Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXV. NO. 4. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1304.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, 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. KOOGLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 23 ly.

J. GANTZ, 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 promptly and properly 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, enterprise encouraged, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july19

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. feb 19 76-ly

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

W. KETCHAM. PATH. H. GAITHER. GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec8-72.

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. feb. 28, '76.

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. S. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krieinger's store. apr. 12, '76-tf.

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

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice his profession among 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 Umstead's 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. may22

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. april

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Casebeer & Fronk's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so 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 county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person 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. march

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 Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged. ☞Night calls promptly answered. dec. 19, '71-tf.

JOHN HILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. nov11

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. feb28-72

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 accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

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. Ea'r11.

GEO. HUFF. LAFAYETTE 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. aug16.

HOMES FOR ALL. I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of Ills., sanity in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Ills warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who are not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon. feb24 D. WEYAND

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received 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 references, 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. Rawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, L. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Wilson. Daniel J. Morrell, President: Frank Dibert, Treasurer: Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

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 16-75.

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. 19.

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 tobaccos.—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 public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand as complete an ment 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 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 martial arts, and the convenience and refinement of social life.—Great wars and conquest 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 sought 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 liveliness 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 manufacturers. 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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CURLING, 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. april.

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 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 th, 1875.

PRODUCE HOUSE. CAYWOOD & LEWIS. Produce Commission Merchants, And Wholesale Dealers in *Butter, Eggs, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Seeds, Green and Dried Fruits.* —RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE— 335 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. May 17.

JNO. HARKINS. PRACTICAL Pattern and Model Maker, 67 WATER ST., COR. FERRY, SECOND FLOOR, Pittsburgh Pa.. ☞Models for Patent Office a specialty. All kinds of Pattern Work promptly executed. May 31.

BACK PAY. Having lost our residences by the late fire, we earnestly urge all knowing themselves indebted to us, to come forward promptly and settle. We need money to provide homes for our families. PATTON & HURST. May 10.

E. H. WARDWELL, WITH ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO. 285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D., Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS. assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. Merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases. May 10.

THE STEAMER.

GEORGE LUNT.

Majestic on the wave
The ocean empress rides;
For her the sea, her willing slave,
Rolls forth its crested tides,
Dashed from her breast she heaves
The quelled and trampled foam;
Her glorious track behind she leaves:
Speed her, ye waters, home!

Ah gentle, cruel main,
The freighted treasures bear!
Voices thou hast like summer rain,
Or virgins murmered prayer.
From out thy cave, O sea,
Breathe them in music's sound,
Tuned to their heart's true harmony.
The glad, the homeward-bound.

Joy! joy! the glooming mist
She cleaves with landward bow;
Coyly the billows, lightly kissed,
Leap from her arrowy prow.
Joy beams in woman's eye,
And laughs in childhood's mirth;
And many hearts give fond reply
For thee, O mother earth!

Sovereign o'er vanquished fear,
The lord of pride and power,
Man in his glorious strength is here,
This is his triumph's hour.
Hush! hush! what shock of dread
Distorts his blanching brow?
Stern as the bell of death it sped;
O man, what art thou now?

Thou saidst "a king" thou wast
On ocean's stormy throne;
Now he is strong and fierce and vast,
Thou powerless and alone.
Lo! with resistless grasp,
This wide, relentless sea
Folds like a toy in icy clasp
Thy shattered bark and thee!

God rules upon the deep;
There he alone is King;
The wild, wild waves that o'er them sweep,
Perpetual dirges sing.
Woe! woe! a thousand homes
Their coming wait in vain,
And far and wide above them glooms
The desert of the main.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Night was setting in—a clear, starlight night—as a small armed brig was working her way into a little bay upon the western coast of Mexico. She was a trim-built craft, and not too deeply laden to conceal the symmetry of her dark and exquisitely modeled hull. The cleanness of her run, the elegance of her lines, the rake of her slender masts, and the cut of her sails, showed her, at a glance, to be a Baltimore built clipper—at the time of which we speak, some years ago, the fastest thing upon the ocean. She was working to windward against a light breeze, and hence was unable to exhibit anything of her qualities, though a seaman's eye would have decided at a glance that she could sail like a witch. The Zanthe, for that was the name inscribed in gilt letters on her stern and sideboards, might have been a dangerous customer in a brush; for her armament consisted of ten brass eighteens, and her crew of sixty picked seamen—an abundance of men to work the brig, and serve her batteries with satisfaction and credit.

Not to keep the reader any longer in suspense with regard to her character and purpose, we will inform him that the Zanthe was a smuggler, and for some years had been engaged in the illegal game of defrauding the revenue of the Mexican republic. She was commanded by a Scotchman named Morris, and her first mate was a Yankee, answering to the hail of Pardon N. Simpkins, as gallant a fellow and as good a seaman as ever trod a plank. It was her custom to land contraband goods at different points upon the coast where lighters were kept concealed, and where the merchandise was taken charge of by the shore gang a numerous and well-appointed body of picked men, mounted and armed to the teeth, and provided with a large number of mules for transporting the goods into the interior. The merchandise, lightered off from the brig, was hidden in the *chapparral*, if it came on shore before the mule trains were ready, and it was piled up with combustables, in such a manner that, should the *vigilantes* surprise them in sufficient numbers to effect a seizure, and overcome resistance, a match thrown among the booty secured its destruction in a few moments. A smoke by day and a fire by night, upon the shore, was the signal for the brig to approach and come to anchor.

The Zanthe, as we before said, slowly worked her way to her anchorage. One by one her white sails, on which the last flush of the sunset fires had just faded, were all furled, and, her anchors dropped, she swung round with the tide, and rode safely. A Bengola light was displayed for a moment from the foretop, and answered by another from the shore.

"All right, cap'n," said the mate, walking aft to where Morris was standing, near the wheel. "The critters have seen us, and that are firework means that there aint no vigilantes round about. I spose we shall hev the lighters alongside airly in the mornin'."

"Yes," said the captain. "I wonder whether Don Martinez is with the shore gang."

"Not knowin', cant say," replied the mate.—"Most likely he is, howsomdever—'cause our cargo is valuable, and he'd be likely to look after it."

"You know, Pardon," said the captain, "this is to be our last voyage."

"Exactly," answered the mate.

"And I hope it will turn out well for the owners. For my part, I'm tired of this life. Circumstances induced me to adopt it; but I can't say that in my conscience I have ever approved it."

"Why, cap'n, you astonish me!" exclaimed the mate. "You don't mean to say that you think it's any harm to cheat the greasers."

"Yes, I do," replied the captain, shaking his head. "And I think the aggravation of the offence is, that I am an adopted citizen of the republic of the stars and stripes. I am engaged in defrauding the Government of a sister republic."

"A pretty sort er sister republic," replied the mate disdainfully. "A poor miserable set of thievin' throat-cuttin', monte-playin', bean-eatin' griffins. If our Government had had spunk, we'd have pitched into 'em long ago. And it was only because thay're weaker than we be that we haven't licked 'em into spun yarn."

"But suppose, Pardon, we should be (a chance that, thank Heaven, has never yet occurred) over-hauled by one of their revenue cutters."

"The little Zanthe could walk away from her like a racer from a plough horse."

"But supposing we were surprised, and lay where we couldn't run."

"Cap'n," said Pardon, glancing along the grim batteries of the Zanthe, "do you see them are lovely bull-dogs? And them are sturdy Jacks what's a sittin' on the breeches of the guns? What on airth they made for? A couple of broadsides, starboard and larboard, would settle the hash of the smartest revenue cutter that ever dipped her fore foot in the water."

"And the after thought would never trouble you, Pardon?"

"Never! 'shelp me, Bob," replied the mate, energetically. "Greasers isn't human bein's. Besides, it's all fair play, life, for life, and the gentleman with the single fluke tail take the loser. Aint they set a price on our heds? Eight thousand dollars on your'n, and five thousand on mine? I never was worth five thousand down at Portland; but if they've marked me up too high, its their own lookout. They'll never be called upon to pay it. But this sellin' a fellur's head standin', like a lot of firewood, is excessively aggravatin', and gets a fellur's mad up. But, hallo, cap'n here comes a shore boat. I'll bet it's Don Martinez."

A row boat, manned by eight Mexicans, with a muffled figure in the stern sheet, now pulled out for the brig, and soon lay alongside. On being challenged, a preconcerted watchword was given in reply, and the oars being shipped, a couple of boat hooks held the boat fast at the foot of the starboard side ladder. This done, the person in the stern sheets arose and prepared to ascend the brig's side.

"Petticoats, by thunder!" muttered the mate. "What does this mean, cap'n?"

Captain Morris was evidently surprised at the sex of his visitor, but he assisted and welcomed her on board with the frank courtesy of a seaman. The light of a battle lantern that stood upon the harness cask, displayed the dark but handsome features of a young Mexican senorita, whose small and graceful hand, sparkled with rings, gathered her silken *rebozo* around her symmetrical figure, in folds that would have enchanted an artist.

"Senor captain," said she, "I bear you a message from Martinez. He bade me tell you to land half your cargo here to-morrow, as before agreed upon. The remainder goes to Santa Rosara, fifty miles to the northward, where he awaits you with a chosen band."

"Senorita," replied the captain, with hesitation, "it were ungallant to express a doubt. But ours is a perilous business, and on the mere word of a stranger—though that stranger be an accomplished lady ——"

"O, I come furnished with credentials, senor," interrupted the lady, with a smile; "there is a letter from Martinez."

Captain Morris hastily perused the letter which the lady handed him. Its contents vouched for fidelity, and, intimating that the lady was a dear friend of his; and likely to be soon intimately connected with him, committed her to the charge of the captain, and requested him to bring her on to Santa Rosara on board the brig.

Morris immediately expressed his sense of the honor done him, and escorted the senorita below, where he abandoned his state room and cabin to her use. Pardon G. Simpkins walked his watch in great ill humor, muttering to himself incessantly.

"What in the blazes keeps these here women folks continually emergin' from their ailment and mixin' into other spheres? They're well enough ashore, but on soundin's and blue water they beat old Nick. And aboard a *contrabandista*, too! Its enough to make a Quaker kick his grandmother. Howsomdever, Morris is just saft-headed fool enough to like it, and think it all fine fun. I shouldn't wonder if he was ass enough to get spliced one of these days, and take his wife to sea. I think I see a doggarytype of myself took as mate of a vessel that sails with a cap'n's wife aboard."

And, chuckling at this idea, he put an extra quid in his mouth, and ruminated in a better frame of mind.

In the morning, Mr. Simkins turned out betimes to prepare for the landing of a portion of the cargo; and he was busied in his duty, when an incident occurred that might well have startled a less ready and self-possessed man than the mate of the Zanthe.

Suddenly rounding the headland on the north, a cutter, with the Mexican flag flying at her mizzen peak, and the muzzles of her guns gleaming through the port-holes, came in view of the astonished mate. She stood into the bay, till within rifle-shot of the bow of the Zanthe, when she dropped her sails and came to anchor.

As she accomplished this mannuver, the mate mustered the crew, ran out his guns, which were all shotted, and then quietly roused the captain and brought him on deck.

"That looks a little wicked, cap'n," said the mate, pointing at the revenue cutter.

The captain shook his head.

"Now, cap'n," said the mate, briskly, "just speak the word, and I'll give him my starboard battery before the slow-motioned critter fires a gun.

"No, no," said the captain; "wait!"

Mr. Simpkins looked fixedly at the captain, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his pea-jacket, and sitting down on the breech of a gun, whistled Yankee Doodle in such slow time that it sounded like a dead march.

In another minute, a barge was lowered from the side of the Mexican cutter, and manned with armed sailors, while an officer in uniform took his seat in the stern sheets.

The barge pulled alongside, Captain Morris neither hailing or offering to take any action in the premises. Leaving only a boatkeeper in the barge, the Mexican officer, followed by his crew, sprang up the ladder, and bounding on deck, struck his drawn sword on the the capstan and announced the Zanthe as his prize.

"To whom shall I have the honor of surrendering?" asked Captain Morris, touching his hat.

"My name," said the officer, glancing from a paper he held in his hand, as he spoke, "is Captain Ramon Morena, of the Nengador cutter. You, I presume are Captain Morris, of the Zanthe."

Morris bowed.

"And you are Pardon G. Simpkins, I suppose," said the Mexican, addressing the mate.

"Pardon G. Simpkins—five thousand dollars," replied that gentle man.

"Captain Morena," said Morris, "before we proceed to business, do me the favor to walk into my cabin. While we are below," he added, "I trust your men will be ordered not to maltreat my poor fellows."

The Mexican Captain glanced, with some surprise, at the formidable array of men upon the deck of the Zanthe, and then, after a few words in Spanihs to his boat's crew followed the captain and mate into the cabin.

Captain Morena was a very fine looking man of thirty, with magnificent hair and mustache, and wore a very showy uniform. He threw himself carelessly on the transom, and laid his sword upon the cabin table, while Morris and the mate seated themselves on camp stools.

"Senor capitan," said Morris, "I trust, though it be early in the day, that you have no objection to take a glass of wine with me."

The Mexican assented to the proposition, and the steward produced a bottle, glasses, and cigars.

"Your health, captain," said Morris, with a courteous smile: "and may you ever be as successful as on the present occasion."

"Muchas gracias, senor," replied the Mexican; "you bear the loss of your brig very good humoredly. What may she be worth?"

"She cost thirty thousand dollars in Baltimore," replied Morris.

"You must regret to lose her."

"That admits no question, senor."

"But that is of minor importance, compared with your other loss."

"What loss?"

"The loss of your life. I fear nothing can save you or your friend here. Yet, perhaps, intercession may do something. I suppose you would prefer being shot to hanging from the yard-arm."

"Decidedly," answered Morris.

"Or working for life on the highway, with a ball and chain, you would think preferable to both."

"Cap'n Morris," said the mate speaking in English, "it strikes me that our friend in the hairy face is a leetle grain out in his reckoning; 'pears to me, that instead of our bein' in his power he's in ourn. Just say the word, and I'll gin the Vengador a broadside that'll sink her in the shiver of a main topsail."

"You are right, Pardon," said the captain, smiling; "the getleman has missed a figure, certainly. Captain Morena," he added, speaking in Spanish, "you have made a small mistake; you are *my* prisoner, sir. Nay, start not; you are completely in my power. Dare to breathe another word of menace, or offer to resist me, and the Vengador shall go to Davy Jones'. Pass me that sword."

Morena, taken by surprise, obeyed.

"Gi' me his toastin' fork, cap'n," said the mate, "and I'll lock it up in my state-room;" which was done almost as soon as said.

"And, now, Captain Morena," said Morris, 'just walk on deck and explain matters to your people, and then I'll show you how fast a Yankee crew and Mexican lightermen can unload a contrabandista."

They adjourned to the deck, and the Mexican captain was compelled to remain an inactive witness, while boat-load after boat-load of contraband goods was landed under his own eyes, and the very guns of his cutter. When the work was finished, Captain Morris approached Morena, and said.—

Captain, I have a word to say to you. I am going up the coast fifty miles, to land the remainder of my cargo at Santa Rosara. Give me your word that you will not follow and molest me, that you will not breathe a word of what you have seen and heard, and I will restore your sword and release you on parole."

The revenue captain gave the required pledge, and his sword was restored; after which his men were permitted to man the barge.

"And now, captain, one bumper at parting," said the hospitable Morris. "The steward has just opened a fresh bottle, and besides, I have a pleasant surprise for you."

As they entered the cabin, Morena started back and uttered an exclamation as his eyes fell on the beautiful face and graceful figure of the Mexican senorita, who had taken her seat at the table.

"Maria!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the lady, with sparkling eyes and heightened color. "I have escaped your power. The man who basely sought to coerce my inclinations has been baffled, and ere another sun has set, I shall be the bride of the smuggler Martinez."

"Malediction!" cried the Mexican.

"Come, come, cap'n," said the mate, "take a horn, and settle your proud stomach."

"Never," said the Mexican. "A curse on all of ye!" and he sprang to the deck, threw himself into his barge, and was soon aboard of the cutter.

"As the clipper brig, with all her canvass set, and her larboard tacks aboard, bowed gracefully to the freshening breeze, and bowled away under the stern of the Mexican cutter, the mate said to the captain—

"Cap'n, I wish you'd just let me give that fellur a broadside, if it was only just to clean the guns, afore I run 'em in."

"No, no," replied the captain, smiling, "honor bright, my boy. We'll keep our word to him."

"That's more than he'll do to us," answered the mate, "or I don't know the nature of a greaser. One broadside from our starboard battery would settle him, and save all future trouble, and make every thing pleasant and comfortable on all sides."

But Captain Morris would not listen to reason, and so the guns were secured, and the ports closed, and the little Zanthe went bounding on her course to Santa Rosara.

She came to anchor in a deep bay which she entered at nightfall, and almost immediately a shore-boat, under the command of Martinez, boarded the brig. The meeting between the smuggler and his bride was so affectionate as to call a tear even into the eye of Mr Pardon G. Simpkins. The smuggler laughed loudly when he heard of the discomfiture of Captain Morena, the discarded suitor of the senorita Maria.

The next day all hands were employed in landing the remainder of the cargo, and at night a very worthy and accommodating priest came off from the shore, and united Martinez Maria in the bands of holy matrimony. The nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings and revelry, and the fun was kept up till a late hour of the night, when, the happy couple retired to the cabin.

The first faint streaks of dawn were beginning to appear in the east, when the ever-vigilant ear of the mate who never took a wink of sleep while the brig was lying on shore, detected the cautious plunge of oars, and soon he descried a barge pulling towards the brig.

"Catch a weasel asleep," said the Yankee to himself; "these greasers don't know as much as a farrar hen." And without arousing the captain, he quietly mustered the crew, and with as little noise as possible, the guns were run out upon the starboard side, which the boat was fast approaching.

A moment after he hailed. No answer was given, but the light of the lantern flashed on the arms of a large body of men, and the mate recognized the figure of the captain of the Vengador in the stern sheets.

"Sheer off," shouted the mate, "or by the shade of Gin'ral Jackson, I'll blow you all to Davy Jones."

"Pull for your lives," shouted the voice of Morena; and the boat bounded towards the brig.

"Fire!" cried the mate.

Crash went the guns! The iron hurtled through the air, and the splintering of wood, as the metal struck the barge, was distinctly heard amid the groans and shrieks of the vigilantes.

In one moment it was all over. Morris and Martinez rushed to to the deck.

"What's the matter, Pardon?" asked the former.

"Nothing, cap'n—cap'n nothing," answered the mate. "Only there ain't quite so many greasers in the world at present as there was five minutes since. Morena broke his parole, and tried to board us by surprise, and I gin' him my starboard battery—that's all."

"Then I'm off for blue water!" cried the captain.

"And I for the mountains!" said Martinez. "The mules are all packed and the horses saddled. The vigilantes must wear sharp spurs if they catch us."

It was a hurried parting—that of the smuggler and his bride with the captain and mate of the Zanthe. But they got safely on shore, and the whole band effected their escape.

The Zanthe spread her wings, and some days afterwards was crossing the equator. She was never known again as a free trader. The captain and mate had both "made their piles," and after arriving at the Atlantic States retired from sea. Pardon G. Simpkins took up his residence in Boston, and during the late war with Mexico was very prominent in his denunciations of that republic, and very liberal in his donations to the Massachusetts regiment, to the members of which his parting admonition was to "give them greasers fits."

Perkins's Baby.

They have had a very dreadful time at Perkins's with Perkins's baby. It seems that the child was very restless and troublesome at night, and they couldn't manage to make it sleep even by dosing it with paregoric and other narcotics. Perkins at last got perfectly desperate. He remembered reading somewhere an account of the power of mesmerizing persons, and it occurred to him that he might mesmerize the baby and keep it quiet in that manner. He hadn't any great hopes of success, but one night while Mrs. Perkins was down stairs getting some sugar to put in the paregoric, Perkins rubbed the child's eyebrows and made some passes with his hand, and to his gratification the baby suddenly went to sleep.

When they awoke in the morning the child was still slumbering, and Mrs. Perkins said she guessed it must have gotten a tooth through, which made it feel easier. Perkins said that he thought probably it had.

After breakfast he went up stairs to see if it was awake yet, but it wasn't, and so, after giving it two or three rough shakes without arousing it, he went down to get his hat to go to the office. Mrs. Perkins called after him:

"Don't slam the front door to wake up the baby."

And then Perkins did slam it fearfully, and he went away with gloom in his heart and a horrible apprehension that that baby would never wake up.

"What in the thunder 'd we do if baby should stay asleep and live to be fifty or sixty years old and not get awake once?" said Perkins to himself.

The thought was maddening. It haunted him for two or three hours, and then he could stand it no longer. He determined to go back to the house to ascertain if the baby had come back to consciousness. When he got there Mrs. Perkins said:

"Is'nt it queer how long the baby stays asleep? He's never wakened up yet. Nervous exhaustion, I suppose, poor little thing."

Perkins felt awfully, and he went up and jagged a pin in the baby's leg quietly, so that his wife couldn't see him. Still it lay there fast asleep, and he went to his office again, uncertain whether to fly, or go home and confess. In a couple of hours Mrs. Perkins came down to see him. She was scared and breathless.

"Mr. Perkins the baby is actually sleeping yet and I can't rouse him! I have shaken him, and called to him, and done *everything*, and he don't stir. What can be the matter with him? I'm afraid there's something awful wrong!"

"Maybe he's sleeping up a lot ahead, so's to stay awake at nights some more," said Perkins with a feeble smile at his attempt at joking.

"Mr Perkins you ought to be ashamed of yourself to trifle with such a matter. I believe the poor child's going to die, and I want you to go right straight for the doctor."

Perkins put on his hat and started, and in half an hour he reached the house in company with Dr. Gills.—The doctor examined the child carefully, and said that it was a very queer case, but that in his opinion it must be under the influence of opium.

"Did you give it any while I was asleep last night Mr. Perkins?" asked Mrs. Perkins suspiciously and tearfully.

"No, I'll take my solemn oath that I didn't," replied Perkins.

"It is extraordinary," said Dr. Gills. "I think I will go and call Dr. Brown and consult with him about it."

Then Mrs. Perking began to sob, and Perkins felt that he was almost a murderer. He followed the doctor down stairs, and when they reached the hall he said:

"Doctor, if I tell you something you won't give me away on it!"

"No."

"Well, doctor, I mesmerized the baby!"

"You did!" exclaimed the doctor in an astonished tone. "Well, why don't you rouse it up again?"

"I don't know how; that's the mischief of it! Can't you find me a professional mesmerizer to come and do it?"

"The only one that I know," said Dr. Gills, "lives in New Orleans. He can't be got in less than four days."

"By that time," shrieked Perkins, "the baby 'll be dead and Mrs. Perkins 'll be insane! What under Heaven are we going to do?"

"We'll hunt up Brown; maybe he may know."

So they started after Brown, and in a little while they revealed the secret and took him to see the baby. Dr. Brown slapped his hands together and rubbed its forehead, and all of a sudden the baby sat up and began to cry.

"What do you think was the matter with him, doctor?" asked Mrs. Perkins, joyfully.

"Why, your husband says he mesmerized the child," said the doctor, thoughtlessly betraying the secret.

Then Mrs. Perkins looked at Perkins as if she wanted to assassinate him, but she merely ejaculated "Monster!" and flew from the room. She refused to speak to Perkins for a week, and he has remarked to his friends:

"If the baby wants to hollow now, I am going to let him holler if he hollers the top of his head off."—*Max Adeler.*

A Powerful Magnet.

Professor Smythe was lecturing in Ossipee on Natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

'Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?' the lecturer demanded.

'I kin,' answered a voice from the audience.

'Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine.'

'Yaas, *sir*.'

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original, at that.

He said:

'I kin give you the facts, 'Squire,' an you kin judge for yourself.'

When I were a young man, thar war a little piece o' natural magnet done up in a kaliker and dimity, as was called Betsey Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Sakes alive! it were jest as natural as slidin' down hill. Thar wan'n't no resistin' her. That ere magnet o' yourn is pooty good, but 'taint a circumstance to the one that drawed me. No, sir!'

The audience sympathized with Seth, as was man