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

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827

VOL. XXVI. NO. 38. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1878. WHOLE NO. 1390.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '76.

VALENTINE 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 H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections &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. G. 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—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july18

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
[illegible] and reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger'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 26'72

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 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.
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. je13-72

HOTELS.

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The 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 travelling 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, 0 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. 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. 28-3ms.

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 45 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 380 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, Trigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.
July13.

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.
aug18.

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.
April 5, 1875. WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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 Crates, 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 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.

The Black Decoy; Or a Ride For Life.

"I guess I never told you about that horse, did I?" asked Major Maxwell, an old veteran of the American war, as he pointed out a large black horse that was quietly feeding in the pasture just across the road. "That is the famous Black Decoy; and he cost me an even thousand dollars, to say nothing of the vexation and the peril attending his purchase.

"I bought him out in the mountains. It was before the war. I had two good arms then, and this leg wasn't a stick; I was on escort duty. Something had happened to some of the wagons, and the train lay in camp a day for repairs. Nearly all the boys went out after buffaloes, but my horse was lame, so I remained in camp.

"There was only one companionable person left with me, and he was old Jacob Stockton. He was going out to Montana, to meet his daughter. He had been in Montana for years, leaving his child with friends in the East, and early in the spring he went to visit her. He found however, that she had gone to visit him, so he hurried back, and by chance joined the train I was escorting.

"We had become very good friends, and at every opportunity I sought his company, and was always well repaid.

"On that day I found him stretched at full length under a tree, pulling away at his old black pipe. I followed his example, excepting the pipe, and was an interested listner to toe old gentleman's tales of travel and adventure.

"In the midst of one of his most exciting narrations, he started unexpectedly to his feet, exclaiming:

"The Black Decoy, as sure as I live! I wonder what ill-luck is coming to us now?"

"I quickly changed my recumbent position, for one better suited for observation, and saw, coming towards camp, a stranger riding one horse and leading another.

"There was nothing remarkable about the stranger, nor the animal he rode; but the led horse was the most perfect thing in the way of horse-flesh I ever saw. I was smitten at once. My poor bay, though he had served me faithfully for a year or more, looked like a cart horse by the side of this splendid black; and I decided at once that if this animal could be bought for money, I would buy him.

"Don't do it, major," said old Jacob, although I had not spoken a word. "I had rather see you astride a Bengal tiger, than that horse, with all his beauty."

"Beauty?" I exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Stockton, that word does not half express it. He is absolutely incomparable! I will give a round thousand for just that black horse, and consider it cheap, too!"

"Don't think of it major!" cried the old man, grasping my arm as I rose to my feet. "I wouldn't ride nor own that horse for the whole of Montana—no, not if every stone were pure gold?"

"Poob, my friend, you are wild! I'll ride him, and buy him, too, if I can."

"The old man shook his head."

Major, if you know when you are well off, you'll not go nigh him."

"Your reasons," said I, half vexed at his superstitions.

"I have but one," he replied solemnly: "If you mount that horse, you are no better than a dead man."

"I laughed outright."

"You have forgotten the text, Jacob; Death comes on a pale horse."

"Black or white, you will find it as I say, major."

"By this time the new comer was within speaking distance. I halted him and went out to where he stopped. It was no hard matter to trade with him; and in less than ten minutes I was leading the horse away, and the seller was riding off with a thousand dollars added to his pocket-money.

"Anxious to try my new purchase, I saddled and bridled him, and mounted.

"Major! major! don't do it!"

"I had forgotten old Jacob; but there he stood, holding the horse by the bridle."

"Major you will certainly ride to your death!"

"I was too much excited to pay attention to his words; and, touching the horse lightly with my sharp Mexican spurs, I left the old man still talking to me.

"My beautiful black went charmingly. I never had an easier seat; and I never saw a horse that could get over the ground with less exertion. Twice one thousand dollars would not have taken him from me.

"At the start I gave the horse free rein, and he took a northerly course toward the mountains. In this way I rode several miles; but the nearness of the sun to the zenith, and the admonitions of inner man reminded me that it was time to return. I accordingly drew rein; but, instead of wheeling about the horse broke into a gallop, nearly unseating me.

"I had hitherto prided myself on my command over anything of the horse kind; but that magnificient black took the conceit out of me. All that I could do or say made no impression on him; and I was forced at last to give up and admit that I had found my match. It was very humiliating, I assure you; and there was Jacob Stockton's warning to think about. I was alarmed however, but I did wonder whether the old man had not some good reasons for his belief. And I was vexed, too. I could ride as far as the horse could carry me; but I felt that I had the right to choose the direction. There was my dinner, too—a nice juicy buffalo steak. Take it all-in-all, I was decidedly uncomfortable; and had it not been for a weary tramp back to our camping-ground, I should have shot the animal dead in his tracks.

"The way grew rougher as we neared the mountains; but the horse did not abate his speed in the least. He plunged into a ravine—the dry bed of some mountain stream—like one accustomed to the way. On he dashed, and up, the path growing narrower and the rocky sides steeper.

"Higher and higher were the walls, as we advanced, until they closed over our heads, shutting us into the gloom. Three minutes of this darkness, and the horse emerged into an open space, lighted by the noonday sun. There he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and neighed loudly.

"Before I recovered from my surprise a quick, sharp, well-known sound struck upon my ear; and looking in the direction from whence it appeared to come, I saw two men stareing down at me—two as rough, villainous-looking creatures as ever encumbered the earth.

"Ah, my friend, I knew my peril then, and my thoughts went through my brain with wonderful rapidity. I had not a second to lose. Already two rifles were pointed at me. Whatever I did must be done instantly. There was but one chance—to stake a dumb brute's life against my own.

"I drew my revolver and placed the cold muzzle to the ear of my treacherous captor.

"My release or the Black Imp's death!" I shouted.

"So soon as they comprehended my intentions, they disappeared; but I knew it was only to gain a more advantageous position. I dared not leave the horse, however, for on him depended my safety; so I sat there still holding my revolver ready for any emergency, and watching all points. Vigilant as I was, however, I was surprised. Without any warning, a light form leaped upon the saddle behind me, and a human voice uttered some strange word—some magical word it seemed, for the horse, so motionless before, wheeled on the instant, and went dashing back through the path we had come.

"Then there was a ride for life. The rocks seemed swarming with men; bullets flew about us like hail, and the clatter of hoofs over the hard stones came distinctly to our ears. I spared neither whip nor spur, and by strange good fortune we escaped the bullets and reached the open plain. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look behind, and I saw a woman's face. I cannot describe my feelings—my surprise, my grattitude, my admiration, my love. For once I forgot that there was such a man as Major Guy Maxwell. Neither knowing or caring who this stranger was—whether rich or poor, of high or low degree—I then and there gave her the noblest, truest, best love man ever gave to a woman, nor thought perhaps it would ever be returned. My life then was nothing, only so far as it was necessary for her safety. The yelling demons in pursuit were welcome to it, if, by this means, she could be saved. But there was no surety of that. Both would be lost or both saved.

"Our pursuers were gaining on us. Ever and anon a leaden messenger, ploughed up the sand behind us, lessening our hopes as they fell nearer and nearer. But we could only urge on the poor, tired horse, and pray for deliverance.

"A mile or two ahead of us was a belt of timber. I had no recollection of passing it in the morning; but, if we had lost our way, we could not turn back. If we could only reach the shelter of those trees, it would be better than remaining on the open plain, a target for half a score of rifles. But could we reach it? I had the shadow of an idea that we could, for the horse was nearly spent. Yet I urged him on. He strained every muscle to the utmost, but those sinews of steel gave way at last. He staggard and fell, and I was just in time to save myself and my companion from being crushed beneath him.

"The timber was yet a hundred yards away, and the ruffians scarcely fifty behind. Why they didn't fire upon us I never knew, but I think they wished to spare my companion's life.

"I grasped the small white hand of my companion in peril, and together we resumed the flight. But half the distance was covered, when one of the robbers galloped up to my side, and drew his sabre on me.

"Take that—"

"They were the the last words he ever spoke. Puffs of white smoke appeared suddenly among the trees, and of the ten outlaws but three escaped.

"Well there is little more to tell. The timber which I had tried so hard to reach was our camping-ground, and it was the rifles of my own men that sent death and defeat into the robber ranks.

"Mr. Stockton stared at me as if I were a veritable ghost; but when I led forward the beautiful girl, it was my turn to be amazed.

"Minnie, my darling!" cried the old man.

"And I knew then who had shared my ride from the robbers' strong hold.

"She had been taken prisoner only the day before. Failing to find her father, she was on her return, and the coach fell into the hands of the robbers. By chance she saw me, and conceived the bold plan to escape; but what magic word she used to induce the horse to turn back with us I never knew, and she cannot tell.

"It came to me and went again when I had no further use for it," was her reply, when I asked her about it; so I am contented with the benefits received, and ask no questions."

"We resumed our way next morning, Minnie accompanying us. The horse, too, I took with me, although it seemed utterly worthless. He grew better, however; and there he is now, pretty well advanced in years, it is true, but still the cheapest horse ever bought. Smile away if you like. I do not allude to the original investment—I paid enough for a share in the concern—but to the dividend received. Only one has been declared; yet I should not sell it for ten thousand dollars. Let me show you. Minnie! Minnie! O, here you are My wife, Minnie Stockton Maxwell—my dividend."

"Charles" said she to her Sunday-school class, "mention some act of violence that was inflicted near the sea about this time." "Don't remember any; 'cept Jonah was whale-laid on the shore."

Badgering Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher entered the train at the Boston depot the night of his lecture, in high good humor. He had had a rousing house the night before, and felt on good terms with himself and all the world. Under his heavy cloak he carried a box of grapes, and in his hand a bunch of the morning and illustrated papers.

The passengers on either side of him made room, and after a careful inspection of the car, he seated himself by the side of an old gray-bearded Massachusetts farmer, throwing his cloak and papers on the seat before him, and attacking the grapes with gusto.

"Here," said he at length, dividing the grapes and putting half of them on the farmer's lap, "I want you to help me with these."

"Thanks, Mr. Beecher," said the other.

"Oh, you know me, eh?"

"Certainly," replied the other, with an air of patronage; "my brother paid $100 for a pew in your church, sir."

"Well, that wasn't much," said the pastor, amused.

"It wor' a heap o' money in them days, Mr. Beecher. Folks couldn't get $500 a night for lecturing then."

"And they can't now."

"I thought them was your terms."

"Did you?"

"Yes, ain't they?"

"No."

A pause here ensued, both old gentlemen munching their grapes."

"I see the pew rents in your church are considerably lowered, Mr. Beecher," said the farmer.

"Yes."

"That's kind o' bad!"

"Not at all. It will, and it has already done so, helped people who could not before afford to attend regularly and comfortably to procure permanent seats. Beside, what's the use of always preaching to the same class of people?"

Pause.

"Mr. Beecher, you're getting pretty old, eh?"

"Sixty-three, sir, sixty-three," replied the dominie in a hearty voice. "And twenty years of good work left in me yet."

"Well, I'm only fifty-nine."

"But see, you've got no hair on the top of your head," said Mr. Beecher, merrily removing his hat. "Look at me—four years older, and look at that head of hair!"

This answer, together with Mr. Beecher's manner and the amused attention of the other passengers, silenced the farmer, and the rest of the journey was performed in silence.

Humors of House Renting.

She was very pretty and quite young—nineteen or thereabouts—and when she tripped into the real estate office, and with a smile and a blush began making inquiries regarding a little six room cottage out on Olive street, the real estate agent looked over his spectacles at her and thought he had not seen such a handsome woman for years. Question and answer followed each other in rapid succession, and at their conclusion the lady seemed as delighted with the house as the agent was with his prospective tenant. Then the lady's hand dived into the mysterious folds of her polonaise and drew forth a dainty little purse, from which she began to count forth crisp notes with which to pay her first month's rent of her house. At the sight of money the agent's presence of mind returned to him, and remembering the rules of the office, which applies to cases where unprotected females apply to rent residences, he began questioning his fair customer:

"Ah, yes, Madam; that is to say, Miss; ah, who is to rent the house? Your father?"

"Why, no!"

"Your mother, then?"

"Why no. What difference does it make to you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; but then we always like to know who is going to occupy the premises we rent."

"Well, I'm going to live there myself."

"Alone?"

"Certainly not."

"With your parents, I suppose?"

"N-o-o-o," (with a faint blush).

"Who with then?"

"With a, a, a, gentleman." (A profusion of blushes).

"A gentleman? A relation I suppose."

"No, sir; he is not a relation, but—"

"Madam, I must decline to rent the premises. No, Madam it's no use, I really—"

"But he's the gentleman I'm going to marry," (cheeks carmine and eyes full of gentle fire).

And then that real estate agent went and stayed in the back office just long enough to call himself a qualified old fool eight or nine times, after which he frisked back to his customer and promised newly papered walls, freshly whitened ceilings, hot and cold water on each floor, bronze gas fixtures throughout, grates in the fire places and everything else she might want in the house, and handed her the receipt for the first month's rent with a bow and a smile that if the grandmother of his grandchildren had happened round just then, would have cost him a heap of domestic trouble.

Charles H. Smith, a telegraph operator of Munster, Ill., was returning the other night from a party, walking along the railroad track, when suddenly, on the middle of a trestle bridge twenty-five feet high, he was stopped by an armed tramp, who forced him to throw up his hands and surrender his revolver, $90 in cash, and a valuable gold watch and some jewelry. "Well, old boy," said the highwayman, in delight, "you are pretty well heeled," and he ordered his victime to hand over his ulster, dress-coat, and vest. As Smith took off his vest he watched an opportunity, and with a desperate push he hurled the robbor from the trestle work upon the ice twenty-five feet below. Hurrying back for assistance, on his return he found the highwayman lying senseless, seriously if not fatally wounded, on the ice, with all his plunder, and the man was soon in jail.

Laying the Cable of 1865.

It may seem a simple matter to distribute or "pay out" the cable, but in practice it is exceedingly difficult. Twenty men are stationed in the tank from which it is issuing, each dressed in a canvas suit, without pockets, and in boots without nails. Their duty is to ease each coil as it passes out of the tank, and to give notice of the marks painted on the cable one mile apart. Near the entrance of the tank it runs over a grooved wheel and along an iron trough until it reaches that part of the deck where the "paying out" machine is placed. The latter consists of six grooved wheels, each provided with a smaller wheel, called a "jockey," placed against the upper side of the groove so as to press against the cable as it goes through, and retard or help its progress. These six wheels and their jockeys are themselves controlled by brakes, and after it has been embraced by them the cable winds round a "drum" four times. The drum is another wheel, four feet in diameter and nine inches deep, which is also controled by powerful brakes; and from it the cable passes over another grooved wheel before it gets to the "dynamometer" wheel. The dynamometer is an instrument which shows the exact degree of the strain on the cable, and the wheel attached to it rises and falls as the strain is greater or less. Thence the cable is sent over another deeply grooved wheel into the sea. On deck is a small house, which is filled with delicate scientific instruments. As the cable is paid out, it is tested here. If a wire or a nail or a smaller thing is driven through it, and the insulation is spoiled, an instrument called the galvanometer instantly records the fact, and warning is given at all parts of the ship. The man in charge touches a small handle, and an electric bell rings violently in the tank and at the paying out machinery. At the same time a loud gong is struck, at the sound of which the engines are stopped. Delay might cause much trouble or total failure, as the injured section must be arrested and repaired before it enters the water.

The "Great Eastern" went ahead at the rate of five nautical miles an hour, and the cable passed smoothly overboard. Messages were sent to England and answers received. The weather was bright and all hands were cheerful. On the third day after the "splicing" of the shore-end with the main cable, that part of the ocean was reached where the water suddenly increases in depth from two hundred and ten fathoms to two thousand and fifty. One of the earlier cables broke at this place and was lost forever. The electricians and engineers watched for it with anxious eyes. It was reached and passed. The black cord still traveled the wheels unbroken, and the test applied by the galvanometer proved the insulation to be perfect. The days wore away without mishap until the evening of July 17, when the sound of the gong filled all hearts with a sickening fear.

The rain was falling in torrents and pattering on the heavy oil skin clothing of the watchers. The wind blew in chilly gusts, and the sea broke in white crests of foam. A dense and pitchy cloud issued from the smoke stacks. The vessel advanced in utter darkness. A few lights were moving about, and shadows fell hither and thither as one of the hands carried a lantern along the sloppy deck. The testing room was occupied by an electrician, who was quietly working with his magical instrument, and the cable could be heard winding over the wheels astern, as the tinkling of a little bell on the "drum" recorded its progress.

The electrician rose from his seat suddenly, and struck the alarum. The next instant each person on board knew that an accident had happened. The engines were stopped and reversed within two minutes. Blue lights were burned on the paddle boxes, and showed a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough.

It is a very intricate knot that an old sailor cannot untie, and the old sailors on the "Great Eastern" twisted and untwisted coil after coil until they succeeded in untying this one. The insulation remained perfect, and in a few hours all was right again. The accident caused much ill foreboding, however, as it showed how slight an occurrence might bring the expidition to a disastrous end.

On July 27, after a voyage of 15 days, the "Great Eastern" finished her work, and her part of the cable was attached to the American shore-end, which had been laid by another vessel.—*William H. Rideing, St. Nicholas for March.*

Fatal Accident.

READING, Pa., Feb. 13.—Coroner Goodhart has just held an inquest on the body of Isaac Faust, who met with a frightful death two miles from this city to-day. Faust, aged thirty, was driving a two-horse wagon and was returning from the country, where he had taken a load of furniture. He was intoxicated, and standing upright in the wagon with the reins around his neck. Going down a steep hill he shouted and clubbed the horses to a breakneck speed, when suddenly he was thrown headlong to the horse's heels, dragged, stamped upon, and finally run over by the wagon wheels and killed. A verdict was returned in accordance with the facts.

A Remarkable Little Steamer.

The small steam yacht Estelle was recently tried at Bristol R. I., under the direction of Mr. C. E. Emery, C. E. The test lasted eight hours through the water of the bay as far at times as Beaver Trail, where they met quite a heavy sea.

The thurmometer stood at 35° Fah. when the torch was applied to the furnace fires. In four minutes afterward the engine worked water out of her cylinders, with a steam pressure of 25 lbs. to the square inch. One minute later the large cylinder moved. At the expiration of ten minutes from the time the fires were lighted, the Estelle had been backed out of the wharf, turned, and was on her course. During the trip of eight hours she made 103 statute miles, including five sharp turns. Her average pressure of steam was 65lbs. only at a temperature of 346°. Her average revolutions of propeller per minute were 130. The expenditure of fuel was considerably under two tons.

On the return trip, after the course to be run was finished, the blower was put on the fire, running steam up to over a hundred pounds, and the little craft showed her heels on a spurt at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Getting Their Pictures Taken.

Hand in hand they passed timidly up the stairs and went into the gallery and told the artist they had come to have their pictures taken.

"In a group or singly?"

"Well" said Zeke, removing his hat, and wiping his face with a red cotton handkerchief taken from the crown, "I don't know edzactly. Which comes the cheapest?"

It was explained to him that the price would depend more upon the size and style of the picture than it would whether they sat separate or together, and so, after a whispered consultation they concluded as they had joined hands for life it would be better to put them in one frame.

As the artist was placing them in position, Zeke looked sweetly upon his companion, and said:

"Now, Polly, I want you to look your purtiest. Think o' that picture o' the Sleeping Beauty on the pannel o' your father's wagon-box, and try your smartest to walk around it. You kin do it if you try—you've got the feechers that kin lay it in the shade if you'll only compose 'em an' bring out the right sort o' expression. You don't want to look brassy, nuther too timid; but just a kind o' betwixt and between. You don't want to be giglin' nur you don't want to git that sanktimonious solemncholly look about you that Sister Peasely puts on whenever she gits up in class meetin' and goes to tellin' about how fast we're all slidin' down hill to perdition. That won't do at all; you've got it every bit jest as she has, and not a fringe missin'. Tone it down some with a little touch of smiles. Hold on—too much, that is—there you go ag'in, an' now you've got that wild bloodthirsty stare your sister Susan has whenever the old muley steps into the milk bucket. Stiddy there—hold easy—now you're edgin' 'round to it—that's better. Look where the man p'ints, and don't move a muscle till I get my face in trim. Don't wink or blink, Polly—there—give me your hand, an' don't git skeered—I'm with you. All ready, Mr. Man. As soon as I tap my foot crack away. Mum—mum, Polly."

Away went the cloth and the poor creatures before the camera sat as rigid as bean poles during the intervening seconds, which seemed an age; just at the last moment, as bad luck would have it, Polly had to sneeze.

"There!" excaimed Zeke. "You have blowed the whole head off'en that picter, now, I'll bet a bag o' potaters, an' mine, too, maybe. Why didn't you muzzle in a minute or two longer?"

Polly bad-haded, and said she couldn't to save her life—the smell of the paint had filled her head, and something had to break.

The artist had been quick to see the emergency and threw the cloth over the camera, and said he guessed no very great damage had been done. In a few minutes the picture was ready for their inspection.

"Well, I swan to goodness, Polly, if you don't look sweeter than a cake of maple sugar, an' just as natural as a rail fence; but I don't have quite as sarchin' a look about me as I would like to take home. My hair might o' had a little more roach to it, and it seems to me as if my left ear was sot round a little too fur, but the finger ring you'll notice, shines out beautifully, and the brest pin is all there. I was too anxious about you to get as easy as I o'r to been, but I don't know as it could o' been bettered much. It's a better lookin' couple than any I see hangin' around here, and so I guess we won't bother the man to take aim at us again. It's ahead of anything I've ever seen in Thompson township, an' so I guess we'll take it along—it's a becomin' pictur—the more I look at it the better I like it. If I'd only had a little more of a roach on my hair I could not have been suited better."

Fire.

MARSHFIELD, Mass., Feb. 14.—The mansion of Daniel Webster here was destroyed by fire, with its contents, early this morning. The building was owned by Mrs. Fletcher Webster, who, with her son, were the sole occupants. They made great exertions to save their historical relics, and succeeded in rescuing a quantity of silver plate, pictures and other priceless mementoes of Webster. The library was not destroyed, having been removed some time ago. The latest account puts the loss by the burning at $50,000; insurance $15,000.

American Women.

American women are described by Catherine Magerka of Vienna, who was with her husband at the Philadelphia exposition. He was one of the Austrian Commissioners. Madame Magerka says that our women are handsome, and well dressed, but are too fond of showy ornaments.—The prevailing modes of dressing the hair especially by girls, she approves as simple, natural and becoming. She was impressed that to many women the toilet was the sun around which their existence turned, for whom no other stars had radiance but diamonds and pearls and to whom there was no ambition higher than to be admired. This idea was based on what she saw in public places, mainly, for she had little opportunity to observe American home life; but she was convinced that American wives are not so tenderly careful of their husbands as are German wives, and that the former are too independent, and the husbands too subservient. She found few girls here—all were children or women: and she was astounded at hearing of a young woman who sat up alone in her parlor with a young man from 8 P. M. until midnight.

Eight Acres of Coal on Fire.

Yesterday afternoon, in company with Messrs. Stark, McFetrick and Strong, the *Republican* reporter repaired to the scene of the great fire which is at present raging underground, on the property of the Butler coal company. It is about one mile above Pittston and situated in a locality which has always proved uninhabitable, and partly covered with brush and scattering trees. On the hills leading to it can plainly be seen immense volumes of steam rising upward, caused by the intense heat escaping from the numerous caves in the ground, and coming in contact with the cold air on the outside. As we approach the cracks in the ground foretold a heavy "working" of the mass, and although at first we were not intent upon venturing farther, the numerous adventurers caused us to follow. Our route brought us over the most dangerous approaches, and each scene that was presented as we gazed down the fiery depths told of an extensive body of burning debris. At some of these openings which have nearly caved in, the volumes of heat and sulphur which rushed out made it impossible for one to stay there long with safety. The extent of the fire is supposed to be eight acres, and all this area is one burning mass, with the rock to a white heat to the surface at many of the openings where the rock crops out. The ground is covered with cracks, and from appearances is settling down as the large pillars of coal underneath are consumed. The site of the fire when it first broke out was among old workings, which had been abandoned years ago, and while the loss is not great as yet, as the coal consumed would not have been taken out, it is now an established fact that the fire is steadily burning toward other valuable coal beds, which it will be necessary to protect, and a contract has been made by Conrad, civil engeneer, who will at once put to work a small army of men and endeavor to cut around it. The average depth of the coal from the surface is about fifte