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

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be specifily and promptly attended to. OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block. jan 1.

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.

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J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar1'73.

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. 19, '74-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon 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. sept. 23, '74.

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

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. ☞ Office in Mammoth Block. jan4'72

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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 it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. Apr 17 '72 JOHN BULL.

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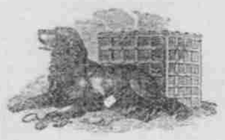

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ON THE DOOR-STEP.

We were sitting on the door step—
I remember it so well;
She was half in shadows hidden
Save where the moonlight fell,
And the dear head resting
With its wavy, soft brown hair,
Made more than ever lovely
The face I thought so fair.

I know we talked but little,
And at last, beneath the stone,
We heard the cricket chirping
Socularly all alone,
Till my heart had mustered courage
To tell her then and there,
How for her sweet sake truly,
"I would all things do and dare.

Then came the soft, shy answer,
As her shining eyes dropped low:
"My heart is mine no longer:
'Twas yielded long ago!"
And even as she doomed me
To misery and pain,
The soft cheeks filled with dimples,
Gathering o'er and o'er again.

How well I now remember
That, turning fast away,
I would not heed the whisper
That softly bade me stay,
Till, at the low gate turning,
Her face once more to see,
I saw the tear drops shining
In the eyes that followed me.

Ah! then, with heart fast beating,
To her side I turned again,
"Oh, tell me Madge, my darling,
Has my love been all in vain?
You do not love another?
Your words were only play?
Look up and answer truly—
Madge must I go away?"

Again the dimples gathered,
E'en while the moon's pure light
Betrayed the tears still shining,
Like dew drops soft and bright,
"My heart was mine no longer;
I have given it, 'tis true;
Why could you not have waited?
Because—ah! I meant you!"

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

The inn where my heroine was born and lived was the only one in the neighborhood of the town of Cardale. It stood about half a mile out of the town, and was a famous place of resort for the young people who wished to have riding, shooting or fishing parties. Looking from the windows of the house you could fancy, so wild and picturesque was the scenery all around, that you were miles away from any house; but if you left the building and climbed the hill directly east of it, you could see the town of Cardale lying below you.

Joseph Langdon, as he was generally called Old Joe Langdon, had owned the inn since the death of his father, who was the former landlord. Here he had brought his wife; here his only child Minnie was born; here his wife had died, and here he hoped himself to die.

Just at the time my story opens, there was not a happier man alive than Joe. His inn was in a flourishing condition, with a new sign swinging from the door, and the old name "Fox and Hounds" blazoned on it in letters an inch long. His pretty daughter had completed the education he had given her in a boarding school at Cardale, and had returned home to pet her old father to his heart's content; and Joe, to complete his state of felicity, had just received notice that a party of young ladies and gentlemen from Oldfield Hall, were coming down next day to spend the day in riding and fishing, and would stop at his house for both luncheon and dinner.

"Now, Minnie, lass," said the father, "are you sure all is in order for the fishing party?"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"You see, Minnie, this is a fine company. There is Squire Oldfield's son, Mr. Harry and his sister, Miss Kate, and there are more; and, to be sure, there is a Lord among them, Lord Herbert Adair, that they say is after Miss Kate."

"Well, father, all is ready; and now come out under the porch and we can chat together. Who is Lord Adair?"

"Why, he's a great Lord, Minnie, young and handsome and very rich; and they say his mother and Squire Oldfield's lady were very intimate when they were young, and they wanted Lord Herbert to marry Miss Kate. The young folks haven't seen one another yet, but his lordship is to come down here to-morrow to meet them, and as they are both young and handsome, why of course they will fall in love the first thing. Now, Minnie, sing to me while I smoke."

Minnie stood up in the porch of the little inn, and, leaning against one of the pillars, began to sing. A prima donna might have envied that young girl's voice—it was clear and most melodious, and every note she warbled was true and full. She made a very pretty picture, this little Minnie, as she stood there singing to her father. The last rays of the sinking sun fell upon her rich chestnut hair, her round white shoulders and arms, and drew out the colors of her pretty, gay dress, which was short enough to give a glimpse of a most dainty little foot, cased in a neat black boot. The long green branches and bright flowers of a red rose twined around the pillar against which she leaned, and the whole effect was very charming. There were two people who thought so; one was Joe himself, as he lazily watched and listened; the other was a horseman, who had stopped his steed near the inn, and unperceived by the group on the porch, was awaiting a pause in the song to speak to the landlord. The rider was a young, handsome man, and evidently had an eye for beauty.

"Now, Minnie, sing one of the songs you learned at school," said her father.

"Whew!" said the rider, in an undertone, as Minnie sang the first words of the cavatina from La Somnambula, "now for some screaming."

No such thing, Sir Critic. As the last note died upon the air, the young man struck his hands together, crying:

"Brava, I beg your pardon," he added, seeing the surprise his appearance occassioned; "I have been here some time, but I could not make up my mind to interrupt such heavenly sounds."

The landlord was up, bowing, and Minnie had vanished before his speech was half finished. Giving his horse to the hostler, and ordering a private room, pen, ink and paper, the traveler entered the inn. After supper was served and eaten, he drew his chair up to the table and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR GEORGE: Here I am at the 'Fox and Hounds,' as I told you I should be when I left you. I arrived here about an hour ago, and disturbed at her song the most lovely—but never mind now. Come down as soon as you can. The party from the Squire's will be here to-morrow, and then I shall present Lord Adair's regrets for his absence, and introduce to their notice, Yours truly,

"HERBERT GRANT.

"To Hon. Geo. Savage."

The next morning, quite early, the fishing party came down to the "Fox and Hounds." Mr. Grant presented his letter of introduction to the Squire and was politely requested to join the party.

"It must be nice to be rich and powerful," thought Minnie, as she saw the deference with which Mr. Grant assisted Kate Oldfield from her saddle to the ground, and marked the low bow with which he gave her his arm. "He called me Minnie this morning, just as if I were a servant," was her next thought. "How handsome he is and what a pleasant voice he had! Minnie is a pretty name, as he says it."

"Minnie, Minnie! Where are you?" "Coming, father!"

And the young girl hastened down stairs to assist her father in waiting upon the guests. As she was passing along she met Miss Oldfield, who had torn her habit and was on her way up stairs to repair her mischief.

"Here, my girl," she said, rather haughtily, as Minnie passed her, "come with me and mend this rent."

"Minnie followed the handsome brunette, who was evidently in a bad humor. She was still seated on the low stool beside her, at work upon the habit, when Harry Oldfield, Miss Kate's brother, joined them.

"Come, Kate, they are all waiting for you."

"Let them wait," returned Kate. "I tell you what it is Kate," said the young man, "I would not let them see how cross I was about Lord Adair's absence if I were you. He has sent a very handsome substitute, and if his excuse is true, why I am sure it is a good one."

"Important business! Fudge! As if his agent could not transact his business. He will meet a cold reception when he does come."

"Caution, Kate. You may lose him altogether. Do be agreeable to his substitute, so that he may carry back a favorable report."

"If he comes here as a spy, he had better return," said Kate. "Doubtless he will be well paid for his news."

"Why did Minnie's cheeks flush and her fingers tremble? Surely the girl's sneering, cold tone was nothing to her."

The party started off on horseback in fine spirits. In about two hours they returned, slowly and sadly as a funeral train. Minnie hastened to the door. Upon a rude litter, carried by four of the party, lay apparently dead, the traveler who had the night before come to the inn.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Lent his 'orse to another man," said the hostler, "and the borrowed one struck the upper bar of the first gate and threw him over. The 'orse was killed, miss."

When George Savage arrived the next day, his friend was in a raving delirium. For two days he hovered between life and death, and in all that time not one of the gay fishing party again came to the poor artist. Minnie was his nurse. Her old aunt, who was very much interested in the poor young man, directed her and George Savage in their treatment of the invalid; and when the young man was again out of danger, and his friend had returned to London, Minnie and her aunt were left to take care of the stranger.

Young Grant, in his convalescence, made a study of Minnie. When his friend Savage sent him any new books from town, and Minnie read them alone to him, he was delighted with the depth of information her remarks displayed. In short, Mr. Herbert Grant was in love.

One morning Minnie was reading to him in her rich melodious voice Miss Langdon's poems:

"It is a fearful thing,
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, the joy-giving world—
A blank without thee.
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee;
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
My flowers, I gather them only for thee;
The book drops listless down. I cannot read,
Unless it is to thee."

"Pshaw!" said Minnie, trying to laugh, "has not your friend sent you something more interesting than this?"

"Minnie," said Herbert, looking full into her large dark eyes, "I think it is beautiful."

"What a brilliant color the innkeeper's daughter did possess!

"Minnie, my own Minnie, I love you," said Herbert.

A week or two later there was a pathetic parting in the little room which Mr. Grant occupied.

"Good night and good bye, Minnie," said Herbert. "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow. I will write in a day or two, and soon return to claim you."

The next morning Minnie was up very early. Had she not to get her father's breakfast before he started to market? But after her father had left why did she not return to the house, instead of standing and talking to the hostler, as he fed and watered Mr. Grant's horse?" It was a beautiful horse, and Minnie evidently thought so, else why did she stand stroking its mane and patting it so fondly? Mr. Grant was looking out of his window, and there was a pleased smile on his face when he noticed her. He came down a few moments after booted and spurred, and, though still pale and rather weak, in high spirits.

Minnie had a secret for her father's ear that night, and the old man said: "Well, lass, if he'll prove he's a respectable man, and can support you, why he's a liberal kind of a fellow, I think, and I suppose I must let you go."

And Minnie, seated beside him, nestled close into his arms and sang her sweetest songs.

In an elegant apartment in London young Herbert Grant is passing rapidly up and down, an elderly lady, seated on the sofa, is talking to him.

"Dear Herbert," she is saying, "I wish you would listen to reason. What will Kate say?"

"Kate, a cold-hearted girl, who saw me brought dying, apparently, to a house within half a mile of her, and never sent to know if I survived my fall? I was a fellow creature, at least."

"But, my dear——"

"Mother," said Herbert, taking her hand and seating himself besides her, you do not know Minnie. She is no course, uneducated rustic. Any lady may be proud of her beauty and talents—and, mother, I firmly believe, if it had not been for her kind nursing, I should have died.

"You did not send for me," said his mother.

"No, not until I was conscious, they did not know where to send," he replied. "George came down by former invitation, and I feared to tell you, lest in spite of your feeble health you would insist upon coming to me. Mother, you will consent to call Minnie daughter?"

It took more than one coaxing to win her; but Herbert was her all in all, and finally she consented.

"My wife, my wife," whispered a young man in a carriage driving through London streets one evening, and he drew his companion close to his heart. "Here we are, darling, and now my poor tired bird can rest."

They had been on the continent, and were coming home.

"Welcome, my daughter," said an elderly lady, pressing the traveler to her heart. "Welcome home."

"Would your lordship like any refreshments?" said a servant coming in.

"Lady Adair," said Herbert, gaily, "shall I order refreshments?"

"Lady Aadiar," said Minnie.

"Why, Herbert!" cried his mother, "have you never told her before?"

"Never! Yes, refreshment immediately," said Herbert, dismissing the man. "Why, Minnie, you look as terrified as if I had said I was a highwayman."

Minnie crept up close to him.

"Lord Adair or Mr. Grant," she whispered, "you are my Herbert still."

The Concord Fight.

The British, somewhat scattered in small groups on the bridge and on the west bank of the river, noticing the advance of the Americans, immediately formed and crossed to the east bank, taking up some of the planks of the bridge as they passed over. The soldiers under Captain Lawrie, who had previously retired to the hill, moved forward and joined their companions on the right bank of the river. The attempt of the British to dismantle the bridge attracted the attention of Major Buttrick as the Americans were advancing, "two and two, and turning the corner of the cross-road." He remonstrated against the act in a loud and emphatic tone, and ordered his men to march in a quick step. Thereupon the enemy desisted from the destruction. They became alarmed at the menacing movement of the Americans; and it may have occurred to them at the time that whatever obstructions were placed in the way of the Americans would jeopard the safety of Captain Parson's detachment.

It was, according to Captain David Brown, "between nine and ten of the clock in the forenoon" The British fired two or three guns in quick succession. These were preconcerted signal-guns for the distant detachments of the enemy to return at once. When the Americans arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge, and were rapidly moving forward, one of the regulars, a sharpshooter, stepped from the ranks and discharged his musket, manifestly aimed at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson, the ball from which, passing under the arm of the latter, slightly wounded Luther Blanchard, the fifer of the Acton company, in the side, and Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men. This gun was immediately followed by a volley, which instantly killed Captain Isaac Davis and private Abner Hosmer, of Acton, a ball passing through the heart of the former, and another through the head of the latter, and slightly wounding Ezekiel Davis, a brother of Captain Davis, a ball passing through his hat and grazing his head. When he saw that his fifer was wounded, Captain Davis impulsively stepped to the wall by the road and was in the act of sighting his gun, when he was hit by the enemy's shot. He sprang two or three feet in the air, fell on the north side of the wall, and expired without uttering a word. Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was struck with a ball that cut through his hat and drew blood on his forehead. It appeared as if he had been cut with a knife; and "I concluded," said Private Baker, "that the British were firing jackknives."

Major Buttrick, then in front of Captain Brown's company, instantly jumped from the ground, and partly turning to his men, impetuously exclaimed, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" discharging his own gun at the same moment. Captain Brown, who never before nor after used a profane word, exclaimed, "God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, men, fire!" drew up his own musket, deliberately aimed, and fired. One of the dead British soldiers, buried near the old monument, was believed to have been the result of that shot. Major Buttrick's order ran along the line of militia and minute-men, the word "Fire!" "Fire!" came from a hundred lips, and a general discharge instantly followed from the Americans. They fired as they stood, and over each other's heads. The fusillade continued for a few minutes only, when the British broke and fled in great alarm and confusion. Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men, said to one of his comrades, "Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end!"

The fire of the Americans was destructive. Two British soldiers were instantly killed. Four officers, Lieutenants Gould, Hall, Sunderland, and Kelly, and a sergeant and six privates, were reported to have been wounded at the same time. It has never been accurately ascertained how many privates suffered in this engagement. More than a dozen had their wounds dressed in the village by Drs. Minot and Cumings, and, of course, there were surgeons with the expeditionary force. Many of the troops were covered with blood as they passed the houses on their retreat to the village, and were seen in this condition from the windows. The sudden flight of such veteran soldiers showed that the fire of the Americans must have been very severe.—From "The Concord Fight," by FREDERIC HUDSON, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

Mechanical Genius.

I know at least a score of men who, though intelligent enough in other respects, do not know how to drive a nail in a workmanlike manner. As boys, they were educated with a view to practicing certain vocations or professions, and mechanical arts were completely ignored by their unwise parents or guardians. Now it is essential to every man—lawyer, preacher, physician, merchant—to know some of the principles of mechanical art, and how to apply them, for no man leads an industrious life without very frequently seeing the use of such knowledge. There are certain mechanical rules that apply to almost every piece of work that man attempts to perform, from the folding of a paper to the matching together of two boards, and the bungling manner in which these things are generally done, shows how little idea men have of mechanism. Then, fathers, whether city men or country men, fit up a workshop for your boys. A small set of tools, of the best material, will not cost much—not more than ten or twelve dollars at most—and they'll soon return to you thrice their value in the good accomplished. Where there is a comfortable workshop supplied with good tools, the boys are seldom known to leave it upon leisure days to loaf in the streets. If nothing else is given them to do, they will be manufacturing wind-mills, sleds, weather-cocks, hand-carts, etc., and every hour thus employed adds to their skill as workmen. Very soon they will be able to make rainy days as profitable as others, repairing or making very many important fixtures about the house. We know boy mechanics who have supplied their homes with brackets, flower-stands, step-ladders, and a hundred and one other things convenient and valuable.

Bet Because the Odds Were Great.

A son of the Fatherland went into Barney Galligan's saloon the other day and called for a drink. Barney observed how blooming he was with the "rosy" already, and shook his head, saying: "You have had enough." "Enough of whad, I guess," asked the Teuton. "Enough to drink." "Who is running my machine, you or I?" "You are, and you are running it into the ground."

"I bade you $10 dat I am a liar," said he, slamming his hand upon the bar.

"There is no bet there," said Barney, laughing.

"Give us a drink."

"No, you are drunk now."

"I bade you not."

"Well, I'll bet you $50 to $1 that you are drunk," said Barney, while quite a number gathered around to see the fun.

"Good enough, I bade you," said he, pulling out fractional currency enough to make up a dollar. "Now, who will you leave it mid?"

"I'll leave it to yourself. Are you not drunk?"

"Yes, by jingoes, I am," said he mournfully, "dake der tollar."

A friend of his happened to be in the crowd, and upbraided him for deciding against himself.

"But it was der drudh."

"Well, supposing it was, what did you want to be foolish enough to bet for then?"

"I could'nt help it—der odds was so pig," he replied, turning away more in sorrow than in anger.

A Fireless Stove.

A fireless stove, as it is called, is now being tried by a street-car company in Columbus, Ohio. It is described as a small iron box, placed under the car seat. The box contains the necessary pipes and valves, and is filled with water. The heat is supplied at the depot. A small upright boiler, not higher than a man of ordinary stature, and consuming no more coal than a large heating stove, supplies the steam. By means of rubber hose, the steam is introduced into the stove through a pipe which projects from the outside of the car. In a short time the condensed steam heats the water to 212 degrees, and the car is heated and ready for travel. In a trip of one mile and return, occupying about forty minutes, the stove only loses about thirty degrees of heat. Then another charge of steam is given, and the temperature of the car is kept pleasant constantly.

Sincerity in Art.

In our estimate of a work of contemporaneous literary art it is precisely here that we are most at fault. How much of this sincere element any work of art possesses only time can tell. After all, we take our friend and neighbor upon appearances. It is just as well perhaps, that we should not sit in subtle judgment upon his professed sympathy with our sorrow, his friendly greeting and laughter. After all, the sigh and the smile have their sincerity. So we are charmed with the poet's song—it is a song of the green fields we know so well; if not about them, still sung under the potent influence of their familiar beauty. We give ourselves up to the intoxication. After all, it is not mere sham and show. The song has a heartiness of its own; it savors of soul, even if it does not spring from the depths. A poet, therefore, may be to his generation a true poet, and the generation that follows may find in him a suspicion of self-consciousness, a taint of affectation—a thought about something vain and transient and all too meanly personal, instead of the thing eternal. That is enough. He goes no farther."—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Do Not Worry About Yourself.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body, for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental strain is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they have only in imagination. We have seen a person sea-sick in anticipation of a voyage, ere reaching the vessel. We have known persons to die of an imaginary cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A blind-folded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons, to remain so, should be cheerful and happy, and sick persons should have their attention diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith they die. As a man thinketh so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves, they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their souls, and the will has much to do in containing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

Nervous Excitement.

One dreadful form of nervous excitement very prevalent among all classes of society is that which is commonly called "dipsomania." A weak tendency to drink becomes an insane tendency. We are especially liable to it at the present time, because so many of us are overwrought. Our actors, our orators, our commercial men, can hardly keep up the nervous energy required to go through with their work, and so they take alcohol to get up the steam of the mind. We believe if a man has to go through a certain amount of bodily work he will do it better if he takes a little stimulant. In cases of mental strain, the freer he keeps from stimulant the better. Let him always eat something when he drinks. Let him drink as little stimulant as possible as a rule; let him substitute coffee or cocoa for spirits and wine, and he will be fresher for work and last out better. The body is a tough machine, but you must treat it fairly; and so of the mind—it is usually tough enough, but you can upset it. We beseech you, workers, to watch yourselves, especially in this matter of taking stimulants. But what shall we say of the pleasure makers? Young people should enjoy themselves if enjoyment comes innocently. But what do we see constantly? We see young people whose susceptibilities are keenly alive to everything that comes from without, fresh and healthy young girls of seventeen and eighteen, at parties and balls, who really require no stimulant, or the least possible amount—a little wine and water at most. Well, these young girls drink champagne at intervals, glass after glass; they do not know how much they do drink. They have not been cautioned. It is over excitability; it is thoughtlessness. But it is like throwing vitriol upon roses to apply such an amount of stimulant to young, healthy bodies. A little thought would constantly set all this right.

Taking the Stitch in Time.

Two hard wood staves from an old barrel, screwed up