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The Somerset Herald

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

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

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and 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 collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '70.

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. 12-1y

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y.

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.

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

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.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

J. C. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar17'73.

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 Old Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. ☞ Night calls promptly answered. dec. 23, '71-1y.

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 at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

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 Harbaugh House. jan. 21, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. ☞ Office in Mammoth Block. 26472

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! 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 extreme style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing a neat one together, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jy22-72

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.

Mansion House, LATE "BENFORD HOUSE," Corner of Franklin and Broad Streets, JOHNSTOWN, PENNA. Jos. Shoemaker, Prop'r. Having lately taken charge of the above well known large and commodious hotel, I now invite my Somerset County friends to call on me in hope by prompt attention to their wants and a moderate share of patronage, to merit the same. The house is supplied with the best the market affords. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors, &c. JOSEPH SHOEMAKER. N. B.—Best stabling in town. apr29

THE SOMERSET HOUSE. Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Pitch, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be laden with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tryman may at all times be found in the office. mar27 D. LAVAN.

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN 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.

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 HULL.

JOHN WILSON & SON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, 297 Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH. june 28, '72

THE NEW ENTERPRISE HORSE INSURANCE CO. New Enterprise, Bedford Co., Pa. ON THE MUTUAL PLAN. *No Loss, No Pay.* An agency has been established in every election district in the county, and the agent will call on all farmers and explain the working of the institution, and solicit insurance. Live, active and responsible men of Bedford county are at the head of the company in whom implicit confidence can be placed. july29

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK. 120 CLINTON STREET.

CHARTED IN 1870.

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Married Women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, so that it can be drawn only by themselves or on their order. Moneys can be deposited for children, or by societies, or as trust funds, Subject to certain conditions.

Loans Secured by Real Estate.

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. DIBERT.
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 74 JOHN DIBERT & CO.

Cambria County BANK, M. W. KEIM & CO., NO. 266 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA., in Henry Schaidle'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.

CARPETING.

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. march.

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 cistern. Slate is fire proof. Everyone that intends building should use only slate. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a inexhaustible supply of Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spouts, &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. octb WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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.

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.

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 60 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. "

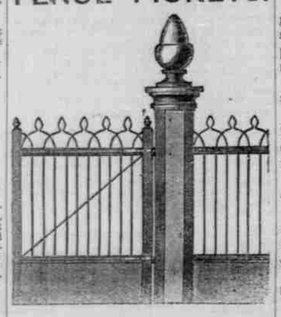
Larger sizes in proportion.

WEYAND & PLATT Sole Agents for Somerset County. Somerset, Pa., May 18, 1872.

MINERAL POINT 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

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 MERCHANT 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

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

GET THE BEST!! HOWE'S STANDARD

SCALES, Of every size and description. The largest assortment of Scales for Grocers Druggists and Butchers. Spring Balances, Warehouse Trucks, Patent Alarm Cash Drawers and Grocers' Fixtures. Coal, Hay and Cattle Scales W. A. M'CLURG, General Agent, 62 Wood St., PITTSBURGH. Also, Agent for Marvin's World Renowned FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. may13

NEW STORE! SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at Millwood Station, Somerset & Mineral Point Railroad, and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandise, consisting of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c., All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce. WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs. MAPLE SUGAR, Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods. SALT AND FISH. always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold. SCHELL & WILSON.

J. G. HARVEY & CO., *BUTTER COMMISSION MERCHANTS* 67 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE. Liberal cash advances on consignments and returns promptly made.

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

THE DOORSTEP.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STODDARD.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the the girls come tripping past
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me got the mitten.

But no; she blushed and took my arm!
We left the old folks take the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story:
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O, sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet did its face, as if it said,
"Come now or never! do it! do it."

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill
I'd give—But who can live life over.

THE ROUNDWOOD GHOST.

At last I had an habitation of my own, an imposing red brick structure, roomy enough to furnish homes for a full score of demure little mortals like myself.

"You will lose yourself in this great barn of a house, Madelon," said Aunt Jerusha, who had accompanied me to Roundwood to be the ruling divinity of the *menage*.

"It would not be much of a loss to the world in general, if I should."

"Humph, I have no predilections for mistletoe boughs and old oak chests. I want no such skeletons rising up to murder my rest."

"Trouble comes fast enough without borrowing it."

"At any rate I've spoken my mind and not without reason. It is doubtful if you have heard all that I have concerning your new possessions?"

Aunt Jerusha looked so solemn that I quickly asked:

"What have you heard?"

"Roundwood has a ghost. You needn't laugh—it may prove to be no laughing matter. I got the story from the servants. Not a soul of them but is convinced that the house is haunted."

"Tell me what they say."

"It is really quite dreadful, Madelon. They declare that Madame Belgrave can't rest quietly in her grave, but comes back to her old room night after night, and walks the floor until morning."

"Has anybody seen her?"

"No, but all of them have heard her pacing up and down the apartment."

"Humph, the ghost must be laid. I don't like the idea of being disturbed at all hours of the night by any such uncanny people."

"Nor I," drily "but who will do it?"

"I will," was my answer, as I caught up a sun bonnet from the wall and darted out into the garden to escape Aunt Jerusha's solemn visage, while I ruminated upon the ways and means.

However, the prim, old-fashioned garden, with its quaint angular walks, and funny little beds, from which the flowers lifted bright and smiling faces, as if in welcome, soon drove all thoughts of the ghost from my mind.

I wandered up and down the box-bordered paths, peeping into grape arbors, and summer-houses, inhailing the balsamic odors in the air, and hugging to myself the delicious sense of possession until I grew quite jubilant. Of all pleasures that of proprietorship was the keenest just then. And why, indeed, should not a nice brick house, with available grounds be a source of enjoyment?

I had reached the lower portion of the grounds, and was looking around upon my domain with quite the air of a princess, when my gaze suddenly encountered a free and easy figure leaning over the wicket in the hedge-row. Starting at the vision I rubbed my eyes, looked a second time, and exclaimed involuntary, "Lawrence Belgrave!"

The figure lifted its hat and smiled a cheerful good morning

"I am no spirit, Miss Lane. Do, pray, try to look a trifle less startled and dismayed."

My emotion was quite pardonable—for this reason; to this man I stood in the light of a usurper——I had cheated him out of his inheritance. He had been nearer related to Madame Belgrave—in fact a sort of protege of hers, whom she brought up with the understanding that he was to inherit her coupon bonds and bank stock some day. But twelve months prior to this time there had been a violent quarrel between the old lady and Lawrence, he had left Roundwood in high dudgeon, and, to retaliate, Madame Belgrave had made a will, leaving all her property to me.

The quarrel was never made up, and Madame had died very suddenly in a fit, which found her incapable of expressing any last wishes she might have had, so the will in my favor was the one produced at the funeral, and I found myself suddenly transformed from a country schoolm'am with one decent silk and two merinos, to a very rich woman, with the means to supply her wardrobe indefinitely.

So you will comprehend that if I felt somewhat dismayed on seeing that vision at the gate, I had abundant cause for it. However I mustered up courage, and went and shook hands with him in a cordial manner.

"You did give me quite a start, Mr. Belgrave, and I might as well plead guilty."

"I am sorry." Then he stood looking at me curiously for a moment, "I suppose I ought to congratulate you, Miss Lane, on your recent good fortune. Shall I?"

"If you can do so sincerely—not otherwise."

He laughed. "Then I will keep my breath for other purposes."

"Shall you ever forgive me for having supplanted you?"

"I don't know, my great expectations have turned out nearly as delusive as those of poor Pip. I ought to hate you, Miss Lane, but I don't—quite."

"Thanks for the margin that saves me from utter condemnation."

"I can't help thinking," he went on, reflectively, "that Madame Belgrave meant to restore me to favor finally, and that only opportunity was lacking. Proud and obstinate as she was, I am sure that she loved me."

"And so, on the strength of that opinion—which may or may not be correct—you expect me to abdicate in your favor?"

"I did not say so." Again his eyes swept my face curiously. "Is it in your heart to be so generous?"

I shook my head.

"Remember I've tasted the cup of poverty—and it is bitter to my palate. It seems delightful to be rid of the toil and anxiety attendant on earning one's own living, don't think I could take up the old burden again."

"I know you would like lotos eating."

"Who doesn't, for that matter? Besides it has all the zest of a new sensation just now. I may tire of it—but that seems impossible."

"Not to me."

"Apropos of this inheritance of mine, I'll tell you what I am willing to do, Mr. Belgrave. I'll share it with you."

He opened his eyes as if suspicious his ears had played him false.

"Are you serious?"

"I never was more so."

"Ah! Conscience has begun to prick you already."

"Not a bit of it."

There was a slight pause, and then he said, with an amused smile: "And so you are anxious Roundwood should have a master as well as a mistress?"

"You know I do not mean that," I returned, blushing and speaking quite angrily. "This inheritance more than meets my luxurious notions—you have a sort of claim on it—I am quite willing to make over the half to you. Indeed an idea of that sort has been in my head all along."

"This is Quixotic."

"No, it is making two people comfortable and happy instead of only one."

"But I refuse to be made comfortable and happy at your expense. If Madame Belgrave had wished me to have shared her property, she would have left some document expressing her desire."

"Perhaps there is a will that has not come to light," said I, laughingly.

He gave a quick start and changed color.

"I can't help thinking so, but it is a delusive hope I fear."

"You are entirely too anxious to consign me to obscurity and school keeping again."

"No, you should never go back to that drudgery, if—"

He stopped suddenly, hesitated a moment, then held out his hand.

"Really, I feel like an intruder here, Miss Lane. I'd better say good morning, and leave you, before I am betrayed into any further folly."

He turned abruptly away, "Did you know there was a ghost at Roundwood?" I called after him.

"No." looking back.

"They say Madame Belgrave—a sure indication that she is displeased with something—probably the unjust disposition she made of her property."

An expression I utterly failed to comprehend floated over his face.

"You have no occasion to be troubled on that score, he answered and went his way.

I watched him until the windings of the road hid his tall, stalwart figure entirely from view, and then returned to the house in a reflective mood.

"Aunt Jerusha," I said abrubtly, "I am going to sleep in the haunted room to-night."

She stared at me utterly aghast.

"You foolish child, you would not dare—"

"Have the room thoroughly aired and made comfortable," I interrupted, in the brusque, decided tone of one who doesn't wish to enter into any argument. "I shall occupy the apartment to-night, so the least said about the matter the better."

Occupy it I did—at least for a season—taking up the line of march about eleven o'clock.

Aunt Jerusha followed me to the door and these said good-bye, with a face as solemn and a tone as lugubrious as though I were about to be hung.

"Scream if you are frightened, Madelon, and we will all hasten to your assistance, I hope you won't be a raving maniac in the morning. I have heard of such things."

"I'd rather be a raving maniac than a fool," was my impatient rejoinder.

Madame Belgraves's room—as we called it—was a large chamber on the second floor. The furniture was quaint and old fashioned, of some dark foreign wood, with immense carved feet that looked very odd and ridiculous to my new fashioned eyes. The walls were of oak, thickly paneled, and over the carved chimney piece was a raised figure—tipical of Heaven only konws what—with a diminutive shield extended in one hand.

I had barely glanced round at my quarters when something flitted past my head with a whizzing sound, and lighted in the middle of the shield. A quick, half frightened glance at the object in question brought a smile to my lips. It was a bat.

Now I had always a great anipathy to these vampire like creatures; so catching up the poker from the fender I aimed a deadly blow at the intruder.

The bat escaped unhurt through the open window, being too quick for me; but the poker descended with considerable force on the spot where he should have been. The same instant I heard a sharp clicking noise, and the shield slid away, revealing to my astonished gaze a small chamber constructed in the massive chimney.

In this novel hiding place lay a pile of papers. Trembling a good deal, I caught up the topmost one and hastily examined it by the aid of the flickering candle. Instantly I knew that my startled conjecture was a shrewd one, and that I now held in my hand Madame Belgrave's true and last will and testament, and Lawrence Belgrave, not I, was the rightful owner of Roundwood.

It was scarcely a pleasant discovery to make. Thoroughly bewildered, I dropped in one of the quaint, easy chairs, trying hard to command my wandering senses sufficiently to realize it in all its bearings. My candle sputtered and went out presently, but still I sat there quite oblivious to the fact, thinking only of my loneliness and the treadmill of poverty to which I must return. At last I was aroused by a rustling sound, and a muffled step on the balcony without. With a sudden thrill of horror I beheld a dark figure rise up before the window and slide noiselessly over the sill. The next instant a lark lantern flashed its light over the room. I started to my feet with a shriek of uncontrolable terror; in an attempt to rush to the door my limbs failed utterly, and I crouched pale and panting against the wall.

"Miss Lane, you here!" said a voice; and the man put down the lantern and came towards me. "I beg a thousand pardons for giving you such a start."

It was Lawrence. I rose up again, thoroughly ashamed of myself for having manifested such extreme terror.

"My emotion was excusable," said I with all the old sauciness, for I had grown bold as a lion again, now there was no real horror to confront. "I did not expect to see you at Roundwood, to-night, hence my surprise."

"The fact is," he replied, manifesting considerable confusion, "I have come here for every night for two weeks back, hunting for Madame Belgrave's will. Lawyer Greene has told me she made one about six months since. He thinks she destroyed it afterwards, as it has not come to light. I hold to a different opinion. The will was in my favor, as you may readily guess, and I believe it is hidden in some place which Madame was prevented from disclosing by the awful suddeness of her death."

"Then you were the ghost," I gasped.

"I suppose I must have been."

"Well, it's laid forever, You have no further need to haunt this apartment. Here is the missing document for which you have been searching; to-morrow I will abdicate as gracefully as possible, and Richard shall have his own again."

And while he stood staring at me as if quite dumbfounded, I pushed the will into his hand and made a second effort to gain the door.

This time it was Lawrence who detained me forcibly.

"Don't go, Madelon," he whispered, his arm gathering me close to his side. "Now I can speak my mind I'll not be master here unless you consent to be mistress, for I love you too dearly. What say you?"

I will not repeat my answer here. But if Aunt Jerusha had hurried to my assistance—as she declared she would do—a few minutes after I first shrieked for assistance, she would have beheld a tableau that might have given quite a shock to her strict ideas of propriety.

How Toads Dine.

When our toad gets into his mouth an insect too large for his tongue to thrust down his throat (and I know of there attempting a wounded humming-bird) he resorts to the nearest stone and presses the protruding part of his mouthful against it and thus crowds it down his throat. This can be observed at any time by tying a locust's hind legs together and throwing it before a small toad. On one occasion I gave a yellow-striped locust to a little toad in its second summer, when he was in the middle of a very wide gravel walk. In a moment he had the locust's head down his throat, its hinder parts intruding, and started for a stone or clod; but finding none at hand in either direction, he lowred his head and crept along, pushing the locust against the ground. But the angle with the ground was too small and my walk two well rolled. To increase the angle he straightened his hind legs up, but in vain. At length he threw up his hind quarters and actually stood on his head, or rather on the locust sticking out of his mouth, and after repeating this once or twice, succeeded in getting himself outside of his dinner. But these instances of ingenious adaptation to the circumstances were exceeded by a four-year-old toad at Antioch College. I was tossing him live earth-warms while digging, and presently threw him so large a specimen that he was obliged to attack one end only. The end was instantly transferred to his stomach, the other end writhing free in the air and coiled about the toads head. He waited until the worm's writhings gave him a chance, swallowing half an inch, then, taking a nap with his jaws, waited for a chance to draw in another half. But there was so many half inches to dispose of that at length his jaws grew tired, lost their firmness of grip, and the worm crawled out five-eighths of an inch between each half-inch swallowing. The toad, perceiving this, brought his right hand to aid his jaws, grasping his abdomen with his foot, and by a little effort getting hold of the worm in his stomach from the outside he thus, by his foot, held fast to what he had gained by each swallow, and presently succeeded in getting the worm entirely down—*Thomas Hill, at the American Scientific Associatcino.*

Love at first sight—the mother for her babe.

"Squire, Marry Us Quick."

A Cannelton (Ind.) justice of the peace has lately performed a matrimonial feat which entitles him to the kind regard and business consideration of every pair of closely-pursued and hotly-pressed lovers in the world. Cannelon is one of Kentucky's convenient Gretna Greens—much the better and safer for being in another State, with the sweet flowing Ohio between.

A pretty little Kentucky girl was loved by two brothers. She was not able to decide between them, and left the question with themselves to settle. They met one day on the way to the house of the lady, and commenced the argument of which was the best man in the old Kentucky style of "off with the coat and at it." While they were thus discussing their relative merits, and both getting very tired of the debate, another young fellow who had no fraternal rival, slipped into the house, told of the disgraceful scene in progress between the brothers, and asked the young lady to split the difference ane get rid of the ruffians by taking him. The picture he painted her was so bright that she took him at his word and both hastened to get out of the State. They hied them to the river, and on the way engaged a holy man of Hawesville to come over as quick as he coul l and bring his wedding ceremonial outfit for their everlasting benefit. He agreed to skiff over the river in a short time, and told them to go and be as happy as they could until he came. They crossed over to Cannelton and hastened to procure the necessary wedding documents by the laws of Indiana made and provided for such venturers. They got it and were walking hand in hand just outside the gates of Eden, waiting for them to swing open with silver music and admit them to still forbidden joys.

There was just enough fear of pursuit to make it lively for their young hearts, and cause them to tremble on the brink of blessedness. They came to Castleberry bridge over a rippling stream, which was too wide to jump and too deep to wade. The bridge was undergoing repairs, and a large portion of the floor was torn up. They stopped and looked into the gulf below through the bare beams. They gazed over to the Kentucky shore, and saw a boat full of men rowing across with steady stroke. Pursued! That was the first thought. They would perish together rather than be torn assunder. Hand in hand they advanced one step nearer the gulf, before taking the fatal plunge through the gaping bridge beams.

A moment more and they would have been safe from pursuit, and locked in each other's arms at the pebbly bottom of the stream. "Hold! rash, impetuous children." They looked up and saw the smiling face of Squire Patterson, like a rising sun on the other side of the bridge. They knew him in their calmer, happier days. The young lady was on the most intimate footing with the Squire and she very naturally took the position of spokesman. She halloed across, "Squire, marry us quick!" at the same time pointing to the boat advancing with now audibly splashing oars. The Squire took in the situation in a twinkling, and shouted: "All right send on your papers." The young man picked up a handy stone and tying the license to it with his handkerchief, flung it across, while the young woman was crying at the top of her voice, "Here they come! They are ready to land! Do it quick Squire!" The squire did it quick, and shouted the marriage ceremony across the water, and bridged the yawning chasm with safety for those two willing hearts and young lives so very near the brink. He ended, "I pronounce you man and wife. Go and tell 'em, what God hath joined together, let no man burst asunder. Young man, tie a dollar to another dornick and heave it over."

That little matter was all settled nicely, and the young couple breathed again. They were married and proclaimed man and wife so quick that it made their heads swim. They could now dare life, and brave all the world, especially their eager pursuers, who had landed from the boat. They turned towards the skiff-passengers with proud defiance, and suddenly came to their sober senses. The boat brought over the holy man of Hawesville, whom they had engaged to marry them, and his party and the young couple felt a slight color of shame in their faces.

Aurella's Unfortunate Young Man.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San Jose. She is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself, "Aurella Marie," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortune she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the full consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by a immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with the small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a wafflemold, and his comeliness gone forever. Aurella thought to break off the engagement first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage day for a season and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurella was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the poor youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth of July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding machine. Aurella's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be grieved to see her love passing from her by peacemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted like brokers who hold on and loose, that she had not taken him at first before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friends unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding day approached and again disappointment overshadowed it; Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, came forward and insisted that the match shoeld be broken off, but, after wavering a while Aurella, with a generous spirit that did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeon reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections were growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred.—There was but one man scalped by the Owens river Indians last year.—That man was William Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurella is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build him? If Aurella can afford the experiment, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show, say ninety days, without grace and if he does not break his neck in the mean time, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me there is much risk any way, Aurella, because if he sticks to his singular propensity for damaging himself everytime he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are safe, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess revert to the widow, and you see, you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragments of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Marie. I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy, and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not feel exasperated at him.

A Genealogical Tree.

We read that the city of, New York now contains an American Genealogical Tree, which in certain particulars resembles "Burkee's Peerage," or "Landed Gentry," the only difference being that ten cents a name is demanded as the price of aristocratic registry. Taken at random one of the items may reed somewhat in this style: Maloney—Bridget—The honorable Lady—Washerwoman. The Maloneys are a very ancient race; so ancient that during a great rain storm known as the flood Timothy Maloney sailed in a tub of his own. The present family are a branch of the Maloneys of Ballinamuck in the county of Tippera-ry, the original cadet of which house fell gallantly trying to touch the earth with a rope twined around his stalwart neck. Her Ladyship has been twice married, her first husband being Patrick O'Flannigan, Esq., of Donnehue, an officer in the police force, who, being much addicted to hospitality, fell a victim to his high spirits. Her second venture, Michael Maloney, Esq., of the Five Points, having lost his estate in Ireland, is now the proprietor of a famous castle known as the "Harp of Erin." Lady Maloney has issue—Patrick, in the wharf business—Phelan, bootblack, and Teddy, gossoon. When in town her Ladyship's residence is No. 9,360 Chatham street, but she occasionally visits her country seat on Blackwell's Island.

The Cost of Living.

Valuable statistics in regard to the comparative cost of living in America and Europe are given in the last "Massachusetts Labor Reports."

"One dollar will buy twenty pounds of flour in Boston, one or two pounds more in some European seaports