Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, 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.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SOULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 42. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1342.

Business Cards.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually 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. 22-1y.

J. C. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.
A. H. COFFROTH. W. R. KUPPEL.
COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be specially and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—In Main Cross Street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july 13

JOHN G. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 14 '74-y

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

W. J. & R. 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 R. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '76.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office 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 Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

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

DWESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Feb'77

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
Office above Casebeer & Frease'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 or that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. marl5

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barner House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 19, 71-tf.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. 1619-7y

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. 19.

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The travelling 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 travelling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. marl1.

JNO. HICKS. LANTE 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. aug15.

Banks, etc.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1868. 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 referees, personal client, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank.
No commercial deposits received, nor checks 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 Cheyney, David Dibert, C. S. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lohman, J. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Sogg, Conrad Suppes, Geo. J. Sewell, James Moncrieff, James Murray and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. jan 24.

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

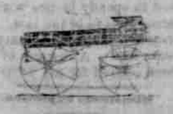
Cambria Co. Bank.
M. W. KEIM & Co.
No. 266 Main St., Johnstown.
A General Banking Business transacted.
Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits.
Loans Negotiated.
Drafts Bought and Sold.
jany.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, constantly on hand. 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 NewStore on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,
We will on favor, 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. ALVIN DENISON
Grove & Denison



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

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE
SPECIAL TAXES.
May 1, 1877, to April 30, 1878.
The Revised Statutes of the United States, Sections 3232, 3233, 3234, and 3236, require every person engaged in any business, vocation, or employment which renders him liable to a special tax, to procure and place conspicuously in his establishment or place of business a stamp denoting the payment of said special tax for the Special Tax Year beginning May 1, 1877, being commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1877.
A return, as prescribed on Form 11, is also required by law of every person liable to Special Tax, as above.
Penalties embraced within the provisions of the law above quoted are the following, viz:
Brewers.....$100 00
Dealers, retail liquor.....50 00
Dealers, wholesale liquor.....100 00
Dealers in fruit liquors, wholesale.....50 00
Dealers in malt liquors, retail.....20 00
Dealers in leaf tobacco.....25 00
Retail dealers in leaf tobacco.....500 00
And on sales of over $1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of $1,000.
Dealers in manufactured tobacco.....5 00
Manufacturers of stills.....50 00
And for each still manufactured.....20 00
And for each worm manufactured.....20 00
Manufacturers of tobacco.....10 00
Manufacturers of cigars.....10 00
Peddlers of tobacco, first class (more than one horse or other animal).....20 00
Peddlers of tobacco, second class (one horse or other animal).....15 00
Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance).....10 00
Brewers of less than 500 barrels.....50 00
Brewers of 500 barrels or more.....100 00
Any person or firm, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.
Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to Edward Scull, Collector of Internal Revenue, at Somerset, and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need, prior to May 1, 1877, and without further notice.
Special Tax Stamps will be transmitted by mail only on receipt from the person or firm ordering the same of specific directions so to do, together with the necessary postage stamps or the amount required to pay the postage. The postage on one stamp is three cents and on two stamps six cents. If it is desired that they be transmitted by registered mail, ten cents additional should accompany the application.
GREEN B. RAUM,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C., January 23, 1877. mar21.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC
HOMESTEAD
Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information respecting KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of the road. This grant comprises
OVER 5,000,000 ACRES
OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township, for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, so much of the land as is not here and there taken up by actual settlers, is now offered at prices lower than any other lands in the West, that will compare with them in soil, climate and general advantages. The terms of payment, as will be found on a careful examination, are more liberal in all essential features than have heretofore been offered by any railway company.
THE HOMESTEAD
IS FOR
FREE CIRCULATION,
And will be sent gratis to anyone upon application.
All communications in reference to the lands of the Company should be addressed to
S. J. GILMORE,
Land Commissioner, K. P. Ry.,
SALINA, KANSAS.
March 7, 1877.

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.
ensuring 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, upon as reasonable terms as any other party, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 116 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 18, 1877.

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.

WHY DIDDY and PAT MARRIED.

"Oh why did you marry him Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure he's neither party nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you wanted;
You done a dale better with Tim:
And Phellim O'Toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better with him.
You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how your courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, ye see, was acquainted
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat:
He had not the instinct of some one,
But no one had then told him that:
But he soon found it out for himself,
For life at best is but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared with me,
He saw as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be,
She went out like the snuff of a candle:
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted
And are willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone;
We wanted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

—*R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's.*

THE MAN FROM SOLANO.

He came toward me out of an opera lobby, between the acts—a figure as remarkable as anything in the performance. His clothes, no two articles of which were the same color, had the appearance of having been purchased and put on only an hour or two before—a fact more directly established by the clothes-dealer's ticket which still adhered to his coat collar, giving the number, size and general dimensions of the garment somewhat obtrusively to an uninterested public. His trousers had a straight line down each leg as if he had been born flat, but had since developed, and there was another crease down his back like those figures children cut out of folded paper. I may add that there was no consciousness of this in his face, which was good-natured, and but for a certain squareness in the angle of his lower jaw utterly uninteresting and commonplace.

"You disremember me," he said, briefly, as he extended his right hand, "but I'm from Solano, in California. I met you there in the spring of '57. I was tendin' sheep and you was burnin' charcoal."

There was not the slightest trace of any intentional rudeness in the reminder. It was simply a statement of fact, and as such to be accepted.

"What I hailed ye for was only this," he said, after I had shaken hands with him: "I saw you a minit ago s'anadin' over in you box—chirpin' with a lady—a young lady, peart and pretty. Might you be telling me her name?"

I gave him the name of a certain noted belle of a neighboring city, who had lately stirred the hearts of the metropolis, and who was especially admired by the brilliant and fascinating young Dashboard who stood beside me.

The man from Solano mused for a moment and then said: "That's so! that's the name. It's the same gal!"

"You have met her, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Ye-es," he responded slowly. "I met her about four months ago. She'd bin makin' a tour of California with some friends, and I first saw her aboard the cars this side of Reno. She lost her baggage checks, and I found them on the floor, gave 'em back to her, and she thanked me. I reckon now it would be about the square thing to go in over thar and sorter recognize her." He stopped a moment and looked at us inquiringly.

"My dear sir," struck in the brilliant and fascinating Dashboard, if your hesitation proceeds from any doubt of the propriety of your attire, I beg you to dismiss it from your mind at once. The tyranny of custom, it is true, compels your friend and myself to dress peculiarly, but I assure you nothing could be finer than the way the olive green of your coat melts in the delicate yellow of your cravat, or the pearl gray of your trousers blends with the bright blue of your waistcoat and lends additional brilliancy to that massive oroide watch chain which you wear."

To my surprise, the Man from Solano did not strike him. He looked at the ironical Dashboard with grave earnestness, and then said quietly:

"Then I reckon you'd wouldn't mind showin' me in thar?"

Dashboard was, I admit, a little staggered at this. But he recovered himself, and, bowing ironically, led the way to the box. I followed him and the Man from Solano.

Now, the belle in question happened to be a gentlewoman—descended from gentlewomen—and after Dashboard's ironical introduction, in which the Man from Solano was not spared, she comprehended the situation immediately. To Dashboard's surprise he drew a chair to her side, made the Man from Solano sit down, quietly turned her back on Dashboard, and in full view of the brilliant audience and the focus of a hundred lorgnettes entered into conversation with him.

Here, for the sake of romance, I should like to say he became animated, and exhibited some trait of excellence—some rare wit or solid sense. But the fact is he was dull and stupid to the last degree. He persisted in keeping the conversation upon the subject of the lost baggage checks, and every bright attempt of the lady to divert him failed signally. At last, to everybody's relief, he rose, and, leaning over her chair, said: "I calklate to stop over here some time, Miss, and you and me bein' sorter strangers here, may be when there's any show like this goin' on you'll let me—"

Miss X. said somewhat hastily that the multiplicity of her engagements, that the brief limit of her stay in New York she feared would, etc., etc. The two other ladies had their handkerchiefs over their mouths, and were staring intently on the stage, when the Man from Solano continued:

"Then, may be, Miss, whenever there is a show goin' on that you'll attend, you'll just drop me a word to Earle's Hotel to this yer address," and he pulled from his pocket a dozen worn letters, and taking the buff envelop from one, handed it to her with something like a bow.

"Certainly," broke in the facetious Dashboard. "Miss X. goes to the Charity Ball to-morrow night. The tickets are but a trifle to an opulent Californian, and a man of your evident means, and the object a worthy one. You will, no doubt, easily secure an invitation."

Miss X. raised her handsome eyes for a moment to Dashboard. "By all means," she said, turning to the Man from Solano; "and as Mr. Dashboard is one of the managers and you are a stranger, he will, of course, send you a complimentary ticket. I have known Mr. Dashboard long enough to know that he is invariably courteous to strangers, and a gentleman." She settled herself in her chair again and fixed her eyes upon the stage.

The Man from Solano thanked the Man of New York, and then, after shaking hands with everybody in the box, turned to go. When he had reached the door he looked back to Miss X. and said:

"It *was* one of the queerest things in the world, Miss, that my findin' them checks—"

But the curtain had just then risen on the garden scene in "Faust," and Miss X. was absorbed. The Man from Solano carefully shut the box-door and retired. I followed him.

He was silent until he reached the lobby, and then he said, as if renewing a previous conversation: "She is a mighty peart girl—that's so. She's just my kind and will make a stavin' good wife."

I thought I saw danger ahead for the Man from Solano, so I hastened to tell him, he was beset by attentions, that she could have her pick and choice of the best of society, and finally, that she was, most probably, engaged to Dashboard.

"That's so," he said, quietly, without the slightest trace of feeling; "it would be very queer if she wasn't. But I reckon I'll steer down to the hotel. I don't care much for this yellin.'" (He was alluding to a cadenza of the famous cantatrice Signora Batti Batti.) "What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch. It was such a glaring sham, so obviously bogus, that my eyes were fascinated by it. "You're looking at that watch," he said; "it's purty to look at, but she don't go worth a cent. And yet the price was $125, gold I gobbled her up at Chatham street, day before yesterday, where they were selling 'em very cheap at auction."

"You have been most outrageously swindled," I said, indignantly. "Watch and chain are not worth twenty dollars."

"Are they worth fifteen?" he asked gravely.

"Possibly."

"Then I reckon it's a fair trade. Ye see, I told 'em I was a Californian from Solano and hadn't anything about me of greenbacks. I had three slugs with me. Ye remember them slugs? (I did; the "slug" was a "token" issued in early days—a hexagonal piece of gold a little over twice the size of a twenty dollar gold piece— worth and accepted for fifty dollars.)

"Well, I handed them that and they handed me the watch. You see them slugs I had made myself outer brass filings and iron pyrites, and used to slap 'em down on the boys for a bluff in a game of draw poker. You see, not being reg'lar Gov'ment money, that wasn't counterfeiting. I reckon they cost me, counting time and anxiety, about fifteen dollars. So if this yer watch is worth that, it's about a square game. Ain't it?"

I began to understand the Man from Solano, and said it was. He returned his watch to his pocket, toyed playfully with the chain, and remarked: "kinder makes a man look fashionable and wealthy, don't it?"

I agreed with him. "But what do you intend to do here?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a cash capital of nigh on $700. I guess until I get into reg'lar business I'll skirmish round Wall street, and sorter lay low." I was about to give him a few words of warning, but I remembered his watch and desisted. We shook hands and parted.

A few days after I met him on Broadway. He was attired in another new suit, but I think I saw a slight improvement in his general appearance. Only five distinct colors were visible in his attire. But this, I had reason to believe afterward, was accidental.

I asked him if he had been to the ball. He said he had. That gal—and a mighty peart gal she was, too—she was there, but she sorter fought shy of me. I got this new suit to go in, but those walters sorter run me into a private box, and I didn't get much chance to continue our talk about them checks. But that young feller, Dashboard, was mighty perlite. He brought lots of fellers and young women round to the box to see me, and he made up a party that night to take me round to Wall street and in them Stock Boards. And the next day he called for me and took me. And I invested about $500 in them stocks— may be more. You see we sorter swopped stocks. You know I had ten shares in the Peacock copper mine, that you was once secretary of."

"But those shares are not worth a cent. The whole thing exploded ten years ago."

"That's so, maybe—you say so. But then I didn't know anything more about Communipaw Central, or the Naphtha Gaslight Co., and so I thought it was a square game. Only I realized on the stocks I bought, and I kem up outer Wall street about $400 better. You see it was sorter risk, after all, for the Peacock stocks *might* come up!"

I looked into his face; it was immeasurably serene and commonplace. I began to be a little afraid of the man; or rather, of my want of judgment of the man, and, after a few words, we shook hands and parted.

It was some months before I again saw the Man from Solano. When I did I found that he had actually become a member of the Stock Board, and had a little office on Broad street, where he transacted a fair business. My remembrance going back to the last night I met him, I inquired if he had renewed his acquaintance with Miss X. "I heard that she was in Newport this summer, and I ran down there for a week."

"And you talked with her about the baggage-checks?"

"No," he said seriously; "she gave me a commission to buy some stocks for her. You see, I guess them fash'nable fellers sorter got to runnin' her about me, and so she put our acquaintance on a square business footing. I tell you she's a right peart girl. Did ye hear of the accident that happened to her?"

I had not.

"Well, you see, she was out yachting, and I managed through one of those fellers to get an invite, too. The whole thing was got up by a man that they say is going to marry her. Well, one afternoon the boom swings round in a little squall and knocks her overboard. There was an awful excitement—you've heard about it, maybe?"

No! But I saw it all with a romancer's instincts in a flash of poetry! This poor fellow, debarred through uncouthness from expressing his affection for her, had at last found his hitting opportunity. He had—

"Thar was an awful row," he went on, "and I ran out on the taffrail, and there a dozen yards away was that purty creature, that peart gal, and—I——

"You jumped for her," I said hastily.

"No!" he said gravely. "I let the other man do the jumping. I sorter looked on."

I started at him in astonishment.

"No," he went on seriously. "He was the man who jumped—that was just then his 'put'—his line of business. You see, I had waltzed over the side of that ship, and cavorted in, and finally flopped to the bottom, that other man would have jumped natural-like and saved her, and ez he was going to marry her anyway I don't exactly see where I'd hev been represented in the transaction. But don't you see, ef, after he'd jumped and, hadn't got her, he'd gone down himself, I'd hev had the next chance, and advantage of having him outer the way. You see, you don't understand me—I don't think you did in California."

"Then he did save her?"

"Of course. Don't you see she was all right? If he'd missed her I'd have chipped in. Thar warn't no sense in my doing his duty onless he failed."

Somehow the story got out. The Man from Solano as a butt became more popular than ever, and of course received invitations to burlesque receptions, and naturally met a great many people whom otherwise he would not have seen. It was observed also that his $700 was steadily growing, and that he seemed to be getting on in his business. Certain Californian stocks which I had seen quietly interred in the old days in the tombs of their fathers were magically revived; and I remember, as one who has seen a ghost, to have been shocked as I looked over the quotations one morning to have seen the ghostly face of the Dead-Beat Beach Mining Co.," roughed and plastered, look out from the columns of the morning paper. At last a few people began to respect, or suspect, the Man from Solano. At last suspicion culminated with this accident:

He had long expressed a wish to belong to a certain "fash'n'ble" club, and with a view of burlesque he was invited to visit the club, where a series of ridiculous entertainments were given him, winding up with a card party. As I passed the steps of the club-house early next morning, I overheard two or three members talking excitedly.

"He cleaned everybody out." "Why, he must have raked in nigh on $40,000."

"Who?" I asked.

"The Man from Solano."

As I turned away, one of the gentlemen, a victim, noted for his sporting propensities, followed me, laying his hand on my shoulder, asked:

"Tell me fairly now: What business did your friend follow in California?"

"He was a shepherd."

"A what?"

"A shepherd. Tended his flocks on the honey-scented hills of Solano."

"Well, all I can say is, I don't like your California pastorals!"—*Bret Harte.*

Couldn't Scare Him.

A Union street girl discovered her young brother out behind the shed the other day pulling away at a sweet fern cigar.

"There young man!" she exclaimed as the cigar hastily disappeared behind the boy's back; I'll tell your father of you—see if I don't."

"Yes, you tell 'im," retorted the brother, suddenly recovering himself; "you tell 'im and see how quick that fellow o' yourn'll skip. I'll just tell father how you an' 'im was sittin' on the parlor sofy, jest go an tell, that's all I ask."

The sister very discreetly withdrew while the young statesman finished the cigar in tranquillity.—*Rockland Courier.*

Mrs. Mayfield, a widow of Stanford, Kentucky., fell in love with a tramp at sight, who came to her house to beg, and married him, notwithstanding the threats of her relatives to put her in an insane asylum.

An amendment to the constitution—A wooden leg.

The Black Hills.

H. R. Johns, of Greeley, in a letter gives the following particulars about his recent trip to the Black Hills country and experience therein: We had but three pleasant days from Greeley to Custer City, and part of the time it seemed almost impossible to keep from freezing. But the night we passed Alkali Springs, nearly two hundred miles from Cheyenne, was the roughest we found on the entire trip. It is a bleak, desolate place on the open prairie—no wood, no shelter, and the hills all covered with snow. We camped here about three o'clock in the afternoon, and an hour afterward a cold storm came up from the north, driving the snow in every direction, sending it in drifts in the corral we had formed with our wagons until it was ten inches deep on our beds. The next morning the thermometer stood 28 degrees below zero, and as the stage came along the passengers were to glad too avail themselves of the handful of fire we had to keep from freezing. Nearly all of us froze our fingers and ears, while Geo. Barnes froze one of his feet quite badly while in bed, but was not aware of it until next morning. The next day the storm continued until we reached Alum Springs, when it cleared up, but it was awful cold, every breath freezing our whiskers. The snow continued getting deeper until we reached Custer—in many places it drifted so badly that we had to shovel our way through. At Pleasant Valley, nine miles from Custer, I had the misfortune to lose a horse. He got loose in the night, pulled a fifty pound sack of flour out of the wagon, and at 7 o'clock the next evening he "passed in his checks." We reached Custer the 23d of January, in good health, and with appetites that were ruinous to a hotel keeper. Here we left our wagons and built us sleds out of pine, loaded for other parties at Deadwood, and stored our goods. We took 2,500 pounds to a sled, at four cents per pound, but would have done better had we taken 500 instead of 2,500, for the roads were horrible.

We were six days getting to Deadwood, and our teams looked as though they had been drawn through a knothole. After discharging our freight we drove up to the Buffalo Corral, kept by two Greeleyites, John Harris and William Lynn, who are in good spirits and doing well. About a month ago they bought the place they now occupy for $800, and they were offered 2,200 for the place, in my presence, a few days ago. The next day was spent in looking around. We went up Deadwood Creek to Gayville, South Bend, Central, Golden Gate and Gold Run, finding the miners all busy in washing out the dirt they had been drifting through all winter, and meeting with good results. Two miles of Deadwood Creek is very rich, paying from $300 to $1,500 a day to four men. The balance of the creek pays good wages, say about twenty dollars a day to the man, while Whitewood and Goldrun are some better, but the Placer mines are not the prominent mines of the country. Some very rich ledges have lately been discovered, two of which sold, only last week, one for $40,000 and the other for $50,000 cash. Three months ago the young men who sold these ledges were not worth a dollar in the world, while a number of sales of less importance have also been made. The country is completely covered with quartz, the ledges cropping out everywhere. Five ledges are actually worked by mills now in operation, and three mills more are on the road up to be erected on Whitewood, and large quantities of ore piled waiting for them. The Black Hills contain a population of about 10,000, while 3,000 are concentrated at Deadwood, and as you stand at the head of Main street on Sunday and look down through the principal street, you see a perfect jam of men on every side. Sunday is the great day in the mines, and merchants and business men look forth to this day as their harvest. Money is getting plenty, and but very little cry of hard times, yet there are a great many idlers here—men that are cursing the country and trying to get away, while others seem to be satisfied and happy. My opinion is that the Black Hills have not been overrated, but offer better inducements to men of energy and perseverance than any other country in the world, and now is the time to strike, for they are yet in their infancy, but, in my judgment will convice the most credulous as to their richness the coming summer.

Pretty Tolerable Mean.

A Detroit doctor recently met an ex-patient of his on State street and called the man's attention to the fact that he had a bill against him for medical services.

"Can't pay," replied the man.

"Do you want to pay?" sternly demanded the physician.

"Of course I do, but I'd like a little time."

"How much?"

"About twenty years."

"I'll sue this bill!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Sue away, for I ain't worth but a shirt and a half, and I am growing poorer every day."

"Well, sir, you are a blamed mean man!" continued the doctor.

"How mean am I? Please state what grade of meanness you mean?"

"I mean," said the doctor, as he got more color in his ears, "I mean that you are mean enough to pretend to die to spite your creditors and make your wife trouble. You are mean enough to let them bury you in due form. Then, if I came at night, dug you up carried your cadaver on my back for a mile and a half, you'd be mean enough to come to life, pick my pockets, and want me to hire you to fill up the grave again."

"Is that your candid opinion, doctor?"

"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Well, doctor you may drive on. If you have time during the day, please write me out a chart, for you best Fowler by a length and a half. Good-bye, doctor; seems like spring, doesn't it?"

Anecdotes of Signor Blitz.

To the boyish tricks of Signor Blitz in his native village his neighbors ascribed the loss of their sheep, mishaps to their cattle, and any unusual occurrence within twenty miles of the town. Indeed, the good priest and burghers of the town held a solemn council to consider what should be done with this uncanny boy. No result seems to have come of their deliberations, "yet," says the author, "the villagers might be seen standing a long way off gazing at my person, and alleging that they saw most mysterious sights of beings passing in and out of the chimneys, through the windows, and of red and blue fires burning round the house at midnight."

At Exeter, England, in the early part of 1826, he was summoned before the Archbishop and Church Council, prior to a performance, and called upon to answer various charges of irreligion, and as being an "idle, mischievous person." The council were not able to find him guilty, but he treated them to a gratuitous performance. He astonished the assemblage by announcing that a watch, which he exhibited, would be transported to a cushion in the cathedral pulpit; and there it was found when a messenger went to search for it.

His first feat as a ventriloquist was in a dissecting room, whither he had been invited by a medical friend. The doctor, scalpel in hand, had made an incision in the body of a woman, to which she protested. "It is cruel to mutilate," said the voice, "the remains of a woman."

"Yes," came from another body upon another; "it is an outrage to thus abuse a woman." Doctor and students made a rush for the door, and it was only when the surgeon had frantically driven home in his carriage, taking Signor Blitz with him, that the ventriloquist explained.

It is impossible to give more than a few of the many anecdotes which Signor Blitz himself has left of his long life and varied experience. Meeting Paganini, the violinist, during a visit to Glasgow, an infant's cry came from within the great Italian's fiddle.

"My God!" said Paganini, "what is this?"

"You know whose child it is," said a female voice from a neighboring closet. The excited musician rushed to the closet, thence back to his violin, and then turned round to see Signor Blitz laughing and to receive his explanation.

An Egyptian mummy was presented by the American Consul at Cairo to a Philadelphia museum. A crowd was one day about the case, and was startled by a voice from amid the multitudinous linen folds.

"Open the box! open the box!" said the voice.

"Who are you?" asked one visitor, more venturesome than the rest.

"I'm a descendent of the Pharoahs," answered the voice.

"What do you want?"

"Ask yourself. Your confounded Yankee curiosity has waked me up from the sleep of ages. Open the box!"

"What's your name?"

"Signor Blitz," answered the voice, and the great ventriloquist made himself known.

The Signor while in Nova Scotia was approached by an old orange woman with a basket of delicious fruit. He bought an orange for a sixpence, and cutting it in half drew from the center a golden sovereign. This performance was repeated with another orange, the old woman looked on with amazement. He was about to take a third from her basket, when she snatched it away and vowed he should have no more sovereigns for a sixpence.

Introduced to a very solemn clergyman in Hartford, Conn., that gentleman abruptly denounced the Signor for performances which were "dangerous to the welfare of mankind," and much more of the same sort. Interrupting him, the Signor plucked a pack of playing-cards from the pocket of his ministerial coat, and withdrew a dice-box and dice from his clerical hat. Signor Blitz was troubled no more with orthodox objections from the gentleman.

In the old Sixth Street Market, Philadelphia, he bought a dozen eggs for 24 cents from a stolid Dutchman. "Clear as wasser mit a well-bucket, eh?" remarked the vender, as he handed them over.

The Signor broke one and there came peeping through the aperture, first a feathered head and then a whole canary bird, which sang sweetly to the man of eggs.

The Signor's fun making propensity seems to have been irresistible, and found expression in all manner of startling ways and places. He made a negro cry out from within his trunk on one occasion, and came near being arrested as an abolitionist. He made his horse talk, and the frightened hostler could not be induced to reenter the stable. So the Signor was himself compelled to groom the animal. His favorite resort seems to have been in the market-places, where he gave voice to chickens and pigs and fish and even oysters, to the great confusion of the market people. But when he had had his laugh the kind-hearted Professor never failed to make good any loss, direct or indirect, that his victims might have suffered. His benevolence was comprehensive, and it is said of him that he gave away half of what he made in charity. In the Island of St. John, however, an offer to give to the poor the proceeds of one of his entertainments was refused by the villiage pastor. "What!" said the shepherd, "receive alms for the poor from a wizard—a bewitched hand? Oh, no! What spiritual grace would flow upon the objects in distress?"

'I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking',' said an old lady; 'but when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jinks,' it does seem as if the airth was made to live on, after all.'

A Rhode Island man tried to cure a ham with blue glass.

Ingersoll in New York.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll of Illinois, lectured on Wedesday night at Steinway Hall, New York, to a large audience on "Political Questions and Answers." He was introduced by A. B. Cornell and was loudly applauded throughout the lecture. He said the campaign was b