and the name on the door is "Olympia Brown"—that partner in the matrimonial firm being the better known of the two.

A Monster Anvil.

The largest anvil in the world has just been cast at Woolwich, England. The plate which is to form the bed of the monster weighs of itself 107 tons. The surface, lay face downward, and when it became cool, took a perfect army of sturdy smiths with hydraulic jacks and combinations of the strongest tackle a whole day to lift the monstrous lump of solid metal twenty two feet square. The anvil block to be mounted thereupon will weigh only a trifle short of 200 tons, and will be raised by the same solid metal being the English ton of 2,240 pounds.

The Blow at Full Force will be tremendous.

In fact it is doubtful what will happen to the town of Woolwich and vicinity when the mighty piece of mechanism gets to work. Valuable iron and steel works which worked beneath Mount Etna's never dreamed of such an anvil as this, and Thor's famous weapon was a mere tack hammer in comparison. Taking all its metal together it will weigh hard upon 500 tons.

Have the Largest Gobler.

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An Indiana Romance.

She couldn't see it in that light. She didn't want to marry him, but he was bound she should. They both lived a couple of miles from the city and near neighbors.—She refused to listen to his courting, and he grew desperate. So he went off to the West, and while out there persuaded a friend to write a letter, saying that he was dead, and asked, as his dying request, that the night, if she ever went out that way to stop for a moment and toss a weed or perhaps a flower on his lonely grave. This was tender, but it didn't take worth a cent, and she wrote back a letter to the friend saying that if he had any consideration for her feelings he would send her the dead lover's watch and chain, his money and all his valuables. To carry out his plans the dead man sent home his brass jewelry and other effects, and she immediately proceeded to don the trinkets, and start to singing school with the chosen "fellow" of her heart. On their way back home the pair were startled by the apparition of the lost lover, clad in ghastly white but with the old lineaments intact. The young man fled, but the girl stood still, and butting up a paw which resembled an elephant's foot, naively inquired if the ghost wanted to be kicked to death by a man. To which his ghostly reply was: "Lord! Lord! Jerusalem! I come all the way home to find you false!" "You bet," replied the fair one laughing heartily, for she had discovered that it really was the person of her dead lover. The fellow had played a nice game, and had followed his good and chaste friend to the land of his nativity very quickly. The damsel was so disgusted with the other fellow for running at sight of the ghost she immediately began preparations to marry the ghost.

SHOE STORE.

SNYDER & UHL,
Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to the fact that we have now and expect to keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture,
as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER, MOROCCO, CALF SKINS, KIPS, AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.,
Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

SNYDER & UHL,
NEW CARPETS.

A very large Stock

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CARPETS,

Oil Cloths, &c.,

LOW PRICED CARPETS,

Of every kind,

Wholesale and Retail.

Henry McCallum,

51 Fifth Avenue,
(Near Wood Street),

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

Leather and Shoe Findings.

S. J. Cover.

Takes pleasure in calling the attention of the citizens of Somerset, and vicinity to the fact that he has opened a store on the North-East corner of the Second Street, where there will always be kept on hand a complete assortment of

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Of Eastern and home manufacture, of all grades and well assorted stock of

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With ANDREW ZOOK as cutter and all work, which also is a sufficient guarantee that the quality of the work will be of the best, and the material will be of the best.

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WILL sing for hours—can be managed by any child. The latest and most wonderful invention of the age. The very thing for either party for or outdoor amusement.

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50 cents, or 3 for \$1.00.
N. B. ROBERTS & CO.,
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\$10 to \$20 per day. Amputees ever free. Particulars free. Address: J. W. H. & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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Miscellaneous.

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