The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 18. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1370.

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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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, '79.

VALENTINE BAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 22-1y.

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 R. 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 79-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. M. KUTTEL.
COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and constantly 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.,
Come on or address yourself promptly. 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 Kriesinger's store. apr. 22, '76-tf.

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

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Febt 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block 3ed'72

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 Barclay House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 18, '71-1y.

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.
novl1

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 county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Imitable, 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. 1y12-75

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.

BANKS, ETC.

Cambria Co. Bank.
M. W. KEIM & o.
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,
129 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1874. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. E. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Supples, 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 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—
MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

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 it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
not 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. 113 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 11, 1875.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPHILL & 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 knowingly, 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.

BROTHER JEREMIAH.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

I aint no hand at findin' fault,
With parson, church, or choir,
Nobody ever heerd a word
From Asa Jeremiah.

But things ain't like they used to be,
I tell you Parson Joy,
Folks ain't so honest, nor so good,
As when I was a boy.

When I was young, respect was paid
To folks 'twere growing gray,
But now-days, when your hair is white,
They say, you've hed your day.

Then meetin-houses hed no blinds,
No steeple, and no bell,
And folks heerd stern old doctrine 'bout
The judgment, death, and hell.

We sang no trifling tunes, but psalms
Just as King David writ 'em.
We had no unpaid-for orgin, but
A tuning fork to pitch 'em.

When deacons were 'lected by the church,
They chose the oldish men;
They did not spose a gay, young sprig
Could be a deacon then.

But worldly and new-fangled ways
Hev crowded out the old;
And how my feelings hev been hurt,
I'm sure cannot be told.

A piller in the house of God,
I've allus aimed to be;
A light set in a candlestick,
For all the world to see.

I wouldn't always hev took,
The office of a deacon,
But I must say, I think it queer,
They pinted Brother Beacon.

I know he's popular and smart,
And pious, too, but then
I think sich offices belong
By right to older men.

I feel—I don't exactly know
Jest how, at Sunday meetin'—
Somehow I do not feel to hum
Even at conf'rence meetin.

I wouldn't be a deacon; but
I tell you, Parson Joy,
Gray hairs and wuth don't hev respect
As when I was a boy.

COUSIN DICK.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodford were enjoying a confidential matrimonial chat over their *tête-à-tête* dessert, and discussing at some length the antecedents and probable future of a cousin, Mr. Richard Broughton, who had lately dropped down on them, not from the clouds, but from a Liverpool express train. This gentleman had in his youth been "crossed in love." Always a musical enthusiast he had become attached to an amiable girl, a young concert singer, who was the mainstay of her mother—the widow of a captain in the army—and some younger sisters; and having himself not made a fair start in life, the elders of both families rose up in arms against the alliance.

Mrs. Woodford, of nearly the same age as Cousin Dick, had been his confidant in their boy and girl days, had sympathized warmly with his disappointment, without very precisely understanding how it had come about, and was now assuring her husband that the attachment had been a far more serious affair than very youthful fancies generally are. It was true the gentleman had so far consoled himself as to marry another lady; though it was reported that he had wedded a shrew who had not made him supremely happy. But he had lost his wife sometime before leaving Australia; and now, after a sojourn of nearly twenty years in the colonies, he had returned to England with something more than a competence.

"But what has become of Miss Clifton?" asked Mr. Woodford.

"That I do not know," returned the lady. "Clifton was only her professional name; her real one I quite forget; therefore, if from any circumstances she passed into private life, it would not be easy to track her. Dick called her Alice to me."

"Probably she is also married," said Mr. Woodford.

"Possibly," replied his wife, though women are more constant than men; and though she ceased to answer Dick's letters, and really brought him into a state of misery which drove him out of England, I never thought the fault was quite her own."

While Mrs. Woodford was yet speaking there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Broughton was announced.

"Why did you not come to dinner?" cried Mr. Woodford, rising to greet his visitor. "But we can have the lamb brought back," he added.

"Thanks, thanks," said Mr. Broughton; "but I dined at the hotel. I am sure I ought to apologise for calling at such a time, and for having brought Dandy with me."

Dandy was a terrier, and his master's almost inseparable companion.

"Now Dandy, behave! and go and beg pardon for both of us. Say we know we are two unmannerly colonial boors, at present unfit for good society."

Very much as if the sagacious animal understood every word of this address, he approached Mrs. Woodford, and sat on his haunches in a begging attitude.

"He means biscuit," said the lady with a laugh, and suiting the action to the word she gave him one, with a caressing pat into the bargain.

"Seriously, however," said Mr. Broughton, "I would not have come at such an hour, but I wanted so much to tell you that at last I have found lodgings which I think will just suit me. Or rather, I should say that Dandy found them for me."

"Dandy! Well, he is a clever dog. He will talk next, I suppose. But," continued Mrs. Woodford, "at present his master must explain."

"It sounds ridiculous to talk of such trifles," replied her cousin, "but for the last three or four days—ever since the hot weather set in, I have felt quite interested in a shop in your neighborhood—mainly, I think, from the humanity displayed by the owner in setting a large bowl of sparkling water by the door for the convenience of the poor, panting dogs, for which Dandy has been grateful more than once. It is a music warehouse on a small scale; but where they also sell fine ornaments and ladies' Berlin work and so on."

"I know the shop," interrupted Mrs. Woodford; it's kept by a widow and her maiden sister, who seem very superior people."

"Oh, I'm glad you know the place," continued Mr. Broughton. "Well, this afternoon as usual I waited, looking into the shop window while Dandy quenched his thirst, and wishing I could decide on something to purchase by way of liquidating my dog's debt, when I observed a card which intimated there were apartments to let. There were directions to knock at the private door; but seeing me linger on the spot longer than usual, Dandy had entered the shop, and when I followed to look after him I saw him planted firmly near an inner door and accepting the caresses of a little girl about seven years old, as if he had known her all his life. I made inquiries about the apartments, and found they consisted of the first floor, a nice bedroom, and pleasant sitting room; attendance with good cooking guaranteed, and no other lodgers taken. Of course I went up stairs to look at the rooms, Dandy leading the way with the canine gravity you remarked in him the other day. He jumped on a chair to look out of the window, and then on the sofa, as if to examine the softness of the cushions and finally gave a little yelp, which seemed to say: "Master this will do; here we are quite at home." Even the mistress of the house, Mrs. Gray, laughed at the evident contentment of the dog. But what charme d me was there was no rebuke for my poor Dandy's jumping on the furniture; and remembering besides the bowl of water, I began to believe that Dandy would be something more than tolerated in the house. Accordingly it was with a good hope that I intimated that my dog was my constant companion, and that I trusted his presence would not be objectionable."

"Oh, sir," said the widow, "we only lost a dear old dog within these three months; and for own poor pet's sake—if for nothing else—we would be kind to a dog. As for my children, I believe they take after their aunt; and my sister dotes upon dogs."

"Ah, it was the maiden sister, I dare say, who was the mistress of the lamented dog," said Mrs. Woodford. "I have some recollection of seeing a very old black retriever in the shop."

"No doubt it was the same. I understand the sister gives music lessons, though at present she is taking a holiday staying at the seaside with friends. There is another advantage in these lodgings," continued Mr. Broughton; "the house being a musical warehouse, and one of the family evidently musical, I am in hopes that they will not object to my violin practicing any more than to Dandy for an inmate. What I want now is comfort, to enjoy myself after my own fashion, and opportunity for doing some little good in the world, when what seems to me the fitting occasion offers. Five years more at the Antipodes and I might have come home a richer man; but perhaps at that time health might have been shattered by over-toil, and I should have been less able even than now to turn into new grooves of life and resume habits of culture. As it is, my means are ample for all I am likely to want. With books, and music and Dandy, I expect to get on capitally. Besides I mean to come and see you pretty often."

"Indeed, I hope you will," ejaculated husband and wife together.

"If we come too often they must turn us out—must they not, Dandy?" said Mr. Broughton, speaking to and caressing his dog; and then he added, turning to his cousin: "By the by, I venture to give you as reference to my respectability, responsibility, &c."

"And I will give you a good character, Dick, I promise you," replied Mrs. Woodford, "and what is more, I will recommend Dandy to Mrs. Gray's special regard. He certainly is the cleverest dog I ever saw. Look at him now wagging his tail at me, as if he understood every word I was saying!"

"Spoken just like the cousin Maggie of early days," said Mr. Broughton, with a certain tremor in his voice which proved that his feelings were touched. "Always full of sympathy and thoughtful kindness. Yet even you can hardly tell what a friend Dandy has been to me through years of loneliness."

"Yes, I can, Dick," said Mrs. Woodford; "if I had not a pack of children to think about, I am quite sure I would want dogs or four-footed pets of some sort."

* * * * * *

Only a fortnight has passed, but Cousin Dick seems as completely installed in his new lodgings as if he had occupied them for months. His most cherishable personal belongings were all unpacked and arranged about his room according to his own taste and fancy. A few well-worn books which he had taken from England in his youth, still held a place of honor, though they were now flanked by many fresher looking volumes; and an old and cherished violin rested in one corner, and helped to give the sitting room its inhabited look, though writing materials near the window and newspapers lying about contributed to the effect.

Over the mantelpiece in his bedroom he had arranged his store of warlike weapons—a sword, which Richard Broughton had certainly never used, but which he valued as the gift of a dear friend; pistols and revolvers which he looked upon as protectors in many a perilous journey, and a boomerang brought to England as a curiosity.

Mr. Broughton had finished his breakfast, and was enjoying his morning newspaper; but he had been to the opera the night before, and the melody of an air which delighted him still haunted his ear, and even disturbed the rythm of the very didactic article he was reading. He was not much disturbed by Mrs. Gray's knocking at the door; she came, as she usually did every morning, to receive his orders for dinner.

"You manage my dinners so nicely for me," said Mr. Broughton in answer to some suggestions of his landlady, "that I think I cannot do better than to leave all arrangements to you. But do sit down; I want to thank you for taking care of my dog last night. I hope he was not troublesome to you?"

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Gray; "when once he ascertained that you really were not in the house, he settled down quietly and played with the children till they went to bed."

"I am so glad your children are not afraid of him," observed Mr. Broughton.

"Oh they are too well used to dogs and to pets in general to be afraid of a gentle creature like your Dandy. In fact, my difficulty is keeping them out of your rooms. Ally—you remember, Dandy took to her the first thing—Ally wanted to come in and see the dog just now. I dare say she is at the door still."

"Oh, pray let her," said Mr. Broughton, himself rising to open the door. "I'll not be jealous because it's my dog she wants to see—not me; and there was a little laugh at Dandy being such a favorite.

When the room door was opened, sure enough there Ally was found waiting, but not alone; her brother, a curly haired urchin two years her junior, had hold of her hand; and both were evidently in expectation of being allowed some little frolic with the dog.

"Come in, my dears—come in," exclaimed Mr. Broughton; Dandy will be most glad to see you, and will show you some of his accomplishments, if you like."

Though a little shy at first with the "strange gentleman," whom they had been taught in a vague sort of a way to reverence, and for whose comfort they were told to refrain from noise, the shyness soon wore off, when they found that Dandy's master was as willing to be their playmate as Dandy himself. For their delectation the dog went through his most admired tricks; he jumped over a stick, he allowed of mimick shooting and acted the dead dog, he begged for a piece of bread, but could not be induced to eat it till he was assured that it was paid for. Moreover he howled a note in unison with the one his master played on the violin; but probably without meaning to imply admiration of the latter performance.

A less keen observer than a fond and widowed mother was likely to be, might if contemplating this little scene, have felt pretty sure that, fond as Richard Broughton was of his dog, it had not exhausted all his capacity for loving. By people who have never had their hearts thrilled by the mystery of a canine attachment he had often been ridiculed for the intensity of his affection for Dandy and when he spoke of a "dog love" as being the only ideal of his life that had ever been realized, few people understood him. But Mrs. Gray saw at a glance that he had a natural love for children, and probably for all helpless creatures, and considering all the circumstances of her household, she thought herself most fortunate in her lodger.

It is astonishing how soon pleasant habits may be formed. Before the next week had passed it became quite the custom of the children to come to Mr. Broughton's room at least once a day, ostensibly to play with Dandy; but also they brought their toys to show to Dandy's master, and chattered away as bright, eager fresh-hearted children are pretty sure to do, with those whom, by some instinct, they at once recognize as friends. Dandy's canine predecessor in the house, Topsy, was a frequent subject of conversation. Her accomplishments were described, though admitted to be fewer than Dandy's, and her death and burial dwelt on with some pathos. And one day little Ally came into the room hugging a thick photograph album in her arms. She had brought it for the express purpose of showing poor Topsy's likeness.

Topsy had been photographed a number of times; once occupying an easy chair with something of the dignity of a judge; another time as a conspicuous member of a group; and lastly by the side of a lady who had her hand on her head.

"And who is the lady?" inquired Mr. Broughton, trying to speak with a calmness he did not quite feel. "It does not look like your mother."

"Oh, no! Why, it is auntie!" exclaimed little Ally in a tone that implied wonder that he could for a moment have taken it for Mrs. Gray.

"Then Topsy was fond of auntie, and auntie was fond of Topsy, I suppose?" wishing to discover all he could about this auntie.

The little girl nodded her head by way of reply, and then said: "Auntie did cry so much when Topsy died. She was auntie's own doggy."

"And did you cry?" asked Mr. Broughton.

Another nod of the head; but the child exclaimed: "Not so much as auntie—auntie cried until her eyes were quite red."

"And is this portrait very much like auntie?" asked Mr. Broughton.

"Yes; but she never wears such sleeves as those now. I'll show you her new photograph;" and the little fingers rapidly turned over the leaves and found a likeness taken only the other day. Mr. Broughton recognized the same sweet face, though it showed that seven or eight years had probably passed between the time this photograph had been taken and the other.

"And what is auntie's name?" inquired Mr. Broughton with forced composure.

"Auntie?" said the little girl, as if that word was quite sufficient; but added a moment after, as if the thought of more information being required had just come to her:

"She is Alice, and I am Alice; only they call me Ally. Auntie is so good," the child continued; "mother says that she is the best auntie that ever lived. And I must be good too, because I have got her name."

"Quite right, my darling," said Mr. Broughton, giving the child a fatherly kiss. "But run away now, for I have letters to write. Will you leave me the album? I should like to look at Topsy again—though I don't think she was much like Dandy. "Do you?"

"Not a bit!" cried the child, tripping off gleefully; and leaving Mr. Broughton with his heart stirred in a manner it had not been for many years.

It was true that he had letters to write, but it was half an hour before he took a pen in his hand. The first thing he did was to draw forth a powerful magnifing glass, and by its means to study the face of the lady with the dog most narrowly. Yes; he had not a shadow of a doubt that this dear "aunty," the maiden sister of Mrs. Gray of whom he heard was the love of his youth, the Alice Clifton of the concert room, the Alice Croft of private life. Photography revealed some lines of care and suffering that had not belonged to the fair young face he so well remembered; but such foot-marks of time must be expected in the course of twenty years, even under happier circumstances than had probably befallen the woman in question. That she should have relinquished her professional career without having married, puzzled him. But he had incidentally heard from the children that "auntie" was coming home to-morrow; and before many days should pass, he should certainly find out a thing or two which must greatly influence his future.

As if to confirm his already strong belief beyond the power of momentary cavil, the next time he went down stairs he observed a letter on the table, which, on looking if it were intended for himself, he saw the address "Miss Croft."

The next day Alice Croft returned home; and as Broughton was taking his coffee, he could hear the children's merry shouts of welcome, at which, by-the-by, Dandy set up a short bark, as if he thought he too had a right to join in the demonstration.

"I will do nothing hurredly," thought Mr. Broughton to himself; "after twenty years of separation I can wait for a few days surely. After all, if we meet on the stairs she will not recognize in me the slim, smooth faced boy I believe she remembers." And thinking thus, he glanced at himself in the chimney glass; noting the bronzed weather-beaten face and long, thick beard streaked with white that it reflected. "I wonder though if my name will strike her?" he continued, pondering. "Perhaps not, and yet it may."

Now the fact was, Alice Croft had not as yet heard the new lodger's name, for her sister had at first misunderstood it, and had written it "Rawton" in communicating the news that the rooms were let. Three or four days passed away before Alice had any inkling of the mistake. Meanwhile, Richard Broughton had seen her—unseen himself—more than once, and had even heard her voice speaking carelessly to the children. How it thrilled on his ear and confirmed his resolution!

It was the early twilight of a summer evening. The shop was closed, and Mrs. Gray had gone out after seeing the children in bed. Broughton felt that the hour had come, and ringing his bell, asked the servant who answered it if Miss Croft were at home and disengaged.

"Yes, sir," said the maid; she is all alone in the parlor."

"Then be so good as to give her my card, and ask if I may wait upon her."

But Broughton followed the servant down stairs, and was ready to avail himself of the permission given in a minute.

The servant thinking it her duty, lighted the gas before leaving the room; but she left it burning low, so that the lingering daylight prevailed over it. Though the reception room was but a little parlor behind a shop, there was an air of refinement about its appointments, and the out-look into a mere yard was masked by a balcony full of blooming and odorous plants. The door which led into the shop remained open, probably for the sake of air; but to such a passionate lover of music as the visitor was, the sight of two or three pianos and a harp and guitar was rather suggestive of delightful ideas than of anything else.

Alice had risen from her chair, and advanced with outstretched hands to meet her guest; but she did not seem able to find a word of greeting.

"Alice!" exclaimed Mr. Boughton, "if I may still call you so, do I seem like one risen from the dead?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I never thought you were dead." But as she spoke there was a faltering of her voice which showed that she was agitated.

By this time both were seated, though a little way apart. Mr. Broughton drew his chair nearer, and said softly: "Alice, I come to ask if it is too late to mend our broken chain?"

"But you are married; I heard that long ago," exclaimed Alice with dignity. "You have no right to the past."

"I have been a widower these two years," was the rejoinder.

The explanations which followed need not be described in detail.

"The letters kept back, false messages,
The tale so old and dark."

Had seprrated the lovers, and when Alice Croft believed that she was forsaken a severe illness ensued; after her recovery from which it was found that her voice was seriously impaired. Instead of resting it for a time, she was tempted by the exigencies of her profession to overstrain it; the result being such a deterioration in its quality that is was no longer powerful and certain enough for the concert room. Then followed many years of arduous labor as a teacher of music; during which time her mother's death and the death of other members of the family reduced the little circle, till at last her youngest and widowed sister Mrs. Gray was the only one left.

Six weeks after the reunion just described, a quiet but well omened wedding took place, in which Richard Broughton and Alice Croft were the principal actors. Meanwhile the bridegroom and bride elect, living under the same roof, had abundant opportunities of riveting the 'broken chain,' to which allusion has been made; while Dandy, no longer confined to one apartment, now ran about the house, as if perpetually engaged in taking messages from one person to another. Mr. and Mrs. Woodford, early apprised of all that was going on, had made the acquaintance of Miss Croft and her sister, and being fond of children, had frequently had the little Grays at their house. Mr. Woodford even consented to give the bride away, and his two young daughters were the bridesmaids. But as Broughton said, his cousin Maggie was always a "trump" and her husband seemed worthy of her.

It was the evening before the wedding. The whole family had been visiting the Woodfords, and it evident that Ally had something on her mind to communicate. The young Woodfords as well as their mother constantly called Mr. Broughton "cousin Dick," and the term had evidently struck the child much.

"What is it Ally?" said Mr. Broughton drawing the little girl on his knee. "What is it you are wishing to say?"

"I should like to call you "Cousin Dick," like those young ladies. May I? for I love you so much." And as she spoke, Ally raised her face for a kiss, and put her arms around his neck.

Will not "Uncle Dick," do as well?" cried Broughton, giving the child a warm hug. "Don't you understand that I shall be really Uncle Dick to-morrow?"

"Oh, how nice! Uncle Dick, dear Uncle Dick—yes I like that better."

N. B.—We are commissioned to add than Dandy accompanied the newly married pair on their wedding journey. They considered they owed him so much that it would not be just to give him the pain of even a temporary separation from his master—and mistress.

The Indian Box Trick.

Peter Lamb belongs to the Arion Club, and the other night he sent around to the club-room a long, narrow box and a lot of rope. Some of the fellows got to examining the box and wondering what it meant before Peter came, and one of them found that the box was movable, and that the screw-heads which appeared to hold it tightly in its place were shams. So a lot of them got to work, and taking off the sham screw-heads, inserted some genuine screws, which held the end in firmly. When Peter came he said that a friend of his had taught him how to do the Indian box trick, and he was going to give an exhibition to the club that evening. He asked a couple of fellows to satisfy themselves that the box was secure, and they said they were certain that it was.

"Now," said Peter, "you put me in there and tie the lid down firmly with the rope, and the whole crowd go out for fifteen minutes, and I'll bet you $10 I'll be out of the box."

So Peter got in, and they fixed the rope, and asked him if it was all right, and he said it was; and the crowd left and went over to the drug store. On their way up stairs, as they came back, they heard somebody kicking against some boards and using the most frightful language in a surpressed voice. They entered the room and perceived that the noise came from Peter's box.

The conjurer heard them coming, and he savagely demanded that the box should be untied. They did so, and, kicking off the lid, Peter leaped up, dashed to the window, thrust his head out, and for a minute or two gasped for breath. When he had fully recovered he seized the poker, banged the box into splinters, and heaved it out into the back yard. Then Mr. Jones said to him:

"Didn't get out, hey?"

No answer from the magician, who sat on a chair in the corner looking mad.

"How do you do that Indian box trick, anyhow?" asked Jones.

Silence from the wizard.

"Does the Indians do it the same way you do?"

Scornful silence from the prestidigitator.

"I don't see anything about the trick any more wonderful than any other trick.

Then Peter got up, and going close to Jones, and shaking his fist in Jones' face, said in a quiet but determined voice:

"You mean, sneaking, mutton-headed idiot, I believe you fastened up the end of that box, and if I knew it for certain, I'd ram you full of powder and blow you from here to Peru, you pigeon-toed fool!"

Then Peter sent in his resignation, and now he is studying up some new variety of legerdemain.

Mrs. Grant's Benevolence.

Of Mrs. ex-President Grant this story of unostentatious benevolence is told: "George S. Joice, of Unadilla, served faithfully through the war of the rebellion, and early in the President's first term was appointed a door-keeper at the capitol, or Executive Mansion. He remained there until some three and a half years ago, then sickened and returned to Unadilla, to linger through the balance of life with consumption. He lived some twelve or fourteen months, and died. While in Washington he attracted the favorable attention of Mrs Grant. His father's family were in very limited financial circumstances, and George was worth nothing but an irreproachable character and good name. Mrs. Grant, in some way knew of these conditions, and during the entire time that Mr. Joice was lying sick in Unadilla she sent him each month a check for $100 until he died. There was never any bluster over the matter, and few people in Unadilla know of it to day.

Useful Knowledge.

A man walks three miles an hour.
A horse trots seven.
Steamboats run eighteen.
Sailing vessels make ten.
Slow rivers flow four.
Rapid rivers flow seven.
Storms move thirty-six.
Hurricanes eighty.

A rifle ball one thousand miles a minute.

Sound, eleven hundred and forty-three.

Light, two hundred and ninety thousand.

Electricity, two hundred and eighty thousand.

A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs two hundred pounds.

Cast Out.

The Philadelphia *North American* says: Here are faint photographs of some of these men as seen along the line of the Boston and Albany railroad, whose hearts might have been claimed by love, patience and kindness. 'Tis nightfall; along the railroad track, near a small stream of water, fifteen to twenty men are lying on the ground without any covering, asleep; old boots, shoes and dirty, hard stockings are scattered around, and several bare, blistered feet are visible; when aroused, they answer any questions willingly, and the tales narrated would freeze the life from out young hearts, which language fails to portray. A man is seated on the top of a flat rock. He has some pieces of what appears to be a letter in his hands. The paper is rotten from age and from being carried in his pocket. The almost illegible lines were written by a tender-hearted mother, now dead, and the poor outcast is trying to read her last words to him. He repeats the story of a mother's love—how, when he lay a boy in her lap, and her hand on his head, she told him of the boyhood of good men, and made him promise, when he would become a man, that he would remember her counsel and follow their example. But when he came to the great city he began to drink with reveling companions, and no one ever gave him a kind word afterward; and the stricken wreck in agony of soul burst into tears, and refused to be comforted or receive any aid. Another has seen better days; he was once a happy husband and father. His wife went down to the grave uncomplaining, and soon a sweet golden-haired little girl lay at her side. He feels accused—in one sense murderer; he is fifty-four years old and friendless.