The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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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.

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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.

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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 collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

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

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18-70-1y

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

SAMUEL 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. dec4-72.

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, '70.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset Pa. Office one door north of Post 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 Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. S. 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 the 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 Casebeer'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 se4'72

DR. W. M. MARTIN,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
SOMERSET, PA.
Having several years' experience, is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth.—Artificial teeth inserted on all the approved plans from one to an entire set. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Office two doors west of the Somerset House. Satisfaction guaranteed. april4

WM. COLLINS,
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Office above Casebeer & Frantz'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 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 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. mar15

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. 13, 71-1y.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
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DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, war anted 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. jel2-72

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 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 travelling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

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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 to 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. aug31.

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 Somerset county, in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and industrious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.
D. WEYAND

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JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
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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.
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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 16-73.

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. 10.

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

Cook & Beerits'
FAMILY GROCERY
Flour and Feed
STORE.
We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of
Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of al kinds, and
STATIONERY
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.
Don't forget where we stay—
On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa
Oct. 2, 1872.

NAUGLE HOUSE!
Main St., Somerset, Pa.,
FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p.
The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with entire new furniture thus making it one of the most desirable stopping places for transient or resident custom in the State.
Tables are always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords.
Large and commodious stabling is attached and faithful and attentive hostlers always in attendance.
Boarders taken by the week, day, or meal.
Bar always supplied with the choicest liquors.
July 19.

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 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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Fifteen volumes now ready. Succeeding volumes until completion, will be issued once in two months.
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Furnishing Goods.
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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 addres him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 4th, 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—
235 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.

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.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received for building Somerset House from July 6th to July 20th, plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Dr. S. S. Good, building to be done immediately.
MRS. E. A. FLICK.
Proposals received for part or whole. July 5

GETTYSBURG.

BY COL. HENRY W. CLOSSON.

Upon a weather-beaten ledge
There stood some cedar trees,
And wavering across the edge
Flew butterflies and bees;
White clover spreads along a marge
That lead to busy mills
The leaping waters caught at large
Upon the quiet hills;
The orchard yonder lifts to view,
Each bough with blossom rife,
Where spring with patient hand anew
Had wrought its work of life;
And schoolboys sought with eager face
The thicket's deepest shade,
To mark afresh the cherished place
Where tiny eggs were laid;
Across the field together fared,
Contented so to stay,
A lad and lass whose cheeks declared,
What lips had done to-day;
And cattle loiter down the lane
Or in the sedges wait,
While carless milkmaids call in vain
And gossip by the gate;
The sun sank low upon the sky
And lower yet, until
He tipped with light the tombs that lie
On Cemetery Hill.
Do the winds that wander there alone
Gray vapors wrap about each stone?
Or rise those shades to mighty tread
Of armies thronging overhead?

From trailing clouds of dust emerge
Long files of stalwart men,
And steadily their way they urge
Through meadow and through glen.
There down the mountains in the west
March veterans in gray,
Whose feet the envied sod had pressed
Where Susquehanna lay;
Here out of eastern valleys stream
The volunteers in blue,
Who would those evil days redeem,
The Rappahannock knew!
The empty cannon rattle by,
Brigade and troop have gone,
With crowded wagons hooded high
In canvass closely drawn,
By day the narrow roads they fill
And country side control,
Where woods prolong the bugle trill
For that of oriole,
And fearful children hide the while
Behind the cottage door,
As women view with frown or smile
The soldiers forward pour.
So dearer through each ardent noon
Thy noisy columns close,
And nearer 'neath a sober moon
Their silent ranks repose,
While sentries watch the ancient wain
That trundles round the polar plain,
Or start to hear a jealous snake
Go rustling through some tangled brake.

The winds of morning slowly stress
Green forests with the breath
Of angry rifles, as they speak
Their messages of death;
And wounded horsemen, reeling, fall
Beside the frightened steed,
As squadrons wheel at trumpet call
Where starry guidons lead.
The wind of morning gayly plays
About a smiling slope,
From which invading thousands gaze
Irradiate with hope.
The steep beyond, where grimly frowned
A front of men and rock,
The Union colors now have crowned,
Nor dread the threatened shock.
But over Northern hearts their files
What Southern hands should spare—
The flag that flamed upon her skies
When Pakenham was there;
The flag that shook to Moultrie's cheer,
With British ships abreast:
The flag her valor helped to rear
Neath Orizaba's crest.
The sod below the orchard boughs
A blush of deeper dye
Shall wear when those no hate can rouse
Beside each other lie.
And if the spot should nameless be,
Some reaper may hereafter see
The bearded wheat with strange increase,
And breathe for all a wish of peace.

The winds of morning hurry o'er
The batteries below,
Nor stay to gather up the roar
From hostile slopes aglow
With bounding shot and riven shell,
Amid whose fiery tide,
With musket ready to repel,
The infantry abide.
The cannon did what cannon could,
Their thunder cease; and then
From out the shelter of the wood
Came Pickett and his men.
Unflinchingly they onward press
Against the savage hail,
The living ever growing less
Along the ghastly trail.
They mount the ridge, its brow they claim,
No men can further go;
They sink like reeds within the flame,
The gales of autumn blow,
And then the darkness comes to spread
Impartially its pall
Above the unresisting dead
And mourn alike for all.
The dews descending on the grass
Remove a foreign stain,
But homes by which broad rivers pass
Disconsolate remain.
For many hearths some loving soul,
Sent forth at call of battle-roll—
To many hearths return is made
Of coffined hopes and rusted blade.

Against the level shafts of light
That on the summit shine
Gray mists climb up the craggy hight
And hang by oak and pine;
But, backward rolled, together cling,
In dripping shadow hide,
Until the sunbeams downward spring,
The sullen mass amid.
It melts away, dissolving slow,
In azure depths withdrawn,
Revealing freshened breadths below
Of wilderness and lawn;
And wider yet unfolds the plain,
In radiance new-born,
Of waving fields of amber grain
And purple-spired corn.
A brook by arching willows crossed
The pebbled shallow cools,
And then, from mossy ledges tossed,
Is caught in crystal pools,
Where lovers timidly escape
From peering eyes afar,
To watch the faithful waters shape
Anew the evening star.
So ever struggles night with day,
And forms of gloom arise,
To only fade beneath the ray
That pierces crimson skies.
So trees are rocked to greener life
When winds go by in angry strife;
Though Etna's ashes were as tomb
Each field comes forth in brighter bloom;
As from the ruin war could make
Again shall vine and olive break.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

There had been a summer shower; roof, window, garden, were washed to dazzling polish, and the wonderful liquid couleur de rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment. The slender young woman in deep mourning whom the stalwart proprietor of the vehicle lifted down like a feather accepted her dreaded destination with a smile.

"How lovely!" were the first words that escaped her lips; and they were appropriated as a fitting complement by a rustily clad man, who seized the little gloved hand vigorously in his bony palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher quite well."

"Supper's bin ready this half hour," was the laconic and not amiable salutation of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who received Louisa in the porch.

"An' the boys is gone fishin', you see," said the host. "When Solon's to hum from grammer school, Ezra's sure to join him, an' take a day off."

After tea, served in a narrow, white-washed anteroom to the stiff, funereal parlor, where Miss Thatcher was bid "take off her things," the young lady begged to be shown to her own room, and was led up stairs to a low window dedwed bedroom, carpeted with braided rags, and furnished with reddened pine and calico counterpanes. The luggage had been pushed in with a mental ejaculation: "What on earth can a district schoolma'am want with two big trunks?" and the audible information: "I've filled your pitcher. Here's a candle. The git-up bell 'll ring at six."

With as slight preparation as might be, the overwear'ed girl—homesick to her heart's core—crept into bed.

She awoke with a start. The room was quite dark; a cool, damp mountain wind rushed through the open windows. She lighted a match and glanced at her watch. Only nine o'clock, and the world still wide awake. A burst of hilarious laughter arose from the kitchen below, where the returned fishermen were scaling their fish. From the house beyond the orchard came the tinkling of a piano, and a thin, sharp female voice practiced gingerly a song just then come into vogue:

"No one to love, none to caress,
Traveling alone through life's wilderness."

"My serenade," thought Louise, as she tried in vain to recompose herself to sleep "Could any words express me better? An orphan, without brother or sister, penniless, nearly friendless, the one being that I loved and adored gone from me forever. 'No one to love, none to caress, could anything be truer of me than that?"

* * * * *

The village schoolchildren were enchanted with their new teacher. She was gentle and firm, interesting and companionable. There was not a sunny day all summer when some of them did not come after school to take her with them to Red Cedar pond, the holiday rendezvous of the country round.

If the afternoon proved rainy, and this juvenile escort failed, Miss Thatcher, wrapping herself in waterproof, and taking a book with her, would go down the orchard's steep bank to the old mill. She made friends with Tim, the miller's boy, and Bill Bowles, the miller, and "the old deacon," the prehistoric proprietor of the premises, who had not failed a day these fifty years to look in, rain or shine, to see "if things was to rights."

She found a love of a corner where, through the cracks under the great beams, she could hear, in its grand excitement, the grind and whirl, the boom and splash, of the mad flood whose sound up on the hill yonder assumed such a drowsy monotone.

"You be so fond of readin', miss," said Tim, the miller's boy, "mebbe you'd take a shine to a curus book we've got 'ere. There was a time when all the visitors to Red Cedar pond cum down to take a look at it; but it's grown rusty like. A handwrit book, miss— a manscript sum folks calls it. I; b'longs, you might say, to Bowles' mill, for it wus left with 'the old deacon,' to be kept till called fur, an' wuz writ by the curusest spesmin of a human cretur; but he died afore my time. I'm a stranger in these parts, I wus reared twelve miles back."

"And no one has called for the book?"

"Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously—"not yit. Folks is too sup-stitious. There be sum who say it never will be called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside o' the cretur who writ it. He died suddin, an' wus bur'd up in the deacon's buri'l lot. An' sum say he wusn't buri'd but is gone a sea v'yage, an' 'll come back; an' sum say he's been seed round Bowles' mill moonlight nights. But you needn't be scared, miss. The book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur you this minit, an' when you're through readin' on't, I'll put it back."

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly by certain footholds not very visible, and brought down, with a flying leap that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet in nervous apprehension for his safety, a dusty volume, which he gallantly wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.

An autobiography, not so very old, for its closing date was 1847. Four hundred pages of yellow letter paper stitched together by the dozen sheets, and finally bound in a wrap of black leather. Written in a fine, pointed hand, difficult to read at first, but once mastered in its idiosyncrasies legible at ease. And having this peculiarity: on almost every page, mixed in the text, were maps carefully drawn and dotted, inclosed in neatly ruled parallelograms, but without any figures or marginal references to show connection with the writing.

"I am one of the two brothers," the narrative commenced, "in all points as unlike, from the moment of birth, as Jacob and Esau."

Then followed, interspersed with the incomprehensible maps, a brief history of an unhappy childhood, unloved as childhood could be, an adolescence utterly unblessed and dissatisfied; and after a page of atheistical tirade against the inequality of fortune and the bitter tyranny of fate, the personal history developed into a descriptive diary of travels and business connections in South America, whether the writer had immigrated in his twenty-sixth year.

So far, and little further, the manuscript bore marks of having been read pages were dog-eared, and there was an occasional thumb print. But the style was so dull and monotonous, and the detail so lacking in adventure, that not one of "the visitors at Red Cedar pond" had been inspired with sufficient curiosity to read the volume to its close.

Not one—except Miss Thatcher. She read every page carefully, even with avidity.

One Saturday morning—a beautiful sunny morning, for rainy days could no longer be waited for, the interest of the diary had become so absorbing—Miss Thatcher was early in her favorite place at the old mill, when Tom, with a surprisingly long face, accosted her in a startling whisper:

"The manscrip's called fur."

Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is it gone?" she asked, faintly.

"No, miss, not gone," said Tim, radiantly, well satisfied with "the start" he had given her; "not tuk away when you was a-readin' on't. Catch me! Says e: 'Sir, you must bring a written order.' So he went up the hill to the old deacon's—that wus yesterday. He'll be here fur certain to-day. But you've got the manuscrip, miss, to look at once agin, anyhow. Catch me a-givin' on't up till I had ter."

"Tim, you are a very good, kind fellow," said Miss Thatcher.

She took the manuscript, and it was then that, before she read a word, she wrote in fine pencil mark upon the margin of one of the sallow pages—a page she turned over leaf after leaf especially to find:

"No one to love, none to caress."

Hardly had she written this when the sound of a crutch was heard on the mill bridge, and voices, and in another moment the sunny doorway of the mill was darkened by two figures.

There was no escape for Louisa. She arose from her love of a corner, with the manuscript in her hands.

"I am sure you have come for this," she said to the old deacon. Then she glanced at his companion. She caught the impression in her rapid glance of a scholarly looking young man, with a pale forehead and a dark mustache, who wore eye glasses.

"I believe I am the owner of the record left here so many years ago" the young man exclaimed. "But I have no reason to carry it away at this moment. I shall be in the village over the Sabbath, perhaps through the week. If you have not finished reading it, I shall leave the book with you gladly."

"Oh, no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly—too quickly she afterward thought; but embarrassment, or perhaps fate, urged her to decline the strangers politeness.

She was going, and as she went an uncontrollable impulse caused her to turn back and say: "If you are kindred to the man who wrote the book, I will make you very sad. I hope you will feel a little love for him."

* * * * *

At church on Sunday the claimant of the Bowles' mill manuscript appeared in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatcher felt, even when he was not looking at her, that his thoughts were studying her through and through.

On Monday morning, as she trudged along the highroad to the schoolhouse, she met him, and he evidently expected a recognition; but intent upon the necessity of absolute dignity in a "district schoolma'am," she vouchsafed nim none.

"She blushed, though," the young man reflected, consolingly. That evening he called at Mr. Seaman's with one of the village dignitaries, but the desire of his eyes "up stairs correcting compositions," and he did not gain a glipse of her.

At noon the next day the mother of the flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby class, came with Nettie's luncheon, accompanied by the indefatigable young man, who was then formally presented to Miss Thatcher.

From that time they met daily on the way to school and the way from school, walking slowly along the highroad and the pretty wood path that closed it, and giving each other gradually, with all the trustful facility of youth and irresistible attraction, the confidential histories of their young lifetimes. At evening he came to see her.

One evening the young couple were sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary genius of Mrs. Seamen into "an extra," looking together over the mill manuscript.

"I find it so dull," said Leonard Mansfield. "Were it not for one conviction, I should never be able to finish. The consideration is for your sake, because you like it, Louisa; the conviction was the foundation of my coming to claim the record. When my uncle's will was read seven years ago, one clause struck my imagination,

"'If my heirs feel sufficiently interested in me to inquire into my personal history, they will find my diary in the old mill where it was written, at Red Cedar pond. Personal application to be made to Deacon Treat to Squire Wells.' The heirs noted this direction with indifference.

"My share of the legacies took me through college—as my father, one of the dearest and noblest men, but never fortunate in money making, could not afford—and furnished me with a small capital to commence law practice. I had more than one compunctions thought about my benefactor. It seemed to me a shame to accept much benefits from a man in whom I had not even sufficient interest to acquaint myself with his personal history. This year when I became for the first time encouragingly established in my profession, I determined to commence my vacation by looking up the neglected diary. I confess I do not find myself inspired by its revelation. What did you find, dear Louisa, to kindle you into the request that has haunted me: 'I hope you will love him a little.'?"

"I found words in it," said Miss Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she had not done since she had entered her new world of love and loving.

"Worlds of what, my dearest?" asked the light hearted young lawyer. He was clasping her hand in one of his as he spoke, and with the other he turned absently the leaves of the time-stained book that lay on the table. A little bit of handwriting that he knew struck his vision; it was the line on the margin:

"No one to love, none to caress."

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I know," she said softly. "I wrote it there. I could not help it. 'Twas the tribute of my sympathy."

He turned to her very earnestly. Something in the tremulous sensitiveness of her face smote his heart painfully. Tears started to his eyes. He folded his strong arm around her with a sense of infinite tenderness.

"Let me tell you," she said disengaging herself from his embraces, "what a strange thing I found, or thought I found, in diary. First of all, you know, I was drawn singularly into *rapport* with the writer by my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth of meaning in his complaint. "Yes," she said, trembling, "I must confess, and I do repent, even in his complaint against Heaven. Alone in the world. Sometimes that happens."

And here let it be explained to the reader that by an accident in the cradle the writer of the diary had been made physically repellant, and his sensitive soul exaggerated his misfortune into a barrier between himself and the loving sympathies of all mankind. As for womankind, he knew not—for his mother died at his birth—even its maternal tenderness.

"Leonard, dear," Miss Thatcher went on, "you will think me, perhaps, the most superstitious being; but I think—and the idea has gathered some reasonable pleas—I cannot help thinking that this book is framed as a mode of bequest. I believe the writer, your father's brother stung with the bitter thought that his hard earned fortune would be spent by those who never knew or cared for him, devised a method by which a part at least should be the reward of affectionate gratitude."

She explained to him then her theory of the maps, and her instinctive construction of one particular map which she had studied at the very last reading in the old mill.

Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as he listened. At the close he said: "Your reasoning is sufficiently plausible to deserve to be tested, and so it shall be. But first promise me one thing; promise me that if this miracle of intuition proves true, you will be my wife to morrow. My darling, you shall not say, 'No.'" He prevented her, indeed, in a lover-like way from saying anything And silence is "yes" to love.

* * * * *

The last day of August the whole village was thrown into a torment of excited curiosity. The excitement began in one of the twin houses on the "Meeting house hill" at five o'clock in the morning. Miss Tabitha Butts stood in her nightdress peeping through the blinds of a dormer window. She never could tell, as she declared afterward, what made her peep.

She saw the back door of "Dick Seaman's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim, the miller's boy, creep stealthily around the porch with a pickax and spade, which he gave Thatcher, who disappeared with them into the house. Then Tim, stealing back as far as the lilac bushes, and cautiously surveying all approaches, put his hand over his mouth and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, nodding to Tom as he passed, hastened to the highroad. Miss Tabitha was sure, although his cap was drawn over his face, that this man was the young stranger the in village who had been so infatuated with Miss Thatcher.

Then Miss Thatcher came to the door again and beckoned to Tom, and whispered; and he went, around by way of the plum orchard, to the mill.

A pickax and a spade! Miss Tabitha had cold shivers; she could think of nothing but a grave. When, two hours afterward, the coast being clear, she sped across the garden patch to the "meetin' house shed," her fancy lost none of its horrors, for there, in the northeast corner, was a space of fresh turned mold.

Miss Tabitha went home, put on her sunbonnet, and was "down to the village in no time."

The next excitement was at the somnolent dwelling of old Squire Wells. Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with him an hour. And when the squire reappeared he nearly upset his ancient wife in the hallway in haste to get his hat and coat, and choked till he was scarlet, screaming into her wrong ear that he was going to U. "on buzniss!" Off he went at such a novel pace that the poor dame's feeble faculties aroused themselves to concentrate upon one fatal remembrance: "When an old horse that has ailers walked takes to runnin' away, there's no ind o' damage."

Excitement third was a sealed letter dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezri into the post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, being in quorum on the spot, opened at once the resignation of Miss Thatcher in favor of the highly recommended candidate for the winter team, to whom they had kindly given her the preference.

Excitement fourth attracted flaxen haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant faced little widow, to whom Tim, who had ridden to U. and back again at breakneck speed, brought a note from the minister of U., saying he would sup with her that evening, "if agreeable," as he was coming to Red Cedar Pond "in virtue of his office," a sentence underlined like a pleasantry, that so upset the good widow's brain as to spoil the count of her one-two-three-four cake.

Last of all, and the grand excitement of the day, was the ringing, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the meeting house bell. "Who is dead?" every one asked, as the first few slow strokes were counted; but once fairly set going, the old bell tripped up all calculations: fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on; quickly, jubilantly—ringing not for the dead, but for the living; ringing for a wedding!

Such a scampering as there was up the Mill bridge road! There was no lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn service, and of the coming down the aisle, on the arm of her proud young husband, of a delicate little bride, with mourning laid aside for purest white, and day lilies on her bosom

Not married in haste to repent at leisure were the two loving people who took the evening train at U. for a far commercial city, preceded by their good fortune in shape of a strong box filled with Spanish doubloons and English banknotes ingeniously bequeathed by an eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in its hiding place by a woman's wit, kindled by a woman's sympathy.

What class of people may be said to lie the most?—Sluggards.

A Fearful Bump.

They had a lecture on phrenology in Norristown a short time ago from a traveling professor of that science and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads mapped out in two lots, and after he explained what they ment he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their character. Several times he hit pretty accurately, and cited a considerable amount of applause; but after a while old D. stepped up for examination. He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture he had placed the wig on the beaureau and accidentally tossed his plug of tobacco into it. When he put the wig on it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The professor fingered about awhile over D.'s head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties strongly developed; reflective faculties quite good; ideality large; reference so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the professor, still ploughing his fingers through D.'s hair, "inquisitiveness not large; the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man; he gives liberally, he—he—he——why it can't be? Yes. Why, what in the——Munificent Moses! that's the most awful development of combativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prize-fighter, eh!"

"Prize-fighter!" exclaimed D., "Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier, or a pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy."

"Ain't you fond of going into rows and scrimmages, and hammering people?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way your head is built qualifies you, I should say, in a