The Somerset Herald.

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

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '70.

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. 12-1y.

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. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &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 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

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
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 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.
july15

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice and at reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug16.

PHYSICIANS.

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

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block. sep4'72

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. 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. 18, '71-1y.

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 $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
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. je19-73

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. jan18

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.

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

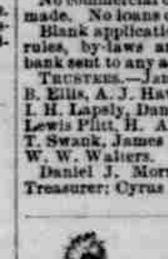
BANKS, ETC.

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.
jan12

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. 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 twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank.
No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsly, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Plitt, 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.



Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

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.

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.

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 is it cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 4th, 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 Grates, 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 FIFTH 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 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.

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven;
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile,
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started,
I could hardly suppress a deep groan
As the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call!

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide every ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up, dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune, light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path, and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so I am here, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I had ever seen;
And then I laid down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

—Editor's Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR HERALD:

You will see from this letter that I am in Decatur, Alabama, and a very bright, pretty place it is with its quaint, but capacious and comfortable hotel embowered in a most luxuriant garden, its lovely river and warm sunshine. I believe this was never intended for a hotel, but rather for some wealthy family, for it has something so homelike and pleasant about it, that as you sit on the shady porch, or in the large parlor, or cool dining-room with its great chimney-piece, or in the beautiful garden, that you forget there is such a thing in the world as a hotel, and then too, the name, the Polk House might have been that of one of our Presidents of the past. There are three or four other hotels here, but this is the best and most frequented by families. I feel so content here that I do not like to think of the weary road that lies behind me, nor the vexation of the journey, nor the fact that we have missed the boat that takes people up to Valbermoso.

To get down here you have to take the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to Pittsburg, and there change and take the Pan Handle Road to Cincinnati, and you change to another to Louisville, and there you are transferred on omnibusses to the depot, and then you pass through Memphis, and from there to Decatur. All that road can be made in two days and a half if you go straight. I always thought the Pennsylvania Central Road was about the best conducted of any, but I have somewhat changed my opinion since traveling this last time. For I went for tickets to Decatur, Alabama, and the very amiable man in charge, in his haste to get rid of me that he might go home, gave me tickets to Decatur, Illinois. I discovered the error at Pittsburg, and after a world of trouble, succeeded in having them changed. I owe much to the kindness of Mr. Frank Petzen, emigrant agent, and to that of W. G. Mingus, head of baggage depot, men worthy and capable of filling higher positions, and another gentleman whose name I could not learn. This may seem a slight thing to those who did not make the trial, but it was serious to me. My baggage all went on and we were obliged to stop over in Pittsburg, at a cost of thirty-one dollars. I would not, however, take the trouble to recount it, were it not that many other people, will make this same trip, and I wish to warn them, to be careful in seeing to their tickets, as the agents in Philadelphia most decidedly are not.

Why is it that Pittsburg seems like a horrible night-mare? Every body always speaks of it so, who has passed through there without stopping. I make this distinction as perhaps there is some good in it after all, but those horrid belching chimneys and lurid tongues of fire, and the darkness and all make it fixed on the mind like a horror.

Columbus, Ohio, is a very pretty city seen from the railroad, but Cincinnati I think is just the opposite, but there is a beautiful bridge that crosses the Ohio river, that makes up the lack of beauty of the city. Everywhere farmers are busy getting in their crops, and in many places wheat and corn are up and looking very thrifty. This year farmers everywhere are planting more grain and less of other things on account of the war, which they expect will advance the prices greatly and pay them better than anything else.

Kentucky is the prettiest State and Louisville the prettiest city of any. Louisville is embowered in trees, and well laid out with wide streets, kept clean, and above all an air of aristocratic refinement about it that I have seen no where else. Every house, person and thing seems to have a sort of self refreshing air about it that gives one sincere pleasure. The Legislature and Grand Jury all came on board the train at one of the way stations for Louisville, and I was struck with their intelligent and proud bearing. There was not one man less than six feet high. A bridal party came on board and the fineness of feature, and a certain delicacy of out-line was particularly noticeable in all the females of the party. It was like the difference between a high bred race-horse and a common one that plows. The horses that I saw were all of them handsome and full of metle, and in short Louisville seemed to me one of the pleasantest cities that ever was. All the country is in high a state of cultivation. I passed Tennessee, mostly in the night, and saw less of it. I fancy that the war swept with more force over Tennessee than Kentucky, as almost on every hand you see ruined cabins, and weeds and brambles climbing over places that once were teeming with agricultural wealth. After and even before passing the State line the country begins to grow more and more romantic and beautiful. The evidence of war's devastation show still plainer and more sadly suggestive. A lovelier country there is not, not even California, my dear California, whose praises I have always sounded.

Along the road to the right rises a line of hills well wooded and watered; there are hundreds of little streams running in every direction watering the plains and moistening the beautiful flowers that border their banks. Orchards bloom in rich profusion in deserted gardens, and lonesome looking cows stand up to their knees in clover. Fences are down and the rails lie scattered about. Stone walls are demolished and all seem to speak of the past. For natural beauty I think I have never seen a prettier place outside of California, and its very wildness of tangled vegetation proves that it is rich land only waiting to be tilled. However, one must not infer there is no cultivation. On the contrary there are many farms in a high state of perfection and these show what can be done with all.

From the State line to Decatur the country through which the railroad passes is mostly a level or rolling, but it is so beautifully interspersed with trees and brooks that it is never monotonous, but always unfolding a new beauty that a moment before was entirely unexpected. Here and there a low chimney standing in the midst of heaps of debris, tells where a family has stood, and a line of dilapidated cabins in the back ground, show where the "quarters" had been, but all is desolate. The trees and green things trying to hide from sight the ruins man has made and thus remove a perpetual pain.

Enough of the poetical side and something of the practical. I am obliged to stay in Decatur all this week, having by my forced stay in Pittsburg been made to miss the boat that only runs weekly to Valbermoso, and so I can only say what I see here and next week I will give fuller information from Valbermoso, my objective point. Since I have been here I have used my woman's prerogative of asking questions until I half imagine I may be taken for a blood relation to the immortal Paul Pry.

Decatur is on the Tennessee river and about 25 miles from Valbermoso Springs, and is about at the centre of the Tennessee Valley from all directions. The Memphis and Charleston and South and North Alabama railroads cross each other and the Tennessee river here. It is a town of 1,800 or 2,000 inhabitants, and is about 15 miles above the Muscle Shoals. It was burned, with the exception of four houses, during the war, but has since been re-built, and, for the most part, with a fine class of buildings. This place has a future, and is bound to be the commercial centre of the South in the States east of the Mississippi. Already two great through trunk lines of railroad connect it with the business parts of the world, and the Tennessee river, which will soon be open to navigation, with the Mississippi and all its tributaries will afford it water communication to all the great West and the Gulf. Other feeding lines of railroad are in course of construction from the interior and other railroad and river connections. It has everything to speak for it a bright future; already a link in the great through line of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been built. This road is now called the Rome and Decatur Railroad, and is completed with rolling stock on the Rome end. I wish to call attention to an offer made by the company to capitalists.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been taken by bona fide subscriptions. The road, as far as completed, and the rolling stock on it, have all been paid for. The State of Georgia endorsed for thirty thousand dollars on condition that the company, would keep the annual interest kept up. The company now offers to give any man or men, or company control of all the subscribed stock, the road bed and rolling stock on it, that will secure the payment of the interest annually on the $30,000 endorsed for by the State of Georgia, and for building and completing the road all the benefits arising therefrom. Here is, without question, a good opening for a profitable investment of money. The establishment of direct trade lines with Europe from Savanah, Brunswick, Mobile and New Orleans is only a question of a little time, and this road is bound to form a line in the chain of the great through route from Ocean to Ocean, because it is on the natural line. But it would pay from the moment it was completed from Rome to Decatur because it connects these points with the present net work of the roads of the country and shortens the distance from east to west eighty miles over any established route. It taps Valhermoso, the future Saratoga of the South, about mid distance. But I must speak a little more about Decatur. Here I found that red soil so famous for its grains and especially for wheat growing capacities. And I was reliably informed that the land in and around Decatur was a true index to the land of the entire Valley which is about eighty miles long by an average of twenty wide, a under a different system of culture would return as large yields as any other on the Continent. Under their present system of poor culture they yield from 50 to 80 bushels of corn per acre, 30 to 60 of wheat, and like proportion of all other small grains; 3 to 5 tons of clover and hay of all kinds; sweet and Irish potatoes from 3 to 500 bushels, and peanuts, peas, beans and all kinds of vegetables grow in great luxuriance. The lands in the valley are for sale at an average of $10 per acre. The reason they are so low is the inability of the present owners to cultivate. They are owned, for the most part, in large tracts by persons who were slave owners before the war and who were left in poverty by the war. The low rate of prices for these lands is not to be attributed, as has been done throughout the North and West, to want of health and to political and social ostracism. The health of this valley compares favorably with that of any of the rich land sections of either the North or the West; and, in fact, statistics show a less death rate from local causes than do Indiana and Ohio or any of the States on that latitude. The outrages that have been inflicted on these people by changes of their social and political incivility to Northern people are simply too monstrous to describe. The mildest thing I can say of them, judging of them on so short an acquaintance with the people here, is to say they are falsehoods without any excuse. A more liberal and social people in both political and social relations are nowhere to be found. Indeed the reverse is the extreme in political feeling.

On the contrary I find that everyone enjoys as perfect a liberty of opinion here as at the North. The people here do not censure the Administration, which listened to, believed in and acted upon the outrages of southern carpet-baggers. They all uphold the policy of President Hayes. One gentleman whose opinion is worth much told me that he was, on the whole, better satisfied with the election of Hayes than he would have been had Tilden received the office, although he had voted for Tilden; and that Hayes could do more for the South than Tilden could have done had he been elected.

The people of the South want those from the North to come here with their energy and enterprise and money, and invest it where larger yields will crown their efforts, and a more congenial climate will add pleasure to life and success in business. Every inducement is offered and every facility will be thrown in the way to help to start in life here. Men of some means need not fear to come here. The skilled habits of the Northern laborer will always give him place as against the untaught and idle habits of the Southern laboring man, so do not fear oppressive competition. What the South needs is money and skilled and reliable labor, and intelligence and enterprise in its application.

GOVERNMENT OR VACANT LANDS.

There is a great deal of this kind of land throughout the mountain portion or central Alabama, and it can be entered as homesteads for actual settlement and cultivation in 80 or 160 acre tracts according to distance from railroads. Within six miles of a railroad in 80 acres or less tracts, and entry costs, from first to last of this class of entries, about nine dollars. Over six miles from a railroad in 160 acres or less tracts, and entries of this class cost, all told, about $18. These entries can only be made for actual settlement, and the purchaser must actually move upon and settle within the first six months after the date of the entry, and must continue to reside upon it as his homestead for five consecutive years, never being absent from it over six months at a time before he can obtain a patent. It costs him $2 to start his entry, the balance is paid when he perfects it to a patent after the lapse of five years. A transfer of an entry before perfecting it to a patent vacates it and it reverts to the government and the purchaser loses his right to ever enter as a homestead purchaser again.

These lands can be entered in tracts of 320 acres or less by paying $1.25 per acre cash, or actual residence of thirty days or payment at the land office of the two dollars which entitles the purchaser to twelve months after his thirty days' actual residence in which to pay the $1.25 per acre. In this class of entries the patent is obtained upon the payment of the money, and the purchaser is not required to live upon it as in the classes first above named.

The vacant lands are for the most part in the mountains, and are chiefly valuable for the natural pasturage which they produce and their forests of timber and their mineral wealth. Coal and iron abound in inexhaustible quantities and of a good quality. Gold, silver, lead and copper have been found, but not in paying quantities, except in two or three places. Water powers are numerous. Clear Creek Falls, in Winston county, have scarcely an equal on the continent. There are two of the falls a quarter of a mile apart with a rapid all the way between and for a short distance below the lower one with sufficient natural current to turn machinery. On the falls the flow is 150 feet wide, 3 feet deep and has a perpendicular descent of about 40 feet. They are on the South Slope and near the top of the mountain, never freeze over and never flood to endanger machinery. They are thirty miles from the nearest present railroad but there are two surveys of roads crossing each other near them. They are on the market with a tract of 400 acres of land at about $5,000. They are in the midst of a virgin forest of the finest timber, chiefly yellow pine.

It seems to me that a company might find it profitable to establish a manufactory of cotton cloth, prints, etc. They would save freight on raw cotton and manufactured goods both, and thus could undersell Northern firms and control the entire Southern trade. Woolen mills could also do well here.

Near these falls is the famous Juggers coal field which produces a coal so rich and pure that a ton will burn all up in the open air, leaving but a handful of ashes. All this mountain region is well adapted by nature to wool growing and stock raising of all kinds. The natural pasturage continues for nine months in the year and sometimes the year round. Fruits, and especially the apple and peach, ripen in a wealth of juice not excelled elsewhere. The grape grows to perfection. A German colony at Cullman, of four years' standing, has proven to be a success, with European grapes. On three-fourths of an acre last year, from two year cuttings, they realized, in wine, after all expenses, $250. Springs of pure and lasting water everywhere abound, and the creeks and springs furnish water for stock all the year round. Wells of good soft water are got at from 15 to 20 feet. The health in this mountain region has no equal anywhere. High above all malarial poisons, no marshes, no local causes for sickness in a pure, high atmosphere.

Nearly all this mountain region with its wealth of timber and minerals is yet in the interior, remote from river or railroad transportation. The South and North Alabama Railroad crosses about the centre of the State, from north to south. and the Alama and Chattanooga and the Selma and Rome roads cross the eastern portion and run through the coal and iron fields as does also the North and South road. But the whole region is crossed in every direction by surveys and on some of them work has been commenced.

Decatur is not as yet a beautiful city, but I think it will be, as it has every advantage. It is on the banks of the Tennessee which is very lovely at this point. The streets are well laid out and it has a live look. It is the centre of the railroad connections. I shall be able to speak more fully in my next letter.

To start to work a farm here requires an outlay of about $50. Cows are very cheap but not of extra fine breed. Pigs run loose everywhere, they make the best of bacon and ham. Horses are comparatively dear, but of good quality. Up near Valhermoso Springs, where I intend to settle, lives a Mr. Boynton, from Ohio. He has some of the finest stock out, one of them being the famous Hambiletonian, Iron Duke, that was stolen and afterwards recovered. It is valued at $12,000 He has a 400 acre farm planted in cotton, corn, etc. He has also brought down some Cotswold sheep. He is charmed with the country, and so am I. He is one of an intelligent, manly and industrious class, and has come down here to settle, with his charming wife and sweet little daughter. It is that sort of people that is needed here now to develop this beautiful country again, that was so devastated by the war.

Next week I hope to give fuller details on the resources of this part of the country, etc. Where I shall locate is at Valbermoso Springs in Morgan county, on Mrs Gier's famed plantation. This was before the war the most fashionable place of resort in the entire South on account of its natural beauty and its Mineral Springs of Sulphur and Iodine.

There is a settlement of near two hundred families, a school, church, store, etc., and the old Springs Hotel. This is situated in the midst of the most beautiful scenery possible to imagine, under the shade of great mulberry trees. The Hotel is spacious and cool, and is a pleasant retreat. The proprietress is a lady of extreme refinement and culture, and she loves the place with an intense affection and well she might. She has passed all the happiest years of her life here, and here has reared her family. She has stayed here in spite of the ravages of war and kept up her home when nearly all others left. Now there is a wide-spread movement setting in for Southern Immigration and the most of it in Alabama will centre around the Springs, and while she may benefit pecuniarily she will lose that sweet charm of tranquil solitude. I know one that can make it pretty lively for her, and that one I suppose you know is

OLIVE HARPER.

Straws show the way the cobblers go.

The Dictionary as an Instructor.

We notice as a matter well worth mentioning, that at the recent great publishers' trade sale in New York, the books that were most in demand and brought the best prices were Webster's dictionaries, from the famous Quarto to the neat and handy pocket edition. This fact is a good indication of the almost universal popularity of these books, and of the growing public demand for them. It indicates also a fact of far greater importance, and that is the interest the people are taking in the study of their own language. This is encouraging, as there is no branch of education that is now and has been so much neglected as the common branches of spelling and defining. It is often astonishing and grievous to see how grossly ignorant are children and youth, and even men and women, of the orthography, pronunciation and meaning of ordinary words and phrases. They cannot express their thoughts for the want of words, and often they express thoughts very different from what they intend, because they do not understand the words they employ. And very frequently, from the same cause, they take no idea, or wrong ideas, from what they read or hear.

The remedy for these evils is the proper training in the study of words by the use of the Dictionary, and this training should begin as soon as the child can distinguish between one word and another, and continue indefinitely. The apparatus for this study should, of course, be the most complete and thorough to be had, and this is abundantly supplied in Webster's Dictionaries, which are justly recognized, wherever our language is spoken, as the standard authority in English. Parents and and teachers can in no other way so effectually or so cheaply promote the educational interests of their children, when of suitable age, as by putting in their hands any one of Webster's School Dictionaries, for daily use in connection with the study of their lessons, and by placing on the family centre table or a teacher's desk as the authorative guide and standard, a copy of the Unabridged.

The unabridged contains 3,000 illustrations, over 114,000 words in its vocabularies, and 10,000 words and meanings not in any other Dictionary; the abridged edition comprises "The Primary," which has the largest sale, and which has some capital rules for spelling. "The Common School" is similar, but larger, with tables of synonyms, &c. "The High School" still fuller, with many useful tables; "The Academic" and "Counting-house" for advanced schools and for general home business use. The latter has some specially valuable commercial and financial tables. The little "Pocket" edition, with its bright gilt edges and morocco binding, is truly an invaluable pocket companion. It contains more than 18,000 words, rules for spelling, many abbreviations, words and phrases, proverbs, etc., ordinarily met with in the Greek, Latin and Modern languages. Whether it is convenient or not to have copies of any of the other books of the series, we certainly recommend that all should possess a copy of the Pocket, which, when not otherwise obtainable, may be had by mail, by inclosing $1.00 to the publishers, IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.

Well Preserved.

Louis Jennings, in his letter to the *World* about Canterbury Cathedral, writes: A man will lie in the earth ere he rots, says Shakespere's grave digger, "some eight or nine years; a tanner will last you nine years." In these parts your body will last still longer. For in 1832 the tomb of Henry IV. was opened in this cathedral, and "to the astonishment of all present, the face was in complete preservation, the beard thick and matted and a deep russet color, and the jaws perfect, with all the teeth in them except one fore tooth, which had probably been lost during the King's life. Now the King had been buried there just 419 years. In digging up part of the suburbs of Canterbury many coffins were found in which the bones of the bodies were perfect; in one the body was little decayed, "the hair red, curled and elastic, and about two inches long. Under the head was a hollow stone, like a pillow. When Thomas A. Becket's shrine was deposited his bones and head were either burnt or scattered to the winds. So they, at least, will not trouble anybody again.

HE had offered every inducement to Sam to sell his dog, give him away, kill him, or get rid of him in some way; but Sam loved his "dog," and the dog loved him, and Sam vowed they should not be parted; consequently the old gentleman was surprised, on coming home to dinner one day, to hear Sam exclaim:

"Father, I've sold my dog!"

"Sold your dog?" said the general, "Well, I am glad you were sensible enough to sell him. A dog is a nuisance any way. I will make you a present by and by, Sam."

"Yes, sir, I got sixteen dollars for him."

"What!" exclaimed the general.

"I got sixteen dollars for him," said Sam.

"You don't mean to say you got sixteen dollars for your dog, do you?"

"Well, yes," replied Sam, "I got four pups worth four dollars apiece."

Silent Suffering.

There things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab, and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to sound, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing, except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

Buying a Bridal "Trossy."

One day last week a powerfully built young man, to whose right arm was linked a tall, thin girl of eighteen, with a sharp nose, pale blue eyes and hair the color of an old knife handle, entered a Lake avenue store with both eyes full of business. As the pair took seats, a clerk intimated that he was ready to take bottom prices on any goods in the store, from the finest silk to the glaziest calico.

"This is kinder a delicate business for us," replied the young man, casting sheepish eyes at the girl.

"That is to say—that— [illegible] them!" stammered the clerk.

"But I guess we'll live through it, Molly, and so here goes. What we want is a trossy for this girl—a bridal trossy, I believe they call it."

"That is exactly what they call it," replied the clerk, "and tell me what articles you want and, and I'll give the lowest figures."

The pair looked at each other in a half foolish way for a minute, then the girl hid her face behind a stack of goods.

"A little skeery, but she'd git over it," mused the lover. "The first thing I s'pose is a dress."

"From one to sixteen dresses, as you like. You'll take black silk perhaps."

"And perhaps I won't. There's no style about us Mister. We marry for love and we've got to make a leetle money go a long ways. Is calico purty low?"

"O! Zeke!" gasped the girl suddenly showing her face.

"Well, we'll go a little better, then though calico is my motto. Hand us down something about 20c. per yard. Give us dove color, for doves are meek and lowly, and so is Molly."

Twelve yards of dove colored goods were cut off, and Zeke looked around and said: "Less see, I s'pose a black comb, two yards of blue ribbon, a bunch of hair pins and two or three collars, ought to figure in somewhere."

The clerk agreed, and they were figured in.

"Less see. She'll wear her sister's hat to stand up in, and her shoes won't show if she has a long dress on. I guess that's about all, isn't it Molly?"

The girl blushed very red, beckoned him closer, and, after a minute, he turned to the clerk and said:

"It's kinder throwing money away but she's purty good and gentle, and I don't mind. She thinks she ought to have a fifty cent corset and two pairs of stockings."

The articles were bought, inspected, and placed with the "trossy," and after the lovers held another whispered conversation, Zeke observed:

"Well that's all. Figure, up and there's your cash. We've got to go git some hair oil, and a dollar gold chain with a locket to it, and a pair of sleeve buttons and some shoe strings, and you see the outfit is going to squeeze me bad."

"When does the marriage come off?" asked the clerk.

"In about ten days. She's a good girl and loves me, and I'm trying to do the fair thing by her. Tain't many young men who would put up seven dollars on a bridal trossy on his girl; but when I make up my mind to marry any one I'm almost reckless of wealth. She didn't need the corsets any more than I need suspenders, but she had a sister married with a corset on, and she didn't want to be behind her."

"I hope you'll be happy."

"We shall be—can't help it. This 'ere girl can sling more enthusiasm into a mess of taters than any queen in Europe, as for her fried pork—yum!—She can compose poetry, chop wood, draw pictures, milk a cow, build a suit of clothes, or spell down anybody that stands on legs, and when winter howls around our little home we'll sit with our feet in the oven, chaw apples, and remember that I had to take her old dad by the collar and jerk his heels to the ceiling before he'd consent to this marriage. Well, good bye."

A Story Teller's Dilemma.

Mr. Sniffen was at a dinner party given a few days ago at Boddley's. While the company were at the table Sniffen said in a loud voice:

"By the way, did you read that mighty good thing the other day about the woman over in Pencader? It was one of the most amusing things that ever came under my observation. The woman's name, you see, was Emma. Well, sir, there were two young fellows paying attention to her, and after she had accepted one of them the other one also proposed to her, and as she felt certain that the first wasn't in earnest she accepted the second one too. So a few days later both of them called at the same time, both claimed her hand, and both insisted on marrying her at once. Then, of course, she found herself face to face with a mighty unpleasant—unpleasant—er—er—less see what's the word I want? Unpleasant er—er—er—blamed if I haven't forgotten that word!"

"Predicament," suggested Boddley.

"No, that's not it. What's the name of that thing with two horns? Unpleasant er—er; bang it, it's gone clean out of my mind."

"A cow," hinted Miss Grindley.

"No, not a cow."

"Maybe it's a buffalo," remarked Dr. Potts.

"No, no kind of an animal. Something else with two horns. Mighty queer I can't recall it."

"Perhaps it's a brass band," observed Butterwick.

"Or a man who's had a couple of drinks," suggested Peter Lamb.

"Of course not."

"You don't mean a fire company?" asked Mrs. Boddley.

"N-no. That's the confounded queerest thing I ever heard of, that I can't remember that word," said Mr. Sniffen, getting warm, and beginning to feel miserable.

"Well give us the rest of the story with out it," said Boddley.

"That's the mischief of it," said Mr. Sniffen; "the whole joke turns on that word."

"Two horns, did you say?" asked Dr. Potts. "Maybe it's a catfish."

"Or a snail," remarked the Judge.

"No-no—none of these."

"Is it an elephant or a walrus?" asked Mrs. Potts.

"Well, that's the sickest old story I ever run across," remarked Butterwick to Boddley. Then everybody smiled, and Mr. Sniffen excused himself on the ground that he had to meet a friend, and he withdrew.

The mystery is yet unsolved. We never established such a story as that; and we have an impression that Sniffen was trying to build one up by trying to bring the woman's name, Emma, somehow into a pun with the word 'dilemma.'

We are glad he failed. A man who will undertake to palm off such jokes as this can be spared from society without anybody experiencing a sense of loss.