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The Somerset Herald

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Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business promptly solicited and generally attended to.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing Press Row.

F. J. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Agent for real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with fidelity and honesty. aug. 12-1y.

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. K. SUPPLE.
COFFROTH & SUPPLE, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be carefully and punctually attended to.
Office—In Main Cross Street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july19

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb 18 76-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Money and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 12-tf.

P. W. GAITHER. PAUL R. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. jan5-72.

W. A. & 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.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. 20, 76.

DR. S. S. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of the profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreininger's store. apr. 26, '76-tf.

DR. H. SHUBAKER renders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice in Medicine, and render his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glades House.

DR. S. M. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Gaither's Block, up stairs. Will be out at all times to wait on patrons, when not professionally engaged. Gives special attention to filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. may 72

DR. W. M. MARTIN,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
SOMERSET, PA.
Having several years' experience, is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth.—Artificial teeth inserted on all the improved plans, from one to an entire set. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed. apr14

DR. J. G. MILLER, after twelve years active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Baer House, where he can be consulted at all times when not professionally engaged.
N. B.—Calls promptly answered. dec. 15 '75-1y.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. apr26

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY,
DENTIST
DALE CITY, somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, life-like and handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. 1y26-72

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of food and accommodations.—The ladies will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious sampling attached. jan12

THE SOMERSET HOUSE.
Having leased this magnificent and well known Hotel property from Mrs. E. A. Flick, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he will spare neither pains nor expense to make this house all that could be desired. Accommodating clerks and obliging waiters will attend to the wants of customers, and the table will at all times be loaded with the best the market affords. Mr. G. H. Tayman may at all times be found in the office.
may31 D. LAVAN.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. march.

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug24.

HOMES FOR ALL.
I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farms, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels of from one-fourth to an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.
D. WEYAND

FOR SALE.
Six thoroughbred Short Horn
DURHAM BULLS,
from six months to two years old. Apply to Wm. Steel, Hannastown Farm.
Greensburg, Pa.
April 19.

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest, six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding interest a year without doubling the deposit to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references, perfect titles, &c., requisite.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans to personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. L. Zeigler, A. J. Hawes, F. M. Ray, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pile, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Seppeler, Geo. J. Swank, James Moughton, James Mccloy and H. F. Woldorf.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. 30-72

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS,
BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made.
jan12

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
NO. 266 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Henry Scrantom's Brick Building.
A General Banking Business Transacted.
Drafts and Gold and Silver coin bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada, interest allowed on deposits, per cent. if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold money in trust.
april 19-72.

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS.
JOHN DIBERT & CO.,
BANKERS
CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits.
Savings Deposit Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired.
A General Banking Business Transacted.
Feb. 16.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobacco.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Privey to suit the times. jan26

New Firm.
SHOE STORE,
SNYDER & UHL
Having purchased the Shoe
Store lately owned by
H. C. Beerits,
We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand as complete an assortment of
Boots, Shoes
and Gaiters
BOTH OF
Eastern and Home Manufacture
as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of
SOLE LEATHER,
MOROCCO,
CALF SKINS,
KIPS,
AND LINING SKINS
Of all kinds, with a full line of
Shoe Findings.
The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of
N. B. Snyder, Esq.
Whose reputation for making
Good Work and Good Fits
is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.
SNYDER & UHL.

Miscellaneous.

APPLETONS'
AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA
NEW REVISED EDITION.
Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.
The work originally published under the title of the NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA was completed in 1863, since which time the wide circulation it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the rapid developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to publish a new edition, embodying the AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.
In more than ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has added a new work of reference an indispensable want.
The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their practical application to the industries and social life,—war, commerce and finance, or social life,—literal wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been closed, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.
Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the distinguished explorers of Africa.
The great political revolutions of the last decade, with its natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whom every one is curious to know the particulars. Great events have been brought into important singes culminated, of which the results are as yet preserved only in the newspapers of the time, therefore lost to the day, but which origin now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.
In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.
The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination.
None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its execution as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.
The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although introduced for utility rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character.
This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several Engraved Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps.
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First class canvassing agents wanted.
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Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and
Furnishing Goods.
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PITTSBURGH.
april.

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Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, churches, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 12, 1876.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
HARDWARE, GRAIN, &c., &c.,
For Cash or Produce.
GERHARTS, PA.
march15

1876 WALL PAPER. 1876
Decorative novelties for the coming spring arranged. The best Parisian houses fully represented. Bathbake Papers with and without Dados. Scarlet embossed and Pebble Ground Papers complete assortment. New Hall Platform increase, very recherche. American Gold Ground, Gilt, Satin, Plain Embossed, Damask, &c. First Prize Silver Medal awarded at Exposition.
Special Prices to Dealers.
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101 Fifth ave., next to Postoffice.
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T. D. EVANS.
ARCHITECT.
Has returned from Europe. Office 56 Fifth Avenue.
PITTSBURGH.
March 22.

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75 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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CORK SHAVINGS
Are unsurpassed as an article for Beds, Matresses, &c. They are ten times as durable as husks or straw. Only 5 cts. per lb. Forty lbs. will fill the largest bed. For sale by
ARMSTRONG BROS. & CO.
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April 19.

NOTICE.
I will inform the public that I am selling lime at eight cents a bushel, and will take farm produce in exchange for it if desired.
JOS. W. BEAM,
Jenner X Roads, Pa.
dec29

THE OLD FRIENDS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Where are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples glow,
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
Est never from the pine crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways;
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep,"
The words are sweet!
Oh, friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!
When shall we meet?

Oh, thou divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white?
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and bright,
ke unto Thee!

DARROW'S POND.

Darrow's pond was frozen. This fact to the young people of Clifton meant skating; and if Darrow's pond had been a rational being it would have expected visitors when the Frost King first fettered its dancing ripples. Not be rational, but only a clear pretty lake, perhaps it did not care, but to those accustomed to heed the voice that nature ever speaks to th se who love her, it seemed that the frozen lake smiled a welcome to the merry party that came down its bank on this December afternoon. In twos and threes, young men and maidens they reach the lake. There are the Davis sisters, and their brothers; next came Fanny Merrill and her cousin, John Rushton, then Retta Marston, her brother, and Fred Stone, and last of all, Nina Kenyon and Louie Wallace, attended by Lawrence Winston and Eugene Durant. What shouts of merry laughter rang out and how the gay echoes answered from the Clifton hills. What awkward attempts Lena Davis made and how patient Will Marston was in his efforts to teach her. How Lillie Davis flirted with Fred Stone; and how Retta Marston's black eyes danced with fun as she teased shy George Davis. The poor fellow was over head and ears in love with his dark-eyed tormentor, but it was doubtful whether or not he would ever summon the courage to tell her so.

'Do keep John from interrupting my fun yet, Nina, there's a good girl,' said Fanny Merrill, in a hasty aside, as she skated off with Mr. Winston. Nina smiled and did her best to console Mr. Rushton for his disappointment, though she was half amused and half provoked to note this disconsolate expression as Fanny left him. The prettiest and most graceful skater was Louie Wallace. She looked like an elf from fairy land, she was so small and frail and yet so lovely in her coquettish skating dress of dark blue, with her golden hair knotted back, here and there a loose curl escaping from the coil, her blue eyes dancing and her cheeks crimsoned with cold. Nina's dark eyes followed the light figure lovingly as she answered Mr. Rushton's last question:

'An orphan? No, her father is living; her mother died when Louie was a baby.'

'Durant seems very devoted,' said Rushton, as the two couples again passed each other, 'or is that his ordinary manner?'

Nina shrugged her shoulders. 'Really, I cannot tell you.'

Shall we listen to the words passing between Louie and her tall cavalier? They are skating side by side; they approach a place in the ice. Eugene says:

'Give me your hand, Miss Louie; 'breakers ahead.' '

She glides from him and joins him after they passed the roughness.

'You are too proud to be taken care of, are you?' says Eugene. 'Pride goes before a fall, remember.'

'So it seems,' laughs Louie, looking over her shoulder to where Fred Stone lay squalling on the ice.

'Miss Louie, do be serious for a minute.'

'Mr. Durant, do be sensible, for several minutes.'

'Are you going to answer the question that I asked you just now?'

She flushed scarlet, but said nothing.

'I have the right to demand an answer, Miss Louie. Is it yes, or no?'

'Yes, if—' She hesitated and cut circles in the ice.

'If what?'

'Papa will say so,' says Louie, with a little quiver in her voice, half of anger, half mournful.

'I hope not,' Eugene says.

'Louie, do you love me?'

'Oh, after a fashion,' and Louie darts off to the other extremity of the pond. So the afternoon wears on till they, weary of their sports, retire, and when the winter stars peep forth, Darrow's pond is deserted and the echoes ring no more among the hills.

Two nights afterward there was a party at Mrs. Davis'. Louie looked prettier than ever in her dress of pale blue, cloudy with misty lace, her golden hair caught back with 'tender blue forget-me-nots.' So thought her escort. Fred Stone, who must be considered an impartial judge, for to him Nina Kenyon's dark face was the fairest in all the world. Nina was not a beauty, but she looked very handsome that night in her black lace dress, with scarlet pomegranate blossoms in her hair.

Eugene Durant was late; he came alone, and after paying his respects the hostess stood watching the moving throng, till he saw the golden head and laughing eyes of Louie Wallace. It was not long before he persuaded her to promenade with him.

'I went to see your father to-day,' he said, after a little, in a tone that did not express much pleasure at the thought. Louie looked up, questioningly.

'Come out here and let me talk to you,' said Eugene, and they stepped out on the sheltered porch.

'Your father refused his consent. He says, and very justly, that I am too wild. I told him that I could and would be steady, for your sake, but he didn't have much faith in my promises. Then he said you were too young to think of marrying anybody.'

'Too young!' said Louie, with all the insulted dignity of almost eighteen, 'anything else?'

Eugene was silent, but he set his teeth as he remembered the taunting words the rich man had said to him.

'What else did father say?' demanded Louie.

'What more do you want? You and I have each furnished an objection.'

'And papa furnishes another.'

'No,' and he spoke bitterly; 'I furnish that, too.'

'Papa needn't say it's because you are wild and young.' Louie says impetuously 'I know better; money is the only thing he cares for. 'He—'

'Louie!' Eugene's voice is stern.

'Don't talk so Louie; it is not right. Your father loves you dearly, and you know it.' And Louie is penitent in a moment.

'I am poor, but I will be rich. I will make money. Will you wait for me, Louie?'

'Yes, I will wait,' she answers gravely, raising her pure, truthful eyes to his face. 'I will wait for you.'

* * * * *

Another skating party a few weeks after Christmas. The Davis sisters and Durant were not there. There had been a slight thaw, and in some places the ice was too thin for safety, but it seemed the danger only added to the enjoyment of the sport. They were in the midst of a race, when those in front were startled by a quick, frightened cry, and turning, saw a break in the ice and a tiny gloved hand grasping the edge. 'Keep back all of you,' shouted Will Marston, and they stood still, with fast beating hearts, while he carefully approached the break. He was just in time to grasp the hand as it slipped from the ice, and he soon held the inanimate form in his arms.

'Poor Louie, this will kill her,' murmered Retta Marston, as she caught sight of the cold, white face.

'We must get her home, Miss Nina,' said Will, walking rapidly toward his sleigh. Fortunately, it was but a short distance from the pond to Mr. Wallace's, and it was but very few minutes until Louie was at home. They succeeded in reviving her, and she insisted that she was much better, but in the night she waked with high fever and inflamation of the lungs. For weeks her life hung by a thread, and during all that time Mrs. Kenyon nursed her with untiring care, Mr. Wallace was almost frantic at the thought of losing his idolized daughter. He shut himself in his own room, as he was not allowed to enter Louie's, refusing to eat or drink.

'He'll starve himself into a spell of sickness,' said the doctor to Mrs. Kenyon, 'and then we'll have *him* to take care of.' Turning to Nina he continued, 'do you, Miss, arrange a lunch, light, but substantial; take it to him, and make him eat it. Can you do it?'

'I'll try,' answered she, and she left the room to comply with the peremptory request. When she knocked at Mr. Wallace's door, he opened it himself.

'No, take it away; I want nothing; I cannot eat.'

She placed the little tray on the table and turned to him. He had thrown himself on the sofa again, and she stroked his thin gray hair with a light soothing touch, and talked to him in a low, soft voice, till he seemed quieter. Then, bringing the trey, she sat down, saying, 'Now you needn't frown. I am head nurse in this ward, and I say you must eat this bit of chicken. She chatted brightly to him until he had eaten what she had brought; then replacing the tray on the table, she stroked the throbbing temples again, until the tense muscles relaxed and he slept quietly. The weeks passed by, and still Louie lingered. The fever was gone; it had left her weak as a little child, and she had a cough that sounded like a knell to the loving ones around her. But her father persuaded himself that there was no danger, and went back to his beloved counting-house, thinking each day, 'My darling is almost well; her eyes are bright and her cheeks are red;' Had he no thought of his dead wife, Louie's fair young mother, whose brilliant eyes and crimson cheeks had been the only sign that she was slowly dying? We so often forget that the bloom on the cheek may be but the shadow of the red flag of death; that the light in the eye may be caught from the brightness of heaven.

'Come to-morrow,' said Louie as Nina Kenyon was leaving her one afternoon. 'I am so lonely here; Aunt Hatty, is busy, and nurse Sarah is so deaf. Come, won't you?'

'I will, Birdie,' said Nina, tenderly, 'Good-by.'

At the gate she met Eugene Durant. He joined her, and as they walked down the street he inquired af Louie's health. 'I don't think she is any better,' answered Nina sadly; 'I don't believe she will ever be well again. She looks so frail, and has such a wretched cough.'

While she spoke there had come a quick tremor over Durant's face, but he did not reply at once; and when he did, his voice was steady, and he soon changed the subject. There were words spoken before they parted that neither would forget. As she went into the house, Nina thought: 'How could I speak so to him? I had no right to do it.'

In his room that night Eugene muttered to himself: 'A brute's life;' was that it? Yes, that was it; how those eyes of hers blazed when she said it. She's right; it is a brute's life—pshaw,' and he took up a book to drive away the unpleasant memory. But he could not read. Ever between him and the printed page there came a face, with splendid eyes and scornful mouth, and the phrase kept ringing in his ear. 'A brute's life. He threw the book on the table, and leaned back on his chair, musing, as the smoke of his cigar curled upwards. Thoughts of Louie came to him; her image arose before him as he had last seen her, when she stood up in all her delicate beauty, and promised: 'I will wait for you.' And now must she die? Die in her bright youth, or must she drag out a weary life of pain? No, no, she should not die, she should get well; she was his; had she not promised to wait for him? Through the half-open window he caught a snatch of song from some one passing: 'Wait for me at heaven's gate'—and the words smote him with a quick, sharp pain. Would it be at the pearly gates that she would wait for him? He would never reach her there, never, never; his was a brute's life.' How should he gain the heaven where her pure spirit would rest? And she was dying, dying, dying. With a muttered word he sprang up, seized his hat and went out.

'Hallo, Eugene, just going for you; come on, old boy,' and he felt his arm pulled through John Rushton's. An hour afterward Eugene was seemingly the gayest of the frolicking party in Lawrence Winston's room. And yet strangely mingled with the clink of glasses and the shouts of laughter, the sound of Nina Kenyon's voice, in those three words: "A brute's life.'

* * * * *

Dusky twilight in Louie's room. Through the open window came the warm breath of May,' and the fragrance of delicate blossoms. Nina Kenyon sat by Louie's bedside toying with the soft curls on the pillow, and watching with sad loving eyes the wasted face they shaded.

'Nina, after I am dead—don't clasp me so tightly, please—will you give a message from me to—to Eugene?'

'Yes, darling,' and Nina shaded her face in the curls

'Tell him that I loved him to the end, that the last prayer I offered in this world was for him, and oh! Nina, tell him for his dear mother's sake and mine to meet us both in heaven.' A fit of coughing came on then, and she looked so white that Nina felt alarmed and rose to call her mother.

'It is nothing,' said Louie faintly; but even as she spoke there came a dash of crimson on her lips, and Nina's frightened cry brought Mrs. Kenyon from an adjoining room, and Mr. Wallace from the library. Far into the night they sat by Louie's bedside, while her life went slowly out. Resting in her father's arms, she looked at Nina in mute entreaty, and Nina spoke softly:

'I will not forget. If that is what you want to ask me?'

The pale lips smiled faintly; then her gaze rested on her father's face, and, with a kiss on her lips, she shut her eyes in the dreamless sleep that knows no waking while the earth endures.

Nina was standing concealed by the heavy curtains in the room where Louie lay in her coffin, when she heard a step in the room. Turning she saw a man bending over the coffin. He touched his lips to the pure, cold brow, and when he raised his head, Nina saw Eugene Durant's face. She shuddered it was so lined and worn with pain. He did not see her, and left the room quietly. He was not present at the funeral services, but late in the afternoon Nina found him by the new-made grave. He turned to go, but Nina held out her hand and he took it silently, with a clasp that made her fingers ache.

'Mr. Durant, she left a message for you; shall I give it to you now?'

He bowed his head, but did not speak, and with a quivering voice she repeated Louie's words. When she had finished she looked up; his face was pale, but very calm, and the dark eyes were gazing at the sunset sky with a tender, yearning look, as if in the glowing clouds he saw the gates of light, and Louie standing there beckoning to him with her small white hand. He caught his breath. 'I thank you,' he said, and Nina left him.

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'Did you know Durant had left town?' asked Fred Stone of Nina Kenyon, one evening in June. 'Left for good, I mean. He has gone to St. Louis to live—is practicing law with an old friend of his there. He watched Nina's face while he stated this fact. He had felt a latent jealousy of Durant, and half blamed him for Nina's failure to appreciate himself. But Nina's nerves were under good control; her face expressed only conventional surprise, and she evinced just the conventional amount of interest in the subject, and no more. Fred felt relieved, and during the evening found courage to try his fate—and lost. It was not kind, it was not gentlemanly in him to say what he did then, and Nina's dark eyes flashed as she spoke her answer to his insinuation.

'You are sadly mistaken in your belief, Mr. Stone. If I had never seen Mr. Durant, your answer would be just what it has been. You, and you alone, are to blame for this; I regret that this conversation has occured; and now with your permission we will change the subject.'

Fred Stone went home that night 'a wiser and a sadder man,' and in her own room Nina bowed her head on her clasped hands, and moaned, 'Oh! Eugene, Eugene!'

Five years went by. Seated at her window one morning, Nina saw a familiar form approaching the house. Her heart beat fast when she took the card the servant brought her and read the name, E. F. Durant.' She hesitated a moment at the parlor door, giving herself a mental scolding, and then went in quietly—so quietly that he did not perceive her entrance until she stood beside him. He was looking at the picture of Louie Wallace that hung upon the wall, and his face was very grave. It lighted up with its old smile when Nina spoke. They chatted for a while in a bright friendly way, talking of the changes that five years had brought, and then Eugene's grave expression came back. He looked at the picture over the mantle again. He spoke abruptly:

"Miss Nina do you remember telling me once that I was leading a brute's life. I've quit it." Nina looked up, but her eyes fell when they met his. He continued in a low voice:

'Do you remember the message you gave me standing by her grave? By God's grace, it saved me. Your words made me think what a worthless wretch I was; I was desperate, then her message came, and I resolved, with God's help, to obey it. You had shown me the law; she sent the gospel message.' He walked to the mantel and gazed earnhstly at the pure face in the little frame. 'My guardian angel,' he whispered softly.

Unable to retain her emotion, Nina was crying silently. Eugene turned, then bent over her. She tried to restrain her sobs, but in vain. 'Nina, do not cry so darling.' And then she was folded in his arms. 'Nina, I've loved you so long will you be my wife?'

She murmured something; he caught Louie's name, and said gravely:

'She is a saint in Heaven. I think of her as my pure guardian angel. Do you not believe that I love you now as a man should love his wife?' She bowed her head.

'Then if you love me will you not tell me so?'

She looked up and met his clear, true-loving eyes, and silently laid her hand in his, feeling that at last her long trial was ended and that at last after weary years of waiting her reward had come.

Cannon Liddon.

CANON LIDDON, if inferior to the Bishop of Peterborough as an orator, has been pronounced by Dean Stanley, a most competent judge, "the greatest preacher of the age." His sermons are seldom less than an hour long, and oftentimes exceed an hour in their delivery. An eminent Nonconformatist preacher writes that on one occasion he listened to Dr. Liddon "with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes." His sermons are not merely hortatory, though he is a splendid declaimer, but are marvels of compression and condensation, notwithstanding their length, and they are so attractive that he invariably draws immense audiences. The announcement that he is to preach anywhere in the kingdom is one that always widely excites curiosity and interest, and long before the hour of sevice commences the cathedral or church is sure to be densely packed. In instances where the admission has been by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amout of interest is sufficient to obtain one. Canon Liddon's audiences are usually largely made up of clergymen, including the most eminent of the clergy and prelates. They also attract men who are eminent in politics, literature, science and art, while the people are always present in thousands. When about to preach, he makes his way with a quiet, rapid tread to the pulpit, while an indefinable thrill of emotion—a contagion belonging to the hour and the scene—is felt by the vast audience. With a natural, earnest gesture, he at once buries his face in his hands to pray. When he faces you, you are impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance, and by his remarkable likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens, if you have ever been a student of Augustine, as you follow the chain of his discourse. You might fancy there was a monk before you, and the impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Dr. Liddon accompanies every mention of The Name. It is stated on high authority that this great preacher has spent years in studying preaching as it is practiced on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy, with the greatest of which he need not shrink from comparison. He reproduces what is best in the most celebrated Catholic orators, disregarding mere externals, and appealing to the deepest sense of humanity—the passion, the tragedy, the will and emotions of men. Almost in his first sentence you see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his side, but he is liberated from its chains; he almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a way that is as grand as it is peculiar.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Diptheria and Dirt.

Since diptheria has increased its ravages, the medical faculty have been assuring us that filth is responsible for the majority of cases. Thus it is that personal and household dirt torment and enfeeble us. Dr. Harris, than whom there is no higher authority, uses this language on this important subject; it will be found profitable reading at every fireside whether in city or country:

"The truth is," says Dr. Harris, when speaking of diptheria, "that a dirty or badly ventilated house has furnished the requisite conditions for most deadly results, whether on low land or high, in a wealthy neighborhood or a poor one. Medical men are becoming more and more active in their efforts to promote the cleaning and renovation of dwellings in which this disease has appeared.—Carbolic acid or any other disinfectant alone utterly fails to arrest or to destroy the contagious principle of diptheria. Systematic cleaning and purification should follow the first appearance of the disease in every family."

The virtue of good soap and water is the necessary charm to ward off many discomforts, and now Dr. Harris proclaims for universal consideration their efficacy in keeping disease out of our houses. In these matters there is much light from experience and science, but the trouble is that families do not live up to the light they possess. That cleanliness is next to godliness is often enough on the lips—not so often in operation on the person and in the closets. A woolen carpet in the course of a few months gathers in it and about it the seeds of disease. Doctors tell us when we visit the sick it is better to wear linen. Woolen garments and woolen carpets carry and circulate disease. There are fashionable houses where the carpets are not lifted from one end of the year to the other, and from which the refreshing effects of sun and light are carefully excluded. It is into such sepulchers that disease enters readily and does its deadly work. One would think that a word to the wise on the advantages of cleanliness, not only on the streets of the city, but in our dwellings and on our persons, would be sufficient for a generation at least. But that is a mistake; in this, as in so many other things, men and women act the stupid part from choice. People's hearts are set in them to do evil. It requires hard experience to convince the many that they are acting the fool's part. The question has been asked with great solicitude, what produces and what prevents diptheria? It has been answered by science in language which cannot be misunderstood. Diptheria comes from dirt. To keep off burglars we build our alarms at considerable cost. Another foe enters and abides to carry to their graves beloved members of our families. The preventive against this sorrow is cheap and efficacious. Let us popularize soap and water if we would attain our three score and ten with comfort and vigor. A kind providence has lighted up our pathway with revealed and scientific truths which we would do well to obey. For physical as well as soul growth the nourishment is at our right hand and our left, as direct a gift from heaven as was the manna for the Israelites. Alas, how we pervert God's gifts to men, and refuse to see that health and dirt are antagonists.

A Rothschild Marriage.

The London *Daily News* has a letter from Paris, March 22, which says:

The marriage of Bettina, daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, with her double first cousin Albert son of Baron Solamon, of Vienna, took place at half past twelve o'clock to-day in the synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire. Nobody was allowed to enter the building unless provided with a card.

In the interior the ladies assembled on the left side of the temple, while the gentlemen, with their hats on, congregated to the right. The toilettes were much more rich, but less elegant than one sees at fashionable Catholic weddings. There was a great display of jewelry in the bonnets, in which were fastened, instead of the buckles now worn, rare and costly gems.

Shortly after twelve some hundred tapers behind a seven branched candlestick were lighted. Their rays, falling upon the ornaments, produced a glittering effect. Then entered, in Oriental hats and vestures, Isidore, the grand rabbi of Paris; and Rabbi Bauer, who was to offer wine to the newly wedded couple.

They awaited for some moments the bridal party in front of a baldequin placed on an elevated part of the floor, and resembling a Moorish kiosk. The princes and princesses of the Orleans family were placed close to the sanctuary. Behind them were the ministers of finance, war and foreign affairs, and several generals in plain clothes. When the bride was announced the rabbis went to meet her. She entered leaning on the arm of her father, who kept on his hat, as did the other gentlemen in her train. Most persons rose to look at the young lady, who has won a diploma as governess, and who brings 12,000,000 francs to her husband. She is small and fair.

When the affianced couple ascended the dais beneath the baldequin the service began with a Hebrew canticle sung by M. Levy to the organ accompaniment. Zadoc Khan then delivered an exhortation, in which he alluded to the great financial power of the Rothschilds, and spoke of the marriage as a fresh tie between the closely united branches of that house. The Rabbi Isidore also made an oration, in which he spoke of the obligations of the young couple to aid their poor brethern according to their great fortune. Rabbi Bauer, at the close of a psalm which was chanted by the full cho