A Very Rash Vow.

"You love her, Hugh?"

"More than my life, Will."

"Then, man, why don't you tell her so?"

"No, Will, I never will tell her so. Never, never, never," Hugh Walworth said, starting from his chair and pacing the room.

"Come, come, Hugh, don't give me a dramatic rehearsal, now, but sit down here and tell me what's the trouble," said Will Lawrence—Hugh's most intimate friend and just the best-hearted fellow in the world. With almost womanly tenderness he passed his arm around Hugh and drew him down beside him.

"No, Will; although I love Clare St. Clair, I shall never tell her so. Not even if by so doing I could win her. But that is not likely. I can hear the ringing laugh now that would greet my love making, see the mocking curl of her proud lips. I was not far away when Gus Howard made a fool of himself."

"Gus Howard and you are very different persons, Hugh, and I think you would meet a very different reception—" "He is handsome, rich, and of one of the oldest families in our State, and—"

"A vain, conceited, brainless fop. I honor Miss St. Clair for the way in which she sent him forth. He would have understood no other reception."

"He is only one of the very many she has won by her witcheries to laugh at, and cast aside their hearts, as little worthless baubles. She has no heart. She cannot have, or surely she would have given her love, or sympathy at least to my cousin Paul—dear, murdered Paul—so true, so noble, so loving! He was worth the purest woman's love. Will, my boy, standing over Paul's lifeless form, I swore I would never tell Clare my love. Ah, then, when my grief was above all other feeling, I thought it would not be hard. I must get away from here, Will; far away where I shall never hear her name and never see her. Six months have passed since I stood by Paul's coffin, and made that vow, and instead of banishing her from my heart I love her, I love her-"

"Hugh! I have heard it whispered that Paul's death was no accident; yet I do not credit it. Why will you?"

"Why, because he wrote me of his love, and said: 'If I cannot win Clare, I shall have nothing to live for. I cannot, I will not live without her.' I feel sure he went to her; told her of his love; was rejected: and in his agony—"

No, no no! Paul Heywood never intended that terrible crime, I know; and you know how fond he was of hunting. He went forth for that purpose, and It was by a sudden and unexpected discharge of his gun that he was killed. Now do not charge Miss St. Clair with his death. She never trifled with Paul, I fell confident."

"Then, why did she exclaim: 'Oh, I might have saved him from this!' as she stood beside him? She dreamed not that I was near."

"I know not, Hugh. Be this as it may, I do not think you should feel thus toward Miss St. Clair. She is wonderfully beautiful; and men will love her. If she has not yet learned to love any of them, I cannot for my life, see why you, of all men should feel bad about it, particularly, so long as she does not refuse you."

"Would to heaven I could think as you, Will! If I could believe that Clare had nothing to do with my cousin's sad end—well I might be happier. But my oath is recorded on high, and—"

"There, never mind about that, but tell me, how long have you known Miss St. Clair?"

"Ever since she was twelve, and I was a youth of fifteen. We were quite devoted to each other for about six weeks, while spending our vacation it the village of P——, she visiting her uncle; I mine. See, here is a little trinket she gave me then," Hugh said taking from his pocket-book a little golden heart and holding it up. And I teased and worried auntie until she gave me from her chatelain a little gold anchor. I gave it to Clare, and told her all my hopes were in her, and that as long as I kept her heart she must never give it to another. She said she would never want to. Oh, she was an earnest, true little love then."

"Well?"

"Well we parted, I going back to college, she to school. I used to write to her through a cousin of hers, and she would answer—such dear, sweet little letters! Then after a half dozen or so passed between us, she said she could write no more; that her mother said it would interfere with her studies, and she was to young to think of a lover.

"'But though I shall write no more, you may be sure I'm thinking of you—too much, I guess," she wrote.

"There were beautiful girls all around me nearer my own age. Soon I imagined myself desperately in love with the sister of my most intimate friend, and so little Clare was forgotten. I think this news must have reached her. When we met again—which was not for four years—she was a young lady of sixteen, very beautiful, and surrounded by many admirers. She treated me with the most perfect indifference. I never could have believed four years could have changed any one as it did Clare—once so candid, artless, and loving; then a heartless little coquette. I did not linger near her long. Again after an abscence of three years in Europe, I met her six months ago, just before Paul's death. Then it was that I grew to love her. Oh, how I've watched for her! Eager, famishing for one look, to tell even of rememberance of the old times! But now this must soon end. I will cross the ocean again, never to return! Now you have my story, Will, and we will never speak of this again. Come, let us go out for a walk!"

"All right, Hugh. But I must express my opinion first on this subject, and then, if you wish, henceforth and forever, hold my tongue. If Clare St. Clair is a heartless coquette, I think you taught her the first lesson."

The friends took up their hats and sauntered down town. Hugh was very silent, only replying to Will's remarks in monosyllables.

"I've turned the current, I think, by giving him a glance at himself," Will said.

"Clare St. Clair, when will you be content with this cruel game you are playing? I've just seen poor Harry Carrington. I should think you had a lesson severe enough in Paul's death. Do you wish another to die for love of you?"

"Cora, stop. How can you? How dare you say such dreadful words to me? Were you not my cousin, and dearest friend, I could not forgive it. Oh, girl, I wish I had a heart. Paul might have won it. Dear, noble Paul! I loved him as I should a brother, if I'd been blessed with one. But, Cora, Paul never told me that he loved me. I *never* refused him. Thank Heaven, he never asked. It would have been a deep sorrrow for me to have lost his friendship. I have only one thing to reproach myself for, I might have kept him near me that day. He wanted me to go out riding. I fear he might speak the words I dreaded to hear, and so excused myself. Cora, you must believe me. Paul's flight from the world was accidental. I know it. He had promised to see me that evening."

And the beautiful, heartless, cruel girl, as her discarded lovers called her, dropped her head and wept bitterly.

"Forgive me, Clare. I do not believe you. I wish others knew of this—Hugh Walworth particularly. Have you seen much of him lately?"

"No—yes. I have seen him often, but he only bows. He has never approached me—never spoken a word to me since Paul's death. I believe he hates me."

"Clare, I'm going to tell you a secret. Will Laurence—my Will now—we are engaged, dear," Cora said, with a beautiful flush mounting her fair face, "he told me that Hugh loved you—that his heart was breaking for that love—but that he had heard the story about Paul, and by his side had solemnly sworn never to tell you of that love."

"Paler and paler the beautiful face grew. So still and cold she sat, that Cora in her terror caught her in her warm, loving arms, and, carressing and chiding in turn, she managed to bring something like a life-glow to the soft cheek. And then the "beautiful coquette" sobbed:

"For this I've been waiting for years, and now to hear that it will never, never come? Oh, Cora, because I've been loving Hugh ever since I was a little girl I've had no heart for any one else."

"There, dear, don't grieve. It will surely end all right. Hugh was not himself when he made that rash vow. He must, he will, break it," Cora said soothingly.

"You do not know him. He never will," Clare said sadly.

"We shall see," answered the gentle cousin.

And so she went away to find her Will, and with him set her wise little head to work to find some plan to secure the happiness of their friends. They parted to meet again the next afternoon, when both would have had more time to work out a plan. But while these lovers are worrying their minds and hearts, Providence had taken care of the case.

Hugh, determined to fly from the girl he loved so dearly, had fixed upon the hour of departure. Then an irresistible yearning came over him to see her once more. He started off toward her home, a beautiful country seat, two miles from W——. He thought, perhaps, he might meet her, or, hovering near, he might watch her at the window near the porch, or wandering amid the trees and flowers. But he was doomed to disappointment. After lingering until near twilight, and failing to catch a glimpse of Clare, Hugh called a boy who was working in the garden and inquired if Miss St. Clair was home.

"No, sir. She went out for a drive. I hope she will be back soon, for the road is in an awful state. Them workmen cut it up dreadful this afternoon, and it is dangerous traveling now," the boy answered.

Hugh started off at a rapid gait, for what he scarcely knew himself. He had gone possibly a quarter of a mile, when he saw a light suspended in the road as a warnnig of a dangerous place. Almost directly after came the sound of horse's hoofs. Another instant, and the terrified animal came flying madly on, on to the very danger whose warning signal had frightened him. A few seconds more, and it would be too late to save her.

Hugh sprang forward in the center of the road before the crazed steed.

With all his strength he sprang forward, grasped its head, and succeeded in stopping for an instant its mad career.

"Stand back for, heaven's sake! He will kill you, Hugh!" cried Clare, as she sprang from her seat.

She was saved; and away, more furiously than ever, the horse flew, dashing Hugh to the ground with a violent blow.

"Saved! Thank God!" Clare heard him whisper, as, pale and bleeding, he lay lifeless before her.

Down on the ground beside him Clare sank pillowing his head in her lap, and entreating him to open his eyes, to speak to her.

"Oh, I have caused this! To save me he will die. Hugh, dear Hugh, open your eyes. Speak to me. Listen to me."

Slowly the eyelids raised, the pale lips tried in vain to speak.

"See, see, Hugh. Look. Here is your anchor. I've worn it every hour since you gave it to me. Hugh, I never trifled with Paul. Oh, believe me, Hugh. Don't die. Try to live," she cried.

And then as his eyes closed again, and the head sank heavier in her arms, forgetting all, everything, but her love for him, she pressed her lips to those so pale and cold, crying:

"Oh, Hugh, my darling, you will never know how I have loved you so long. If you die, I shall die too."

Again and again she pressed her lips to his. Surely the hand she had clasped gave back a gentle pressure.

"Yes, yes, he lives!" she cried. I must get help. But how can I leave you?"

His eyes opened again, and with a pleading look were raised to hers. Voices reached her ear, footsteps were coming.

"Thank God. Help is near, Hugh. You will live. Try to for——"

She did not finish the sentence. She remembered then what Cora had told her.

"Yes I *must* live now," he whispered, clasping closer her hand.

The frightened horse, with the remnants of the phaeton, carried quickly home the news.

Mr. St. Clair, with two of the men, started to hunt for Clare.

Hugh's injuries, although quite severe, proved to be not of a dangerous character. A week afterwards he was able to be sitting on Mr. St. Clair's porch with Clare beside him.

"Mr Walworth, in all probability you saved this reckless little girl's life; for just the same thing over again, I fear," said Mr. St. Clair, coming up.

"No, sir. He saved my life because he wanted me for himself, and—and—"

"I am waiting your permission to call Clare mine, sir," Hugh said, clasping her hand and appreaching the old gentleman, who clasped Hugh's and exclaimed:

"Have her? Yes certainly you shall. I am delighted to have some one take her off my hands. She is more than I can hold. The wildest, most reckless little piece. But the truest, most loving daughter that ever blessed a father's heart."

And so ended Hugh Walworth's resolve. I'm *not* sure that his oath was broken. But I'm confident that Clare St. Clair was perfectly satisfied with his love, although I can't remember ever having heard him tell her of it; and will have to admit she did most of the loving herself. But Clare Walworth was told to her heart's content how much she was loved, and it is twice as welcome and so much sweeter coming from a husband's than a lover's lips.

A HASTY MATCH.

BY MARY KYLE PALLIN

"Oh, they'll never be happy. They haven't been acquainted a month. How can they know any thing of each other?" said one, looking at a pair of wedding cards.

"They may be just as happy as though they had known each other for years," said another.

"Impossible!" cried the first.

"Bah! nothing is impossible," persisted number two. "There is Harry Oak and his wife—are not they a happy couple?"

"The happiest I ever knew. But——"

"You grant that they are happy? Well, they were not acquainted at all."

"You jest."

"I am in earnest. They were not acquainted when they were married, unless an hour passed in each other's society could be called acquaintance."

"Betrothed in infancy by their parents?"

"No. Their parents never saw each other!"

"It is some quibble."

"It is a solemn truth. Listen and I will tell you all about it. Miss Atkinson was Mrs. Oak's maiden name—Miss Annie Atkinson was a very pretty girl, a brunette, a dash of wine red in her cheeks and two cherries for lips—great, long fringed eyes, such as only brunetts have, you know, deep and clear as some dark rock spring, and as soft as velvet.

"Jerome Holly fell in love with her. You have seen him—a faithless looking blonde man—a flirt and an exquisite now. Then something quite wonderful in both lines. He had broken ever so many hearts, and had a foppish way of boasting of his conquests that would have been contemptible in a girl. In a man it was worse. But the women rather liked it, I suppose, for he was a favorite with them. They were mad enough with Annie Atkinson to have eaten her when rumor had the two engaged.

"They were engaged in earnest, and were quite a romantic pair of lovers for a while, but a greater beauty in the shape of an heiress dawned upon Jerome's acquaintance, and he jilted Annie. It was a very cold, cruel sort of a thing, and made quite a talk in the little place where it happened, and, of course, her own sex showed very little mercy to Annie.

"It was not pleasant for her to stop at L—— and see her old lover riding and driving about with his heiress, and Annie made up her mind to leave the city and go with some friends to California. She had no parents, poor girl, and there was no one to advise her, and she obeyed her first impulse.

"They were the Dunns, who afterwards became so rich, you know, who were going. They were not prosperous then. On the whole it was a heart broken, disappointed lot, not very jolly, of course—and they had a dull time of it waiting for the Goldfinch to start.

"Some accident dalayed her, and the passengers were all at a little hotel, fuming and fretting over the delay; and to make it worse, some spiteful body or other sent the paper with the announcement of Jerome's wedding in it to Annie while they were there.

"It was given to her at breakfast, and it so happened—being late, and the hotel being carried on on the independent plan—that the Dunns and Annie were alone at the table with the exception of a tall, sad looking fellow, who looked as though he were contemplating suicide.

"Perhaps they forgot that he was there. I suppose so, for when Mrs. Dunn's quick wit had jumped at the meaning of that underscored paragraph in the paper Annie had just opened, she said, in that sharp way of her's, impatient and half angry:

"'Annie, Annie, Annie! I'm sure by your face that you are going to take it to heart. Pine and fret and drop into the grave for a worthless fellow like that! Die an old maid for him! Good gracious! how stupid girls are!'

"And then Annie looked at her in a cold way, with a sneer on her lip, and said, very quietly:

"'I shan't break my heart, Mrs. Dunn; and as for being an old maid, I'll marry the first man who asks me.'

"'Oh, don't say *that*,' said Mrs. Dunn. 'That would be as bad as the other. Make a choice, of course; the first one might be a rascal or a——'

"'I tell you I will marry the first man who asks me to be his wife,' said Annie, 'no more matter what he is or who he is. I say it solemnly. As for love, I've done with it; but no one shall say I broke my heart and died an old maid for the sake of that man.'

"And then both women stopped, for the stranger at the end of the long table had arisen and was coming toward them.

"He looked at Annie, and she looked at him. The stranger then spoke.

"'Did you mean what you said just now, madam?' he asked.

"And Annie answered:

"'It is an impertinent question for a stranger to ask. But I did.'

"'Solemnly?' asked the man.

"'Yes,' said Annie.

"'Then I offer my heart and hand,' said the stranger. 'Will you have me?'

"Annie looked at him, examined him in a half an instant from head to foot, paused for another instant, and then said:

"'Yes.'

"'Give me your hand upon it,' said the stranger, and she did.

"'My name is Harry Oak,' said the stranger; "I am pretty well known here—better in Boston. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?'

"And she told him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dunn were very much alarmed and shocked; but Annie was of age, and her own mistress, and they were only friends, not relations.

"But Dunn made every effort to find out what people knew of Harry Oak, and discovered nothing of discredit. Indeed, it seemed as though he were a good match for Annie."

Just then the passengers were summoned to the vessel.

"Every one was to be on board the Goldfinch in an hour. The engaged pair decided to go with the rest.—They, with the Dunns, found out a Methodist minister hard by—a kind, good man—who preached to the seafaring folk in a little chapel made from the old vessel, always afloat at a certain dock, and had just time to be married and drive at full speed to the spot where the Goldfinch lay—She started five minutes after they got on board.

"And the voyage was their wedding trip, and their honeymoon made them acquainted."

"The oddest part of it was, that as Jerome had jilted Annie, so had the heiress jilted Harry Oak. When he preffered, and she accepted him, they were, doubtless, a very miserable pair; but before they reached California, they were much the gayest on board, and quite devoted to each other, and never, since the sun rose, did it shine on two whose lives have been more even in their time, or who have known fewer sorrows. They certainly love each other dearly, and are happier than many whose courtship was long and ardent."

"Yet, when they were married they were absolutely not even acquaintances, and I haven't a doubt," said the narrator, lighting his cigar, "that if marriage were actually a lottery, and the names of wives and husbands were drawn from a wheel, and the drawings abided by, there would be just as much matrimonial bliss, and just as many quarrels and divorces, and no more, than there are now, when people think they choose for themselves."

"Treasury Girls."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes from Washington: "Treasury girls," be it known are not all young; in fact, some of them, no doubt, have children as old as your correspondent, while many are yet in the full bloom of girlhood, and more have entered the cypress-hung portals of old maidenhood, or have worn, or still wear, the widow's weeds. Still according to ye festive correspondent, all ladies engaged in the Treasury department are "girls," even though they be grayhaired matrons and mothers of families. As I have said "Treasury girls" are not all either young or pretty, as is generally supposed, and in looking over the "sea of faces" I have discovered but few who look as though their owners consider life as a great flirtation made up of little flirtations; on the contrary, the majority of the faces belonging to the "Treasury girls" bear the impress of an earnest purpose earnestly pursued, while many are evidently shadowed by sorrow or disappointment; in fact, the ladies who are engaged in the Treasury department are only a small detachment of the great army of women who find themselves dependent upon their own resources, and have, as is natural, sought out the best place they could command. The average "Treasury girl" does not go to work in silk and lace, according to the popular idea, but, on the contrary, wears a loose sack and overdress of some light wash goods over a worsted skirt, and, by way of taking all romance out of the matter, carries a little lunch done up in a paper or pinned up in a red napkin. Neither do all "Treasury girls" preserve the lines of beauty in form or face; on the contrary, they are thin, angular, and perpendicular women among them, and there are some who are burdened with flesh; most certainly there are many who evidently did not win their positions by means of personal beauty.

A Famous Head-Waiter.

Robert Thompson, the famous head-waiter of the Grand Union at Saratoga, has recently died. A correspondent says of him: He died of consumption, within sight and hearing of that great dining room over which he had presided for eight years, and stood at the portal until a fortnight before his death. He was a Maryland negro, full blood, who married Jane Brent, of Canandaigua, a fugitive slave from the environs of Washington, like himself. He leaves his wife and daughter with about $50,000 in money and property. His son-in-law is a graduate of Harvard University, and has an $1,800 clerkship in the treasury. The power of this negro was in his business knowledge and philanthropy. He loved his race with a perfect knowledge of its weakness and childishness, he grew himself sterner and soberer as he realized its profligacy and pursuit of idle political honors; he was himself a public orator, and had been in the city councils of Washington, but he disliked office-seeking and office. Commanding 200 able-bodied black men, who were under his personal drill fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, he was inflexible, steadfast and kept perfect work with perfect impartiality. He raised up other head-waiters and sent them over the country to civilize other hotels, his last essay of this kind having been Randolph, whom he made head-waiter at Long Branch, and who is now to take command of the great palace hotel at San Francisco. Thompson's power was partly in his social knowledge of the hotel frequenters. He could guess a man's importance under his dress, and he knew who was going to arrive and what rank they required. All the table attendants of the Grand Union wear a string of crape and a black rosette.

Stone Cannon Balls.

The *Moniteur de l'Armee* says:

"Some workmen occupied at the Chateau of Conda, in Normandy, have just found some cannon balls of granite, probably thrown by the English when that castle was taken by them, in 1417. Those spheres were found, as might be supposed, very defective projectiles, as they were made on the spot or in quarries, and the exact weight could not be correctly judged; the centre of gravity was, besides, not always in the middle. Consequently neither the range nor the aim could be always calculated with precision. They were for that reason fired from a great elevation. In 1428 a stone cannon ball, discharged from the tower of Notre Dame, at Orleans, killed the Earl of Salisbury on the opposite side of the Loire. Some of these projectiles used during one memorable occasion are still preserved in the same city; two of them measure over thirteen inches in diameter, and their weight exceeds 200 pounds. The journal of the siege of that battle relates, in fact, that on the 1st of December, 1428, the English batteries threw against the town balls weighing nearly 200 pounds. On the 29th of January, 1429, Lancelot de Lile, who commanded the English, had his hand carried off by a stone shot from the wall."

Schoolroom Suggestions.

Vacation will soon be over and the young folks are hunting up their castaway books and satchels, and preparing for a season of hard study. After the delightful relief of the past two months, which all enjoyed no doubt to their hearts' content, they will bring to the duties of the schoolroom renewed vigor of body and mind, cheerful dispositions, and a general feeling of happiness that instead of making the recitations irksome, will help to overcome these apparently difficult tasks. At least, we hope this will be the case. Scholars who resume their studies next Monday with such a feeling of contentment and a desire to occupy a high position in the class, will find the Sisyphian stone of dullness and ennui rolled back, and what at first seemed like work, will become a source of pleasure and profit.

Those on the other hand who enter upon the term with indifference to their studies and permit their thoughts to be constantly reverting to bygone hours of pleasure, instead of being occupied with the duties before them, will grow more and more dissatisfied. Time will hang heavily on their hands, the lessons will prove tasks of seemingly endless difficulties and the very pathway to and from school become a dreary walk. The session will finally close and the record such schoolars have made will bring the blush of shame to their own cheeks and make their parents and friends hang their heads in sorrow. To such there will be neither promotion nor the prospect of advancement, and they will probably always remain dullards.

To the scholar who welcomes the opening hour of the school term with avowed gratification, and at once places himself en rapport with his studies, the school room will become a place of real enjoyment. Difficulties may press about such an one, and though he or she may be prostrated with the weight of work, they will eventually, like the fabled Antæus, spring up again with increased strength to grapple more earnestly with the task that will sooner or later succumb to such endeavors.—This has been the experience of those who have trodden the same road on which the youth of to-day are gleefully following. Honors come not to those who will not diligently seek them. Failure has been the common lot of mankind, and we are assured that "'Tis not in mortals to command success," yet we can deserve it, and this should be every schoolar's aim. Therefore look not mournfully into the past, for it is gone, nor idly plan what you will do, for the future is not yours, but wisely improve the present, for that and that alone is yours.

Buying A Bride.

Two young men—one of them resided in the northern part of this county, and the other in the southern part of Steel county—were each enamored with the same young lady. The affections of the lady were about equally divided between the two. Hard words and blows failed to settle the difficulty. As a last resort, the Freeborn county man agreed to relinquish all his right and title to the fair damsel for the sum of $100 The other chap couldn't see it. Freeborn county showed a willingness to do the fair thing by they offering to give $160 and take the disputed property himself. Steele county scorned the offer. Our man raised the bid to $125, which was not accepted; $150 failed to reach him; but, when the bid was raised to $160, it proved to be too much for his cupidity, and with eagerness he cried out.

"Take her." At this time the expectant bride stood looking on, an indifferent spectator, apparently caring not whether her Freeborn or Steel county came out ahead. The winning man gave his note for $160, with the bride's father as indorser, and the marriage took place without any unnecessary delay. And now we understand the parties propose to resist the payment of the note, on the ground of "no value received."—*Standard, Minn.*

A Strange Story from the Sea.

A private letter received in Sheffield from one of the crew of the iron ship Glance, of London, which arrived in the Thames from Adelaide lately, gives intelligence of a terrible event which recently occurred at sea. The Glance passed an out-bound vessel, bearing the name of Jesse Osborne, and was hailed by the captain of the latter ship, who reported that one of his crew had gone mad; that for five days the maniac had stationed himself aloft, and nothing could induce him to return to the deck.—The captain further reported that the madman had armed himself with a large chisel, with which he was cutting the ropes, and that the boatswain had tried to bring him down. The maniac, however, threw a block at the boatswain, knocking him on the deck and breaking him arm and leg. As a matter of safety to his vessel and crew, the captain of the Jesse Osborne considered that it was necessary to shoot the maniac, and after some consultation that course was decided upon. The crew and officers of the Glance were requested to be present as witnesses, and in their presence the man was shot with a revolver. In consequence of the way in which he moved about the rigging three shots had to be fired before he was fatally injured. He fell dead on deck, and his body was eventually thrown overboard.—*London Times.*

A Fighting Editor.

A thoughtless young man from Massachusetts went out into Pottawattamie county not long ago to start a paper, and in order to tickle the fancy of the inhabitants, of whose temper he was ignorant, he published the following in his first issue:

"The fighting editor is at home at all hours of the day and night, ready, willing and anxious to receive all visitors who have grievances. He carries two revolvers, a sling shot, a pair of brass knuckles, a bowie-knife as long as a cross cut saw, a razor in each boot, an eel-skin bludgeon, and a bottle of poison!"

Pottawattamie thought it was a challenge, and all day long they dropped in; single, in pairs, in threes, and in squads and platoons. Every soul of them whipped the editor, and the last man, who came in about seven P. M., had to sweep him up in the middle of the floor and paste him together with putty, in order to get a kick at him. The paper only issued the initial number.—*Burlington Hawkey.*

A Boston murderer, in consequence of his poor health, wants his execution delayed.

When ten men will carefully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

Mental Culture in Women.

Too many women of fair culture and intelligence gradually lose after marriage their interest in intellectual things and cease to grow mentally. The causes of this are various, but may chiefly be found in a too great absorption of the mind in domestic and maternal cares, and in too prolonged and wearying household duties, bringing as they must both mental and physical exhaustion. The loss which every woman sustains who thus ceases to grow intellectually, is always very great, and both husband and children are, in their measure, partakers of the loss.

Referring to this subject, in a recent number of *The Household*, Mrs. Julia C. Derr, who always writes clearly and well no matter what the theme she touches, says:

"The woman who, in the early days of her married life, lowers the standard she had set up for herself in her girlhood, will find it very difficult to raise it again. If she loses the habit of reading, if she loses her quick, bright interest in whatever is going on in the world of science and literature, and art, in the philanthropic and educational movements of the day, and in all the wide circles of human thought and human life, she is not likely to find it again. But some day she will wake up to find her own children far in advance of her, and her influence over them waning rapidly. I do not mean, in the least, that she needs to keep pace with them in their studies, though even to do that is a good thing for both. She need not begin studying Greek verbs because her boys are fitting for college.' I refer simply to the general tone and habit of her life—to the atmosphere which surrounds her, and which she finds congenial. I refer to the *habit of growth*, without which a man or a woman will degenerate, just as surely as the tree degenerates when it ceases to grow. It may live a long time—but mere life is something quite distinct from healthy growth.

"Something is surely wrong in the plan of that life from which intellectual and spiritual culture is crowded out. The man who comes in from his store, his farm, night after night, to find his house in nice order, an inviting supper waiting for him, his children clean and well-clothed, but his wife so tired that she would go straight to bed if she could—Alas! she cannot, because, as I have said, there is her work-basket full to overflowing—may make up his mind that there is a mistake somewhere. I am making no plea for idleness, no plea for mere pleasure-seeking. Every wife, high or low, rich or poor, in palace or in cottage, should strive to be a 'help-meet' to her husband. But being a helpmeet does not mean being a drudge. It does not mean working like a galley-slave for one's board and clothing—poor clothing, too, very often. It does not mean the sacrifice of all of a woman' tastes, and the loss of all her bloom and freshness. And more than all, it does not mean a rude awakening from all the happy dreams that were hers when she placed her hand in that of the man she loved, and went out into the world with him. Some husbands and wives are so busy that they have no time to love each other, no time for the interchange of the small, sweet courtesies, without which wedded life is like the salt that has lost its savor."

From the Microscope to the Wood-pile.

The other day a Detroit father purchased a microscope for his son, a boy of ten, patted the lad on the shoulder, and said to him:

"My son, take this microscope, and go out and study the beauties of nature."

The boy left all the other amusements for that, and he took such great interest and improved so rapidly, that at the tea table, to which several visitors sat down with the family, he felt that he must make some remarks. Turning to a lady he inquired:

"Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?"

"I don't think I ever did," she pleasantly remarked.

"Well, you just ought to see the things crawl——"

"John! John!" exclaimed the father shaking his head at the boy across the table.

John subdued for a minute or two, and when his mother passed the cheese around every body said, "No, thank you." Pretty soon the young student, desiring to mollify his father, asked:

"Father, did you ever look at a toad through a microscope?"

"I will talk with you after supper," replied the parent, scowling at the boy.

John was rather disappointed at his failure to arouse enthusiasm, and just as the strawberries were being passed around, he remarked:

"Well, you just ought to look at a strawberry once through a microscope! They just look like warts, they do, and you think you see bugs running——"

"Jawn!" said his mother.

"Boy!" warned his father.

"Well, they look wors'n flies' heads!" protested the boy, who imagined they doubted his veracity, "for flies——"

"Boy——!" said his father, making a motion for John to leave the table.

John left, and as soon as it was convenient for him to do so, the father escorted him to the wash room in the basement, bounced him around and said:

"My son, gimme that there microscope, and you take the axe and go out and study the beauties of the wood pile!"

If that boy continues to feel the way he does at present, he will become a bank robber instead of a naturalist.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Wild Boy Caught.

A gentleman from Marcos, Texas, tells of the capture of a wild boy a few miles from that place. The boy was first discovered wallowing in a pond of shallow water, and when approached he broke like a quarter-horse, running about a mile before he could be overtaken by men on ponies. Riding up near, the boy was lassoed, when a fierce contest ensued, the strange being striking, kicking, and lunging about in the most fearful manner, and apparently being frightened almost to death. Finally he was overpowered, tied and taken to the house of the man who first discovered him. His body was covered with hair about four inches long, and from size and appearance he is supposed to be about twelve years old. He is unable to talk, but possesses reasoning power, and now follows his captor about like a dog.

The only time that a boy has an idea of reforming and becoming good is when he is treed among the cherries by a lank farmer and a couple of mastiffs.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashsionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

apr1.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED.

sep 18

New Firm!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

☞Having purchased the interest of Messrs C. F. Rhoads & Bro's., in the grocery business, we respectfully announce to the public that we will continue the business at the old stand,

(No. 2, Baer's Block.)

In addition to a full line of groceries (fresh and of best qualities),

GLASSWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, GRAIN,

& MILL FEED,

We will make a specialty of

SALT,

Carbon Oil,

Land Plaster,

CALCINED PLASTER,

FREDERICK

AND

CLEVELAND

WHITE LIME,

Cumberland Lime,

GUANO,

PHOSPHATES, &c.,

We have a large warehouse and lime house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.

SOMERSET, PA.

March 24, 1875.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy; or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the

NEW JERSEY

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.

Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to

F. E. GOODELL,

AGER ANCH OFFICE,

88 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above.

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear.

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Gloves,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible.

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 20.

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 Merchandize, consisting of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

QUEENSWARE,

HARDWARE,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES.

&c., &c., &c.,

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.

WANTED—Lumber of all kinds, Hoop-poles, Cross-Ties, Bark, Staves, &c., Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs.

MAPLE SUGAR,

Bacon, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep-Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.

SALT AND FISH.

always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and cannot be undersold.

SCHELL & WILSON.

WIKE & YOUNG,

BUTCHERS

AND DEALERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS,

ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA

AND

LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar1875

STEVENSON & CARTWRIGHT,

Manufacturers of

Galvanized Iron Cornices,

Window and Door Heads, Finials, Turrets, Chimney Caps, Ventilators, and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Ornamental Work. Tin Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Job Work promptly attended to.

No. 158 Federal St.,

Allegheny City, Pa.

may5

Miscellaneous.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.

NEW FIRM.

NEW GOODS.

THE NEW FIRM OF

PATTON & HURST

No. 4, Baer's Block,

are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of

CALICOES,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

SHIRTING,

TICKING,

BOYS AND MENS'

HEAVY PANT STUFFS,

in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,

DRESS GOODS,

in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,

STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE

The best assortment of

Carpetings and Oil Cloths

ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. 10ly8

DR. T. BROWN, No. 62 SECOND AVENUE, between Wood and Market Streets, Pittsburg, continues to guarantee his cures in cases of PRIVATE DISEASES. His remedies are prepared by himself. No patient will be sent to a druggist for his medicine. Having had a large experience in a practice of over 20 years, he can insure relief in a few days. Terms low and cures certain. Delicate diseases, liver complaint, palpitation of the heart, stricture, affections of the bladder and kidneys, general debility and nervousness yield readily to his treatment. All letters containing a five cents postage stamp promptly answered. jm23

Cook & Beerits'

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