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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. M. 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. 28, '76.

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 76-ly

J. C. 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 specially and promptly 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 shortest notice and reasonable terms. Enquire at Casebeer & Co's Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 26.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '76-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Baraet 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. Febt 77

S. S. GOOD, *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* SOMERSET, PA. OFFICE in Mammoth Block se4'72

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. 12, 71-tf.

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office above Casebeer & Frantz'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. mar13

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. jel3-72

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. jan12

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

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 references, 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. Howes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Merrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Supper, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters. Daniel J. Merrell, 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 tobacco.—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. aug28.

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 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 4th, 1876.

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 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.

THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

BY J. R. S.

The tall house lowers grimly
Deformed by smoke and rain:
And the bleared sunshine dimly
Blinks on the window pane.

Though sore and numb her fingers,
And slowly fades the light,
The girl nor rests nor lingers,
But sows from morn till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
And falls her gentle breath;
Her fair young form is shrunken,
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows
That she has never seen;
Of the wonder of song in the meadows,
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,
The nimble hands are slow,—
The voice she dreams of ever
Rings out in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,
With only a crust to eat;
But a fountain of light is springing
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,
Or whether he sings in glee,
He hopes that the world to-morrow
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning
With words no man e'er said,
The world would be turning and turning
If to-morrow he were dead.

Only, both late and early,
The girl, as maidens will,
Dreams when the voice comes clearly
Up to her window-sill.

A brave face hath she found him,
A manner frank and gay,
And long ago has crowned him
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
A plume on waving hair,
A cloak that drapes him proudly,
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness
He sings, he has won the prize,
When he brings the light of gladness
To a dying maiden's eyes.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JANE'S LOVER.

"Jane Haynie!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, sharply, "you must certainly be in love, and you know well enough that I have no patience whatever with that kind of foolishness. Here's a pie burned to a coal in the oven, you upset the milk pitcher, put salt in the sugar bowl, and forgot to make the coffee for breakfast. What possesses you, girl?"

Jane's fair face flushed, but she made no reply, but kept on kneading the bread on the bread-board.

"You'll tell me, won't you, Jane?" said Lelia Crane, coaxingly, coming to the side of the girl who had been the same as a sister to her for three years.

"Yes, after a while," replied Jane, quietly.

"And I'm sure, ma," said Lelia, "why Jane can't have a beau is just because you are afraid of losing her. She is a perfect treasure. Hurry up, Jane, and come up stairs and tell me who your lover is."

Jane smiled as she said: "I have no lover, Lelia."

But after she had kneaded the bread and done half a dozen other little things about the kitchen she went up stairs to the low, farm house chamber, where Lelia sat braiding her hair, a small mirror on her lap.

"Now tell me all about it, Jane."

Jane took a seat on a rickety cane-seated chair and pressed her hands on her head as if trying to recollect something she had to tell.

"I know I was careless this morning, Lelia, and your mother had a right to be vexed, but I was so worried and frightened last night that I could not collect my senses this morning. You see it was a lovely moonlight night, and after you had all gone to bed I thought I would run out in the grape arbor for a breath of cool air. It seemed to me it would refresh me. I felt so tired with ironing in the hot kitchen all day. Well, I sat down on one of the benches, and was thinking how I'd trim my blue cambric, when I saw a man come out from behind the lilac bushes, right by the arbor and go to the pantry window. My heart beat so loud I was afraid he would hear it. He stood there a few minutes with his head bowed in his hands, and then he took something from his pocket and began to unfasten the window-blind. All my fear seemed to die away, for I thought of your Aunt Lucy lying in the room next to the pantry, and knew it would kill her outright in her weak state if she was frightened at all, so I ran up softly and stood right before him. He was so startled that he left the chisel in his hands fall to the ground, and said to me in a queer sort of voice: 'Well, who are you?' 'I'm Jane,' I said, 'and beg you won't get into the house, for there's a sick lady there, and if she was to be scared by you it would kill her.' Miss Lelia, he turned away his head and when I saw his face again it was white as this wall. 'I'm starved,' he said, and I felt the tears come to my eyes, for he spoke in such a hopeless, dejected tone. I took hold of his hand and led him around to the kitchen door, and then I got out pie and cake and meat, and he ate as if he was famished. When he was through he took from his finger a finely-worn gold ring—see, it is here," and Jane showed an old gold ring. "He said it was once his dear mother's, and he told me I had been so good to him, the first kindness he had received since he had left prison, and he begged me to keep the ring until we meet again, and then he went away."

"What did he look like, Jane?" asked Lelia, deeply absorbed in the story.

"Oh, he was quite handsome; his hair curled in little golden rings all over his head, and his eyes looked a dark blue to me, and he had a very sweet voice, and acted just like a gentleman would to any woman."

"And to think of his being in prison!" said Lelia, compassionately. "Poor man! Jane he is the love ma spoke about. You see he must have fallen in love with you, and that is the engagement ring. I think you are good enough for any man, Jane, but too good for a felon."

"Don't call him that, Lelia," and Jane looked pained.

The two girls agreed not to tell Mrs. Crane of the night's adventure, for fear of her harsh criticisms, but when alone they frequently spoke of the strange man whom Lelia called "Jane's lover."

Jane Haynie was an orphan, and had been bound out to a stern old woman who had nearly worked the girl to death. At the expiration of the contract Jane had taken a situation at Mrs. Crane's, where she had a comfortable home, and though she worked hard she was never badly treated. Mrs. Crane was harsh in manner and severe in judgment, but she tried to be always just. To Lelia, Jane was very much attached, for the child of fifteen looked upon the girl of twenty-two as a dear sister, and treated her as such.

Four months passed by and Jane had heard nothing of her "lover." And now she seldom thought of him unless the sight of the gold ring she wore brought him to her mind. It was now nearly Christmas time, and the farm-house kitchen presented a busy scene, for great preparations were being made for the expected arrival of several cousins and aunts who always spent the holidays at the Cranes'. Jane went down to the barn to hunt some more eggs, for they needed a dozen for the squash pies Mrs. Crane made delicious and golden. The hay was piled high in the loft, and Jane went through the whole lower part of the barn before ascending the ladder which led to the loft. She hoped to find eggs enough down below, but was disappointed in doing so, and accordingly began her search through the sweet-smelling hay, singing gayly, for her heart was light. All at once she gave a shrill scream, for in one corner of the loft, half covered by hay, she saw the figure of a man. Jane was a brave girl, but she could not stand such a sudden fright, and would have screamed for help had not the man raised himself on his elbow and spoken to her.

"Do you not remember me, Jane?" he said. "Where is the ring?"

Jane felt her heart throb violently. "I have it," she replied, "but I did not think to see you again. Why are you here?"

"I believe I am dying," he said, quietly resting on the hay his handsome head and reaching out to her one white, shapely, though very thin hand. "I do not ask you to do anything for me. Let me die alone. I am not so bad as you may think me. I've committed no crime. I went to prison for half murdering a man in a fit of drunken passion. I've never touched liquor since. But no one cares for me, my mother and sisters are dead, and the brother who should have helped me stole my property and left me a beggar, and the girl I was to marry jilted me for a rich old man. No, Jane, there is nothing for me to live for. I came up in this loft hoping to die alone and unnoticed. I came here, for here it was I heard the first kind words which have greeted my ears for months."

He sank back heavily at the conclusion of his long speech, which had evidently tired him greatly to utter.

Jane went up to him and put her hand on his head.

"You are burning up with fever," she said quietly, "and laying in this cold barn too."

"I am not cold. The hay is soft to lie on," he replied.

Jane took off her heavy cloak and laid it over him.

"There, stay quietly here until I return," she said.

He made no answer, but lay still, looking at her with sad, weary, blue eyes, which Jane thought so beautiful.

With fleet steps she returned to the house, and burst into the kitchen, startling Mrs. Crane so that she overturned a cup of milk she held.

"O, dear, Mrs. Crane," she cried, and then began to tell her of the poor man lying in the barn, omitting to speak of the fact that she had met him before, but Mrs. Crane interrupted her—

"You'd better call father and the hired man, and make them get him out and set him tramping."

But Jane begged and pleaded that she should nurse him, for he was burning up with fever and not able to walk. Oh, could she not have him in the house; she would let him occupy her own little room, and she would sleep on the kitchen sofa.

"What! take a drunken tramp into the house to nurse!" cried Mrs. Crane, but the end of it was that Jane coaxed her into allowing the poor man to come in for just a day or two, and so she ran back to the barn, and with the help of the hired man got him into the house and on to the white, sweet bed in her own room.

Lelia was wild with delight, and pronounced him "perfectly elegant," and insisted on carrying up all his meals.

"We must find out all about him," said Mrs. Crane, softened by a beseeching look from the large blue eyes of the "drunken tramp."

But it was long before they even knew his name, for it was five weeks before he regained possession of his right senses again, for when they brought him from the barn he was delirious with fever, and talked incessantly about "Julia," and "my poor mother," and "that hated Phil." Jane watched him night and day with unflagging devotion, learning through her very care of his wants to love him dearly. But for five weeks she was obliged to nurse and watch him, and then he began to recover. They would not let him talk at first, for he was very weak, but Lelia during the time she was constituted as day nurse, while Jane slept, told him long stories of Jane's goodness and loveliness, and so it was no wonder that when the pale nurse entered the room her patient watched her every motion.

When he was able to talk he told them that his name was Eugene Lauretson, and was the son of wealthy and respected parents. But his parents died, and it was found that every cent of the property had been left to his brother Philip. Previous to his father's illness Eugene had been in some far Western State, and was recalled by a telegram saying his mother was dead. He hurried back to find that his father was lying ill and delirious in the house, and in another day's time he had followed his wife to the other shore. Eugene was unable to speak even a parting word to the parent he had loved so devotedly, and so he was totally unprepared to find that every penny of the immense fortune, which he had naturally thought would be divided between himself and elder brother, had been left to Philip, who had hated him from childhood.

Friends and acquaintances told him of long and very black stories which had been in circulation about him, and which had broken the heart of his father, whose favorite son he had been. He heard that it had been reported that he had led a wild and vicious life while in California, and he never doubted but all these fabrications were the work of his brother Philip, who had schemed to get the fortune for himself, and basely succeeded, old Mr. Lauretson not thinking it wise to leave his money to a dissolute scoundrel, such as his favorite son had been represented. His letters, appealing to Eugene for the truth, had never reached him, and the old father died believing his younger son a scoundrel and a thief. Eugene had left his native city, and mad with bitter thoughts had begun to drink, and in a drunken quarrel had nearly killed a man who had insulted him. He had been sent to prison for six months, and on coming out, disgraced and penniless, had wandered from town to town in search of work, and when Jane had seen him at the pantry window he had been about to steal in order to satisfy a hunger which was consuming him.

The Cranes listened to the long story of Eugene Lauretson and pitied him deeply. Mr. Crane offered him work on the farm, but he would not accept it. He said to Jane one day that he had a friend out West who had started a farm where land was cheap, and if he only had a few hundred dollars he could join him, and soon secure a comfortable but hard-working living.

"You shall go, Eugene," said Jane, in her usual quiet manner. "I have $700 saved, and you shall have it all. When you are able, pay me back."

At first Eugene refused this generous offer, but Jane persuaded him into taking the money, and with many promises to lead a good and useful life he prepared to depart.

The morning of his departure from the farm, he came to Jane where she was skimming milk in the dairy.

"Jane," he said, taking her hand, "you have been my guardian angel. God bless and keep you always. Jane, I hardly dare ask you—feeling what a beggar and borrower I am, and how worthy you are of the affection of any man in the world—but, Jane, if I should be successful out West, and should return to you, would you be my wife?"

For answer Jane laid her hand in his, her quiet eyes full of tears.

Eugene clasped her in his arms, touched deeply by the evidence of her affection.

"I love you dearly, Jane. I wish I could give you the money rightfully mine, but we will be happy even in a log cabin out West, and you shall never have cause to be ashamed of me."

Eugene Lauretson was successful, and a year later returned to the farm-house to take Jane to the humble home he had prepared for her, and they were married in the farm-house parlor, and sick Aunt Lucy gave Jane a dozen useful wedding presents, and Mrs. Crane packed a large box of household goods and sent it out West, even though she shook her head dubiously over the marriage, for she "didn't believe in love foolishness Happy Lelia kissed Jane good-by last of all, and whispered: "Dear Jane, I'm so glad you really got your lover after all."—*Danbury News.*

Boston's Rattlesnake and Rat.

A short time since one of the members of a prominent Boston manufacturing firm spent a few weeks hunting in Florida, and on his return brought with him a monster rattlesnake, the gift of a friend. His snakeship measured about five feet in length, and has a body the size of a man's arm, the white, yellow and brown cuticle blending rather beautifully in patches of various forms. The heavy triangular head, characteristic of venomous reptiles, has a sinister expression, and in moments of excitement the five rattles on his tail keep up an unpleasant suggestive whirring, while a forked tongue of inky blackness and surprising length darts angrily from his turtle-like mouth. He is no sleepy, half-starved fellow, as may readily be imagined, but wide awake, and ready for an encounter of any kind. It was into the cage occupied by this snake that three days since a rather small-sized wharf rat was introduced, in the expectation that the rodent would form a meal for the stranger. The snake seemed to think so, too, for he darted on the unwilling visitor and caught him by the neck. The rat, who had hitherto been running around the cage trying to get out, gave a sharp squeal as he felt the serpent's fangs, and, twisting himself about, buried his teeth in the scaly jaw of the aggressor. The snake writhed and twisted and rattled sharp notes of alarm as the rat kept his sharp incisors at work, and before the spectators could fairly comprehend what had happened the little quadruped had shaken himself loose and was hopping in affright at the further end of the cage for a means of exit. To the surprise of all he showed no effects of poison, and when the snake again made a grab at him he met his creeping foe half way and snapped off a piece of his forked tongue. This seemed to be rather more than the Floridian had bargained for, and he dragged himself into a corner, cast down and defeated. Since that time the rat has flourished in his strange quarters. He capers over the body of his whilom enemy, and avoids the punch of a stick by creeping under the head of the snake. The rat seems perfectly indifferent as regards the reptile, and when the latter, roused to a high degree of anger by outsiders, makes a strike at him, he hardly takes the trouble to dodge, and only bites back when the rattler is unusually offensive. It is a singular condition of things, and the rat's immunity from death cannot very easily be accounted for.

Democratic Peace in Texas.

ST. LOUIS, June 15.—The *Globe-Democrat* has a special from Rockwell, Texas, which gives a graphic account of a remarkable murder and suicide which were recently committed there. It appears that in the latter part of April, 1875, Emberry Cannon, his son William and two nephews commenced a debauch in Rockwell, and created great disturbance in town until a late hour of the night. Sheriff Alexander C. Starks was on intimate terms with the Cannons, and endeavored to persuade them to desist from their riotous proceedings, but was unsuccessful. He then warned them that if they did not stop disturbing the peace he would lock them up. This only made them worse, and the whole party assaulted the Sheriff, beating and cutting him severely. During the melee the Sheriff drew a revolver and snapped it several times, but none of the chambers exploded. The party scattered, however, and Starks procured a better weopon and followed the Cannons with the intention of arresting them. He found them in a billiard saloon, and was again set upon by the whole party, and, while defending himself, shot and killed William Cannon. This ended the amicable relations between Starks and the Cannons. Some time afterward Starks was notified that Emberry Cannon was trying to hire some desperado to assassinate him. This became so evident that Starks offered his farm for sale, with the intention of moving to some place where he would be more secure. In September of 1876, a stranger appeared in Rockwell, singularly dressed and armed with a double barreled shot-gun and several revolvers. He expressed a wish to buy a farm, and was referred to Starks as having one for sale. He called on Starks, and after a short conversation both started for the farm. The next morning Starks was found dead in the woods, with a load of buck shot in his head. The murderer fled, and it was subsequently learned that his name was George W Garner.

In October following the murder, the Grand Jury indicted Garner for the murder of Starks, and Emberry Cannon as instigator of the crime, but neither could be found. It seems, however, that a short time prior to the murder of Starks, Garner had shot the Sheriff of Lee County, Texas, while that officer was attempting his arrest, and rewards aggregating $1,000 were offered for his apprehension. When the Sheriff of Lee County recovered from his wounds he determined to capture Garner, and after a long search found him at Little Rock Ark., and took him to Lee County where he was turned over to the authorities of Rockwell County last March. He was tried in May, convicted of the murder of Starks, and sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of June, 1877. After his conviction he confessed that Emberry Cannon hired him to kill Starks for $500 in cash, a note for $125, and a team of horses. Last Tuesday evening Mrs. Garner was permitted to enter jail to remain with her husband until his execution. This morning, on opening Garner's cell the Sheriff found Mrs. Garner dead, and her husband almost lifeless. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived Garner died.

Both left letters, and that written by Mrs. Garner stated that she purchased morphine at Dallas two weeks ago, and took it into jail in her mouth. A question then arose as to whether there was enough to kill both, and which should take the largest portion. Mrs. Garner evidently took enough to kill her, but there were marks about her neck which showed she had also been strangled. Garner also took some of the poison, but when found this morning he had cotton stuffed in his nostrils, a handkerchief crammed in his mouth, and the wire of a bucket in his cell twisted around his neck. Evidently not being satisfied that he had taken sufficient morphine to kill, they finished their work by strangulation.

THE friends of the Murphy temperance movement are gathering into their net some disciples that will make them future trouble. There are old political sharks who, having wasted their substance and the substance of their friends in riotous living, until temperance is to them rather a matter of force than choice, now enlist under the Murphy banner with the view of turning a moral movement into political channels. If they succeed in their design there is an end of the value of the temperance agitation. No moral is worth having that is enforced by legal pains and penalties. The moment that the advocates of temperance desist from their appeal to men's consciences, and resort to the argument of compulsion, their whole strength is dissipated. They transfer the argument from the forum of reason, and seek thereafter to dominate the will of mankind, not to change it. The danger that is to be apprehended from this tendency has already cropped out in various parts of the State, where broken-down politicians are preternaturally active in making temperance speeches, and in attempting to give the crusade against intemperance a partisan leaning. These people all insist upon the necessity of restrictive laws, and, of course, restrictive law-makers. The objective point with all such orators is some official position, near or remote, where their empty pockets may be filled. If they fail in effecting their object they will drop the temperance business with a suddenness as astounding as their original conversation, and ten out of a dozen will return to their cups.—*Phila. Record.*

"Well, Sambo! how do you like your new place?"

"Berry well, massa!"

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Why, you see, misses biled three egs for herself, and give me de bref!"

The ocean steamers are making much better time since the advent of the new style of collars.

London mothers apply artificial bloom to the cheeks of their children.

Belts are more fashionable than they have been for years.

Roumanian National Costume.

On Sunday evening last a party was given in London at which all the ladies were to appear in national costume; of course, some broke down before the time came, and preferred the latest fashions from Paris. I must add that these were the least pretty ones; for this national dress, although exceedingly effective in itself, is a terrible ordeal to a plain woman. A high necked chemisette, with long loose sleeves, profusely embroidered in leaves and flowers and spangles, gathered in at the waist by a broad scarlet sash: a white skirt reaching nearly to the ankles, and braided at the bottom; over this two long aprons, a mass of silk and worsted part color d tapestry woven in with gold threads; to the belt hangs a coarse linen handkerchief stitched in patterns of blue, red and green worsted. Below the skirt peep out the miniature feet, shod with crimson stockings and high-heeled shoes. Young girls wear flowers in their hair, which is plaited into a long thick club, not unlike what one saw in Paris, a year or two ago, tied with a broad ribbon to match the colors of their dress; married women put on a veil of thin gauze, which covers the back of the head, and is draped around the neck and shoulders like a cloud, with sequins or gilt flowers in front, and glass beads and ornaments of every imaginable hue and shape disposed everywhere. The effect is very pretty.

Disasters By Storm.

PHILADELPHIA, June 15.—A dispatch from Belvidere, N. J., says: "Yesterday afternoon a mill-dam just above the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, which had become considerably washed out, weakened by the late rain-storms, suddenly broke, and precipitating a fishing party, consisting of 10 persons, through a sluiceway. Mrs. Reemers, her daughter, Julia Reemers, Miss Crewley and Thomas Pressler were drowned. The owners of the boat in which the party were, Mark Fisher, and James Osfelt were fatally injured by falling into the grinder of a mill which was lying below the sluiceway.

A Dastardly Outrage.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 14.—The fast train on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, due here last night, was wrecked a short distance east of this city by a switch being partly changed and a crosstie wedged between the rail. The engine, baggage, express and mail cars were thrown from the track and badly damaged, but the passenger coaches and sleeping-cars did not leave the track. Earnest B. Cole, postal clerk, was the only person seriously hurt, but a number received slight injuries. Every effort will be made to discover the perpetrators of the outrage and bring them to justice.

A Stage-coach Robbed.

HOT CREEK, Wy., June 14.—This morning the coach from Deadwood was stopped by two road agents some twenty-five miles north of this place. The messenger was ordered to throw out the treasure box, which he did. This seemed to satisfy the robbers for they immediately told the driver to go ahead. No attempt was made to rob or molest the passengers. Three men and one lady were in the coach.

The little town of Salem, North Carolina, with two thousand inhabitants, has gathered and sent to market during the past three years more than three million pounds of blackberries, for which the gatherers received nearly half a million dollars.

What is the difference between a student of history seeking the prize and an Arab?—One gets up the dates to carry off the palm; the other gets up the palm to carry off the dates.

The Georgia Election.

ATLANTA, June 14.—The majority for the convention will reach 10,000. The counties in northern Georgia are almost unanimous for the convention.

A lady much given to tattle, said she never told anything except to two kinds of people—those who asked her, and those who didn't.

A Boston man never says "Done on my own hook." He always says "Executed on the responsibility of my own personal curve."

If men's bodies were in proportion to the size of their souls, some of our first citizens could button their collars around their boot tops.

A blind mendicant in Paris wears this inscription round his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a sou." I can't see.

It's a bad sign to see a man with his hat off in the streets at midnight apologizing to his feet for falling over them.

Never pick a quarrel; it may result in your being obliged to pick yourself from the mire.

Be honest young man, but if you can't be honest, be sure and steal enough to make people believe you are honest.

Parents who make their first born boy an "idol son" generally have an idol son when he reaches man's estate.

Jeff Davis speaks of himself as a "statesman." Statesmanship of his kind has brought more than one man to the halter.

"Perfectly mag," is the Boston girl's synonym for awfully sweet.

Two bands of gold linked by a chain are fashionable sleve buttons.

Ice cream kills its thousands every year, but it is an ice thing to take.

"Pine apple shortcake" is a new delicacy.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1877.

WHY THERE SHOULD BE UNIFORMITY IN CIVIL SERVICE REGULATIONS.

It has been suggested that as it is the President, and not the Cabinet, from which the country expects civil-service reform, and further, that as it is he, and not his advisers, who will be held accountable for nonfulfilment of pledges, he should determine upon and make public some well matured rules for bringing about the desired reforms, which rules shall apply to all the Departments alike.

When talking of civil-service reform in Washington, that as put into operation in the Departments is as diversified as the number of the Departments will allow. When referring to a rule established in the Treasury, the inquiry is "what Sherman" is followed by the further remark, "Schurz does not believe in this kind of reform," and vice versa. The people have a right to know what is meant, in Washington, by civil service reform as understood by the President. They will expect that there shall be uniformity in substance and application of the rules. As it is, there is neither. In some of the Departments, the idea of any change is ignored, while in no two is the same code of laws put into execution. Hence the reason for advising that the President should issue his order for the government of all.

ONE MAN AS GOOD AS ANOTHER IN THE RACE FOR OFFICE.

The continued practice, persisted in by the colored people in some sections of the Union, of sending delegations to Washington to interview the President for the purpose of impressing upon him their claims for office, is being severely criticized. A Louisiana colored delegation called upon Secretary Sherman the other day, and claimed *one third* of the appointments in that state. The laws, in a political sense, obliterate the line of demarcation between the races, so that there exists no distinction. There would be as much propriety in Irishmen, Germans, Italians, or indeed citizens of any nationality, and their offspring, claiming recognition because of special descent. No one should be viewed in any other character than as an American citizen, when he applies for office. He can have no higher claim.

HON. ALONZO BELL AND HIS NEW YORK LIBELLERS.

The freedom of the press has aptly been termed the palladium of liberty, but it would as closely approximate the truth to say that its unbridled license to defame private character is subversive of good morals and individual rights. Of this latter truism we have almost daily illustration in the columns of the New York *Sun*. It sneers at responsibility for violations of truth; and the besm