Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1875. NO. 29

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly 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. 12-1y.

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 1-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice in law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '74.

JOHN R. HILL, 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, '74.

J. & H. G. 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. 16 '74-y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 15-tf.

SOMERS GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, opposite the Court House. aug. 12, '73.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. M. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be faithfully 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 and Estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

J. G. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care will be dealt with promptness and fidelity. mar17-y.

DR. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Borner House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged.
☞ Night calls promptly answered.
jan. 15, '73.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Pandenberg, 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. Pandenberg, late House 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 in 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 Borner House. jan 21, '74.

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

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
☞ Office in Mammoth Block. may 22

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 neatest style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing work can be by letter, and should be satisfied. Address as above. july22

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Gaither'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 1, '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. The table will be 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. 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 served with the best the market affords. Mr. O. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.
D. LAYAN.
march

DIAMOND HOTEL,
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the travelling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks plenty for Johnstown and vicinity. mar11

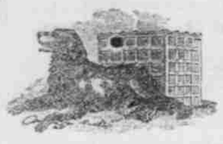
BARNET HOUSE.—
The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased the well known hotel in the borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may have him with their custom.
JOHN HILL.
Apr 17 '72

JOHN WILSON & SON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
207 Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.
mar 26, '73

BUTTER COMMISSION HOUSE,
D. T. Buzby & Co.,
No. 6 Exchange Place
BALTIMORE.
☞ Liberal advances given on BUTTER. GLADE'

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN
SAVINGS BANK.
120 CLINTON STREET.



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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 2 o'clock; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 7½ o'clock.
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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.
JOHN DIBERT & CO.
Feb 21 '72

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
NO. 266 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Henry Schmalzle'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 16-72.

CARPETING.

Henry McCallum,
51 Fifth Avenue,
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Superior English Oil Cloths,
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In every variety.
51 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Wood street.
may22.

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.

FAHNESTOCK WHITE LEAD CO.,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
FAHNESTOCK PURE WHITE LEAD,
Which has sustained such an enviable reputation for so many years. Dealers and Consumers should be particular to see none but our Pure White Lead, as there is a much inferior and adulterated Lead in the market.
We confidently claim for our Lead STRICT PURITY, but that it possesses greater durability, covers more surface for same weight, and is superior in FINENESS and WHITENESS to any other brand. All orders should be addressed to
Fahnestock White Lead Co.,
OR R. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO.,
No. 72 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
oct14

JOSEPH SHEETS & SON,
Undertakers, Berlin Pa., constantly keep on hand and make to order Coffins of all styles and prices, on the shortest notice possible. Having a hearse of the latest style in readiness, we are always prepared to take coffins to and bring corpses to the various cemeteries. april1

LIME. LIME. LIME.
The undersigned having erected lime kilns at Marble Hill, three miles west of Confluence, on the Pittsburgh & Connellsville railroad, are now ready to ship to any point either burned lime or raw limestone as may be required.
This lime is quarried from the Marble formation many feet below the owest coal vein, and of a very superior quality.
Orders for lime or raw stone can be sent to Confluence to Hugus & Weber, or to Judge McMillen, of New Lexington, Col. John Weiler, of Gebhartsburg, Philip Wolfersperger, Jr., Mineral Point, George Weber, Meyersdale, Isaac Hugus, Somerset, and Wallace H. Walter, Connellsville, which will be promptly attended to.
HUGUS & WEBER.
oct7

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS'
AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA
NEW REVISED EDITION.
Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.

The work originally published under the title of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and conquests revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.

The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the fragmentary publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.

None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanical and manufacturing arts. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.

This work is sold to subscribers only, payable in delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several thousand Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps.

PRICE AND STYLE OF BINDING.

In extra Cloth, per vol.	$ 5
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Eight volumes now ready. Succeeding volumes until completion, will be issued once in two months.

. Specimen pages of the American Cyclopædia, showing type, illustrations, etc., will be sent gratis on application.

First class canvassing agents wanted.
Address J. H. WILLIAMSON,
Agent, No. 90½ Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
dec9

NEW STORE!

SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at

GARRETT,

on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandise, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
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All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.
WANTED.—Lumber of all kinds, Hop-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.
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Two and Three Plies,
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Manufacturers of
Stairs, Hand-rails, Balusters,
NEWEL POSTS, &c.
Nos. 66 and 68 Lacock Street,
ALLEGHENY, CITY, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to find the facts and report an opinion in the matter of the exceptions to the account of Frederick P. Walker, guardian of Jonathan F. Walker, will sit at his office on Thursday, the 21st day of December, 1874, when and where all parties interested may attend.
PAUL H. GAITHER,
dec9 Auditor.

WANTED.—
Two first class salesmen for SOMERSET CO. to solicit orders for LESTER'S LIFE OF SUMNER and the NEW YORK TOMBS. Good inducements to experienced men. Address
H. S. PUBLISHING CO.,
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TURNING OVER THE NEW LEAF.

The year begins. I turn a leaf
All over writ with good resolves;
Each to fulfill will be in chief
My aim while earth its round revolves.
How many a leaf I've turned before,
And tried to make the record true;
Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
Proved much I dared, but little knew.

Ah, bright resolve! How high you bear
The future's hopeful standard on;
How brave you start, how poor you wear!
How soon are faith and courage gone.
You point to deeds of sacrifice,
You shun the paths of careless ease;
Lentils and wooden shoes? Is this
The fare a human soul to please?

What wonder, then, if men do fall,
Where good is ever all austere;
Where vice is fair and pleasant all,
And turns the leaf to lead the year?
Yet still once more I turn the leaf,
And mean to walk the better way;
I struggle with old unbelief,
And strive to reach the perfect day.

Why should I the road that leads to heaven
Be all one reach of sterile sand?
Why not, just here and there, be given
A rose to deck the dreary land?
But why repine? Others have trod,
With surer feet and heavier sins,
Their painful pathway toward God:—
My pilgrimage anew begins.

Failure and failure, hitherto,
Has time inscribed upon my leaves;
I've wandered many a harvest through,
And never yet have gathered sheaves.
Yet once again the leaf I turn,
Hope against hope for one success;
One merit-mark, at least, to earn,
One sunbeam in the wilderness.

THE UNTERWALD WEDDING.

Maitre Seiler was a well preserved, agile gentleman of nearly sixty. At twenty he thought of nothing but law; at thirty nothing but pleading; at forty he became a judge; and only at forty-five did he make the discovery that weighing laws and splitting haire upon the meaning of words and phrases is scarcely all the pleasure to be found in existence.

At fifty-five he woke to the consciousness that he had wasted life. He was very clever at every point in the common law of the Unterwald, but he was not wise enough to know that at that age one can scarcely begin life over again.

If apart from the law he ever had a passion, it was a quiet, half-doubtful love of fishing; and, therefore, when he gave up his judgeship, and retired into private life with the respect and even veneration of all who knew him, having angled half his life for clients, and settled the differences of other legal anglers through nearly a score of years, he fell to angling for fish as the one joy of his life.

Indeed, it was this new occupation, amidst nature, trees, flowers and living water which prompted Maitre Seiler to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in life when he brought it down to the grinding of law from New Year's day to St. Sylvester's, which is the last day in December.

The old man's heart was desolate. His quiet, resigned old housekeeper (a sad spinster who had thrown herself into the pathetic and tears early in life) Maitre Seiler found, now that he saw sky and forest daily, to be quite a wearisome woman; and the consequence was that Maitre Seiler would pack up his fishing wallet, with a crust and flask of white wine for his lunch, and go out from six in the morning until sunset.

One day, having caught trout until he was weary of unhooking them, and the afternoon being close (it was a warm April that year), he fell asleep under a whispering fir tree, and there he slept the sound sleep of innocence for hours.

Then as he awoke, he experienced that wonderful luxury, a gradual regaining of the senses—while a sweet voice was singing in the distance.

When he sat up and rubbed his eyes he found that the sun had set, and that he himself was rather stiffer in the limbs than was comfortable.

The voice came nearer, and through a break in the glade he saw a mountaineer girl spinning as she came slowly forward, followed by two or three browsing goats.

The girl was about sixteen; her yellow, light, wavy hair was drawn to the back of the head, and there fell in two long, red ribbon-tied plaits, while the black bodice and poppy-colored skirt completed a far more charming picture than any the old judge had seen in court through all his legal years.

He sighed lightly.

She stopped and looked about; but she showed no fear.

"Don't be afraid," he said, gently.

The girl smiled as she saw the pleasant old gentleman, and said: "Oh, no; and Bruttlewart and Michlin would butt you if I told them."

The goats looked at the stranger in an undecided way, but apparently resolved to go on munching.

"And who art thou?"

"I am Lotte."

"And where does Lotte live?"

"I am the daughter of the forester Yeri."

"Ha, Ha! art thou the daughter of forester Yeri? I remind me I have seen him in my court at sessions and other times. Is his house far away?"

"But a turn, messire, in the path, and the forester will be glad to see thee, good herr, if he knows thee."

"Why, who have we here?" asked the forester, looking out from the head of the stone steps which led from the living floor of his forest home to the ground.

"Good even, Yeri; thy daughter has found me. I am Messire Seiler, late judge of the canton. Hast so soon forgotten me?"

"He! 'Tis Messire Seiler!" cried the forester, doffing his hat, and hurrying down the steps.

"I fell asleep," said the old judge, looking yet upon Lotte; "and though I am still as active as a roe, I did not awake until the sun had gone down. I am a long way from town, my wallet is empty, and so also am I, and, therefore, I am asking thee for some supper, Yeri."

"With right good will," said the forester, holding out his hand, which the old judge took; for in and about Switzerland the general equality of riches appears to create an equality of habits; the officer and the private will sit down together, and the great man of the district will not find himself ill at ease when he eats his supper with a small farmer, the latter meanwhile, being perfectly hospitable, never servile, and rarely uncomfortable, when face to face with a man of superior social rank.

The good wife Kristine now coming forth with a welcome, these four people shut out the evening after entering the forester's house, and Lotte and her mother fell to work preparing supper.

The red checked coarse white cloth was soon upon the table, the wooden spoons and platters laid, and the big tureen, lively with a pattern of wild flowers was ready for the soup.

Not much of a meal—but plain soup, the beef which made it eaten with vinegar and oil, black bread and strong cheese, the whole washed down with some blackish country wine—yet the old judge thought he never had eaten such a meal.

To tell the truth at once, the old judge was in love with Lotte, though she was only sixteen and the old gentleman was be that time fifty-eight, if a day.

"I lay me, good judge, you will sleep till late in the morning," said broadchested Yeri, when they were saying good-night.

"Oh, no," replies the judge, wishing to cut a good figure before Lotte; "I never was more active than I am now. I shall be up with the lark, and out before any of you."

Nevertheless, though they softly called him three times, he never woke, and, in fact, did not present himself until the forester's breakfast had been waiting a whole hour.

The forest girl had been out and away for hours, and as he saw her, with the fresh morning color on her face, and holding out to him a bunch of wild flowers which she had gathered, he decided that a pretty girl looked better at sunrise even than by sunset.

That was the beginning of it.

The prim housekeeper wondered what became of her master, until all capacity for astonishment had left, while good Yeri and his wife, though they were wonderfully benefited and honored by the old judge's friendship, were marvelously puzzled to find an answer to the riddle why Maitre Seiler came to their hut four or five times in the week.

One day a barrel of rikvir—capital wine in those parts—would be sent with Maitre Seiler's compliments, and within a week an admirable present of sausage would be received.

The gravest condemnation of the poor old judge, and the best proof of the honesty of the old couple, Yeri and Kristine, were to be found in the fact that the latter never suspected the real basis of all those civilities on the part of the smitten old gentleman.

As for trout, the good woman Kristine was weary of cooking it, so much of that fish did the good old judge bring to the chalet.

He never said much to Lotte, spoke like a father to her, and certainly never enabled the pretty girl to guess what was in his heart.

This life went on to the end of June, when the tall mountain grass was ready for the scythe.

The old judge, however, had never slept at Yeri's except upon that one particular night when he first visited the forester.

He did not know that he had been put in Lotte's room—he supposed it the guest's chamber.

But upon that particular night in June he had made up his mind to speak to Yeri, and then it was that he found that, judge and orator as he was, he could not plead for himself.

"What ails the old judge to-night?" thought the forester. "He does not seem himself.

The time went on, and when at last the judge decided that he would defer it until the morning, the forester made the discovery that it was dark, and the moon would not be up for two hours, so the judge was invited to stop for the night.

He had no idea that his remaining put the primitive family to any inconvenience, no more than at the moment he learned that he took Lotte's room from her.

But, in fact, the young goat-herdess was carried off to her mother's room for the night, while the forester made himself up a bed of furs, &c., on the ground of the living room.

He thought the girl looked pale and anxious, but he could not detect that she was in deep tribulation.

A little while and the forest hut was quite quiet—not a light to be seen.

Now, they have a habit in parts of Switzerland of cutting the high grass by moonlight, the belief being common that grass so cut made better hay than that which falls beneath the scythe in sunlight.

The old judge, unable to sleep, was turning over in his mind what he should say on the following day to the forester, when he heard the tinkle of cow-bells, the lumbering of heavy wagons, and the rattle of talking and singing voices, all of which gradually approached.

Not ignorant of the custom of moonlight haymaking, the old judge found the rustic sounds rather soothing than not, when he thought he heard a tapping at the window.

He listened, and the sound was repeated.

He knew that the window was ten or twelve feet from the ground, and that it could only be reached either by a ladder or by climbing the vine which grew on the wall about the lattice.

A thief? What thief would tap at a window? What could a thief hope to steal in that poor place, unless——

The old judge's heart began to beat high.

And, as though in reply to his thoughts, a soft, pleasant voice called, as the tapping was heard again, "Lotte!"

He moved off the bed (for he had laid down in his clothes, too weary with thinking over the grand question even to undress), and drawing near the window, he saw by the light of the moon, which had now just topped the trees, that a black-haired and extremely handsome youth was clinging to the vine, his bright eyes eagerly fixed upon the window.

The old judge silently opened the lattice; there was a low, bright laugh, and the young man leaped lithely and blithely into the room.

"And whom have we here?" suddenly cried the judge, pouncing upon the intruder.

The youth uttered a low cry, but offered no resistance.

"What thief in the night are you?"

"So please your good worship," said a clear pleasant voice, "I am no thief, but Wilhelm, only son of the wood ranger at Kussanch, and I am come to see my Lotte!"

"Thy Lotte?"

"So please you she is my wife!"

"Your wife?"

"Ay, messire; 'twas an Unterwalten wedding. 'Tis our custom here in this canton, and I am but waiting for my appointment as ranger, which I hope to get by the interest of one Messire Seiler, an ex-judge, who has been a second father to my Lotte, to tell my father and hers that we are betrothed, and that we are ready to marry by sunlight."

"Oh then, the interest Yeri's daughter has shown in the old judge comes out of the hope that he will help thee to thy rangership?"

"'Tis exactly so, messire. I am no thief, but an honest man, and Lotte's husband by the law of Unterwald!"

"How long since?"

"These fair six weeks."

The very time during which she had looked at him so earnestly.

He understood the look then.

"Begone, young man. I think I may promise thee the wife and place."

Next morning he was very grave, but there was that noble something in his face we are pleased to call resignation.

"Messire Seiler, thou art not well," cried the forester.

"Nay; better than yesterday. By the way, I told thee last I should have something to say to thee. It is this—I want thy consent to a marriage between Lotte here and one Wilhelm, only son of the ranger at Kusanch."

The forester beat his hand upon the table, as Lotte uttered a cry, and the good wife clapped her hands.

"Never!" said he; "'tis a rare good-for naught!"

"No," said the judge. "I'll answer for him."

"Thou judge?"

"Yes; he will make her a good husband."

"But he has no post; he is nothing."

"I promise you he shall leave the under-rangership."

Well, now, messire, when thou pleadest to me 'tis as thou didst when thou wert a lawyer; and if my girl says aye—"

Lotte looked at the judge meaningly, and said: "I do not hate him, father."

"Then 'tis settled," said Yeri.

* * * * * *

So the old judge went home wearily, a sadder and a wiser man. The forester Yeri wondered why the old judge never came, while the presents were sent as before, and the melancholy housekeeper marveled that her master gave up fishing.

Seiler was happy, but never a word said he. Not even once again did he go to the hut in the forest, and he benefited by the lesson he learned—that youth is for youth, and that if 'tis thrown away in the early summer time of life, it is not to be picked up again in the autumn of existence. For no man can retrace his life.

A Human Thermometer.

It is an ancient joke upon allopathic treatment to say that a sickly patient will soon be unable to speak in hot weather by reason of the rise of mercury in his system, which, getting up to his throat, would choke him. According to a Parisian newspaper correspondent, something like this has actually occurred in the gay capital. An Algerian soldier, who had contracted disease of the liver, took to mercury. Now it would be difficult to say whether he is merely a super-mercurial Frenchman or an animated mass of quicksilver. The average heat of the human body is ninety-eight degrees. This is a height to which poor Louis Lamarck cannot rise. His faculties are anchored to ninety-one and three-quarter degrees. He can hear and read plainly at that temperature. As it rises or falls he loses his faculties. At seventy degrees he becomes blind, at sixty-five he loses his taste, and at twenty his touch, and below that temperature he can handle hot iron. What a collapse would attend a summer lemonade or a winter Tom and Jerry! Perhaps the case furnishes an explanation of the frequent phenomena of weak knees, stammering tongue and a general inclination to loll against a lamp post.

Songs of Insects.

Contrary to the general law respecting vocal sounds, which are produced by forcing air from the lungs through the larynx, or vocal box—that protuberance about the middle of the throat—all the sounds made by insects are elaborated by a distinct organ entirely different from the vibration of elastic cords. Usually their music is made by rubbing one hind-leg across the other in a kind of a fiddle-bow action. An intensely shrill note is thus produced that is heard at a great distance. Some have an elementary drum-barrel between the shoulders, on the back, where levers act on the principle of drumsticks on a tense membrane. In short, the variety of mechanical methods made use of by nature for enabling the male to announce his presence in the neighborhood at the proper season for insuring the next year generation of the family are extremely diversified and extraordinary. As none of them breathe by a tube passing down the neck but by small orifices in the sides of their bodies, there are no lungs, and consequently no bellows to blow out air for creating sound.

A few insects chafe one wing against the other, which vibrates into a clear sound the females recognize. We know just enough of entomological science to make it certain there is much more to learn. Their habits, instinct, paternal solicitude for the young, their metamorphoses, and the economy they pursue for the perpetuity of a race, unimportant as they may appear in the great scheme of Creative Wisdom, open a broad field for future exploration.

A Hundred Extinct Volcanoes.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* gives the following in an account of a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of that city: Dr. Harkness spoke of discoveries made by himself in parts of Plumas and Lassen Counties little known hitherto. A tract of country containing about 8,000 square miles, he described not only as volcanic, but showing traces of recent volcanic action, and having within its limits 100 extinct volcanoes. A large crater on the dividing line of the two counties had dammed up the lake, giving it a new outlet, and spreading its waters over an area of three square miles. The volcanic cone is higher than Vesuvius. Ashes and scoriæ are scattered all down its sides. In different parts of the lakes are stumps of trees, some of them forty-five feet in height, and showing above the surface. Some of them, standing on the lava, are only partially burned through, indicating that the matter ejected from the volcano was not all in a melted state. In other places occur round cavities, which were sounded by Dr. Harkness and his party, and stumps found at the bottom. Higher up, the trees, though untouched by the lava, were burned by the heat. The growth of a portion of the trees since the eruption shows about twenty-five annular rings. The lava from the volcano covers about 100 square miles. An old resident of Red Bluff, who was in the neighborhood in 1853, told the doctor that he saw a bright sheet of flame rising from the mountain, which continued during his entire stay. Shaved head, an old Indian of the Mill Creek tribe, says that in his youth the region was alive with volcanoes in active operation.

Common Sense.

It has been said in another form of expression that the slightest excess of expenses over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth. The ability of practical farmers to endeavor to master this great problem of life is not so much dependent upon what they know of their business as on their faculty to apply what they know. Success in business is due to administration. Capacity in administration is due to that faculty, power or quality called common sense, which everybody speaks well of and nobody understands exactly. We infer its presence or its absence from the results of a man's life. We venture upon a definition of the phrase we are using, not so much for the purpose of making its meaning clearer as for the great purpose of giving it a loftier place in your thoughts. Common sense is a degree, a high degree—in fine, the highest degree of human wisdom applied to practical things. It is not learning; it is not knowledge; it is rather the faculty of applying what we may know to what we do. Other things being equal, the practical farmer who knows the most will do the best; but other things not being equal, a man who excels in wisdom in administration may surpass a man of greater learning, or even greater knowledge of things. But do not allow this suggestion to lead you to place a low estimate upon learning whether general or professional; culture of every sort gives us capacity to appreciate wisdom, and opportunity also for its exercise.

An Adventure Worth Telling.

About five weeks ago a son of Dr. W. H. Eldridge, of this district, suddenly disappeared, and was not heard from until last Saturday. The boy says that on the evening of October 19th, as he was leaving the apothecary store on Bunker Hill street, where he was employed, he was approached by a man who informed him that a fire was raging in the vicinity of Chelsea bridge, and asked him to go down and see it. Arriving at the bridge no fire was to be seen, and when just on the point of returning he was seized around the neck by the man, who choked him until he became unconscious, robbed him, and then threw him over the railing into the waters of the Mystic. The chill which the plunge into the water gave to his system restored him so that he was able to attempt to save himself. The tide was running out, and he, being a skillful swimmer, kept from drowning, and floated down the stream until opposite East Boston, where a friendly spar, which was floating in the water, came near to him, and gaining this, he floated out to sea. He subsequently became unconscious, and when he rallied again he was out of sight of land, still clinging to the log. After remaining in the water nineteen hours, he was rescued by a brig bound for Greenland, and, as he did not care to visit that country, he was placed on board an English steamer, the name of which, he states, was the Norman, and carried to Liverpool. He improved the first opportunity to return home in the steamer Smyrna, which arrived at this port last Saturday.—*Boston Globe.*

Frankness.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and it is to be taken for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks you a favor you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him why it is not; you will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make friends or to keep one; the man who wants you to do so is dearly purchased and at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men, and you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. We should live and speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and do what we are willing should be known and read by all men. Is it not best, as a matter of principle?

An Editor Under Fire.

An old Saugatuck editor named, or called "Blossom," was out on the plains in 1861 with the Michigan cavalry, he being a member of the sixth regiment.

The Pacific railroad had hardly been thought of then, and around Laramie the "reds were thicker and more ferocious than fleas around a pig sty."

Old "Blossom" was sent off one day with five or six companions after wood, and the party were attacked by twenty Indians.

The fight opened hotly, the boys using the big six mule wagon for a breastwork, and the Indians circling about it.

In the midst of the fight, when the "Spencers" were talking every second, and arrows and bullets repiying, "Blossom" was seen to sit down, take out his wallet, and begin to count its contents.

He suddenly called out to one of the men, saying:

"Here, Sam, lend me fifty cents until we get back!"

"Fifty thunders!" shouted Sam; what in blazes do you want of money now?"

"I want to make up four dollars," replied "Blossom;" "I am going out there and make them Injuns a fair financial offer to drop this fight and go home, and if they won't take it we'll turn in and lick them out of their boots!"

What the boys said to him is lost to history, but it resulted in the editor putting up his wallet, picking up his gun, and banging away until the Indians drew off.

An Awful Liar.

He didn't look like a liar. He had, in fact, a Gorge Washington sort of face, and his enunciation was loudly honest and decidedly nasal. He sat roasting his alternate sides in front of a red hot saloon stove, amid a party of bummers who were trying to outlie each other.

"Talkin' about lightnin'," said he, "I reckon none o' you lazzaroni was ever struck, was you? No! Well, I was. You see I was out shootin' prairie chickens in Elinoy, last August, and there come up the awfulest thunder storm I ever see in the whole course of my life. It rained cats and dogs, and the thunder rolled and the forked lightnin' darted all over the sky like fiery tongues. I got behind a haystack that sort o' leaned over to the south, and the first thing I knowed the lightnin' struck that and set it afire. Then I moved to a walnut tree that stood near, and a double jinted bolt ripped that into splinters. I moved to another tree and the lightnin' struck it. Then I began to think it meant me, and so I jest walked out, humped myself up, and took three or four of the d—dest claps I ever heard. It shuk me up right pert; but beyond rippin' the coat off my back and splittin' one of my boots from toe to toe, it didn't do me no particular damage. But you don't find old Sim around huntin' a row of that kind agin."

The discomfited bummers looked curiously into each other's face a moment, and then, one by one, silently rose and sneaked out leaving Truthful James master of the field.

Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than any other way. A well-made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right and proper amount of grease, but if this be not attended to they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon; it will penetrate the hub and work its way round the tenons of the spoke, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axle-trees, and castor oil for iron