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J. GOLE ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar24-75.

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☞ All calls promptly answered. dec. 13, '74-1y.

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 23, '75.

DR. J. E. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '74-tf.

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

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. may12

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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 this in style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. JOHN H'LL. Apr 17 '72

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RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HAY.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath-day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride.
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—Harper's Magazine for May.

AUNT JULIA'S INVESTMENT.

"Elsie!"

Walter Hartman's tone of sorowful amazement made his young wife spring hastily to her feet. She had not heard him come in and was kneeling beside a great arm-chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Walter," she said, "Aunt Julia—" and a fresh burst of sobs interrupted her.

Walter's face cleared. It was not sorrow of her own then that overwhelmed this pretty blue-eyed darling he had married six months before.

"Well, Elsie," he said, taking her in his arms, and caressing, her "what about Aunt Julia? Do not sob so, dear; you will make yourself ill."

"The fire!" said Elsie, keeping her sobs somewhat more under control. "You know I was very much worried when I heard of it, for I did not know whether Aunt Julia's house was in the burnt district or not."

For the great Chicago fire was not a week old, and the whole country watched for news.

"Well, dear," said Walter kindly. "It is as bad as it can be, Walter. Aunt Julia writes to me that her house was totally destroyed, her very clothing burned up and her insurance papers not entirely made out. She is absolutely without anything in the world but the clothes she had on. Actually fed by charity. Oh, Walter!"

Here the sobs came again, thick and fast, and Walter could offer no comfort but such as was conveyed by silent caresses. After a time these were so far effectual that Elsie could speak more calmly.

"Now little one," Walter said, "tell me why this troubles you so sorely? Do you love your aunt so very dearly?"

"She had been everything a mother could be since my parents died, Walter. But while I was with her we were very poor. Out of her own scanty means she fed, clothed and educated me until I took the situation of nursery governess to your aunt's children, and married you. But just before we were married, an old friend of Aunt Julia's died in Chicago, and left her ten thousand dollars. When she went to claim her legacy, she saw the house, and liked it so much she bought it, her legacy covering the expense of the house, lot, and furniture, while her own little income would support her. But, unfortunately, she was persuaded to draw out her fortune and invest in two lots adjoining her house. Now everything is swept away."

"She took care of you when you were a child?"

"For seventeen years, Walter; denying herself to feed and cloth me."

Walter did not speak again for many minutes, holding Elsie close in his arms. At last he said very gravely:

"If I were a rich man, Elsie, I would not stop to think in a case like this, but say at once "bring your aunt here." But you know, little wife, my salary, though sufficient for all your wants, with a margin for pleasure and saving a nest egg, is yet not large. If I invite your aunt here, the difference of expense must fall heavily upon you because I cannot give you many pleasures you enjoy if I have one more to support. Concerts and jewelry, little gifts and pleasures will be beyond our means then. But if you will be happier knowing your aunt has a home, I will go myself and bring her here."

"Oh, Walter, you are so kind, how generous you are! I will never be able to thank you."

"Then I am to go. All right. I will get a leave of absence to-morrow. In the mean time I will telegraph your aunt to meet me at the depot, if she has sent any address." "The address is the lawyer's who arranged her legacy for her, and who did not live in the burnt district: Moses & Hunter."

A few days later, as fast as steam would carry Walter to Chicago and back, Elsie was waiting to welcome the travelers. A telegram had informed her that Walter had found Aunt Julia waiting at the depot, and by what train to expect him home. The only spare room in the pretty house at Harlem, where Walter had brought his dainty bride, was in order. Jennie, the servant, was cooking the choisest supper Elsie could devise, and the little wife herself neatly dressed, was running to the door every minute watching for the carriage.

It came at last, and Walter handed out a lady. Poor Elsie felt fairly sick, as the guest tottered rather than walked into the room. She was white as ashes, her hair, Elsie remembered black as a coal not a year before, streaked with gray, and eyes sunken with long illness. When the water-proof cloak fell from her shoulders, her shabby dress was most unlike Aunt Julia's habitual neatness. But, the first shock of surprise was over, Elsie had no words too loving to welcome her aunt, while soft, tender kisses fell fast upon the pale face.

"She is very tired, Elsie," Walter whispered, seeing how vainly the white lips tried to frame words. "Get her to rest, dear, as soon as you can."

So Elsie, tearfully loving made her aunt lie upon the lounge, and brought her the most tempting of tea-trays, stopping the broken words of thanks by kisses and caresses. Walter, too, by a hundred delicate attentions and few spoken words made the guest feel that she was most cordially welcomed.

In her own room Aunt Julia told Elsie something of the horrors that had aged her more in one fortnight than in any previous two years of her life. She had slept on the ground in a drenching rain, for two nights, then in a tent, with no change of clothing, and the memory of the fire terrors to haunt her. She begged the paper and stamp to write to Elsie. Then she told of Walter's tender care of her in the long journey, when she, racked by pain, often could not speak for hours, how like a son he had cared for her comfort. It was a sad story, and Elsie's tears fell fast.

"But now," she said, "you are at home. I have put underclothes and loose wrappers in here, Auntie, until we can have some dresses fitted. Let me undress you now."

Gently and tenderly the shabby clothes were moved, the weary feet bathed, the gray-streaked hair smoothed and the snowy linen put on for the night. Then utterly tired, Aunt Julia sank into the bed, whispering.

"Think, Elsie, I have not been in a bed for twelve nights!"

But, alas! she was not soon to leave it. The haven of rest once gained. Aunt Julia lay for many long weeks, dangerously ill with rheumatic fever, brought on by exposure, while the tortured brain, in wildest delirium, raved of scenes that chilled Elsie with horror.

All through these weary weeks Elsie was nurse while Walter supplied every delicacy that could be found to tempt the invalid, patiently endured the discomforts of the house haunted by sickness, and proved himself, Jennie declared; "the nearest to an angel of any man ever she seed."

Winter was nearly over before Aunt Julia was able to leave her bed, cripeled for life. The rheumatism had so twisted the joints of her hands, legs and feet, that they were useless and most of the time intensely painful. She fretted over the prospect of being a burden upon Walter and Elsie, with all the despair of a proud woman who had always maintained her own independence, and tearfully begged to be sent to some charitable assylum, where she would be only an expense to the public. Elsie told Walter of the wish, and he went to Aunt Julia's room.

Taking the crippled, helpless hands in his own, holding them very tenderly, he said:

"Aunt Julia, Elsie has told how hard these little hands worked for her for seventeen long years. I love Elsie so dearly, that to grieve her is my greatest sorrow. Do you think I could bear to see her suffer pain, if her second mother was sick and alone, nursed by hired hands, while we are able and willing to give her love and care? Do not speak again of leaving us. I have not seen Elsie's face so sad as it is to-night, since you come to us."

"But, Walter, think! I may live for years."

"I sincerely hope you will."

"And I can never have the use of my hands and feet more than I have now. I can scarcely feed myself, or hobble across the room."

"The more reason you should have loving care." Why, and Walter laughed, while his honest brown eyes proved his sincerity, "do you think all the love here is Elsie's? I want my share too, auntie, for I love you as well as my wife. I ask you to stay, because I want you here. I have not heard Elsie sigh over long, lonely days, since you came."

It took many more loving inducements, but at length, Aunt Julia yielded. It was but truth that Walter spoke when he said she had won his love as well as Elsie's. She was very patient under excrutiating suffering, and very grateful for all the loving care lavished upon her. When the pain subsided, and she could talk, she was charming company, well read and full of pleasant memories and bright observations.

While she felt herself a burden, Walter and Elsie regarded her as a blessing. Walter no longer worried at leaving Elsie alone all day while he was at his business, and Elsie never tired of Aunt Julia, whose experience proved very valuable to the little housekeeper.

But month after month there was a scarcely perceptible failing of strength in the sorely tired body, long past youthful vigor. The rheumatic fever had left heart trouble, and distressing spell of suffocation and palpitation often threatened the invalid's life. Always patient, she yet often prayed for death to end her suffering, while Elsie prayed only that the dear life might be spared.

She had been Walter Hartman's guest for two years when her weakness increased to an alarming extent, rapidly and certainly, till she could not leave her bed. It was while she was herself concious that the end of her suffering was approaching, that she received a letter from her lawyer in Chicago, informing her that she had received an offer of twenty thousand dollars for the lots she owned in that city.

She had looked on her own beggary as so absolutely certain that at first she could scarcely credit the news, but Walter, in whose hands she placed the business, soon proved the offer no dream, by accepting the terms, and informing Aunt Julia the money lay in the bank in her name.

"Now, you can ride in your carriage when you are well," Elsie said smiling, but tearfully. "I am so glad, Auntie. You will have something now for you in your old age."

"But no old age, Elsie," was the sad reply. "I am glad, too, darling, very glad, but not for that."

By her own request a lawyer came and wrote her will, and then Aunt Julia, as if the care of life was ended for her, sank rapidly, growing every day weaker and more dependent upon Elsie's loving, never-failing care.

It was in early spring, when one evening, as Walter came in, Jennie met him, her honest face all disfigured with crying.

"Sure, sir, its asking for you Miss Julia is."

"Is she worse?"

"Ah, sir, she's going fast. The doctor says she'll not last the night."

Going at last. Walter could see the girl's words were true when he softly entered the room where Aunt Julia rested, her head upon Elsie's shoulder, her hands clasped fast in Elsie's.

"I am glad you came," she whispered. I think I could not go without thanking you once more and saying farewell."

"What I have done," Walter said, his heart swelling with emotion, "was gladly, lovingly done. I do not need thanks, Aunt Julia."

"I believe that, but I am not less grateful because you gave from a full heart. May God bless you and yours, Walter. May what you have done for a crippled, penniless woman come back to you in your old age laden with her blessing. Kiss me farewell, Walter."

Reverently he bent over her, pressing a loving kiss upon the withered lips, while tears that were no shame to his manhood stood in his eyes. A few broken words to Elsie, a murmured prayer, and the gentle spirit was released from the weary, pain-racked frame. Tears of true love fell upon the wasted face, placid in death's sleep. Every kind word was cherished when the lips that had spoken it were mute, and Aunt Julia had two true mourners at her funeral, while many of the friends of years gone by came to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory.

It did not surprise Elsie when she learned that her Aunt Julia had left to her the fortune that came too late to gladden her own life. But she told Walter, when the will was read to her:

"I am glad we never thought of the land, Walter, in the years Aunt Julia was with us. It would have made me hesitate often to show her all the love in my heart, if I had ever thought she had money to leave me."

"She knew, darling, it was all love, yet I am glad my Elsie has some reward for the patient, tender care that alleviated the sufferings of the poor invalid who rests at last."

And Elsie, nestling close in Walter's arms, said softly:

"If I could love you more, Walter, than I did when I married you, I should do so when I think of your kindness and generosity to Aunt Julia."

"It was odd," Walter said, "that the money that Aunt Julia invested in Chicago should be actually doubled, for I have seen her weep often when she spoke of her 'unfortunate investment' of her friend's legacy."

The Five Milliards.

We recently gave an account, condensed from an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of the manner in which France paid the enormous war indemnity extorted by victorious Germany. The writer in *Blackwood's* makes the following comments on this wonderful feat:

When we look back upon the subject as a whole, three great facts strike us in it. The first, that France is vastly rich; the second, that the trade of Europe has attained such a magnitude that figures are ceasing to convey its measure; the third, that the aggregate commercial action of nations is a lever which can lift any financial load whatever. As we see the transaction now, with these explanations of its composition before us, we can not fail to recognize that it has been European rather than purely French. All purses helped to provide funds for it; all trade supplied bills for it. In every previous state of the world's commerce such an operation would have been impossible: fifty, thirty, twenty years ago it would have ruined France and disordered Europe; in our time it has come and gone without seriously disturbing any of the economic conditions under which we live.

France, out of her stores, has quietly transported Berlin a quantity of bullion larger than the whole ordinary stock of the Bank of England; ane yet she shows no sign of having lost a sovereign. She had paid, in her bank notes, £170,000,000 of transmission paper, and yet the quantity of her bank notes in circulation is now steadily diminishing. Such realities as these would be altogether inconceivable if we did not see their cause is simple, natural, indisputable; its name is the present situation of the world's trade.

The vastness of that trade explains the mistery. But yet, with these advantages to help it, the operation had, in addition to its enormous size, certain special difficulties to contend with. As one example, it may be mentioned that among the elements of perturbation and of consequent impediments to remittance, the French government had to keep in view of the fact that, at the very moment when it needed all the monetary facilities it could obtain, the German government was locking up gold in its cellars, in order to provide metal for the new coinage it was preparing. This was a most unlucky coincidence; but it existed, and had to be met. The German plan was to hold back the issue of the new money until £30,000,000 of it were ready to be exchanged for the old silver currency; consequently no silver could, be expected to leave Germany until some months after the date at which the gold had been brought in there; and during the interval, France knew that she must suffer from the withdrawal of so much bullion from the general market.

But she found assistance in an unexpected way; silver did flow back to her at once from Germany, without waiting for the issue of the new gold currency: France paid Germany £9,572,000 in France silver: but this was no use to the latter; on the contrary, it was an embarrassment to her, for she on the point of exporting a quantity of her own silver which would become superfluous as soon as the new gold got into circulation. So, for this reason, a considerable portion of the French five-france pieces came back immediately to France, and helped to reconstitute her store.

And all the other difficulties were, more or less, like this one. At first sight they looked grave and durable, but they diminished or disappeared as soon as they were seriously attacked; the whole thing turned out to be an astonishing example of obstacles overrated. The unsuspected wealth of France, assisted by an extent of general commercial dealings which was less suspected still, managed to get the better of all the stumbling blocks and impossibilities which seemed to bar the road.

France has lost £400,000,000, one half of which she has delivered to her enemy, and yet she is going on prospering materially as if nothing at all had happened. But it is now quite clear that she never could have managed all this alone; she could have found the money, but never could she, single-handed, have carried it to Germany. It is there, far more than in subscriptions to her loans, that the world has really helped her; she has brought back the stock that foreigners subscribed for her, but she could not do so without the bills they sold her. If she had been left to her own resources for the transport of the indemnity to Berlin, she would probably have been forced to send two-thirds of it in bullion, and to empty her people's pockets for the purpose; the vastness of the world's trade and the unity of interests which commerce has produced, permitted her to use other nations' means of action instead of her own. Viewed in this light, the payment of the milliards becomes an enormous piece of admirably well arranged international banking, in which nearly all the counting houses of Northern Europe took a share.

Jewelry by the Bushel.

From a recent letter from Constantinople to the Providence *Journal* we quote:

The accounts which are given of the riches which are hoarded in the palace have the savor of the tales of the Arabian Nights. Beyond doubt a vast deal of wealth, in the form of diamonds and precious stones, is accumulated there. The ostentatious display by the shah of Persia of his wealth in this direction, on the recent tour of visitation with which he favored Europe, is well known. Among a profusion of jewels on his person, he was accustomed to wear a cap heavily embroidered with diamonds and fastened at the front with a brilliant of enormous size. On the occasion when the sultan was to receive him as his guest the grand staircase and the corridor leading to the audience room were, in anticipation of the arrival of the shah, ordered to be laid with heavy Smyrna rugs studded all over with diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, so that the royal visitor was obliged to tread under his feet the evidences of greatness which he wore on his head. The sultan received him, as he stepped upon the staircase, in a plain dress, wearing his usual simple fez of scarlet cloth, and without personal ornament of any kind. A neat bit of sarcasm for a barbarian. If any visitor at Constantinople can procure a firman from the Sublime Porte to visit the imperial treasury house at the old Seraglio, where he will see more wealth in jewel studded trinkets, diamond mounted sword hilts, belts, scabbards, horse furniture and caparisons, cups, vaces, articles of Eastern workmanship and single stones of immense value, than would buy the crown jewels in the tower of London twice over. A specimen of the contents of this repository in the form of a golden throne set with precious stones and which were formerly a present from Persia, is to be sent to our centennial exhibition. It was one of the contributions of Turkey to the Tienna exposition. Just now it is the fashion for the women of the harem to make costly presents to the sultan. These presents are usually something in the direction of the national armament. The mother of the sultan who seems to have a head for business, has the credit of inventing this substantial form of feminine blandishment. Some fine pieces of artillery have been thus contributed to wake up the royal favor."

A Young Man's Revenge.

"Fay," writing of a Brooklyn person, says in a letter: One of the girl's acquaintances gave a party to which she invited quite a number of her companions. A young man who had a grudge against the girl called upon each young lady and offered himself as an escort. To each he said: "Don't tell that I am going to the party with you, for I have a reason, which I will tell you when I call." The girls had new dresses made, and their heads were dressed by hair-dressers. Each one waited in vain for her escort, and he did not call for any, so that the party was minus girls; and he actually had the audacity to attend the party, that he might enjoy the discomfiture of the young hostess, who perpetually wondered why so many staid away. This sort af revenge was so new and startling that I was anxious for particulars as to the number of thrashings the young villian got, but, to my regret, was told that it was thought both a funny and ingenius way of giving tit for tat.

GARLIC eaters are never crowded in street cars.

Strange Adventure.

A young Texan who was captured by the Comanche Indians about a year ago gave the following account of his experience recently to a correspondent of the Galveston *News*:

"I was trying to get five beef steers back to the herd early one morning last May, when I was suddenly surrounded by about twenty-five Comanche Indians and taken prisoner. This happened near sunrise. I was tied on a horse and carried some twenty miles that day. At night we arrived at a sort of camp, where we joined fifty more Indians, and I found they had another white man prisoner. I was not allowed to speak with this man, but I could see from the blood on his face and clothes that he was wounded.

"As soon as the Indians had kindled a fire and eaten some meat, they began to torture this second prisoner, though for what reason I have never learned. They beat him with a cartridge box strap with a large buckle on the end of it, after stripping him of his clothes. They cut gashes on him with knives. They sawed off his thumbs with an old cavalry sabre, and smashed his toes between a rock and the butt end of a carbine. After gouging out some of his teeth with a bayonet, and sticking cactus thorns in his flesh, they poured powder in his ear and burnt it. All this time the man did not complain or cry out, as he probably expected, by his fortitude, to induce the Indians to spare his life. But in this he was mistaken, for they, finding that he did not complain of these tortures, began to cut pieces of flesh out of his legs and back and eat them, or at least pretend to eat. I think they only chewed up the flesh and spit it out. Seeing that all of this torture did not make him cry out (for he had fainted) the chief stepped up with a sharp knife and cut out one of his eyes, and put a live coal of fire in the socket and then put an end to his life with a knife.

"The Indians then had a great dance. I was tied to a small tree. I had no water or anything to eat for thirty-six hours. The next day about midday the party moved in a northwest course, traveling about twenty miles, and after this we moved in a northwest course about 300 miles, where we met several large parties of Indians, some of whom had been on raids in northern Texas. I remained in that section of country with the Comanches, and was kept employed mostly herding ponies, and sometimes dressing deer-skins and buffalo hides. My clothes were all taken away from me a few days after I was captured, and I only had a pair of drawers and a blanket afterwards. I often had to eat raw venision and buffalo meat without salt."

After I had been with the Indians some six months they ceased to treat me as a prisoner, and I was allowed to go some distance from the camp. I think it was about the 1st of February I left them. I was herding ponies, and was allowed to ride one of the best without a saddle. The second night I took my buffalo robe and used it as a saddle, filled a sack with dried meat and struck out for the settlements, which I reached towards the last of the month. I sold my horse and buffalo robe and collected three months pay that was due me at the time I was captured; and now, with God's help, I shall keep out of the way of the Indians hereafter."

Germans in the United States.

Some time ago the Cologne *Gazette*, a paper which holds in Germany about the same position which the London *Times* occupies in England, sent a special correspondent, Dr. Friederich Ratzel, to this country for the purpose of studying the present condition and future prospects of the Germans in the United States. In his letters, which were very able and much admired on both sides of the Atlantic, this learned gentleman prophesied, among other things, that the German element in the United States was destined to be eventually Anglo-Americanized. To most of those who know anything of the life and customs, this prophecy will seem to have rather a remote chance of being fulfilled.

So far, and especially in the large cities of the west, whatever change may be taking place is decidedly in the opposite direction. If there is any denationalization going on, Americans are being Germanized in a variety of ways. A very em