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The Somerset Herald.

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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, '76.

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. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection act. 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 carefully 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. july18

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 Krisinger's store. apr. 25, '76-tf.

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

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

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb7 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block mo472

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, 73-1y.

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.
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 Janolasme, 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. mh15-72

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. jan19

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 & 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

NEW BANK.
:0:
(In rooms formerly occupied by M. A. Sanner & Co.)
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Will open for business on Monday October 1st. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Refer by permission to
Hon. W. H. Koontz, Att'y at Law. Hon. W. J. Baer, Att'y at Law. Col. Ed. Scull, Col. U. S. Revenue. A. J. Colborn Att'y at Law. C. C. Mossman, Associate Judge. Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Att'y at Law. Wm. H. Frease, Merchant. E. Kiernan.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good references, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Howard J. Roberts, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pitt, H. A. Rogers, Conrad Seppeo, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Wallace.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. no24.

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

JNO. HICKS. LARIE 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.

ADVERTISING!
$1,000 WORTH, FOR $87.00.
The cheapest and best way to reach readers outside of the large cities is by using one or more of our six lists of over 1000 newspapers, divided to cover different sections of the country. *Weekly Circulation* over 600,000. Advertisements received for one or more lists. For catalogues containing names of papers, and other information and for estimates, address
BEALS & FOSTER No 41, Park Row (Times Building) New York.
Sept. 27

H. M'CALLUM,
77 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Wood St.,
PITTSBURGH.
NEW CARPETS!
LINOLEUM DRUGGETS
At Prices of 1862.
H. McCALLUM.
Oct. 17

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.

SLATE ROOFS.
Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 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.

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
Confectionaries, 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 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—
MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset Pa

BISSELL & CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
285 LIBERTY ST., AND 242 PENN AVE.
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Stoves, Ranges,
GRATES,
MANTELS,
Finest assortment in the country, and Low Prices.
Sep. 12

THE RIME OF THE STOVE MAN.

It is the man of Summer street,
Most woe-begone to see,
He dodged the friends whom he may meet,
Who loudly laughed at he.

For under his arm he bears a pipe,
That eke belongs to the stove,
And the elbow he grasps in his grimy hand,
To the pipe it must be rove.

Loud laughs his friends, "Ha, ha, ho, ho,"
And eke they cry, "I say?"
"Withhold thy chaff!" the victim cried,
Ellsoons their chaff held they.

The house was clean, the sun was bright
Cheerily dawned the day,
"Bring up the stove," the good wife cried,
"I'll brook no no delay."

"In wild unrest I beat my breast,
But I could not but choose but do;
The rusty stove from the shed I brought,
The pipe and the elbow, too.

"The soot was here, the soot was there,
The soot was all around,
And flakes of rust on the carpet stood
Like hoar frost on the ground.

"Down dropped the pipe, the elbow fell,
The good wife scolded free,
And the misfit joints they wrought a spell,
That raised old Cain with me.

"About, about, and in and out,
The joints shoved and crammed;
With many a wail and many a shout,
And much unseemly laugh.

"I pounded them in, I pried them out,
And hear, oh man and brother,
Both ends of every joint of pipe
Was bigger than the other.

"They rasped my knuckles to the bone,
They pinched my grimmy skin,
They bled and blistered all they touched,
But I could not drive them in.

"'Go way, go way, you awkward man,'
The good wife spake to me,
I dropped the elbow joint and ran,
As mad as mad could be.

"But I turned and watched with silent gaze,
For wrath had made me dumb,
And saw the wife of my boom raise
Blood blisters on her thumb.

"I saw her sink on the sooty floor
In agony and pain,
I heard her wail, 'Oh, never more,
Will I marry a man again!'

"Right quick I seized the mangled pipe,
And the elbow, battered free;
And I seek the man who maketh stoves,
To fix my stove for me.

"Oh never again while life may last,
Will I be found so green,
However may howl the winter blast,
To fool with a stove, I ween."

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

NYMPHEA'S BRAVERY.

The Manse rose a huge pile of gray granite, with outlines softened by the gathering darkness. About its clumps of foliage threw denser gloom, or white-rock work thrown artistically up gleamed ghostly between tendrils of creeping vines. Marble statues, and great vases overflowing with rare exotics, were scattered through the grounds, and a fountain where Niobe shed continuous streams of tears sent the soothing sound of its flowing waters out upon the air of the summer night.

One by one the windows of the great house was filled with a lurid glow, until it seemed like a monster. Argus-eyed, awakened from a slumber, and peering into outer darkness through its manifold firery orbs. The shadows scurried away before the streams of light, or clung tremulously about the skirts of the mother-objects which firmly stood their ground.

The drive, stretching its white pebbled length in tortuous curves and twists, began to be dotted with incoming vehicles, and the rooms within gradually filled with alighting occupants.

It was Nymphea's birth-night, and to be celebrated as became the natal anniversary of Estabroke's only daughter. But, then, Estabroke was peculiar, and by no means permitted social custom to override his sense of comfort or aristocratically exclusive propensities. So this fete resolved itself into an informal and scattering gathering, rather than the crush of two where there is room for only one, and the glare and heat so predominant at such festivities.

The line of carriages were full, and the last of the guests sojourned at the Manse had floated down the stairway in clouds of gauze or tulle, or descended, with more apparent pedestrious motion, his potent leather and sable broadcloth, relieved by the usual array of snowy kids and waistcoat.

Gale, coming in through the wide entrance way, sauntered slowly by the groop clustered in the hall, exchanging salutations as she went. Uncrowded as it was, some one came in his way, and that some one proved to be Rube Holstein. Gale favored him with a malignant glance, but spoke casually as he passed. Evidently there was no kindly feeling wasted between the two.

Gale would rather have encountered any one else at that moment. The fact that Holstein was preferred before him was a bitter pill, but one which policy induced him to swallow with a smiling face. Estabroke held Ruben in high favor, and had enstalled him for an indefinite period at the Manse; while Gale, after angling in vain for a similar invitation, made the most of such circumstances as he could command, by taking lodging at the hotel, which already contained many of the Estabroke set. Of course he came in for a share of the common courtesy shown by these, and while he chafed at his tolerance, yet grasped eagerly at the advantage it gave him.

He caught sight of Nymphea a moment after, and turned that way, a chord of gratification thrilling as he saw that she observed his approach. He went lingeringly, surveying her critically, as though she had been a work of art, instead of Nature's wonderous masterpiece. But Nymphea could well endure the scrutiny.

She was robed in green satin, the sheen of which, softened by snowy lace, reminded him of the foam-capped sea-waves glinting in waves of down-pouring light. Her hair, tawny and floating, was bound by a velvet fillett, studded with a single pearl. Pearls upon her arms and neck gleamed beneath their lacy covering. Nymphea, dazzling, he thought, as he approached her—perfect, peerless, he told himself, when she softened the stereotyped phrase into unmistakably glad greeting.

He gave way, but did not retire, as a last comer paid *devoir* to her, and turned to the elderly lady who had been her support. Then Nymphea gave a sigh of relief. "Free at last!" she said.

Gale offered his arm, and they moved away with the floating human tide. Borne by this, they drifted into an ante-room, where a side table upheld a fragrant floral pyramid.

"My gift," she explained. "I could take nothing else from any except the family, you know."

"I sent you the only token I dared this afternoon," said Gale, his face flushed as she singled it from the mass of bloom.

Twin camelia, pure and wax-like, nestled down against the bed of glistening green.

"I knew it came from you, even before I saw the name. So considerate not to add to the influx of roses and lilies. People seem to pitch upon them as an available standard. See—this, too, is exquisite."

It was a cluster of musk pinks arranged in a silver filagaree holder.

"There was no name, but Rube was the kindly donor."

"Is woman's institution such a certain guide?"

He stooped over the flowers as if to inhale their pungent odor, and the shadow playing on his face concealed the quick hardening of his lips.

"Not in this case," Nymphea laughed. "The pertume lingering about him told me that they had been made up by no other hands. What is it?"

He had dropped the cluster he was carelessly handling. An insect droned away from a honey-laden calyx.

"Only the traditional thorn. A wasp in the midst of your fragrance, ma belle."

"And I came near looping them into my flounces," Nymphia shuddered. "They suited my dress so admirably. But I could not wear all, and would make no distinction to-night."

She did not see a tiny slip of paper lying within Gale's half-closed palm. How he blessed her impartial resolution when he glanced at it under the gas-jet, as she lingered over ome other tributes. Just a line in Rube's writing, fine and accurate as copperplate.

"Wear but a flower of mine if I may speak to-night."

He crushed it into his glove, and, drawing closer to her, lowered his voice until it could reach no passing curious ear.

"If you would accept a gift from me, Nymphea. All the love of my life went out to you from the very first. It is so precious to me, and yet so worthless, if you have to return. Give me merciful assurance, Nymphea."

Her eyes—wondrous eyes they were—met his gaze, and shyly dropped before it. Rosy waves surged up to her very hair, and fingers plucked nervously at a tuft of bloom. He closed his one hand over her two and they lay quiet in his clasp. He detached a ring from his watch chain—twisted circlet of gold, so pure that it was pliable—and slipped it on her unresisting hand.

"Wear my fetter," he whispered. "Let me feel that I am linked to you by a tangible tie. I will never let you regret it, Nymphea."

Her eyes flashed up with a sudden, saucy light, but her hand with the ring nestled closer to him.

"If it is a bond, you must expect a restive captive. Don't let the chains chafe, or I may break them."

"And my heart too? You would never do that, my Nymph. Elf, changeling, you should have been. A moment ago you were all shy diffidence; now you are sparkling, exultant already in the power you wield."

"I am like a chameleon, never reliable. The promise of one moment may not develop in the accomplishment of the next."

"Then I shall tell myself that you are mine and hold you fast."

Gertie Wray, alone, fluttered up to them. Gale reached over, taking Nymphea's tablets.

"The lancers," he was saying. "Ah, your card is full!"

"I promised Rube the first, and have not looked at it since. It has gone the rounds, I see."

Those who had been earlier at her side had filled the vacancies. Gertie Wray looked on half enviously.

"You never lack attendants. Just think, Nymphea—I came with Burt, and he has deserted me already. Let me stay with you until I can get back to the parlors."

"I will do better," Nymphea declared, as the soft strains of quiet melody changed to lively measure, and she saw Rube coming to claim her. "I charge Mr. Gale with the delightful task of caring for you."

"A task which is endurable only because you have given it," Gale told her in an aside. "I wonder if bliss is never unalloyed."

"What are you saying?" Gertie asked, thinking the whisper had been meant for her.

"Thanking Fate for unexpected beneficence. See that obese lady with the eyeglass. I am sure you have preserved me from her."

"And I am tolerated as a lesser evil, I suppose," Gertie pouted. "Is that Burt? If you will call him—"

"Which I certainly shall not," Gale responded, tucking her hand within his arm. "You were dependent upon my mercy a moment ago; don't recompense me by cruel desertion."

"If I thought you were not bored," she hesitated.

"If you go, I shall not care to avert boredom. Don't you see you hold my contentment in your presence?"

They turned away from the floral mass.

"What a pity the other gifts could not have been placed on exhibition," Gertie said. "Estabroke is munificent. Nymphea's gems are worth a fortune."

"You have been favored with admission behind the scenes?" querried Gale, carelessly. "Enviable liberty! I have almost a woman's mania for precious gewgaws."

"Is that satirical? If not, you shall be rewarded with a peep."

"Let me prove my sincerity. That is, if brighter shafts have not impaired my appreciation of material brilliancy."

Gertie's eyes drooped consciously. Gale had the faculty of freighting idle sayings with apparent meaning. She led him back into the dressing-rooms, where only the lady guests had been admitted. These were now deserted for the ball-room and the promenade.

Nymphea's gifts lay unguarded, except for a fragile crystal screne. Gale's eyes grew coruscant; but he looked down, seemingly indifferent. Opals, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and amethysts, representing in themselves values untold. Gertie pointed out Estabroke's selection. A chrysophrase set imbedded in dull, Etruscan gold.

"So unique!" he declared.

Gale admired all, and they went back to mingle with the moving stream.

* * * * *

The crowd had surged away to the refreshment tables, and the gas lights streamed down over the disordered furniture and drooping decorations. Even the Manse was not proof against the demoralizing effects of society and protracted hours.

Some one else had monopolized Nymphea, so Gale lingered behind to dream of her; perhaps, also, to escape paying devotion at some less absorbing shrine. Voice and laughter floated back to him, mingled with the clatter of china and the ring of glasses.

A casement near him swung silently back, a face, smooth-shaven and dare-devilish, was framed within it.

"Gale, a word with you; this way, quick, before prying stragglers spot me."

The newcomer spoke in hurried, suppressed tones. Gale went out to him mechanically, but with sullen resentment.

"What are you doing here?" he questioned. "You will ruin all with your cursed chicanery."

"The others think you are trying that game, and that you mean to give them the slip when your nest is feathered. They will not be satisfied with promises now. Either you must do for them, or they will take the job in their own hands. We all know what gleamers the Manse holds to night."

"Fool!" Gale uttered excitedly. "Let me follow my own plans, and you shall all share of them peaceably before three months have passed."

"We should hear of Madame Gale sporting them in the midst of European bon ton," the other said good-humoredly. "But you forget you have old hands with whom to deal. Either you must show color to the tune of a few thousands, or the crib will be cracked by other hands within six hours."

"With chances of the whole gang seeing Botany Bay within as many weeks. You haven't an expert equal to the thing."

"We number you yet," interposed the newcomer.

Gale fumed, but realizing his precarious footing, bottled his wrath and attempted to make terms. He went back to the rooms twenty minutes later, quiet, dark and cool, to exchange a parting word with Nymphea and take noticeable departure.

* * * * *

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the house was still, with here and there a single light dimly showing behind curtains. The moon, late risen, shown full and clear on the Manse, touching the weeping Niobe with a sheen of her falling tears.

As the ormolu clock struck its three chimes Gertie Wray, who was staying over night, distorted her pretty mouth with a distinct yawn. She and Nymphea had been gossiping together in the dressing-room which separated their sleeping chambers.

"So late!" exclaimed the latter in surprise. "I have kept you out of bed for an hour. Don't wait for me, dear, unless you share my wakefulness."

Gertie suppressed another yawn, and made a faint demur.

"Shall I help you put away your jewels, Nymphea? You must be very tired."

"They are safe enough," Nymphea said, absently turning the ring upon her finger.

So Gertie, kissing her good-night, withdrew.

Nymphea was neither tired or sleepy. She leaned back in her chair, softly caressing the hand which wore Gale's ring, and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

The clock ticked a monotonus refrain. The sound of rustling leaves and dripping waters were wafted faintly upon the breeze which played about the open casements, just stirring the curtain within.

Her birthday-gifts—the sparkling, glittering mass of precious stones—were upon the table. Near them, in a chrystal case, were the twin camelias. The cluster of musk pinks lay waiting in the miscellaneous heap below. Rube had seen them there during the evening, and ascertained the absence of the tiny note; had taken to heart the chilling convictions that Nymphea was quite beyond his reach.

The clock struck the quarter, then the half hour, and she roused herself from her reverie, preparing to retire. Wheeling her chair before the dressing-table, with its inclined mirror, she brushed out her hair, confining it in a close net. She had removed her elaborate evening-dress, and wore a wrapper of dead-white casbmere.

"It makes me look like a corpse," she said half aloud.

A second later the tinge of color faded from her cheeks, and her lips grew pale until the simile she had used was no extravagance. Back of her was an alcove, separated from the room only by heavy curtains. These were slightly drawn, and through the interstice a man's face peered out at her. The slight swaying of the curtains, and a face cautiously appearing, met her sight in a hand-glass resting upon the table. The swinging mirror reflected only her own form and features and immediate surroundings.

For an instance her hands fell nerveless, and her heart stood still through sudden terror. Then she went on tying the silken tassels of her net, lingering over all the trifling details of her toilet with her eyes fixed steadily on the imaged face.

Gale's face! she recognized it at once. The Estabroke blood coursed through her veins, and from that second her tender thoughts of him lay dead and buried in her memory. Gale, as she had known him heretofore, and Gale as he stood revealed to her, were alike powerless to stir a chord of joy and pain, except through a realization of her present peril.

A thousand rumors she had heard without heeding thronged up now. She remembered hints thrown out—questions asked. "Who is he?" had been the query. It was never answered. Gale, springing from whence no one knew, referring to no past, had been tolerated, even lionized, through his own assumption.

Nymphea saw his gaze wander from her and rest upon the heap of glittering gems, saw the sordid lightening of his eyes and the impatience stamped upon his features.

In the room beyond Gertie was sleeping. Her own empty apartment was opposite. The suit comprised a wing, and a long corridor connected it with the center building. She could summon no aid. Only her woman's wit to foil him.

She drew the vase with the camelias nearer to her, and bent her cheek to touch them caressingly.

"Beautiful flowers!" she murmered, but never moved her eyes from his mirrored face.

His features softened and twitched emotionally, but relaxed nothing of their resolute purpose. His own feelings might prompt withdrawal even yet, but the stronger power had him still in its clutches.

Nymphea stretched out her hand and dropped it, a snowy covering over the gleaming gems. She took them up, one by one, clasping them on her throat and arms, until she flashed with a thousand tongues of reflected light. She leaned forward, a low laugh rippling over her pale lips.

He had grown grim and keenly watchful. She could never dare to rise with that load upon her. One by one she took them off again, and swept them in a glittering heap. Then she leaned her head upon her hand, and, singing softly, kept her eyes upon the glass.

Four strokes chimed. Only a half hour, and it seemed to her an eternity.

He was growing restless and suspicious. Nymphea felt a sense of deadening horror as she watched his face take on a sullen, dogged expression, which would admit of no merciful promptings. He thrust the curtains half aside, as if to step into the room.

She rose slowly, and he drew back again. She moved about, singing yet some opera air. She felt that a crisis was coming soon, and she was momentarialy growing powerless to avert it. She approached the open casement, looking out into the still night.

Some one moved from the shadows below, and her heart leaped with renewed hope. It was Rube—faithful, disconsolate Rube, unable to rest after his grievous disappointment, taking chill comfort in watching her light, and thinking himself rewarded by having seen her shadow on the blind an hour before.

She stretched out her hands to him with a gesture imploring silence. With him so near she realized safety, but how should she convey to him knowledge of her position.

A providential remembrance came to her. Gale understood nothing of Italian, as she happily knew. Forming her words into perfect rythm she sang on, softly yet, but then with startled comprehension. He signed to her his understanding, and then darted away.

She drew back into the room, and, with the assurance of speedy aid, felt her strength deserting her. The alcove curtains shook, and Gale, looking down, met the gaze she was powerless to withdraw. There was no chance for further subterfuge. He was her terror, and his purpose wavered before his passion for her.

"I was driven to this," he said approaching her; "but there is a way to cheat them yet, Nymphea. If you will go with me I swear no harm shall come to you, and my love shall make you forget all this. Will you go, sweet?"

She shrunk back, wringing her hands dumbly. Must she submit to the touch of this man? The pliant gold circlet he had placed upon her finger parted under her clasp and fell to the floor. The last semblance of a tie between them was broken.

A second later the door was thrown open, and she was caught in Rube's arms. A stout servant or two, hastily summoned, were prepared for Gale, whose apprehension was a key to unravel a score of previous mysteries. He was identified as the infamous hero of many dark adventures, and is now paying the penalty of his crimes and regretting the plot defeated through his very weakness.

The Eyesight.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by two free use of their eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in relation to the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes from light to darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew, for several minutes after coming from the darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of a light, window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by a light so scant that it requires effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible to an effort to distinguish, that moment cease and take a walk.

As the sky is blue, and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a blue tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls some mellow tint.

The moment you are prompted to rub your eyes, that moment cease using them.

Beecher is lecturing for $800 a night.

Elephants as Timber Carriers.

One of the great industries of Burmah is the timber trade. The teak wood; which is the chief timber cut and shipped, is very heavy, and requires prodigious force to handle it; and as the Burmese are not far enough advanced to use machinery for the purpose, they employ elephants, and bravely do the noble beasts perform their task. In the timber yards both at Rangoon and at Maulmain, all the heavy work of drawing and piling the logs is done by them. I have never seen animals showing such intelligence, and trained to such docility and obedience. In the yard that we visited there were seven elephants, five of which were at that moment at work. Their wonderful strength came into play in moving huge pieces of timber. I did not measure the logs, but should think that many were at least twenty feet long and a foot square. Yet a male elephant would stoop down, and run his tusks under a log, and throw his trunk over it, and walk off with it as lightly as a gentleman would balance his bamboo cane on the tip of his finger. Placing it on the pile, he would measure it with his eye, and if it projected too far at either end, would walk up to it, and with a gentle push or pull make the pile even.

If a still heavier log needed to be moved on the ground to some part of the yard, the mahout, sitting on the elephant's head, would tell him what to do, and the great creature seemed to have a perfect understanding of his master's will. He would put out his enormous foot and push it along; or he would bend his head, and crouching half way to the ground, and doubling up his trunk in front, throw his whole weight against it, and thus like a ram, would "but" the log into its place; or if it needed to be taken a greater distance, he would put a chain around it, and drag it off behind him. The female elephant especially employed in drawing, as having no tusks, she could not lift like her big brothers, but could only move by her power of traction or attraction. Then using her trunk as deftly as a lady would use her fingers, she would untie the knot or unhitch the chain, and return to her master, perhaps putting out her trunk to receive a banana as a reward for her good conduct. It is a very pretty sight, and gave us a new idea of the value of these noble creatures, and of the way in which they can be trained for the service of man.

Protestant Sisterhoods.

The action of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, on Tuesday, in adopting a canon for the organization of a sisterhood of deaconesses, is very significant. It proves that that Church, like the Roman Catholic, appreciates the importance of systematically utilizing the piety and religious zeal of its female members.

Already there are sisterhoods in the Episcopal church, the members of which wear a religious habit, and temporarily or permanently devote themselves to religious, educational, or charitable work. The action of the House of Bishops, which will boubtless be sustained by the House of Delegates of the General Convention, will lead to the extention of these agencies within the Church, and Protestant sisters clad in a religious habit, will become common.

It is safe to predict that there will be no lack of applicants for apointment as deaconesses. There are maidens disappointed in love, or of a peculiarly devout temperament, who will welcome an opportunity to give themselves to prayer and pious and charitable labor. Many widows, too, will find solace and congenial occupation in such sisterhoods, and they may make themselves of much use among the poor and suffering, and so help to extend the influence of their Church, which, in formally availing itself of the aid of women in its ecclesiastical organization, will take a step which will awaken much interest, and doubtless excite much opposition.

It can hardly fail to be charged that these sisterhoods of deaconesses will eventually become as rigid in their rules and requirements as the sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church, and thus prove a means of leading the Episcopal Church nearer to Rome, something very obnoxious to Protestants generally. But sisterhoods both high church and low church in their leaning, have been in existence in this city for a number of years without fatal consequences, and the amount of practical good they have accomplished among the poor has been simply immense.

Has Not Slept for Nine Years

Mr. Thomas McElrath, an emigrant from the north of Ireland, settled in Marlboro, Ulster county, New York, many years ago. He is an honest, upright and respected citizen of that place, being a member of Rev. D. C. Nevin's congregation. A rumor has been in circulation for a number of years that this gentleman has work at his occupation as a farmer apparently happy, enjoying good health, and yet had not at any time been blessed with a refreshing sleep. To make sure of the facts before publishing, we sent a reporter to interview Mr. McElrath and make a verbatim report. The reporter stated to this gentleman what his mission was, when he replied as follows:

"I came to this country in the year 1832 from the county of Antrim, Ireland. I was in excellent health, and continued to remain so until nine years ago. I was confined to my bed for over a month. Dr. William Gedney, of Milton, attended me then and since. After I began to get well I could not sleep till about 12 o'clock at night. A week or ten days later I could not sleep till 1 o'clock, and so on for six months, till the the present time I have not closed my eyes in nine years. I hear every sound during the night, while my family are in bed sound asleep. I frequently rise and read for hours, but my head feels dizzy all the time; my back aches, my eyes are sore, although people tell me I look well for my years. I am really very weak, and have not worked very much in the last two or three years on my farm.

Oh! yes, I lie down during the day, but sleep nary a wink. Yes, sir, I am positive I have not slept in nine years; my family and others have watched me for many weeks—yes, and for months—to see if they could catch me asleep; but it's of no use, I can't sleep and that's the end of it. I'll give any man $50 who will give me just one night's rest. No, I can't stay on my feet over two or three hours at a time. My memory is good. How much do I weigh? Well, I should judge somewhere about 100 pounds. I've tried everything, and nothing affords me relief. I wish I was dead.

It is just nine years since Cuba declared its independence.

Love of Dress.

There is a dividing line between a vain love of dress and a tasteful adornment of the person—a frivolous love of display and a modest and becoming apparel.

Many women after marriage become negligent in dress and personal appearance, and have a reckless disregard for cleanliness, often suffering themselves to appear in soield raiment, when a very little effort and trouble would have made them presentable to guests as well as to the immediate home circle.

Women complain of the neglect of their husbands, and bitterly bewail the fact that they are not appreciated as they were in the days when they were wooed and won. In their complainings they fail to see that they are not the same women they were then. Far from it! Then they were neat and tidy and always clean, with hair smooth and beautiful and face radiant in smiles. Now they are dirty and slovenly, with hair frouzy and unsightly, visage sour and unattractive. How can they expect to be appreciated in the home they were to adorn?

There are other women again, who, though wearing h