The Somerset Herald.

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

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

P. 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, '73.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

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

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

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. M. 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. july15

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
Enquire at Casebeer & Co's Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 30.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. SHUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Baer 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 sep 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 Baer House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 18, '75-1y.

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 be 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 & Nef'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 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 $6, 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.
mar13

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 the favorable 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 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. jan13

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. 28-1ms.

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 COMFIT. 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 letting money from banks and seeking Acres for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 134 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 us description, date, &c., of receiving wound or injury. W. C. BERINGER & CO., Claim Agents, 115 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa
Nov28

PRIVATE SALE.
I offer for sale my farm situate in Allegheny Twp., Somerset county Pa., containing 85 acres, about 55 acres cleared, with a house, a good bank barn, and other buildings thereon. A good apple orchard, a first class saw mill, built within three years. Also, a tract of land in same township, containing 280 acres, about 80 acres cleared, with a good apple orchard.
Also, a tract of land in said township, containing 221 acres, over 110 acres of which are cleared, with a dwelling house and bank barn thereon. Also an apple orchard of about 300 trees. For further information call on or address me at Dividing Ridge, Pa.
Jan. 16, '78 JOHN DEETER.

O. W. SADDLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No. 256 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis. Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July17

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.
aug31.

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 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 al 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.

ELIZABETH'S VALENTINE.

BY LOUISE DUPEE

Elizabeth gave utterance to little home-sick sighs as she climbed flight after flight of the dark stairs which led into her lofty little room. She was so deeply absorbed in her own sad thoughts that she did not heed that there was anybody behind her, until, all of a sudden, some one stood by her side on the landing, and she looked up into the sensitive face of the young artist who occupied the opposite. He lifted his hat with the greatest politeness, and seemed to have some desire to linger and say more than good evening to his pretty neighbor, who was so shy, and looked so lonely; but Elizabeth, though her smile was very sweet, in some way discouraged his efforts to become better acquainted, so he kept silent.

It was a dreary winter's night, cold and dark, with the prospect of a coming storm, and this great city building, crowded with musicians, artists, teachers, dressmakers, and homeless beings of all sorts, never seemed more desolate to Elizabeth. Still, Signor Morensi was drawing the blithest carnival strains from his violin,—if a violin can ever be said to give utterance to blithe music. Little Miss Brown, the milliner, who occupied the next room, was laughing merily with her mother at their early tea, which was made over the gas, in a little black teapot. Young Mr. Smith, the concert singer, was singing "O loving heart, trust on!" in a truly touching manner, at the further end of the hall; and the artist, Mr. Frank Wilson, had left this door open, showing the brightest and coslest of interiors. A bright fire was shedding its scarlet radiance over pictured walls, and livening everything, even the faded furniture, the worn drapery, and bits of statuary, with something like splendor. Books were strewn about invitingly, and a boquet of flowers sent its perfume as a greeting to every one who ascended the stairs. Elizabeth's room was not like this, but a bare little place, uncheered by firelight, or anything beautiful except the face of the girl herself. An old piano stood in one corner, weighed down with classical-looking music; a few chairs, a table, and a sofa, which served also as a couch by night, were the only articles of furniture it contained. The only ornaments, one or two shabby little vases, and the framed photograph of a sad-looking woman—Elizabeth's mother, who died less than a year ago. Elizabeth taught music. She was all alone in the world, and this little room was what she called home. She took her dinner at a restaurant, and her breakfast and tea she prepared herself when she had the heart to do so. On many occasions she went without either. Fortune frowned upon her. She had only been in the city one year; she had hardly enough pupils to pay her own bills for instruction; and now, after all these months of tireless labor and exertion, of hope and preseverance, the great Signor Bonari, over at the conservatory, had informed her that he feared her voice would never be of any service to her. At first he had given her much encouragement, and she indulged in many bright dreams for the future; but now life seemed likely to be always the same round of thankless drudgery, this poverty and loneliness. Mr. Wilson listened in vain for a sound of her clear, sweet voice this evening—delightful to listen to, if Signor Bonari had condemned it, though doubtless it was not of sufficient strength to be effective on the stage. He had formed a habit of leaving his door open, for the sake of hearing it more distinctly, and it was when he heard her sing "Robin Adair" and "The Last Rose of Summer," at twilight, before it was time to light the gas and work at those agonizing exercises, and the operatic selections, that he had lost his heart. He had hardly seen her then—but some persons fall in love with voices, as others fall in love with eyes; and, as he had just been reading Tennyson, he said to himself, "Please God, this is the one voice for me." But, quite unconscious that her singing had already made a conquest, Elizabeth toiled on, thinking nothing more of her neighbor than that he had the pleasantest smile in the world, and that it was no wonder that he was growing famous as an artist, his pictures were so wonderful. She had an eye for color, and his coloring, even the critics allowed, was almost equal to that of the old masters. And sometimes she wondered why he remained in that dreary building, instead of seeking something like a home. Probably he was attached to the room, however, he had been there so long.

It was quite dark by this time, but Elizabeth, without removing her things or striking a light, threw herself on the sofa, and burst into a flood of tears. Never had the world seemed so dark to her, never had she felt so utterly alone. For an hour or so she remained in this position, sobbing as if her heart would break, when suddenly there came a tap at the door; and, thinking it was either the janitor to inquire something about the steam, or Miss Brown to borrow something—Miss Brown was always borrowing—or the boy who did errands in the building, who was always making some excuse to come to her room, Elizabeth rose and opened the door. It was the boy, and he brought her a note, saying that Mr. Wilson would like a reply.

"What in the world can Mr. Wilson be writing to me for?" she thought, hurrying to obtain a light, that she might solve the mystery. It was this:—

It had suddenly struck the young gentleman, as it was a very dreary night, and all his neighbors were likely to be at home, that a little social meeting would be highly agreeable; and, as he had just finished a new picture, he had invited a few of them to come into his room and criticise it, and spend a little time in social intercourse. Would she be so very kind as to favor him with her company?

Elizabeth looked very blank indeed as she finished reading the note, and a realizing sense of the condition of her face stole into her mind. She possessed one of those unfortunate countenances which cannot bear tears, and, unlike those of childhood, they did not dry like the summer dew, and leave no trace behind on her innocent cheeks. A weeping maiden is supposed to be very interesting; but a maiden who has wept is generally quite the reverse—at least as far as looks are concerned. Elizabeth had no need to look in the mirror to make herself aware that it was impossible for her to appear in society that evening. Her eyes were fearfully red and swollen. Her nose was twice its natural size, and artistically spotted with bright scarlet. Even her lips were swollen, and her brow covered with red marks. To be sure this highly unpleasant state of affairs would grow beautifully less in time, but not in any great degree until the small hours of the night; and so all she could do was to send her regrets, and feel very sorry over them. It would have been such a pleasure, such a relief, to spend one evening away from that gloomy room, and in pleasant society; and certainly Mr. Wilson was pleasant, if the others were not so very agreeable. It was foolish to weep; it did not pay at all, and she would never do so any more.

The next morning Mr. Wilson's door was closed, but Miss Brown came in to have a little chat.

"We had such a lovely time in Mr. Wilson's room last night!" she said. "He's a splendid man; and I've no doubt but that he would have invited you if he had been more acquainted with you. We looked at his picture, which is beautiful of course, as all his pictures are; then we had a little collation, perfectly charming, it was so daintily served. After that Mr. Harrison read aloud, and we talked and laughed in the most informal manner—got nicely acquainted, all of us, and here we've been in the building together, some of us, over seven years, and hardly bowed to each other before. Mr. Wilson was devoted to Tilly Clapp all the evening. Well, Tilly is pretty; but I should think he'd look higher for a wife. He took her to a concert the other evening, they say."

"Indeed," said Elizabeth; and, for some reason or other, she was strangely disturbed that he should have been so attentive to Miss Clapp, and she commenced to think about Mr. Wilson a good deal more than she cared to. "What was he to her?" she thought. To be sure, his smile was very bright when they met, as if he were pleased to see her; and he had sometimes gone out of his way to do her some trifling service, though they had exchanged very few words. Probably he pitied her lonely condition, he seemed such a kind-hearted man.

The next time they met he regarded her reproachfully, and bowed in a rather more distant manner than usual; and Elizabeth, though she had always felt a strange shyness in his presence, she could hardly tell why, looked straight into his eyes, which were unconsciously full of pleading, and made what he considered, at least, to be the prettiest apology imaginable. After that they were continually happening to meet in the street, and Mr. Wilson would accompany her home. Then one night he asked her to go to a concert with him, and Elizabeth accepted the invitation, looking more like a princess than a half-starved music-teacher, in her old black silk dress, with trimmings of some rare old lace which had belonged to her mother. Elizabeth knew how to wear old lace, and attracted so much attention by her beauty and her style that her escort was decidedly proud of her. Life was growing a good deal brighter to Elizabeth, in spite of her failure in singing.

The days wore on, and St. Valentine's Day came—a bright, sparkling day, all snow and sunshine and blue skies. In the morning Elizabeth sang an old madrigal, dainty and delicate as dropping dew—love in springtime quaintly but so happily expressed—not because it was St. Valentine's Day, she had forgotten that, but because she was in the mood. And Mr. Wilson, who had opened his door to listen, when it was finished brought a little boquet of violets to her as thanks. Then she went on her dreary round of lessons-giving with a light heart, not reaching her room until dusk. When she had lighted the gas, and removed her things, her eye chanced to fall on a letter which the postman had slipped under the door, and on opening it, it proved to be a valentine.

Elizabeth was fairly overcome with surprise and bewilderment. It was a very gay affair, covered with huge swollen roses and corpulent bees; and the scroll containing the written matter was gingerly held between the thumbs and fingers of the two immense Cupids, whose outspread wings covered nearly the whole page.

"*Dear Lizzie*—Will you wait for me, and be my wife?

"Your true Valentine,

F. WILSON."

Only this and nothing more did the scroll contain, but Elizabeth thought it was quite enough, and sat down rubbing her forehead, to be sure that she wasn't insane. Could Mr. Wilson, with his refined taste have sent her such a thing as this? And, if he did so, was it not only in fun?—coarse, cruel, ungentlemanly fun it would be, to be sure; but could he have sent it in earnest? She decided at last that it must be in earnest, though it seemed so very unlike him. He was so fastidious, so reserved in his almost lover-like attentions. His taste was perfect too; and, oh those dreadful pink Cupids! those yellow and green and brick-red roses! and the "Sweetest Lizzie!" She did so dislike to be called Lizzie. And what did he mean by waiting?

Elizabeth had only been out of a convent school for one year, and she knew little of city ways. Those valentines might be fashionable, for all she knew; such vulgar absurdities did become popular sometimes even among the higher classes. But then how did he dare to call her sweetest Lizzie? and what an unformed school-boy hand he wrote in! The other note he had written her was something of a scrawl, she remembered; this was stiff and labored. Should she reply to it at all? And what should she say if she did so? She would dream over it, and then perhaps she would be less bewildered. In the morning they met on the stairs, and he came towards her with the same cordial, unhesitating air as ever; but Elizabeth dared not look up at him, and bowed as coldly as possible. And, when he would have detained her, she pleaded haste, and ran away as fast as ever she could. All that day she avoided him, and the next also, though he seemed more than usually anxious to see her, and looked very reproachful and sad when she pretended not to see the hand which he held out to her in greeting. Elizabeth cried all night—then she wrote him this letter:—

"*Dear Mr. Wilson*—I received your note of the fourteenth; and though I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me when you ask me to become your wife, I cannot accept the position.

"Yours very truly,

"ELIZABETH ACTON."

Then she went more inconsolably than ever. And, when she saw him coming up the street, out of her little attic window, she wished, oh! she wished with all her heart that she hadn't sent that letter, in spite of the pink Cupids, and the "sweetest Lizzie," and everything.

Two or three more days passed, and she hardly saw him at all. He always kept his door closed now. And once or twice when she met him in the hall he seemed to regard her with a look which expressed as much of wonder as anything else but then she only glanced at him, and she could hardly tell how he looked.

Sunday came, and she went to church trying to forget her troubles in her devotions. It was a balmy, spring-like day. The sky was blue as summer. Sparrows were chattering in the tree-boughs, and the breeze was cheering, as if it brought news of May. She crossed the Common on her way home, and was walking very slowly, when she heard footsteps close behind her, and Mr. Wilson suddenly appeared at her side, begging to be allowed to walk with her a little way. She bowed her permission rather stiffly, and walked along with down-cast eyes. He was silent for a few moments, then, after a while, he began—

"Miss Acton, I cannot accept your refusal. There is some strange mistake about it—some cruel mystery. I am going to ask you to marry me myself now. Before, some one must have asked you for me. I cannot possibly understand it, but I did not write to you."

Elizabeth's face flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale. What a fool she had made of herself!

"You did not send me that valentine?" she said. "How very strange! Your name was signed to it. I cannot imagine what it all means."

"My whole name, or only my initials?" he inquired. "But never mind that now. I cannot wait until you tell me whether you will consent to be my wife."

Elizabeth was silent, but her appearance was not discouraging, and before they reached home he had won a faint and tremulous, but highly favorable, answer from the lady of his love.

"Do let me see that remarkable valentine?" he said to her that night, when they were wondering over the mystery.

She produced it, displaying the lovely Cupid with a merry laugh.

"How could you have believed for one moment, Elizabeth, that I could send you a thing like this?"

Elizabeth colored deeply. "What else could I think, with your name written there in plain black and white? I know no other F. Wilson. And who would dare to use your name in such a way? Then what could the motive be?"

"Stay, Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, breaking into a sudden fit of laughter. "A new light has dawned upon me. Why didn't I think of it before? Why, the errand-boy's name is F. Wilson, too; and his devotion to you has long been a standing joke in the building. The mystery is solved."

"Is it possible?" said Elizabeth. "I never knew his last name. I always called him Fred. I have noticed that there was something on his mind for a day or two; and he has regarded me in the most sheepish manner."

"Poor fellow! I suppose he is in a dreadful condition. But—cheer up, Elizabeth!—his age is only fourteen; and he is likely to recover from his passion in a time. Hereafter I shall pay him an extra fee for every errand he goes for me. He's a valuable youth though. I have been strangely blind to his worth until now. If his absurd valentine hadn't made you cruel, and me desperate, I don't know when I should have found courage to speak my mind, dearest, you were so shy and reserved."

A Tarantula's Home.

One of the most singular curiosities in nature that has ever come under our observation is the nest of a tarantula, a species of spider whose bite is supposed to result fatally. It is constructed of clay and small stones, and is about four inches long and two inches wide. A hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter passes through it lengthwise, one end of which is closed by a trap door beveled on the sides and top and fitting so perfectly that when closed scarcely a sign of the opening is visible. The door is rounding at the top, perfectly straight on the bottom, and works on a hinge constructed on the same principle as the joints on which a door hangs. The nest is lined with a soft gossamer substance, and is as round as if bored with an auger. It is said that the tarantula, when attacked, crawls into its nest, and closing the trap door, secures it by inserting one of its legs through a staple scarcely discernible to the naked eye.—*Galena (Ills) Gazette.*

Changes come with the seasons. The man who last year lay in bed while his wife built the fire, will this year let his wife build the fire while he lies in bed. Thus is married devotion rewarded.

By Our Special Correspondent.

CALIFORNIA.

At Angles' Camp, a mining town, made famous by Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" of Calaveras, the driver of the stage, an interesting old bachelor, dismounted, and brought me a cup of tea in pity for my headache, for which I shall ever be grateful.

There I had my first opportunity to ever see the noble red man, "whose untutored mind," etc. Somehow, I could not get up as much enthusiasm for them as many of our best writers do.

I looked in vain for any "marvellous eyes" though I saw several "widows in weeds and woe," or in other words, in coal-tar and soot, which they use in lieu of crepe and bombazine.

Angels' is an old mining town, and is of some considerable size, and there are some very pretty houses in it, many built of stone.

There were many stones in the the road, and the people use them to make fences of; they ought to make more of them, or at least, that was what I thought whenever the wheels struck them, causing me to bite my tongue half off every time I opened my mouth to say a word. Just think of it! It was about sundown when we left Angels', and it began to grow much cooler. We still rode on till dark, when we drew up to the door of the hotel and got out, thankful, and not much dusty.

There are many hydraulic mines in operation in sight, but a short distance from the hotel, and on every side are evidences of such labor.

I somehow had thought that the California mines were all things of the past, but I find that they are established on a still firmer basis than ever before, as they are worked by men who are content to reap a reasonable reward for their work and do not rush off to every new diggings in search of what too often proved to be a chimera.

The morning after my arrival I started out for a drive around Murphy's to see the town and the mines, some of which were in operation in the very heart of the town. We rode eastward to the school-house, which is one of the finest in the State, and is surrounded by a grove of pine trees all so regular in size and shape as to remind one of the trees in the boxes of toys for children. We then turned down another road and went to a deserted worked out placer mine, where the little heaps or stone were principally suggestive of graves over the buried hopes of wealth of hardy pioneers who had once labored there through despondency and despair; hoping, working and waiting for the wealth that never came, till at last, heart-sick and broken from long disappointment, they left the diggings to meet success or death somewhere else. These mines, though, all through Calaveras county have been very rich some years ago, and it was then a flourishing place; but now it is, on the whole, a more substantial one than before, for what mining is now done is by men who are content to reap slower but surer profits from their industry.

The scenery about Murphy's is really beautiful; partly from the mountains and trees, and partly from the rugged chasms made still more so by the miners in their search for gold. In some places whole hill-sides have been washed away, and the red earth carried down the San Joaquin and Stanislaus rivers, while for miles the bare red rock is all that is left of a once luxuriant meadow, while on each side are the round boulders heaped in long lines of piles. The bed-rock is full of deep crevices or seam, is so fantastic and weird in its shapes that one almost shudders while looking at it, thinking of the old labarinth in which were the tombs of all the dead. We drove to one deserted worked-out mine which had its own sad history, and perhaps some of your readers might like to hear it, so I tell what I saw, and how the story went also. It had been a hydraulic claim, and great cliffs of red earth stood out in rugged relief against the rich green of the bushes which crowned it, and huge boulders and ledges of limestone were exposed to view in all their barren nakedness, for the golden soil had been washed away from them long ago. I have seen rocks on the sea shore and rocks crowning rugged ocean-beat cliffs, but never did they give me the idea of such sinister immovability as these, as they stood erect, grim and grand, while the earth had melted away like snow in sunshine, before the hand of man. It made me think of eternity; of how the earth and all things earthly shall pass away, but Heaven shall not; it made me see in a clearer light what was meant when said, "Behold the glory of God! All things dissolve before it."

The owner of that claim had come out here in early days, when everything was prosperous, and had worked without making more than a living for more than five years. He was sober and industrious, nerved to it by loving remembrance of home and family; and he ever spoke of them in the most loving manner; but all at once he had struck a rich vein of "pay dirt," and in two months was a rich man. Then his longings were about to be gratified, and he was about to start for home and Mary and children. Meeting an old friend and playfellow in school days, he stopped; and full of joyous confidence told him of his sudden luck, and that he should start for home next day, at the same time bidding him an affectionate good-bye, when he seemed to notice a deep sadness on his companion's face, and kindly asked if the "world had used him hard, or what was the matter." "I've just got news from home," said he, sadly. "I hope nothing has gone wrong with you." "Not with me but with you. Last week there was a fire in the village and your house was burned down, and there was a mother and two children burned to death." "I don't care for that. "I'll build a better one. I intend that Mary shall be the finest lady in the land; she deserves it." "But God help you, man, it was your wife and children that were burned." He slowly put his hand up to his parched lips and tried vainly to speak, but finally, with a pitiful drawn smile he said: "Joe, I've got my death;" and sure enough in two weeks he was laid under the ground, and rocks from the old claim were piled over the grave.

On returning from his deserted claim we went around past a lumber yard, several fine farms, a great limestone mountain and deserted kiln, scrubby sage-brush and grease-wood, over the rockiest road I had ever seen, to the Fisk mine. It is situated just back of the town, not more than five minutes' walk from the hotel. We left the horses hitched to a bush and clambered over the rocks to the edge of the bank, and looked down on a scene full of intense interest.

All along the bottom of the gulch which the miners had made in washing, laid the great pipe through which the water flew with a force perfectly terrific against the red bank, sending the spray and earth and stones flying like dust, boring great holes instantaneously wherever turned, and roaring like thunder through the ravine. The great derrick was swinging round and hoisting the heavy buckets of rock like child's play. I remained about an hour intensely interested by the sight of an enormous ledge of limestone which the washing of the water was every instant bringing into still bolder relief, while the red earth and water rushed off down the ravine in long boxes till at last, with a grand crash, the overhanging bank, which had been completely undermined, fell, covering again the great rock, and was now played upon and a large part had dissolved, when the welcome sound of the dinner bell came floating up and my romantic wonder vanished before the unromantic desire for something to eat. In this mine they found a "pocket" a short time ago, of the very richest of quartz, and they cleared up, after a five weeks' run, nine hundred ounces of gold.

Going back to the hotel, Mr. Sperry told me of a ludicrous affair that took place several years ago, and I know you will like to hear it. "Several years ago," said Mr Sperry, "I was keeping this same hotel, when a young curly haired Englishman came here and was taken very ill and soon became delirous. He hated to take his medicine the very worst way, and would always fight against it and say he was not sick, and all that. Well, after a few days and nights of watching, I was pretty tired, and one night Colonel Lovelace came up from down below, and I asked him if he wouldn't sit up till four o'clock and give him his medicine. Says the Colonel, 'He has been taken very suddenly, hasn't he?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and bad, too; he will tell you he ain't sick and don't need medicine, but you must make him take it or he'll die.'

"'All right,' said the Colonel, 'he shall take it, if I have to choke it down him.'

"The Colonel is a big man, weighs about two hundred; so I felt sure and went to bed content. It so happened that that very night there had come up from below another little curly-headed Englishman, and he had a room next to mine; but I never thought but the Colonel knew who it was that was sick. Well, after a good nap I woke up to hear the Colonel come stumping up stairs, with a lamp in one hand, and go straight to the room of the one who had just arrived. I jumped out of bed and looked through a crack and saw him put the lamp on the table and take a match from his pocket and begin to stir up the medicine. The Englishman woke up then, and rose partly up, saying: 'What do you want in here?'

"'Keep quiet, don't worry,' said Lovelace stirring the dose.

"'What the devil do you mean?' said the little fellow, considerably frightened.

"'I've just got a little medicine for you but it is good to take, all stirred up with molasses; now take it like a good fellow; I'll hold you up.'

"'You leave here; I ain't sick; I don't want your medicine. You want to poison me. Now you'd better leave, I tell you.'

"'I knew you'd say that; now take it.' And here he grabbed the little wretch by the neck, and before I could say a word he had choked it down his throat. I hollered, but too late."

That was Mr. Sperry's story; the Englishman that took the forced dose is a jeweler there now; the other one sleeps under a madrona on the hill-side.

OLIVE HARPER.

Sympathizing Swallows.

A swallow's nest, built in the west corner of a window facing the north, was so much softened by the rain beating against it, that it was rendered unfit to support the superincumbent load of pretty, full-grown swallows. During a storm the nest fell into the lower corner of the window, leaving the young brood exposed to all the fury of the blast. To save the little creatures from an untimely death, the owner of the house benevolently caused a covering to be thrown over them till the severity of the storm was past. No sooner had it subsided, than the sages of the colony assembled, fluttering around the window, and hovering over the temporary covering of the fallen nest. As soon as the careful anxiety was observed, the covering was removed, and the utmost joy was evinced by the group on finding the young ones alive and unhurt. After feeding them, the members of the assembled community, arranged themselves into working order, each division taking its appropriate station, and commenced instantly to work; and before nightfall they had jointly completed an arched canopy over the young brood in the corner where they lay, and securely covered them against a succeeding blast. Calculating the time occupied by them in performing this piece of architecture, it appeared evident that the young must have perished from cold and hunger before any single pair could have executed half the job.

A St. Louis base ball player recently inherited a fortune. That makes him a "good catch."

Curious Prophecies.

Perhaps it is well enough just now to print a few of the old political prophecies again. The following lines are supposed to have been published before the Crimean war of 1853, some "authorities" giving the date of publication 1453:

"In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail;
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear shall not prevail.;
But look! in twice ten years again—
Let Islam know and fear—
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear."

"Twice two hundred years," from 1453, brings us to 1853. This was the beginning of the "Crimean war." France (the "cock") and England (the "bull") declared war in alliance with Turkey (Islam) against Russia (the "bear"), in March 1854. In 1856 peace was concluded by Congress at Paris. "The bear did not prevail." "Twice ten years" from this period brings us to 1876, during which year disturbances commenced in Herzegovia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Montenegro and Servia, which finally involved the Porte in a war with the last two named provinces, and although attempts at compromises and mediation were made by the Congress which assembled at Constantinople in the fall of 1876, Servia alone yielded to Turkish authority. Montenegro refused all overtures looking to submission, and Russia, having completed preparations for the war, made haste to take such action as has already given assurance that

"The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear."

"Mother Shipton's" remarkable prophecy was published in 1488 and republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, save the last, have come to pass:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe,
Around