The Somerset Herald.

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

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

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

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

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july18

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

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 of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 29, '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 Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70 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 Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb7 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 30a'72

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 country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $5, 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. mar18

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, 71-1y.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
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. jel2-72

J. R. 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. aug18.

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 title, &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. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters.
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.

Cambria Co. Bank.
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Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits.
Loans Negotiated.
Drafts Bought and Sold.
Jany. 3.

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. jan29

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

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

77 FIFTH AVE.
NEW CARPETS!
PRICES the VERY LOWEST,
The Assortment Unsurpassed.
H. M'CALLUM.
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Americans should secure so valuable a collection of authentic pictures of the growth and greatness of their own country.
Pleasing and Profitable Presents.
Cartes de Visite, 15 cents; 5 x 8, 50 cents; 8 x 10, $1.00 each. Catologues sent for three cent stamp.
For sale by all dealers and booksellers. Address,
CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.,
(Wilson & Adams) Philadelphia, Pa
STUDIO ON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.
Nov. 24.

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 gratuited by Congress in aid of the construction of its 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, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, in Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored.
To aid in the settlement of this superb domain with an intelligent and industrious people, is the object of the HOMESTEAD. It is intended to contain a fair and candid representation of facts; nor will it ever give, intentionally, any statement that will not, upon investigation, be fully sustained.
The Company obtains its title to these lands from the Government of the United States.
They are being 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.
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. SNIPLEY.
April th, 1875.

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,
PITTSBURGH.

[For the HERALD.]

SANDS OF EGYPT.

CLEOPATRA.

Last night as I waked in the moonlight
I listened in vain for your speech;
I lay in the light and stretched me,
But empty my aching arms reached.
I drew back my silken curtains
To let in the splendor of night,
And it fell on my hot, throbbing bosom,
That glowed and pulsed in its light;
I breathed the soft breath of midnight,
I bathed in the moon's silver flood,
Till I panted with heat and the fever
Of love in my riotous blood.

I tossed on my hot couch of purple,
Till I wished that it were a grave;
Then went to the crystalline fountain,
There my hot body to lave.
I dipped in the sparkling waters
Beneath the broad light of the moon;
And the air was oppressive with fragrance,
Of flowers that hung folded at noon.
I listlessly gazed on the garden,
Where palm-trees bowed to the wave;
For my heart ached under the burden,
Of jealousy strong as the grave;
Aye, strong as the grave, and more cruel;
For Antony tarries away.
Has a woman captured the hero
Once victor in every fray?
Has a woman fettered my tyrant,
With chains of her golden hair?
Does she feed on his eloquent kisses,
And has he forgotten me there?

Ho! Charmian, call me a messenger;
I will send once more to my brave,
My grand, gray-haired old Roman;
Safe carry this message, O slave.
Since the dreary day when my soldier
Girded his armor and sword,
And marched at the call of young Cæsar,
I have never forgotten my word.
Not made was my promise for breaking,
Though Antony said, with a smile,
Expect nothing more from a woman—
I'st not so, my sweet serpent of Nile?"

Ah! where is a king like my Roman,
With his royal, god-like form;
With arms strong as steel from Damascus,
And his voice as grand as the storm?
Whose shoulders are broad, snowy mountains;
Whose lips like the pomegranate bud;
Dark eyes, like the deep pools in forests,
But stirred with his hot, jealous blood?
Never another was like him,
No warrior so brave or so true!
Can any one blame me, or wonder
That into my life he grew?

Antony, come back to your Egypt,
The hours are so weary; it seems
The only delight in life's promise
Appears to me in my dreams.
One night I lay in deep slumber,
Oppressed by the evening's still heat,
And I dreamed I saw you lying
Stretched at a woman's feet;
That up to her pale, high forehead
Were raised your passionate eyes,
And you lifted the hem of her garment,
While your breath was broken with sighs.
You raised the hem of her garment,
And pressed it long to your lips;
And, as if her mouth were her raiment
You kissed as the honey-bee sips.
Then filled with jealous fury,
I sprang at her slender neck;
But you stretched your hands and caught me
And held my fury in check;
And I struggled, and screamed, and panted,
While her carmine cheek turned pale;
And she trembled, and drooped, and fainted,
Like a lily before a gale.
And then your red lips parted,
And your white teeth showed between,
As you said: "I will go to Egypt,
And I never will leave my queen."
But then I awoke and called you—
I called to empty space;
I listened for your answer,
To hear but the sullen pace
Of the slow and sluggish river
That creeps by the palace door;
And I turned on my heated pillow,
And wept, for my heart was sore.
I would give my kingdom to see you,
If only a little while,
You could come again and call me
Your old, sweet serpent of Nile.
For my grim and grizzled hero,
With his crisp and curling hair,
Widowed forever leaves me,
If he forgets me there.

Bring a tiger-lily, Iras,
I will have my fortune told;
I will have a lover for every
Black spot on its petals of gold;
The leaves shall all be falchions,
To hew dissenters down;
And then I will call my soldier
And I'll give him Egypt's crown.
Lily, what is my fortune?
Will my Antony come home
To his burning sands of Egypt,
Or tarry there in Rome?
See! the spotted lily quivers;
Look! the heavy palm-trees wave;
And the lions now lie crouching,
That once stalked roaming, brave;
And the listless, lagging waters
Have languished till they burn,
And it seems all Egypt's waiting
For Antony's return.

What! Here a Roman soldier!
Good news bring you from Rome?
Quick! tell me of my Antony,
And say he is coming home!
Home to his queen, who loves him—
Home to his longing mate,
Who days long since has wearied
Of watching; but she waits
Your news, grim silent minion!
My Antony, when will he come?
And was he friends with Cæsar
When you left him there in Rome?

* * * * * * * *

Charmian, have I been dreaming?
Was a soldier here from Rome?
Did he tell me of my Antony,
And say he was coming home?
Here, let me whisper softly,
Lest you shall think I rave:
Did he tell me, my Antony
Has wedded the pale Octave?
What shall I do, O Charmian?
Where hide my shame and grief?
Give me to drink mandragara,
Till oblivion brings relief.
O, Iras, the glory of Egypt
To the earth is trailed and torn!
No more the head of kingdoms!
Her queen is held for scorn,
Charmian, robe me in sable,
And drape the palace in gloom—
I care not now for its splendor—
A palace may be a tomb.

When I think of the deep devotion
I laid at his lightest breath,
My heart beats faint and heavy
And I wish it might mean death;
Think you, Iras, he is happy,
With that bloodless, blonde Octave,
And forgets his queen in Egypt?
Gods! let me reach the slave,
The black night-hawk of Erebus,
That brought the evil tale;
I'll scourge, and lash, and rack him,
Till his Roman heart shall quail!
A fitting name, the traitor!
A Roman soldier! Shame!
Hot shame it is, for Antony
Bears a Roman soldier's name!

* * * * * * * *

List, Charmian! Hear ye music?
Methinks I hear the sound
Of warlike tramp, and the foot-fall
Of my Antony on the ground;
It is my soldier's footstep—
Now the Gods be praised! He's come—
My love has proved a magnet
And drawn him away from Rome.
Aye, now I'll sound a pean
That shall echo far and near;
And the envious gods shall listen
As it rings out glad and clear!
He loves me—Antony loves me,
Tear your tawny hair, Octave!
He left you for me and Egypt,
Wring your slighted hands and rave!
Let Cæsar behold your sorrows,
And bewail your vanished charms!
Tell him: Antony's in Egypt,
And asleep in Egypt's arms!

—*Olive Harper.*

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY J. G. A. S——

"Oh, John, dear," and the wife of John Edgeworth ran into the little parlor, where he was seated thoughtfully before the fire, one December night, "one of the soldiers that have just come into town, has been billeted upon us."

"Send Nancy out to the Prince's Arms, and engage a bed for him, Mary," he quietly said. "We can't have him here, and Mattie, poor child, going to be married to-night."

"Oh, bless your heart, John, this isn't a common soldier. He's a sergeant, and one would think, from the way he strutted in, that he was a colonel. When I proposed to get a bed for him outside, he bridled up, and says, with as much authority as if he was talking to a landlady, "If you can't accommodate me with a bed, I can pass the night on the rug before the parlor fire. A soldier, you know, can sleep soundly, however hard his bed. So here I'll stay, says he."

"And here I'll stay," echoed a laughing voice; and the speaker, a tall, manly fellow, attired in the dress of a British sergeant, strode into the room. "The fact is, sir," he continued, addressing John Edgeworth, "I am inclined to think, either your good lady must be a most unloyal subject of his gracious majesty, King William, in denying a welcome to one of the pillars of his throne, or that to-night, at least, she is unwilling to lay an offering at the feet of that beautiful household-god, hospitality."

Here one of the pillars of King William's throne dropped majestically into a chair, complacently stroking, as he did so, a beard and mustache dark and luxurious.

"My good man," John Edgeworth replied, "my wife and myself have always regarded and fulfilled, as a pleasing duty, the entertainment of a soldier billeted upon us; but to-night, the presence of any one beyond our small family circle must prove embarrassing in the extreme. My daughter is to be married to-night, and—"

"Oh, do not imagine for a moment, my good sir," interrupted the sergeant, "that I shall find my situation embarrassing. I assure you, I am always very well at my ease. And a wedding! Of all things, excepting of course the delicate amusement of a battle-field, a wedding delights a soldier."

"We must endure his society, Mary," John Edgeworth said, in a low tone, to his wife. "Do not let it annoy you, my dear; for Mattie's sake, be cheerful. Is Amy with her?"

"She is," answered his wife, sighing deeply as she spoke. "God bless Amy Bradley!"

"God bless her!" John Edgeworth said.

"God bless her!" echoed the sergeant, and continued, rapidly, "Yes, God bless all as good as she is. Is she your daughter, sir?"

"She is not," John Edgeworth sternly said. "And remember, my man, though we are compelled to give you shelter for the night, any further impertinence on your part will be reported to your officer."

"Pardon my impertinence, then," replied the sergeant; and his softened tone arrested the steps of the couple, as they were leaving the room, "and hear me for a moment. Perhaps you both have a little corner in your memories occupied by the dear old room in your childhood's home, where you used to sit during the long, wild winter nights before a fire, blazing away as merrily as that one over there is blazing now, and watch the flames as they burst forth from their prison and shed a faint splendor through the gloom—I think you have. Almost every one has. I know that I have; and to-night, when I was passing the window here, and saw the light of that pleasant fire streaming through the chinks in the shutters, the shadow of many sorrowful years was lifted from my heart. I was again a happy little lad, sitting at my dear mother's feet, my head upon her knee, and tracing with wondering eyes the quaint pictures of the flames. 'Well for you, poor fellow,' thinks I, 'to keep this memory fresh to light.' And so I entered here. I have been rude, but pardon the roughness of a soldier."

Mrs. Edgeworth burst into tears.

"Bid the poor fellow stay, John," she sobbed.

And John Edgeworth with a faltering voice welcomed the sergeant, for both husband and wife saw again in that same room, a little boy kneeling before the fire searching with earnest eyes the secrets of its bright mysteries.

When he was left alone, the sergeant drew his chair over to the window and sat down there. He had scarcely done so, when the door was opened, and a young girl entered the room. She did not notice his presence there, for she went over to the fire, and remained standing before it. Her face was partly turned toward him, and the sergeant gazed upon it with deepening interest. I told its own story, that sweet face—plainer than many words it told that, lovely as it was, sorrowful tears had marred its gentle beauty; and though now a smile brightened over it, that smile was the shadow of some pleasant memory, and now the light of a present joy. A domestic came in, and started when she saw the young girl.

"I thought you were up stairs, Miss Amy."

"Miss Mattie wished to be left alone for awhile, Nancy," she answered.

"Oh, Miss Amy, you oughtn't have left her alone. She might make way with herself. I remember my poor mother telling of a young lady who was going to be made to marry a man she didn't like, and when they went up to call her, they found her lying dead, she killed herself, Miss rather than marry him. To be sure, Miss Mattie isn't forced to marry old Frazer—excuse me, Miss Amy, but I can't say mister to an old villain like him—but any one can see it's killing her. Ah, Miss Amy, if Mr. Harry was here to-night—Well, if she isn't gone!" exclaimed Nancy; for at her last words the young girl had hastily quitted the room. "She's off like an arrow whenever I mention Mr. Harry to her. Good Lord! who is that?" she cried, springing back on perceiving the sergeant.

"Don't be frightened, girl," said he.

"Oh, the soldier! Goodness! what a fright you gave me!"

"So there's going to be a wedding here to-night, my girl!" said the sergeant. "The bridegroom is no favorite, I'm thinking."

The proverbial fascination of a scarlet coat disarmed Nancy's prejudice against the intruder, for she answered without hesitation—

"You're thinking right, then.—Everything has gone wrong with the master of late, and the last hundred pounds he had left he gave for a share in what he heard was a salmon fishery near Rumford. The salmon turned out to be frogs, and then old Frazer kept lending him money, and making him do this and that, until the master had borrowed seven hundred pounds of him! Then at once he came down on him for his money, and either the master must go to Bridewell, or poor Miss Mattie become his wife. And my darling young lady went down upon her knees to her poor father, begging him for his and her mother's sake, to let her marry old Frazer; that she would be contented with him if he was fifty times worse, if she thought they would be happy. But he could not be worse than he is; he is as ugly as the big Cornish giant. "It's my belief he'll sell the last gray hair of his mother's head if he thought he'd get a farthing for it. My dear young mistress! What a husband he is for you!" Nancy hid her face in her apron and sobbed aloud.

"The old story," said the sergeant; "and to make it complete, my girl, your young mistress should have another lover whom she likes."

"And so she has," sighed Nancy, dropping her apron and a tear at the same time. "I fine young gentleman, but not a farthing he can call his own. Ah, Miss Mattie and Mr. Philip would have made a beautiful couple."

"Philip!" the sergeant repeated, in a surprised tone. "Philip what?"

"Philip Rackstone."

"Philip Rackstone! Why, my girl, soon after we marched into town, I pressed a shilling into his palm. Bless me, if I didn't think at the time no common trouble made him 'list."

"'List!" she exclaimed. "He kept his word then; he said from the first he didn't care what would become of him if Miss Mattie married. Oh, my gracious, to 'list!"

"Well," said the sergeant, half sneeringly; "its my candid opinion that man is a fool who cannot meet with the spirit of a man disappointment in love."

"D'ye hear that?" Nancy exclaimed, her cheeks crimson with indignation. "I know a better and a braver man than ever you saw, who couldn't bear a disappointment in love."

"I doubt it," was the gallant reply.

"Doubt it! Wasn't he my master's son, Mr. Harry, Miss Mattie's brother and Miss Amy's lover. He was to be sure, as wild as a young colt, always up to some frolic; and still, for all his wild ways every one was fond of him. Whenever the players came to town, you'd think he was out of his senses for joy. Now, the master was always hard upon the players, calling them a pack of idle vagabonds and the like; and it didn't mend matters when he found out that Mr. Harry went on the stage one night, dressed like an old witch. "He's disgraced himself and us," says he, "and with my consent he shall never marry Amy Bradley," and Miss Amy, who is the master's ward, though she loved Mr. Harry in her heart, said much the same thing, that she never would marry a man she couldn't be proud of; so, to make a long story short, Mr. Harry ran away. This night, five years ago, was the last time we saw him; but I can't help thinking he'll come back and make all the poor hearts that love him happy."

"He became a player, I dare say," the sergeant said; "just the kind of a life a good-for-nothing like him would fancy. And yet he might turn up one of these fine days as rich as the great actor, Warden, who is to play here to-morrow night, so the bills say."

"For Miss Amy's sake, if for nothing else, I'd be glad if he'd come back as poor as he went. I think it's killing her to have him away so long. She could be married since, if she liked, and to a rich man, too; but she loves him too well to marry any one else. Why, if you could only see her when a person speaks of him, the way her face lights up, and the soft, bright light that comes into her sweet eyes—but there's the mistress calling me."

"Stay, Nancy!" exclaimed the sergeant; but Nancy had already left the room. He went after her, returning soon, however; and going over to the fire, he stood where Amy Bradley had stood, saying often to himself, as if the words pleased him, "Happy Mr. Harry! Happy Mr. Harry!"

He resumed his seat as the knocker sounded at the hall door; and shortly after John Edgeworth ushered into the room two persons, one evidently from his appearance a clergyman, the other an old, sharp featured, stony-eyed little man, whom the sergeant surmised to be the bridegroom. The cause of the soldier's presence being explained to him by John Edgeworth, old Frazer, for it was he, in a sudden fit of generosity, threw him a crown, desiring him to drink to his health with it.

The coin fell unnoticed at the sergeant's feet, for the door was opened, and Mrs. Edgeworth entered, followed by Adnie Bradley, on whose arm leaned, or rather clung, a pretty, child-like little creature, her pale young face impressed with the sadness of a heavy heart. She did not raise her eyes to greet her future lord, who hobbled to her side, and the hand which he took lay cold and passive in his own.

It was a painful sight; that ill-mated couple stands before the clergyman to utter vows that to one, at least, must seem a death knell. Painful in deed it must have been to the manly heart of the sergeant, for his chest heaved with suppressed emotion. He rose from his chair, but he sat down again, passing his hands over his eyes. He saw John Edgeworth's face whiten with intense agony—he saw the bowed heads of Mrs. Edgeworth and Amy Bradley; he heard the low voice of the clergyman falteringly begin the marriage ceremony, as if he felt that the blessing which he would invoke would be a mockery. He saw all this, I repeat, until the clergyman, turning to the poor girl, asked her "if she would take that man there present for her lawful husband," then springing up, he shouted,—

"Never, Mattie! never my sister!"—but the rest of the exclamation was lost in the cries of "Harry!" that burst from the lips of the astonished woman, and the next moment they were clinging around him, weeping, heartily enough, to be sure, but their tears were the blessed tears of joy.

"Harry, Harry, my dear boy?" faltered John Edgeworth, still half incredulous.

"Yes, father," returned the sergeant, removing from his face at the same time the beard and mustache which had disfigured it, "your son, indeed, who has returned to ask your forgiveness, to snatch poor Mattie from a miserable future, and if Amy loves me yet, and won't say no, why, to become her husband."

Amy hid her blushing face on his shoulder, whispering—

"Indeed I won't say no, dear Harry."

"Oh, Harry, darling, are you in earnest?" Mattie cried, still clinging around his neck. "Oh I know you are—and I won't have to marry him?"

"That you won't, poor little thing," said Harry.

Where was old Frazer during this interesting colloquy?—where, indeed, but standing over by the window gnawing his lips, and forcing his nails into his clenched hands.

"My money! my seven hundred gold guineas, John Edgeworth!" he gasped.

"There's your money, old Shylock!" Harry said, throwing a well-filled purse across the room. "And now, hark ye, quit! Well, yes, satisfy yourself, and count it. You'll find it right, for I assure you it was placed in there for you."

Old Frazer deliberately emptied the purse of its contents upon the table, and finding the sum to be correct, nervously thrust the coin and bills back into it, and turned to leave the apartment. In doing so, his foot struck the crown piece which he had thrown to the sergeant on his entrance. He stooped down, and picking it up, hastened from the room without casting a glance behind him.

"Has he gone?" asked Mattie, fearfully raising her head from Harry's shoulder.

"He has, but somebody else is to come, Mattie," said Harry.

As he spoke, Nancy came into the room, followed by a tall, handsome young fellow who, no sooner had he perceived Mattie, than, regardless of all present, he held her in his arms.

"So, Philip, my boy," laughed Harry, "you took me for a sergeant, and thought you had really 'listed?"

"He couldn't believe me for a long time, Mr. Harry, dear," sobbed Nancy. "I found him sitting so disconsolate in the little room where you left him."

"Took you for a sergeant, Harry," said Mrs. Edgeworth, eyeing the military clothes, "and you are not one?"

"My dear mother," he answered, "I am not a soldier; and, though I incur my father's displeasure, I confess I am an actor."

"Forgive me, my dear boy," John Edgeworth said, warmly pressing his son's hand. "I was too hasty in the past. I have long since overcome my foolish prejudices against the theatrical profession; and, to convince you, I say that I would find a truly intellectual gratification in witnessing the powerful delineations of the great Warden to-morrow night."

"You have witnessed one to-night, father—I am he!"

"Oh, goodness gracious!" cried Nancy, clapping her hands. "Mr. Harry the great actor! Oh, Miss Amy, can't you now be proud of him?"

"I trust she may," Harry said; drawing Amy Bradley to his side, he exclaimed, "Since I have so well played the part of a sergeant, may my performance of a happy husband be far more successful, and, with a blessing of a kind Heaven, be longer upon the stage."

Go For Him.

He's a poor hard working man trying to pay his honest debts and support his family by honest toil; but "go for him," because he cannot pay you a few dollars that he owes. He is poor and entitled to no consideration. Keep him down.

Help him! He's a rich man who robbed a bank or made an assignment, lives in a fine mansion and walks leisurely, enjoying life while his wife and children are deprived of none of the luxuries of wealth or the enjoyment of society. He's smart, an enterprising business man, and it is a pity he robbed his creditors. Don't say anything to hurt his tender feelings, nor expect him to soil his tender fingers by toil. He compounded with creditors at twenty-five per cent. and now lives in luxurious ease as honored respected citizen and a prominent man.

Go for him! He's poor—he is trying to pay cent for cent with interest, and his hands are hardened by toil—wife and children feel the pinchings of poverty and the tightness of the times—he lives in a small house and fares scantily—but it is as good as he deserves; he has no business to be poor or honest. He's a fool for not robbing a bank or stealing from those who would have trusted him in prosperous days. He ought to be poor! Go for him! Keep him down—pile upon him such a weight of obloquy and pecuniary embarrassment that he will never be able to rise.

Wade Hampton's Folly.

The spectacle of Mr. Wade Hampton, whirling through the South on a triumphant trip to Washington, and making inflammatory speeches from the rear of the train to crowds of faithful Confederates gathered for the purpose of overawing (we had almost used that tabooed word "intimidating") adverse sentiment, is not a pleasant one for the Republicans of the North to contemplate. Here are cheerful samples of his utterance: "Having been elected Governor of South Carolina, and being recognized by the people as such, I intend to exercise my rights. My visit to Washington is merely a matter of personal courtesy to the President."

"I am going there to demand our rights, and nothing less, and so help me God, to take nothing less."

"We have won a victory at the ballot-box and we will not submit our case to the arbitration of any Commission."

The Republican party of the North has stood ready to make, for the settlement of this Southern question, every concession compatible with the sacred principles of our Government, and with the protection of the rights and liberty of Southern Republicans. It has manfully, magnanimously supported President Hayes in a policy which proposes to give up all selfish party advantages, and which contemplates a yielding of rightful claims that it is a sore trial of our restraint to waive. And what do we find in return? No spirit of concession, no recognition of our generosity—only the most consummate arrogance, the most impudent assertion of absolute right, the most defiant threats of forcing us to yield all and everything that we hold most sacred in politics. Mr. Hampton is unwise—dangerously, if not fatally unwise. He forgets his own past, and the past of the party he represents. He forgets the the outlawry of his White Leagues, the fearful scenes of violence in which they have played so bloody a part, the rebellion against all law and authority, the massacre of Hamburg, the blood-soaked sod of Edgefield County. He forgets that he is forcing us to remember these things which we would willingly have forgotten. He forgets that the character of Governor Chamberlain is known and respected throughout this portion of the land. He forgets how his own party papers have borne testimony to Chamberlain's manly course, his devotion to honest government, his desperate warfare against corruption, his battle for a thorough reform to which Hampton and his friends were the main obstacles.

But with us, our attention is necessarily forced to these remembrances by Mr. Hampton's reckless course. He defiantly throws down the gage of battle as in 1860–61, and he utterly mistakes the temper of our people if he thinks the air and action of a bravado will frighten them.

We urge upon his friends, if they have any desire of sustaining the President's policy of pacification, to restrain the temper of their foolish leader. The North can not be brought to bow its head and consent that Mr. Hampton and his White Leagues have been in the right. The North will never, till the day of doom, yield indorsement to the Mississippi plan. It will never abandon, in fact or principle, the rights of Southern Republicans. Mr. Hampton, and his party must meet us fairly, in a spirit of compromise and concession, or he must meet us as a political opponent, with whom there can be no manner of agreement—*Cincinnati Times.*

A New Grain.

A party in Michigan advertises as "the coming cereal" something that he calls "Pampas or upland rice," with the following claims and history: "Very prolific. Yields from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty bushels per acre on good land. As nutritious as ordinary rice, very delicious and wholesome. Weighs sixty pounds to the bushel. Is very hardy, and a surer crop than corn in any part of the United States. Is planted and cultivated the same as corn. Easily gathered. Can be thrashed with a common thrashing machine, and ground in any grist mill. Excellent for table use. Makes the best bread and cakes. Horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls eat it with avidity and fatten well upon it, and the stalks and leaves when green, make excellent fodder. The grain is of South American origin, but has been grown and experimented upon by the subscriber since