The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 6. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1358.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers, will be held liable for the subscription.

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Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
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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. 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. 15-1y.

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 '76-1y

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 reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 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. Febr 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block sep'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 & Nell'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. 13, '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. jy13-72

HOTELS

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The travelling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

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

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 10. apr

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 due in the month 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 Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Snipes, 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. jan28

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.
aug15.

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 and 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, 1873.

MISCELLANEOUS.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and
Furnishing Goods
NO. 42 FIFTH AVENUE.
PITTSBURGH.

Dr. Harris' Cramp Cure.

A certain, safe and speedy cure for every ache and pain. It gives instant and permanent relief, and may be used as a liniment if desired.
Dr. Harris' Summer Cordial
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,
And an unfailing remedy for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
Send for Pamphlet containing valuable information.
HARRIS & EWING,
Wholesale Druggists, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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, HEMP TONE & 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.

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.

AMBITION.

TO ONE THAT WILL UNDERSTAND.

Henceforth no passion but ambition shall
Rule my life or claim me for its own,
The path that woos me thro' futurity
My feet shall press in silence and alone.

Life's fitful pleasures I have known too well;
Love has been mine; it tarried but a while;
Friendship I knew and felt the chill deceit
That lurks beneath the mock'ry of its smile.

To nobler deeds, and purpose more pure
Aspires my spirit, shunning the control
Of sordid passions and the fetters that
Unto the past still bind my heart and soul.

The future spreads before me, and to thee
I dedicate, Ambition, now the life
Of coming years, years that shall calm
With hopes fulfilled the spirit's bitter strife.

ALL OUT OF DRAWING.

One sultry, sunny afternoon in May "there might have been" in a largesized room in an unpretentious building at Notting Hill, England, a goodly crowd of artists, many young and few old, that constituted the committee of the "Society of Water-Colors"—not *the* society whose movements are chronicled with so much interest by all the art journals of Great Britian, but a little, simple-minded society composed of amateurs and young artists, with one or two veterans to give it backbone.

At the time our story opens they were sitting in judgment on the pictures sent in for their annual exhibition, and they looked critical and grave, as befitted their task. Through the half open door glimpses could be caught of several anxious ones in the reception-room waiting to know their fate. The talk hummed on among the committee, and at last the fiat went forth—*all* the pictures were to be accepted. To this one of the veterans—a good-looking man of thirty-five—objected.

"There is one really too abominably bad," said he. That 'Scene from Macbeth;' it would never do to have that."

"O come, Stretton, you're too particular. It will pass muster among the rest."

"No, it won't; it will be a disgrace to the exhibition. Just look at Macbeth's leg! and the color—perfectly raw! it will never do."

So the hum began again, and the result was that the "Scene from Macbeth" was litterally and figuratively turned face to the wall.

Stretton, satisfied at having saved the honor of the society, left the others to settle the remaining business, and was walking out of the room, when he came face to face with Boggs, a good-natured little amateur, who could not draw "any more than a frog what hasn't got no tail," but was immensely conceited, to make up for it. He caught at Stretton eagerly.

"I say, old fellow, you've done it! You know that picture you insisted upon turning out? Well, it was painted by a young girl, and she was in the next room and heard every word that you said, and has gone home crying her eyes out."

"By George!" exclaimed Stretton, looking dismayed, "I'm awfully sorry. I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. Poor little thing! Confound my stupidity! I might have known beetter. What shall I do? Where is the picture?"

"She's taken it home with her," said little Boggs.

"What an infernal idiot I was!", went on Stretton. "Poor little girl! I say, Boggs, you're going my way. Suppose we lay our heads together and see what can be done?"

"Very good," said little Boggs.

The walk was not a very long one, and our two friends did not loiter, yet they evidently accomplished something, for when they parted, where their paths diverged, Stretton said: "Then you'll do it tomorrow, old fellow?"

And little Boggs replied: "I will, and report to you afterward."

The next morning, as the "poor little girl" sat painting away in a corner of her sit ing room, while her mother dozed and crocheted and lamented the days when Mr. Grierson was alive, and they did not have to live in lodgings, the dingy, overgrown servant-girl announced a gentleman to see Miss Grierson, and Mrs. Grierson fled to the adjoining bedroom, despite her daughter's assurance that "her dress was all right," as little Boggs entered looking very much as if he wished he hadn't come.

Miss Grierson remembered his face, and the thought of her rejected picture made her turn hot and cold together.

Little Boggs introduced himself, and plunged *in medias res*: "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Grierson, that you heard what was said yesterday, and I——"

"It is a matter of no consequence at all," interrupted Miss Grierson, with as much withering calmness as if poor little Boggs had called her picture "abominally bad."

"Well, but you know, Miss Grierson," persisted little Boggs, "I want to explain. I think you ought to know. My friend—at least Stretton, you know—he said that purely out of spite. He had a quarrel with your father once, and he did that just to spite you; he says so himself. I thought it my duty to tell you. And I wouldn't cut up about it at all, if I were you. I would just put it in Snell's window, and let the public judge. I did the same thing with one of mine, and it went off first rate. Goodmorning!" And little Boggs blundered out of the room, feeling like a fool, and looking much the same, it must be confessed.

Miss Grierson jumped up from her chair. "What a contemptible wretch! To abuse my poor little picture and turn it out of the exhibition just from spite! To think that he hated my father——"

"Who was it, Edith?" asked Mrs. Grierson, coming back to her easy-chair.

"Some one from the society, mamma," said Edith choking her rage.

"Does any one want to buy your picture?"

"No, no, mamma; I am only advised to put it in Snell's window. I shall do it, and——Well, we shall see."

All the rest of the morning Edith sat nursing her anger as she plied brush and pencil. Her mortification was gone, and in its stead burned a fierce hatred toward Stretton. She would never forgive him, she vowed hotly; she would never, never forgive him. And she *would* be famous yet, and powerful, too. Perhaps the day might come when the tables might be turned. "Abominably bad!" The picture should go to Snell's that very afternoon, and the public should judge as Mr. Boggs suggested.

An to Snell's it went, but not to remain long. The next morning, when Edith passed the shop, no blue and brick color Mabeth graced the window. With quite a "sensation" she entered, and learned that it had been sold an hour before to a gentleman who would like two more Shakespearean subjects if she would paint them.

What an impetus that gave her! The path to glory seemed opening to her. She walked home as if crowned with laurel, and entered the little semi detached house as she would the Temple of Fame.

The two Shakespearean subjects met with success, and put a few pounds in Edith's slender purse.

Mrs. Grierson began to complain that Edith never left her easel now except to go to Snells'; then Edith would comfort her by promising her all sorts of luxuries when she should be a Royal Academician, or something equivalent to it.

Edith had the languid Italian temperament, inherited from her mother, but she also had the Italian vengefulness, and the insult she had received was a spur to her ambition. She worked and studied early and late, and, if ever her energy flagged, one thought of the words that had been spoken, and the reason for which they were said, would sting her to the quick, and nerve her even to greater energy than before.

The path was much less thorny than she had expected; she found herself, she scarcely knew how, put in the way of good models and words of instruction. Then one or two celebrated artists began to notice the pictures with "E. G." tucked away in one corner, and the quiet little studio often held many an "R. A." Edith had long since removed to a "real studio," as Mrs. Grierson called it, and reveled in the good light and abundance of room, her pictures gaining color and strength like plants. None of them aspired to be "Scenes from Macbeth" now. "E. G." had gained modesty with knowledge, and knew what was beyond her depth.

The years pass quickly by sometimes, and yet work wondrous changes and when five had been counted from that May-day when Macbeth was turned out of the exhibition "E. G." found herself really famous and nearly rich. He rmother could no longer lament by-gone days on the score of lodgings, for a pretty villa at Bayswater was their home, and the semi-detached house was a nightmare of the past.

Time cannot accomplish all things, however, and he had failed to quench Edith's bitter hatred toward Stretton, that burned as fiercely as when, a lustrum ago, she had first heard that he had reviled her picture out of spite. The tables were turned; she was rich and he was poor; she was famous, and he was scarcely known; yet it seemed as if her triumph lacked the climax of revenge. But the time was not far distant when that finishing touch could be added if she chose.

One evening, at a little dinner party given in her honor, Edith heard that Stretton was ill and in destitute circumstances. She sat perfectly silent, while a small fire of ejaculations ran round the table. Nearly every one knew and liked Stretton, and were "awfully sorry" or "very much distressed," as their inclinations were toward slang or pure English. Some wondered that, with his rare talent, he had not been more successful pecuniarily; but he seemed to neglect his opportunities; he was rather a dilettante in art; it was a great pity, he was such a good fellow; something must be done, etc., etc.

The fact was that Stretton was too true an artist to become a tradesman in his profession. He studied nature, and scorned all tricks—those tricks that make money in the world. Alas! he was before his age. Yet he was by no means a failure, and people were just beginning dimly to appreciate his wonderful ability when this illness came and "knocked his labors endways," as little Boggs would phrase it. But that same illness brought out the kind, staunch English hearts, and his friends became admirers, and his admirers friends, as the subject was discussed over the fish and game. Edith merely looked grim, and asked for his address, which she took down carefully in her note-book.

The following day she fought the whole thing out in her mind; she would go and visit him in all the glory of her prosperity; she would let him see that the artist, whose picture he had treated with such open scorne had found success; but she checked herself; it was not right to give way to such feelings. The poor fellow was sick and helpless; she should not go to see him just for revenge. She began to think that cherishing hatred had warped one side of her nature. Once she would have shrunk with terror from trampling on a fallen foe—"hitting a fellow when he's down." He certainly behaved contemptibly, but— Well, she would forgive him, and go to him in Christian charity; and at the same time, she would not object to his being conscious that she had prospered. So that afternoon, with what she called mixed motives, I believe, she stepped into her little brougham, dressed in the richest of black silks to express a long bank account, and carrying a basket of peaches and white grapes to express the Christian charity part.

She stopped at a careworn looking house, where a neat, faded old woman opened the door, and upon Mr. Stretton being inquired for, directed her to the "second floor, front. She was lame, or she would go up herself., and her sister was out who usually answered the bell." So Miss Grierson mounted the stairs alone, and tapped at the "second floor, front. In a moment little Boggs appeared, with very red eyes, and rather sternly ushered her in, without a word of greeting.

Edith began graciously; "How do you do, Mr. Boggs? I came—" stopped short, petrified. Was that her "Scene from Macbeth" hanging over the mantlepiece? As surely as it was the 21st of May, and that she was alive and breathing. And what were those smaller ones on either side? Two studies from Shakespeare, with "E. G." in the corners. She slowly surveyed the wall. They were covered with her earlier pictures—those that she had carried to Snell's with her own hands.

"Well, you've found it out at last," said little Boggs, watching her with folded arms.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

"Mean!" cried little Boggs, recklessly.

"Well, he can't live more than two hours, and you might as well know all. It means that he has sacrificed his whole life.

And there in that little "second floor, front," that warm May afternoon, Edith Grierson heard the whole story—how Stretton had bought her pictures and praised them to other people; how he had neglected opportunities, that she might profit by them; how he had helped in secret and served her like a slave; wasted his life, his time, his talents, to atone for a few hasty words that he had spoken and that she had overheard.

Miss Grierson just sat down on the hardest chair in the room and began to cry, with her face hidden in her hands. "But I thought he had a spite against me?" she said at length.

"Spite!" snorted little Boggs, with unreasonable fierceness, considering that he had given her the impression himself. "He never had a spite at any one in his life. He made me come and tell you that, because he thought you wouldn't feel so mortified then at what you had heard."

Miss Grierson lifted her head and looked at the "Scene in Macbeth." "Well, it is 'abominably bad,'" she said, smiled through her tears.

Little Boggs was not touched by this concession one whit; he still continued to regard her fiercely, and would no doubt have said something piercing sharp but she turned imploringly.

"Is he really dying?"

"Well, no," returned little Boggs, "but he is danger."

"Boggs," called a faint voice from the next room.

Miss Grierson started up. "Here is some fruit—perhaps he may like it," she said, thrusting the little basket in his hand. "I'll come to-morrow. Let me know if—I can—do anything." So the fruit brought in half triumph was given in whole kindness.

"God bless you!" said little Boggs, relenting at her tear-stained face. Then she hurried from the room, and he went on tiptoe to Stretton's bedside.

"Well, old fellow, how do you feel now?"

"Eh?" said Stretton, languidly.

"How do-you feel?—never mind; you needn't speak, old boy. Who do you think has been here? Miss Grierson!—'E. G.,' you know, old fellow; and has brought you these grapes—aren't they jolly, old fellow?—and she's coming to-morrow. Don't you think you'll be able to see her, old boy?"

"I *know* I shall," said Stretton, slowly.

The rest of my story is soon told. Edith and her mother came the next day, and the next—in fact, every day; and though kind friends flocked to the sick-bed, as is the wont of Englishmen, only too anxious to do anything and everything, they constituted themselves the chief ones. And after a while people began to understand; and by and by, when a quiet little wedding took place in the old church at Notting Hill, I don't think that anyone was very much surprised.

Stretton and his pretty wife—for Edith was pretty, though I have never mentioned it before—have never had a disagreement but once, and that was when he wanted the "Scene from Macbeth" hung in the drawing-room, and she would not have it, because it was "too abominably bad."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Among the Armenian Women.

A war correspondent describing his journey from Trebizond to Erzeroum, says: "Thousands of small yellow furrets dart to and fro across the road and run to shelter in their burrows as we tramp by. Strange looking water fowl rise screaming from the marshes, and the kingfisher and maidenbird perch on the single telegraph wire that flanks the way. Scattered villages appear at intervals. There are no separate farmhouses, as in other countries. For mutual protection the inhabitants have grouped their houses together. You see Armenian women sitting by the roadside, wrapped in their long white robes, covering alike head and feet. The black veil gives them a hideous, unearthly appearance. The yasmak of the Turkish women might, by stretching a point, be considered as an article of dress; but here there is no compromise. The veil and the mantle have no pretense to elegance or beauty, they are merely means of concealing figure and face. As the tramp of horses draws near, the women fly furtively across the road to their respective houses or huts. It reminded me forcibly of rabbits on a country road scurrying hastily to their burrows on the approach of a wayfarer. The seclusion of Armenian women, even of the humblest class, is much more severe than among the Turks. I suppose a sad experience has taught them caution."

It is impossible to keep hats and coats on the scarecrows in some portions of the State, so enterprising are the tramps.

Boston *Post*: "A young man who went to Texas this spring telegraphed home: 'Fatted calf for one.'"

A blonde shouldn't wear yellow, except in the faintest tints.

A Test of Character.

"Uncle Henry," said Julia Denham, "may I see you in the library a moment this morning?"

"Certainly, my dear. I am at your command now," and he led the way into the room. He handed his niece to an arm chair, and took a seat opposite her.

"Uncle," said Julia, with a little becoming confusion, "I have received an offer."

"Whew!" exclaimed her uncle, "that is coming to the point with a vengance."

"And I wish to consult with you about it."

"A very sensible resolution. May I know from whom the offer has been received?"

"Edward Fitzroy."

"You havn't known him very long?"

"Not—very," said Julia, slowly.

"But you think you know all about him, I dare say. Are you very much in love with him?"

"Not desperately," answered Julia, smiling. "At the same time I confess that I am strongly prepossessed in his favor."

"And this prepossession is likely to become a warm sentiment. Well, my little niece, as you have requested my advice, I will give it. I do not object to this lover of yours. Indeed I know nothing against him. But then I know too little of him at any rate to be able to form a deliberate opinion of his character. If I mistake not, this is only your case. Now, it is my theory that no woman ought to marry unless she is sufficiently well acquainted with her intended husband to have a pretty confident assurance of leading a happy life with him. I therefore council you to delay giving your answer for a month, and in that time I will contrive to become better acquainted with him."

"Your advice is good," said Julia, thoughtfully, and I will follow it."

"Thank you," said her uncle, kindly, "for the confidence you have reposed in my judgment. I sincerely hope that the young man will prove all we can desire."

"Edward Fitzroy was in business in the neighboring city. He had imbarked a small property inherited from his father, in a dry goods establishment, and having a good business tact was driving a flourishing trade. His acquaintance with our heroine had commenced during a summer residence at the village which she made her home. It was not strange that he should have been attracted by Julia. Her gaiety, vivacity and beauty made her generally admired; and had anything else been requisite the reputation of being her uncle's heiress would have procured her suitors. But it is not necessary to dwell farther on this point of our story. We are interested to learn how Uncle Henry's plan succeeded.

He first made cautious inquiries relating to the young man's business standing, all of which were answered satisfactorily. But this did not satisfy him. Accordingly he purchased a suit of clothing so different from that which he was accustomed to wear, that with a pair of green goggles superadded he felt convinced they would disguise him sufficiently for his purpose. Thus attired he lounged into the store, and inquired for some trifling article. He was purposely very slow in being suited. Meanwhile he watched with some attention the bearing of Fitzroy, who was trading with a fashionably dressed lady at a little distance. Nothing could be more polite or obsequious than the conduct of the young tradesman. With unwearied assiduity he took down from the shelves and displayed a large stock of merchandize, until the fastidious taste of the lady was at length suited.

"He is attentive to his customers," thought Uncle Henry. "That is a good sign. But perhaps he may be so simply because she is rich and fashionable. Here's a customer of a different kind. Let me see how he treats her."

At this moment a woman very poorly dressed, with a worn and weary expression, as if she were better acquainted with the dark than the bright side of life, entered the street door and advanced to the counter. The affable smile which Fitzroy had worn in his interview with the last customer disappeared, and in its place was seen the supercilious glance.

"I would like to look at some calicoes," said the customer.

"Here are some," said Fitzroy, curtly, pointing to a pile which lay upon the counter.

He did not stir from his position, but gazed at the woman with an air that seemed to indicate how utterly indifferent he was to her patronage.

"Will you show me some of them?" asked the woman, mildly.

"There they are, ma'am; you can see them for yourself."

"What is the price of this?" she inquired, looking at the one which lay at the top.

"Ninepence a yard."

"I don't altogether like the figure," she said after a pause.

"Don't you?" returned Fitzroy, indifferently.

The customer began to examine some of the other prints. Of course in doing so she was obliged to disarrange them somewhat.

"Don't pull them to pieces," said Fitzroy, rudely. "There isn't much difference in them. You'd better take the first that comes. How much do you want?"

"Ten yards."

"Well, you had better let me cut it off quick, as I can't stand waiting on one customer all day."

Thus opportuned, the woman hastily indicated one of the prints, and the required quantity was measured off. Change was hastily made and the woman departed. Her place was taken by a wealthy lady like the first, the rustle of whose silk proved an immediate passport to the good graces of the young merchant.

"I don't like that," thought Uncle Henry, who had not been unobservant of this little scene. "He has no right to treat one customer better than another. At all events all ought to be treated with common civility, whatever their attire may be, or however small may be their purchase. These gloves are a half dollar, are they? (these words were addressed to the shopman, who was waiting upon him). Very well, I will take them."

Meanwhile the woman who had just purchased the calico re-entered the store with a hurried step and look of trouble. She waited until Fitzroy was through with the lady upon whom he was attending, and then pressed to the counter.

"Well, what now?" asked the young man, superciliously.

"I believe you made a mistake in the change you handed me."

"A mistake!" he repeated. "It is quite impossible."

"But," said the woman, anxiously, "don't you remember that I gave you a two dollar bill, and you only gave me back two quarters?"

"Wasn't that right?"

"No; I bought ten yards at ninepence a yard, which made but a dollar and a quarter."

"And you handed me a two dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Then I must have given you back three quarters."

"But, sir, it cannot be. I have only two."

"Oh, you'll find the other in your pocket, if you havn't spent it," said Fitzroy, insolently.

The woman colored.

"Indeed, sir, I know I am right," she said, troubled.

"It is for your interest to," he returned with a sneer.

"And you won't rectify the mistake, then?" said the poor woman, faintly.

"You make a great fuss about a quarter of a dollar."

"It is of some importance to me," said the woman.

"I can't return it," said Fitzroy, shortly. "There is no end of the impositions that would be practiced upon me, if I allow everybody to come back and claim that they had not received the right change."

Here Uncle Henry, who had listened with indignation to this scene, interfered.

"You are mistaken," said he decidedly. "I saw you hand this lady her change, and you passed her but two quarters."

Fitzroy glanced at the speaker. It has not been mentioned that Uncle Henry, the better to conceal his identity, was coarsely dressed, and accordingly Fitzroy set him down as a person of no consequence. He therefore answered haughtily,—

"I shall need more than your word, my good sir. How do I know but you are in league—"

"Good-morning, sir," said Uncle Henry, abrubtly. "You may hereafter regret this gratuitous insult. Madam will you allow me a word with you?"

The woman followed him out of the shop, while Fitzroy in no very pleasant mood muttered about the "airs of these beggars."

"Madam," said Uncle Henry, when they were in the street, "will you accept from me this piece of gold which will in a measure stone for this man's rudeness and your loss? Nay, no thanks? What I have witnessed has been worth more to me than the small sum."

At the end of the month Edward Fitzroy came to receive Julia Denham's answer to his suit. He felt quite confident of success—a confidence which was somewhat diminished by the coldness with which she returned his greeting.

"But what can have wrought this change in you?" he asked, his countenance changing.

"I must refer you to my uncle."

Uncle Henry, who entered the room immediately, explained in a few words in what way they had gained an unfavorable impression of his character. He concluded by saying—

"The man who is obsequius to the rich and impertinent to the poor, shall not, with my consent, marry one in whom I feel any interest."

A year afterward Julia formed an alliance with one more worthy of her, and never had cause to regret her uncle's test.

The Ivy.

Why is it that every one is pleased with the common ivy? There is a charm about that plant which all feel, but none can tell why. Observe it hanging from the arch of some old bridge, and consider the degree of interest it gives to that object. The bridge itself may be beautifully situated; the stream passing through its arches clear and copious; but still it is the ivy which gives the finish and picturesque effect. Mouldering towers and castles, and ruined cloisters, interest our feelings in a degree more or less by the circumstances of their being covered or not by ivy. Precipices, which else would exhibit only their naked, barren walls, are clothed by it in a rich and beautiful vesture. Old trees, whose trunks it surrounds, assumes a great variety of aspect; and, indeed, it is a most important agent in forming the beauty and variety of rural landscape. And it is useful as it is beautiful; the ivy is of vast advantage to the smaller birds, as it affords them shelter in winter, and a retreat for building their nests in spring and summer. It is in frustication in October and November, and the sweet juice which its flowers exude supports an infinite of insects in autumn, while its berries are a store of nutriment for many birds in early spring.

The other night a man whose head was almost completely bald, fell asleep in a saloon, some wags, procured a fine brush and some India ink, penciled in delicate tracery the words "I use Wagner's Hair Invigorator." The old fellow, who was a bachelor, never knew the difference, and last night attended the theatrical performance at National Guard Hall. He occupied a front row, to the infinite amusement of a number of people just behind him.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

Fair charmer (who thinks she knows everything about college affairs)—"Is it possible, Mr. Tompkins, that you are not acquainted with my brother at Harvard? Why, he sings second base in the University baseball crew."

Signal Affection.

A little flurry of excitement has been occasioned in this city by a report made by a hackman that in the house of a Mexican woman named Jessusa Rosendez, west of the San Pedro, a human skeleton was concealed. The hackman reported to Deputy Marshal Shardlen that he opened a trunk belonging to this woman, in which he found a small box carefully wrapped with a piece of oil cloth, and the fact exciting his curiosity he opened the box and found it to contain human bones. Shardlen proceeded to the house in question and made inquiry concerning the matter, but the woman feigned any knowledge of the reported skeleton. Her manner, however, convinced the officer that she was deceiving him, and a search of the premises was instituted. This search resulted in the finding of the skeleton, the bones being placed in a box all jumbled up together, and hung up in a closet in the house.

The woman was brought before Justice Houston in the afternoon, and an examination of the affair was made. The woman's statement to the justice was straightforward, and reasonably accounted for the "skeleton in the closet," yet a singular story withal. She said she lived here about seven years ago, and had a boy about fifteen years of age. She moved to Victoria about that time, and shortly afterwards her boy, who was in poor health while here, died. The remains were buried near Victoria, and some time afterward—about three years we understand—the graveyard where the remains were interred fell into private hands, and the owner announced that he intended to cultivate the ground, and that parties who had buried friends there could remove remains, otherwise the graves would be obliterated. The woman's affection for her dead boy was too strong to permit her to lose trace of his resting place, and she had all that was left of him, the skeleton, exhumed. She was very poor, had no money with which to purchase a coffin and have the bones buried in any graveyard, so she kept