LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

So far away, so far away! I cried,
In the still night and in the busy day;
Helpless and sad my longing spirit sighed,
So far away!

So far away! How can that be when love
Annihilates all distance? Strong and clear
The glad thought came, lifting my heart above
All doubt and fear.

Now, often seated at my work or book,
Your strong sweet presence seems to fill the place,
I raise my eyes as if once more to look
Into your face.

And I am gladdened as though you had come
With tender greeting over land and sea:
Now know I surely that your spirit's home
Is still with me.

And though I long to see your face once more,
Long for the hand-clasp, the smile, the kiss,
And know that all of these, till life be o'er,
We still must miss.

Over the faith that bids us walk apart,
Love still can triumph, still its watch can keep;
For thro' all time and space, heart calls to heart,
As deep to deep.

Written expressly for the HERALD.

THE GREAT ROBBERY AND WHO DID IT?

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Continued from last week.

"Yes; that is I do. I never sing anybody else's songs; I always improvise from my own heart and experience."

"Sing to me, then, Annie, will you?" said Nels, more tenderly than he knew, in a low, tremulous tone, that sent the hot blood surging liquid fire one instant through her body, and filled the brown eyes with a light he would have gloried to see; but in a moment she had controlled herself, and saying to herself, "Now is my time," commenced in a clear, plaintive voice, that carried tears and heart-ache in it:

"Bleak winds of Winter, ye blow and appal me,
Your wild voice is shrieking o'er the deep sea,
It's some weird spirit that seeks to enthral me
And torture and torment with terror of thee.

Wild winds, cease your blowing, until to-morrow
With sweet, dimpling smiles deck the face of the sea:
A little of pity and gentleness borrow
And wait home my darling, my sailor to me."

Annie was nervous and excited and to mislead Nels she had thrown all the pathos possible into the rendition of her impromptu song, and the sad accompaniment in the plaintive minor chord overcame her, and she sobbed as grievously at the end of her song as if it had been real, and Nels this time felt decidedly uncomfortable as he retired. He doubtless would have said something more to Annie at the time, but just then his aunt came into the room and so prevented any confidential talk he might have wished.

He now thought that he saw the reason why Annie so palpably avoided him—she had a sailor lover at sea; yes, that was it; and "if he comes back here I'll break his head for him," said Nels, as he gave his pillow an awful dig with his fist.

He slept less that night than he ever did before, to his knowledge. The pillows were too soft—he doubled them up; they were too hot—he turned them over. There were too many blankets on his bed—half of them came off; and finally, he got up and smoked several cigars, but with no better success. Morning dawned after what seemed to him a week of misery, and he went to the stable and saddled his mustang and rode off fiercely and was gone several hours. When he returned he met Annie in the hall and he bowed coolly and passed on without a word.

Poor Annie was in greater trouble than ever—inconsistent little piece of perversity that she was—and now, when she had succeeded in convincing him that she was not tied to his chariot wheels, she would fain have had matters as they were the day before.

Nelson came and went, and talked with Annie and his Aunt, and with visitors, to all appearances the same as before; but in spite of himself he could not feel the same light-heartedness of old, and his aunt, after a while determined to question him. So one day after he had been particularly unbearable to Annie she called him into her private sitting-room and said:

"Nelson, I have noticed lately that you seem restless and out of spirits. What is you trouble?"

He was vexed that any one should have observed his depression and uneven temper and so he answered with some degree of hauteur:

"You are mistaken Aunt Sarah. I never felt better, I assure you."

"I am quite sure I am not mistaken Nels and I want to know what your trouble is. Are you in debt? or have you tired of this dull life?"

"Neither; I am not in debt—never go in debt, and am not tired of being here. I enjoy myself thoroughly."

"Now then, Nelson, if you are not in debt nor tired of us, you must be in love. Come now are you not?"

"Aunt Sarah, I don't see what notion you will take into your head next. I am not in love and what is more don't intend to be. I never saw any woman yet I could love, so let that rest. Have I answered all my catechism yet?"

"You have answered all I can ask, Nelson, but I will say this; you know how dear you are to me, and that you are my only brother's child, and, all the child I ever had to love so now if you ever do have any trouble I want you to come to me with it, will you?"

"Yes, Auntie I will; you are too good to me by half, according to my deserts," said Nels with an outburst of affection toward her which he seldom showed, and, after kissing her went down to the parlor where he found Jane Berger and some other girls who had run in to see Annie. Of course, etiquette kept him at Jane's side most of the evening while Annie sat with the other girls and gravely discussed the beauties of an intricate pattern in crochet. Jane sang, as also did others of the girls, but Annie persistently refused, although Nelson tried hard to induce her. She grew vexed at his tenacity and turned around with flaring eyes, as she said:

"I should think that after having heard me sing once you would not care for a repetition."

"Thank you, I don't need any more songs, unless you choose to add them of your own free will."

He looked so hurt and proud as he said this, emphasizing the word *need*, needlessly, that Annie thought with a keen, sharp pain, that he was handsomer than ever, and that she did not believe a word of all that had been said against him, or if she did, she didn't care; and that she had lost him through her own uncharitableness and, that she loved him, so there! and that she was very glad he couldn't read her thoughts.

Jane Berger was too shrewd a girl not to have seen there was trouble of some kind between Nels and Annie, and she felt very uneasy, for she saw also that living as they did under one roof they would have to become reconciled, and in that reconciliation there was danger. But how to stop it, or turn it to her advantage, she did not know yet. She left it to a turn in the wheel of Fortune, and so it was settled for her. As she was standing near the mantlepiece with Annie and Mrs. Sanborn, while Nelson had gone up to his room to get his overcoat, one of the girls came up and said:

"Oh Mrs. Sanborn, I forgot to tell you. Mrs. Martin's house was broken open last night and robbed, and everything of value was taken, every room was entered and yet not one soul ever heard the thieves."

"Have they any suspicions?"

"No, not the slightest."

"Auntie," said Annie, "are you not afraid they will come here?"

"No, you silly child; it would be a brave man that would attack Nelson."

"But they might not wake him, I am afraid."

"Of what?" said Nelson who had then returned.

"Of burglars," said Jane, "Annie is very timid of late, very much afraid of burglars. Do you think they would take you for a jewel?" said she turning to Annie, and then again to Nels continued, "but seriously there are a great number of burglaries on private houses of late, and the visits seem to be made almost entirely at our end of the town; Mission, Howard and Folsome streets seem to be their favorites, and I really do wonder why Mrs. Sanborn has not received a visit from those light fingered gentry before now, for she is known to be exceedingly careless of this world's goods; lets them lie around quite loose."

"I have told Auntie the same thing many times but still she will be just so reckless in spite of all," said Nels laughing.

"But Nelson, I am not afraid, and I will not be so cowardly as to run and put my money in the bank now from fear, when I would not from preference. So say no more."

"Well Nels, if you will take my advice you will not say any more, for when a woman will, she will, you may depend on't; but when she won't, she won't, and there you see is the end on't.'"

"That must have been meant for Aunt Sarah sure," said Nels, and then the subject was dropped and all the girls having declared their readiness to depart, Nels went gaily off with them, though in his inmost heart he would far sooner have stayed with Annie, even though her presence was torment.

All the girls except Jane had been left at their respective homes, and she had what she had manoeuvered for, his exclusive company for a moonlight ramble; and she urged him to extend it down to the bay. She talked incessantly of the beauty of the night, quoted poetry, and sang little bits of song, but all fell almost unheeded on the ears of Nels, for he did not answer except an occasional monosyllable. Finally Jane said:

"What a queer girl Annie is. Don't you ever her temper rather trying sometimes?"

"I have not as yet seen any indications."

"Now you know better. Did she not exhibit it unmistakably when you asked her to sing?"

"I was too persistent after her refusal, perhaps."

"There, you have owned it. I knew you saw and felt hurt at her brusqueness. She is so variable in temper that hardly anyone can get along with her. She is unrefined and lacks polish sadly, but she declines to mix in society, and is said to have poetic proclivities. For my part, I dislike literary women of all things; they are so disagreeable to every one about them. Don't you?"

"If Annie is one, I am sure I do not dislike if they resemble her, for I have thought her a very sweet girl, and have been glad my aunt has so charming a companion. She does not seem to like me very well, though."

"I know that; and if you will not say anything to your aunt about it that will hurt Annie in her estimation, I will tell you the reason. She thinks you are the favorite, and that your aunt will doubtless leave you the bulk of her fortune. Annie is very averacious, though so young."

Nels bit his red lips till the blood nearly started through them; and he thought all of a sudden that this might be so, as he remembered the extreme simplicity with which she was always dressed although having ample means at her disposal.

Jane waited a while for an answer, but none came, and she inwardly congratulated herself on her success, as she felt him tremble and saw by the light of the moon the set face and flashing eyes. Not willing to let him go while still possible to keep him at her side, she stood by the gate while she said with a harsh little laugh:

"I expect she would have set her cap for you, and so been sure of all, but for what she designates as your profligacy."

"Did she ever call me a profligate—Jane Berger?" said Nels so fiercely that she involuntarily started, and then put her handkerchief to her eyes, saying:

"Nels, I did not mean to ever tell you and I am sorry I ever did, but she said far more than that. Don't tell her I was mean enough to become a mischief-maker, for I despise myself enough as it is, but I could not bear to see you insulted as you were to night."

"Don't be alarmed; I shall probably not speak to her again while I stay. She shall see that profligate—though I may be, I am above any meanness, most particularly envy and slander. I shall start for Arizona tomorrow, so I will bid you good-bye Jane. I believe you are the best friend I have after all."

"Nelson," spoke Jane very softly, *don't* go; stay for my sake."

"I cannot, Jane, if you care anything for me I am sorry, but I cannot."

"Sorry for me, or sorry for yourself?"

"Sorry for you, Jane; as for myself, I don't care enough to be sorry."

"Nelson Mowry, you love that baby-faced hypocrite. Oh, don't start, I know you do; but you may as well give it up first as last; you have not the ghost of a chance."

"I don't want it, I would not marry her under any consideration. Good-bye, Jane, I must go, Aunt will be uneasy, so good-bye again." With that he stooped his head and pressed one kiss upon the tremulous lips of Jane, who threw her arms convulsively around his neck and sobbed in genuine grief. She felt there was no appeal from his words, but in her heart she hoped to get near him, for she really and truly—as much as her cold, selfish nature would admit of—loved him. She asked to be allowed to write to him, and he, touched by her tears gave permission willingly and also promised to write to her, for men are but vain creatures after all, and nothing is so easy to do as to bend a man's will, in seeming to give way to it, so Nelas who had been angry with Jane for making him angry with Annie, now found that he had promised to write her, and knew there would be a continuance of an acquaintance he would willingly have broken off.

So he said one more good-bye and started homeward, and while walking along the now deserted city he saw two men skulking along the shady side of the street, and it being so late he noticed them more particularly. They walked along, however, out of his sight, and he entered the house by means of his latch-key and went to his room, and, without undressing threw himself on the bed. His thoughts were a strange jumble of Annie and her duplicity, Jane and her confidence, his intention to leave for Arizona, his aunt and her unprotected state, the money and danger of burglars being the last before he fell asleep.

The next morning Nels appeared at the breakfast table pale and worn looking, and electrified his aunt by saying that in less than an hour he should start for Arizona, and that if she wished, a friend of his should come there to stay to keep off the burglars. Annie did not make her appearance till some time after he had gone, and when her aunt told her, she turned so pale and deathly a color, that the good lady felt quite consoled over Nels' misery, seeing that they both felt it, for she had imagined Annie unduly perverse in some way, but could not find out how, from Nels. He had left a cool and formal good-bye for Annie, but she, like a sensible woman concluded not to give it, but let them work out their own salvation.

Annie had gone to her room that night full of bitterness against Jane Berger and Nels, herself, and all the rest of the world, and had sat by her open window in the moonlight for hours thinking over her misery, and in a way really enjoying herself in the thought that there was never a girl so unhappy as herself. For, had not she given her love unasked and unsought only to have it slighted by a man whom all good and virtuous people designated as "wild" and who "fought the tiger."

She had sat there for hours before she heard the light, springy footstep of Nels, as he swiftly came up Mission street, heard him open the door, heard him as he came up stairs and passed by her door to his own room. When the footsteps were gone by, she gave a long sobbing sigh, and burst into tears, and cried like any other love-lorn girl, though she inwardly said it was because of his wildness, and not in the least because he had staid till three o'clock with that hateful Jane Berger. After a while she became calmer, and had ceased her tears and sobs, but had not yet gone to bed, when every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush for one instant to her heart, leaving her hands like ice, and nearly suffocating her, for, moving along the hall she heard stealthy steps going toward the room in which her aunt kept her money. For a moment she was paralyzed but in the next her fear gave her bravery and she rose and went, with trembling limbs, it is true, toward Nels' room, to try to awake him to the awful fact that there were burglars in the house. She crept along till she came to his door, which to her astonishment was wide open. With an awful terror that he was killed, she went swiftly to his bed, but he was gone, and she was still more frightened than ever, and turned to go to her aunt.

(*Continued.*)

A Remarkable Test of Brute Endurance.

How long may a dog subsist without either food or water is a question likely to arise after reading the following: On the 3rd of January last a gentleman resident on Elm St. lost a valuable dog of the spaniel breed. The animal was seen last by the owner's children, with whom it went out. Some days after the dog was missed the loss was advertised in the daily papers, but nothing was heard of the missing spaniel until Saturday last. In the forenoon of that day the owner's children went into an empty house near by to amuse themselves. In the course of play one of them opened the door of a back room, when the missing dog was found lying in one corner of the apartment apparently dead. On a closer inspection, however, it was found that the poor animal was still living, although reduced to little else than skin and bone. Without delay the children had their favorite—which was not able to crawl even—carried home, after which some nourishment was given to it, and before many hours it had so far recovered as to be able to crawl. The disappearance of the dog is now accounted for. On the day it was lost the children had happened to be playing in the same empty house, and they must in leaving have accidentally shut him in and gone and left him. From that day till last Saturday nobody had been in the empty house, and there the dog had been for thirty-eight days without either food or water. To make sure that there was no source from which the animal could have had sustenance, the owner paid a visit to the house, and satisfied himself, after a careful scrutiny, that there had been no food or water within reach. At the time the dog was imprisoned it was very fat, which had, no doubt, much to do with the fact of its having lived so long.

A railroad engineer who had been discharged applied to be reinstated. 'You were dismissed,' said the Superintendent, austerely, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I asked to be restored." "How so?" "Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.

It is said that a well-known novelist entered a printing office and accused a printer of not punctuating properly, when the typo earnestly replied—"I'm not a pointer, I'm a setter."

Four Men Killed.

BETHLEHEM, PA., February 26.—At 7 o'clock this morning a scaffolding in a blast furnace of the Bethlehem Iron Company's Works, in which seven men were at work, gave way. Six of the men fell to the bottom, a distance of seventy feet, two of them, Charles Moyer, of Rittersville, Pa., and Henry Kichline, of Bethlehem, being instantly killed, and the other four seriously wounded. Two of them will probably die. The seventh man saved his life by jumping from the scaffolding on the top of the wall. He was also badly injured by the falling timber.

NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden cord,
Severed the silken tie;
Never again will the old days come,
Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful Past;
Scattered round its bier
Pale thoughts lie thick—memories
Of days that were so dear.

Memories? Fold them up—
Lay them sacred by;
What avails it to dream of the Past?
The Future! for you and I!

Broken the silken cord,
Severed the golden chain,
Linking us with the beautiful days
That never can come again!

1665.

Over the Kansas Pacific.

DENVER, August 19, 1876.—At last we have made our long-anticipated trip over that wondrous stretch of prairie, extending from the base of the "Rockies" to the brink of the "Mighty Missouri." What has been added to our stock of knowledge? Have we studied the habits of the prairie dog, buffalo, and Indian, and gazed sadly over the barren wastes of the "Great American Desert"? Nay, nay. These objects, so interesting to our forefathers, are rapidly trotting after "the years beyond the flood." Even now they have become almost invisible, and their places are filled by fair cities and waving cornfields. Thus has the snort of the steam engine scared away the wild man and his companions, and the ploughshare of civilization turned the desert into a blooming garden.

Here in Denver—

BEAUTIFUL DENVER!

with her charming railroads, her unsurpassed hotels, her wondrous atmosphere, her lovely mountain views; in short, with nearly all that nature and art can bestow upon a city to render life delightful—we sit down in our cosy quarters of the "Grand Central," and bethink us of what we have seen. We stepped on board the Kansas Pacific, at Kansas City. But in our haste we must not forget

KANSAS CITY,

the very type of Western town life. With its nine or ten different railroads daily depositing their miscellaneous human freight, how could it be otherwise than a medely of roughness, and wildness, and refinement, and enterprise, and energy? Here the Kansas Pacific has one of its eastern termini, the other being at Leavenworth, twenty-nine miles northwest. This railroad sends out daily through trains for Denver, Pueblo, Santa Fe, Salt Lake, and San Francisco, under the direction of Robert E. Carr, Esq., General Manager, and T. F. Oakes, General Superintendent.

Of the

IMMENSE AGRICULTURAL WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY,

on either side our route, we saw and heard abundant evidence. For 200 or 300 miles west of Kansas City we constantly passed through tracts of land which had already yielded heavy crops of wheat, or were ripening other cereals to the harvest. In this respect Saline and Dickinson counties are marvelously rich. Here, of a surety, Ceres pours forth her choicest gifts. Such, at least is the opinion of the people of the many villages scattered over these counties.

ABILENE,

the county seat of Dickinson, is also a railway station; and while waiting there we pick up the following items: Only a few years ago this was the leading town for the shipment of Texas cattle, but the rapid settlement of the country pushed that business further west, leaving Dickinson county chiefly to the agriculturist. That gentleman exerted himself. A herd law was enforced. Now the tiller of the soil finds himself overwhelmed by his enormous crops. The wheat yield here is stated to be immense, first returns for the prairie often running from twenty to forty bushels per acre. This summer the 1,700 acre wheat field at Abilene has been the wonder and admiration of all passers by. Other evidences of agricultural success are frequently met with, in the shape of elevators at the various depots, and reapers and threshing machines lying at the stations along the line, until they can be conveyed to their places of destination in the adjacent country.

Here it may be well to mention the

SEVERAL COLONIES LOCATED BY THE KANSAS PACIFIC COMPANY.

At Saline, a lively town 185 miles west of Kansas City, is located the Land Department of the Company, under the management of S. J. Gilmore, Land Commissioner, from whom full information can be obtained. Here we heard of the very first colony sale. It consisted of 13,000 acres lying in the bend of the Smoky Hill river, fourteen miles south of Saline, purchased September, 1868, by the First Swedish Agricultural Company, of McPherson county, every acre long since paid for, and another purchase contemplated. Then in November, 1868, the Swedish Emigration Society of Galesburg, Ills., bought 29 000 acres about sixteen miles south of the same place. These two communities have established the towns of Swedale and Lindsburg. Some sixty miles east of these and fifteen miles north of Manhatten, around the village of Bala, nestles the little Welsh colony which bought its 3,270 acres and settled in 1870. Then, sixteen miles north of Junction City, the traveler on the Junction City & Fort Kearney, R. R. (a branch of the Kansas Pacific) will come upon Wakefield, the headquarters of the English colony; purchase of 28,000 acres made in August, 1869, and town laid out long before this branch of railroad was built. But we must leave the "colonies" with a bare mention of Bavaria, the German settlement, in sight of the road, nine miles west of Saline; and the famous Donmeyer settlement, seven miles east of Saline, whence thrifty Germans from Pennsylvania send forth large shipments of grain, potatoes, butter, and hogs, from a "parcel of ground" on which four years ago not a sod had ever been turned.

One of the most noteworthy enterprises of Western Kansas is

THE "VICTORIA" ESTATE

of George Grant, Esq. But a few years since Mr. Grant brought with him from England his money, his pluck, and his perseverance; invested them in Kansas Pacific lands, and what has been the result? Houses and barns, corrals and cattle sheds, hundreds of cattle and thousands of sheep! All honor to Mr. Grant, and honor, too, to Kansas soil and climate. Hear the testimony of W. A. Fuller, a prominent settler at Walker's Station, a few miles east of Victoria, in the St. Louis *Republican* of the 29th of last June. He says: "Western Kansas can now boast of as fine crops as ever were raised in any Eastern State. . . . As for stock, its costs nothing to keep, except herders' wages. . . . We are happy and contented and expect to be rich some of these days." And the very appearance of the unbroken land corroborates this testimony. Take Ellsworth and Russell counties, watered by the Smoky Hill and Saline Rivers, and many small streams and creeks. Is this not

A VERITABLE LAND OF GOSHEN

—a paradise of (or rather for) flocks and herds? The place is strongly suggestive of oceans of milk, mountains of butter, and unknown quantities of wool. We defy any critical grazer to pass through this tract of country and withhold his admiration. And so on past Hays and Ellis, and the new town of Keim—only surveyed and laid out, but designed as the county seat of the new county of Trego—and the 10,000 acre "lot" lately purchased by Dr. A. B. Elliott, of Troy, N. Y., and out over the plains past Wallace and Kit Carson, where the Arkansas Valley Railroad (a branch of the Kansas Pacific) strikes off for Las Animas. This road will probably soon be extended south and west to Trinidad and Pueblo in Colorado. On again into the wilds, past such places as Eagle Tail, and Wild Horse, and Deer Trail, and Kiowa, until at last we are stopped by the mountains that rise from the plains and stretch themselves toward the heavens. What a wondrous land lies behind us! How long until at the magic touch of industry, it will yield up its treasures?

ONE PECULIARITY

of this route, pleasant to the tourist, at least, is that it lies, to a great extent, along the high lands and ridges between the Smoky Hill and Saline rivers. But to form any just estimate of the beauty and fertility of the country through which he is passing, the traveler must stop at intervals of fifty miles and ride away up its many valleys, and along the little creeks intersecting it. The soil consists chiefly of a rich, black mould, with a slight admixture of sand, over a sub soil which retains the rain at suitable depths of the nourishment of vegetation.

Just here limited space admonishes us. We must stop.

SUFFICE US TO SAY

that a trip over this road, and a sojourn of a few weeks or months among the beautiful and romantic scenes of the Rocky Mountains,—lakes, parks, and canons,—seems to us the ne plus ultra of pleasure. The various points of interest are easily accessible by the Denver, Pacific & Boulder Valley, and other railroads. For the benefit of any who might wish to extend their travels into California, we may here state that the Denver Pacific connects with the Union Pacific at Cheyenne, thus forming an all rail route to Salt Lake and San Francisco.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Excitement in Nova Scotia.

TORONTO, February 26.—A special despatch from Halifax says the question of precedence having arisen between certain Queen's counsel, an affidavit was read in the Supreme Court Saturday setting forth that the seal attaches to the commission of Queen's counsel appointed by the local government was not the great seal of the Province, but the old seal which had been ordered to be returned by the Imperial Government in 1869. The Premier of the local government admitted that the Government had been using the old seal.

The Court expressed astonishment at such contempt for the Majesty's authorized and expressed opinion, and said that all acts requireing the great seal done since 1869 were totally void. The state of affairs leaves Nova Scotia to-day without a parliament and without a government, with all grants of marriage licenses, consequently marriages, and all commissions since 1869 totally void. The greatest excitement prevails in consequence. The Chief Justice, after intimating that it would require imperial legislation to rectify the matter adjourned the Court for ten days for a full inquiry.

Didn't Like Mutton.

A good story is told of a recent performance of Handel's Messiah at the Broadway Baptist Church, in Louisville. A famer took his wife to hear the grand music, so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses; "We all, like sheep have gone astray."

First a sharp soprano voice exclaimed:

"We all, like sheep—"

Next a deep bass voice uttered, in the most earnest tones:

"We all, like sheep—"

Then all the singers at once asserted:

"We all, like sheep—"

"Darned, if I do!" exclaimed old rusticus to his partner. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep's meat!"

There was an audible titter in that immediate vicinity, but the splendid music attracted attention from the pair and they quietly slipped out.

Why He Wept.

He left her and stepped out to see a friend between acts.

"Why, Edward," said she when he returned, "there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes, pet," replied he solemnly, "I suppose there are—I saw such a sad sight when I was out."

"You did—what was it?" inquired she.

"Such a sad sight"—continued he, keeping his face away that she might not smell his breath—"I discovered a young man whom I have known for years drinking whiskey."

"You did?"

There was a little pause, when the young lady suddenly said:

"Edward, was he standing right in front of you?"

"Yes, pet," was the reply.

There was another pause, when the young lady asked again:

"Edward, don't most of the saloon counters have great nice mirrors right on the walls behind them?"

Edward flushed a little and looked quizzical as he replied that he "believed they did."

And there he permitted the subject to drop.

Suicide of a Defaulting Cashier.

CARLISLE PA., February 26.—J. P. Hassler, late cashier of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, hanged himself this afternoon in the garret of his dwelling, he was elected cashier in 1865, and held the position until last October, when he was found to be a defaulter. To-day the bank officials instituted criminal proceedings, and bail was fixed at $15,000, which Hassler was unable to secure. He was found hanging from the same rafter on which the cashier proceeding him, Wm. M. Bertram, had hanged himself in 1865.

Pen Picture of General Hayes.

To the Editor of the Weekly Press:

SIR: A strong, well-built man of model size and form, good-looking, healthy, hearty, and cheerful; a full, sandy beard, slightly touched with silver streaks, a full face, ruddy and glowing with health; no crows' feet, no furrows, a well-shaped mouth, good teeth; two large open, blue eyes of kindly expression; a smile on his lips; a high, broad, clear forehead; a voice, deep, strong, and sonorous; large, shapely limbs; a full breast, quick but not nervous movement; moderately quick but not rapid of speech; a good listener, calm, cool, dispassionate, anything but radical; never cross, short, or sharp; always affable, kind and candid, with no secrets to whisper, no plots to promote, no tricks to explain; open as the day, firm as a rock, pure as a woman, with no bad habits, whether of tobacco, whiskey or anything else; pure and plain of speech, popular among all classes, without affectation, mock dignity, or the least suspicion of demagoguery; wearing the same face for all, speaking the same language to all, bearing himself with dignity and modest reserve; regular in his hours, happy in his family relations as man can be, strong in the affections of the people, such is General Hayes, the President-elect of the United States. No man was so fortunate. He has not a single personal enemy in Ohio, a fact true perhaps of no other prominent politician in Ohio. In all his long public career as Congressman, general of the army, Governor three times, there is nothing mysterious to explain, and no charge has ever been made against him of any kind whatsoever. It is doubtful if any man living is less open to criticism or reproach. Even the Democratic members of the Ohio General Assembly, at the end of the protracted campaign, speak well of him. They have known him familiarly from boyhood, know the minutest particulars of his private and public history, and join with one accord in awarding him the compliment of their unanimous endorsement and approval.

Attempted Murder in the Treasury.

WASHINTON, March 1.—An intense commotion was created in the Treasury department about noon to-day by the appearance of a gentlemanly person, who called at the Treasurer's office and, sending a card into the redemption room division, upon which the name of Littleton was written, calling out a lady employee, said to be named Stove, and immediatly upon seeing her in the passage fired two shots at her, neither of which took effect, however, owing to the prompt interference of Mr. Wilson, chief of the loan division, who was attracted by the disturbance, and seized the party firing the shots, who, upon being released, fired upon himself, though only inflicting slight injury. The cause of the shooting appears to be a mystery, as neither party has given any explanation of the strange assault. The lady went home, and her attempted murderer was promptly taken to the police station.

When he was first arrested he said he was anxious to complete the work he had begun, but on the way to the station house, exhibited some signs of anxiety for the condition of the woman.

The halls and corridors of the treasury, where the shooting occurred, were crowded with an anxious and frightened throng of men and women immediately after the shooting, all of whom were unable to give any explanation of the event, and many of whom were inclined to believe that another "Mary Harris" episode was being enacted. Some of the employees assert that the man declared that the woman he assaulted was his wife, but that she was employed here under a different name.

Wonders of the Telephone.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—Prof Elisha Gray lectured this evening at McCormick's Hall, to a large and interested audience, on the telephone, giving illustrations of the instrument's capabilities. Judges Caton and Booth, Hon. H. Greenebaum, Col. J. J. Wilson, C. H. Summers, and other eminent and scientific men were on the platform. Music played in Milwaukee was transmitted over the wire and reproduced in the hall in clear and sweet tones. Many popular airs called for by the audience were promptly given and heartily applauded. Professor Faville, in Milwaukee played the Telephone waltz. Several difficult musical notes were started simultaneously in Milwaukee, and distinctly heard by the audience. The lecture and illustrations were entertaining throughout. Professor Gray gave due credit to Professor Bell, of Boston, for his remarkablr development of the speaking telegraph, which the lecturer described.

Confession of a Mollie Maguire Murderer.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Mar. 1.—Edward Kelly, a young Mollie Maguire, who, with Michael Doyle, murdered on the 3d of September, 1875, John P. Jones, a superintendent of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Hansford, Carbon county, and who since that date has been confined in Mauch Chunk jail, yesterday made a full confession of his crime. He corroborates in every particular the testimony of McPharlan, the detective and Kerrygan, the accomplice, and says that he would have confessed long ago had he known how. He also says that he did not want to commit the murder but was afraid to back out on account of the consequences and of having cowardice attributed to him by his brother members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The confession has caused the greatest excitement throughout the coal region, and it is thought but the forerunner of others.

A Riot Near Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C. March 1.—Some excitement was caused yesterday near the scene of the Combachee riots of last fall, a few miles below Charleston, by the news that a mob of one hundred negroes had fired on the sheriff's posse sent to arrest a negro who had refused to submit to arrest on a warrant issued by a trial justice appointed by Gov. Hampton, and the posse had been forced to retreat. To-day a posse of 200 men, black and white, were sent to disperse the rioters and to arrest the ringleaders. The rioters were found in force at Calf Pen, on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, but when charged by the posse fled without firing a shot. About 20 of them were captured with muskets in their hands and were sent to jail. No one was hurt on either side. The sheriff is still in pursuit of the rest of the rioters.

Mrs. Snark boldly remarks that the doctors "ain't good for nothin' except to emancipate a limb."

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The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprise very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Mulay and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kindes

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The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

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Of all kinds, with a full line of

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March 15, 1876.

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I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farms, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the 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. Non need apply who is not of sober and indust rious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.

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Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

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As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

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TOGETHER CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMOVES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CATTLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.

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It also DISINFECTS CLOTHING and LINEN and PREVENTS DISEASES COMMUNICATED BY CONTACT with the PERSON.

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