The Somerset Herald.

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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '70.

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

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

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

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

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

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july15

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
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. 22, '70-tf.

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

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

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block may22

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.
June20.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
nov11

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. jel2-7t

HOTELS.

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The travelling 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 time 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 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

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. 28-3m.

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 Cordial. 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, 134 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register.
Nov.28

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 213 acres, over 100 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 descriptiv and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July12.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
Notice is hereby given to all persons, that any one found trespassing on the premises of the undersigned citizens of Stonycreek Twp., Somerset Co., by hunting, fishing, gathering nuts, berries, &c., will be proceeded against according to law. Parents and guardians will be held responsible for depredations committed by minors.
L. HOCHSTETLER, J. PLETCHER,
J. HOCHSTETLER, F. SANNER,
JON. HOCHSTETLER, J. C. HOCHSTETLER,
Feb 13.

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.
aug28.

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 is it cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 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 NewStore 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 Oils, 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.

How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks.

One New Year's eve a strange tragedy was enacted in the far Northwest. Away up in Montana a mining camp was established in days when women were as scarce in that country as they were in the early days of the settlement of California; there was in fact but one woman in the camp. She was young, of fine appearance, great physical strength and endurance and indomitable nerve. Two years before she had left an unhappy home in Wisconsin to become the wife of a reckless dare-devil named Jim Oaks, with whom she had shared the vicissitudes of a long, slow journey across the intervening plains. This man just missed being a ruffian through his wife's influence. She loved him with noble devotion, and, although he was incapable of a like attachment, he loved her, too, after a fashion of his own. She was made much of by the camp; it would have been a sorry day for the miner who should have shown any disrespect to Minerva Oaks.

The day before New Year's dawned lowering. Toward the middle of the afternoon huge clouds began to loom in the northwest. A mournful wind soughed in the gulches. The miners, housing their picks, shovels and pans, took their axes into the neighboring bottom and set to woodcutting with a vengeance. All signs portended one of those fierce, cold storms that occasionally descend upon the border, arresting even the shaggy-coated buffaloes.

The wagons, loaded with freshly chopped sticks of cottonwood and aspen, had hardly distributed their loads at nightfall when the wind, changing to the northeast, grew stronger and brought snow. Higher and higher it rose as the darkness came on; faster and faster fell the snow. As the cold increased the snow was condensed into fine particles that bit like needles into the cheeks of belated miners struggling toward their cabins. Still swelling in volume the roar of the tempest appeared to affect the earth as well as the air; the plains and distant mountains were shaken and the ground under the camp trembled like the floors of a dwelling in a city when heavy trucks roll by along the pavement; the heavens swirled gigantically overhead; at length the tempest became a hurricane. The volumes of pulverized snow in the atmosphere were now so dense and piercing and the gusts were so violent that it was impossible to see even a lighted window at a few yards distance.

It was considerably past Jim Oaks' supper time. But as Oaks was the only man in the camp who didn't have to cook his own meals he had lapsed into the habit of coming in late to supper, for which fault his wife, who was not of a complaining or haggling disposition, never reproached him.

Seven o'clock Mrs. Oaks fed the fire from the ample supply of wood which one of the wagons had brought to her door, then stepped to the pane of glass which formed the only window in the diggings, and essayed to look out into the night. The glass was caked with frost and covered on the outside by a snowdrift. Sighing, the young wife returned to her seat by the fire. She snuffed the candle with a pair of snuffers which Jim Oaks had ingeniously carved out of an antelope's horn for the last birthday present, and then putting her hand into the bosom of her dress she drew out—what?

A well worn copy of the New Testament.

There was something covert in the way in which she brought this volume to the light, and, thinking she heard a noise at the door, she thrust it back again. Jim Oaks had somehow and somewhere acquired so rank a detestation of the Holy Scriptures that he could not bear to hear them quoted from or even mentioned. The sight of a Bible affected him exactly as the devil was described by Pat O'Grady's grandfather to have been affected by holy water.

Finding that the noise was nothing but the crunch of a settling drift she opened the little book and began to read:

For if ye forgive men your trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

These passages, on which Minerva Oaks was accustomed to dwell, were all marked in the New Testament, and underscored with a pencil. High spirited and able to handle a rifle or revolver on occasion, she was a sincere Christian and quiet in her ways.

She sat, with the Testament spread open on her lap and the New Year's eve supper growing browner in front of the fire, until nearly eight o'clock. Then, as a mighty throe of the storm threatened to wrench the cabin from the foundation, she started up with a cry:

"Jim! Why, Jim was to be off at Wild Swan Gulch this afternoon. He was going to get some feathers for New Year's. Oh, God! It is eight o'clock. And the storm! How can he ever find his way home?"

Springing to the door she lifted the hickory latch and drew it toward her. The mass of snow which had been piled against it fell in and streamed across the floor, and the blast, driving in more snow, extinguished the candle.

"Hah!"

In a few moments she had managed to sweep away apart of the drift and close the door. Then she relit the candle. Next she threw off her dress and petticoats. Going to the old horse-hide-covered trunk in a corner she pulled out of it her husband's spare suit—the clothes in which he won the three thousand at faro which allowed him to marry and start with his bride across the Mississippi. She dressed herself in them, and put on the long rubber boots Jim wore when he worked in the sluices; then his old cap, tied close to her head with a comforter; then her own thick shawl and mittens. Lighting her lantern and taking a shovel, she opened the door again, and attacked the drift until it yielded far enough to let her latch the door behind her.

The night was awful. She could see nothing through the flurry. She hardly dared turn her face to the yelling blast. She thought of asking some one to accompany her, but the camp lay some distance out of the line. Moreover she knew the country in every direction. She could feel her way anywhere if necessary; besides she had her lantern—that would enable her to distinguish objects within a small circle. Turning resolutely in the direction of Wild Swan Gulch she set out to find her husband and to guide him home.

As she emerged from the canyon and gained the level of the surrounding broken plain, a strange calm came. It seemed as though the wind had suddenly forsaken the neighborhood and gone reeling away into the mountains. She took advantage of this sinister calm to hurry onward at a run. Out of breath she at last stumbled and fell.

The lantern went out.

She had no matches!

Staggering to her feet she heard the moan of the returning storm. She shouted:

"Jim!"

Again with all the might of her voice, she lifted the plainsman's call:

"Yip, yip, yip—ya-hoo, Jim!"

No answer.

Then the tempest rushed around her in a baffling, ferocious whirl of sound, wind and snow.

In the meantime Jim Oakes had been at one of his old diversions. Having returned from Wild Swan Gulch with a splendid trophy in the shape of a black billed swan drake, he was lounging toward home when the storm came on, and stopped in at the last saloon as usual to get a drink. It was always warm and cosy in that liquor mill, and on New Year's eve the place was peculiarly inviting. The boys were assembled for a night at poker, and Jim sat down and took a hand.

"It's kind o' rough on Minerv'," he thought once about midnight, "leavin' her alone up thar such a night as this. Never mind; she'll worry through I reckon."

But when the man entered his cabin next morning and started toward the bed with a peace offering (his winning) extended in his hand he was completely stunned by what he saw. The untouched bed, the fireless hearth, the cold, untasted supper, his wife's clothes strewn on the floor, the open trunk, the absent cap and lantern—these flashed the truth into his brain.

"She's gone to hunt for me! She's been gone a long while. All night, perhaps—in the storm. O, Minerv'!"

Out he sprang through the doorway. The storm was over. The air was clear, still, and bitterly cold. The sun was rising. He cast a strenuous look around the narrow horizon, then plunged through the drifts, toward the camp.

"Minerv'!", he shouted. "Have any of you seen Minerv'?"

Immediately the camp roused itself from its slumbers. When it was found that Mrs. Oaks was really missing, the miners volunteered as one man to go to her rescue. A sled was prepared—some firewood, provisions, blankets and a keg of whiskey were roped fast to it, and with Jim far in front on the way to Wild Swan Gulch, the Company started. Parties were assigned to search the whole prairie, east, west and north; the largest group followed Oaks' trail. It was hard work floundering across the gullies and wash-outs which were packed to the edge with snow. Often the men shuddered to think of what might be hidden under those heavy white masses.

The first "sign" was discovered by Jim Oaks' partner, one "Spick" Jones, who kept to the left and signaled from a clump of timber. The bark was partially torn off about four feet from the ground, on the side of a tree, not by the teeth or claws of a wild beast, but, as was plainly to be seen, by the hands of a human creature. Almost every miner in the camp was familiar with the trick. It was a trick to keep from freezing, at the sacrifice of nails and finger tips. It was a desperate method of exercise to arrest lethargy. One veteran of the camp remembered to have climbed up and down a tree all night one winter when he was overtaken by a Montana blizzard.

Jim Oaks set his teeth hard when he saw the frozen blood spots on the tree.

"Stay with me, boys," he said hoarsely, "and help me find my dear wife."

The men struggled on.

Some two hours later a figure on a distant bluff was seen waving a hat. All sought the place where the wind had blown so fiercely during the preceding night that it had prevented the snow from lodging on the windward ridges. Mrs. Oaks lay on her back there, half covered with snow, frozen to sleep. Her left hand was thrust inside the vest she wore; her right hand was extended above her and covered with blood from her poor torn fingers.

Everybody made way for Jim.

He came up and knelt down reverently beside her, and kissed her rigid lips.

"Minerv'," he said, gently. He then tried to feel her heart.

"Minerv'!"

He looked around on the faces of his fellow miners with such an expression on his drawn and haggard visage that they turned away.

He touched the cold hand in her bosom. It covered something which she clutched for when she fell. He drew it forth; it was her Testament. Opening it mechanically at the fly-leaf, he saw the words, written, perhaps, long before:

"This book has been my comfort. Read it, Jim."

And below:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

"Boys," said Jim, half rising to his feet, and holding out the open book with both his trembling hands, "she's left me—a New Year's present. See!"

Anecdotes of Dogs.

Many curious traits are exhibited by dogs, showing the highest order of instinct, if not reason. Telesius relates the following fact of his own dog, to which he was an eye witness:—The animal had been worried by a other of great strength; when he returned to his home it was observed that he abstained from half the quantity of the food regularly given him, forming a kind of store of his savings. After some days he went out, brought back with him several dogs of the neighborhood, and feasted them upon his board of food. The singular proceeding attracted his master's attention, who, closely watching the result, observed that they all went out together. Following them he found they proceeded by several streets to the outskirts of the town, where the leader singled out a large dog, which was immediately set upon by all his guests, and very severely punished.

A watch dog that was habitually chained to his kennel found that his collar was large enough to allow him to withdraw his head from it whenever he chose to do so. Reflecting, however, that if he should attempt any such practice when his master or keeper was about they might so tighten his collar as to prevent its repetition, he always refrained from the manœuvre during the day, but he availed himself of the privilege by night, roaming about the neighboring fields that were stocked with sheep and lambs, some of which on sundry occasions he wounded or killed. Bearing on his mouth the marks of his misdeeds he would go to a neighboring stream to wash off the blood, having done this he would return to his kennel, and, slipping his head into his collar, lie down on his bed as though he had been there all night.

Mr. Jesse gives the following anecdote of remarkable sagacity in a dog belonging to a farmer in Lincolnshire: If any well dressed person goes into the farm yard during the day the dog takes no notice of him. If, however, a beggar enter the premises the dog instantly goes to him, gently lays hold of his stick or clothes and quietly leads him to the door of the dwelling house, and sees him safe off the premises under similar precautions. But in the night the faithful animal will apprehend all persons alike, and never release a gentle grasp until bidden by his master or mistress. The latter has a sister living on an adjoining farm. In order to make a short cut between the two houses a single plank was thrown across a deep brook. The wife of the owner of the dog constantly and fearlessly intrusts her little children to his care when on a visit to their aunt. The animal halts the little group of children when he comes to the narrow bridge, and conducts them over one by one, always taking firm hold of the child's garments behind, and when he has safely escorted one child he returns for another. He then waits their return and conveys them home in a similar manner.

At Woolwich Theatre, during the performance of "Sesse Vere," in the third act, in which a terrific combat takes place between a mother and two assassins for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog that had managed to get into the pit along with his owner (an engineer of a steamship,) leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra and flew to the rescue, and seizing one of the ruffians dragged him to the floor. The dog was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. He had been accustomed to the company of children and had on many occasions evinced strong proofs of affection. The mimic life on the theatre stage had all the appearance of reality to the noble brute and he hastened to exhibit the promptings of his kindly instincts.

Only a Shadow.

A story is told of a well-known gentleman, who sometimes imbibes too freely of the ardent. Going home late at night recently, and mistaking his shadow outlined on the door for a man, he paused a little in surprise, and then, lifting his hand very gracefully, bade him good evening.

"A very pleasant evening," said the gentleman.

No reply.

"This is my house, I believe," waving his hand.

The hand of the shadow went through the same graceful curve.

"I should like to get in, sir, if you'll stand aside;" but the shadow made no movement to let him pass.

The gentleman was evidently surprised. He repeated his desire to pass in, but the shadow remained still.

His wife, hearing her husband's voice, looked through the window blind, and, seeing no one but himself, asked "why he didn't come in."

"So I would, my dear, but this gentleman"—pointing to the shadow—"insists on blocking up the door."

His wife quietly opened the door, remarking, "that was your shadow."

"Indeed," said the puzzled citizen; "well, I thought he was a mighty fine looking fellow to be so impolite," and walked in.

Whenever he shows a disposition to remain out late at night, his wife has only to remind him of the shadow on the door step to insure a speedy return.

A Man Murders His Family.

IRONTON, O., Feb. 2.—There was a fearful murder committed, yesterday afternoon, about one and a half miles from the city, by a man shooting his wife and killing her instantly, and wounding his stepson and daughter, afterwards shooting himself through the chin. He is now lying in jail, badly wounded.

Flemish Tapestry-Weavers in Venice.

The chronicles tell us of a colony of Flemish weavers down there in the quarter of San Salvatore, near the Rialto. I can picture them, with their flowing yellow hair, and blue Northern eyes, and coarse dark dress, with tongues unused to the soft lagoon speech, passing the long days in the low shops where the great bright webs stretched from floor to cieling, feeling the soft wind blow from the main-land, bringing a breath of mountains, and a thought of home-sickness, and a dream of the rich grass growth and the gabled cabins of the Flemish plains. A gentle company—stalwart men and soft eyed women, like the Northern Madonnas, and fair-haired children whom the young colorists, passing by on their way across the Rialto to the great hospitable painter-houses, begged from their parents for a day's posing as angels in their Holy families.

The gold-locked Flemish maiden looking up from her bright warp, would find a lithe shape at the window darkening the room—some mad young fellow, with dark eyes and flowing locks, and a saucy plume in his hat—an art student on his way to one of the great studios across the canal. And the girl would leave her weaving, and grasp the glowing red carnations that were flung at her feet. The shape glided away, and the girl laid the flowers against her golden hair and her white throat, and wove the burning hue into the drapery she wrought, and plied her shuttle to the rhythm of an old love ballad. And if there be a knot in the smooth texture, will not posterity know that here a hand touched the hand of the weaver, or a quick caress turned her eyes from the even mesh? They will not be hard on the poor child, those gray-beard senators for whom the tapestry is ordered, for they too have been young, and have flung the passionate carnations in at fair women's windows in the dear lagoon fashion.

Sometimes a mightier shadow would darken the low rooms, and at the open door would stand some great painter—Titian, perchance, or Pordenone, or Il Robusti himself, and the gentle Northern people would rise from their looms and bid him welcome, and listen to his judgment on their work, for which he himself might have furnished the design. And they would bring forth their red wine and their pale green salad, like the color they wrought into their tapestry. And the painter sat among them, with the children on his knee, and smiled on the fair young girls, and helped the patient mothers with their stumbling Venitian speech, so difficult for their Northern mouths. And anon some stately red-robed senator would issue from his gondola shell and enter the low dwelling to inspect the work that was to adorn the reverend halls of justice and smile benignly upon the group. Ay, it was beautiful, the large-heartedness of that old-time genius that did not fear to brush its skirts against the door-stone of the toiling artisan.

I wonder if then as now, there were *cafe* on the piazza before the Rialto, this side the Fondaco of the German merchants, and if the weavers took their wives and children there for a *festa* night's treat after so many days spent in the dingy shops of San Salvatore. I can fancy how, on Sunday mornings after they had said their prayers in the old market church among the dusky canvases of Fra Sebastino, some great lumbering barge would pause at the nearest riva, and the pale weaver with his wife and children would enter it with their staves and pilgrim wallets, and bid the dark ragged oarsmen push off and they would thread the canals to the lagoon behind the city, where the Alps tower blue in the morning air, and their homesick hearts would leap with joy, and across the lagoon they would find the flowering meadows of the mainland, with corn fields and lily grown ditches like those of Flanders, and vines wreathing their luxuriant arms about the mulberry trees with the added glory of the South, and there, lying close to nature, they would dream themselves far away in the hazy Northern meadows.—Charlotte Adams, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

A Turkish Lady.

The following extract is from a letter written by the captain of a Maine brig now loading in Smyrna. Turkey: "Speaking of Turks makes me think to tell you that I have been highly honored since I have been here, having had as a visitor a Turkish lady of high rank—something that never happened before in Smyrna, so my consignee informs me. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and wonderfully graceful. I suppose you are aware that the Turkish ladies are always veiled to all except their husbands, if they have any; but this lady was unmarried, and came on board accompanied by the consignee of my vessel, with his wife and sisters, and a small army of assistants. She kept closely veiled while she remained on deck, but when resting in the cabin a photograph of my little girl was handed to her. She, in order to observe it better, dropped her veil, and thus remained during the short time of her visit. She was just like all handsome women, perfectly aware of the fact, and evidently willing that others should be, when out of her own people. She was perfectly at ease and just before leaving recovered her face with her veil, and assumed that mysterious look and appearance common to all Turkish women."

A Prevalent Vice.

Surely profanity is one of the glaring vices of the day, and nowhere is it exercised more freely than in country villages. In cities profane swearing is not common in the streets. The individual in no such communities acquires a respect for the rights of his neighbors, and among multitudes he has to be cautious in regard to the prejudices of all. Any such act as obtrusive swearing in the street would soon arouse the attention of the policemen as the representative and agent of public sentiment. In many country villages a different state of things seem to prevail. Profanity is not regarded as a thing to be ashamed of, but as a sort of manly accomplishment. In the bar-room and the corner grocery the air is full of strange oaths flung out, not in anger or by way of execration, but merely to streugthen, adorn and emphasize discourse. Ae expletive is the rural American's great feature of rhetoric. It serves to describe a girl's beauty, to estimate a horse's speed, to measure the yield of a wheat field. It is the climax of invective against an enemy, the chief argument in a discussion, the point of every witticism. Two men cannot meet in the street without adding to each other's health choice specimens of profanity. Plenty of decent people passing by must be shocked, but they are powerless to express their indignation, for profanity has got to be a country habit. The vice of indiscriminate swearing, setting aside its indecency, tends to corrupt the use of language and destroy its capabilities for expressing any strong emotion. A bad habit, neighbor master; it ere you become its slave.

The Bland Silver Bill.

Below will be found the Bland Silver Bill as it passed the House and as it now stands before the Senate. The House bill ends with the words printed in brackets. The Senate Committee on Finance struck out the words in brackets and added the words which follow, printed in italics. The reader thus has both bills before him and will be able to understand the references made to them during the debate, which begun in the Senate yesterday:

An act to authorize the free coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character.

Be it enacted, etc., That there shall be coined, at the several mints of the United States, silver dollars of the weight of four hundred and twelve and a half grains Troy of standard silver as provided in the act of Jan. eighteenth, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, on which shall be the devices and superscriptions provided by said act; which coins, together with all silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States of like weight and fineness, shall be legal tender, at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise provided by contract; [and any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at any United States coinage mint or assay office, to be coined into such dollars for his benefit, upon the same terms and conditions as gold bullion is deposited for coinage under existing laws.] *And the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to purchase from time to time silver bullion at the market price thereof, not less than two million dollars per month, and cause the same to be coined into such dollars. And any gain or seigniorage arising from this coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the Treasury, as provided under existing laws relative to the subsidiary coinage; provided, that the amount of money at any one time invested in such silver bullion, exclusive of such resulting coin, shall not exceed five million dollars.*

The Years of a Century.

A TALK WITH ONE OF THE BOSTON BOYS WHO PETITIONED GEN. GAGE OF REVOLUTIONARY FAME—A MAN IN ST. LOUIS ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[From the St. Louis Evening Post.]

Carl Schmidt is the name of a remarkable old man, who has been a resident of St. Louis county for the last forty-three years, and of Missouri a much longer period. He is now living with his grandson, Henry Berkfelder. When the reporter was shown into the room occupied by the centenarian, who was rolled up in a bundle of clothes, made his existence in the arm-chair known by a slight cough, after which he unrolled the covering from his head, and looked with a keen and intelligent glance in the direction of the reporter. The appearance of Mr. Schmidt showed that the years had had very little to begin on, and had left very little of what Mr. Schmidt had been. He is a man below the average hight, has a humped back, and his limbs are helpless to him from palsy. Two fingers of his right hand are gone, and while he has to use an ear trumpet to hear through one side of his head, the other is entirely closed up, being permanently deaf.

Mr. Schmidt told his story in a very interesting and concise manner. He was born in Ulm, Bavaria, so long ago that it would require a terrible stretch of memory of an ordinary man, which Schmidt is not, to recollect even that all-important event of his life. The time, however, he had not forgotten. It was the 15th day of October, 1763, many years before the American colonies won the right to govern themselves. He came over to this country with his parents when only ten years old, and at a time when a sailing vessel voyage was an event in a person's life; but we could not learn any of the circumstances of the trip, only that he had an indefinite and vague idea that he was on the ocean for a long, long time, and that, to his own and everybody else's immense satisfaction, he finally managed to strike *terra firma* in the vicinity of Boston; he was apprenticed to a silversmith named Rodney. He recollects how his heart glowed and his brain was kept spinning with an ambition to wear a red coat, gilt buttons and top boots every time he saw a British trooper in the streets of Boston, and one very particular event in his life, and one that has an historical importance he recalls vividly, and that is, that he was one of the boys who called upon General Gage, on that cold and snowy day, to present their petition praying for the General's interference in the misconduct of his soldiers.

Mr. Schmidt was, of course, in the revolutionary war. There was never any centenarian yet who had not had the extreme felicity of holding forth in how he had shouldered an old musket for the struggling republic. When the evacuation of Boston occurred, his father and himself went with the army, he being then a tory, but afterwards returned. The day of the declaration of American independence, and the stir and excitement which were caused by that event, he rememberes distinctly. It was the liveliest Fourth of July he has ever seen or participated in. He married at eighteen. He joined the troops under General Wayne, and fought straight along until 1783, when he was discharged honorably. This discharge is a very aged and sere looking document, many parts of which are now illegible. It is dated March 18, 1783, and is a strong argument in favor of the truth of Mr. Schmidt's statements. He had nothing to say about the appearance of Washington, or any of the characters of revolutionary times, and is a phenomenon in this way, as there is hardly any existing centenarian who has not been one of Washington's body guards, or recollected having seen him at some place or other, and having had a talk with him.

An old Kentucky Duel.

A duel was fought at Soap Island, in Bridgeport, in 1836. The participants were Shelton and Kingsbury. Shelton thought it was real; Kingsbury knew it to be a joke. The guns were loaded with soft soap. Shelton won the first fire, banged away and dropped behind a log. Kingsley walked up, put the muzzle of the gun against the head of Shelton and pulled the trigger. Such a looking man was never seen. Soft soap covered his head entirely. In the agony of despair Shelton reached up and got a handful of the soap and exclaimed: "Oh, my po