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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXV. NO. 49. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1349.

Attorneys-at-Law.

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

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

W. R. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Colfroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth building. jan. 24, '76.

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-ly.

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.

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

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.

JOHN C. 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. 28 76-ly

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

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

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.

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

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice and at reasonable rates.
☞ Enquire at Casebeer & Co's Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

Physicians.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 11. 76-tf.

DR. H. SHOEMAKER 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. Feb17 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
☞ Office in Mammoth Block apr4'72

Dentists.

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.

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

DR. J. 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.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Fresse's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY,
DENTIST
GALE 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. 8m12-72

Hotels

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. jan13

DIAMOND HOTEL.
SCOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Tables and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

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. apr

Banks, &c.

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. 3.

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. jan13

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1874. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit thus compounding once 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 mortgage on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references required, if titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. S. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapely, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boyd, Conrad Supples, Geo. T. Swank, James Moulton, James Morley and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. 10v24.

Miscellaneous.

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.

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. 119 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 18, 1875.

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.

HIGHEST AWARDS! Centennial Exhibition.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
NORTHWEST CORNER
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS.
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURES OF PATENTED
Wrought-Iron Air-Tight Heaters
WITH SHAKING AND CLINKER-GRINDING GRATES FOR BURNING ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Crates, Etc.
Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address.
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 25.

77 FIFTH AVE.
NEW
CARPETS!
PRICES the VERY LOWEST,
The Assortment Unsurpassed.
H. M'CALLUM.
77 FIFH AVENUE.
Bet. Wood and Smithfield Sts.
March 28 PITTSBURG.

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 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 best 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 advantage. 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.

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. jan20

FRO. HICKS. LARUE H. 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. aug29.

J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
☞ Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 11.

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

THOU KNOWEST.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Lord, with what body do they come
Who in corruption here are sown,
When, with humiliation done,
They wear the likeness of thine own?

Lord, of what manner didst Thou make
The fruits upon life's healing tree?
Where flows the water we may take
And thirst not through eternity?

Where lie the beds of lilies prest,
By virgins whiter than their snow?
What can we likeness the rest,
Thy well-beloved yet shall know?

And where no moon shall shine by night
No sun shall rise and take his place,
How shall we look upon the light,
Oh, Lamb of God, that lights Thy face?

How shall we speak our joy that day
We stand upon the peaceful shore,
Where blest inhabitants shall say,
Lo! we are sick and sad no more?

What anthems shall they raise to Thee,
The host upon the other side?
What will our depths of rapture be
When heart and soul are satisfied?

How will life seem when fear, nor dread,
Nor mortal weakness claims our powers?
When sin is crushed, and death is dead,
And all eternity is ours?

When, with our Lover and our Spouse,
We shall as angels be above,
And plight our troths and breathe no vows,
How shall we tell and prove our love?

How can we take in faith Thy hand,
And walk the way that we must tread?
How can we trust and understand
That Christ can raise us from the dead?

We cannot see nor know to-day,
For he hath made us of the dust;
We can but wait His time, and say,
E'en though He slay me, will I trust!

Swift to the dead we hasten now,
And know not e'en the way we go:
Yet quick and dead and Thine, and Thou—
Thou knowest all we do not know!

DICK JONES' CONVERSION.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes on the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives here?" said the stranger pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Ain't you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice, then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—may be, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set the dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So take a friend's advice and let him alone No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of the husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentence. Of all things in the world the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones'; and I am bound to place one there."

"O, very well, follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horse whip over your shoulders. So good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and, above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance in the air; and even as the colporteur trod these grounds he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no drinking in his heart. He was not a terror of the lions that crouched in his path Soon he stood at the door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestage of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman who hurridly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half exposed bosom, on seeing a ranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur in a low reverent voice, as he stood with one foot on the ground and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. It's whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly, my husband will be here directly, and he—

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was on her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it in the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O sir, I wish you yould go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones' account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible, and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the whole world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the old Testament?"

"No sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book toward his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interrupted the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate sometimes. Do sir, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I have not. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"take heed that you do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." As he proceeded in a low, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward, listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ear.—When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice.

"Who's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending, now, the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go before I fling you out into the road!" And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Low, yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of the evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken; else would it not have fallen on the ears of that evil minded man with such power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the holy book. His wife, who had stood half-paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to his side, and then bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded. They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made and responded to with tears. When the "amen,' was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place. The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a child.

Once more the colporteur read from the holy book, while the man and woman listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length; and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which he speaks to his erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of the beautiful prayer the Savior taught his disciples—the prayer your mother taught you when you were innocent children,—'Our Father who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling, thought it was plain to see that he struggled hard with the flood of emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and in a few moments was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sun beam fell suddenly upon his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O, sir, we can never be done reading the good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were written just for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children or Daniel in the lion's den. Often when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and begun to read one of its beautiful stories. O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe for hours. And Richard too—" she glanced toward her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard too,—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped, near as often as he used to be. O, yes, indeed, sir it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones, an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain, and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint and weary."

And with a stronger heart and more earnest purpose, he went on his way.

Spring Ailments.

The remedy for spring diseases, says *Hall's Journal of Health*, by whatever name, is: Eat less. We do not mean that you shall starve yourself, or that you shall deny yourself whatever you like best, for, as a general rule, what you like best is best for you; you need not abandon the use of tea or coffee, or meat, or anything else you like, but simply eat less of them. Eat all you did in winter, if you like, but take less in amount. Do not starve yourself, do not reduce the quantity of food to an amount which would scarcely keep a chicken alive, but make a beginning by not going to the table at all unless you feel hungry; for if you once get there, you will begin to taste this and that and the other, by virtue of vinegar, or mustard, or spray, or cake, or something nice; thus a fictitious appetite is waked up, and before you know it you have eaten a hearty meal, to your own surprise, and perhaps that, or something else, of those at table with you.

The second step towards the effectual prevention of all spring diseases, summer complaints, and the like, is: Diminish the amount of food consumed at each meal by one-fourth of each article, and to be practical it is necessary to be specific; if you have taken two cups of coffee, or tea, at a meal, take a cup and a half; if you have taken two biscuits, or slices of bread, take one and a half; if you have taken two spoonsful of rice, or hominy, or cracked wheat, or grits, or farina, take one and a half; if you have taken a certain or uncertain quantity of meat, diminish it by a quarter, and keep on diminishing in proportion as the weather becomes warmer, until you arrive at the points of safety and health, and they are two: 1. Until you have no unpleasant feeling of any kind after your meals. 2. Until you have not eaten so much at one meal, but that, when the next comes, you shall feel decidedly hungry.

Supplies being thus effectually cut off, that is, the cause being first removed, Nature next proceeds to work off the surplus, as the engineer does unwanted steam, and as soon as this surplus is got rid of, we begin to improve; the appetite, the strength, the health return by slow and safe degrees, and we at length declare we are as well as ever.

Who Francis Murphy Is.

Edward Kelly, employed at the works of the Dithridge Glass Company, at the foot of Sixteenth street, South Side, was acquainted with Francis Murphy, in Portland, when the latter kept a saloon there and before he got into the trouble which reformed him and put him in the ranks of the temperance workers.

"I first knew Murphy," said Mr. Kelly, "in 1868. He kept a saloon on the corner of Commercial and India streets. I used to go there quite often o' nights. There'd be always a crowd there—sailors, glass-blowers and others. He'd a bar keeper called Tom Shay. Murphy was popular among the boys; he could drink whisky with any of them—in fact, he never was long sober. He used to have games in his house—seven-up and such—and Murphy had to go it 'shady' to keep the police from breaking in on him. It was against the law to sell liquor in Portland then, but saloon keepers sold it on the sly. One night in 1869, a ship-carpenter from Nova Scotia was in Murphy's saloon drunk. He insisted that his wife was up stairs, and wanted to see her. Murphy told him to behave and the bar-keeper threatened to put him out. But he wouldn't be quieted, and swore he was going to have his wife, and started up stairs. Murphy was about sober enough to know his business and he started up after him. On the top of the stairs they got to scuffling, and after a tough struggle between them, Murphy threw the man down, or he fell down accidentally, I don't know which, and was killed. Murphy was arrested on a charge of murder, and laid in jail for months before his case came on for trial. The killing of the man seemed to shock him awfully; after he found what he'd done he wasn't like the same man any more; after he'd been in jail a while, he commenced to preach temperance to the prisoners and to talk to them against the kind of life he'd been leading. When the case came to trial he was acquitted, it being made out that he'd a right to stop the ship carpenter from going up stairs, and protect his guests. I saw him not long after his discharge from jail. It was at Cumberland, a town about ten miles from Portland. I was working on the Maine Central railway extension among a lot of hard cases, when one day it was given out that Murphy was to make a temperance speech in the town on Sunday. There were others there besides me that knew him when he kept a saloon, and when Sunday came the town hall was crowded—all the railroaders being there. It hadn't been a year since I'd seen Murphy at his saloon, but he was awfully changed. His face was thin, and his hair was becoming grayish like. After he made his speech, he got some of them to sign the pledge."

"Was Murphy's place a hotel and a saloon together?"

"Yes, it was a tavern; the New England house was the name of it. The sailors used to stop with him. His place was close to the beach; Commercial street runs right along the beach. Many a time I've played seven-up in Murphy's tavern. His little boys that I've heard him speaking of in his meetings here, I remember two of them well—little bits of lads that used to run about the tavern. His wife I saw, too. I don't remember when she died. She was living I know when he went to jail."

"What did the boys think when Murphy signed the pledge—his old friends and customers, I mean?"

"None of them thought he'd keep it: I never thought he'd keep it."

"What became of his tavern after he went to jail?"

"It stopped altogether. His bar-keeper lef. and I don't know what became of the things. It has never been used as a saloon since. I was back there last August, and the place was vacant. Murphy wasn't very far from Portland at that time either; he was carrying on a temperance meeting at Orchard-beach. His children, I hear, are in Sterling, Illinois."—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

Popping the Question.

One of the Danbury young men who has occasionally escorted a young lady home on Sunday evenings, and went in for lunch, after performing both services last Sunday night, suddenly said to her:

"Do you talk in your sleep?"

"Why—no," she answered, in surprise.

"Do you walk in your sleep?" he next inquired.

"No, sir."

He moved his chair an inch closer, and with increased interest asked:

"Do you snore?"

"No," she hastily replied, looking uneasily at him:

At this reply his eyes fairly sparkled. His lips eagerly parted, and as he gave his chair another hitch, he briskly inquired:

"Do you throw the combings from your hair in the wash basin?"

"What's that?" she asked, with a blank face.

He repeated the question, although with increased nervousness.

"No, I don't," she answered in some haste.

Again his chair went forward, while his agitation grew so great that he could scarcely maintain his place upon it, as he further asked:

"Do you clean out the comb when you are through?"

"Of course I do," she said, staring at him with all her might.

In an instant he was on his knees before her, his eyes ablaze with flame, and his hands outstretched.

"Oh, my dear Miss, I love you," he passionately cried. "I give my whole heart up to you. Love me, and I will be your slave. Love me as I love you, and I will do everything on earth for you 'Oh, will you take me to be your lover, your husband, your protector, your everything?"

It was a critical moment for a young woman of her years, but she was equal to the emergency, as a woman generally is, and she scooped him in.—*Danbury News.*

THE Memphis *Appeal*, which has been the cantankerous enemy of the wicked men who were guilty of the crime of being Southern Republicans, hastens to assure some Northern Republican papers that have lately conceived a realizing sense of the depravity of carpet-baggers, that they have its ardent sympathy in their attacks on these wretches. The *Appeal* is human, and, therefore, it can not refrain from the remark that it is a very short time since its assertions of wickedness of the carpet-baggers were denounced in a furious way by the same papers that now indorse them, and it thinks that some great light must have come to them, or else they have heretofore been hypocrites. But it desires their attention to the circumstances that "the existence of these creatures was the natural sequence of the Republican policy towards the South," and it says, in conclusion:

"We have as much respect for the carpet-bagger as for the party which adopted the measures that warmed him into life, protected his usurpations and robberies with the bayonet, and defended him as a Republican missionary in the South, hated by traitors on account of his loyalty. The Republican party, instead of manifesting a noble sympathy for a brave but unfortunate people, adopted a policy which enabled wretched adventurers to strip the whites of political rights which they gave to their late slaves; they imposed terms upon us more harsh than those which the Russians and Turks inflicted upon the Poles and the Greeks. The carpet-bagger, warmed into life by the Radical policy which sent regiments of armed men to watch and guard a dis-armed and powerless people, and to protect adventurers hunting for booty, and now that the carpet-bagger is shorn of his power to injure, the Southern people will forget the creature, but hold to a rigid account the creator."

We conceive it to be our solemn duty to remind the *Appeal* that it is not manifesting the "Conciliatory Spirit," and that its words have a tendency to stir up strife. We are entirely willing to be forgiven for having preserved the life of the nation, and we sincerely hope that the *Appeal* is ready to be forgiven for having driven out the carpet-baggers. There isn't a Republican Government now, in a single State South of the Ohio, and the Lord only knows when there will be one. If the North can conciliate on this platform, the *Appeal* certainly can. The *Appeal* stands a lively chance of seeing a solid South in 1880, and a divided North, and this prospect ought to bring a smile to its gloomy visage and cause the hard lines to relax. It can gobble up the Republican party if it chooses, but it ought not to make wry faces in the operation. It hurts the Republican self-respect to think that it is not fit food for the Southern Democrats. We hope the *Appeal* will be as moderate and kind in its hour of triumph as possible. Time brings revenges, and it is not impossible that something will drop before 1880, and that things will look better for the Republicans than they do now. In the interests of the policy of conciliation, as well as for its future peace, we hope the *Appeal* will withdraw its unsatisfactory words.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Beaten by a Large Majority.

A boy aged twelve years was permitted to make a trip to Harrisburg, where he daily visited the State House. He came home chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate, William coldly waved him back and said:

"I refer you to the Committee on Fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?

His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked him how he had enjoyed himself, he replied:

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now move to strike out all after the enacting clause."

"What sort of talk is that, Willie?" she asked in great surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pan cakes."

The hired girl came in with the dinner and asked him how he liked Harrisburg. He looked at her with great dignity and replied:

"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration."

She got mad about it, and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill.

He went out to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked him where No. 651 was.

"We'll have a call of the House and see," replied the boy, as he looked around.

"Whose house?" asked the painter.

"Or you can rise to a question of privilege," continued the lad.

"I don't want no sass," said the painter, who thought that the boy was making fun of his red nose.

"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to third reading, or else go into a committee of the whole and debate it."

"I think you need dressing down," growled the painter, and he banged William into a snow-bank and pushed a heap of snow behind his collar.

"Have the minority no rights?" yelled the boy, as he kicked the painter on the shin.

He would have been walloped, had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at sight of her, but calledout:

"I'll see you again, boy."

"I refer the whole subject to father, with instructions to report a bill to walk you into the 'squire's office," replied the representative, and he went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules of a rushing bill, or referring it to the Committee on Cornfields till some one came around with the cigars.

"Do you think I will get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

An Oyster Legend.

There is a sad and weird story of an oyster-scow which still floats around the wharves of Baltimore, where oyster-boats do congregate. One morning, it was years ago, the sloop Martha Mary came from the oyster-beds on the Chesapeake, laden gunnel deep with prime oysters. She was safely moored along the Baltimore wharf. The skipper, pleased with the prospect of his voyage, lounged on the wharf awaiting a customer. There came to this captain a lean, man who said, in a cadaverous voice—

"I would eat some oysters."

"Plenty on board there," was the bluff reply.

"But I would pay for what I eat," interposed the stranger.

"All right, go aboard; eat your fill for a quarter," cheerily replied the skipper, for in those earlier days oysters were not worth more than fifteen cents per bushel.

"Willingly," said the man, producing with alacrity the old Spanish quarter with the pillars on it, the coin of that time, and drawing a large rusty oyster knife from his pocket, opened the hatch of the little vessel and dived below.

The captain went to his breakfast. The meal over, he returned to his sloop deck. Below he heard the measured click of the oyster-knife. He thought little about it, and only said—

"He has a good appetite."

Oysters were not rapid of sale that day, as two more oyster smacks had come in, and purchasers were slack.

"Makes no matter," said the captain, "the weather is cold, them oysters is sound, and they will keep in prime order for a week."

The captain went to dinner. Again he paced his little vessel's deck, and still he heard the monotonous, incessant "click," "click," from below, working away with mechanical regularity. Anxiously then the captain strode along, and was full of fear. As the sun set, still the click of the oyster knife was heard. In terror the captain fled from his smack.