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The Somerset Herald

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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. 12-1y.

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. 17 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. & R. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y

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

JOHN G. 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 70-1y

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

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL R. 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. R. 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 14.

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 attended to with promptness and fidelity. marc2 '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 his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.

Night calls promptly answered. dec. 18, '72-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George R. 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

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 Barr House. jan. 21, '70.

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

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block. no4'72

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 estyle. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing; result me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jel2-72

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, refitted and refurnished this large and commodious Hotel, I now invite my Somerset County friends to call on me, and hope by prompt attention to their wants and moderate charges, to merit their patronage. Table supplied with the best the market affords. 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. Flick, 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. O. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office. mmar22 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 HILL.

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

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

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SLATE ROOFS. Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of

Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE

for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at No. 25 Bedford St., Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with John A. Walter, Agent, Somerset, Pa. oct6 WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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.

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

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It will not freeze, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.

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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.

Times:—¾ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 50c. ⅞ foot. 1 " " 18; " 65c. " Larger sizes in proportion.

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WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,

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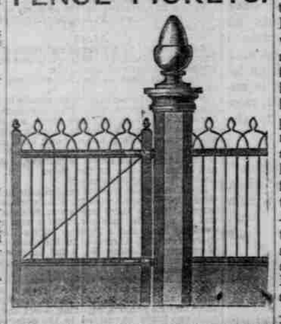
SIMMONS & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FINE CIGARS and the best brands of Navy and Bright Tobaccos, 408 Market Street, Above Fourth, PHILADELPHIA. sep10

FENCE PICKETS.



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For sale by all Iron and Hardware Dealers.

01 & 92 Water Street and 114 and 116 First Ave. Pittsburg. may20

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

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 Merchandize, 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.

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DEACON JONES' EXPERIENCE.

(ARKANSAS CONFERENCE.)

—1874—

Ye'r right when you lays it down, Parson,
Thet the flesh is weak and a mare;
An to keep yer plow in the furrow
When yer cattle begins to rare—
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,
The same may be said of prayer!

Why, I stood the jokes, on the river,
Of the boys, when the critters found
Thet may be ye mind, went round,
Thet I'd jined the Church, and the sucker
The day I sat down with the mourners,
In the old camp meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I reckon
I might, at a pinch, stood more—
For the boys, they represents Bael,
And I stands as the Rock of the Law,
And it seemed like a moral scrimmage,
In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers,
As hes'nt got that pretense—
Things with no moral purpose,
Things ez hes got no sense;
Things ez, somehow, no profit
Will cover their first expense.

Ez how! I was jist last evenin'
Addressin' the Throne of Grace,
And mother knelt in the corner,
And each of the boys in his place—
When that sneaking pup of Keziah's,
To Jonathan's cat give chase!

I never let on to mind 'em,
I never let on to hear,
But drove that prayer down the furrow
With the cat hidin under my cheer,
And Keziah a whisperin' "sic her!"
And mother a sayin' "you dare!"

I asked for a light for the heathen,
To guide on his narrer track,
With that dog and that cat jest waltzin',
And Johnathan's face jest black,
When the pup made a rush, and the kitten—
Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think, with the Lord's assistance,
I might have continered then,
If gettin' her holt, that kitten
Hed'nt dropped her claws in me,—when
It somehow reached the "Old Adam,"
And I jumped to my feet with "Amen."

So, ye'r right when you says it, Parson,
That the flesh is weak and a snare,
And to keep yer plow in the furrow
When yer cattle begins to rare,
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,
I say its jist so with prayer.

BRET HARTE.

WHO TOOK THE PREMIUM.

Amanda Wheating and Nell Eustis were neighbors in the town of Brierly Centre, both daughters of well-to-do farmers. They had been at South Hadley together for the finishing touch after the district school had done its best for them, and Nell had learned, among other thngs, to play a few tunes on the piano by means of natural aptitude for the fine arts; and since returning home she had found time to look after her father's house and dairy and by teaching the district school summers—they never allowed that privelege to a woman during the winter term—she had laid up a enough to buy a second-hand piano in the city. When Nell showed Amanda the money, and confided her intentions to her, Amanda had a new sensation. Hitherto she had always been ahead of Nell, so to speak. Her black alpacas had been finer than Nell's, and had born off the palm in the matter of triming, her shawls had been more numerous and more gorgeous, her bonnet more showy and ribbons more frequent; for a country girl, in short, she had invariably led the styles in Brierly Centre, and she had done them credit with her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Now if Nell was to have a piano, if she was to learn to play on it, A manda's existence would be imbittered beyond a peradventure. There was but one piano in all Brierly Centre, and that was up to old Squire Brierly's and nobody to open it from year's end to year's end.

"Dear me! Nell," said Amanda, "what makes you think of wasting your money on such foolishness as a piano, when you don't know how to use it, and it'll take such a sight of room?"

"Oh it'll just fit into the angle by the chimney," said Nell, happy as a cricket on the hearth; and I mean to learn to use it—see if I don't."

"I don't see who will teach you; and it costs a power of money."

"I've thought may be Deacon Small might give me some hints; he plays the base-viol in the choir, you know. And then folks can learn by themselves. I've read about it—there's Mozart and—"

"Lor sakes!" laughed Amanda, "I s'pose you're a Mozart, or some of those fellows who knew music by nature. You arn't vain nor anything, are you Nell!"

"Maybe I am," answered Nell, pleasantly.

"One can't get on without a trifle of vanity; it's sort of wholesome stuff, after all that's been said about it, but it's like homœpathic medicine—a little goes a good ways. Anyways I could play Fisher's Hornpipe, Chorus Jig, and Old Hundred at South Hadley. And I thought it would sort of liven father up, after the day's chores were done to hear a little music if it wasn't so fine, before the candles are lit, between daylight and dark. It's sociable like, a little music is; then it would be handy for a dance any winter evening."

"What's that about winter evenings asked Tom Brierly, the Squire's son, and hero of the place, lounging in at the open door, with that familiar air of his which made him welcome everywhere. "A dance? I'll engage you for the first cotillion, Nelie, can I?"

"Oh dear, no," giggled Amanda. "She's going to be the band herself."

"Mandy's laughing at me," explained Nell, because I'm going to buy a piano with my earnings."

"Let those laughed who win," cried Tom, lightly. "We'll play duets together, Nell."

"Well, I'm no company for such famous musicians," said Amanda, "I guess I'll be going home."

"I'm going your way," said Tom, rising.

"Oh so soon?" pleaded Nellie.

"I didn't think of stopping—I heard the music of your voices as I came by."

"It don't compare with the music Nell will make on her piano."

"Well, good-by, Nell. Let me know when you are ready to begin the duet. By-the-by, what shall it be—'The Rose that All are Praising?'" then he went off laughing with Amanda, and left Nell looking after them with hungry eyes and a heart heavy with unspoken wishes. What happiness would there be in the possession of a piano, or a world, if Tom preferred Amanda? And yet, was she to dream of taking the fancy of a young fellow like Tom Brierly—she with her pale face, plain ways and serious eyes? The women of his family had been used to rustle in stiff silks, and shine in sheen of lace, with sunshine and powder tangled in their dimpled cheeks; at least, that was the story their portraits told, hanging and growing dusty in the great hall year after year. It was hardly likely that the heir of such traditions would think of her; and yet it was her day-dream, her aspiration, that some day he might—a presumptuous dream; but he was always so kind. Amanda, with her colors, pretty confidence and dashing ways, might beguile the heart of a seraph, she fancied; and, after all Tom was only a young man, with a man's relish for warmth, vitality, and beauty. What if it should come to pass, and she should have to live out her life next door to Tom and his wife and watch the shadows upon the curtains, and see their children go in and out. After all, perhaps, she needed the piano, in order that she might confide the secret that sometimes seemed too big for her one heart to hold.

"Nell is so odd!" said Amanda, as she and Tom loitered home. "What do you suppose she wants with a piano—a girl who spends half her time in the dairy and kitchen?"

"A piano isn't a bad investment, and Deacon Small says Nell's got a talent that oughtn't to be hid in a napkin"—laughing.

"Oh, that's it! He's been turning her head with his flatteries. I wonder he dosn't marry her and be done with it!"

"Marry Nell! Deacon Small!" cried Tom, with a start and a laugh. "Did he ever dare propose such a thing?"

"They say she has had it under consideration. Folks think she could't do better."

"Couldn't she?" said Tom uneasily.

"He's got means, you know," said Amanda, seriously, "and Nell's got ambition."

"And he's old enough to be her grandfather."

"Some folks, you know, would sooner be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"You wouldn't?"

"I'll wait till the young man asks me,"

answered Amanda, suggestively as well as wisely, and tossing her head as she bade him good-bye.

"It can't be that Nell would marry the deacon for 'his means,' mused Tom; "Amanda's such a little apple blossom it's hard tor a fellow to make up his mind. Jehu! what a conceited ass I am! Perhaps Nell would not marry me any way. There's a look in her eye, though, that makes me feel sometimes as if there wasn't anybody else in the wide world—and then Amanda'll throw one of her saucy glances this way and raise the duce in me!"

"I'm going to make some of those raised doughnuts that father likes," said Amanda; "I'm going to surprise him with 'em."

"Wa'al, there's nothin' to hinder," returned the mother, "only the emptin's is out."

"That's always the way. if I take a notion to do anything—"

Wa'al you don't take a notion often enough to hurt; but if your's sot on it, you might toss up a roly-poly; he likes that a sight better, only it's apt ter swell in his stomach."

"Dear me! but it stains your hands so, pealing apples," said Amanda, who was too ornamental to be useful. In fact, the neighbors had asserted long ago that the Wheatings were spoiling Amanda; that she wasn't brought up as a farmer's daughter should be; she couldn't make a baking nor take off a churning no more than a baby. These things had come to Farmer Wheating's ears and made them burn. So when he came home to dinner and found the roly-poly smoking hot on the table, he smacked his lips and said:

"Jest see what a wife your mother is, Mandy. Ye'll never hev the sense to make sich a titbit fur yer husband like this 'ere. Ye'll hev to pick up an' git accomplished in yer cookin', Mandy, if yer want to git married; fur they do say a man's heart's reached through his stomach, an' I dunno but they're about right.

"I guess I shan't have much trouble in getting married when I want to," pouted Amanda, with a toss of her head. "And that's all the thanks I get for staining my hands peeling apples and blistering my face over the oven."

"Helloa, Mandy, you don't mean ter say you made it! I'd as soon expected the moon ter turn ter green cheese."

"You're mighty encouraging.—When Nell cooks up things just to please her father, he always praises them up to the skies; and it isn't so hard for Nell because she was brought up to it," sulked Amanda.

"Wa'al, ain' I a-praisin' of it, Manda? Ain't I been helped to it twice? What better prais can you hev than that?"

"Nell's going to have a piano too," pouted Amanda, who was hankering after something more substantial than praise.

"A pianny! What's she goin' to do with it? Keep it fur the chickens ter roost on? Old Eustis is a-shellin' out 'pears to me. I s'pose you'll be waintin' one next?"

"I'd give all I'm worth to get one first," confessed Amanda. "She'll be so highfalutin you can't touch her, and it's dreadful uncomfortable to live beside neighbors who put on airs."

"An' I s'pose a pianna would make you kinder humble like, Mandy. Wa'al if you wus ter take a premium at the county fair fur the best butter, I'd buy you a pianny. There's a bargain fu you!"

"Lor sakes! I never made a pound in all my born days. But mother could help me."

"No, no; mother shan't put a finger to it—honor bright. I'm goin' ter show the folks as how you're equal to eny of the farmers' daughters. I ain't goin' ter hev it throwed in my face no longer that we've fetched you up above yer station."

"Well, I don't care if I try it. If I don't take the premium, there won't be any harm done, and if I do, you'll buy me a brand-new seven octave piano—honor bright?"

"Yes I will; seven octave, or seventy whatever an octave may be;" for Mr. Wheating and his wife had acquired an education by proxy, and they believed in it thoroughly.

And so Amanda went to work with a will; she was diligent at the weekly churning. Nell always sent butter to the county fair, and had taken a premium only last year. If she could only eclipse Nell! And there was Tom Brierly too. How proud he would be to take her into the county dinner—the best butter maker in Brierly Centre—for Tom appreciated those things, and she had heard him declare that he would be proud of a domestic wife who could turn her hand to anything, like Mrs. Kitchen; and the reason why she had never striven forthat pinnacle was because she fancied that he would be proud of her on any terms. Beaux came by nature, but a piano was a different affair. Still she had no faith in her own handicraft, and every time she sent her butter to market she expected it to return unsold. The fair was to be held at Brierly Centre that year, and the time drew nigh, and Amanda got so nervous over the prospect that she dreamed she was a pound of butter left to melt in the sun; and her favorite nightmare was that the premium was Tom, and Nell's butter took it. She found out the days on which Nell churned, and always took care to drop in and taste the butter, in order to compare it with her own, which did not in the least conduce to her comfort, but left the bitter flavor of envy on her palate.

"What are you going to stamp your butter with, Nell?" she asked one day, while Nell was braiding a rag mat, and Tom Brierly offered suggestions about harmony in the color of the rags.

"Oh, I always use that old stamp of grandma's the sheaf of wheat," replied Nell. "There, will this piece of of scarlet flannel be out of taste beside the stripes of my old blue delain, think?"

"Who ever heard of taste in a rag mat?" laughed Amanda, peevishly. "Do let's talk about the fair. I've got butter on the brain."

"A fatty degenercy of the brain, eh?" insinuated Tom.

"Now don't laugh; if you had a premium to take you wouldn't fell so easy."

"Wouldn't I, though?"

"Do you send your butter to the town hall, Nell, in your butter box, as if it was going to market?"

"Exactly," said Nell, sorting her rags—"this bit of orange wouldn' go in badly there?—yes with my name on a card in the box."

"Would you'd mind lending me your stamp—the sheaf of wheat—after you have done using it?"

"Not the least in the world."

"I broke mine last churning."

"I'll send it over." And that was how it happened that Nell stamped her own butter with a strawberry instead of a sheaf of wheat.

So far Amanda had been as honest as the sun. "Mother hadn't so much as touched she churn-dasher, and it was not until the evening before fair-day, that the father of lies, or original sin made a suggestion to her naturally not in accordance with "honor bright."

The butter, cheese, vegetable, fruit and fancy work were all displayed in the town hall, ready fo the morrow's judgment, Nell's and Amanda's among the rest; and it had unfortunately fallen to Mr. Wheatings part—he being one of the judges on fruits and vegetables, and the nearest neighbor—to lock up the hall and take the key home, in order to make sure that the products of the country were not molested. Amanda saw him come in and hang the key behind the keeping-room door.

"What's that, father?" she asked.

"It's the key to the town hall, that's all."

And then her evil genius "said his say," and she wrestled with him till all the house was asleep, and was worsted. She threw a shal over her shoulders just as the clock struck eleven, ahd took down the key stealthily, looking over her shoulder the while. I must have the piano, at all odds," her thoughts ran, "and as for the premium, I'll make it up to Nell some day." The moonlight was so bright she had no need of a lantern. She hurried accross the fields into the highway, brushing the dew as she went straight to the town hall and let herself in. The moon, playing fantastic pranks among the strange assemblage there, startled her at first. A mammoth cabbage seemed to be shaking its head at her; the eyes of the potatoes winked at her knowingly; the air was rank with the odor of fruit. She knew exactly where the butter box had been placed, and Nell's too; she remembered that the boxes were counterparts of each other, both small and unpainted. All she did in the world was to place her own box in the place of Nell's, and exchange cards with her. Then she slipped out again, and the great door groaned on its hinges, and the groan echoed throughout the silent hall; and before she was fairly out of its shadows, somebody pass by on the other side, whistling. "The Rose that All are Praising." She drew the shawl over her head, for it was Tom Brierly, who paused and looked after her retreating figure. Where had Tom been at this hour? At Nell's perhaps, looking at the piano. She had seen it arrive that night with her own eyes, and had not plucked up heart enough to go in and praise it. It oseemed to bad that Nell should have the piano and the premium both; for the foolish girl hadn't a doubt but Nell's butter would be the best; it had taken the premium once, and people weren't apt to retrograde in the matter of making butter. But then, if Tom should find her out how he would despise her, and at that thought she was hurrying away from her misdeed, she would gladly have returned and made it all honor bright again, but for fear of meeting Tom and being detected.

The next day the roads were gay, and alive with folks flocking in from the neighborhing towns, dressed in their Sunday best. There was a plowing match worth seeing, at which Tom Brierly himself took a prize; and, to crown all, there was a grand dinner in the big tent, to which everybody walked by twos to the music of the fife and drum from West Brierly, and all the nobodies stood aside and stared, and consoled themselves with sarcastic remarks on the toilettes in the procession, and then went and peeped through the chinks of the tent till their mouths watered.

Tom Brierly came in a little late to the dinner, flushed and handsome from his plowing, and Amanda's heart gave a great thump when he dropped into a vacant seat beside Nell, while she sat opposite, with nobody but Deacon Small to do the gallantries.

"I hope I'm not putting myself into somebody else's place," said Tom.

"I guess it's all right," answered Dr. Thoroughwort. "There's many who would like to put themselves into your shoes, I reckon."

Amanda cringed as if somebody had struck her, and Nell blushed a becoming rose-color. And then followed speeches and toasts, and flirtations and philopœnaing, and Amanda sat through it all, shivering and burning by turns, hearing nothing of the pleasantries going on about her, with no relish for cake or comfit, because Nell Eustis had taken the first premium on butter! That had been the result of her night's work of exchanging cards and butter boxes with Nell! To be sure it was Amanda's butter that had taken the prize, in spite of her want of faith, but how could she make it known? With what face could she declare it? Surely her sin had found her out.

"Seems ter me you ain't got your usual spirrits nor appetite, Miss Mandy," said the deacon. "In love, eh? Wont you hev a drop of this honey, say? It'll make your cheeks red an' your hair curl! Patty Jones took the premium on honey, did you see? The doctor he asked her, the wag, if she made it, or the bees. I s'pose Miss Nell's rather set up with her premium on butter, ain't she? Young Brierly is kinder sweet on her, eh?

At the other side of the table Tom Brierly was whispering to Nell, "So I see your rag mat took a prize. If it was for sale I should buy it."

"Oh, I'll give it to you if you want it, Tom," said Nell.

"There's something else I wish you'd give me instead, Nell. Have you tasted these gillyflowers? What's the matter? You look pale. Any deadly secret in your mind? Make me father confessor, Nell, do! I'm afraid that, it doesn't agree with you to take premiums. I'll tell you what, Nell, if you'll marry me, and come up to the Hall to live, I shall think I've drawn the first premium in the country.

"Oh, Tom," gasped Nell, under her breath, "I don't know what to do! I must tell somebody! I'm almost wild! I—I didn't take the premium for butter! Somebody has exchanged cards with me. You see, I should never have found it out, but I stamped my butter with a strawberry; and that which took the premium had my card attached to the box, but it's stamped with—well, no matter what, it's different, that's all. It isn't my butter."

"Is that all?" caied Tom. "You gave me such a start! I thought you were going to tell me that your affections were engaged to the deacon, or you'd been changed in your cradle!"

"Now don't laugh at me, Tom."

"Its no laughing matter, I can assure you, when a fellow offers his heart, and gets nothing back."

"Oh, Tom, what do you want more than I've given you already?"

"You've given me the rag mat, and now I want you. Give some people an inch, and they'll want a Nell."

"But what shall I do about the butter?"

"I'll tell the judges there has been a mistake made——"

"And then she'll know that she has been found out."

"And she ought to know it."

But it'll hurt her; she'll never be able to hold up her head again. And, don't you see, she has been punished already."

"Yes, I dare say she's heartily ashamed of herself. Perhaps you had better let it go, and give the money to the poor!"

"But I hate to take credit that doesn't belong to me."

However, Mrs. Wheating herself came to the rescue. She went into the town hall to taste the prise butter by means of which poor Amanda lost her piano.

"Bless my eyes!" said she, "that's my Mandy's butter, if I was to die for it! There isn't another lot here stamped with a sheaf of wheat, and I'd take my oath that Mandy's was, though I wasn't fetched up to heer swearing in my father's house. I'll just go and get Nell Eustis, and see if she'll own it." And of course Nell was only too glad to resign the troublesome honor of taking the premium; and the judges were informed, and it was finally reannounced that Amanda was the successful competitor, and nobody dreamed how the mistake had come about.

"They allus muddle and mix things so at teem fairs," explained Mrs. Wheating.

But when Amanda hung fire; she wouldn't hear to it—it cost too much, she hadn't any gift at music—and so the matter dropped. But when Nell fulfilled her dream, and married Tom, and went to live at Brierly Hall, she gave Amanda her second-hand piano that had cost Amanda so much.

And, after all, Tom Brierly thinks that it was he who took the premium at the county fair.

Female Tipplers.

Observation and experience on the part of the police demonstrate the lamentable fact that in this city there are several scores of small children on the highway to the penitentiary and the bagnio, owing to the drunken habits of their mothers. The frequent arrest of intoxicated females by the police painfully indicates an alarming increase of drunkenness among the women. So apparent is this increase that in addition to the anxious query so frequently propounded by the press—"what shall we do with our boys?"—we shall have to seriously consider the puzzling problem, What shall we do with our drunken women? Imprisoning them does no good, besides it deprives their children of even the small care and attention that even the most inebriated of mothers occasionally bestow upon their young. When a woman once becomes a confirmed devotee of the beer-can and the gin-bottle no punishment suffices to cause her to reform her habits. Sometimes there is a temporary spasm of reformation, but it is soon plunged into a mug of beer and drifts away out of sight and memory in the rivulets of beer and gin, and the drunken woman goes on staggering about the streets, into the gutters and the station houses, while her neglected children roam at will and pilfer right and left to supply their appetites, and so become candidates for the penitentiary with the chances ten to one in favor of their election.

A very bad social practice has grown into vogue of late years, which is the real cause of the frightful increase of drunkenness among women. Formerly, when women visited each other to gossip, their social tipple was tea; now, among the classes best off in the point of wealth it is wine, and among the poorer classes beer is the stimulant. A woman in making half a dozen calls during the day will swallow as many glasses of wine or beer during the time. After a while these stimulants are insufficient, and stronger medicines are called in play and at last many succumb to the influences and fall victims to a pernicious social custom.

The cause of the evil being known, it now becomes the task of sociologists to discover the remedy.

A Rural Retreat for Printers.

The public has heard of homes for destitute poets, homes for broken-down actors, homes for superanuated clergymen, homes for unsuccessful literary men, but a home for printers has been reserved for Mr. J. G. Cooley of Middle Hill Farm, North Franklin, Conn., out of love to devise. And why not a home for printers as well as for the poet and the author whose work they immortalize? For if authorship be immortality, the printer is the artizan of immortality. But of the merits of the plan there can be no two opinions. Let us see what are its practical details. Mr. Cooley has a farm of 150 acres, well stocked, and therewith a commodious dwelling-house and appurtenances situated at Middle Hill, North Franklin, Conn. This he proposes to dedicate to the uses of a printers' home. He intends thereby to provide a way for the self-support of about 50 persons. He does not mean the home as a loafing place for the idle, nor a hospital for those who are already sick, but as an opportunity where a peaceful home, in growing age and failing strength, may be enjoyed at the price of moderate labor. Nor is the editor left out in the cold, provived he has first served an apprenticeship as a printer. In regard to these editors, Mr. Cooley cautiously provides that they must be temperate and of good character, but with these qualifications they are welcome. The farm and dwelling-house aforesaid, Mr. Cooley proposes to legally convey to the home, in perpetuity, as soon as the practicability of the scheme is demonstrated. Pending this, he solicits discussions and criticism from the press.

Mr. Cooley began life as a practical printer, became the proprietor of the Norwich *Courier*, drifted to New York, grew rich in the manufacture of wooden type, and now in the maturity of his life, devotes himself and his resources to the realization of a life-long hobby. Now that he has acquired wealth and leisure, their chief value to him is, that they enable him to make up in some sort, for the inequalities of fortune, which have left so many of his fellow-craftsmen to want in old age. We wish him goodspeed in his generous undertaking.

Funeral at Sea.

The sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays. A light breeze played upon the bosom of the slumbering ocean. The stillness of the morning was only disturbed by the ripple of the water, or the diving of a flying fish. It seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters.

The national flag displayed half way down the royal-mast played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import. The vessel glided in stately serenity, and seemed tranquil as the element on wh