The Somerset Herald.

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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. 26, '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. 12-1y.

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

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 '76-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. R. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
Office—In 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.,
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 Kristinger'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 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.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
OFFICE in Mammoth Block may72

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. 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.
June 20.

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 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 desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset.

BANKS, ETC.

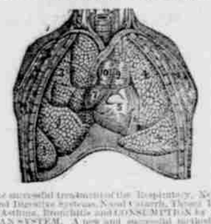
J. O. KIMMEL & SONS,
BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made.
jan12

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
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.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000.

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. jan23

BOOTS AND SHOES.
PARKER TRENT,
Late of Allegheny City, Pa., has removed to
SOMERSET, PENNA.,
and opened out a shop, for the manufacture of
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
in the building, corner Main and Pleasant Sts., East of Diamond.
He is able to turn out first-class work at the lowest prices, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who give him their patronage. Orders promptly attended to. Repairing neatly done. nov. 28-3ms.

DR. PALMER'S
Pulmonary Institute,
NO. 218 PENN AVENUE, Pittsburg, Pa.



For the successful treatment of the Respiratory, Nervous, and Digestive Systems. Nasal Catarrh, Throat Diseases, Asthma, Bronchitis and CONSUMPTION by the AERIAN SYSTEM. A new and successful system of treatment by INHALATION. Improvement is apparent from the first week of treatment. Curable diseases of the Heart treated successfully.
Correspondents answered when stamp is enclosed.
Patients received daily.
Dec. 12

S. R. PILE,
DEALER IN
FLOUR AND FEED
Groceries, Confections,
Queensware, Willow ware.
Salt, Fish,
Tobacco and Cigars,
&c., &c., &c.,
New Stock.
ONE PRICE,
All Goods Positively
SOLD AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
FAIR AND SQUARE
IS
Our Motto.
Do Not Fail to Give
NO. 2, BAER'S BLOCK A CALL,
When doing your
SHOPPING.
Jan. 30

Coughs and Colds.
Cured by using Dr. SCHERER'S WILD CHERRY LUNG COMFORT. 25c, 50c and $1 per bottle.

Dr. Scherer's Rheumatism
Remedy $1 PER BOTTLE.
Sold by druggists and at Dr. Scherer's Laboratory, 174 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dr. Scherer's Pile Salve, 50 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.
Nov.28

WANTED Farms to sell and exchange. We have hundreds of customers wanting to buy farms just now. Never knew a better time to sell. Acres at fair prices, as people are lifting money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES
Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 104 Smithfield St, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms, send for printed Farm Register.
Nov.28

SOLDIERS.
Invalid Pensioners drawing over Ten Dollars per month for wounds in Arm or Leg will hear something to their advantage by addressing and sending a description, date, &c., of receiving wound or injury.
W. C. BERINGER & CO.,
Claim Agents, 116 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nov28

MISCELLANEOUS.

JNO. HICKS LA RUE 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.
angl5

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. 119 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 3, 1878.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO,
285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D.,
Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for
NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND
FANCY GOODS
assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

HIGHEST AWARDS! Centennial Exhibition.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
NORTHWEST CORNER
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS.
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURES OF PATENTED
Wrought-Iron Air-Tight Heaters
WITH SHAKING AND CLINKER-GRINDING GRATES FOR BURNING ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down 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
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 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.

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Leaflets are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like roofs of coral,
Hiding silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watchfires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine tree,
For its freedom
Groans and labors the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the past what it can rather restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blandly
Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only—
Wife and husband,
And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort;
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
Is the centre point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it,
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but now are not.

Happy he who neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

ROSAMOND GIFFORD.

'Good-bye, mamma, and wish me good luck, please!'

'Good-bye, Rosamond; but as for my wishes, they can't signify one way or the other. I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the olden time.'

Rosamond Gifford turned away from the cracked mirror in its frame of stained wood, and went smilingly out in the nipping November air—a tall, blooming damsel, with deep brown eyes, and a lovely pink and white complexion, whose simple black alpaca dress set off her fresh beauty, as an antique vase might relieve a cluster of full blossomed roses.

'Mamma,' said little Helen Gifford, as she put another shovelful of coals on the carefully husbanded fire, 'do you feel sorry that Rosa is going to work the sewing machines at the exhibition.

Mrs. Gifford withdrew behind her pocket handkerchief.

'Ah, child, it's well for you that you haven't my sensitive feelings!'

'But, mamma, why shouldn't Rosa sew at the Exhibition fair, just the same as in the sewing machine room in Oxford street? Where's the difference, so long as they pay her for it?'

Mrs. Gifford shook her cap borders hysterically.

'I never thought to see the day when a Gifford should be compelled to work for a living — and to work in public, too! I only wish I had been dead and buried first!'

'Mamma, don't!' pleaded poor little Helen.

'It would have been a great deal better! groaned Mrs. Gifford. 'I shouldn't have been in the way, with my old fashioned ideas and notions, then! I hope Sir Walter Morton sleeps peacefully in his bed—that is all! I know I couldn't, if I cheated my cousin's children out of their inheritance!'

'But, mamma, how was it Cousin Walter's fault, if the law gave him the estate, instead of us?'

'Law, indeed! Nonsense! When your poor dear papa always brought me up in expectation that some day Morton place would be ours. And to see him step in—a selfish, domineering, heartless—'

'But mamma, darling, you have never seen him.'

'If he had had a solitary instinct of the gentleman about him, he would have invited us all to make our home at Morton Place for the rest of our days.'

Helen lifted her eyebrows shrewdly.

'If we had gained the lawsuit, mamma, I don't think you would have invited Cousin Walter to make Morton Place his home.'

'Go and get your knitting, Helen,' said Mrs. Gifford, peevishly.

And Helen silently obeyed.

Pretty Rosamond Gifford cried a little under her veil, as she hurried along the streets, because her earnest efforts to earn a livelihood were so little appreciated by her mother; but it was nothing more serious than the sparkle of a summer shower, and when she entered the railed off compartment at the Exhibition, where her sewing machine stood, the sweet dimpling smile had come back to her lips once again.

'You are a little late this morning, Miss Gifford,' was the comment of her employer. 'Two or three people have inquired about the patent attachment already.

So Rosamond sat down, heart and hands alike occupied with the business of the hour, entirely unconscious that she herself was the prettiest object in the place.

Suddenly the sound of a gentleman's voice close to her ear made her start.

'See here, Morton; you are interested in this new improvement if you are going to supply the industrial schools at your place with sewing machines. It is really the best thing out.'

And Rosamond glancing up through her long eyelashes, saw a tall, well made gentleman, with bright brown eyes, chestnut locks, and a grave pleasant mouth, and heard him introduced to her employer as Sir Walter Morton, of Morton Place, Staffordshire.'

The veritable Cousin Walter—the mysterious wonder of her youth and childhood—and Rosamond felt her heart beat a pulse or two faster, as the clear, brown eyes fell upon her face.

'Miss Gifford, will you be kind enough to run a strip of cloth through the machine? Then, sir you will see the manifest improvement in this latest attachment.'

But the stranger was looking, not at the little silver plate and glancing at the wheel, but at the fair flushed face which bent over them.

'Gifford!' he repeated, slowly. 'I have cousins by the name of Gifford.'

'And I am one of those cousins,' said Rosamond, courageously. 'There—you screw this a little, and it relieves the tension at once, thereby improving the stitch; for—'

'Allow me to claim relationship, then;' and Sir Walter Morton frankly held out his hand. Rosamond hesitated a little. Her mother would have haughtily repulsed the overtures of friendship; but she and her mother had always held different theories on the subject of Sir Walter Morton. She put her hand in his.

'I am glad to meet you,' said Morton. 'I should have met you before, but a letter from your mother—'

'Yes,' said Rosamond; coloring deeply; 'I know how my mother feels. Shall I show you about the machines now?'

'Are you exhibiting them?'

'Yes. I am earning my own living.'

Morton's fine face lighted up.

'And I honor you for it. Yes, you may show me, if you please. I am just ordering a few for some schools I have established.'

And when Sir Walter Morton took his leave, the man of sewing machines came gleefully to Rosamond's side.

'Your cousin has ordered a dozen, Miss Gifford. I wish we had a few more customers like him.'

Sir Walter Morton came again the next day, to examine into one or two knotty points respecting the machinery and stayed until Rosamond got up to put on her shawl and bonnet.

'You are going home?' he asked.

'Yes; Miss Morrison takes my place in the evening,' she replied.

'But it is quite dark; you must let me see you home.'

'Yes; but—my mother?'

Morton laughed. 'I comprehend. I am no special favorite with her. But I can preserve a prudent incognito. Let me be Mr. Walters.'

And Rosamond, who really was a little timid concerning the long lonely walk in the dusk, and who was beginning to like and trust her newfound relative, consented.

Mrs. Gifford received the newcomer with stately dignity.

'I'm sure I'm very happy to meet you sir,' she said. 'Any friend of Rosamond's will always be welcome to me, and I only wish I could receive you in a more fitting manner. We have not always been what we are—nor should we be now if law and justice were anything but mere meaningless names.'

'Indeed!' said Morton, smiling curiously, while Rosamond felt as if her face was all on fire.

'No sir,' said Mrs. Gifford, the bows on her lace cap quivering with the emphasis she used. 'If we had our rights, we should have been the Giffords of Morton Place, and my daughter Rosamond, instead of exhibiting sewing machines, would have been sitting in silks and velvets. But we have been deprived of our rightful inheritance by a fiend in human shape, named Walter Morton. Perhaps you have heard of the great lawsuit?'

'I think I have a faint recollection of it,' said Mr. Walters, gravely.

'Mamma,' interrupted Rosamond in a voice of distress, 'these—these family matters cannot be interesting to a stranger, and——'

'Excuse me!' said Mrs. Gifford, drawing herself up primly. 'Of course, I am in the wrong—I always am—only it isn't exactly pleasant to be told of it by my own daughter.'

'Mamma, you know I didn't mean that!'

But Mrs. Gifford declined to be propitiated on any terms, and sat stiff and prim the remainder of the evening, full of unspoken reminiscences of 'the great lawsuit.'

'He will never come near us again,' was Rosamond's regretful thought, as she laid her flushed cheek on the pillow that night, with little Helen's fragrant breath mingling with her own.

But Rosamond was mistaken. Mr. Walters did come again, the very next evening but one; and again and yet again.

'You are looking pale, Miss Gifford,' he said the last time.

'It is one of the misfortunes of our reduced station in life,' Mrs. Gifford sighed 'that Rosamond is obliged to lead a too sedentary life!'

'A little walk would bring the roses back to your cheeks,' said Mr. Walters. 'It is a lovely moonlight night. Will you come?'

Mrs. Gifford nodded her assent; and Rosamond put on the Tartan shawl and the little round hat with the redbird's wing in front, and slipped her arm through that of her cousin.

'Rosamond,' said Sir Walter Morton, after they had walked a little way in silence, 'the Exhibition closes to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said she regretfully.

'And with it closes your work.'

'Yes. I wish I could hear of some new engagement.'

Morton drew her arm closer in his.

'I know of one, Rosamond; but I don't exactly know whether it would suit you.'

'What is it?'

'I want to engage you, Rosamond,—to be my wife.'

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gifford had looked up at the clock half a dozen times, true to her instinct of always worrying about something, before Rosamond came back.

'Child!' she croaked, 'do you see what time it is? Where is Mr. Walters?'

'He would not come in. He is coming to see you to-morrow, mamma.'

'To see me! What for?'

'Mamma, he has asked me to marry him.'

'He is a most gentlemanly person, my dear,' said Mrs. Gifford, smiling and bridling. 'I shall consent with the greatest pleasure.'

'You like him, then, mamma?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Then, mamma, I may venture to tell you that he is our cousin, Walter Morton; that I shall be the mistress of Morton Place, and that you will reign in very truth, in the halls of our ancestors, of whom you have spoken so often.'

And she laughed and cried, both in one breath, upon the old lady's neck.

'Bless my soul!' said Mrs. Gifford, dropping her spectacle case and cracking the lenses straight across.

'But she made no objection to the fiend in human shape,' and Miss Rosamond soon took to herself another local habitation and a name!'

A Wonderful Career.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, is just now the lion of foreign courts and scientific circles. On reaching Egypt the Khedive presented him with an honorable decoration accorded to few, and he was banquetted by the celebrities of Cairo. At Rome he received the medal which Victor Emmanuel would have presented with his own hands had he lived. The other cities of Italy have sent complimentary messages to him, and he has been enthusiastically welcomed at Marseilles. New triumphs await him at Paris and London, which none will grudge him; for the descent of the Congo in the face of almost insuperable obstacles was not only one of the greatest achievements of travel, but would have been creditable to a regular army. The only drawback is that it turns out that Stanley is an American only by adoption. His friends may have known the truth, but the majority of people have believed the statement that he was born in Pennsylvania. Mr. A. H. Guernsey, in the current number of *Appletons' Journal*, says:

"Henry M. Stanley, (for he has good right so to call himself, although his original name was John Rowlands,) was born near Denbigh, in Wales, in 1840, and of parentage so lowly that at the age of three years he was placed in the poorhouse at St. Asaft, where he remained for ten years and received an education which gained for him a place as teacher in a school at Meld, in Flintshire. When fifteen years old he shipped as cabin boy on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. Here he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who soon adopted the lad, and bestowed upon him his own name. But his patron died leaving no will. The civil war broke out, and young Stanley entered the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner, and soon after volunteered in the service of the Union, becoming ensign on the ironclad Ticonderoga. After the close of the war he entered upon the profession of journalism, and traveled as a newspaper correspondent in Turkey and Asia Minor, paying a visit to his native Wales, and to the poorhouse where his childhood had been passed, and of which he entertained a grateful recollection. To the good education which he received there, he said that he owed all that he was, and all that he hoped to be. In 1867 he returned to America, and was sent by the New York *Herald* as military correspondent with the British army in the Abyssinian war."

Next came his search for Livingstone, followed by his great expedition, just concluded. On these we need not dwell. Time works wondrous changes. The pauper of a quarter of a century ago is now the welcome guest of monarchs, and the admiration of savants, and of all who recognize pluck and talent. If Wales gave him birth, our Welsh fellow citizens, at least, can rejoice in the fact, while both North and South can claim a share in giving him the military experience that has proven so useful in his fights with cannibals. On the whole, a more remarkable illustration of the power of genius to overcome the disadvantages of birth has rarely been afforded.

A Great Steam Hammer.

The steam hammer recently completed at Creusot, is the largest and most powerful instrument of the kind in the world. The hammer in the workshop of Herr Krupp at Essen, weighs fifty tons, and descends through a maximum space of three metres; but the hammer of the Creusot engine, weighs between seventy-five and eighty tons, has a course of five metres; the energy of the blow struck by it being 412,500 kilogramme-metres, while the Krupp instrument can only develop 150,000 kilogramme-metres of work. The foundation on which the anvil rests consists of a masonry five metres in depth; the space between the level of the ground and the cast iron table being filled in with stout wooden beams, disposed alternately in horizontal and vertical layers, so as to give an elastic bed. Altogether, 100 cubic metres of cast iron, 100 cubic metres of wood, and 1,000 cubic metres of masonry have been employed to form this foundation. Special apparatus has also been provided for the transport and keeping in position of blocks of steel weighing from 100 to 120 tons, and which can be forged by the new hammer; and four steam cranes are arranged around this latter, three of them capable of lifting and revolving with a weight of 100 tons, and able to carry 150 tons. Each crane is also provided with special machinery for causing the weight lifted by it to rotate about its own axis.

Water Proof Boots.

"I stood in mud and water two or three inches deep for ten hours a day for a week without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting on my boots. If you would be equally successful, before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow and coal tar and dry it in; then oil the uppers with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red, give a coat of ordinary shoe blacking before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer.*

By Our Special Correspondent.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR HERALD.—You know I told you that I was going to travel; well, I have gone, and found myself tonight deposited at Murphy's Camp, by an open window, where I am so near distracted from my paper by the songs of the birds, the bloom and breath of the roses, and the soft sigh of the trees, that I can scarcely write of all I saw on the aforesaid journey.

I had traveled so little, and had lived so secluded all my life, that if I grew too enthusiastic over things that others see each day without looking at, or careless pass each hourly, I know that you will forgive it, and say, with a smile of indulgence, "Let her talk; it is only her." So to begin, you know I left San Francisco this morning, and, alas, before breakfast, and here I am at Murphy's Camp to-night, some two hundred miles away.

In right of my importance as a great traveler, (yet to be), I would not condescend to look at Oakland as I passed through it. I had been there before, and also at Brooklyn, so that place was put down ignominiously as altogether too insignificant for my observation, and I buried myself in a book, and, of course, knew no more until we arrived at the San Lorenzo Station.

The cars stopped but for a moment. A man was sitting on a fence waiting, and in his hurry to jump to the ground caught his heels in the fence and came to grass, describing an elegant circle as he fell. I didn't laugh, did I? Then an old lady, who had attracted my attention on the train by her immense adipose development, got off, and after going a few steps, she seemed to miss something, and turned back to the train, which had now started, and in a wheezy treble screamed: "Stop the train! Oh, Lord, stop the train." After several jerks, almost enough to dislocate anyone's front teeth, the train stopped, and she waddled up, breathless, exclaiming: Oh, Lord! Oh, dear, I've left one of my gloves; why, no I didn't, either; here it is, on my hand, for sure; you can go on, conductor." The conductor did so; and the general laugh which ensued put everybody in good humor, including the proverbial baby.

After that we stopped at several more stations, all about the same in appearance, smoky and disagreeable looking, with demoniac engines, each with their one eye diabolically staring at one till unpleasant sensations were experienced by me, at least. Then for a long distance the cars rattled and jolted on over the level plains, through fields of grain extending northward over the long, low range of hills, and already turning to the yellow and brown that makes them so admired by all travelers.

Peaceful little cottages nestle in almost every glen, and impart a soothing beauty to the eyes of toweary souls, for every vine-clad porch teems with rosy bloom, and crowds of rosy children cluster at the gates, with cheeks like crimson apples, and they wave their hats as we pass by, making a pleasing picture for many a weary eye. At last we left the level plains behind us, and entered the hills on each side of Livermore Pass.

Here many a lovely picture glided into view, and faded past again, that would have delighted the soul of an artist. My ambition as a writer is sadly dampened when I would describe them. I want to be a painter. I was looking and enjoying to the full a most lovely view, when we went into the tunnel with a suddenness that almost took away my breath. A chorus of feminine screams came from a group of young girls and men behind me, and when we emerged again much banter was passed as to who it was that kissed Mary.

After leaving Livermore Pass behind us, we descended into the San Joaquin Valley. On each side of the road are immense fields of grain ready for the reaper, and swaying in the gentle breeze like an evening sea, with the track and glory of the setting sun, and scarcely rippling its surface. Then we came to a bridge, and the next moment were crossing the river, which is said to be higher there at this season than for many years before. The scenery on that river is extremely beautiful, not grand, but with a calm and serene loveliness. The river is broad, and looks in most places to be very shallow, and all through it are interspersed tiny islands covered with a dense growth of trees and shrubs, the silver willows showing brightly against the darker branches of the white oak, which seems to be abundant all along the river, and far handsomer trees than the live oak of our lower counties. Our next stopping place was at Lathrop, where there was twenty minutes for dinner. I had started without any breakfast in my hurry, but by this time the feminine enemy—sick headache—had overpowered me, and my appetite was non est. I could not eat, but I sent in for a cup of coffee, which the urbane waiter charged me two dollars for. I thought that pretty high, in fact, the best for high I ever saw, and made a few remonstrances, but he put them all down with the dignified remark: "Them's our charges, ma'am, and we never go back on them." I paid it, but under a mental protest, while a young man, an invalid, swore audibly, and forcibly, too, at the charge of five dollars for a bowl of oyster soup and a piece of jelly cake.

Lathrop is a very good place to eat your dinner at, but you should take it with you. Another long ride, made exceedingly refreshing by the presence of a number of Chinamen, who were being transported from one station of labor to another (in a passenger car), and the sooty smoke from the locomotive, and we arrived at Stockton, where we changed cars for Milton. I only stopped long enough to see a poor specimen of humanity, the light of whose life had gone out forever, leaving his future existance on earth one rayless blank, removed to the mad house at Stockton. All the way up from San Leandro he had sat in front of me, separated by only one seat, tended by a strong, kind looking keeper and a man who seemed to be his brother. I never imagined why they occasionally put their arms around him as terrible fits of trembling seized him, until I went to get off the cars, and saw the manacled wrists, the bruised and swollen features; and as he trembled and shook and tried to bite his arms and everything else in his reach, I turned sick and faint at the awful sight of a human being, who though once endowed with the light of reason, once possessed of a soul, had that soul now dead and buried, never to show forth again.

In the same car was a fair young woman being carried home to die. Two little girls, her children, were with her, and the oldest would look around her with an appealing glance whenever the hollow cough sounded. A bed was made for her on a seat, and there she lay, her long, fair curls tossed carelessly on the pillow, and her beautiful face, almost as white as that of the dead. Her young husband sat beside her with a look of yearning agony on his face that struck to the heart. Her mother was by, dressed in deep mourning, showing that death had stricken in that home before; and a loving sister was near to minister to her every want. Every few moments she would unclose her dark eyes and look anxiously to her husband, and say: "Are we almost home, Joe?" "Not quite, darling," he would answer. But she was "almost there;" almost home; a glorious home in bright contrast to the sunless, rayless one that awaited the poor, mind-darkened man, and oh, how much more preferable?

Stockton left behind us, we soon reached Milton, where we left the shadow of the great C. P. R. R. with pleasure, and took the stage for Murphy's Camp. The passengers were all very pleasant, and all of the cold conventionalities of city life were dropped for the time, and we became the best of friends in a few minutes. Perhaps the warmth of the day melted the frigidity.

There were three gentlemen among the passengers who have nearly made the tour of the world—will have done so on reaching New York—and another one who has also been a great traveler in the Old World, and they all agreed that California excelled, in beauty, any country or place they ever yet have seen.

It makes me still more proud of my home than ever before, to see Englishmen who would admit that fact.

By the time we reached Copperopolis my head ached so intolerably that I lay back and gave myself up tamely to any extra bumps that I might receive, and fell asleep, and when I woke I found my head reposing on the broad shoulder of an old gentleman who was telling the others of how he had his skull cracked once, and some way, mistily, I thought really it was my head that had been broken, and that I was to be buried as soon as they reached Murphy's. Finally I recovered sufficiently to begin to notice my surroundings again, and to look at the town which bore that high-sounding name, Copperopolis. So it is. No other name would have suited it. No trees, no shrubs, no green grass; nothing but that barren, brazen roasted look, that made me think of Coleridge's "All in a hot and copper sky." And I repeated the words over and over until we reached the foot of the mountain and where the pine tree begins its reign. We rode along up the mountain, and everywhere rocks and trees seemed to vary with each ascent. First there were white oak, then laurel, then cotton wood, and then pine trees for a background, and the famous manzanita bushes in the foreground, while the buckeye trees, with their long, white plumes, fill up the intervening space with a beautiful contrast. I do not propose to be a geologist, and, therefore, cannot discourse learnedly on the subject of the peculiar formations of the rocks and ledges, their dips and spurs and angles, and all that, but I could not help noticing their peculiarities.

At last all view of the open country was excluded, and I began to realize that, after many years of fruitless expectation, I was entering the enchanted regions where the Gold King reigns. The road is a good one, and the grades all easy so far, while the successive views brought to sight are like a dream of Paradise. Sloping hills are covered with grapevines in many places, while every little house is almost covered with rose bushes in full bloom. We soon began to meet with evidences of the character of the country in the many sluice boxes and little runs which conveyed water to many mines, which, however, were not in sight.

The trees grew larger as we advanced, and the mountains each side the road rose more abruptly and were covered more closely with timber. Shy squirrels darted in and out of the bushes; croonin quails scuttered along in under the shrubs, and some birds which were invisible made the air thrill with music.

On the sides of the hills, near to the bottom, now began to be seen rocks standing in slanting positions and looking like gravestones in a deserted church yard, all so uniform in shape and situation. It looked to be slate, but I heard one man say it was limestone; at any rate, it made a desolate spectacle, for wherever they stood no trees cast their shade.

Presently we came in sight of a tiny lake of the deepest blue color imaginable. I never saw even the sea look so blue, and it is actually worth the whole fatigue of the trip to merely behold that lake in its beautiful contrast to the brown and golden hills circling it about.

Our next remarkable sight (to all of us), was a large water-wheel turning around and lifting its heavy burden of rocky wealth.

Now and then we would meet a large wagon loaded with "shakes," long shingles, and siding, coming down from the mountain manufactories, and occasionally, miners with their bronzed, good-natured faces, and their pants showing innumerable patches sewed on artistically with twine. If I ever marry in my life it shall be a miner, so that I shall never have to mend pants; they can do that themselves. But I'm in no hurry.

Then we came to a pretty little place where we stopped to get a drink and change horses. A pretty little woman stood in the door with a still prettier baby, and told us that her John had gone to Stockton, and had promised to be home the night before, but she would bet anything that he had toted off to San Francisco; it was just like him, and if he had, just wait till he got back, and she would teach him something. She looked as though she meant it, and I hope she will, for it will prove certain what is now a matter of doubt, as to whether a man can be taught to behave himself or not.

Then several more wavering places were passed, more mountains were passed through, more passengers received, and we went through the toll gate to the Salt Spring Valley.

There everything was green; dark and vivid green, and the grass was coarse like that near the salt marshes of the seaside counties. The air seemed peculiarly refreshing through this place, but no trees were to be seen.

The mountains around rise abruptly from the edge of the large plain at the bottom, and the grass within three yards changes from rich, living green to pale, dry, yellow.

I did not see the springs, but a lady told me they were as salt as the sea, and that ailing cattle were driven down here, and were always cured by the salt grass and water.

Our road then kept on for many miles through mountains more and more rugged and grand, till we came to a place called Whisky something, and I don't know the rest. Any way it had, or had had something to do with whisky some time or other, which, of course, makes it remarkable for a mining town. It is not a beautiful city; I thought it seemed to look as though the builders had been oblivious of every line of beauty or grace in its plan