Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SCULL, Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 51. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1299.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually 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 House Row.

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

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

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On 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. jul1y26

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

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

E. W. H. 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. Dec 4-72.

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.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 26, '70.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office one door north of P. O. Office. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 29, 1874.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

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.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Beerits' Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

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

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. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Cassebeer & Fresse's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constantly increasing demand for teeth has induced me to enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any persons among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar19

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. 11, '71-1y.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY, DENTIST, DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa. Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Lifelike 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. je12-72

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 will be furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan17

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. mar11.

JNO. HICKS. CASSIUS M. HICKS. 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. aug18.

HOMES FOR ALL. [illegible] D. WEYAND

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 twice a year without troubling the depositor 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 reference, perfect titles, &c., required. This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on 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. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsly, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, Jacob Sterley and W. W. Walters. Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. aug24.

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 Schnable's Brick Building. A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts and Gold and Silver bought and sold.—Collections made in all parts of the United States and Canada. Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, if left six months or longer. Special arrangements made with Guardians and others who hold moneys in trust. april 16-72.

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. Prices 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 the public to the fact that we have now and expect to 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 which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature, and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit it to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want. The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and 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 ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced. Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa. The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history. In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events. The work has been begun after long and careful preliminary labor, and with the most ample resources for carrying it on to a successful termination. None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopædia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge. The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for the sake of pictorial effect, but to give lucidity and force to the explanations in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable features of scenery, architecture and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains have been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopædia, and worthy of its high character. This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated, with several thousand Wood Engravings, and with numerous colored Lithographic Maps.

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URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO. Merchant Tailors, And Manufacturers of Gent's, Youth's and Boys, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods. 121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH. apr1

SLATE ROOFS. 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, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant the same. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 119 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with NOAH CASEBEER, Agent, Somerset, Pa. WM. H. SHIPLEY. April 14, 1875.

C. A. WALKER. C. W. TRUXAL. Cheap Store! DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, HARDWARE, GRAIN, &c. &c. For Cash or Produce. GEBHARTS, PA. mar15

1876 WALL PAPER, 1876. Decorative novelties for the coming spring artranged. The best Parisian houses fully represented. Eastlake Papers with and without Dados, Scarlet Embossed and Pebble Ground Papers complete assortment. New Hall Pilasters on Screens, very recherche. American Gold Ground, Gilt, Satin, Plain, Embossed, Damask, &c. First Prize Silver Medal awarded at Exposition. Special Prices to Dealers. De Zouche & Co., 101 Fifth ave., next to Postoffice, PITTSBURGH, PA. March 22.

T. D. EVANS. ARCHITECT. Has returned from Europe. Office 76 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH. March 22.

PATENTS OBTAINED No charge for preliminary search. No fees in advance. No fees unless successful. Manual, with references, free.—Offices in Washington and Philadelphia. We own Office. CONNOLLY BROS. & McTIGHE, 29 Fifth Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa. mar22

PRODUCE HOUSE. CAYWOOD & LEWIS. Produce Commission Merchants, And Wholesale Dealers in Butter, Eggs, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Seeds, Green and Dried Fruits. —RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.— 233 Liberty St. PITTSBURG, PA. All letters of inquiry in regard to the state of our market and other business matters, promptly answered. Stencil Plates and Price Currents furnished free. May17.

INTO MISCHIEF.

Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little day from dreamland
Brings them work enough to do.
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romping on the winding stair;
Tearing books and breaking vases
Into mischief everywhere.

Picks the cakes and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the windows, slams the door,
Throws the statue from the brackets,
Scatters playthings on the floor;
Tearing little coats and trousers,
Rumpling up his curly hair,
Busy, naughty little fingers
Into mischief everywhere.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall,
Breaking mirrors, singing, shouting,
In the attic and the hall;
Tracing mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper—
Into mischief everywhere.

But no looks of hate or malice
Darken o'er those laughing eyes;
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In its little bosom lies;
For its soul is pure and guiltless,
Whate'er harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

LOVE AND A KITE.

"MY DEAR, what are the probabilities?"

"Rising temperature, with rain on the coast."

"Oh, I am sorry! It would be truly dreadful to have it rain to-morrow."

Then they paused and looked out through the half-ruined window of the old wooden bridge where they had met. She lived on one side of the stream. He made his home on the other. They often met here in the center of the dim and dusky bridge that spanned the river that ran through the town. It was one of those huge timbered truss bridges once so common in New England. Outside, its ancient roof and boarded sides had taken on that sober slate-color that makes extreme age. Within, it was dusty and dark. Upon the walls flakes of whitewash fluttered, half detached, and festoons of cobweb mingled with abandoned nests left by departed swallows. Strange lights danced on the ceiling, where a hole in the floor admitted the reflected light from the flashing waters below. Every footfall on the soft, powdery dust that covered everything echoed noisily, while the air seemed ever full of the monotonous murmur of the river. Just beyond, further down the stream, stood another bridge used by the railway trains and foot-passengers, so that the town bridge was deserted by all save those with teams. Besides this, it was hardly considered safe. Its trusses already sagged down in the middle and threatened to drop into the water.

For a while they gazed upon the roaring, foaming flood beneath them, and then she took his arm, and looking up in his face said, softly:

"You will come early, dear. I shall be waiting for you."

"Oh, of course, if the bridge holds together. It is a crazy affair, and we may have a freshet to-night."

"There's the other bridge."

"Yes, but if one goes the other may."

Then, after some further talk, they departed their several ways.

The probabilities were correct. It did rain. It rained a very great deal. It rained more and more, and the snow that covered all the country round about began to melt. The river rose higher and higher. It turned yellow with drifting sand. Lumps and sheets of ice began to float down, with much grinding and uproar. By dark the water was within ten inches of high flood mark. By nine o'clock it was reported that an ice gorge had formed just above the town bridge.

The next day neither scrap nor stick of either bridge could be found. At daylight the people gathered in two forlorn crowds upon the banks, and remarked that the situation was peculiar. Among them stood a young man and a young woman, each on one shore, while the river rolled between. Their situation was very peculiar. They gazed at each other over the boiling, roaming chasm, but they said nothing. It would have been useless while the water, half-covered with floating ice and broken timbers, boomed and thundered with such noise and fury.

The modern Hero thought her Leander might at least swim to her. He thought differently. A boat? A balloon would be safer. Thus thinking and mourning, they gazed at each other fondly for some time, and then by apparent mutual consent they retired to their respective breakfasts, to eat—and mourn. Every bridge for fifty miles up stream was reported down. Below, some twenty miles distant, were ferries—where there was no ice.

She ate her breakfast with teary eyes. He couldn't eat at all. He must cross that stream. How? Not all the delights of buckwheat cakes could win from him the thought. Thrusting a roll into his pocket he went out to view the situation.

It was not encouraging. For more than two miles above and below the town the river ran between steep cliffs nearly seventy feet high. Behind these the country was level, and here on the banks the town had grown up on both shores. Above the divided village the fields came to the ragged, stony edge of the clugs. His home was upon his father's farm and the parental acres came to the waterside. Her father's farm and fields were directly opposite. Hither, by a sort of mutual instinct, they both went.

The snow had disappeared and the ground was hard and frozen. The rain had ceased and it looked as if it might clear away. They met on opposite sides of the river, and gazed fondly at each other after the manner of people in a certain peculiar frame of mind. She said in her heart: "Thou art so near, and yet so far." He said in his heart that if he couldn't get over that three hundred feet of roaring water he was a poor kind of a creature and "not much of a man, anyway."

He sat down on a big stone to think. She also sat down, choosing a rail fence for a throne. Suddenly he sprang up and shouted at her. She raised her hand to her ear to signify that she did not understand.

He quickly tore a board from the fence near by, and with a piece of chalk that happily he found in his pocket he wrote thereon these remarkable words:

"*Wait for me.*"

She nodded her head and then wrapped her cloak closer around her, to signify that she would wait a hundred years if he would come to her. A moment after he burst in upon his venerable mother and nearly bereft her of the few senses a kind Providence had left her by asking for a pot of paste.

"It is postponed?"

"No, mother it's to-day. Now do hurry up that paste."

Then away he flew to the barn and taking the universal tool, the convenient jackknife, he began to whittle at two long, slender sticks as only a Yankee can. A bit of wire and some string secured the sticks together, and a kite began to be evolved.

Then back to the kitchen, where, armed with two newspapers and the material pot of paste, he knelt upon the floor to finish the machine. How long it did take for the thing to dry! He made the old stove roar and nearly burned the kite to a cinder in his haste to dry it. Twice he looked out of the window and wondered if she lingered still. Then the sun came out and it began to clear away. He hoped the wind would hold fair just a little longer.

"A ball of twine, mother, if you please."

"Poor boy!" she murmured, as he departed: "the disappointment is too much for him. He's losing his mind. Law sakes! his father never went round making kites and things just for a chit like her. He knowed too much."

The moment she saw that kite she sprang down from her rail-fence throne with a cry of delight.

"What a boy! He is coming; he is coming to me."

How, she couldn't imagine. Of course he would not fly over on the kite. Still, he would come, and the kite was, in some fashion, to be the bridge. He waved his hand to her, and then, having written something on the back of the kite, he proceeded to fly the same. No children ever watched their flying toys with greater interest. Higher it rose on the air. Now he began to "pay out" the line. It hung high over her head, and she clapped her hands and laughed in almost childish pleasure.

Suddenly it ducked its head, and, turning tail, began to fall in unseemly flutterings. It was coming down! She ran eagerly to catch it, and in a moment she had it fast, and the slender string hung in a great loop over the river.

"Was there ever such a boy? Ah! what's this? Writing! *Fasten the string to the bank. Call your brother, and bring a crow-bar and some strong rope.*"

She secured the precious string to a big stone, and waving her hat to him, she turned away toward her home. He, on his side, made the line fast to a tree, and then went hastily over the fields toward his father's barn. Finding his father there, he asked him to put the horse in the light job wagon.

"What for?"

"I'm thinking of going over the river."

"Be you crazy? How can——"

"Hold on father. Don't call me insane just yet. Get the horse, please, for I'm in haste. Besides, you ought to be getting ready."

"Now look here! How's me and mother to cross the river with both bridge down?"

"Well, mebby there'll be a new bridge 'fore night."

A moment after, the young man brought a light wicker chair from the house, and, placing it in the wagon, he drove hastily away.

"Sell yer that 'ere coil of wire rope? Wa'ol, there's nigh on to four hundred feet in it. It's worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

"All right! Here's your money. Lift it right into the wagon. And four banks of quarter-inch rope. How much will that be?"

"Two dollars, I guess. Say, what be you going to do with all that stuff? And say, heard the news? The express trains is in, and all the passengers is a-waitin' on the banks, and the hotel is jam-full. Awful times these! Mails all stopped, too. Postmaster and the telegraph man's nearly took crazy———"

He waited to hear no more, and turned his horse through the main street, and started for home. As he passed the Postoffice he saw the master at the door, and evidently in a high state of excitement. He pulled up and asked what was the matter.

"Some fellow's flooded a kite over the river, and's going to sling letters and——"

Lashing his horse to fury, he dashed through the village and down the lane leading to his father's farm.

Were all his hopes to be thus ruined? A kite in March was not a common sight. Of course all boys and idlers had flocked to see what it meant. A number of them had gathered at the bank, and stood gazing at the slender thread spanning the river, with evident interest. As he drove up he saw a young man stoop as if to cut the link. In despair he cried out.

"Here, stranger! Let that line alone."

The man turned to see who spoke, but kept hold of the string.

That is my line, and I'll thank you to leave it alone."

"I shall not hurt it. I was only looking to see if I couldn't use it to pull a wire over the river. I'm the telegraph operator, and all my wires went down with the bridge.

"Well your just hold on a bit. Let me attend to my affairs, and then you may put over all the wires you like. Say, boys, anybody want to earn a quarter?"

A dozen boys volunteered at once.

"All right Sam Jackson, you may do it. Help me unload, and then you drive the horse home. And you, Ike Shawson, you run down to the store and buy a pair of barn-door hangers—the same kind that your father has on his big red barn-door."

Sam and Ike were eager to lend a hand, and even the other boys wanted to help. It was evident something remarkable was to be done, and they were all eagerness to assist in the work, whatever it might be.

There came a shout over the roaring river, and all turned to see what it meant. There stood Hero and her brother, surrounded by a number of people from their side of the village, and all evidently in a high state of excitement.

"Boys, give me a board. They quickly found the one the former message had been written upon. With the chalk the young man wrote in large letters.

"*Stand by the line to haul.*"

Two boys held the board up, and the party on the other bank waved their hats to signify that they were ready. It took but a moment to fasten the kite string to one of the pieces of rope, and the board was displayed again:

"*Haul.*"

Slowly and carefully they pulled on the line, and in a few moments the rope swung in a gigantic loop from bank to bank. The next move required some engineering skill. Some advised one thing, some another, and in a multitude of councelors the business seemed in a fair way to stop.

"Now, look here! Whose farm is this? Yes, my dad's. All right. The next fellow that bothers me by talking must leave the place. Say, Mr. Telegrapher, what's the best way to unroll this cable without getting it into a kink?"

The operator suggested a stick put through the middle of the coil and held by a boy or man on each side. Then unroll it while they hold it up.

Presently all was ready, and the board was displayed once more:

"*Haul slowly.*"

A brief note was written on an envelope and tied to the rope, and then the great enterprise began. The rope tightened and began to strain. Half a dozen men had hold of the end and began to walk away from the river, while Hero's brother supported it at the edge of the bluff. Hero herself stood near, gazing anxiously at all these strange doings. She could not understand how her Leander was to cross, but she felt sure he would, in some fashion.

"Let her turn easy. Easy, now. Don't hold it back."

Slowly the wire rope unrolled and crept over the river. It hung down in a long, black loop, and nearly touched the river below. "Steadily, there! pay out slowly," said the telegraph man. "Don't let it touch the water."

Now the end could be seen climbing the opposite bank. Then there came a cheer. The river was bridged.

The boy with the barn-door hangers returned, bringing with him a large crowd of people, including a number of the detained railroad passengers. The excitement was tremendous. A wire rope swinging in mid-air over the river evidently meant something, and there was the utmost eagerness displayed in the work.

Leander became the hero of the hour. This was not singular. Did not his Hero wait for him just beyond the river?

"Now, gentlemen, if you'll stand back we'll rig this thing, and then the bridge will be finished."

The crowd pressed back and waited in silence to see what would be done next. They looked over the stream, and found the party on the other side as equally excited and busy.

"Lend a hand, boys. We must take the cable over the first limb of that tree and make her fast behind."

A dozen stout hands offered to help, and presently the cable was passed over the limb of the tree, while two men held it fast. They looked again over the stream and found that, according to the directions sent them, the other party had taken their end of the cable over a wooden triped made of three fence rails lashed together and had secured the end to the crow-bar that had been driven into the ground.

"All ready there! Pull now!"

Slowly the great loop spread out till the cable seemed to be almost straight from shore to shore. One bank was a little higher than the other, and the line made a slight descent in crossing. This had been expected, and the bridge-builder relied upon this fall as a motive power in crossing the stream.

"Now fasten her safe, boys, and the thing's done." With the aid of the loose rope they fastened the cable to a huge bowlder behind the tree, and then they gave three cheers for the finished work.

"My sakes!" cried a small boy, "won't his hands burn by the time he slides over."

Some of the other boys laughed, and the whole company gathered round to see what would be done next. Placing the barn-door hangers one before the other on the wire rope, just at the edge of the bluff, where it happened to be in reach, the young builder proceeded to tie the wicker chair to them in such a way that its weight kept the wheels of the hangers securely balanced on top of the wire cable.

Suddenly the whole thing dawned upon the assembled multitude. Shouts of surprise and delight at the skill and ingenuity of the enterprise and eager questions as to when the bridge would be opened, came from every lip. A gentleman pressed forward and said:

"Do you intend to operate this bridge sir?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going over as soon as the chair is secure."

"I'll give you ten dollars to let me go first."

"Can't do it, sir. I'm going myself."

"Yes, but you could come after me."

"Guess not. How could I get the car back?"

"I'll make it thirty dollars—fifty."

"No, sir. I'm going first."

"Can't you send the car back to me?"

"No. Don't you see it's up hill? The car will go down easy, but there's no getting her back. Besides, I can't stop. Got an engagement on the other side."

"How will you get back yourself?"

"Oh, I don't care to! I'm going over to stay."

Just here the postmaster drew the stranger aside and whispered in his ear. The man laughed, and asked no more questions.

It was a moment of intense excitement.

"Hold her steady, boys, while I get in. When I say go, let her slide."

The young man sat down in his chair swinging under the rope. Two stout fellows took hold on each side and drew it back. It moved easily on the rope and there was a little shout of applause.

"Hold on!" cried the Postmaster, could you not take this mail-bag in your lap?"

"No the rope might break. Every pound tells and I am not very light."

"Nonsense!" cried the stranger who wished to cross. "The rope will bear two like you."

"Well how much does the bag weigh?"

"Only two pounds."

"All right; I'll take it. Ready now. Go!"

Go he did. The car, drawn onward by the weight of its load, shot out over the river with the speed of the wind. The rope bent under the weight, and two crowds gathered on the banks held their breaths in alarm. Then it began to slacken its speed. The rope under the strain made a loop again, and suddenly the intrepid voyager stopped in mid-air, perhaps a hundred feet from the shore. A wild shout of dismay went up from the people. The navigator looked up at the slender rope over his head and down at the roaring river sixty feet below. In despair he gazed at the shore. Where was his Hero now? Alas! in a dead faint on the ground behind the people. Some one found her, and they all turned to see what had happened, and left the luckless voyager to swing slowly backward on the wind, and utterly out of reach.

The situation was desperate. Why had he not drawn the cable tighter? If it had been properly secured this dreadful accident would not have occurred. The people on the banks ran hither and thither in helpless confusion. Those nearest to him were busy with the poor child, whose nerves had been shattered by the accident, and the young man was neglected.

Presently they took the young woman home, and then they turned to see what could be done to rescue him. After some littld delay a rope was procured and an effort made to throw it to him. He failed to catch it, though it touched his chair twice. Still they kept on and at last he secured it. A dozen stout fellows began to pull on it, and his car slowly and gently rolled ashore, amidst the cheers and shouts of the assembled populace. Twenty hands were reached out to pull him in and he landed in the midst of a frantic company of men and boys. Would the bridge be open to travel? The conductor of the express train wanted his passengers taken over. The express man had a trunk of valuables that must cross somehow.

A big man in a traveling suit pressed through the crowd and seized his hand just as he stepped out of the car.

"Did you build that bridge?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very bright idea! I once saw one just like it in Japan."

"Yes, sir, I saw the picture of one on a Japanese fan. That's what made me think of it."

"You should put up another wire if you wish to go back."

"Don't want to. I've come to stay."

Thereupon the young man began to unfasten the chair as if to take it away.

"Hold on a bit! What will you take for the bridge?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, I am busy now."

He turned to go away, but the stranger detained him.

"Don't you want to make a fortune?"

"Yes, but I can't stop. Busy today. Besides, they are waiting for me."

The man was importunate and even the people gathered about murmured as if in remonstrance.

"Look you, young man. That bridge of yours is worth a thousand dollars to the man who knows how to work it."

"That's so, that's so," said the people.

"The other bridges cannot be rebuilt in a month, and all the railroad travel, the mails and light freight will have to cross on your cable."

"Yes," replied the yong man, impatiently, "but I've not time to attend to it—at least not to-day."

Here the crowd suddenly parted, and on the arm of her aged father appeared the blushing Hero. They shook hands heartily, and if it had not been for the presence of the assembled company it is believed they would have kissed each other.

"Oh, I told them you would come. I was sure of it, but I didn't think you'd fly."

"Of course. I said I should be on time, and here I am. It's almost time, I suppose?"

"Yes, very nearly."

The stranger became still more importunate.

"Look here, young man, I mean business. If you're in such a particular hurry give me your terms and I'll buy you out."

"Well, stranger, you wait an hour and I'll talk with you."

"No; the whole business of the road is blocked, and we must have another wire up and more cars at once. Come! I'm the Vice President of the railroad, and you can trust me."

"What does he want?" whispered Hero.

"He wants to buy the bridge."

"Does he? Well, make him give a good price. It may help to furnish that spare room; besides, I want a little larger stove."

The young man thought a moment and then he said, slowly, as if offering a great favor:

"I don't know much about such matters, Mr. President, but I'll sell a half interest in my bridge and the right to land cables on our farm for five hundred dollars, and I'll agree to run the bridge myself."

"Oh, you don't know about such matters! You are keen for one so young. However, I'll take you up."

"All right, sir. We must have four cables and a dozen cars at once. I was thinking of it when I got stuck. I guess it will be a good speculation."

"Here's my hand on it. Can you begin to-day?"

"Yes, by and by—this afternoon. Just now I'm busy. I must go."

"What, in the name of heaven, is your haste? Business is pressing on the line already."

"Yes, I know it; but—the fact is —this is my wedding day."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"When a Woman Will," Etc.

There is a woman on Seventh St. that always gets the best of it when she and her husband have little differences.

This spring she wanted to move into a larger house, and her husband didn't want to, and being the head of the family of course they didn't move. But she didn't say anything: she kept still and bided her time, and shortly it came.

One morning the husband came home in a great hurry, and said he must go East, and be would be gone about two weeks, and she knew very well he would be gone two weeks if he said so, and probably a trifle over that. She packed his portmanteau with shirts and kissed him good bye, and saw him safely off, and went right out househunting. She found just the house she wanted, and that man hadn't been gone three days when she was safely moved, and at the end of ten days was settled and serene in her new quarters, as though she had never moved in her life. Meantime a family had moved into the house she had vacated, and all went quietly on till one day, as the woman was mixing bread at the table in the kitchen, and the outside door was open, in rushed a man and gave her a hug with "How are you, little girl? Doing your own work, are you?"

And then there was an awful pause, as that woman looked around at him and he saw it wasn't "little girl" at all, but an old girl of the Spartan type, and she didn't seem to relish the hug he gave her, either. Says he:

"Is your mistress home; or, I mean, does Mrs. Brown's folks live here?"

Then she told him she didn't know anything about Brown's folks; her name was Slimmens, and if she was poor she was respectable, and then she began to cry, and all at once she waxed wroth and laid hold of the broom and took after poor Brown, and says she: "I'll sweep you off of the face of the earth, you scalawag you!" and the way Brown went out the door with the "swish" of that broom behind him might be called abrupt.

Well, he went out among the neighbors and found out where he lived and went home and interviewed Mrs. Brown, who cried and said she didn't think he'd care if she just moved while he was gone and saved him all the bother, which last made him madder than he was before, and the end of it was that she came out one Easter Sunday with as handsome a new bonnet as any one, which was very significant of his being a done Brown.

The Young Lawyer.

The tie which bound a certain Detroit youth to a lawyer's office was severed yesterday, and his parents were happy. They wanted the boy to make a great lawyer, but he was getting along too fast. He pursued his studies with an ardor which cast a judicial shadow o'er the household, and created considerable neighborhood talk. He got trusted for candy and repudiated the bill on the ground that he was a minor. He bought a dog and went into bankruptcy. He borrowed a pair of skates and defied the owner to get out a writ of replevin. He borrowed fifty cents and then made the lender his assignee.

But the worst of it was in the family. He had a legal name for almost everything, and his desire was to prove to his parents that he was absorbing dead loads of law. If he wanted a potato at the dinner table he would remark:

"Father, file my claim against that baked potato and I'll prove the indebtedness this afternoon."

It was expected of him that he would build the morning fires, but no sooner had he gained an insight into law than he said to his father:

"I'm going to move for a change of venue unless some other arrangement is made."

He moved for a stay of proceedings when asked to go to the grocery and if chided for being out nights he replied:

"File your declaration and give a chance for a jury trial."

When he was in a good humor he would sit and regale his mother with stories about how Old Chancery was going up town one night and met Old Equity and asked him how Decree was getting along. Old Pleading and Expectations came along just then, and there was a big fight, and then the young lawyer would slap his leg and add:

"If Indictment had only been there he'd have whaled the whole crowd!"

The other day the long suffering father severed the tie. He was trying to bear up, hoping for reform, but as he sat down to the tea table his son brightened up and remarked:

"The defendant will now take the stand and be sworn. Now, sir, did you or did you not come out of a Griswold street saloon at 11 o'clock this morning, wiping your mouth on the back of your hand? Tell the jury all about it, sir!"

It was a little too much, and the boy doesn't study law any more. He plays with a woodpile in the back yard.

Explosion at a Powder Mill.

WILMINGTON, DEL., May 29.—An explosion, this morning, at Dupont's powder mill, killed four men.

A Denver Dog Story.

The Denver (Col.) *Tribune* of April 26 contributes the following to our interesting collection of stories about dogs:

The dog referred to is known by the name of Colonel, and belongs to Charles Kestler, proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, on Holladay St. The animal is about 5 years of age, and has been been with his present master from his (the dog's) birth.—One of Colonel's amusements is the play of "ball." From some cause or other no one of the reasoning human family saw fit to pay any attention to Colonel's wishes and feelings in regard to the ball business during all of yesterday forenoon, and the ball itself was laid away in a drawer that occupies the center of a writing desk in the main office of the hotel. The Colonel stood this with canine dignity for several hours, but finally concluded on making an attempt to secure his ball, without regard to the human race. He spent the better portion of an hour in trying to open the drawer by pressing his feet against it. As this only made matters worse he next endeavored to secure the "open sesame" by pulling the knob in the center. This knob, however, was both small and round, and the Colonel could secure no grip with his teeth. His next effort was a "real" attack, and was perfectly successful. Going under the desk he manifestly observed the location of the back of the drawer, and also saw (and reasoned) that by standing on his hind legs he could insert his front paws between the back of the drawer and the back of the desk and so press the former forward, and thus secure his much coveted treasure, the ball. To think, with such a dog as Colonel, was to act, and almost sooner than it can be told, and in the presence of a number of parties interested in the matter, the drawer of the desk was pressed out. Colonel at once appeared in front, from under the desk, and leaping upon it, he saw and eagerly clutched his plaything. The efforts made by Colonel, his temporary confusion and distrust, his perseverance and final triumph, were all witnessed by a number of gentlemen.

Birds at the Exhibition.

For, friends, it is astonishing how little we know about farming! Could anything be more grossly ignorant, for instance, than to shoot a little friend of our who is helping us with might and main with our crops, simply because he wears a feather coat and though he can sing, cannot talk! The hundreds of birds who people the glass cases which have been brought here from the Agricultural Department, was almost a unit in their friendliness to man. The great majority of them eat insects and nothing else, the very pests the farmer most desires to be rid of. Other birds eat seeds of weeds, and there is scarcely a farmer in the land who would grudge them that sort of provender. It is true that the room is better than the company of certain birds, and which birds those are the Exhibition teaches. Here is a pretty little bird, the "snow bunting," dressed up handsomely in white and black. You may give him a dose of peppers hot if you like, farmer. His food is partly insects, but mostly good seeds. Near him stands the "common cross bill," a rascally little brown fellow, who is extremely injurious in orchards, as he destroys apples to get at their seeds. I can remember no more feathered villains. Almost all are friends. The "house wren" is beneficial—but the catalogue is too long; the overwhelming majority of the little bird beauties are as good as they are pretty. Among the insect tribe, too, the farmer has many coadjutors, and whom to hate and whom to love he will quickly learn here.

Sensible Fellow.

You know Donald G. Mitchell; or, which is the same, you know Ik Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and other chunks of sentiment, big and little. Somebody in Connecticut wanted him to be a candidate for governor, but it did not suit him, and the genial Ik, honest granger and dreamer that he is, replied:

"The spring is here now, and the singing birds will come soon. My brook, which has been ice bound for many months, once more saunters jauntily onward in unfettered freedom to meet the sea; anon the meek eyed violet will be seen in sheltered places on yonder hillside, and the sturdy dandelion will gleam on the breasts of the meadow with the southern slope. You tell me this movement is strong and popular; suppose I should be elected and compelled to take up my abode in brick and mortar environed Hartford, while all the coppices of Edgewood are bright with summer bloom!

I would rather be farmer than governor; I would rather sit in my library of an afternoon and watch the growing corn undulating in the western wind, than sit in the chair of state signing bills for public acts; and the bright flag floating above the capital would not be so pleasing in my eyes as the smoky banner of the far-off steamer seen athwart the dancing waters silvering in the June sunshine."

Buddah's Commandment.

"By gentleness overcome anger; by good, evil; by liberality, greed; by openness and truth, dissembling and falsehood.

"Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.

"The evil doer mourns in this world and he shall mourn in the next; in both worlds has he sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented seeing the evil of his deed.

"The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he shall rejoice in the next; in both worlds has he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the purity of his deed.

"A man slothful saying many good things, but not doing them, is like a herdsman counting the kine of others, but owning none."

Fat men and people with tight boots will be gratified to learn that there are only trty-hieight miles of walking required to obtain a full sight of the Centennial.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

The value of a man's education cannot be estimated by the price he paid for it.

The best way to cure the body is to quiet the mind.

A good lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law.