The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
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Business Cards.

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 Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

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

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

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

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 Printing House Row. jy 5-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '73.

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

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-ly.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of 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 O. 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 Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-ly

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

S. MUSL. GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar12'73.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth Block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 15.

DR. E. 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 Glade 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 Barnet House. jan. 21, '70.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. aug'72

DENTISTRY.

Drs. Collins & Bills still continue the practice of Dentistry; are prepared to perform all opperations in the best manner and at as low prices as the same kind of work can be done anywhere in the State. A full set of teeth for $8; a double set for $15. All opperations warranted; and teeth extracted without pain. oct7

J. G. HARVEY & CO.,
BUTTER COMMISSION MERCHANTS
67 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.
Apr 17 72 JOHN HILL.

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TOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now 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 Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-ly.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

JOHN WILSON & SON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
297 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.
june 26, '73

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.

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J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jel2-72

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PET CANARY BIRD!
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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 parlor or outdoor amusement.
SEND FOR SAMPLE AT ONCE.
Big pay to Agents and to the Trade. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly returned. Sent pre-paid by mail to any address, on receipt of 50 cents, or 3 for $1 00.
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No. 6 Exchange Place
BALTIMORE.
Special attention given the sale of GLADE'S BUTTER.

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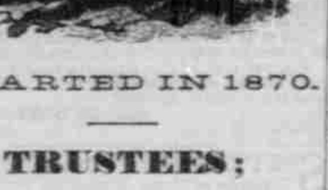

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Deposits of **ONE DOLLAR** and upwards received, and interest allowed on all sums, payable twice a year. Interest if not drawn out, is added to the principal thus COMPOUNDING TWICE A YEAR, without troubling the depositor to call or even to present his deposit book. Money can be withdrawn at any time after giving the bank certain notice by letter.

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Copies of the By-Laws, reports, rules of deposit, and special act of Legislature, relative to deposits of married women and minors, can be obtained at the Bank.

Banking hours daily from 9 to 3 o'clock; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 7½ o'clock. april 22.

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 7e JOHN DIBERT & CO.

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.

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Henry McCallum,
51 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Imports direct from Manufacturers,
Superior English Oil Cloths,
BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c.,
RAG, HEMP and INGRAIN CARPETS
In every variety.
51 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Wood street.
mar25.

AIKEN'S
Perfect fitting
SHIRTS
Directions for self-measure sent on application. Perfect Fitting Shirts of every description, always in stock and warranted to fit.
JAMES H. AIKEN,
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R. B. OWENS. L. C. SCOTT.
OWENS & SCOTT,
Butter Commission House,
153 W. Pratt St.,
BALTIMORE.
sep24

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.

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.

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, Billious 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 Benford, & Kimmel, Somerset, Pa.
july2

THE BEST PUMP
IN THE WORLD!
THE AMERICAN SUBMERGED
Double-Acting, Non-Freezing
FORCE PUMP!

The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.
It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.
It will not *Freeze*, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.
It has no leather or gum *packing*, as the sucker and valves are all of iron.
It seldom, if ever, gets out of order.
It will force water from 40 to 50 feet in the air, by attaching a few feet of hose.
It is good for washing Buggies, Windows, watering Gardens, &c.
It furnishes the purest and coldest water, because it is placed in the bottom of the well.
TERMS:—¾ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 50c. ⅌ foot.
1 " " 18; " 65c. "
Larger sizes in proportion.
WEYAND & PLATT
Sole Agents for Somerset County.
Somerset, Pa., May 1st, 1872.

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PLANING MILL.

A. Growall & Son.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Planing and Manufacturing of building material.
FLOORING,
MOULDING,
WEATHER BOARDING
SASH AND DOORS
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
In short anything generally used in house building. All orders promptly filled. mar26

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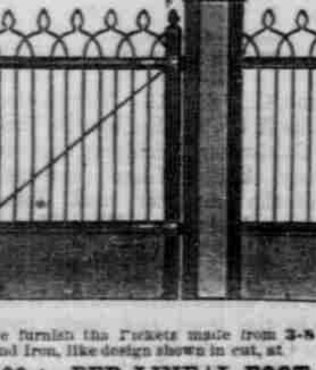
Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a slate roof. The undersigned 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.
oct8 WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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

SIMMONS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FINE CIGARS and the best brands of
Navy and Bright Tobaccos,
408 Market Street, Above Fourth,
PHILADELPHIA.
sep10

FENCE PICKETS.



We furnish the Pickets made from 3-8 inch Round Iron, like design shown in cut, at
30cts PER LINEAL FOOT.
They make a HANDSOMER, MORE DURABLE and CHEAPER FENCE than the Wooden Pickets
SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO
Lewis, Oliver & Phillips,
Manufacturers of MERCHAANT BAR IRON GATE and BARN DOOR HINGES, BOLTS NUTS, WASHERS, and their New Line of PATENTED WAGON HARDWARE.
For sale by all Iron and Hardware Dealers.
91 & 92 Water Street and 114 and 116 First Ave. Pittsburg.
may20

AGENTS WANTED.
100 Agents wanted to sell 10 domestic articles which sell on sight in every family. Our agents are making from $5 to $20 per day, selling our goods. Send 25 cts. and postage stamp for sample and terms to agents. E. F. FITCH & CO., No. 24, 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
may20

SMOKE.

I watch the gossamer wreaths that rise
From the fragrant folds of my good cigar,
And dream of the Cuban isle that lies
Ever embraced by the seas afar,
Where the palm-trees cast their shadows long,
'Neath the cloudless blue of the tropic skies,
And the Creole senoritas throng
To gladden the eye with their starry eyes.

I dream of a damsel whose orbs of jet
Once fettered my heart with their mystic power,
And woke a feeling that lingers yet,
As I sit and smoke in the twilight hour.
Ah, me, how oft mid orange groves
We wandered away in that vernal land—
Unto paths where elfish Cupid roves—
With the perfumed blossoms on either hand.

'T was there her fingers so deftly formed
The delicate cigarettas for me,
And here was the glance that flashed and warmed
With its fire the passion it would not see.
And free of fancy she rambled so,
Till the groves were laden with globes of gold,
In that Spanish island all aglow
With its sunny memories manifold.

And then I sought for Inez again,
Resolved to tell her the story of love—
I waited from eight o'clock tell ten,
Like a lone, disconsolate turtle-dove;
But she came no more as in the past,
To strengthen the tie that her absence broke,
So I lit a mild cigar at last,
To solace the hopes that ended in——smoke!

O. H. H.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

I never told anybody how very, *very* near I was to death that night just a year ago; but as I can now look back and camly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am and have been for the past ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, to which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening just as I was preparing for home, I heard footseps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout well-dressed man, with a small traveling bag in one hand, and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual.

I had already closed the damper of the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but of course I waited.

"Good evening sir," said the man busting up to the store and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up, the train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there any thing I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Mr. Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two. but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best western customers. I say *had been* for the reason that during the past year his payments has not been so prompt. In fact he was considerably behind and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat."

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked eyeing me soarply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the ballance not more than half an hour before.

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder as I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting eleven different piles of bank notes, he told me to run over them. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it, so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprung for the traveling bag, and giving me a hasty hand shake, went off on the run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me, but as Winston's house was at least a half a mile distant I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped to put out the light. As I did so I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had droped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done so then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning Then' too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well say it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding place, ate my supper, and them went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carry was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor.

I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carry went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did no venture out on such a night as thi without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, flashing upon me so suddenly, almost stuned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman as I was. Tne coat was gone.

Then I *was* unnerved. I grasped at the stair rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!"

"No, no Carrie!" I entreated. "there, I am better now."

And I was better, I was strong all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt that I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneake-thief has dodged in and stole my coat! Well let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But was there nothing in the pockets?" asked Carry.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it was no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped I left her.

You may guess that my slumberor that night were not very sound, ns very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were just the subject of remark.

"Why Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night!" said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile

"And you'll have another if you are not careful. You had better keep quiet to-day. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could hardly sit in my chair

I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow, or next day."

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You'er sick man! Come! jump into my cutter and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor around, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating! Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction I wrote a short explanation for Carrie; another for Mr. Winston; a third for my poor mother; and sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson.

All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and significant in appearance, but all sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges, to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage.

It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation—the growing fear of life—I can by no wise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet what ever you may term it, it was all sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead.

In another second I should have bee lifeless; but, just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and hastily conceiling my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not *me*, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carry, the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me! Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but Carrie—Good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I hardly know what, for hanging arcoss Carries arm, was my overcoat.

Recovering my astonisnment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman. or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that, were it impossible to concentrate the three above mentioned species of demons in one, their caperring and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or wash stand which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pockets.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing excepting my attempt, or rather my resolve at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on a wiser and better man, I hope. And to-morrrw, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the alter.

The Pyramids.

[Bayard Taylor in the N. Y. Tribune.]

We engaged an open carriage at twenty francs for the day, provided ourselves with lunch, and set out at nine o'clock. Just above Boulak the Nile is now spanned by a splendid iron bridge, beyond which a broad highway has been built, leading to the very base of the great pyramid. This is certainly better than the former approach by ferryboat and donkey path, for it reduces the practical distance from three to four hours to one and a half.

The way was crowded with camels and country people, the former bearing huge but not very heavy burdens of freshly cut clover. Women and donkeys bore loads of vegetables and the boys ran yelling after them. Our dark footman, in his white cap and shirt, ran in advance of the carriage, parting the multitude right and left with his long stick and crying out: "Take care there take care of your legs! the strangers are coming!" Thus we passed over the bridge, entered the avenue of acacias, leading to Gizeh, and saw the pyramids flushed with a faint rose color against the grey sky. The west bank of the Nile, Geezereh, was formerly an island, as its name indicates, and willl soon be one again. The shallow channel having been allowed to fill up, or purposely dammed, the river became so much stronger in its current that the Boulak shore is partially eaten away and the island must needs be restored. We presently reached the track of the railway to Upper Egypt, which now starts from Embabed, on the western bank, but will soon be run in connection with an early train for Alexandria, so that travelers can leave the Mediterranean in the morning and almost reach Siout. the capital of Upper Egypt in the evening. Looking southward over the wheat fields, the immense fronts of two unfinished palaces meet the eye: I should take each of them to be as large as Buckingham palace, London. The Khedive is building them for his two sons. And taxes are high in Egypt, and money is scarce, and half of Mariette's inestimable collection of antiquities is stored away in dark magazines, for want of room to show them.

The carriage road is raised about twelve feet above the level of the soil in order to be dry during the season of inundation. The acacias with which it is planted seem to grow with difficulty, and just now many of them are being removed and being replaced by trunks a foot or two in diameter. They need extensive watering, however, until the roots are long enough to reach the permanent moisture of the lower soil. Even the huge old trees on the way to Shoobra, seem to require an occasional drink in dry seasons.

Nothing could be lovelier than the intensely green wheat lands, stretching away to the Lybian desert, bounded on the south with the thick fringes of palm. The wind blowing over them came to us sweet with the odor of white clover, sparkling pools, and here and there a young boy sang a shrill, monotonous Arab song. In the east, the citadel mosque stretched its two minarets like taper fingers averting the evil eye; and in front of us the pyramids seemed to mock all the later power of the world. Not forty, but sixty centuries look down upon us from these changeless peaks. They antedate all other human records, except those of the dynasty immediately preceeding that which built them. Hebrew Sancrits and Chinese history seem half modern when one stands at the foot of piles which were almost as old as the coliseum is now when Abraham was born.

We crossed the track of the railway, drove beside it for a mile or two further and then struck directly across the level lands towards the rocky terrace of the Lybian desert which serves as a base for the pyramids. Children ran beside the carriage clamoring for money, and one or two boys, laboring under the singular delusion that they were contributing to our pleasure, played the reed flute after a most weary and distressing fashion. But there was less annoyance from these causes than you generally meet in Italy or even some parts of Switzerland.

Neater the desert there were belts of drifted sand across the road, and the wheat and clover, after struggling briefly with their ancient enemy, ceased on either side. It was so difficult for the horses to climb the last slope that we dismounted and walked to the northern base of the great pyramid, on the top of which a little flag was fluttering, and two or three dark forms were perceptible. The modern house, built by the Khedive for the reception of his royal and imperial guests, offers to all visitors the advantage of shade and cold steps to sit on. A crowd of fellahs was in attendance, eager to help us up and down, to climb both pyramids in ten minutes, or to sell us modern scarabœi. They are now, however, a much better behaved race than formerly. Nearly all of them have a fair smattering of English, their demands are regulated by custom, and if the traveler chooses one as an inevitable guide and protector, he escapes much annoyance from the others.

I had no desire to make the ascent a second time, although it was well worth doing once. A crawl into the hot and stifling interior can only be recommended by the archæologist.

The grand, simple masses built by Cheops and Cephrenes satisfy both the eye and imagination when viewed from below, a few hundred yards from base. The best point, I think, is a sandy mound beyond the sphinx, whence you get the exact view given in one of Carl Warner's wonderful aquerelles.

I found the sphinx buried under ten or fifteen feet more of sand than when I saw him last. The face was evidently intended to be seen from below, for its expression becomes almost grotesque when the spectator is brought so near its level. About eight years ago M. Mariette, discovered a very ancient temple just beyond it, and this, although lying wholly below the surface of the desert, has been kept tolerably clear of the drifting sand. I have seen nothing in Egypt which is so old as this temple. It is built mainly of rose colored granite, the pillars simply square monoliths, roofs and doorways of the same, and no signs of inscriptions or decorative sculptures. It is certainly older, (and who shall say how much older?) than the pyramids. In some sepulchral chambers lying back of the pillard court the roof is made of huge blocks of alabaster.

The whole edifice, in its bare and massive simplicity, suggests Stonehenge rather than the later architecture of Egypt.

A small fee opened for us one of the lower rooms of the Khedive's house, and we lunched in coolness and quiet. By this time several other parties had arrived from Cairo. Parties were lunching on the cold steps, bargaining for some modern scaraboei, strolling towards the sphinx with a crowd of Arabs at their heels, or climbing the steps of the great pyramid with many an awkward straddle, shoved from below and pulled up from above. There were tweed coats, eyeglasses, canes, chignons, fans, parasols—but let not the romantic reader suppose that the sublime repose of the old Egyptian world was in the least prejudiced by these objects. They were but as driftwood or seaweed, surging around the base of mightier natural pyramids, along the shores of Norway or Maine. One is carried so far back—set in the presence of such imperious human will and unhindered power—that the real and far more permanent greatness of our age fades away, and its careless representatives become, for the time, mere stingless insects, that hum and buzz for a few minutes, to be carried away by the next breeze. No! you might pack billard rooms; lager beer saloons, *cafes chantants*, stockbrokers's offices and free trade leagues around the pyramids, hold political meetings with a speaker standing on the sphinx's head, or make the adytum of the old temple below resound with revival hymns, and you could not diminish the impression which these wonderful monuments exact and compel you to feel. A death faith—a lost race—a forgotten power—a half recovered history—names and glories and supreme human forces become as shadows—yet what tremendous overwhelming records they have left behind!

As I rested in the shade looking up to the grey pinacles, so foreshortened by nearness that much of their actual height was lost, yet still indiscribably high, I could think of but one thing; we must have a new chronology of man. There, before me the Usher Mosaic was not antedated, but a previous growth, of long uncertain duration, was made evident. There, in stones scattered about the desert, were inscriptions cut long before any tradition of Hebrew, Sanscrit, Phœnician or Greek—clear intelligible words, almost as legible to modern scholarship as those of a stream of the past lights up darker living languages. This one long, unbroken historic aspirations on all sides, sweeps us, with or without our will, to a new and wonderful backward starting point. Of course, the learned in all countries are familliar with all our recently acquired knowledge on this point: but is it not time to make it the property of the people everywhere—to discard the unmanly fear that one form of truth can ever harm any other form—to reveal anew, through the grandeur of man's slow development, the unspeakable grandeur of the Divine Soul by which it is directed?

I would not venture to say that even the English tourist who addressed me with: "Is there—aw—anything particular to see here?" was not touched somewhere in the roots of his externally indifferent nature. I am quite sure that cold chicken was not the only thought of the young ladies who sat lunching on the steps. When I had a young Irishman, to whom snipe and wild ducks are a prims interest, nevertheless going out to see the pyramids by moonlight, and then again at two o'clock in the morning to climb them for the sunrise. I am convinced that Cheops builded better than he knew, and that the pile of stones means much more to the world than the depository of his royal carcases.

Well, I mean to send you practical, realistic reports of Egypt, and this letter will be sure to bring down upon me the wrath of Mark Twain and all who distrust earnest impressions. I plead guilty, however, and confess that I do not wholly belong to the age which makes jokes of accidents and murders and finds material for laughter in classic art.

Bascomb's Baby.

She brought it over to our house, Mrs. Bascomb did. It was their first—a wee little red-faced, red-headed, pugnosed, howling infant. It was one of the hottest days in July, but she had it wrapped up in three shawls and a bedquilt, and was in agony every moment for fear it would sneeze.

"Do see his darling, darling little face!" she said to me, as she unwound him about forty times, and looked to see which end his feet were on.

I looked. I have been the father of eleven just such howling little wopsies, and I don't see anything remarkable about Bascomb's baby.

"See those eyes—the firmness of mouth, that temper in his look!" she went on.

I saw them.

The little son of a gun began to get red in the face and beat the air, and his mother shouted:

"He's being murdered by a pin!"

She turned him wrong end up, laid him on his face, then on his back, loosened his bands, rubbed the soles of his feet, and the tears stood in her eyes as she solemnly remarked:

"I know he won't live—he's too smart!"

The child recovered, and as he lay on his back across her knees and surveyed the ceiling, she went on:

"Such a head! Why, every one who sees him says he is going to be a Beecher, a Greeley or a Bismarck: do you notice that high forehead?"

I did. I thought he was all forehead, as his hair didn't commence to grow until the back of his head was reached, but she assured me that I was mistaken.

"Wouldn't I just heft him once?"

I hefted him.

I told her I never saw a child of his weight weigh so much, and she smiled like an angel; she said that she was afraid I didn't appreciate children, but now she knew I did.

"Wouldn't I just look at his darling little feet—his little red feet and cunning toes?"

Yes I would.

She rolled him over on his face and unwound his feet, and triumphantly held them up to my gaze. I contemplated the hundreds of little wrinkles running lengthwise and crosswise, the big toes and the little toes and I agreed with her that so far as I could judge from the feet and the toes and the wrinkles, a future of unexampled brilliancy lay before that pug-nosed imp.

He began to kick and howl, and she stood him on end, set him up, laid him down and trotted him until she bounced the wind-colic into the middle of September.

"Who did it look like?"

I bent over the scarlet faced rascal pushed his nose to one side, chucked him under the chin, and didn't answer without due deliberation. I told her there was a faint resemblance to George Washington around the mouth, but the eyes reminded me of Daniel Webster, while the general features has made me think of the poet Milton ever since she entered the house.

That was just her view exactly, only she hadn't said any thing about it before.

"Did I think he was too smart to live?"

I felt of his ears, rubbed his head, put my finger down the back of his neck, and I told her that, in my humble opinion, he wasn't, though he had a narrow escape. If his nose had been set little more to one side, or his ears had appeared in the place of his eyes, Bascomb could have purchased a weed for his hat without delay. No; the child would live; there wasn't the least doubt about it, and any man or woman who said he wouldn't grow up to make the world thunder with his fame would steal the wool off a lost lamb in January.

She felt so happy that she rolled the imp up in his forty-nine bandages, shook him to straighten his legs and take the kinks out of his neck, and then carried him home under her arm, while my wife made me go along with an umbrella, for fear the sun would peel his little nose.

A Detroit Police Court.

"MARIER JANE!" called Bijah, as he handed out a lone woman and led her around to the chalk-mark.

"And Marier was drunk," added His Honer, in a sad voice; "forty-three years old, going rapidly to the grave, and yet so drunk that you had to be hauled down here on a wheelbarrow."

"On a hand-cart, sir," she corrected, showing considerable interest.

"Well, there is a difference between a hand-cart and a wheel-barrow," he went on, "but it doesn't make any difference in this case. In fact the hand-cart was the easiest thing to draw you on, and more small boys could gather around it. I will alter the complaint to make it read 'hand-cart,' and now I want to know what you have to say about it?"

Tears came to her eyes, her corset gave a heave or two, and she whispered.

"I want to go to the circus!"

"Ah that touches a tender chord," sighed the court, as he leaned back and listened to the music of the brass band floating in the early morning air, and saw in imagination the trick mule, the elephant, and the rhinoceros ambling around the sawdust ring—admission fifty cents.

"Marier," he said at last in a changed voice, "you'll die in three or four years, anyhow, and perhaps its just as well to let you go to the circus as to send you to the workhouse. Mayhap the growl of the sea lion, the snarl of the tiger, the warble of the ostrich, and the gymnastic exercises of the monkeys, together with the stirring air of 'Old Dan Tucker,' as rendered by the band, may put thoughts of reformation into your head. Go, aged female, and remember its fifty cents saved every time one crawls under the canvas."

A Model Obituary.

A disconsolate editor thus bemoans his spouse:

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish the coal hod or water pail. No more will she rise, amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie away to make the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed upon my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory cheaper.

I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it.

"Take it, Skinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been!" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was, indeed, utterly broken.

I had the following epitaph engraved upon the tombstone.

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*. Terms, $3 a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing. Job printing solicited."

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul—the undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)

Obituary of a Western Editor.

The way they get up obituaries of western editors is shown in the following.

Ye editor sat in his ricketty chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye Devil was grinning before him there, and "copy" ye Devil sayed he.

Oh, ye Editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it splutttered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map—"Take this," to ye Devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through ye live-long day, no rest or refreshment had he; for ye Devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee!"

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a-slaying the whole countree; while ye Devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye newsroom heard ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of a blow and a blasphemous word, "He's raising ye Devil!" say they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye Editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to ye Devil!" sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to ye Devil," sayed he.

And thus he was destined; through all of his life, by this spirit tormented to be: in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife: always close to ye Devil was he.

Ye Editor died . . . *But ye Devil lived on!* And the force of life's habits we see; for ye Editor's breath no sooner was gone, than straight to ye Devil went he.

Queer Views of an Adventist.

Leander Stoors, of Tolland, Conn., one of the Second Advent people who encamped on Terry Island to await the end of the world last fall, has just died, and his funeral was attended by a large number of the Second Advent people from all parts of the State. Mr. Stoors was one of those who remained on the island till winter obliged them to separate. Mr. Barker, of Meriden, who preached his funeral sermon, said that when he first visited the deceased, the latter requested him to attend his funeral and to tell the people present that he (Stoors) was a peculiar man; that among his peculiarities he didn't believe it right to exercise the elective franchise, as he didn't consider himself a citizen of this world, but a pilgrim and a stranger here, looking for a citizenship in a future state; also, that it wasn't right to make oath to his tax list, &c.

A Slave Whip.

At the meeting of the original Abolitionists in Chicago, a cowhide used to whale niggers was exhibited to the audience. It was a broad, flat hickory handled instrument, holding securely a broad sole leather thong, which it might readily be imagined would deal a painful blow. To increas the acuteness of the lash an oval hole was cut near the end, the effect on the skin of the naked slave being the raising of a blister the size of the hole. It was bought from a plantation overseer, and is genuine, it having been used in the presence of one of the family of the present possessors. On the lash was a card with the following inscription: "This is a bull-tail, so called. This one was in daily use on the Ballard plantation, Tensas Parish, La., obtained from the driver who used it, and sent to the reunion by H. Brown, Jr., Elmwood, Ill."

Dr. Livingstone on Lions.

Dr. Livingstone is said to have expressed the utmost contempt for lions. "You talk about the majesty of the lion," said he, chatting one day at a party in London with Sir Edward Landseer, "but you do not know the beast. There is no more majesty about him in the forest than there is about that poodle. It is all poetry. Lions are arrant cowards—cowardly, sneaking beasts. You can hardly tell a lion from a donkey in the forest; and if you come upon a lion suddenly, his first impulse is to tuck his tail between his legs and bolt. He will spring upon you if he comes upon you unawares and can have time to crouch; but if a man has the courage to look a lion in the face, you need not even cock your rifle."

When you have lost money in the street, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

A pugilistic Irishman in England being bound over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked:—"The saints help the first foreigner I meet."