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

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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kriesinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

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.

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nov11

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jan12

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april 26-75.

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Feb. 10.

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mar22

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May 31.

THE LADY AND HER LOVER.

THE LADY'S SOLO—TWILIGHT.

I know not why I chose to seem so cold
At parting from you—for since you are gone
I see you still, I hear each word, each tone,
And what I bid you I wish were told.
I who was proud and shy seem now too bold
To write these lines—and yet must I write, to a
I would unsay words, now I'm alone.
From my darkened window out upon the world
I look. 'Twas through you pathway to the we
I watched yo slowly going, while the light
Went with you and a shadow seemed to fall
Upon my he. And now I cannot rest
Till I have writen—for I said: "To-night
I'll send you answer." Now I've told you I.

II.

THE LOVER'S SONNET—MIDNIGHT.

I waited though the night, while summer slew
The breath drows through my darkened roo.
The whisperin breeze just stirred the leafy grea
Beyond the window. On the lawn the dew
Lay glistenin in the starlight. No one kno
I did not sleep, but waited here my doom
Or victory. I saw the lighthouse loom
Across the ay. The silence grew and grew,
And hour by hour kept pace with my suspe.
Each rustle noise, each passing footstep sound
The coming messenger I hoped, yet feare
At last a knock—a throb—a pause intense;
Your letter came. I read as if I dreamed.
Almost too great to bear my bliss appeared.

—*C. Crauch in the Galaxy for June.*

GOLD AND DROSS.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Lily Deane sat busily copying a favorite poem almost hidden from the sight of the guests in Mrs. Grenville's drawing room by the folds of the lace curtains that hung from the lofty French windows like billows of foam.

A dainty, daisy-faced girl, with a complexion as fresh as the morning; with a warm, rosy glow on the healthful skin, and wine-bright sparkles in the big, velvety, gray eyes. A happy, earnest hearted girl, on whom all the *finesse* of her parental aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Grenville, of Lexington Avenue, had been wasted in vain, in so far as that lady had attempted to make a stylish city young lady of the little rustic guest. A girl with plenty of common sense, and an innate delicacy of refinement that Alexouma and Ethelberta Grenville, her twin cousins, might have been proud to have possessed.

Now, nestling away among the foamy curtains, Lily listened to the ripples of conversation that eddied past her, thinking—in the vague, half-distressful way of thought that had, somehow, come to be quite natural to her, these few last weeks of that short, delightful winter spent in New York—that of all these people who had met her so many times in her aunt Grenvill's drawing room there was not one who would care when she should be gone, unless—and just the faintest possible little quiver ran through her pretty figure, as the sound of Sydney Ellis' voice suggested the possibility of an exception in his favor.

He had been very good to her all winter—from the very day Alexouma introduced him, and told Lily after he had gone that he was one of the most eligible young men in the city, worth a couple hundred thousands, and a perfect love of a mansion on Fifth Avenue, not to mention his country seat on the Hudson. Lily had liked him from the very first—and liked him none the less when Alexouma had whispered to her, in greatest possible confidence, that she and Mr. Ellis were so nearly engaged that it was as good as accomplished. Liked him none the less, certainly, but somehow she felt curiously strange about it.

Not that she was in love with him—indeed, no! She had told herself a thousand times that she was in love with nobody, and tried her best, and almost succeeded in convincing herself, that it was only a little reluctance at leaving all the luxury and the elegance of aunt Grenville's city house, that made her so uncomfortable.

Until the sound of Sydney Ellis' voice talking to a group of girls near her, aroused her from that sad, distressful mood that had taken complete possession of her.

"Then you consider me a fair subject for pity, ladies?"

"Only we don't believe a word of it, Mr. Ellis. Just imagine the incongruity of the thing!"

Miss Ethelberta Grenville laughed, and looked straight into Mr. Ellis' eyes.

He smiled, as if amused.

"The 'incongruity' of what, Miss Bertie? I confess my inability to follow your meaning."

Alexouma flirted her fan in a manner intended to be the very poetry of motion and took up the line of defense.

"Why, the idea of you, of all men, leaving the city, burrying yourself in the horrid country! What on earth will you do with yourself?"

Mr. Ellis looked across the group to Helsinger, who was vainly trying to interest Mrs. Eustacie Wyndham, who had her eyes on Sydney Ellis for her decreased husband's successor.

"Helsinger, what do you think? Shall I stand it, if I emigrate to my Wisconsin farm?"

"Your Wisconsin farm! Bless my soul, Ellis, is the Wisconsin farm all there is left you from the wreck of your fortune?"

Ellis laughed, as much at the horror on Mrs. Wyndham's face, as at the ready reply of his friend Helsinger.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis! you never are going into the horrid Western wilds, because you have actually lost everything else? I thought surely you meant it for a sort of lark, you know. I supposed there was a delightful little cottage, and a carriage and everything romantic."

Lily parted the lace curtains and came out at this juncture, in good time to see the surprise and growing coldness on Mrs. Wyndham's pretty face.

Ellis looked quickly up at her, and bowed.

"Miss Lily, add your condolences please. These ladies are horrified because Helsinger has foolishly blundered over a piece of news I hoped to have kept quiet."

A delicious flush surged over Lily's cheeks. Somehow—and he egregiously foolish it was!—she was glad Mr. Ellis had lost all his wonderful lot of money.

"I cannot see why Mrs. Wyndham need feel horrified. I can assure her there is no life like country life. Then lifting her eyes timidly to Helsinger's oddly-expressive face, she added: "I think you will be happy and contented, Mr. Ellis."

Ethelberta arose from her chair, languidly.

"Come Allie," Mrs. Wyndham said, "I promised you a glimpse of my new Duchess set. Mr. Helsinger, Mr. Ellis you will excuse us."

Ellis was on his feet in a moment.

"Ladies, there is not the slightest need of you taking such pains to manifest your sudden lack of interest in me—or rather your disappointment to learn that I am no longer elligible as a wealthy bachelor. Pray, Mr. Helsinger, remain and entertain the ladies, and I will retire. Mrs. Wyndham, Miss Greenville, Miss Etheberta, good night! Miss Deane, if fortune favors me, I hope to say good-bye to you to-morrow."

And with a dignity that would have gave benefitted a duke Ellis went away, leaving Helsinger at the mercy of three curious women tongues.

The widow Windham, frank beauty among the blue curtains—she always made a point of sitting where there were lovely green tints to show off her petite, brunette beauty—with an expression of the most grateful thankfulness on her pretty face.

"Oh, Mr. Helsinger, I feel to the grave for poor Allie, and never could, sufficiently express my sense of your kind and gentle manliness. Only suppose I had accepted him, what on earth would I have done?"

Helsinger looked innocently at her.

"Indeed, Mrs. Wyndham, poor Ellis must have grown very reticent about his love affairs lately, for he never hinted to me you had refused him."

A vivid blush deepened on her face.

"Oh! I didn't mean to say he had actually offered, you know. But if he had, and I had accepted him?"

"Oh!"

Helsinger's monosylable was eloquent, and somehow made the widow wonder if he was making fun of her.

"Because you see," Miss Ethelberta went on, almost indignantly, "Mr. Ellis has been so attentive to us all, and indeed, his wealth and position made him very desirable. But now—"

And a peculiar toss of her head and compression of her lips finished her remark far better than words could have done.

"I am really sorry poor Sydney has disappointed you all—shall I include you, Miss Deane?"

She turned her flushed cheeks toward the group more bravely than she had ever don anything in her life.

"Indeed you may not. Mr. Ellis is the same to me now as he was when he owned his mansion and horses and money, and a true friend of his will esteem he none the less."

Mrs. Wyndham tittered maliciously.

"Why, my dear, what a beautiful display of Quixotic interest. Pray do repeat it to Mr. Ellis, Mr. Helsinger."

He arose gravely.

"I shall do so, Mrs Wyndham, and being myself the sort of friend Miss Deane pescribes, I shall carry what you call Quixotism still further. I shall select Sidney Ellis' friends for mine. Ladies, good-night."

After he was gone, Alexouma turned with a scowl to Lily still standing beside the low ebony etegere with the same sweet, flushed excitement on her pure face.

"You brazen little witch! why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? You know what you have done—actually driven Mr. Helsinger from our house!"

"I think not Allie. If you will be reasonable, I will see it was your own cruelty and hollow-heartedness that did it."

Mrs. Wyndham laughed hysterically—she really winced terribly cut up at Ellis' sudden ineligibility.

"Cruelty! hollow-heartedness! Perhaps Miss Deane, you would not refuse to apply an antidote to Mr. Ellis?"

Lily looked quietly at the vexed woman, but made no reply. And then went to her own room, where she was to pass the last night of her long visit—the visit during which she had learned so much of the hollowness of society, so little of what was ennobling, save and except love for Sidney Ellis.

She knew it now—knew it was a conviction strong as death—that the ill-fortune that had come to him had developed in her what it had crushed in Eustacie Wyndham. She admitted it, with thrills of glad, solemn joy, and prayed God to give her his love before she laid her bonny head on the pillow that night.

With the morrow be came—to bid her "good by," as he had said the night before. The parlors were deserted—the shrewd women of the Grenville heusehold took excellent pains keep out of the way of the pennilessness, who might have Lily and soon, if she were fool enough to tain. He met the girl half way across the floor, and took her hand warmly.

"Lily, I want to thank you for the womanly words of encouragement; and more—I want to tell you that you have inspired a holier feeling than even the highest respect—admiration. Lily, can you not see that I love you dearly, dearly? Look up little one, and tell me I am to love you for my darling, my own."

She had come to her at last, this lover of Sidney Ellis, and she sobbed in her own weak confession on his breast, the happiest girl that ever the sun shown on.

"And are you shure you will not think from farm life, my darling?"

Her eyes answered him before her lips formed words.

"Shrink from it! Oh, Sidney, I always loved the country, and with you it will be a paradise! I am used to it, you know, dear and I can see to the butter, and eggs, and poultry, and everything. I will try to be so good Sidney, and saving and may be you will get rich, some day."

"My noble, brave darling." He took her in his arms, and she did not see the loving smile on his lips, the pride in his eyes as he bent over her head.

"Listen, then, Lily, while I tell you shall superintend the dairy and the poultry yard to your heart's content, but only when we visit our farm in Wisconsin—every summer, shall it be dear? And other times, don't you think we can be very happy in our house on the avenue? Because, little one, I have not lost a dollar—rather gained a fortune in winning you. I had no idea Helsinger would carry on the joke; but thank God he did, for I have won you, and learned to distinguish between gold and dross!"

Mrs. Wyndham never visited the Ellises, although she is ready to expire with envy whenever she meets Lily in her elegant phaeton; and the Grenvills never tire of boasting of "the Ellises—our cousins you know!"

The Empress Queen.

BY THE QUEEN—A PROCLAMATION.

Victoria R.

Whereas an act has been passed in the present session of Parliament entitled "An act to enable her most gracious Majesty to make an addition to the royal style and titles appertaining to the imperial crown of the United Kingdom and its dependencies," which act recites that by the act for the union of Great Britain and Ireland it was provided that after such union the royal style and titles appertaining to the imperial crown of the United Kingdom and its dependencies should be such as his Majesty, by his royal proclamation, under the great seal of the United Kingdom should be pleased to appoint, and which act also recites that by virtue of the said act and of a royal proclamation under the great seal, dated the 1st day of January, 1801, our present style and titles are "Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith," and which act also recites that by the act for the better government of India it was enacted that the Government of India, heretofore vested in the East India Company in trust for us, should become vested in us, and that India should thenceforth be governed by us and in our name, and that it is expedient that there should be a recognition of the transfer of government so made by means of an addition to be made to our style and titles, and which act after the said recitals enacts that it shall be lawful for us, with a view to such recognition as aforesaid of the transfer of the government of India, by our royal proclamation under the great seal of the United Kingdom and its dependencies as to us may seem meet; we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to appoint and declare that henceforth, so far as conveniently may be, on all occasions and in all instruments wherein our styles and titles are used, save and except all charters, commissions, letters patent, instruments, not extending in their operations beyond the United Kingdom, the following addition shall be made to the style and titles at present appertaining to the imperial crown of the United Kingdom and its dependencies, that is to say, in the Latin tongue in these words, "Indiæ Imperatrix," and in the English tongue in these words, "Empress of India."

And our will and pleasure further is that the said addition shall not be made in the commissions, charters, letters patent, grants, writs, appointments, and other like instruments herein before specially excepted.

And our will and pleasure further is that all gold, silver, and copper monies now current and lawful monies of the United Kingdom, and all gold, silver, and copper monies which shall out and after this day be coined by our authorities with the like impressions, shall, notwithstanding such addition to our style and titles, be deemed and taken to be current and lawful money of the said United Kingdom; and further, that all monies coined for and issued in any of the dependencies of the said United Kingdom, and declared by our proclamation to be current and lawful money of such dependencies respectively, bearing our style or titles, or any part or parts thereof, and all monies which shall hereafter be coined and issued according to such proclamation, shall, notwithstanding such addition, continue to be lawful and current money of such dependencies respectively until our pleasure shall be further declared thereupon.

Given at our court at Windsor, the day of April, 1876, in the fortieth year of our reign.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A Clergyman's mistake at christening.—A Clergyman (who has forgotten the day of the month): "Let me see! this is the—the thirteenth, I believe?" Fond mother (not catching the idea exactly, but not catching the idea "Why, bless the king of her family): "Oh, only the eleventh, stars, no; this is the lawful for place any kets pond s, brush er permanent ...ave husband.

Mr. Potts Looking for a Light.

One night during the recent troubles in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge Potts' brother, Thomas Potts, was round at a meeting of the mine owners, and after the adjournment stepped into a tavern. While there he met some friends, and in the course of an hour or two he got very intoxicated. On his way home he lost his hat, and a miner, who knew him, feeling compassion for him clapped on his head a miner's hat; and, in order to make the dark street look brighter, he lighted the lamp in front of the hat. When Potts reached the house his wife had gone to bed, and the lights were out; but Potts felt certain the lamp was burning in the hall, but he couldn't for the life of him tell where it was.

He looked at the regular lamp and it seemed to be out; then hunted in every direction for the light, but he was unable to find it, although it seemed to shine brightly wherever he went. Presently he happened to stop in front of the mirror in the hat rack, and then he saw precisely where the light was. After a brief objurgation upon Mrs. Potts for leaving a light in such a place, he went up to the mirror and tried to blow it out. He blew and blew, but somehow the flame burned as steadily as before.

"That," said Potts, "is the most extraor'nary lamp's ever been my misfortune t' encounter."

Then he took off his coat, and, holding it in front of him, crept cautiously up to the mirror, and tried to crush the coat over the lamp, which still burned brightly. He said:

"That's cer'inly very extra'nary! Moz 'stonishin' circumstanz ever come un'er my observation. Don'o how to 'count for it!"

It occurred to him, that perhaps he might smash the lamp with an umbrella. Seizing the weapon, he went up to the hatrack, and, aiming a terrible blow at the light, he brought the umbrella down. He missed, and smashed his sunday hat into chaos. He took aim again, and caught the umbrella in the lamp overhead, bringing it down with a crash. Then he tried a third time, and plunged the ferrule of the umbrella through the mirror, smashing it to atoms. He felt exultant for a moment, as the light disappeared from his vision, but he was perplexed to find there was another light somewhere, he did not know exactly where. So he sat down on the steps and remarked:

"Moz' 'stonishin' circumstance ever come un'er my observation. Whaten thunder dez it mean anyhow? Light's gone, an' yet's shinin'! Perfectly incomprehensible! ...sh to gracious Mrs. Potts 'd wake ...plain it. Durn 'f I know What to do?"

...up and took off his hat to ...hope that he what I had been ...the truth

Then Potts took ...the scratch his head, in the ...which might scare up an idea, and ...flashed upon him. Gazing at the lamp for a moment, until he drank in a full conception of the trouble it had caused him, he suddenly smashed it down on the floor in a rage, and extinguished it after covering two yards of carpet with grease. Then he went to bed, and in the morning Mrs. Potts informed him that some of those horrible miners had broken into the house the night before, and left one of their hats with a lamp. Potts turned over in bed so that she could not see his face, and said if that stern hand of the law wasn't laid upon those ruffians soon, nobody's life would be safe.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

The Schoolmaster's Shot.

In some interesting reminisence of old stagecoach times, a writer in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* relates the following story, which a gentleman told him at a rifle-shooting match he once attended in Springfield, Mass., while in the stage business there. A lank, raw-boned young chap from the Green Mountains in Vermont had been engaged to teach a winter school in the precincts of that town, and having made the acquaintance of the young men thereabout, they were much inclined to poke fun at him, and rarely lost an opportunity of indulging there propensity for amusement. One day they got up a rifle-shooting match, and asked the young Green Mountaineer to take a hand with them, presuming that he was as "green" in rifle practice as in the more elegant civilities of life on which they plumed themselves. The boy joined, on condition that he should "fix the target in a way to suit himself," to which they readily agreed. The stake was quite considerable in dollars, and the distance long. The ground was measured off and the target set. Some fair shots had been made, which by common consent "couldn't be beat." Then the boy arrived with rifle and ammunition, and a trusty stout attendant. The shooters, of course, supposed he would shoot wide, and that they would win an easy victory over him. But his attendant brought along a three-legged stool on which was adjusted a broad funnel-shaped tube of tin about two feet in diameter at the outer end, and tapering down at a distance of some two feet more to a small hole about the size of the target, or bull's eye, to which the ball was directed. "What are you going to do with that machine?" asked the shooting men. "I'll show you," said the schoolmaster, "for you told me I could fix the target to suit myself, and so I mean to." They had to submit, of course, and he adjusted the machine in such a way that if his ball struck anywhere within the funnel it would go straight to the mark. Everything ready, our hero drew up with steady aim and drove his ball directly to the mark, which he repeated thrice. After firing, greatly to over and... the disused Ally lessees ...n or game ...Won't you do banterers. The officer promit was one of the kindliest ever seen in a court house. ...ower whispered: 'Then sit ...further off; I'd rather pay a ...dollars than have people ...a deputy sheriff.'"

Brigham Young's Prophetic Gifts.

There is hardly a day that some startling development in the physical world does not reveal itself, assuming form and force sufficient to be characterized as phenomenal. The Gentiles have for many years doubted, derided the prophetic gifts claimed by Brigham Young, conceding to him only that consummate shrewdness and cunning which enables him to make capital out of the bigotry and superstition of the weak and ignorant. Certain current events, however, will serve to strengthen the Mormon faith in Brigham's powers of divination, and convince them that the Prophet's mantle has really fallen upon the shoulders of this modern vaticinator. The *Chronicle* is the first to reveal a bit of startling history in connection with the foresight of the leader of the Latter Day Saints.

It is well known that for the past twelve months the great project for transferring the Mormon population to New Mexico has been under consideration by Brigham and his emissaries. As already revealed by the *Cronicle*, Governor Axtell, formerly of Utah, but now Governor of New Mexico, has for months been quietly working with this end in view, paving the way for the establishment of a new Mormon empire. The world has been puzzled to know why the Latter Day Saints, after working for more than a quarter of a century to build up Zion in Utah, should be willing to abandon all the magnificent improvements of the Great Salt Lake Valley, and become once more pioneers of the wilderness. But the inciting cause is now as palpable as it is inevitable and irresistible. The great Prophet by his powers of divination has discovered why, the Great Salt Lake has been rising at the rate of twelve inches every twelve months for many years. There is, as is well known, no surface outlet to the waters of Salt Lake, although several streams of considerable volume are continually discharging their waters into the lake. In the opinion of all scientific explorers of this inland saline sea there has existed a subterranean outlet through which its surplus waters have flowed. But Brigham's prophetic eye has discovered that this outlet has been gradually choking up by precipitations of vast quantities of chloride of sodium, damming the water of the lake as well as the future hopes of Mormondom. It is only a question of time when this subterranean waste gate shall be completely closed, and then a single spring flood in all the tributary streams will cause the lake to overflow its bounds and submerge the entire Salt Lake Valley. This result being inevitable Brigham is more than anxious to flee from this second deluge before the engulfment and ruin of the new City of Zion He has no time to emulate the ... of Captain Noah and ...

...Sores and Ulcers.

...Blotches, as also swellings, can with certainty ...be cured if the Ointment be used freely ...for example night and morning, as ...directions. I build arks for his numerous followers, but prefers to slide quietly away to New Mexico, leaving the hated Gentiles, who have so unceremoniously invaded his kingdom, to enjoy the great salt water bath so soon to be provided for their accommodation. In the interest of humanity, however, and as a timely warning against an impending disaster, we feel constrained to divulge the true reason for the contemplated Mormon exodus from Utah.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Prof. Helmholtz's Telegraphic Apparatus.

From an article upon the recent advances in telegraphy we extract the following description of Professor Helmholtz's telegraapic apparatus:

Prof. Helmholtz's apparatus consisted of a number of electro-magnets acting on tuning forks pitched to particular notes. His object was so to combine those notes as to demonstrate the formation of certain harmonious sounds; but the object of the telegraph inventors is the reverse of that, namely, to transmit them in the form of electric vibrations to a distance, and then—as in Wheatstone's experiment—to sift them out again to separate instruments. In most of the plans so far made public a fixed steel bar takes the place of the tuning fork, and therefore of the armature as well. When attracted by the magnet, on making a signal, it is of course set vibrating; and at every forward vibratory movement, it closes the circuit and transmits an electric impulse. A number of such magnets, their sonorous armatures sending each a different number of pulsations in a second, may be working away at once, and the corresponding instruments at the other end of the line will be acted on only by those which suit their times of vibration. In other words, of the total number of electric charges sent into the line only those will act on any particular magnet at the receiving end which suffice to cause in its armature the number of vibrations per second to which it was set. This, of course, is the same number which was sent by the transmitting instrument