Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

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Somerset Printing Company.

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 29. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1329.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business [illegible] attended to.

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

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

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 15-'75.

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

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—on Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance, Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. July 30.

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.

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

[illegible] PAUL H. GAITHER.
[illegible] & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. Feb. 23, '76.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to him will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 12, '76.

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. J. S. KIMMELL 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 west of the Glades House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cassebeer'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.
[illegible]

DR. W. M. MARTIN,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
SOMERSET, PA.
[illegible]

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Cassebeer & Frease's Store, Somerset, Pa. [illegible]

DR. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of his profession. [illegible] Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, [illegible]
dec. 15, '75.

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

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

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.
JOHN HILL, Proprietor.
[illegible]

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. Hotel leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset.

[illegible] [illegible]

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
[illegible]

HOMES FOR ALL.
I have for sale on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farms, timber lands, [illegible] properties will be for rent.
D. WEYAND.

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest, six per cent. [illegible]
[illegible]

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.

Cambria County
BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
No. 266 MAIN STREET.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
Henry Schnabel'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 19-'76.

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.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
J. H. Zimmerman.
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, [illegible] ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times.

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 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 all 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.

NAUGLE HOUSE!
Main St., Somerset, Pa.,
FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p.
The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, [illegible]
Tablesare always supplied with the choicest [illegible]
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.

New Advertisements.

HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES
OR
Disease with its Agonies:
CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Nervous Disorders.
What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? [illegible]

Mothers and Daughters.
There is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always bring about what is required.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite.
[illegible]

How to be Strong.
[illegible]

Disorders of the Kidneys.
[illegible]

For Stomachs out of Order.
[illegible]

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:
[illegible]

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Haydock, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. [illegible]
. Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.
There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.
June 21. E. O. W.

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. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

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. Sprigg.
Apr 19, 1876.

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

A LEGEND OF THE FLAG.

I.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-seven,
Fair and pure is the face of heaven,
And softly the sunlight floats above,
The calm old City of Brotherly Love.
Betsey Ross in her homespun dress
Has paused for a moment of idleness;
The little shop with the sanded floor
Looks bright from the half-way opened door.
But Betsey watches with anxious eyes,
A cloud of dust that she arise.
Adown the street there's a goodly stir—
A party of horsemen are seeking her.
"Mistress Betsey, the first one cries—
[illegible]
"In the august Congress, we tell you here
Your other labor's a [illegible]
A bold blue you shall light with stars,
Of silk prepare your six milk-white bars.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And it waved [illegible]
Where the [illegible] "for God and Right!"

II.

Then the years went by, and Betsey's soul
Had fled as the [illegible]
And Betsey's daughter stood by the door,
Of the little shop with the sanded floor.
"Give us more flags," the soldiers cried,
"We have caught [illegible] where the stars are dyed."
With the blood of [illegible] and [illegible] white bars
Are torn like our breasts with ragged scars."
But the maiden, said—"Do you know the Friends?
They serve no [illegible] for warlike ends.
I want their colors of sober gray,
No flaunting crimson or azure gay.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Then silent the veterans turned away
From that quiet maiden in the robe of gray.
[illegible]
Of the little shop with sanded floor.

III.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six.
In wild confusion the colors mix.
And the various hues of the rainbow play
O'er the city so grim and gay.
[illegible]
The calm old City of Brotherly Love.
And silk and satin and [illegible]
They meet in a [illegible]
The simple banner that Betsey Ross
Wrought in the days of [illegible]
Feeble work of a woman's hand,
Yet mighty symbol of Freedom's land—
Though bathed in blood in the years of old,
Now bright with satin and bound with gold.
Waves over a land where, equal, free,
Men joy in the light of Liberty.
Ah! Quaker maiden, where then, say, this,
Had no ear thrilled to a father's kiss,
[illegible]
That the [illegible] might float on high
In the midst of battle [illegible]
To the earth that [illegible]
It was borne through [illegible] blood and scars,
Till now, in the lapse of a hundred years,
In the city of Penn it floats unfurled,
While the myriad flags of a joyous world,
In the quiet haunt, where all quarrels cease,
[illegible] in the clasp of Peace.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOW THE SECOND FLOOR KEPT A DOG.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. Lanriper rather objects to dogs, you say, Major? Very natural in a London house. Shall I tell you why I hope she will not object to my dog, Major? Help yourself. Well, will—

"Ah, bu, to goodness, look you; will her bite?" exclaimed an old Welsh woman, as she pulled her big hat further on her head, and looked askance at the big black dog which the man sitting beside her had just hauled on the coach roof.

"It isn't a her, and he won't bite," was the sententious reply of the dog's master.

Not a pleasant looking man, this; tall and thin, whiskerless and sallow faced; his head looking more like a bladder of lard surmounted by a scratch wig, than anything human; dressed all in black, with a stiff shiny hat, beaver gloves, and thick lustreless Wellington boots. He had enormous collars encircling his face and growing peakedly out of a large black silk cravat; he had a black satin waistcoat and a silver watch guard, and an umbrella in a shiny oilskin case, and a hard slippery cold black cow-skin bag, with J. M. upon it in staring white letters; and he looked very much like what he was—Mr. John Mortiboy, junior partner in the house of Crump and Mortiboy, Manchester warehouseman, Friday street, Cheapside London.

What brought Mr. John Mortiboy into Wales to spend his holidays, or what induced such a pillar of British commerce to encumber himself with a dog, is no business of ours, Major. All I know, is, that he had been set down at the Barlerth road station, had dragged the black cowskin bag from under his seat, had released the dog from a square hate receptacle which the animal had filled with howls, and had mounted himself and his dog on to the top of the coach traveling toward the little watering-place of Penethly. The dog, a big black retriever, lay on the coach roof with his one head erect, now gazing round the landscape, now dropping his cold muzzle between his paws and taking snatches of sleep. His master sat on the extreme edge of the seat, with one Wellington boot very much displayed and dangling in the air, and he, the Wellington boot's owner, apparently deriving much enjoyment from the suction of his umbrella handle. He cast his big eyes round him now and then at certain portions of the scenery pointed out by the coachman, and expressed his opinion that it was "handsome," but beyond that never vouchsafed a word until the coach drew up at the Royal Inn in Penethly, when he went at once round to the stable and superintended the preparation of a meal for his dog, then ordered a "point steak well beat, potatoes, and a pint of sherry," to be ready for him in an hour's time; inquired the way to Albion Villa; and set off for Albion Villa accompanied by his dog Beppo.

I don't think Mr John Mortiboy was much wanted at Albion Villa, nor that he was exactly the kind of man who would have suited its inmates. They were little conscious of the approach of his hard creaking boots, striding over the ill paved High street of the little town, and were enjoying themselves after their own simple fashion. The blinds were down, the candles were lighted, and Mrs. Bradford was pretending to be knitting, but really enjoying a placid sleep; Ellen, her eldest daughter, was reading a magazine; Kate, her youngest, was making some sketches under the observant tuition of a slim gentleman with a light beard, who apparently took the greatest interest in his pupil. Upon the little group the clang of the gate bell, the creaking of Mr. John Mortiboy's boots, and the strident tones of Mr. John Mortiboy's voice, fell uncomfortable. "Say Mr. John Mortiboy, of London," he exclaimed, while yet in the little passage outside. The startled Welsh servant having obeyed him, he followed close upon her heels into the room.

"Servant, ladies!" said he, with a short circular nod, "servant, Mrs. Barford? Best to explain matters wholesale. You wonder who I am. You're sister-in-law to my uncle, Jonas Crump. I'm my uncles partner in Friday street. Done too much; rather baked in the head—heavy consignments and sitting up late at night poring over figures. The doctor recommended change of air; uncle Crump recommended Penethly, and mentioned you. I came down here, and have taken the liberty of calling. Down, Beppo! Don't mind him, miss, he won't hurt you."

"Oh! I'm not afraid of the *dog*!" said Ellen, with a slight start at Mr. Mortiboy's general manner, and at his calling her "Miss." Kate looked on in wonder, and the slim gentleman with the light beard confided to the said beard the word "Brute."

"We're—very—pleased to see you, Mr. Mortiboy," said Mrs. Barford, "and—and hope that you will soon recover your health in our quiet village. I'm sure anything that we can—can do—my daughters, Miss Ellen, Miss Kate Barford; a friend of ours, Mr. Sandham—we shall be most happy——" As Mrs. Barford's voice died away in the contemplation of the happiness before her, the young ladies and Mr. Sandham bowed, and Mr. Mortiboy favored them with a series of short nods. Then he said, abruptly turning to the slim gentleman, "In the army, sir?"

"No, sir, I am not!" retorted the slim gentleman, with great promptitude.

"Beg pardon, no offence! Volunteer, perhaps? Hair, you know, beard, et cetera, made me think you were in the military line. Many young gents now-a-days are volunteers!"

"Mr. Sandham is an artist," said Barford, interposing in dread least there should be an outbreak.

"Oh ah!" said Mr. Mortiboy. "Bad trade that—demand not equal to supply, is it? Too many hands employed; barely bread and cheese, I'm told, for any but the top-sawyers."

"Sir!" cried Mr. Sandham, in a loud tone of voice, and fiercely.

"Edward!" said Miss Kate, beneath her breath, appealingly.

"Won't you take some refreshment, Mr. Mortiboy?" asked Mrs. Barford, warningly. "We're just going to supper."

"No, thank you, mam," said Mr. Mortiboy. "I've a steak and potatoes waiting for me at the Royal, at which I shall turn in at once, as I'm done up by my journey. Good night, ladies all! Good night to you sir! I'll look you up to-morrow morning, and if any of you want to go for a turn, I shall be proud to lead you about. Good night!" And beckoning his dog, Mr. Mortiboy took his departure.

Scarcely had the door closed behind him, than the long-restrained comments began.

"A pleasant visitor uncle Crump has sent us, mamma!" said Kate.

"Uncle Crump, indeed! Who never sent us anything before, except a five pound note when poor papa died!" exclaimed Ellen.

"But you won't, will you, mamma, you won't be put upon in this way? You won't have this horrid man running in and out at all times and seasons, and——"

"And hounding us about! the vulgar wretch!" interrupted Kate.

"My dears! my dears!" said Mrs. Barford, "it strikes me that some one has been teaching you very strong language."

"Not I, Mrs. Barford," said Mr. Sandham; "absolve me from that; though I must own that if ever I saw a man who wanted kicking——"

"Nonsense, Mr. Sandham. This gentleman is imbued with certain London peculiarities, no doubt; but I dare say there's good in him. There must be, or he would never be the partner of such an upright man as Jonas Crump."

"Upright man! Pooh!" said Kate; and then the supper came in, and the subject dropped.

At nine o'clock next morning, just as the breakfast things had been cleared, and Mrs. Barford was going through her usual interview with the cook, Kate, who was sitting in the little bay-window, started and exclaimed: "Oh mamma! Here's this horrid man!"

Ellen peeped over her shoulder, and said, "I think he looks, if possible, more dreadful by daylight than by candlelight!"

Mr. John Mortiboy, utterly unconscious of the effect he was producing, latched the garden gate, and then for the first time looking up, nodded shortly and familiarly at the sisters. "How do, young ladies?" he called from the garden. "Fine morning this; fresh and all that sort of thing! I feel better already. When a London man's a little overdone, nothing sets him up so soon as a sniff of the briny."

And then he took a great gulp, as if to swallow as much fresh air as possible, and entered the house followed by his dog.

"Did you hear him, Nelly?" asked Kate. "The wretch! I'm sure I won't be seen walking with him, in his nasty black clothes, like an undertaker!"

"He has a chimney-pot hat on, and has brought his umbrella! Fancy! At the sea!" said Ellen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barford," said Mr. Mortiboy; "domestic arrangements, eh? I understand. If you've no objection, I'll do myself the pleasure of cutting my mutton with you to-day. And mutton it will, be I suppose! Can't get any beef here, I understand, except on Friday, which is killing-day for the barracks. Bad arrangements that; wants alteration."

"Hadn't you better alter it then Mr. Mortiboy," said Kate; "superintending the butcher will be a pleasant way of spending your holiday."

"Joking, miss, eh? Well, I don't mind. But ain't you coming out, young ladies, for a mouthful of air. I suppose the old 'ady don't move so early."

"If you refer to mamma" said Ellen frigidly, "she never goes out until just before dinner."

"Ah, I thought not. Old folks must wait out! the air is what they call warmed by the sun. But that won't hinder our taking a turn, I suppose. Where's Wiskerandos?"

"If as I presume, you mean Mr. Sandham, the gentleman who was here last night, I cannot inform you, Mr. Mortiboy," said Kate, with a very flushed face, and a slightly trembling voice; "but I would advise you not to let him hear you joking about him, as he is rather quickly tempered."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Mortiboy, "a fire-eater is he! Well, there's no duelling now, you know. Any nonsense of that sort—give a man in charge of a policeman, or summons him before a magistrate, and get him bound over."

Just at this moment Mrs. Barford came in and told the girls to get their hats on and show Mr. Mortiboy the prettiest spots in the village, the Castle Hill, the ruined Abbey, and the Smuggler's Leap. To these places they went, Mr. Mortiboy discoursing the whole way of the badness of the roads, and of what improvements might be made if they had a properly constituted local board of health at Penethly; declaring that the cries of "Milford oysters," and "fresh haddock" were entirely unconstitutional and illegal, as no one had a right to shoot in the public streets; that there ought to be proper stands provided for the car-drivers; and that a regular police supervision was urgently demanded. He did not think much of the Abbey ruins, and he laughed in scorn at the story of the Smuggler's Leap. As they were on their homeward way, coming round the Castle Hill, they met Mr. Sandham, very ruddy and fresh, and shiny, and with a couple of towels in his hand. He took off his wide-awake as he approached the ladies, and bowed slightly to Mr. Mortiboy.

"Ah Mr. Sandham!" said Ellen, with an admonitory finger, you have been bathing again by St. Catherine's Rock, after all the warning we gave you!"

"My dear Ellen," interposed Kate with a petulant air, "how can you? If Mr. Sandham chooses to risk his life after what he has been told, it surely is nothing to us!"

"Now, Miss Kate, Miss Kate, that's not fair!" "you know," he added, dropping his voice, "that every word of yours would have weight with me, but the tide was slack this morning, and really there is no other place where a swimmer can really enjoy a bath. You are a swimmer, Mr. Mortiboy?"

"Yes, sir," replied that gentleman. "Yes, sir, I can manage it. I've had lessons at Peerless Pool and the Holborn Baths, and can keep up well enough. But I don't like it. I don't see much fun in what are absurdly called the 'manly exercises.' Twenty years ago, young men used to like driving coaches; now I can't conceive duller work than holding a bunch of thick leather reins in your hand, steering four tired horses, sitting on a hard seat, and listening to the conversation of an uneducated coachman. I never ride, because I hate bumping up and down on a hard saddle and rubbing the skin off my body; I never play cricket, because in the hot weather I like to keep quiet and cool, and not toil in the sun; and as to going out shooting and stamping over miles of stubble in September, lugging a big gun and tiring myself to death, I look upon that as the pursuit of a maniac! I am a practical man!"

"You are indeed!" said Kate, as she dropped gradually behind with Mr. Sandham, and left the practical man and her sister Ellen to wend the way to the house.

It is unnecessary to recount the sayings and doings of Mr. John Mortiboy during the next few days. It is enough that he spent the greater portion of them with the Barford family, and that he so elaborated his ideas of practicability, and so inveighed against every thing that was not absolutely useful in a mercantile point of view—including, in a measure, art, poetry, music, and the domestic affections—that he incurred the unmitigated hatred of the young ladies, and even fell to zero in Mrs. Barford's estimation.

It was about the [illegible] morning after the intrusion of this utterly incongruous element into the society of Albion Villa, that Ellen and Kate strolled out immediately after breakfast with the view of escaping the expected visit of their persecutor, and made their way to the Castle Hill. The night had been tempestuous, and from their window they had noticed that a heavy sea was running; they consequently were not surprised to see a little group of people gathered on the heights looking towards St. Catherine's Rock: a huge mass of granite surmounted by an old ruin, round which, when it was insulated at high water, the tide always swept with a peculiar and dangerous swirl. But when they joined the group, among which were several of their friends, they found that the concourse were regarding, with interest mingled with fright, the movements of a swimmer who had rounded the extremity of Catherine's, and was seen making for the shore.

"He'll never do it," said Captain Calthorp, an old half-way dragoon, who had been tempted by the cheapness of Penethly to pitch his tent there: "he'll never do it, by Jove! Yes! Well struggled, sir; he made a point there—hold on, now, and he's in?"

"Who is it?" asked the coast-guard lieutenant who was standing by. "Any one we know?"

"I can't tell at this distance," said Captain Calthorp, "though it looks like—stay! There's one of your look-out men on the height, with a glass; give him a hail!"

"Yoho! Morgan!" cried the lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir!" was the man's ready response, though the glass was never moved. "Bring that glass down here!" "Ay, ay, sir;" and in two minutes the old coast-guard-man was by his officer's side. He saluted and handed the glass, but as he did so he said, in an undertone, "God help the gentleman, he's done! Ah, look you now, poor thing, nothing can save him."

"What!" cries the lieutenant, clapping the glass to his eye. "By Jove, you're right! he's in a bad way, not it——why, it's the artist chap, that friend of the Barfords!"

"Who?" screamed Kate, rushing up at the moment. "Who did you say, Mr. Lawford? Oh, for God's sake, save him! Save him, Mr Lawford! Save him, Captain Calthorp!"

"My dear young lady," said the last-named gentleman, "I am sure Lawford didn't know you were here, or he wouldn't——"

"This is no time for ceremony, Captain Calthorp," said Ellen; "for Heaven's sake let some effort be made to save my sister's———to save Mr. Sandham!"

"My dear Miss Barford," said Lawford, who had been whispering with Morgan, "I fear that no mortal aid can avail the poor dear fellow now. Before we could descend the rock, and launch a boat, with the tide ebbing at the rate it now is——"

"Hur would have been swep' round Cath'rine's, and away out to sea!" said Morgan.

"Oh help him!" screamed Kate. "Oh, how cruel! how cowardly! Oh, help him, Mr. Lawford!" She lifted up her hands piteously to the lieutenant. "Oh, Mr. Mortiboy," she exclaimed, as that gentleman came slowly sauntering up the hill with Beppo at his heels, "for God's sake, save Mr. Sandham!"

"Save—Mr. Sandham—my dear young lady: I don't exactly comprehend!" began Mr. Mortiboy, looking vaguely in the direction of her outstretched hand; then suddenly, "Good Lord! is that his head? There! Down there!"

"Yes!" whispered Ellen Barford, "yes! They say he will be whirled away before a boat could be launched—they say he is lost now!"

"Not at all! Not yet, at least!" replied Mortiboy, excited, but without much perceptible alteration of manner. "While there's life there's hope, you know, Miss B., and even yet we may——Here, Beppo! Hi, man! hi! Good boy!" The dog came, leaping round his master. "Hi! ho! Not here! There! there! Look, boy!" catching him by the collar, and pointing down to where Sandham's head was a mere speck on the water. "Look, man! Look old boy! He sees it, by Jove!" as the dog uttered a low growl, and became restive. "In, old man! In, fine fellow! In, Beppo! Look! Noble dog, in he goes!"

In he went, with one bound over the low stone wall, then quickly down the sloping slippery boulders, then with a plunge into the sea—lost sight of for a moment, rising to view again, paddling off straight for the drowning man. The swift current whirled him in eddies here and there, but still the brave dog persevered; the spectators held their breath, as they saw him bearing down upon the black speck, which was every second growing smaller and smaller, and receding farther and farther from the land. But the dog made grand progress, the strong sucking undercurrent helped him, and he arrived at Sandham's side just in time for the drowning man to fling his arms round the dog's neck, and to feel his shoulder seized by the dog's teeth. They saw this from the shore, and then Kate Barford fainted.

But the work was only half done: they turned round and battled bravely for the shore, but he was encumbered by his burden, and now the current was against him. He strove and strove, but the way he made was small, and every foot was gained with intense struggling and exertion. 'By Jove! He'll never do it,' cried Lieutenant Lawford, with the glass at his eye, and, as he said the words, old Morgan, the preventive-man, added through his teeth, 'Hur must be helped, at any cost,' and sped away down the rock, shaping his course to where a small pleasure-boat lay high and dry on the sand. 'I'm with you, governor,' cried John Mortiboy; 'I can't feather, but I pull a strength oar;' and he followed the old man as best he could. The boat was reached, and pushed by main force to the water's-edge, where Mortiboy entered it, and old Morgan ran in, waist-deep, to give it the starting shove and then leaped in to join his comrade. On they pulled, Morgan with a measured steady stroke, Mortiboy with severed strong jerks that sent the boat's head now to the right, now to the left; when old Morgan, suddenly looking over his shoulder, called out, 'Hur's done! Hur's sinking now, both on 'em!" Mortiboy looked round, too; they were still some ten boats' length from the objects of their pursuit, and both dog and man were vanishing. "Not yet!" cried he; and in an instant he had torn off the black coat and the Wellington boots, and had flung himself, as nobly as his own dog, into the sea.

A very few strokes brought him to Sandham; he seized him by the hair of his head, and battled bravely with the waves; the dog, recognising his master, seemed to take fresh courage, and the trio floated until old Morgan dragged them one by one into the boat. When they reached the shore all Penethly was on the beach, cheering with all its might; they lifted out Mr. Sandham, insensible but likely to recover, and they administered a very stiff glass of grog to Mr. Mortiboy, who was shivering like an aspen-leaf, but who received even greater warmth from a warm pressure of Ellen Barford's hand, a whispered "God bless you, Mortiboy!" than from the grog—though he took that, too, like a man whom it comforted. As for Beppo, I don't know what the fishing population would not have done for him, but that he positively refused to stir from Sandham's side. As they carried the artist up to his lodgings the dog buried his nose in the pendent hand, and did not leave until he had seen his charge safely placed in bed.

Mr. Sandham was, in his own words, "All right" next day, but Mr. Mortiboy, unaccustomed to exercise and damp, fell ill, and was confined to his bed for severl weeks—would have never left it, I think, but for the care and attention of his three nurses from Albion Villa. Of these, Ellen was the most constant and the most regular, and the patient always seemed better under her care.

"He is making progress, Kate," she said one night to her sister. "He is a good patient. You know, as he would say himself, he is so practical."

"God bless his practicability, Nell," said Kate, with tears in her eyes. "Think what it did for us!"

Three years have passed since then, Major, and a family group is going to be gathered in a large square room built as a kind of excrescence to a very pretty villa in Kensington. This is to be the studio of Mr. Sandham, A. R. A. But as the mortar and plaster are extraordinarily slow in drying (when were they not, Major?), Mr. Sandham, A. R. A., came up from Wales with the family group, to take possession, has established the group at the excellent Lodgings of the excellent Mrs. Lirriper, and he, the owner of said studio, is smoking a pipe with a worthy Major, and smoothing with his slippered foot the rough curly back of his dog Beppo, is stretched in front of the fire. Mrs. Sandham, formerly Kate Barford, is working at a baby's frock, and asking now and then the advice of her sister, who is frilling a little cap. (There they are, Major. Don't tell them that I said so.)

"How late John is to-night, Ellen!" says old Mrs. Barford, from her place in the chimney-corner. (You hear her, Major?)

"Always at Christmas-time, dear mother," says Ellen. (There she is, Major.) "Since uncle Crump's death, you know, John's business is trebled, and it all hangs on him, dear old fellow!"

"He will be late for supper, Nelly," says Sandham. "(—Excuse me, Major.)"

"No he won't, Ned!" cries a cheery voice at the door as John Mortiboy appears; "no he won't. He's never late for any thing good. Don't you know, he's a practical man?"

—Mr. Mortiboy, Major Jackman, Major, Mr. Mortiboy!

Finding the painting-room door at the top he knocked with vigor, but got no reply; he then pushed it open, and walked into the sanctum. There sat the great painter, wholly absorbed upon a small sketch in water-color, ignoring the presence of the visitor and his blunt 'How do you do sir?' Waiting a moment to see if the artist would notice him, and meeting with no recognition he walked about the studio, turning the pictures (which had their faces turned to the wall) around, and putting them in shocking bad lights, enough to drive a painter frantic. After examining them for some time, he once more tried to attract the artist's attention.

'I say, Turner—that I believe's your name—what's the figure for this picture?' (turning it as if it were a dried codfish toward him).

The painter rose his head an instant from his board, and said very carelessly, 'Four thousand guineas.'

'And that other to the right,' pursued Gillott, 'what's the price of that?'

'Three thousand pounds,' was the answer.

'And this one on the left?'

'Fifteen hundred guineas.'

'I'll take the three,' said Gillott.

Then Turner rose and laid down his pencil.

'Who the devil are you,' he said, 'who take the liberty to intrude into my studio against my orders? You must be a queer sort of a beggar, I fancy.'

"You're another queer beggar,' was the reply. 'I am Gillott, the pen-maker. My banker tells me that you are clever in your business, and recommends you, and I have come here to buy some of your pictures.'

'By George! you are a droll fellow, I must say.'

'You're another, I must say.'

'But,' pursued Turner, 'rough-and-ready though you are, I rather like you. Do you really want to purchase the canvases you selected?'

'Yes; in course I do, or would not have climbed your blessed stairs this morning.'

'Well, Mr. Gillott, I must be frank with you; when I noticed you in my studio without permission, I thought it a piece of impertinence, and when you asked the prices I thought you did so as many vulgar people do, for mere curiosity, having no intention of buying, wishing only to know what valuation I put upon my works, and I gave you a price which suited my humor. Two of the pictures are already disposed of; the other, the first one you spoke of, is at your acceptance for a thousand pounds.'

'I will take it,' said the princely Gillot; 'and I want you to make me three or four others at your own price.'

Thus the pen-maker and the eccentric artist became friends, and warm friends, too.

A Broken Teapot.

Notwithstanding that we are annually making rapid strides toward a higher civilization, the barbarous practice of parents flying into a passion and beating their children within an inch of their lives for some trivial offense, has not yet become wholly obsolete. Mrs. Sharker is one in whom this inhuman custom finds a strenuous supporter. Whether or no she ever meditated upon Solomon's prediction, "Spare the road and spoil the child," we cannot say, but that no other left handed woman in the country inflicts more unnecessary punishment upon her children we will wager a box of strawberries in December or an ulster overcoat in July, just which the taker of this bet prefers. The day that Lynn was to make her great demonstration in favor of the election of Hayes to the presidency, Mrs. Sharker's son James, while in the act of conveying the teapot from the stove to the breakfast-table, rather than suffer the skin to be burnt from the palms of his hands, let it drop upon the floor, breaking it into more pieces than there are letters in William Lloyd Garrison's name. Without stopping to gather up the *debris*, she hurried into the yard to procure a bludgeon sufficiently large to deal out to her boy the punishment which his act had merited. Seizing an old barrel stave, she was on her way back to the kitchen when she was unexpectedly brought to a halt. James had turned the key in the door. How he dared to do such a thing can only be accounted for on the grounds that self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature. It was a cool morning, and being thinly clad besides just emerging from a warm room, Mrs. Sharker was in great danger of taking cold. Turning the knob and giving a push at the same time she brought her nose up bang against the door, which added not a little to her wrath; and when she found that the door had not stuck, as she at first supposed, but was fastened and the key in her son's hands, her anger knew no bounds. If she could have laid hands on that boy that moment he would never have spoken afterwards, and another cry of murder would have been heralded through the land. Giving the door a furious blow with her foot which nearly unjointed her big toe, she shouted—

"Jimmy!"

The person addressed gave back no sign of recognition.

"Jimmy," she shrieked, as only an impatient woman can shriek, pounding on the entrance with her fist.

"What?" innocently inquired Jimmy, in a whining voice.

"Open this door," she answered, twitching the corners of her mouth.

"You'll lick me," said the boy inside.

She waited a moment.

"Open this door, I tell you," she soon exclaimed, dealing the top part of the door a kick with her foot.

"Won't you lick me if I'll let you in?" inquired the boy, presently.

Feeling that she was endangering her health she said, after some little hesitation.

"I'll see about that part of it by-and-by."

The boy began to grow bold.

"Throw away that stick then," he said peeping at her through the glass at the side of the door.

She was not in the habit of being dictated to, and this galled her proud spirit fearfully. Tightening her grip on the stave she descended the steps, and went and tried the cellar door, thinking to get into the house by that means, but it was fastened. Returning, she gave the door another spiteful shake and said, with great vehemence.

"Jimmy, open this door, instantly."

"Won't you lick me?" inquired the boy.

"I shan't promise."

"Then you don't get in."

"Come, let me in Jimmy; that's a good boy," she said in a subdued voice, after waiting several minutes.

"Say you won't lick me," urged the boy, holding up the key in her view.

Seeing that he was determined, and that he had her at his mercy, she finally said.

"Well, I won't."

"Won't lick me at all?"

"No," she replied, taking hold of the knob.

"Won't tell father to, neither?"

She reflected a moment, and then said, "No."

"Won't tell him, neither" persisted the boy.

She promised not to.

"Let me go out to see the procession to night?" he continued, putting the key in the door.

"Perhaps so."

"No perhaps about it. Say yes."

"Well, yes" said she, beginning to tremble with the cold.

"And to-morrow night, too?"

"I guess so."

"And buy me a torch-light?" he added.

"You'll have to ask your father," said the mother.

"He'll buy me one if you let him," answered the boy. "Will you?"

"Yes. Come, now, open the door. Do you want your mother to get cold and die?" she inquired, shrugging her shoulders with the cold.

"Not if she won't lick me any more," replied Jimmy.

He heard footsteps on the walk, and soon beheld the face of a good hearted neighbor, in whose company he felt he would be safe, when he turned the key and allowed them to enter. While they were engaged in conversation in the sitting-room, he gathered up the broken teapot, threw it over the back fence, and then stole off to school.

An Amusing Interview between Gillot and Turner.

Gillot, the inventor of steel pens, amassed a great fortune by them. When he had acquired wealth desirous of possessing those objects of art which denote the presence of refinement as well as money, he went up to London to ask his banker what a rich man should do to furnish a grand house, which he had just built, best in accordance with good taste. Sitting with his legs crossed under his banker's mahogany, he said:

"Now, what do you advise me to do?"

"Pictures, statuary, and other objects of virtu, together with a library," suggested his host.

"But I don't know anything about these things; I wish you would tell me about these things; I wish you would tell me how to go about it. Now, for pictures, for example; what is up in the market?"

"Ah! to what clever artist I can recommend you? Well, there are Mulready, Etty, and Leslie, for figure-pieces, and some of the Royal academicians besides, well enough in that department; but, if you prefer landscape, I should advise you to try and secure some of Turner's works. I think him superior to Claude himself, even."

"Well, well, I can try them both. Will you please to give me their address?"

'I can give you the address of Turner; but Claude Lorraine's address lies beyond the grave.'

'Oh, I shan't try him; but give me t'other fellow's whereabouts, and I'll go to him to-morrow—him and any other picture-maker you can counsel me to employ.'

The pen-maker had a large deposit with his banker, who smiled graciously at his rough customer's want of refinement, and wrote down Turner's address, and the usual number of Royal academicians. The next morning Gillott went off in search of England's landscape painter. He found the house, on the upper story of which the artist had his studio. A female servant was sweeping down the stairs, when the square-built, pudgy little man presented himself, and asked if the painter-man was at home.

'Yes,' said Peggy, but he don't want to see nobody, and I'm not to let any one go up—them's his very words.'

'Stand out the way, young woman,' said Gillott. 'Stand out of the way!' and pushing her aside, stumped deftly up stairs.

Read the Christmas story.