The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 59. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1339.

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.

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W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly 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 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. 12-1y.

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. M. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully 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 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. july18

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Block.

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

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 in law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '76.

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

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice and at reasonable terms. ☞Enquire at Cassheer & Co's Store. C. P. WALKER. Aug 30.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '76-tf.

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

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Levansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb. 27

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cassheer'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 apr 4'72

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Cassheer & Frame'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. 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, '72-1y.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. may11

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. 1612-72

J. E. MEGAHAN, Somerset, Pa. H. S. STONER, Berlin, Pa. MEGAHAN & STONER. PLASTERERS. Respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset County, that they are prepared to take contracts for all kinds of Plastering. Repairing promptly attended to. Address as above. Work solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nov. 29.

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. 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. mar11

JNO. HICKS. LARUE M. HICKS. Agents for Fire and Life Insurance, JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers. ESTABLISHED 1850. Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. mar15.

Banks, etc.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book. Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required. This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security. Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested. TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. R. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Borgs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James Menallen, James Morrey and W. W. Wilmore. 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

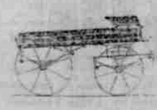
Cambria Co. Bank. M. W. KEIM & Co. *No. 266 Main St., Johnstown.* A General Banking Business transacted. Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits. Loans Negotiated. Drafts Bought and Sold. June 5.

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 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. 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. apr1

CURTIS K. GROVE. AUSTIN DENISON. Grove & Denison



Manufactures of Carriages, Buggies, Spring-wagons, Sleighs, Harness, etc. Factory one square east of Diamond. Somerset, Pa. April 12, 1876.

Miscellaneous,

MARK THESE FACTS! THE TESTIMONY OF THE WHOLE WORLD. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Bad Legs, Bad Breast, Sores and Ulcers.

All description of sores are remediable by the proper and diligent use of this inestimable preparation. To attempt to cure bad legs by plastering the edges of the wound together is a folly; for should the skin unite, a boggy diseased condition remains underneath to break out with tenfold fury in a few days. The only rational and successful treatment, as indicated by nature is to reduce the inflammation in and about the wound and so soothe the neighboring parts by rubbing in plenty of the Ointment as salt is forced into meat. This will cause the malignant humors to be drained off from the hard, swollen, and discolored parts round about the wound, sore, or ulcer, and when these humors are removed, the wounds themselves will soon heal; warm bread and water poultices applied over the affected parts, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in, will soothe and soften the same and greatly assist the cure. There is a description of ulcer, sore and swelling, which need not be named here, attendant upon the follies of youth, and for which this Ointment is urgently recommended as a sovereign remedy. In curing such poisonous sores it never fails to restore the system to a healthy state if the Pills be taken according to the printed instructions.

Diptheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat, and Scarlet and other Fevers.

Any of the above diseases may be cured by well rubbing the Ointment three times a day into the chest, throat, and neck of the patient; it will soon penetrate, and give immediate relief. Medicine taken by the mouth must operate upon the whole system ere its influence can be felt in any local part, whereas the Ointment will do its work at once. Whoever tries the unguent in the above manner for the diseases named, or any similar disorders affecting the chest and throat, will find themselves relieved as by a charm. All sufferers from these complaints should envelope the throat at bedtime in a large bread and water poltice, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in; it will greatly assist the cure of the throat and chest. To allay the fever and lessen the inflamation, eight or ten Pills should be taken right and morning. The Ointment will produce perspiration, the grand essential in all cases of fevers, sore throats, or where there might be an oppression of the chest, either from asthma or other causes.

Piles, Fistulas, Strictures.

The above class of complaints will be removed by nightly fomenting the parts with warm water, and then by most effectual rubbing in the Ointment. Persons suffering from these direful complaints should lose not a moment in arresting their progress. It should be understood that it is not sufficient merely to smear the Ointment on the affected parts, but it must be well rubbed in for a considerable time two or three times a day, that it may be taken into the system, whence it will remove any hidden sore or wound as effectually as though palpable to the eye. There again bread and water poultices, after the rubbing in of the Ointment, will do great service. This is the only sure treatment for females, cases of cancer in the stomach, or where there may be general bearing down.

Indiscretion of Youth; Sores and Ulcers.

Blotches, as also swellings, can with certainty be radically cured if the Ointment be used freely, and the Pills taken night and morning, as recommended in the printed instructions. When treated in any other way they only dry up in one place to breakout in another; whereas this Ointment will remove the humor from the system, and leave the patient a vigorous and healthy being. It will require time with the use of the Pills to insure a lasting cure.

Dropsical Swellings, Paralysis' and Stiff Joints.

Although the above complaints differ widely in their origin and nature, yet they require local treatment. Many of the worst cases, of such diseases, will yield in a comparatively short space of time when this Ointment is diligently rubbed into the parts affected, even after every other means have failed. In all serious maladies the Pills should be taken according to the printed directions accompanying each box.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used following cases:

Bad Legs,	Corns (soft),	Rheumatism,
Bad Breasts,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Burns,	Contracted and Stiff Joints,	Sore Nipples,
Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Sore Throats,
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand-Flies,	Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,
	Gout,	Scurvy,
Coco-bay,	Glandular Swellings,	Sore Heads,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Tumors,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Ulcers,
Chapped hands		Wounds,
		Yaws.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

☞*Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots 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 pot. June 14. 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. SHIPLEY. April 4th, 1876.

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, PITTSBURG PA.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE BABES."

BY F. E. T.

My little niece and I—I read
My Plato in my easy chair;
And she was building on the floor
A pack of cards with wondrous care.

We worked in silence, but, alas!
Among the cards a mighty spill,
And then the little ape exclaimed,
"Well! Such is life! Look, Uncle Will!"

I gave a start and dropped my book—
It was the Phædo I had read,
A sympathetic current thrilled,
Like lightning, through my heart and head.

I eyed with curious awe the child,
The unconscious Sibyl, where she sat,
Whose thoughtless tongue could babble forth
Strange parables of life and fate.

Yes, such is life! a Babel house,
A common doom hath tumbled all,
King, Queen, and Knave, and plain, and trump,
A motley crew in motley fall!

We rear our hopes, no Pharoah's tomb,
Nor brass could build so sure a name;
But, soon or late, a sad collaps,
And great the ruin of the same.

Ah, such is life! Oh, sad and strange
That Love and Wisdom so ordain!
Some ere the Builder's hand have yet
One card against another lain;

Some when the house is tiny still;
Some when you've built a little more;
And some when patience hath achieved
A second, third, or higher floor.

Or should you win the topmost stage,
Yet is the strength but toil and pain—
And here the tiny voice rejoined,
"But I can build it up again."

My height of awe was reached. Can babes
Behold what reason scans in vain?
Ah, childhood is divine, I thought—
Yes, Lizzie, build it up again!

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Written expressly for the HERALD.

THE GREAT ROBBERY AND WHO DID IT?

BY OLIVE HARPER.

"Another audacious robbery! The depredators unknown!! Chief Burke on their track!!!"

"What will become of us, Aunt Sarah, if they should take a notion to pay us a visit? Unprotected as we are, we could not offer the slightest defense, for James is such a coward."

James swelled in majestic dignity, and looked as severely brave as any coal black face can, and deposited the dish of ham and eggs upon the table as if trying the strength of the dish, when the young lady by the fire looked up from her paper again to say: "why aunt Sarah, these burglaries are quite alarming. There was one last night within only half a block of us."

The temptation to overpower this piece of news quite overcame James' wounded dignity, and he opened still wider his lips, and said:

"And one, Miss Annie, down at Mrs. Parker's. They took pretty near everything worth taking, and Chief Burke is on their track, but he has nuffin' to catch hold of 'em with."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sanborn; "I hope poor Miss Jones and Mrs. Parker came to no harm, and that Arethisa did not have hysterics."

"De family, ma'am, as I said before, has not been molested; but eveerything the villains could git bolt on was carried off, and no traces of them barn't been discovered up to the present time."

"Aunt Sarah, this is serious; we are two lone women as well as Mrs. Parker and her sister. Suppose they come after our things, too."

"I don't know, I suppose the danger is not urgent enough to send out to the Presidio for a guard of soldiers is it?"

"I know that you are as brave as a lion, Aunt Sarah; but I don't think this a laughing matter at all. You know you have a large amount of money in the house, besides all our jewelry; and what could you do, or I, or James!"

"I am no coward, Miss Annie, for all you said so; but always the very first thing these raskils do is to take the man servants into the dish-closet, so that you see—"

"Well, James, that would be of little consequence, for if they did not lock you in there, you would do so yourself," said Mrs. Sanborn, with a sly smile that merged into a laugh as James retreated. "There, Annie," she went on, "don't look so serious. I will pack up all the plate to-day and send it with all our jewelry and money ostentatiously to the bank; and we will live here peacefully, and eat out of tin dishes, and wear blue ribbons all the time instead of our jewels, if it will contribute to your peace of mind."

Annie ate her breakfast in half-satisfied silence, looking decidedly out of temper, which Mrs. Sanborn observing, said:

"And I'll tell you what I can do: I've just thought of it, and that will be still better. You recollect Nelson Mowry, don't you? He has just come back from Arizona, has a leave of absence indefinite—and I'll write a line to him at headquarters, and ask him to come here for a while and mount guard over two unprotected females. It will be quite in his line. You have not forgotten Nels, have you?"

"I don't remember him very well," said Annie, looking very earnestly into her coffee-cup the while; "hasn't he turned out very wild? Jane Berger told me something of that sort."

"Then Jane Berger had better hold her tongue," said Mrs. Sanborn. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Tell all the girls to beware of the animile; for fear he bites. It is my opinion she knows all about it," (this last a little sarcastic.) It has always been the fashion in Nels' family to give him credit for being everything he ought not to be, and I don't know exactly what amount, or what kind of iniquity is comprehened in the word, *wild*, but I do know that although Nels is called a scapegrace, he has the noblest, truest heart that ever wore the blue."

Annie's eyes grew luminous, as she went forward impulsively and kissed her aunt several times on her flushed cheeks.

Mrs. Sanborn's eyes sparkled and her cheeks colored as she thus warmly defended her favorite nephew—her dead brother's boy—who had his training at the hands of an absolute tyrant in shape of a step-father. Childless herself, she had placed a great amount of affection on her handsome nephew, and had fought many pitched battles with his prim mother and austere step-father, and it must be owned that Nelson was one of those who give their friends enough to do in this respect.

After breakfast Annie went to her own room and locking the door, went to her bureau and took from one of the drawers a photograph of a handsome cavalry officer in Union blue, which after looking at it a long while with drooping lids, quivering chin and misty eyes, she suddenly kissed passionately, and then, with blushing face, hid it with a rapidity quite remarkable, considering how long she had stood looking at it. Then she went to the window and looked long, with her white forehead pressed against the glass in the direction of the head-quarters of the United States Cavalry, although the actual view presented to her eyes consisted of long lines of houses on each side of Mission street. The thought of Nelson Mowry as last she saw him, mounted on his splendid black mustang—which was no less fiery and impatient of restraint than himself—of his large black eyes which flashed on her a look that thrilled her through and through even now, of the lithe, slender figure, of the curling brown hair, that looked so glossy and tossed so free, as he lifted his plumed cavalry hat, and the handsome picture grew in her imagination to almost reality. She would have liked to believe that Nels Mowry was no worse than Aunt Sarah thought him: and I am afraid she found as many excuses for him as did his partial aunt—though she had a perfect right to like him—was he not her second cousin? and as for Jane Berger, with her long white hair and fisby blue eyes, she never liked her anyway? She always hung around him in a manner decidedly unladylike, to say the least."

So one can see that the mischief-maker in this instance, at least, received her deserts. Yet others had said that Nels was wild; that he was scattering his wild oats with a very liberal hand; and others still said that he "fought the tiger," and was always "hard up." These last qualifications seemed in her eyes the most terrible of the category, inasmuch as so obscure and so seldom used by ladies, and at such times with dolorous looks, while the other two were spoken of in a smiling way, or with a shake of the head merely, over his wildness.

Still Annie sighed. She would rather not have had her only cousin, the only scion of Mowry stock, so reprobated, and so—and so—she only sighed.

It was very hard to believe him so wicked, looking at his frank, honest, darkly beautiful face, under the light of the the bright black eyes, or to be frigid under the smile of the rich red lips that so often parted in a boyish laugh, disclosing rows of white, even teeth—very hard, and so Annie thought it the next day, as she sat demurely silent near one of the windows, and listened to the merry singing voice that was chattering solively with her aunt.

Nels had seemed mightily amused at hearing the capacity in which he was invited to serve, and on the whole, impressed Annie with the conviction that he would be badly disappointed if no burglar afforded him any means of exercising his predilection for "battle, murder and sudden death."

With these thoughts uppermost, and withal, the fear that she after all liked him too well down in the bottom of her heart, Annie was shy and constrained before Nels to the last degree. Haughty or dignified she could not be, as nature had not bestowed on her those unlovely attributes, but only an impulsive, passionate heart that fain would hold loving and kind thoughts of all the world, and believe the best of every man, woman and child she met, particularly of her handsome cousin.

In theory, you see, Annie had shaken her head over the iniquity of the world at large; but in practice, it was the feminine fashion to take those with whom she came into actual contact much as they appeared or professed themselves to be, and thus after bestowing on them virtues, or the semblance of them, which, I fear, they had no claim to, except in her innocent mind.

And all the shyness, and all the restraint, did not deter Nels in the least from setting himself to restore, at the very first opportunity, something of the old, familiar relations which had existed between them before his Arizona exodus. He thought over it considerably, and smoked many cigars, seeing through the clouds of smoke the pretty girl, scarce more than a child whom he had left three years ago and remembered the fact that that separation had given him a realheart-ache at the time, and he smiled to himself complacently at the thought that neither of them had grown any less handsome during that lapse of time, and he thought, too, that Annie had the largest, softest, brownest, and yet finest eyes he had ever seen, and that she had the loveliest wild rose complexion that ever was, and that she also had the finest figure of any woman he had ever met, and he admired her accordingly. The sweet picture framed all this while in curling rings of blue smoke.

Fashionable girls, handsome girls, gay girls, Indian girls, fast girls, flirting girls, timid girls, and savage girls Nels knew by scores, and had doubtless made love to them severally and collectively, and talked nonsense to them by the hour, and waltzed with them by the mile, but somehow none charmed him as did this tender, impulsive, passionate girl, who shook her head at operas, balls, and cigar-smoking, and who cried real, heartfelt tears over the recital of the capture of the brave, but rascally Apache and his family, and their summary execution—mother, babe, and all, scalped together—struck a new chord in his heart, and he mentally wished he could take the brown curly head on his breast and kiss the tears away.

Of course this being piquant and new in his experience, he endeavored to establish more amiable relations with Annie, and in that endeavor literally shadowed her the whole of the time, and in the hope of impressing her favorably, related all the battles with the Indians, and his own share in them, and all the other scrapes into which he ever got, and which, instead of causing her to admire his qualities as a fighter, frightened her with his wickedness; and as, withal, his bright eyes were surely burning their way into her warm heart, she felt greater need of guarding that particular portion of her anatomy, and she grew more distant and reserved every day as her only safety.

It astonished good Mrs. Sanborn to see the curious state of affairs between these two; but she wisely concluded to let matters take their own course, certain that in the end they would take the turn she hoped for, as she thought no girl could help loving Nelson Mowry, and no man help being charmed with Annie Austin.

Meanwhile burglaries seemed to become more frequent, and Chief Burke was doing the best he could to find out the culprits, but so far, it was impossible to discover even a trace.

Annie and Mrs. Sanborn felt perfectly safe now with the protector they had, and did not send the plate, jewels or money to the bank, as they had intended.

One day the business agent of Mrs. Sanborn came to her and placed in her hands money and notes to the value of fifty thousand dollars, which she, with a smile of conscious safety, put in a small Japanese cabinet and placed it in an unoccupied bedroom.

When Nelson came in he was informed of the reception of the money, and he, with a boyish laugh and flourish of his heels, asked to see it, as he said he had never seen so much money at once, and the sight would do him "a heap of good," and to be let hold it in his hands would lift him to the "seventh heaven." His aunt then led the way and called Annie to follow, which she did with reluctance, for she felt herself in danger whenever under the fire of the dark eyes. Nels playfully shook handfuls of gold and chattered away a while, regardless of sense, and then closing the cabinet and handing the key to his aunt, said:

"Aunty, I think you had best place that money in the bankat once; it is too great a temptation for mortal, and if you leave it here there is no certainty but that it may be stolen."

"I am not afraid, Nelson, not at all; and I think with you in the house, no one would dare enter, and I will take the risk. I am not cowardly at all."

I do not think you are, aunty; but there is no necessity for your keeping so much money in the house, and I wish you would put it there."

"Yes, and the bank may break. I never have deposited money in the bank; I have always kept it in the house, and I am not afraid to keep it here now; nor would I have given it a second thought but for Anne."

That closed the appeal, and they all left the room and went back down stairs, where they found visitors awaiting them, and among them Jane Berger, with her hair got up in a way very surprising.

She engineered so skillfully that soon she had Nels away off in the embrasure of a bow-window, and talking to her in a very confidential way. All the arts and graces of which she was possessed she played off for his special benefit, and finally was led to the piano, of which she was perfect mistress.

All this was gall and wormwood to Annie, who, though apparently engaged in conversation with a young gentleman and his two sisters, saw every motion and look that passed between them.

Jane had an air with her always (when wishing to be irresistibly captivating) of tender interest in the conversation of her company, and it brought many captives to her feet.

Annie did not know this and naturally inferred that some tender confidence was passing and that proudly guarded little heart of hers ached very hard.

Jane Berger was a splendid singer, and her rich, sweet voice filled the room as she sang a tender old love-song, that vibrated with an apparent depth of real feeling, as she raised her eyes to the dark ones bent just then on Annie's luckless young friend with a look that was very malignant. Jane felt aggrieved, but grandly kept on, and sang another little ballad, which Nels, with a triumphant glance at Annie, requested her to repeat. She did, and he still looked at Annie as these words were sung:

"Wert thou, my love, the wild nigh-wind
That blows o'er stormy sea,
And I the rich, sweet breath of Spring,
I'd follow where it listed thee.

No storm so fierce, nor wind so cold,
Could tear me from thy tender breast,
For I would mingle with with thy life
Until we sank to silent rest.

Nels then went to Annie and asked her to sing, but she refused, and, as Jane was still at the piano, he went back to her and there remained during the entire time she stayed, and accompanied her home when she went.

Annie, after her friends had departed, went up to her room in no enviable frame of mind, and her little heels clicked vicionsly as she walked through the hall, and when at last the solitude of her room was reached, she gave way to her anger, and stamped her feet and bit her lips to a considerable extent. Then she opened her bureau with a flourish and took out the picture before mentioned spitefully, as if she intended the immediate destruction of it. But when it was in her hand she seemed to relent, and broke down incontinently and cried, I am ashamed to say like any other heroine, and finally wound up by putting the offending picture under her pillow.

The next evening Annie was seated alone in the parlor, in the moonlight, when Nels sauntered in and seated himself by her side. She rose up hurridely to leave, but he begged her to stay, or he would think her jealous, he said. At that she elevated her nose to the highest attitude possible, and sat down again in a hurry and began to laugh and chat in a way quite surprising, considering her usual silence. She made up her mind that he should not think she cared anything for him or any other man who was fast, and wild, and fought the tiger, and made love to half the girls in San Francisco, and killed no end of poor, inoffensive Indians—not she indeed—though I am bound to say that she came very near breaking down again as she thought of all this, but fortunately, Nels asked her how she liked Jane Berger's singing.

"Oh, very well indeed," a little frigidly.

Don't you like her passionate, fervid way of giving her own nature in her songs," said he.

"Yes, she sings well."

"Don't you think people always show their own hearts and longings and griefs in their songs?" said Nels, unconscious that he had just given her the very opportunity she wanted.

(*Continued.*)

Curious Customs and Prejudices.

A bygone generation considered it a vulgarity to be dyspeptic. Brummel once thought he had eaten a pea. Heroes of romance were pale, precocious youths, and the principal charm of their heroines was hereditary consumption or a spinal complaint. It was vulgar to wear thick shoes or warm raiment, but you might laugh. The fashionable defects were all physical. These were the days of the witts, the tellers of good stories, the sayers of good things; of the men and women whose sparkling tittle-tattle has become a lost art, and whose recollections form a literature of their own. It was not a better age than this. The veneering bore a high polish, but it was very thin. I am recalling it simply to show what it considered vulgar, and thus demonstrate the instability of vulgarity. They were allowed to be mentally natural—we to be so physically. We may have the muscles of a prize fighter, the appetite of Comoran, wear two-inch soles to our brogues, and ulsters under which our grandfathers would have fainted; but we may not laugh. If a new Sydney Smith were to come amongts us he would hold the position assigned to the jester of the Middle Ages. We sneer at the reconteur of a party now and call him its "funny man." "Fellow stood on his head at dinner time, by Jove!" second Macaulay by our golden youth. It is vulgar to be amusing, "bad form" to be amused. Physical force prevails. In poetry, fiction, and on the stage a sensualism reigns paramount. To be interesting, the heroine of the period must have a splendid physique soiled by physical lovemaking, and her soul trembling on the "ragged edge" of impurity. I suppose that spirits have "rushed together at the touching of lips" time out of mind; only it has not always been considered decent to put all the details into print. Kissing was all right, consule planco, but talking about it was vulgar.—*Belgravia.*

MOUND BUILDER'S relics of singular interest and importance have been unearthed on the Cook farm, three miles south of Davenport, Ia., nothing quite so rich as Schliemann's Mycean find, but as notable for this country. They are two small slabs said to be of "coal," which probably should be written "shale," one about one foot square, the other about six inches, and both covered on both sides with inscriptions. On the larger, a religious ceremony, apparently the worship of fire, though possibly the preparation for a sacrifice. There are fourteen human figures, surrounding a fire, with joined hands, while near the fire on one side is a dead body lying in a circle, and on the other side two such bodies. Two little circles to the right and left above the figures are supposed to represent the sun and moon. Surrounding the worshippers are small figures of birds and animals crowded thickly in the space, and among them one suggesting the mastodon. On the smaller slab are three circles, one within the other. Between the inner circle and the middle one is a character at each of four equidistant points, and between the middle and outer circles are twelve characters arranged like the hour figures on a dial. Outside these circles, as all over the reverse sides of both slabs, are figures and signs which the learned men of the Davenport Academy of Science hope to be able to make some sense out of. The only account we yet have of this discovery is a meager and not very clearly written newspaper paragraph, but it is stated that a full "scientific description" is shortly to be published by some of the aforesaid learned men. At present, we only say that there may seem to be some intimations of kindred with the worship of the Aztecs, with whom theory generally tries to conduct the mound builders.

Royalty in Umbrellas.

Umbrellas, or rather parasols, are the badges of royalty in Africa. King Coffee's umbrella was one of the most noted trophies taken by the English in the Abyssinian war. This, however, was a shabby affair in comparison with the handsome and gigantic sunshades just manufactured to the number of forty by a Glascow firm. They have been ordered by a mercantile house in the same city, and are intended to be given as presents to African chiefs with whom the merchants in question do business. Three of these parasols, or palanquines as they are also called, are about thirty feet in circumference, and the remainder about eighteen feet. They are covered with a rich variegated damask silk, fringed round the edges, ornamented with a gilt ball at the top, and lined with finished cloth. The handle, which is of lancewood, is armed with a spike for tenting purposes, and a bayonet joint on the end of the stick renders the whole more portable.

IN California stage robberies are so frequent that if a week passes without one the people think the Millenium has begun.

Why would it be easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

Wayside Trees.

The London *Gardner's Chronicle* says: "In America, where street planting is almost universal, and where every person is free to follow his own inclinations it appears—so at least we are told—that this liberty is sometimes asserted in the selection and planting of the wayside trees, and that one person will plant one kind, and his neighbor another, till the avenue becomes a seriss of heterogeneous trees, forming anything but a line of beauty. The rule of uniformity as to the kind of trees planted, should be adopted, at least so far as any one street or line of trees is concerned."

Yes the *Chronicle* has been told truly. We do "assert the liberty" of planting along our "waysides" just whatever trees we fancy until "the avenues becomes series of heterogeneous trees." But the worst of it is we deem it good taste. The *Chronicle* gets the notion that London is the universe, and that as little else besides the Plane will grow in its smoky streets, that homogeneity should be the law elsewhere. Why not first a Horse-chestnut, then a maple, then a Tulip, then a Linden, and so on? If they will all thrive in the same avenue, is not their variety of leaf, flower, form and stature more interesting, more pleasing than if but a single variety were employed?

It is the easiest thing to form ideas of "lines of beauty" from local necessities—but the rule should not be made so oppressive that it must be applied to all other places in which those local necessities may have no existence. London may have its lines of Plaines. Having heard of London smoke, we will not say that it is bad taste. But until the *Gardner's Chronicle* knows something of our lines of heterogeneous trees otherwise than from hearsay, let it not impose any "rule of uniformity" whatsoever.

An Easy Pledge.

Of course every one has heard of the New England farmer who signed the pledge, with the reservation that he might drink all he wanted to while he washed sheep; and how he kept the pledge three or four months, and then got drunk in the middle of January. A brother taxed him with breaking the pledge, whereupon the farmer led him to the barn, and pointing to a shivering, dripping old ram, remarked:

"I've (hic) washed the old (hic) feller eight times (hic) already this mornin', and I aint (hic) done a washin' on him yet."

A jour printer in Pittsburgh is equally as ingenious in keeping the letter of his pledge. The great Murphy excitement there has been gathering in sinners by the thousand, and he was "scooped" along with others. The "pledges" are printed on neat cards, so that the signers can put them in their wallet after attaching their signatures.

The night on which Hanley signed was a crowded one, and pen and ink not being handy, Hanley scribbled his name in pencil. For a week or two he observed the pledge religiously, but one night a brewer sent a half barrel of beer to the foreman to treat the "comps." It was duly tapped as soon as the last telegram was up, and the boys began to enjoy the exhilirating beverage, with the exception of Hanley, who looked on. At length he asked if it was good beer, and was informed that it was a prime article. He pulled out his pledge and looked at it fixedly. An idea struck him, and he whistled a bar of an opera just above his breath. Hunting up a piece of rubber, he easily erased his name, and then joined and drank his share of the beer. Having finished it, he quietly subscribed his name again in pencil. Since then, whenever he wants a drink of beer, he rubs his name out and takes it. He claims that he never breaks the pledge, as his name is not signed to it when he drinks.

Tight as a Brick.

Yesterday a young woman was promenading up Frie street. There wasn't much that was remarkable about her and she was homely. But she was "so stylish." She was laced and tied back till she looked like a hoe handle, and she took steps four inches long. She wore a patent tip-up hat on the southeast corner of her head, and her hair descended into her eyes with "idiotically studied confusion." Near Prospect street she dropped a little red bow with a gold pin attached, and it fluttered to the edge of the sidewalk. She stopped and looked at it. It might as well have fluttered to the edge of the universe and dropped over for anything she could do to get it. She walked around it two or three times, gazed sadly at it, and then walked a block to Bolivar street, got a small boy and paid him ten cents to come back and pick up the bow, as the boy r