# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 12. | SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1877. | WHOLE NO. 1361.



**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.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

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



*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.*

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

ED. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

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, '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-ly.

W. J. & R. 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-ly

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. 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. Feb 7

S. S. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block. so472

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-ly.

**Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG**
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street. June20.

*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

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. jel2-72

*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.

*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 Supper, 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. 3, 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 8, 1875.

**E. H. WARDWELL,**
WITH
**ROUSE, HEMPTONE & 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.

**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 land 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.


## "GOD KNOWS."

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute guns
Echoed from steep to steep.
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the churchyard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carven words—"God knows!"

## SARA'S SHAWL.

Jonas Pray was stingy. He hid his sweetmeats from his little brothers when he was a child, and smoked his cigars alone when a young man. By the time he was forty he was a very rich man, though he lived as plainly as ever; and somehow about that age the first tender feelings he had ever known crept into his heart. He fell in love with a buxom, good-tempered young woman named Sara Woolwich, and offered himself to her. He was not an ill-looking man, and, when he chose, could make himself agreeable. Sara liked him and accepted him.

Jonas meant to be liberal to her at first; but after a brief honeymoon of happiness the old habits resumed their sway. At last, the second Winter of their married life came on, Sara found that all her remarks about her shabby Summer hat had no effect whatever, and that she might wait a long while without having such a thing as a comfortable cloak suggested to her. She had been a poor girl, had no trousseau to speak of and she found it necessary to put her pride in her pocket, and ask for what she needed. It was hard enough for a wife to do that; but to be refused was something she had not calculated on. She knew that her husband had a large bank account—that there was no reason why she should not dress as well as any lady in the land; but when she said playfully, "Jonas! shall I buy myself some winter things to-day? I need a shawl dreadfully!" he answered, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to run after the fashions, Sara. I'm sure you have very decent things, that you might wear a long time yet."

"That shows how much you men know," Sara answered, determined to be pleasant and not show that she was hurt, "You would not like your wife to look shabby, Jonas?"

"Well, no," said Jonas—"no; but really, Sara, money is so scarce just now. Don't you think you might make what you have do a little longer?"

"How much longer?" she asked quickly.

"Oh! I don't know," said Jonas. "I had an aunt—who left me something when she died—who wore the same shawl and bonnet sixteen years, and boasted of it, too!"

His wife looked at him, and said nothing.

"Economy is a great thing, Sara," said Jonas, uneasily. "It would be dreadful to die in the poor-house, you know. And you don't care for other people's admiration, do you, Sara, when you know your Jonas likes you just as well in your well-saved clothes? We won't call them shabby, Sara, only well saved."

"Call them what you please, Jonas—they merit both epithets."

She sat quietly, with her hands folded on the table before her for awhile. Her temper was rising fast, but she had sense enough to crush it down.

A miser is the victim of a vice that masters him, just as the drunkard is. Jonas was ashamed of himself even as he spoke, and she knew it. As she looked at him a little while, grief came instead of anger. There was so much that was good about Jonas. It was terrible to see this canker creeping over it all—to see the pinched lines about his mouth—the strange, anxious look in his eyes. Poor Sara remembered stories she had read of misers—how they starved themselves while they counted their gold—how some of them died in the dark to save candles—and how, through a long illness, one of the wealthiest of these men refused to have a pillow brought to him or even a little saucepan in which to eat his porridge. Would Jonas grow to be as bad as these? How could she tell? Once or twice he had found fault with the amount used, and moaned over his butcher's bill. But men generally did something of that sort, she had heard, and knew nothing about dress. She rose softly, went out of the room, and brought back her shawl and bonnet and put them before him on the table.

"Jonas dear," she said, "I don't want to be unreasonable. Look at these! See how they are! They were nice when we married; but they were cheap, very cheap. Cheap things fade so! I have made everything I had do for two years. I did not like to ask for clothes. You know you gave me two pairs of gloves in our honeymoon. I have them still."

"What a good, careful girl!" said Jonas, caressing her black hair, as she came and sat on a low stool beside him.

"Yes, I have been careful—it is my nature to be careful," said Sara. "Few rich men's wives would have done so much. Now, look at these things, my dear!"

Jonas looked. There came a time afterward when it seemed to him that the faded tint of that shawl, its dingy palm-leaves of yellow brown, and the wilted flowers and shabby ribbon of the bonnet had been seared into his brain. He looked at them long and lingeringly. He knew that his wife was reasonable, and that the things were, and long had been, unfit for her to wear. But his money tugged at his heart-strings.

"Suppose you wear this just one winter more!" he said—"just one."

"The shawl is very thin," she said. "I shall catch cold again, as I did last winter."

"Poor girl!" he said softly, and looked toward the desk where his check-book lay. But the grip of the fiend that rules a miser's soul nipped him sorely as he did so.

"They were sacques a great deal, Sara, don't they?" he said.

"Oh! they are very fashionable," replied his wife.

"Then couldn't you make one out of that old billiard cloth that is in the trunk room?" he said. My poor mother bought it at auction. She meant to use it for a coverlet. It's a very pretty green. Don't you think so, Sara? And such nice material!"

There is a limit to a woman's patience. This suggestion measured Sara's. She started to her feet, and, gathering up her bonnet and shawl, walked out of the room. After she had gone, Jonas really looked at his check book. For at least two minutes he contemplated drawing a large check, and telling his wife he had been teasing her. But he could not bring himself to do it.

After a while his wife looked into the room with her old bonnet on and her old shawl about her shoulders, and said:

"Jonas, I am going to spend the day with my sister-in-law, but I shall be home before dinner-time."

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear!" said Jonas. He saw her eyes were heavy with weeping, and he looked away ashamed of himself.

Then he betook himself to his office, where he ground out his money, and during the day he compromised with himself. He would do no extravagant thing; but when he went home he would give his wife what was necessary. After all, as he said to himself, it would have been better to do it. He had grieved her and she was the only thing he loved on earth.

He went home earlier than usual that evening, to make what amends his soul would consent to; and as he walked briskly along, being light upon his feet yet—for who ever heard of a miser growing fat?—he thought he would never again bring tears to those good, kind eyes. Never, never again; and then—What was that crowd? People were coming that way, looking backward as they came. Men, boys, women, little children—all the riffraff that accident, or quarrel, or an arrest, will collect in the city of New York. And now he was in the midst of the throng, and close to four policemen, who, with set faces, marched in time, bearing between them a stretcher on which lay a human form. It was covered—covered with a shawl. Jonas looked. Oh, heaven! he knew the pattern of that shawl! Only a few hours before its dingy palm leaves of yellow brown, its faded fringe, its shabby brown centre, had been spread out before him. It was his wife's shawl!

"Stop! stop! stop!" be cried. "Let me see her!—let me see her!"

"Do you know her?" asked a policeman.

"Let me see her face!" said Jonas, growing so faint that a kindly man hard by supported him by the arm.

"You'd not know her face. A telegraph pole fell on her. It's crushed all out of shape," said the policeman. "But shawls are alike. Keep up your courage. I do not think this is any relation of yours. She's too shabby. Look at her shoes. See! this is her bonnet! You don't know that?"

He held up a bonnet. It was crushed, and soaked with blood; but Jonas knew it—the streaked ribbon, and a flower among other flowers that had lost its petals. He had fingered it as it lay on the table beside him.

"Yes, I know it!" he cried. "It's Sara! It's my wife!"

Then he pulled away the shawl from the crushed face, and fainted outright. Just as his senses left him he heard some one say:

"His wife? Why, I thought she was a beggar!"

And another answered: "Like enough—they call him a miser. I know him. His name is Jonas Pray."

They carried the poor woman home to Jonas Pray's old house—helping him to follow as he became himself. She was laid upon her bed, and there was a coroner's inquest. Then women prepared her body for burial—talking among themselves of the shame it was that she, a rich man's wife, should be so clad. Then there was a pause, and he might be alone with her if he would.

Before the time came he had a cab called, and he went out in it. He was driven to a large dry goods establishment, where he asked to see the manager, and was shown to his office. The manager found him there—a pale, miserable object, trembling and faint, as one in deep illness. He was shabby, too.

"He has come to beg," thought the manager; and his "What can I do for you?" was curt.

But Jonas cared nothing for anyone's manner now. He answered sadly:

"I want to buy a shawl."

"A salesman will attend to you, sir!" said the manager.

"No!" said Jonas—"I am to ill, too broken to talk to a salesman. I can trust you. I want the costliest shawl you have."

"A madman!" thought the manager. "Our costliest shawl is five thousand dollars," he said, repressing a smile.

"Have it put up for me," said Jonas.

"Certainly mad!" said the manager to himself.

But Jonas had drawn a check from his breast, and with a trembling hand was filling up the blanks.

The manager looked it over carefully. "Jonas Pray," he said, more respectfully. Then it flashed upon him that he had read of a fatal accident to this man's wife that morning. It was a strange proceeding, altogether. Secretly he called others to look at his customer. One knew him financially he was all right.

"And the rest is none of our business," said the manager as he saw the bundle of splendor carried down stairs after Jonas Pray. "They spoke of him as a miser in the paper. That's a pretty purchase for a miser!"

Meanwhile Jonas drove home. From the door floated long streamers of black crape. No sweet face smiled a greeting. Within, all was hushed. Carrying the shawl under his arm, he went up stairs to the darkened room, where under the folds of white drapery, seemed to lie the sorrow of the house. A watcher sat there. He sent her away. Then alone in the room, he knelt down upon the floor beside the coffin.

"Sara!" he said—"Sara! but I was such a miser! I've bought you a shawl at last. Oh, Sara! Sara! I've paid as much as I could for it, my dear. You shall be wrapped in it in your coffin—"

But at that instant a voice cried:

"Oh, Jonas! Jonas dear! Oh, my poor Jonas!"

And turning he saw his wife, either in the spirit or in the flesh, standing behind him. He cried out to heaven to protect him. But the figure came closer. It was no ghost, but a living woman. She took him in her arms.

"Oh, how ill you look!" she said. "Did you really love me so? And it was all my fault! I went to my sister-in-law's; and there, in a pet—oh, I was so angry, Jonas!—I gave away my dress, my shawl, and my bonnet to a beggar woman, and vowed to sit in one of my sister's dressing gowns until you gave me decent clothes to come home in. And the poor woman—she was tipsy, too, my dear—was killed two hours afterward; and I never knew that she had been taken for me until this morning. Oh! such a dirty creature, my dear, the papers described her. And for a little I was glad you had a fright; but I am sorry now that I was."

For answer he picked up the costly shawl and wrapped it about her, and took her, folded in it like a mummy, to his heart again.

"The miser is dead!" he said: "but Jonas Pray will show his wife how he can cherish her."

He did. And if, ever afterward, Sara detected symptoms of a relapse, all she had to do was to wrap herself in the wonderful shawl. The sight of it inevitably recalled the moment when he learned how little, after all, is the value of money, and realized, in agony of soul, that "should a man give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly condemned." He may, indeed, love his money yet; but he knows that he loves his Sara more.

## The Canary a Very Sensible Bird.

As a general rule, you cannot give a bird too much fresh air. Even in the winter time, although it is never safe or expedient to hang the cage in the window, it is advisable to throw open the window once or twice a day and let in the air. Canaries are tender creatures, but they will stand a low temperature—as low as fifty degrees—provided they be out of reach of draughts. A temperature not lower than 60 degrees is perhaps more desirable, and this should be maintained day and night if possible. More birds sicken and die from disease contracted by exposure to high chilliness than from any other known causes. Again, the air of the room should not be overheated or suffused with gas. If of a morning you should chance to observe the same tinge gathering on the wings of your canary that is constantly noticeable on silver plate in winter, the chances are that coal gas has much to do with it. On the other hand, the odor of tobacco smoke, instead of injuring, seems to have the tendency to improve the brightness of the plumage, and at the same time to put more vigor into the canary's song. Were I writing without some experience, I should unhesitatingly say, never subject your birds at all to tobacco smoke. But facts appear to controvert any counsel of that order; for my own birds, whenever tobacco is lighted, will, if the cage doors are open, immediately fly toward the smoker, and vie with each other in getting into the densest cloud. Having sniffed the aroma, they will light upon the shoulder, or the back of the chair, and pour forth the sweetest harmonies of the day. Permit me to suggest, then, plenty of fresh air, and even moderate temperature and occasionally tobacco smoke. Be sure, however, that during and after smoking a current of fresh air is allowed to pass through and ventilate the room.—*Appleton's Journal.*

## Novelties in Watches.

The latest Paris fancies are quite fantastic. These useful and until now precious monitors are turned into mere devices for ornamenting a lady's waist belt. There is the *montre chasseresse*, the *montre croisade*, and the *montre navale*. The dials are all the same as those we are accustomed to, but the backs are covered with crystal only, and the works are seen through. The top, or bow part, shows for the *montre chasseresse* everything that symbolizes the pleasures of the field, and the dial supported by a large golden horn; the crusader's watch is ornamented with a helmet, breastplate and spear that looks as if run quite through the watch, but it is only a clever piece of workmanship to deceive the eye; the naval or marine watch is for a seaman's wife, and a buoy, anchor, telescope, cable and compass are the figures round, on, and below it. Such time-tellers are necessarily large and heavy. Apropos of those novelties we may note a corresponding fancy for gentlemen. It takes the form of tremendous cuff studs, which are called perpetual almanacs, for they give in microscopic figures a date for day and month up to the end of the century we live in.

## MYRA WILBUR'S MISTAKE.

Gilbert Gorham, at the age of ten, was left orphaned and destitute, and was taken into the tender care of his loving grandfather and his aunt Jane, a venerable spinster, whose severity was a most wholesome restraint upon his grandfather's extreme indulgence. Old Mr. Gorham being a man of enormous wealth, his grandson and heir was the most favored of boys and youths, every whim of boyish and youthful fancy being granted as soon as expressed.

And so, when Gilbert had attained the age of twenty-one, and blushingly announced his undying love for Miss Myra Wilbur, the belle of many watering places and seasons, and some five years his senior, his grandfather only nodded and said:

"Suit yourself, my boy, suit yourself."

So a magnificent diamond was slipped on Myra's finger, and Gilbert entered into a fool's paradise, blind to the fact that he was the dupe of an accomplished coquette, whose whole hard nature was incapable of the tithe of love that was laid at her feet.

For, being sensitive, poetical and overindulged, the boy made unto himself an idol, and calling it Myra, worshipped it.

And the actual Myra, being eminently practical, worldly and mercenary, erected a gold idol of unlimited indulgence and riches, and calling that Gilbert, worshipped it.

Mr. Gorham, although he was old and feeble, took a carriage and drove from Fern Nook, the family country seat, to Poolsville, the town honored by Mrs. Wilbur's presence, and made a formal call.

After he was gone, Miss Wilbur, turning to her mother, made a strange speech for a maiden just betrothed, for she said:

"After all, mamma, a rich widow is better than a rich wife, for she can spend the money then, uncontrolled."

"Well, my dear?"

"I was only thinking that Gilbert told me once he was entirely dependent upon his grandfather, having nothing while the old man lived."

"It would be well, then, to keep in the old gentleman's favor."

Evidently Myra was of that opinion. She worked a pair of soft quilted slippers for the aged feet, she sent flowers and dainty dishes to Fern Nook for dear Mr. Gorham; she made herself a hundred fold dearer to her infatuated lover by her delicate attentions to his relative.

Business connected with the settlement of a claim of his grandfather's against the Government called Gilbert to Washington, early in the winter following his betrothal. There was the usual pathetic parting, and with assurance of Myra's undying love, the young man left Fern Nook.

After two months' absence, when he was preparing to return home, a telegram reached him:

"Wait in New York to see me. Will put up at the Grand Central. JANE GORHAM."

Of all strange experiences this was the strangest. His aunt Jane leaving home to visit the metropolis! Gilbert vainly tried to remember if ever she had been absent from home before, and thoroughly bewildered, hurried to meet her.

His first surprise was to find her gentle and kind, all the grim severity of her manner gone. Her kiss upon his lips was as tender as Myra's own.

"My boy," she said, "I have news for you that will distress you, but before I tell that, I want you to listen attentively to some business details that were never of any special interest to you before. You have always supposed Fern Nook and the wealth that sustains it to be your grandfather's."

"And are they not?"

"No, my dear, they are mine. Your grandfather holds a life lease only of the house and half the income. The property was all his wife's and left to me, with the lease as I said, to my father during life. While we were all one family and you the heir, it was quite unnecessary to make any talk or fuss about the matter; but now, it is as well to understand my rights and yours."

"Now?"

"Your grandfather, my dear being, I charitably believe, in his dotage, has married—Myra Wilbur!"

It was a crushing blow. Gilbert swayed to and fro in his chair, and then fell insensible.

His ideal poetic life was more real to him than the actual world about him, and he suffered acutely. But his aunt was the best of comforters for, while she was full of tender sympathy, she was eminently practical, and with clear, forcible words she made him realize fully how unworthy was the idol he had worshiped.

With her own personal property she had brought from their own home, she took a house in New York, where they both soon felt at home, returning no more to Fern Nook. Then, with true practical kindness she persuaded Gilbert to allow her to buy him a partnership in a light business, and roused him from his dreamy, sensitive moods, to active, natural life.

He might have been soured and hard, but for the love of this old maid, who had never before let him read the tenderness of her heart. But, while he suffered keenly, his manhood developed, and he was a stronger, better man for his disappointment.

When Myra's name ceased to be a torture, Aunt Jane made herself known to old friends of her girlhood, and gathered about her a pleasant, social circle, where Gilbert was soon a favorite. There was no hint of the spinster's hope when she said very quietly:

"Any attention you can pay to Ella Rayburn will be pleasing to me, Gilbert. Her mother has been my warmest friend in past years, and we have renewed the old times most pleasantly. If Ella is like her mother, she is a pure, sweet, unselfish woman."

And Ella was like her mother, and was soon taken into Aunt Jane's closest intimacy.

Still smarting under the past pain, Gilbert was merely attentive to his aunt's young friend, and not yet realizing that a reality filling his old ideal was near him.

And while these old residents of Fern Nook were quietly gathering up broken threads of life, to weave a more perfect web of content, Myra Gorham was eating out her heart in bitterness. Instead of an old, indulgent husband, ready to humor every whim, to give her idolatrous devotion, she found herself tied to a querulous invalid, who had been accustomed to the unquestioning obedience and devotion of his daughter and grandson, and who exacted a similar care from his reluctant wife. In place of balls, concerts and operas, the gay life of the metropolis, Mrs. Gorham found herself shut up in a country house, certainly sufficiently handsome and well appointed to meet the most fastidious taste, but lonely beyond endurance to the woman miles away from her own friends, and coldly ignored by the friends of the Gorhams, fully aware of her mercenary treachery.

Yet she endured it as patiently as possible, till the old man, pining for Jane and Gilbert, sickened and failed visibly.

It was when all hope was gone, that the young wife cautiously but very plainly urged the necessity of making a will. It seemed to her as if all the misery of life concentrated in the peevish reply:

"I have nothing to will. All the property belongs to Jane! I only hold a life lease on my late wife's estate."

"Jane," gasped Myra, remembering the insulting terms in which she had intimated to that spinster that she preferred to reign alone at Fern Nook.

"Certainly! If Gilbert's father had lived he would have shared in the property, but it all reverts to Gilbert if Jane dies unmarried.

All Gilbert's, and might have been all hers.

Myra felt too stunned and miserable to cry. To think that all her base scheming, her feigned devotion had led her only to this, the beggared widow of an old man.

But after the funeral was over Mrs. Gorham made a few discoveries. First, all the deep black of the dress, with the white line of her widow's cap, the sombre crape and soft snowy tarletan were most becoming to her brilliant blonde beauty. She studied her dress to its minutest detail, and when it was perfect formed her new plans. In her late husband's desk she found five thousand dollars, which she appropriated, leaving Miss Jane and Gilbert who came to the funeral, to defray the expenses. She accepted Miss Gorham's offer for the use of the house for a year, and when she was left in possession unscrupulously sold many small but valuable articles there.

When the year was over, and Miss Jane Gorham once more opened her house to her friends, she was mute with consternation one day, when a carriage heavily laden with baggage, drove up to her door, from which alighted her father's widow, who threw herself into her arms, sobbing:

"Do not send me away. I am dying in the gloomy seclusion of my dear husband's home. Do let me stay with you."

She stayed of course. Miss Jane's oldfashioned notions of hospitality were too strong to permit her to turn a guest away, even if uninvited and unwelcome. But she smiled grimly to see how Gilbert's face fell at the announcement of the visitor.

"She is my father's widow," the spinster said gravely. "So we must endure her for a time."

She was a most facinating widow when she appeared at the late dinner, in a thin black dress, all jet and trimming, with some knots of black ribbon in the profusion of her golden curls. Her color was softly tinted as ever, her blue eyes as babyish and winsome; yet when the first evening was over she knew she had gained nothing in her effort to recapture the heart she had thrown aside.

But she did not despair. She sang the songs that Gilbert had once heard with rapture. She varied her dress with laces, ribbons and jewelry, till its pretense of mourning was a mere mockery. She put herself in Gilbert's way with every dainty device of feminine needlework. She entreated permission to prepare his favorite dishes with her own white hands. And, as if to try his constancy, Miss Jane aided and abetted this schemer for the nephew's fortune, and spoke but little of Ella, never inviting her now to the house, so that Gilbert was forced to seek her more and more in her own home, and found her ever more lovely and winsome from the contrast with the idol he had proved to be clay. It was six months after the arrival of Mrs. Gorham in her step-daughter's house, when Gilbert, returning from a drive with Ella, met his aunt in the hall, and clasped her in a close embrace, whispered softly:

"Ella is mine! Wish me joy!"

"From my very heart," she whispered back

Radiant with joy and hope, Gilbert, after changing his driving dress, hurried to the sitting-room to tell Aunt Jane "all about it." He had absolutely forgotten about their guest, and it gave him an unpleasant shock when he found her seated in a low chair busied about some wool work, that showed to great advantage her tiny white hands, glittering with jeweled rings.

She rose to greet him, and then, to his embarrassed surprise, she clasped her jeweled hands, and, bursting into tears, sobbed:

"Oh, Gilbert, do not look at me so coldly. I can not bear it. I know I deserve nothing from you but contempt but if you knew how sorely my mother urged me, how importunate your grandfather was, you would forgive me. I was insane with their persecutions, and thought in my misery that I could still see you, and, perhaps that is—I—I—"

And here even her effrontery gave out and she only sobbed convulsively. Taken by surprise, every gentlemanly instinct urged Gilbert to confront this woman who was so recklessly offering him what it was once his fondest hope to possess. But his whole soul shrank from her; his manly, true heart was only outraged by her unwomanly advances.

Gravely he stood looking down upon her as she shrank in the chair, sobbing and covering her face, and yet furtively watching him

"Gilbert, speak one tender word to me," she implored; "say you do not utterly despise me."

But he did. He sought for words to convey his meaning kindly, and they would not come. Blushing like a boy, in his confusion and pain, he said, very gently:

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Gorham—"

"It used to be Myra," she sobbed reproachfully.

"True, but those were days that can never be recalled."

"You are cruel."

"I do not wish to be so, but I must be frank with you. The past is dead! Never can we revive that love that was once so precious to me, so very trifling to you!"

"No, no; you wrong me. Alas, for me, it is my misfortune that I can not conquer my love."

"But mine died when it was insulted and slighted."

Here Gilbert drew a deep sigh of relief at the appearance of Aunt Jane entering the room behind Myra's chair. Mrs. Gorham did not hear her, and sobbed:

"Your love can not be dead, Gilbert. It will live again. Pity and forgive me."

"I both pity and forgive you," said Gilbert, gently.

"But—"

"But," said Aunt Jane, in her hardest tone, and with her face set in rigid lines, "you forget, Mrs. Gorham, the law does not permit a man to marry his grandmother."

With a cry of rage, Mrs. Gorham sprang to her feet, but something in the cold, grave faces checked the torrent of wrath upon her lips, and she left the room.

The next day she terminated her visit, and loftily declined an invitation, sent three months later, to be present at the wedding of Gilbert Gorham and his gentle bride, Ella.

## Priestess of the Night.

If Christina Nillsson were here she couldn't sit down on the curbstone and scream "hot corn" half so well as the girl who last night posted herself immediately beneath the windows of this office and set herself to telling the people in Camden what she had got for sale. She sat there with her pail between her knees, a healthy example of what lungs may do. Maybe she had read of slim girls who sang and who were heard by Maestro, who took them to Paris and Rome, and then hired managers to give them a thousand dollars a night in gold, and married them off to men with names longer than a cat's tail; but there she sat, and from just after dewy eve until just before dawn, and sang the praises of hot-corn without variation. She was one of about three hundred, and the two hundred and ninety-ninth sat on the corner diagonally opposite and filled up the blanks in which the other took breath, with the same song pitched in a different key.

A very fervent imagination might have fancied those two dark priestesses of the night singing in alternate versicles the praises of Ceres—boiled and buttered, with pepper and salt.

Worshippers at the shrine ever and anon appeased the priestess with an obulus and took from the altar, represented by the bucket, a cob; and, as the devotee walked away, up went the cry, "hot corn," to indicate the fact that there was corn in the bucket still for those who had oboli to buy it withal. The organgrinders go home at nine o'clock, and there are no cats in the neighborhood, so the songstresses had no rival. When the little telegraph boy brought the early dispatches he trotted up stairs to the tune of "hot corn;" when the last printer was thinking about washing his hands of work, his last type clicked in the "stick" to "hot corn." The air was full of it and "hot corn" came floating over the roofs of houses and through alleys like some penetrating aroma. People went to bed and dreamed of "hot corn," and waking early heard it again. It was first and last and all the time. Hot corn has its influence in the world; it can make weak teeth ache and disseminate colic, and make a hungry tramp's mouth water, and drives a sleepless invalid to the verge of suicidal mania. It might also induce a man to commit murder, or engage in a riot or even strike—the dark priestess of the night who will sit in one posture for ten consecutive hours, a sort of sombre patience on a monument smiling at the grief of every one who doesn't take kindly to "hot corn," screamed in a voice of vengeance by a persistent woman hour after hour, without a change of note to vary the monotony of the thing.—*North American.*

## Gold Mines in Guatemala.

Recent reports from Guatemala indicate that a new source of wealth may shortly be added to the already great riches of that portion of Central America. Some time ago gold washings in very considerable quantities were found in the Department of Izabel on the Bobos river, and considerable quantities of gold from this location reached the city of Guatemala from time to time. Attention came to be thus directed to the matter, and President Barrios determined on a personal investigation. Taking with him General T. B. Bunting, of the army of Guatemala, he visited the placers last spring. The inspection of them was necessarily somewhat superficial, but it was sufficient, it is stated, to indicate unusual richness, and an extent covering about twenty-seven miles square. The placers were found to be on land belonging to the Government, well timbered and watered, near the Atlantic coast, and within some ten miles of steamboat navigation. The Government at once determined on steps for the development of this property, and accordingly President Barrios commissioned General Bunting to visit the United States, and if possible procure from the Government the services of a thoroughly practical mining engineer who would go to Guatemala, examine the newly discovered gold region, and make an exhaustive report on the subject. General Bunting is now in New York in pursuance of his mission. It appears that he is also authorized by his letter of instructions to treat with capitalists for the opening up and working of these mines, either by the sale of these lands or by the formation of a company, in which the Government of Guatemala would retain an interest. General Williamson, Minister Resident of the United States at Guatemala, has addressed a letter to to the State Department at Washington concerning General Bunting's mission. In the absence of Secretary Evarts, no further move has been as yet made in the matter.

Ohio promises to produce 30,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.